

in the chill spring wind. At the sight of this common-enough spectacle, a sudden thought had entered his mind. His own coat was a very bad one: he had worn it for fifteen years. True, he had mended it skilfully and beautifully (having been bred as a tailor), but he was well aware that it would mend no longer. What if the coat which clothed the scarecrow should be a better one than his own? A fair exchange would surely be no robbery? Looking cautiously all round, lest he should be observed by any one, the old miser stepped up to the miserable bundle of sticks and closely examined the coat which clothed its skeleton frame. Yes, just as he had hoped, poor as the garment was, it was really better than his own, though daubed with mud and bits of straw; therefore as quickly as possible he made the exchange, and went back in breathless haste to his poor home, with the damp coat of the scarecrow clinging to his thin and stooping shoulders. Then, he lighted his fire, stretched out the coat to dry, and carefully brushed it. After which, with needle in hand, he sat down to put it in thorough repair. Over this work he had spent two long hours. It is at this point that our story really begins.

This was the coat in which he had made up his mind to go to London on the following day. Therefore, unlocking his strong-box, he took out the precious hoard, cunningly sewed the bank-notes into the lining, and after (from force of habit) having again locked the empty box, he hung the key round his neck as usual, and was preparing to go to bed, when he heard a footfall outside on the gravel-walk, which was speedily followed by a knock at the outer door. Who could it be? He resolved to go and see for himself, lest his old servant should allow some vagrant to enter. But, before he could reach the outer door, Martha had admitted an elderly man, who walked straight into the parlour, and held out his hand to Ralph.

'I dare say you do not remember me after all these years,' he said, 'but I am your brother John. I returned to England only yesterday, and came straight here to see if you had a welcome for the wanderer.'

Now old Ralph Norris had not seen his brother for five-and-twenty years, but he knew him in a moment, and though he had not heard from him often, he had read in a Colonial newspaper that John had become bankrupt and was probably now a ruined man. Yet here he was standing on the hearthrug, wet through with the drenching rain, and with a poverty-stricken look in his face, while his hand was actually held out no doubt to plead and beg for assistance; but Ralph did not feel inclined to be imposed on, therefore, putting his own hand in his pocket where he felt his bank-notes, he said slowly and steadily, 'Brother John, of course I am glad that you are alive and well, but you can't expect me to support you. You were well provided for when you went away. Why do you come to beg from me? Do you think I am a fool to be touched with whining poverty?'

Now, the visitor had asked for nothing, but he replied in a calm and serious voice, 'I have not begged, brother, as you may remember, nor will I do so now, but let me say this before I leave you for ever. It would be better for you, Ralph, to spend your money in clothing the very scarecrows which flap in the windy fields, than to hoard it as you do

with careful wisdom only for yourself. Farewell!' and in a moment the angry man had left the house. Ralph had no time either to stop him or to reply; he felt a curious twinge as if he had somehow made a mistake, but he soon got over the uncomfortable feeling. He left the room and locked the outer door, muttering all the time, 'Clothe the scarecrows, indeed! who would do such a thing? Why, the man must be a fool—but—what made him think of scarecrows, I wonder?' Here he glanced at the coat on his back, which within the last twenty-four hours had adorned the back of a real scarecrow. 'John could not have seen me take it, I know, but—somehow it is curious! clothe the scarecrows! Bah! I'll think no more about it. I wonder where John will go? Well, I neither know nor care, but I am quite worn out, and must go to bed.' Then, shouting out to Martha, and telling her not to be such a fool as to open the door again after nightfall without first consulting him, the miserable old fellow tottered up to bed.

(Concluded at page 174.)

THE TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS OF SUMATRA.



THE rhinoceros, of which there are at least seven or eight existing species, is one of the largest and most powerful of land animals, with the exception of the elephant. All of them are natives of the warmer parts of Asia and Africa. The form of these animals is uncouth and clumsy, while

their aspect is dull, heavy, and ugly.

The limbs are thick and strong, each foot being terminated by three toes covered with broad hoof-like nails. The head is large, and the muzzle prolonged, the bones of the nose being combined into an arch for the support of a solid horn.

Strange to say, however, this horn does not spring from the bones of the nose, but merely from the skin.

One might imagine from this fact that the horn could not be of much use to its owner, but the reverse is the case; it is a powerful weapon, both of offence and defence, while with its help the animal can root up bushes or small trees on which it may desire to feed. In some of the species a second horn grows above the first, in like manner springing from the skin, and resting for support upon the bone of the forehead. The whole body, head, and limbs are covered with an extremely thick and hard skin, with scarcely a trace of hair upon it, the hardness of the skin being such that, in most of the species, it has not pliancy enough to permit of the movements of the animal: therefore it is, in a manner, jointed by means of folds on the neck, behind the shoulders, and on the limbs.

Though usually harmless, the rhinoceros is easily



The Two-horned Rhinoceros of Sumatra

provoked, and in captivity it shows much capriciousness of temper. The rhinoceros of Sumatra, represented before us, is a two-horned variety. Its hide is nearly black, and scarcely so thick as that of the

Indian species. It is also covered with short, bristly hair. It is fond of bathing, and has delighted many visitors to the Zoological Gardens by its uncouth gambols in the bath. M. K.