

out for my usual evening stroll with my gun. My "boy" (now a highly respected Chief), was carrying my .303 sporting rifle.

I tried a pool, expecting a snipe. A snipe got up and I got it with my right; as it fell, a quail rose and that I got with my left. The quail must have fallen on or near a large pig. I took my rifle from my boy and rolled the pig over. The bullet struck him on his "port quarter," went the length of his body and completely knocked out his right eye. The boy's wise remark, when we got up to the pig, was: "Commander, I think he no see which way he go." The paced distance was 210 paces.

Asne House, Musbury, Devon.

## WHITE RHINOS

SIR,—I have just been reading the letter in your issue of November 19th about white rhinos. I thought you might be interested in this snapshot taken recently, of my children on the two white rhinos shown in a photograph in your issue of September 3rd. They belong to a friend who has a big game farm here. I believe they are valued at about £1,000 each.

E. MACLEOD (Mrs.)

Rumuruti, Kenya.

