

and Fronto represent the Power of Evil? Could they not torture those who will not have their own? If that be the case, is it not our duty to resist? Those pains which righteous men suffer on earth are but the wages of their iniquity; but those which the wicked brain of man could force on us we should justly resist.

"Beware, Felix!" cried Trebonius. "In this so may do more harm than you think. Doth not the emperor already declare that the late riots were caused by us? What, then, will I say when he asks that you have preached resistance? Will he get forth the fact as an excuse for further blood and persecution? The death of one martyr or the cause would do the facts more good than twenty battles. Remember the words of that noble morning: 'Power, good will toward men, and even if we suffer, let us abide by the law.'"

"Not I," cried Cleon, fiercely. "I would that had the murderer Fronto by the throat! I would I were of Rome of a dead!"

"Felix! it cannot be a coup to crush so cruel a murderer," cried Gaius. "To me it seems that you and Fronto are the only ones who will betray Aurelius. My word shall never be turned against my emperor, whom I love; never will I bear the stain which blotted out the name of Brutus. The emperor's knife shall not be my weapon. But when he cry of war comes, then will I gladly meet the foe as I should meet the foe with violence."

"Gaius!" cried Fronto, "you speak almost with the tongue of prophecy. The crowd hath now a fully grown that it would be glad to let these our enemies trample on beneath their feet. The name will turn, and we must resist this power!"

"I named suddenly, and a slight pain came over his face—pains that came over many there, or hurrying down the passages of the Catacombs could be plainly heard the tramp of armed men moving towards the place where the council was assembled.

"Fy! fy!" cried the weakest of heart. "The men is upon us!"

"He from! Be men!" cried Gaius, as he threw himself before the opening by which the soldiers must enter. "Now or never is the time to strike! The plot against us hath not been exposed yet or made public, therefore we have little to fear. Trebonius, Felix, and Fronto, our enemies, stand by me. Cleon stand by my side. Let those who will, fly; but let those who have nobler hearts range themselves behind me. Quick! We have no time to lose!"

"I pray you, Gaius, be guarded," cried Trebonius. "A collision with the emperor's guard will hurry on the persecution."

"Away, all you!" cried Gaius, in whose eyes flashed the old warrior fire. "This is no time to argue, but to act. Were all the legions in Rome linked against my single arm, I would not move an inch until I had met them face to face and defeated them! Away, I say! Your presence here will do but harm. Look to the women."

Bowing his head in submission, Trebonius and the other elders obeyed the command of Gaius.

Scarcely had the elders and the women disappeared, when a number of the emperor's guards, headed by Silas, rushed into the vault.

"There stands the assassin!" cried Silas, whose face glowed with triumph as he pointed to Gaius. "He it was who slew my comrade Junia. By the immortal deities of Rome! we are in luck. We have discovered one of the secret meetings of these traitors. My lord, Fronto, will indeed rejoice over this."

"More one step nearer to me," said Gaius, in a calm voice, as he drew his sword, "and I will kill you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[This also continued in No. 20. There a soldiers cut always he had, lost five, in the battle.]

THE RHINOCEROS.

It is now a few years since I enjoyed what I may term an adventurous sojourn in South Africa. I have several recollections of that period which I think would be worth making public, and I may present them to young readers in due time. For the present, however, I shall content myself with the narrative of one adventure, in which I have little doubt the readers of Young Folks will be interested.

There were three of us in search of adventure, and we had penetrated as far as Athara, by following the course of the river on which that town is situated. I wanted to visit Axum, which is only a hundred miles from the sea-coast, with a good road over the mountains to the west of Axum. We were nearly a fortnight in traveling from Athara to Axum, but we stopped repeatedly by the way.

When we reached our destination I found myself richly repaid for all my trouble. Axum was once the capital of Abyssinia, and must have been a flourishing place; but it is now a vast pile of ruins and ancient walls. There were several monuments standing, and among them was a monolith obelisk sixty feet high, and a number of private ones besides.

There were many other things worth seeing at Axum, and I spent a week there very profitably. There was a Christian church, in which the old characters of the place were kept, and many sculptures and inscriptions of interest.

To the southeast, at the base of the mountains, was a quiet forest, while to the west stretched away a boundless desert. One day I took my rifle and pistols, and with my followers, Abbae and Mada, started off upon a sort of prospecting tour, being assured that we should find plenty of game upon the edge of the forest, if we should choose to remain away over night. My idea was to continue beating about the place as long as I could find anything worth looking after.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we came to a place where a point of desert crept up into the woods, just like a bay upon the sea-shore. At the outer edge the distance was all of half a mile from point to point of the woods, and the bay itself was about the same distance in depth. We started in cross bits and bay about half way from the mouth of the inner valley. It was quite bare and very smooth, the sand being fine and heavy. Its colour was very near the same as our common red free stone, though perhaps a little lighter.

The distance across where we went was not more than a quarter of a mile, and I stopped when about half way over to gaze around me. I saw a more perfect illusion. It appeared exactly as though I stood upon the bosom of a watery bay. Upon three sides was a line of forest trees, while away upon the fourth stretched a sea the bound of which was beyond my ken. The sand sparkled in the strong sunlight,

and at a very short distance these sparkling atoms entirely overcame the deep red colour of the desert. Finally I started up again, and had come to within a hundred yards or so of the wood, when a movement among some underbrush attracted my attention. This underbrush was a sort of over-tree, with very thick, matted boughs, and spread the foliage clear to the ground. I stopped as I saw the movement, and gazed upon the spot. At first I could see nothing, but pretty soon I was sure I saw an eye. I moved a step forward, and not only saw what must be an eye, but I saw the end of a horn. For some moments I watched these two points carefully, and I was sure I had not been mistaken. There was an eye, bright and piercing, and not large, and a horn. It was an antelope, I felt certain. I raised my rifle to my shoulder and fired.

The sound of the report was quickly followed by a cry that caused me to start back. It was a loud, thundering bellow, half way between a deep guttural growl and the call of a full-grown calf. I heard this, and then I saw the foliage separate, and a huge monster burst forth with a body like an elephant's!

"A rhinoceros!" cried a man who acted as guide, springing upon his feet and running with all his might. His cry had attracted the animal's attention, and as he started to run the rhinoceros gave him chase. Of course, I leaped upon my rifle as I found myself thus forced to immediate danger, but I trembled for my companion.

The animal I had thus started from his cover was larger than I had ever supposed the rhinoceros to grow. He was very near twelve feet long from his snout to the insertion of his tail, and the girth of his body was the same. This you will see that he almost equals the elephant in size, but he is shorter so short that the hanging belly almost touches the ground as he walks. The head is broad and flat-topped, with straight ears, small, piercing eyes, and an upper lip heavy and floppy, which can be moved in almost any direction, and with which the animal gathers up the grass and foliage he means to eat.

But the most striking feature—and I assure you it is striking enough to those whom he attacks—is his horn. This grows upon the top of his snout, and is, without exception, the most powerful weapon possessed by any animal. It is as hard as any horn can be, very solid, and grows to be three feet long, though it is generally shorter than that. The horn is thick and hard, and without hair, save here and there a few stiff bristles. It is so hard that the edge of a sword will not penetrate it, and it will even turn a rifle ball in most parts, though there are points where a bullet will cut and kill. This skin has folds upon the shoulders and shoulders, and where these folds are it must be very hard impervious.

And yet the rhinoceros can quite swiftly. He goes at a rolling, plunging, mincing gait, and few men can outrun him.

I sprang to loading my rifle as quickly as possible, and in the meantime I kept my eye upon the rhinoceros. I saw Abbae gain the wood, and then he disappeared, with the enraged monster close at his heels. In a few moments more I started across the plain, and as I gained the point where my companion had entered I heard him cry out. The voice sounded above me, and upon looking up, I saw Abbae perched away in the top of a tree.

"Where is the rhinoceros?" I asked, in a loud tone. And I discovered where he was without asking again. My voice had startled him, and he turned from the tree up which Abbae had taken refuge and dashed after me.

The rhinoceros is about the only animal that never eats flesh that will attack man out of mere malice. But he will do so, though not always. Sometimes the traveller may pass him without danger, while at another he will rush from his cover into the midst of a party without provocation or warning. In this instance I had provocation in plenty. I could see blood trickling from his nose, but I could not stop to see where it came from. As he came out I turned and ran. Had I been wise, I should have darted into the wood close at hand and mounted a tree, but it was too late now. I could run then. I ran to the right, and knew how to use my legs. Across the plain I flew, keeping my eye upon him as well as my feet, in looking for a tree up which I could leap without trouble. I saw one at length; or, rather, there were two of them which grew together, seeming to cross each other out for from the ground.

The rhinoceros was close behind me. He puffed like a locomotive, and I could feel the earth shake beneath me as his feet came down upon the hard sand.

Mada shouted for me to look out; but there was no need for his warning, for I knew too well that the beast was fast to me, and at every step I expected to feel the fatal horn, clung to my side, for I knew that if I gained the tree I should need it, and if I didn't gain it I could spare the weapon as well as not.

But you may be sure that I was not long in running across that plain—not over two minutes at the outside; but they seemed long minutes to me. The tree I had selected stood directly at the edge of the sand, and there were branches within five feet of the ground. They were a sort of stunted oak, or oak, if I remember rightly. The same trees grow to a large size in the forest, but upon the edge of this desert they were not so thrifty.

The last fifty yards was a narrow spangle. I heard Mada yelling with all his might, and I heard the voice of Abbae in chorus. First they would cry out for me to run, and then they'd shout with an aim to attract the attention of my pursuer; but their efforts amounted to nothing in result, for I was running as swiftly as possible, and nothing short of death could have turned the inferior beast from his purpose.

The tree was gained at length. I heard the brute behind me, and I knew he was close upon me. As I placed my hand upon the lower limb, I noticed that his breathing, or puffing, was stopped, and that, too, with a frightful gnaw of the huge jaws. My heart leaped fearfully, for he is a sort of instinct I knew that he had gathered himself for a blow.

My hand touched a lower branch, and at the same moment I threw my rifle over another, and with all my power I made the spring. At the very instant on which I gave the leap the trees received a shock that caused with every one of us. They started to and fro as though beneath the crash of lightning.

But I held on, and I was safe! As soon as I could gain my senses and my breath I looked down. There stood the rhinoceros right below me, with his nose pecked in between the trees. At first I thought he was trying to nuzzle them. He pulled and pushed and lifted and tugged, with a power that shook me to my perch. Presently the monster began to bellow with a voice like thunder. This he kept up a while, and then he commenced to pull and tear again.

Abbae came to now. The fellow was fast-swinging like a pigeon in a snare. He had gathered all his strength for a blow at me, and in his blind rage he had not counted the chances of hitting his mark. The two trees were very near the same size—say, a foot in diameter at the trunk—and where they crossed each other they not only lapped together, but had

become, in a manner, socketed—that is, set into each other. The rhinoceros had struck his huge horn directly upon the point where the two trees lapped, and, driven by the full force of his gigantic body, it had entered nearly to the point.

As soon as I was calm enough to reason I saw that he could not get away without breaking his horn, unless he had the power to pry the trees apart. For the horn, which turned back towards the point, had been driven in with an upward curve, so that in order to draw it out he would have to pull downward. The weight of his body gave him no advantage. All the strain was upon the neck. I saw enough to satisfy me that the monster was fast, and that I came down, and as soon as my companions saw me upon terra firma they came running up.

Of course we did not like to treat the entrapped monster too long, so we proceeded to despatch him at once. I placed the muzzle of my rifle near his eye, aiming so that the ball should penetrate the centre of his brain, and then fired. At the same moment Abbae, who had two bullets in his long musket, took aim beneath the fold of the fore shoulder, and found the least's heart.

As the two reports broke almost simultaneously upon the air the rhinoceros gave a mighty leap backward, snapping his horns close to the ground, and falling back upon his haunches. He gained his feet, but he could not run. He staggered a few steps, then stayed to and fro as he tried in vain to steady himself, and in a moment more he fell upon his side with a shock that seemed to make the very plain quake.

Mada cut the horn out with his short axe, and as then moved on. Two hours afterwards we reached a little hamlet of half a dozen huts, and when we informed the natives what we had done they led their knives and horses and posted off after the creature.

THE OLD MUSIC-BOX.

THE case is battered with age and wear. But the old air wand from it with, Recalling the vanished hours we mourn, And the hours that were under the moon.

To "The Last Bow of Summer" the keys could move, And we wailed the familiar tune; But Harry, our oldest, he was in force, And he'd better "The Young Man's Room."

While fragile Laura, our cherished pet, On whose breast had a bird's nest, Would sit staring eyes with a clouded wet, And he'd played "The Land of the Lost."

Then the silver-haired grandma's quavering voice With "Tomorrow" was heard, And "The Night" the mother's lullaby, And the mother's lullaby.

Was a something we ran for a dash and cheer, And some in the night we'd dwell, For these memories seem to my heart to say That the changes that meet us are well.

The old box is my constant comrade still, And my old step-mother the land of the lost, And my heart and my eyes are wont to fly When I stand with "Home, Sweet Home."

CORA.

THE FLOWER OF FINLIEVE.

BY MISS C. A. READ.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
SILAS KANE'S A D-COLOR REWARD.

"AHL, g'rahn, I calculate I've hit the nail on the head now," said Silas Kane, sitting back in his chair and looking at the first smile of the table, as if he were about to advance some "step up to the light, you see." And Silas caught Tom by the arm and pulled him forward into the full glare of the light. "Here ye are, ye see—blue eyes, straight nose, fair complexion, fair hair!"

Silas had got so far with his inventory, when Mr. Campbell started to his feet, and Tom, who off-shouldered had been kept on till now, and whose with stretched back.

Now, at that moment Mr. Campbell regarded him so indignantly.

"Why, sir, do you not know me? I am Tom Davis."

It was enough. Both his hands were grasped, and he was shaken heartily.

"Why, Tom, it is your voice and your eyes, to my boy, I might pass you fifty times a day and not know you."

"Why, you are quite a grown-up young man now, said little Mrs. Hogan, coming over to shake hands with Tom and look up into his blue eyes, he looked down upon her with the same frank approval."

The girl had drawn herself more into the circle while Tom was being greeted, and Silas stood with his hands, and his great mouth distended from ear to ear by a smile of satisfaction. He was thinking of the reward.

"Well, as all about it—where you have been hid all these years, and— But I must first give you the reward," said Mr. Campbell, turning to Silas.

"And I have something for you, Mr. M. He said Tom, advancing to the corner where Ellen had her face veiled. She was speaking quietly, "she whispered Tom. "Can't you love your own? Does the disappointment you?"

"Oh, no, no; but I can't help but not care for it, is too good to happen. I have been so long with a mother."

"Poor girl! is there anything the matter with her? asked the kindly voice of Mrs. Hogan.

Silas heard a first sob, and came over to try to comfort the stranger. Ellen turned round with so much movement, and offered a packet of letters to the lady, then, father on her knee, she said Mrs. Hogan's hand and began to cover it with kisses.

"What does this mean?" she asked of Tom, and he looked up at him pleadingly and trembled violently.

"It means, madam, that your daughter, Ellen, is before you; that—"

But Tom's further communication was interrupted by the deadly plover of the lady's face. Mr. Campbell promptly placed her in a chair.

"Now, young woman, dry your eyes, and let see what claims you have on my sister. She will be upset for nothing."

Mrs. Hogan had recovered herself by this time and turned to examine the prescription on the packet.

"It is his writing, Mom," she said, faintly.

Mr. Campbell spoke fiercely.

"Ah, he has done you harm enough; he—"

"Pray stop!" cried Ellen, coming forward to

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