a lifetime. And Uncle Amos was still more delighted when, on going down-stairs early next morning, he found Aunt Hepzibah slowly pouring the "Foe" and the "Sure Preventive" into the kitchen drain-pipe.

ANNA J. MCKEAG.

CHICKADEE.

Give me of thy wise hope, dear bird,
Who brav'st the bitter weather!
Share the glad message thou hast heard,
And let us sing together.

Independent. —*Celia Thaxter.*

TREED BY A RHINOCEROS.

A thrilling Adventure with a huge Beast in a tropical Jungle.

Of all the wild beasts that roam the jungles of Asia, Malaysia or Africa there are few more dangerous to encounter than the rhinoceros. Large, fierce, with a hide almost impervious to bullets, he is difficult to kill in the open, and is usually taken in pits that are dug in the ground and covered with branches of trees, over which a thin cover of soil is thrown.

Even when captured in this manner, the rhinoceros is hard to kill, for his big body is exceedingly tenacious of life.

I had an encounter with one of these beasts once which I am not likely to forget—especially when I look at my left hand. It happened this way:

We had a visitor at our coffee plantation and were doing our best to entertain him. This was not much trouble, for he was a jolly fellow, ready at all times for sport, and always willing to take his share of work and the hard knocks which came occasionally. He was the son of one of the owners of the plantation, and had been sent out to see a little of life there before settling down to business in Belfast.

We liked him from the first—big, good-natured, rollicking, joking Jack Armstrong. He was not long in making every one about the plantation, even the natives, his friends. He had been with us only two days when he "wanted a crack," he said, "at these wild animals you keep in that great big menagerie out there."

As I could be spared from the plantation for a day or two, I volunteered to go with Armstrong and see what we could shoot. He had shown us that he could handle the rifle well, though he did no boasting; and so we felt that he could be trusted to do his part like a man if any danger should arise.

Armstrong and I started for the jungle one morning, taking with us only one native, to carry a spare rifle and some ammunition. Armstrong, who had never before been in a jungle, was amazed at the density of the growth there and the vastness of the solitude.

One who knows nothing of a jungle cannot conceive the feeling experienced by him who enters such a forest for the first time, and listens to the oppressive silence of its depths. Listens, I say, for it is a silence which seems literally heard in the shadow of the great trees and heavy undergrowth. Armstrong, however, soon recovered his usual carelessness and jollity, although he could not joke much in the quiet we were forced to maintain, for fear we should start some animal before we were ready for it. But that is just what did happen, in spite of our caution.

We had jogged along until about three o'clock in the afternoon, having stopped only long enough for hasty lunch at noon. Our intention was to reach a pool which was not far away, and to which many animals of the jungle were in the habit of going to drink.

This pond was about two hundred feet across, and nearly circular. In the centre rose a rock about ten feet high, and the water, as we found out afterward, was not more than three feet deep at any point except at the mouth of the stream which fed it from the forest.

"I don't see many of those terrible beasts you were trying to scare me with," Armstrong said, with a smile, when we reached the pool. "Are you sure there are any in the jungle at this time of the year?"

"Sahib, him see some 'fore him leabe," said the native, whose name, by the way, was Nvjro. "Fine plenty 'fore long. Mebby more dan sahib wan' see."

"Yes, Armstrong," I said, "they are here. No man ever came into this jungle of Horton Plains and looked for game in vain. Many a brave fellow has found it to his death. Don't be discouraged; you'll have a shot before you get back to the plantation."

We threw ourselves on the ground and lighted our pipes to enjoy a short smoke while Nvjro went up the stream to get some water. We had not taken a dozen whiffs when Nvjro came rushing back, yelling like mad and green with terror.

"De big-horn, sahib! De big-horn!" he shrieked, frantically.

I cannot account for what followed except on the ground that the terror of the native was infectious. Both Armstrong and myself, without waiting to see what was the matter, climbed the nearest tree, leaving our rifles where we had placed them when we sat down to smoke, against another tree about one hundred feet away from where we now were.

Nvjro followed us up the tree in double-quick time, out of breath and with bulging eyes. We were hardly in the branches before out from the undergrowth rushed a monstrous rhinoceros.

He snorted with rage as he looked for us, his nose in the air and his little, wicked eyes snapping and blazing.

The rhinoceros is the maniac of the jungle. He has no sense and knows no fear. If in the solitude he hears a noise, without waiting to ascertain what makes it, he lowers his great head so as to project his wicked horn in front, and charges.

He does not look, he does not care; he is like a mad thing as he comes on. He will charge anything that disturbs him—a lion, an elephant, another rhinoceros, a man, a pig, a snake or a dog; all are the same to him if they attract his attention.

Whether this fellow saw or scented us, he hesitated not a minute, but lowered his head and came like a locomotive at the tree in which we sat, not yet recovered from our first fright. What a shock! We were nearly thrown from our perches by the concussion.

The recoil threw the huge beast over on his back. It must have hurt him, for he squealed as he sprang to his feet and shook his head. But it did not stop him, for in another second he had charged again.

I began to fear that he might be able to tear the tree up by the roots, and have us on the ground at his mercy. That meant certain death for at least one of us.

If only we had our rifles! There they were, in plain sight, but completely out of our reach. Not a word had either of us spoken since our inglorious scramble up the tree, but Armstrong now said, "Hold fast!" as the rhinoceros came at the tree again with increased rage.

We held fast. Finding he could not get at us that way, the beast shook his head again and began to dig at the tree with his strong horn. He worked hard, and the bark and wood flew so fast that we became seriously alarmed lest he should cut the tree down.

"This will never do," I said to Armstrong.

"Faith, I think you're right," he answered, "but what can we do? I think I could reach those guns of ours before he could stop me, but he wouldn't give me a chance to fire a bullet into his ugly carcass if I did reach them. We've got to do something soon, though, or he'll do it for us."

Armstrong plunges into the Water.

Reach the rifles! That was the one thing that must be done; and I, as the one in whose charge Armstrong had been placed, should take the risk, for my own honor and the life of the young man. I made up my mind quickly to a course of action. Taking out the big knife without which I never went into the jungle, I cut a long branch off the tree.

"Here," I said, as I handed it over to Armstrong, "you take this and hit the beast over the head with it to attract his attention, and when you get him on the side of the tree furthest from the rifles I'll jump down and run for them. If he charges me, you must do all you can to attract his attention."

"Is there any chance for you to succeed, man?"

"It's a rather slim chance. But if I can get a rifle and have even one shot at him, we may get the better of him yet. If we stay here he'll have the tree down sooner or later, and we'll have to do something then, anyway. A rhinoceros was never known to raise a siege of his own accord, so we've either got to jump out of this tree or be driven out."

Armstrong told me he was a good runner, and would rather make the dash than to have me do it. But I was a good runner, too, and insisted upon going.

So he took the branch, which we had stripped until it was a long, bare pole, and leaning forward, struck the raging beast heavily on the neck. The rhinoceros leaped into the air at this unexpected attack, with a snort of surprise, and stopped his work on the tree.

Armstrong hit at him again, handling the pole with a quickness which surprised me. Gradually he worked the rhinoceros around the tree, the animal snapping at the pole and raging in impotent fury. When the creature was farthest from the rifles, I quickly lowered myself as near to the ground as I could, dropped, and ran like mad for the weapons. The rhinoceros heard me before I had made ten steps, and came after me.

Then Armstrong did a heroic thing. With a shout which could have been heard a mile he jumped from the tree and ran after the rhinoceros. He told me afterward that he did not think of the consequences, but only followed an impulse. If the rhinoceros had turned, nothing in the world could have saved the brave Irishman. Luckily the brute kept after me.

I heard his heavy tread, and gave myself up for lost. It was all like a flash, but it seemed an age before I gained the rifles. I grasped one with my right hand, caught the tree with my left and swung myself, still going at full speed, around the tree, and fell as I did so.

The rhinoceros struck the tree with his head before I touched the ground, hitting at the same time the index and second fingers of my left hand, which had not yet left the tree. I did not feel it at the time, but the fingers were smashed so that they had to be amputated at the second joints, and now I handle my fork with only the stumps.

I thought he would be on me before I could get up, but in the small fraction of a second that I lay there I heard the animal turn and charge at Armstrong.

"Run!" I shouted as I arose. "Run for the water and try to gain the rock!"

Armstrong was running already, and straight for the water, with the rhinoceros not far behind him. I took a quick aim and fired just as Armstrong plunged into the pool. The bullet hit the thick skin of the rhinoceros and glanced off.

As Armstrong sprang into the water he fell headforemost, and I saw him go under as I grabbed another rifle from the ground where it had fallen.

The rhinoceros hesitated when he missed his quarry, and I sent another shot at him, watching at the same time for Armstrong's head to appear.

Then occurred a strange thing. The rhinoceros stood at the edge of the pool, apparently surprised at Armstrong's disappearance. I stood still also, wondering if the water were deep enough to drown a man, and if Armstrong had struck his head against a rock and was lying dead on the bottom.

We must have stood thus for about three minutes, when the rhinoceros snorted angrily and plunged in. Then I saw Armstrong's head rise from the water within fifteen feet of the rock. The rhinoceros had caught sight of him and started for him.

I tried to get a shot at the animal then, but he plunged so in his clumsy passage through the water that I knew I could not hit him, so I just stood there and waited.

Armstrong, who swam under water until his breath gave out, gained the rock before the rhinoceros had gone fifty feet and was safe; for the sides of the rock were too steep for the unwieldy beast to climb, although easy enough to a man of ordinary agility.

"He can't reach me here," Armstrong shouted, "but I wish I had a rifle. Can you hit him?"

The rhinoceros reached the rock and reared himself against it. Well, there was never a more dangerous situation with a tamer ending. There was Armstrong on the rock in the middle of a shallow pool, a big, angry rhinoceros trying in vain to climb after him, and I on the shore with three good rifles and plenty of ammunition.

Whether the excitement of the preceding few minutes had shaken my nerves or not, I fired fifteen shots into the big animal before he fell. Every time I fired, Armstrong, who was as cool as could be, laughed at me and told where the ball had struck. But finally the rhinoceros dropped, dead this time, from a bullet in his brain.

The rest of the story is simple enough. Nvjro waded out with his hatchet and cut the horn off the rhinoceros. Armstrong came to dry land. My fingers were by that time giving me a great deal of pain, so we lost no time in getting back to the plantation.

Taking as direct a route out of the jungle as possible, we found a native village, where we stopped overnight, and cared for my fingers as best we could. We started early the next morning, for I had not slept all night, and reached the plantation before noon.

Armstrong stayed with us a year, and together we had many a hunt in the depths of Horton Plains after my fingers healed. On several occasions we had adventures which are worth recording, and of which I may write at some future time.

L. WALTER SAMMIS.

A BLOODLESS BATTLE.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge the Confederate Army under General Bragg retreated to Dalton, Georgia, and there went into winter quarters. The winter of 1863-4 proved to be a very severe one for the latitude, and at one time there was a heavy fall of snow.

The division commanded by Major-General W. B. Bate, now a United States Senator, was composed of three brigades. These were the famous "Breckenridge" Brigade of Kentuckians; General Bate's own old brigade of Tennesseeans, and a Florida brigade commanded by General Stovall. Each of the brigades occupied its own encampment, and was separated from the other two by at least half a mile.

The snow fell at night. On the following morning, as soon as the regulation camp duties were performed, the "corncrackers," as the Kentuckians were called, began to "snowball." They had often seen snow in their native state, and knew how to get amusement from it. But their Southern comrades, particularly the Floridians, shrank from any personal contact with "the beautiful."

Early in the day one of the companies of the Ninth Kentucky Regiment made an attack upon its next neighbor in the encampment, and after the battle victor and vanquished united to attack a third. Each company was in turn forced to capitulate. Then a party made up from all the companies attacked the fourth regiment, and afterward the sixth.

About noon an expedition, numbering several hundred, from the Kentucky Brigade, set out to attack the camp of the Tennesseeans. As the time was the dead of winter, and there was no enemy within many miles, the usual camp discipline had been relaxed, and visiting between the different camps was unrestricted during the day. This enabled the attacking party to take the Tennesseeans unawares.

Notwithstanding the surprise, the defence of the camp was vigorously maintained for half an hour or more. Finally it was yielded, and then many of the Tennesseeans joined the expedition in its attack upon the Florida brigade.

Owing to the suddenness of the onset, and the novelty of the weapons used, the Floridians made no resistance, but retired precipitately to their cabins.

General Stovall hastily summoned his staff officers, gave orders to have the entire brigade turned out without arms, and mounting his horse, took personal command.

The Floridians soon learned that they could throw snowballs about as well as their assailants. Smarting under the reproaches of their commander, they fell upon the little band of adventurers with irresistible impetuosity.

Seeing themselves outnumbered five to one, the Kentuckians and their allies began to beat a retreat, and at the same time sent messengers back to their camps to ask for reinforcements. Some of the Kentucky regimental officers mounted their horses and hastened to the front, in command of the reinforcements.

Step by step the four or five hundred allies had been forced back by the two or three thousand Floridians. Only a few hundred yards from the outskirts of the Kentucky camp the retreating forces ascended a rather precipitous ridge. Here they determined to make a last desperate stand, in the hope that assistance would soon arrive.

Heroically they stood their ground, but the Floridians were by this time thoroughly aroused, and seemed determined to carry the war into the enemy's camp. In the face of a perfect storm of missiles they ascended almost to the very crest of the ridge. But even as the defenders were beginning to give way, loud cheering in their rear told them that reinforcements were at hand.

Now the battle began in earnest. Fully two thousand men on each side were now engaged, and perhaps no grander spectacle of the kind was ever witnessed anywhere. Neither Florida nor the allies would yield an inch. For fifteen or twenty minutes the sides seemed evenly matched.

Gradually, as the men became exhausted from their violent exertions, they fell away to the rear and soon the battle was ended. Neither side claimed a victory; and as there were no dead to bury nor wounded to be cared for, neither coveted the empty honor of camping on the field of battle.

The Kentuckians ever afterward entertained a greater respect for the Floridians, and during the closing year of the war the two brigades were engaged together in many a battle less bloodless, alas! than the battle of the snowballs.

J. H. BURKS.

AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Visitors at the Scene of the Pilgrims' Landing.—Homage to the Rock.

Every summer thousands of people from the country outside New England visit the neighborhood of Boston. While there, they generally show no small amount of interest in historic sites. Many embark on the little steamer that plies daily between Boston and Plymouth, and make thus a pious pilgrimage to the celebrated Rock, which is coming to mean to Americans somewhat the same thing that the famous meteoric stone of the Kaaba, at Mecca, means to the Moslems.

It is a pleasant trip, this one by water to Plymouth. There is a band of music; and inside the boat, a man with a phonograph amuses the children. But the visitor from a distant part of the country generally remains on the forward deck, watching the sandy shores, golden in the morning sun; he gazes interestedly at Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, of which there was a picture in the geography which he studied at school, and muses over the wooded shore of Marshfield, where Daniel Webster lived and died.

But before long Plymouth is reached, and the pilgrim's attention is likely to be diverted from the great beauty of the bay and its hilly, monument-crowned shores by his extreme desire to get an early glimpse of the Rock.

All the strangers are simply straining their eyes to see the Rock; and when the landing is made on the long wharf,—a very prosaic and modern structure, where the boat's lines are made fast by commonplace young men, whose faces show not the slightest family resemblance to the known likenesses of John Alden or Miles Standish,—the procession of people from distant parts takes up a steady and rapid march toward a curious canopied structure in the distance, which has been pointed out to them.

The first thought which all of them have is this: "Why is the Rock so far from the water?" It seems to be distinctly inland, and is really at several rods' distance from the present shore. And yet there is no doubt that it was formerly by the water's edge. The building of wharves and the dumping of earth for nearly three hundred years has carried the shore line out into the harbor.

When these modern pilgrims come flocking up, they behold a structure of carved granite, which looks very tall in proportion to its diameter, with a round column at each corner, and very considerable architectural pretensions. This structure is called a "canopy." It is designed to mark the site of the Rock, and protect it from desecration.

Within this structure, an iron fence surrounds the Rock itself. This fence tends to increase the reverential feeling that a visitor has for the Rock, for it seems to set it apart forever as a thing not to be touched. But at each end of the enclosure