RHINOCEROS SHOOTING IN MASHONALAND.

FEW WHO HAVE TRAVERSED the inhospitable country in the extreme north of Mashonaland, and the strip of Portuguese territory lying between the border of the Chartered Company's possessions and the Zambesi, will have my cause to remember it with pleasure. The unhappy traveller, more often than not suffering from malaria, slipping and stumbling over the loose quartz under foot, red-hot under the blazing African sun, clothing and flesh torn by every species of thorn, with a burning thirst and water unobtainable, may well be excused if he curses his fate as he painfully climbs the seemingly interminable range of hills. Unprecedented in the rainy season, when there would be no scarcity of water, on account of malaria, it is scarcely less so in the dry season, when the fever is less prevalent, owing to the almost entire absence of water.

What hidden treasure lies stored here that Nature thus guards it so carefully, where every tree, except the giant baobab (cream of tartar), is armed with hooks or lancets to detain or civvy back the intruder who would penetrate her jealously-guarded secrets. Returning through this country recently from Cachumbas on the Zambesi, I was approaching the Mavura Donna mountains as the sun was setting. About four miles from the base, I was riding slowly along at the head of my tired carriers, looking for a spot to camp for the night. I had just seen a buck, but failed to get a shot, and, thinking it was becoming too dark to see any more, handed the rifle—a Martini—and cartridges to the "boy" behind me. Being purely on a business trip, and having no intention of shooting big game, I had left my heavy rifle, a 10-bore Paradox and a heavy Express, behind. Suddenly there was a tremendous crashing in the scrub and long grass ahead of me on the left, and a large black mass came charging through the gloom, crossing the path obliquely in front of me towards my right. Buffalo flashed through my mind, and, springing from my horse, I snatched the rifle, in which I had left a cartridge, from the boy. The animals were then within 30 yards, and I could make out there were two, but it was too dark to distinguish what they were. Aiming at the foremost I pulled, expecting to hear no spring made and run for my life, but to my intense relief it dropped in its tracks and began bellowing hideously.

Turning to the boy behind me for another cartridge, I saw my carriers had dropped their loads and were all up trees. The boy, hastily loving the cartridges into my hand, had left them up there. The second animal had stopped when the first dropped. It was too dark to approach with safety, and, after straining my eyes to pierce the darkness, expecting every moment to be charged at, I moved off about 100 yards and camped. With the greatest difficulty I persuaded the carriers (Mashonas) to come down from the trees, where they wished to remain all night, lest the "bad" animals, which they were, and they said "riema" (rhinoceros), and that there was a cow with a calf. All night long the calf was charging round my camp squealing, while the wounded cow kept up an incessant bellowing, so sleep was out of the question. About four in the morning it was light enough to dimly perceive objects, and I went towards the fallen rhino. I could see the stands in the bushes, and in the indistinct light it looked large enough to be dangerous. The natives, who had again taken to the trees, kept urging me to shoot, so, aiming just behind the shoulder, I fired. It dropped at once, but, struggling to its feet, turned round, and I gave it another bullet behind the other shoulder, and it rolled over dead. As it got lighter I could see the cow had evidently been hit in the spine, as her hindquarters were paralysed and she had never moved from the spot where she dropped the previous night. A couple of shots finished her. The natives absolutely refused to come near the bodies, and as I was pressed for time I was obliged to push on to the nearest kraal, from which I sent out men to bring in the skins and heads. From the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail the cow measured 12ft. 8in.; height at shoulder, 6ft. 9in.; front horn, 31in.; back horn, 20in. I greatly regretted having to shoot the calf, which I found was not so large as it looked in the dim light, as I should much like to have secured it alive, but with the few natives I had (only five), and those such abject cowards, it would have been impossible. Whether the cow had winded me and was charging on scent, or whether she was startled and trying to get away, I cannot tell, but to drop the cow with a single shot from the despised Martini, rendering her incapable of mischief, was an exceedingly lucky accident. I might have saved myself by taking to a tree but should have lost my horse, and it would have left me in that dense scrub, close and underfoot to escape by riding. Altogether I congratulate myself on being well out of a nasty experience.

TSHISA AMANYI.

SPORTING PICTURES.

NO SPORTSMAN IS EVER TIRED of looking at pictures which remind him of any phase of his own particular sport, whether it be hunting, coursing, racing, shooting, fishing, or hawking. The hunting man may contemplate the chase of the stag, fox, hare, or otter; the courser will not confine his attention to hares, but will view with much contentment pictures of gazelle coursing in India or Persia, and of coursing wolves in Russia with borzois. Flat racing, hurdle racing, and steeplechasing afford splendid opportunities to a skilful artist who has a talent for drawing horses; the shooter dreams of grouse, partridge, pheasant, and wildfowl, to say nothing of deer and chamois if he be a stalker, or of big game if he be an adventurous traveller. The landing of a silver salmon or a speckled trout, or grayling, if truthfully depicted by an artist who has seen what he attempts to portray, will rivet the attention of the angler to the exclusion of all else, unless he have a *penchant* for trolling for pike, or for the more exciting sport of fishing for ouananiche. The falconer will look for a good picture of partridge hawking with the long-winged peregrine, or rabbit hawking with the short-winged goshawk. In fine, every field sport has its various phases, any one of which, if artistically drawn and technically correct in detail, will be certain to meet with approval from a large number of admiring experts. There would seem to be a growing taste for pictures of this description, and it is a good and healthy sign of the times.

We do not know whether Messrs Frost and Reed, of Bristol, who have made a speciality of publishing sporting pictures, intend to run through the entire series of such scenes as those above mentioned. If so, we venture to suggest that they do not, however, stop at go a step further, and deal also with such subjects as yachting, rowing, coaching, cricket, and polo, all of which pastimes have a large number of enthusiastic supporters. We have in former issues had occasion to notice some spirited prints of fishing and shooting subjects, and in continuation of the series Messrs Frost and Reed have recently sent us our inspection two sets of shooting scenes by Messrs Douglas Adams and Charles Whymper, which are just now peculiarly appropriate to the season. The first set represents partridge shooting, in which we are able to compare the old style with the new, the old-time sportsman, in a top hat, shooting over pointers on a stubble, as contrasted with the latter-day fashion of walking in line through a big field of turnips, a centre subject being that of a sportsman watching the flight of a "towering" bird. Messrs Adams and Whymper are no novices in this line of art, as those will know very well who look into the windows of the west end print shops; nor do they draw on their imagination for landscape, the scenery in every case being a bit of nature as they have seen and sketched it.

The second set of prints illustrates the fashionable but expensive sport of pheasant shooting. Here we see (1) pheasants rising before the advancing beaters, (2) some good high ones coming over the tallest trees, and (3) the final "flush" at the end of a long covert. The size of each plate is about 10in. by 7in., so that the set when framed measure about 3ft. 4in. by 1ft. 7in., a very handy size for the walls of a smoking room or billiard room, where they may serve to recall the memories of many happy days spent with pleasant companions in the woods and fields.

THE LONG RANGE CLUB.

RIFLE shooting at the Hounslow range by members of this, the oldest rifle club in England, has not been active since the Bisley meeting, and so far only three spoon competitions have been decided. In the first Mr Bidwell, who has been shooting very well, won on the handicap. Mr John Rigby, although scoring three more points, took second place. On the second occasion Mr Rigby won the spoon, and Capt. Richardson came second in a very close finish. On Saturday last, in strong and cold head wind, Mr Bidwell scored his fifth win for the season, passing Mr Rigby, who was second and holds four. Score:

	Rifle.	200 yards.	500 yards.	900 yards.	1000 yards.	Total.	H'cp.	Score.
Mr Bidwell.....	Mannlicher	47 ...	39 ...	39 ...	125 ...	+2 ...	127
Mr J. Rigby	Mannlicher	41 ...	40 ...	42 ...	123 ...	−4 ...	119
Capt. Richardson	Lee-Enfield	41 ...	36 ...	37 ...	114 ...	0 ...	114

DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT HUNTER.—A correspondent of *Daily Telegraph* writes the death of Henry Attrill, of Camberwell, while elephant hunting in Addo Bush, not far from Port Elizabeth. Mr Attrill, accompanied by his right-hand assistant (Crick), went out elephant hunting, and killed one female elephant and wounded a calf. They got within 20 yards of another huge female elephant, and both fired, bringing the monster to its knees. She charged with great fury. The arrangement of the fowlhouses could not be improved, they being in large signal towers, which are now used for no other purpose. The young fowls are so well fed that they are always fit for the table without being put up to fatten. They are caught under four months old, penned for sixteen or twenty hours so as to become empty, killed by dislocating the neck, and are at once weighed. The greater number are used in the establishment, and at times, when the owners are not present, they are sold to the travelling tradesmen, who are always ready to take them at the price at which they are credited, namely, 5fr. a kilo, equivalent to rather more than 1s. 2d. per pound. As table fowl they are first-rate, meeting with the approbation of perhaps the most critical eater of poultry in the kingdom.

It should be borne in mind that in making up the poultry accounts there is no charge for rent of buildings, nor for the land, the advantages of which are so great. The necessary coops are made by the carpenter on the estate at the cost of the wood; the corn is bought wholesale in the best markets along with that which is required for the use of the live stock on the estate. There is no cost for conveyance to market or commission to salesmen, the poultry are sold at the high price of 1fd. per pound, which is the same as that cl arged for the best poultry in Bordeaux, the great town of the district. There is no possible leakage. The eggs are laid in the houses and are looked after by the manager, and the broods of fowls are all numbered and come to hand. Possibly some of the advocates of poultry farming in England will say, that these advantageous conditions, and what enormous profits must accrue. I am informed that, if it were not for the large number of visitors who come twice a year, stopping some few weeks, the poultry would be abandoned, for they do not yield a profit, the advantage of having a large number of first-rate poultry for the château being the sole cause of their maintenance.

So much for the south of France. Now let us pass a few hundred miles to the north, and take advantage of an admirable report of the Essex farmers' visit to Denmark in May and June during the present year, organised by the Essex Technical Instruction Committee. Amongst other farms visited was that of Sofendal, a large leasehold farm of 870 acres, chiefly devoted to the rotation of hay, oats, clover, and barley. The report says it is the largest poultry farm in Denmark. I regret the application of this term. It is not a poultry farm, but a place where some five or six hundred fowls are kept on a farm, a totally distinct arrangement. The fowls are a cross between Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns. The bulk of them are kept on runs on the headlands of two adjoining fields, and are used for breeding purposes. These runs are twenty yards wide. There are four poultry houses divided into two divisions each, about 2ft. square, in which are put 150 birds. The houses are built of brick, boarded outside, with felt between for warmth. The houses are cleaned every day, whitewashed once a month, and are quite free from smell. When the adjoining fields are under tillage the fowls are fed to run over the arable land. They are fed with crushed barley in the morning, and maize or wheat in the afternoon. No cocks are kept with these hens, so that the eggs are useless for hatching. Each bird is kept two years and then killed. The total profit, we are informed, is 2s. 4d. per hen per annum. We are not told whether any deduction is made for rent of land or buildings, no actual balance sheet being given, but it may be interesting to prospective poultry farmers to know that 2s. 4d. is represented as the profit of each hen, and not the 5s. which is so often ignorantly stated as profit arising from keeping fowls in this country. Whether the 2s. 4d. per hen, which is the result of keeping fowls under these circumstances in Denmark, would satisfy the English poultry farmers is a matter which may be left to their consideration.

The same report contains a very instructive account of a visit to the egg packing establishment of the Danish Co-operative Society, which was founded in 1895 for the purposes of egg collection and export. Local branches were formed, whose members engaged to deliver their eggs to the head quarters, a fine of 5s. 6d. is imposed for every bad egg. A deduction is also made if the eggs are dirty, but no washing is allowed. Each egg is marked with the distinctive number of the member and the local branch. They are collected weekly by the local societies, and sent to the central establishment in boxes with cardboard partitions, each holding 1000 eggs. The price paid to the members is fixed by the central society, less the cost of collection and export. The eggs are bought by the pound; the value in 1899 was 5½d. per pound, of which one halfpenny was deducted for expenses, so that the farmers received slightly under 5d. per pound. The Society has flourished exceedingly. In 1895 there were only six local branches and 2000