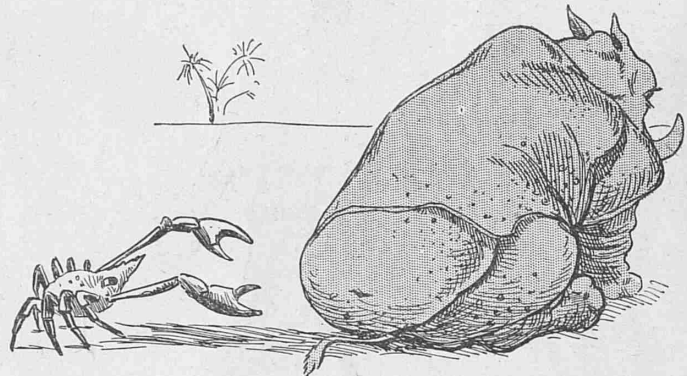
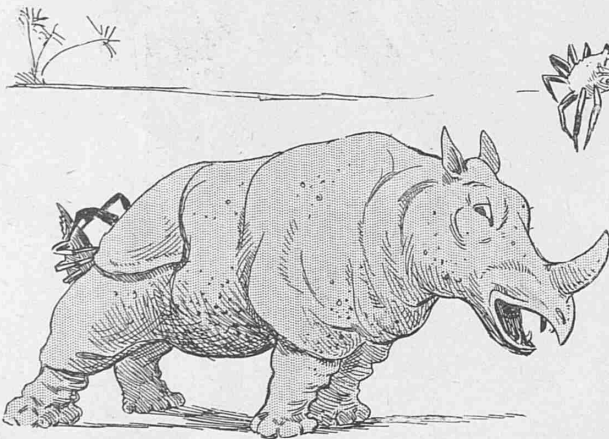


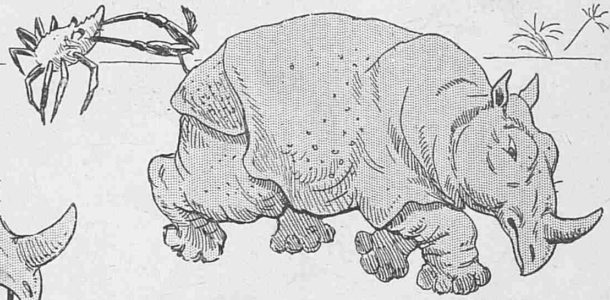
A Rhinoceros was cogitating in slumber—



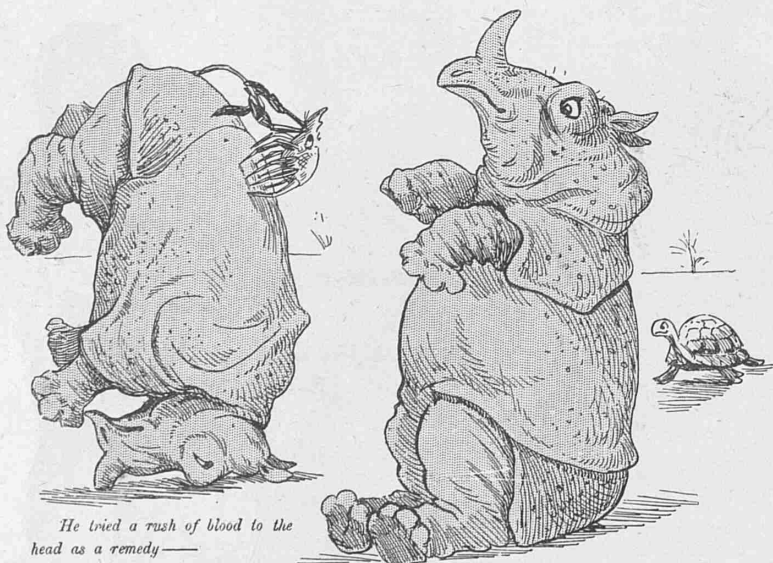
When a good citizen, in the shape of Mr. Crab, finding an obstacle in the way of disposing of such vermin in one fell swoop, quietly fetched on to his tail, and tried his level best to dispose of it.



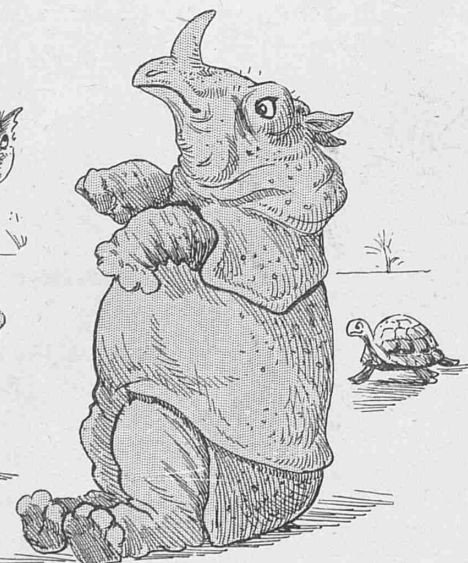
Then Rhinoceros thought that he had got a whole army of enemies to pull against.



Then he began to get livid about the face with trouble, and he began to buckjump.



He tried a rush of blood to the head as a remedy—



And a moment's rest to think over a cure, when a Tortoise reminded him that he was sitting on a crab and squashing him.



Louis Wain

"Why," said Rhinoceros, realising the situation, "can't you see that I am cracking crab-shell to get at the crab? You go home to your own country."