

RHINOCEROS BOMBY IS DEAD.

NEW-YORK CLIMATE AND ISOLATION FROM HIS SWEETHEART KILLED HIM.

The spirit of Bomby has gone to join the spirit of Jumbo in some further India that man knows not of. The pachydermatous pride of Central Park has gone where all good rhinoceroses go. He died at 10 minutes to 8 o'clock last night in the presence of a few devoted attendants, after being an exactly eight days' wonder and a huge source of envy to Philadelphia. His grave will be marked "Bomby. Aged 11 years. Length, 10 feet. Cost, \$5,000."

Bomby died in the height of his popularity, and the crowds who have learned to admire his firm and solemn style of mastication will be grievously disappointed in their visit to the menagerie to-day. They will be lucky if they see his skin. There was at first a startling rumor that some jealous Philadelphian had poisoned the noble beast which the Park Commissioners had taken so much trouble to secure in order to humble the boast of the zoological gardens there, but Tom, the night watchman, who assured THE TIMES'S reporter that he was not in search of a place under Barnum, said he had a tale of confidence.

"You see," he said, "Bomby left a sweetheart behind him. To look at his royal ugliness you wouldn't think there was anything tender about him. But I watched him, and I saw he missed somethin'. I used to see him stoppin', and pausin' and lookin' toward the East he come from, and thin he would breathe sort of pitiful, and I knowed what was the matter. He was pinin' away. He died of a broken heart, sure as Gospel."

Superintendent Conklin, however, takes a different and less poetical view of the matter. He says that Bomby died of inflammation of the lungs. A post-mortem examination will be made this afternoon. It was on Thursday night that Bomby was first observed to be seriously sick, and in the continued bad weather nothing could be done to save his life. Superintendent Conklin was not sure whether he had contracted his illness on the ocean voyage on the Eider, or after his arrival last Saturday, but he inclined to the latter view because the rain didn't give him a fair chance to get acclimated. C. P. Zier, the butcher of the menagerie, was ordered to drive the knife into the armor-like epidermis at 5 o'clock this morning, and to skin him as quickly as possible. The skin will probably be stuffed by the same artist who made Jumbo bigger than life, and the rest of him, barring the skeleton, will be consigned to the soap man.