

pg. 10

# THE END OF THE BELLE VUE RHINOCEROS.

The Belle Vue rhinoceros is dead. He was brought to Manchester from Calcutta twenty-eight years ago, a delicate, sickly cub, but he grew up into a hardened consumer of buns and biscuits and other trifles and lived as complacently through twenty-eight years as though he had been born at Belle Vue and not in the marshes of tropical India. Because of his persistent dulness, he was not so popular a fellow at Belle Vue as his obliging neighbour with the capacious smile—the hippopotamus,—but he was always an object of distinction, because the rhinoceros is rarely found in zoological collections. To-day the only one that remains in England is at the London Zoo, and it is said to be almost impossible to get at the young ones in the few places where rhinoceroses still exist in a wild state. The dead rhinoceros disliked bathing, and persistently added an additional covering of dirt to his plated hide. That hide is now to be cleaned and mounted on a frame, so that it may be preserved in the Belle Vue museum.