

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 97.

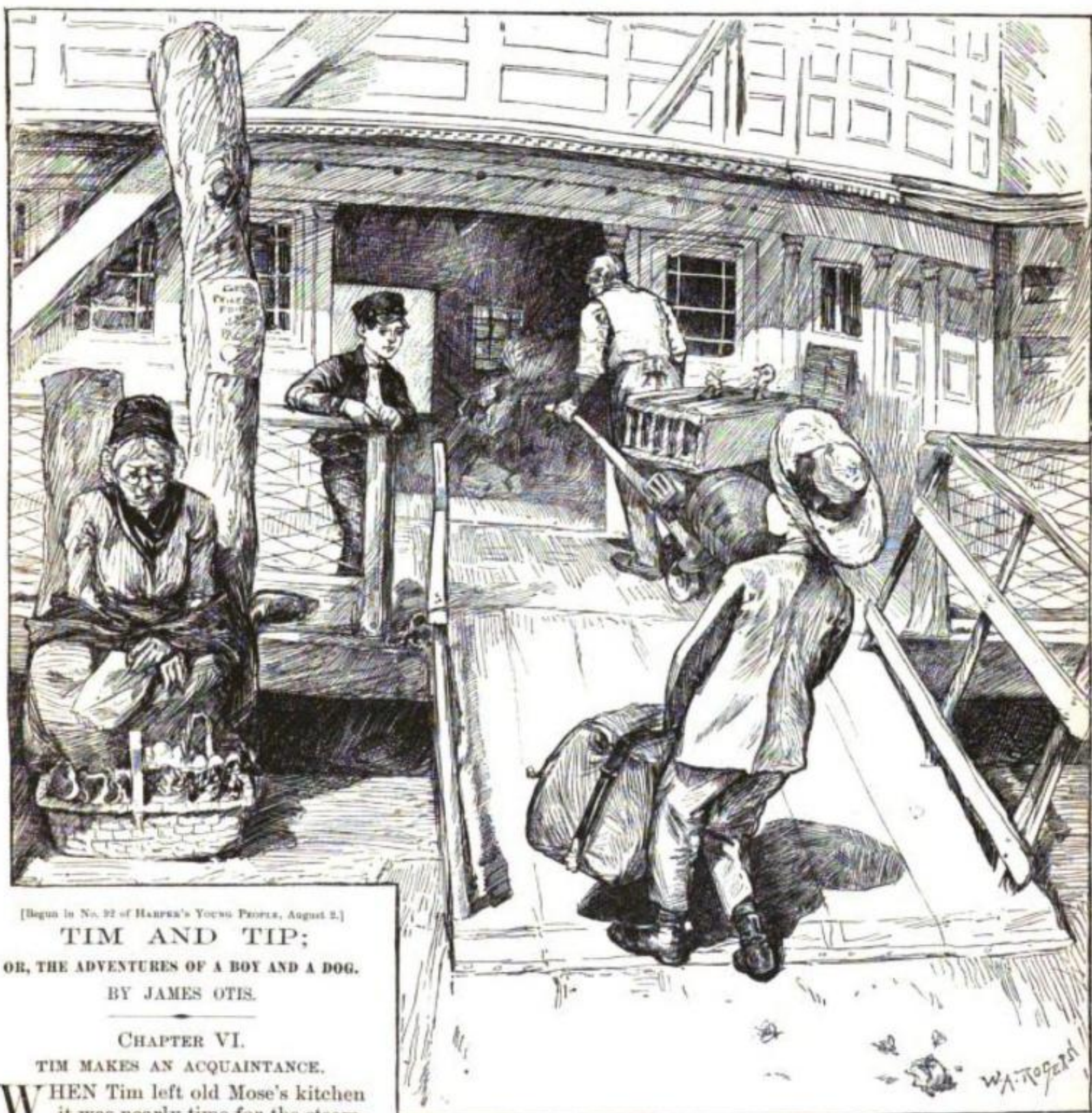
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, September 6, 1881.

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[Began in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

TIM MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

WHEN Tim left old Mose's kitchen it was nearly time for the steamer to start on her regular trip, and the

THE SMALL PASSENGER WITH THE LARGE VALISE.

and baskets, spreading the cloth beneath a glorious old oak-tree, and bringing fresh sparkling water from a spring that gushed clear as crystal out of the solid rock, with which Tuesday brewed the lemonade.

"Make it sweet, and make it sour," laughed Wednesday, giving Tuesday's hand a squeeze that made her cry, "Don't take me for a lemon, I beg," and shower the squeezer with powdered sugar.

The forest, too, was not behindhand in adding to the rural feast, for the blackberries and blueberries hung thick and heavy on the bushes, tender wintergreen leaves grew beneath the children's feet, and down by a baby brook, that ran cooing and gurgling along into the arms of its mother, the river, they found quantities of spicy watercresses, while the wild roses, marguerites, and clover blossoms gave quite a festal appearance to the board. As at all picnics, they ate ants with their pickles, and flies with their bread and butter, but they only seemed to add a flavor to the repast, seasoned as it was with so much fun and frolic.

"Now, Sunday, sing for us," said Saturday, when they had all finished and were lying about on the green grass.

Sunday knew nothing but hymns, but these he sang in a sweet little childish voice, very pleasant to listen to; and he now warbled away with all his baby might, the older children joining in the choruses.

"Where is that singing-bird?" asked a cheerful voice behind them, as Sunday ended with a pretty trill, and they all turned to see a merry-looking old gentleman coming toward them.

"It is Grandpa Week!" they all cried, bounding toward him.

"I am glad, my children, to see you so happy," he said, patting each head kindly, "and gladder still to learn from your parents that you have all remembered 'duty before pleasure.'"

"That we did," said Saturday, thinking how hard he had worked for his picnic.

"And so I have brought you some little rewards."

"What can they be?" asked the children, clustering around the old gentleman, who drew numerous packages from his capacious pockets.

"You, Monday," he said, "are 'fair of face,' so I have brought you a parasol to protect it from the sun. Tuesday is 'full of grace,' so she must have a pair of fancy slippers in which to dance and skip more lightly. Wednesday is 'merry and glad,' and this *Nonsense-Book* will surely make him 'laugh and grow fat.' While Thursday, I am sorry to say, is so 'sour and sad,' he only deserves this birch rod; but in consideration of his progress at school I have added a collar for Tempus, and trust he will hereafter improve both his time and temper. Friday is so 'loving and giving,' I was sure nothing would please her like a knot of true-blue ribbon, and a box of sugar-plums to share with you all; while, as Saturday has to 'work hard for a living,' I shall give him his present in money, to spend as he likes."

"But have you nothing for Sunday?" asked the children.

"To be sure I have," cried Grandpa Week, catching the little boy in his arms and fastening a glittering belt about his waist.

"The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay;"

and Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the Weeks together."

"Hurrah for grandpa!" shouted all the young folks, hastening to thank him for their gifts. And then, as the sun's great red eye was blinking sleepily in the west, clinging to the hands and coat of the old man, they wended their way from beneath the protecting branches of the hospitable woods.

THE RHINOCEROS.

WHEN the rhinoceros is at home—where it is probable he had much rather be than dragged around the country in a gaudily painted cart as one of the attractions of a menagerie, or confined in some zoological garden, where he is prevented from goring the small boy who gazes at him as impudently as he pleases—he lives in Asia or Africa. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that he *fights* in those countries, for the greater portion of his long life is made up of combats with his relatives or any other animals who come in his way.

In Africa there are four varieties, distinguished by the natives as follows: the borelé, or black rhinoceros, the keitloa, or two-horned black, the moohoo, or common white, and the kaboba, or long-horned white rhinoceros. The first two are smaller but more fierce than the white ones, and are quite as willing to hunt the sportsman as to be hunted. The largest of the Africans is the long-horned white rhinoceros, which has been found eighteen feet six inches in length, and the circumference of its broad back and low-hanging belly is very nearly the same number of feet and inches.

There are three species of the Asiatic rhinoceros, two of which have but one horn, while the third has two. These are much smaller than their brothers from Africa, and their skin hangs in folds.

Mr. Greenwood says that the hunters and writers who have asserted that a bullet will hardly pierce this animal's hide are mistaken, and that a rifle-ball will penetrate the loose, baggy covering with little or no difficulty. The belief that the hide was so tough probably arose from experiments made with that which had been toughened almost like horn by a process employed by the natives, who make from it whip-stocks and walking-canes.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the celebrated hunter, in speaking of the largest African species, says: "It is about as large around as it is long, while the body sets so low on its legs that a tall man a-tiptoe could see across its back. Attached to its blunt nose—not to the bone, but merely set in the skin with a net-work of muscles to hold it—is a horn more or less curved, hard as steel, sharp, and more than a yard long, and immediately behind this is a little horn, equally sharp, and nearly straight." His eyes are very small, and as useful to him by night as by day. His ears are long, pointed, and tipped with a few bristles, which, with a tuft at the end of his tail, make up all the semblance of hair he possesses.

The length of the horn varies in the different species, the main horn of the kaboba exceeding four feet, while that of the moohoo is seldom over two feet. In all cases, among the double-horned animals, the rear one—that is to say, the one nearest the forehead—is always short, not often more than six inches.

There are many singular superstitions regarding the horn of the rhinoceros, which is not as valuable for its ivory as that from the elephant. Rhinoceros-horn shavings are supposed by many people to cure certain diseases, and it is believed that if poison be poured in a cup made of the horn, it will burst it. A German writer says: "This horn will not endure the touch of poison; I have often been a witness of this. Many people of fashion at the Cape have cups turned out of the rhinoceros horn; some have them set in silver, and some in gold. If wine is poured into one of these cups, it immediately rises and bubbles up as though it were boiling, and if there is poison in it, the cup immediately splits. If poison is put by itself into one of these cups, it in an instant flies to pieces.... The chips made in turning one of these cups are ever carefully saved and returned to the owner of the cup, being esteemed of great benefit in convulsions, faintings, and many other complaints."

As to whether the horn of the rhinoceros is such a test



FIGHT BETWEEN A KEITLOA AND A PANTHER.

for poison, the reader may safely doubt; but it can make little difference, since it is hardly probable he cares either for the wine or the poison, and has no need of such a sensitive drinking cup.

Clumsy-looking as the great brute is, Mr. Gordon Cumming says "a horse and rider can rarely manage to overtake him." Another famous African hunter writes: "He is not often pursued on horseback, and chiefly because his speed and endurance are such that it is very difficult to come up with and follow him, to say nothing of the danger attendant on such a course. Many a hunter, indeed, has thereby endangered his life."

One of the most singular of attendants is that which the rhinoceros has. It is a little bird called by ornithologists *Buphaga africana*, and known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird. This little fellow clings to the animal's hide by means of its long claws and elastic tail, feeding on the insects that infest the leathery skin. In doing this it renders great service to the huge brute, but trifling as compared to its other duty. It acts as sentinel to warn its movable feeding-place of approaching danger. While it is eating it is ever on the alert, and at the first sign of the hunter it flies up in the air uttering its warning note, which is ever quickly heeded, the rhinoceros starting off at once in the direction taken by its watchful friend. Mr. Cumming states that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the bird, hearing the approach of the hunter, fails to awaken him by its voice, it will arouse him by pecking the inside of his ear.

Some species of the rhinoceros are inclined to peace, and will rarely attack man save in defense of their young or their lives, while others, and more particularly the keitloa, will attack man or beast simply to gratify their love for fighting. The lion never risks an encounter

with the rhinoceros, save when absolutely necessary for his own safety, and it is but seldom the elephant cares to measure strength with him, for the larger animal is far less quick in his movements than the smaller.

A celebrated African hunter once witnessed a battle between these huge animals; but in this instance the impetuous rage of the rhinoceros proved his downfall, for having driven his terrible horn up to the hilt into the carcass of the elephant, he was unable to extract it, and the latter falling, crushed the life out of his assailant in the descent. A traveller once saw a fight between a gigantic male elephant and a black rhinoceros, that was ended by the flight of the former.

It is seldom that such an encounter as that shown in the engraving takes place, for the very good reason that the panther, knowing its death is the almost certain result of the combat, slinks away before the keitloa. Only in defense of its young, as in the case shown, or when it fears an attack is to be made, does it oppose the rhinoceros, and then the sharp horn easily pierces the spotted skin, or the ferocious mother is crushed beneath the ponderous feet of her enemy.

The rhinoceros of India is much better tempered than its African brothers, and Bishop Heber says of some which he saw at Lucknow: "These are quiet and gentle animals. . . . I should conceive that they might be available to carry burdens as well as the elephant, except that as their pace is still slower than his, their use could be only applicable to very great weights and very gentle travelling."

Nothing is definitely known as to the average age of this animal, but it is generally believed that the duration of life of an Indian rhinoceros is hardly less than a hundred years.