

cleared, although there is still some suspicious haze towards the south.

On the 28th ultimo Mr. F. W. Higgins added to his bag a much coveted rhinoceros which he had been after for years past. He shot it at Ropley, close to the station. Mr. Higgins was on foot; his dogs brought the beast out, and he got a shot at it at about 15 paces, smashing its shoulder. The rhino fell, recovered himself, and then ran about 100 yards, when a well directed bullet in the centre of the forehead prevented his escape. I have not heard the measurements, but those who saw the head, which Mr. Higgins sent round to the Club the same evening, say it was enormous.

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