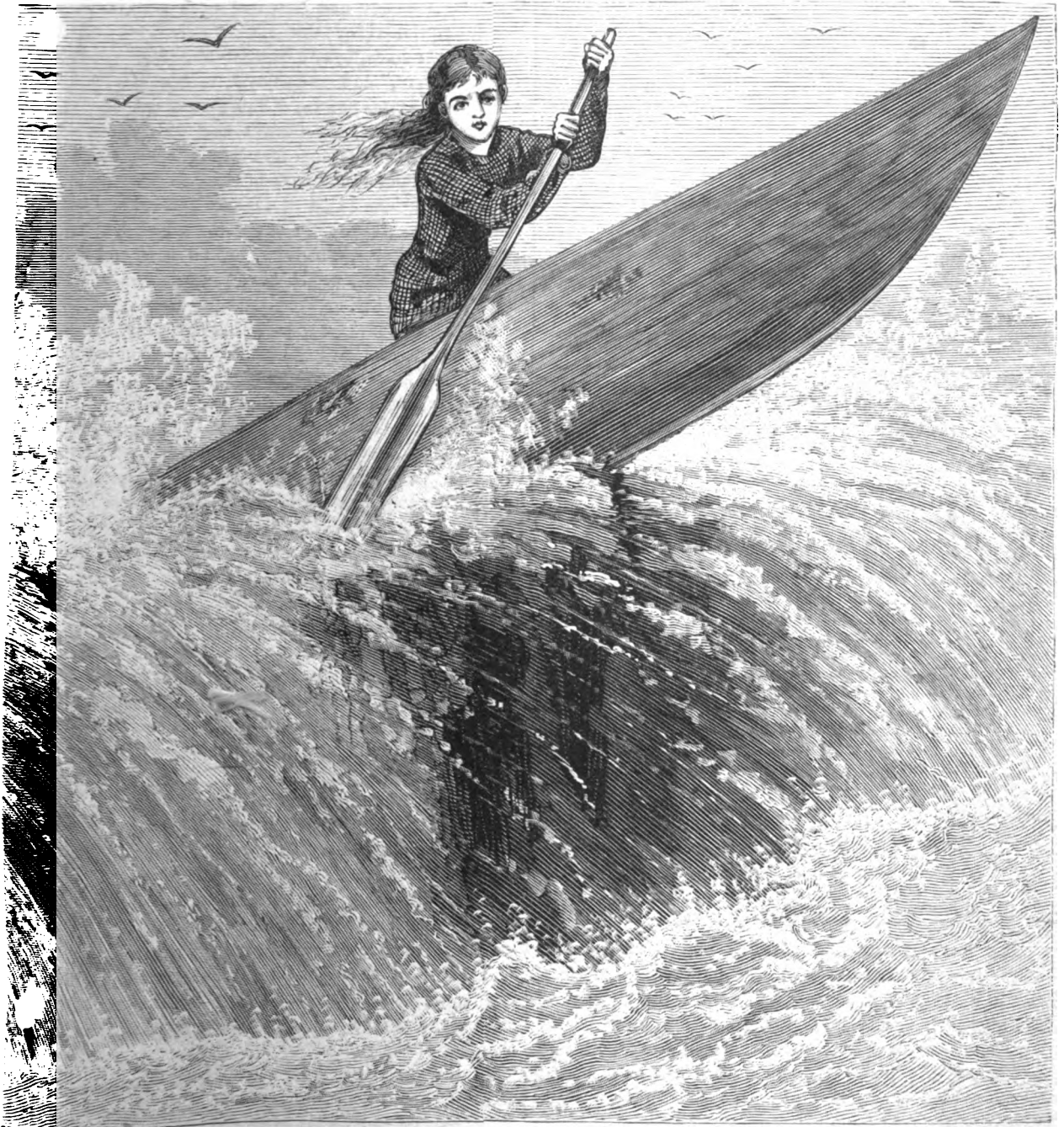


FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET

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THE BELLE OF OAHU. — "AS THE CANOE REACHED THE SPOT WHERE THE VESSEL HAD SUNK, THE GIRL SPRANG UP, REVEALING THE PROPORTIONS OF A TALL, LITHE FIGURE." — SEE NEXT PAGE.

A Rhinoceros on the Rampage.

I WAS lost. That was all I could feel, and I can tell you the feeling was horrible.

I had ridden out in the morning from my friend Brookes's house to shoot antelopes, and the necessity of scouring a strange country, after a scarce species of game, had led me on further and further, generally at a rapid pace, till at last I had sighted a drove of antelopes.

It was in the far north-eastern corner of the Province of Oude, and the country toward which I had been riding was almost uninhabited for miles, save by the wandering wild beasts of the field. I had tied my horse

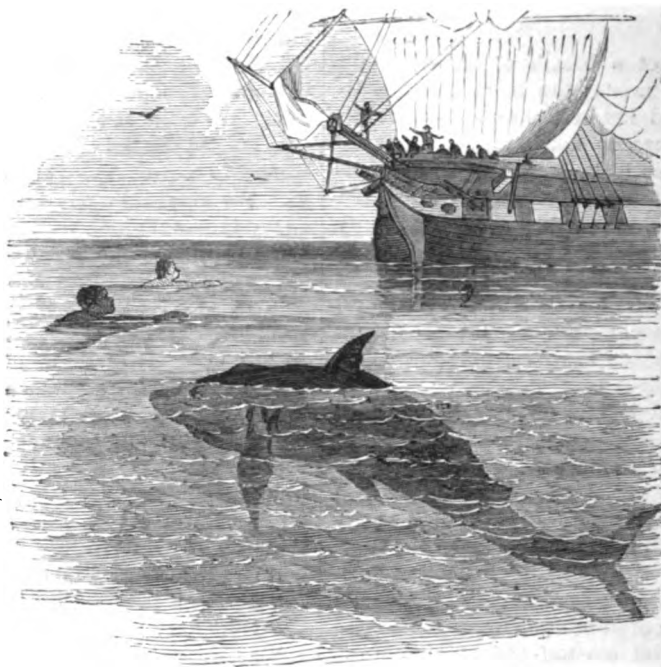
to a tree, and commenced to stalk the antelopes with great caution. In order to do this it was necessary to make a large *détour*, and that on foot under a hot sun. But I was an ardent sportsman, and the heat affected me but little, compared with the ambition of bagging a rare antelope.

But the animals themselves were very provoking.

Twice I had almost got within shot of them, and well to leeward, when something startled them on the opposite side, and away they went, up-wind, as is the habit of their kind, and were almost out of sight before I had done swearing at the luck.

But I was bound not to be disappointed. I had worked myself into a perfect frenzy of determination. Have one of those antelopes I would, if it took me all day to get within range. And it *did* take me all day. I kept steadily to leeward all the time, and plodded on, never reeking of the scorching Indian sun that shone down, almost perpendicularly, overhead. As soon as I got closer to the wary game, I resumed my old stalking tactics, gliding from cover to cover with the utmost caution, and at last my efforts were crowned with success.

It was not



A SHARK ADVENTURE.—“EACH MOMENT I FANCIED I COULD FEEL THE PILOT-FISH TOUCHING ME.”—SEE PAGE 35.

advantage of the fact. I rested my gun carefully in the fork of a bush, and waited for an instant for my nerves to get steady. Then I took a long and careful aim at the shoulder of the nearest antelope, and pulled the trigger.

The sharp, whip-like report of the Henry rifle echoed over the silent landscape for miles, almost startling myself, so accustomed had I become to the stillness.

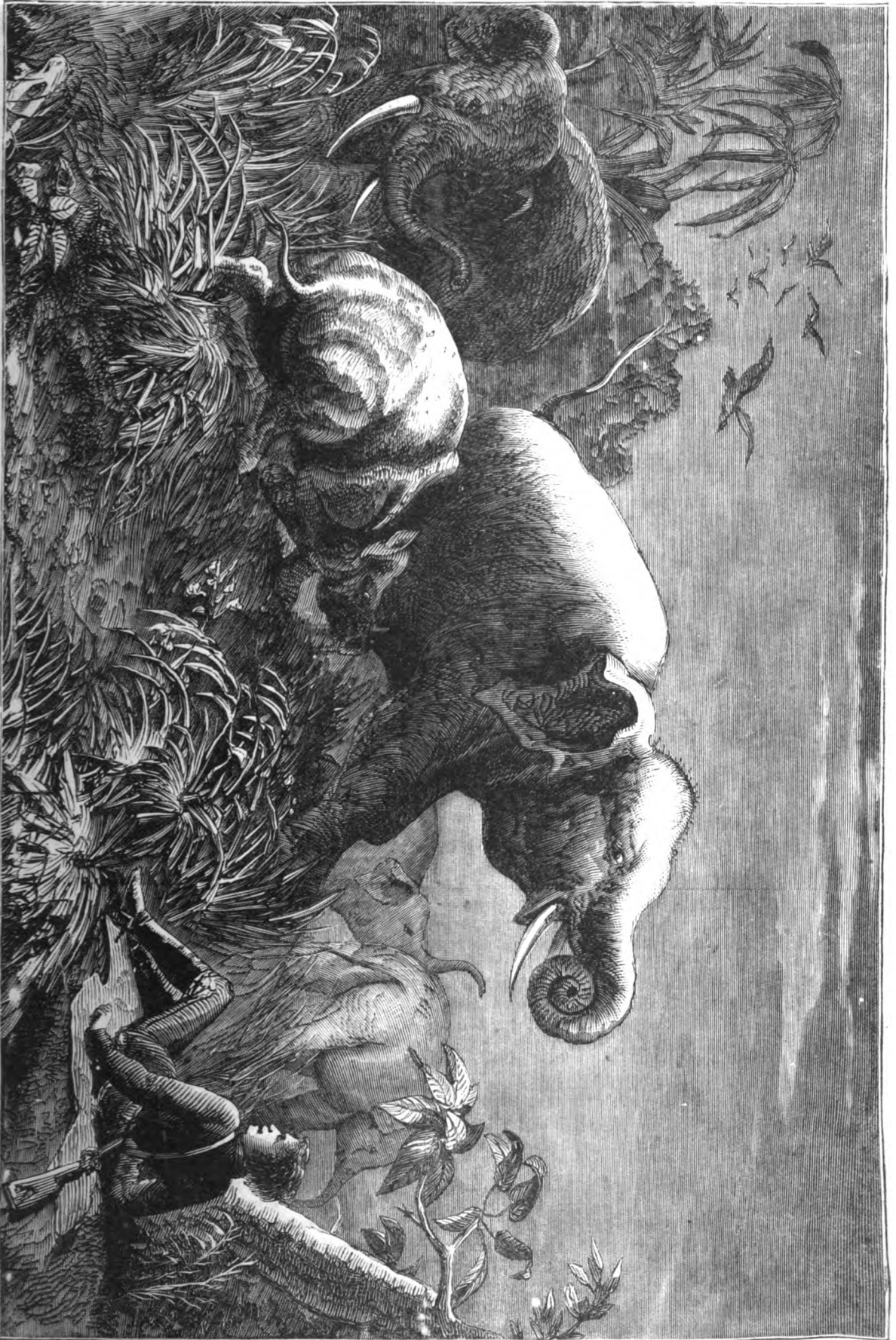
The antelope I had aimed at leaped almost upright in the air, and fell on the grass, kicking convulsively. The rest of the herd started simultaneously, and stood gazing appalled and bewildered for an instant. I took advantage of their irresolution to reverse the lever of my rifle and fired one more shot. A second antelope fell on its knees; but, being only wounded, leaped up again, and away sped the herd like the wind. I was triumphant at last.

I advanced to inspect my game, and found that I had shot a very beautiful buck of a rare species. Before I did anything else, I drew my knife, and at once commenced to “gralloch” the animal in Highland phrase—that is, to disembowel it, so as to render it lighter to carry. Then for the first time I looked round me.



A PET FAWN BRINGS ITS MISTRESS TO SEE THE DEAD BODY OF ITS MOTHER.—SEE PAGE 55.

A RHINOCEROS ON THE RAMPAGE.—"THE RHINOCEROS BURNED IN AT THE UNGUARDED SIDE OF HIS JOE. THE ELEPHANT GAVE A HOUSE HOLD OF PAIN."



The country was perfectly strange.

I had hunted all the land for a circuit of twenty miles around Brookes's shooting-box, during the last month, and flattered myself that I knew every foot of it. But I had never been *here* before. Where was my horse?

I had tied him up under a spreading *burghut* tree, where there was ample shade for a circuit of seven hundred square feet. Where was that tree? I could surely see it.

I scanned the horizon on all sides.

In vain!

The huge *burghut*, with its stem of nearly a hundred feet in height, had totally disappeared!

Where was I, then?

I looked at the sun. It was within half an hour of setting. I must do something before darkness overtook me, all alone.

But what?

I could not answer the question. I had heard of people lost on the prairie, or in the jungle, wandering in circles for days without knowing where they were. Was that to be *my* fate?

No. I made up my mind to that. Luckily, I was of a remarkably cool temperament, and little apt to do anything under excitement. I reflected carefully, even as the sun was sinking, and finally resolved to spend the night where I was, and start fresh in the morning.

I could have no lack of food, for I had killed an antelope, and there was plenty of water out yonder. I took the two hind-quarters of the antelope and the skin of the whole body, and walked toward the lagoon.

Just as the sun set the moon rose, and cast her light aslant over the surface of the placid waters.

On one side of the lagoon there seemed to be but few animals, but on the opposite shore I could see herds of the graceful axis deer, with its branching horns and spotted hide, and stolid buffaloes coming down to drink.

I made my preparations to pass the night under a spreading *peepul* tree, not far from the water, and soon made myself comfortable like an old campaigner.

Being a smoker, I was never without matches, and one of these were soon employed to kindle a fire. Dry wood was in abundance, where every bush was burnt up, and I soon had a savory broil of slices of antelope venison for supper.

I can assure you I made an excellent supper too. The long jaunt I had had during the day had given me a ravenous appetite, and it was not until I had put away three or four pounds of venison that I was content to cry "enough."

For my beverage there was the broad lagoon, and in default of any drinking utensil whatever—even my hunting-cup remaining on the saddle with my horse—I was fain to imitate the example of the animals, and quench my thirst on all fours.

But to a thirsty man water is welcome under any form, and I made no objection.

Supper over, I pulled out my cigar-case and lighted a cheroot, after which I sat down under the *peepul* tree to reflect on my position.

It was not so bad yet. I had plenty of ammunition, and the country was full of game. I could surely live well enough till I found my way back to Tom Brookes's house.

As I thought of the ammunition, I suddenly remembered that I had left my pouch on the saddle! I started. I could not help it. I had not a round left, except what was in the rifle. But that was my old "Sweet Sixteen," and I had loaded her up in the morning. I remembered that.

I had fired away two shots, consequently I had fourteen left!

Fourteen shots between me and death! Well, it ought to be enough. I had heard of men saving themselves on one. Anyway it was of no use to cry over spilt milk. I had got into a scrape, and I must keep cool to get out of it.

As I was immersed in these reflections the moon had risen gradually, and by this time was shining clear and bright, and quite high in the sky. I thought that I had better go to bed. My couch was of the simplest. It was only the skin of the antelope which I had laid under me to break the chill of the ground. The night felt cold, from the contrast to the heat of the day, but I could not help myself, so I dragged the skin close to the embers of the fire, and soon fell asleep, lulled by its present warmth.

How long I had slept I know not, but the moon was almost perpendicular when I awoke, and it was as bright as day. A sudden harsh dream was the cause of my rousing up. I knew it well.

It was the trumpet of an elephant!

Instinctively I bounded to my feet, and looked around me in consternation. I was in the midst of a herd of wild elephants!

The danger of my position flashed on me in an instant. The wild elephant is a dangerous brute at the best of times, but at night, and in herds, he tramples over everything, and feels more at home and free from danger than in the day apparently.

But these elephants did not seem to be aware of my presence. They were evidently excited about something else, and had not observed me, asleep in the shadow of the *peepul*.

They were rushing about in the open ground, most of those I could see being females, as I knew by the absence of tusks, and some sort of contest seemed to be going on among them. What it was I could not see at first.

At last a chorus of trumpeting and vicious pig-like squeals broke out from the centre of the moving mass, and I saw the female elephants scatter right and left in dismay.

Then I discerned a terrible conflict.

A huge bull elephant rushed forward, with his trunk curled up tightly behind the long formidable tusks out of harm's way, striving to pierce a strange antagonist.

A long, low, uncouth-looking beast, of some five feet in height at the shoulder, and shaped much like an immense hog, was running full tilt at the old elephant.

The short, upright horn on the snout, the contour of the animal, and the loose folds of skin that covered his ribs, proclaimed that most dangerous of all animals, the Indian rhinoceros.

If it had been alone and I had met it, I should have counted myself lost, such is the sullen and vindictive nature of this horrible beast. It is the only animal known that will attack man habitually, wherever met, and all the other wild beasts of India fear and avoid it.

But for the present the attention of the rhinoceros was fully engaged. Besides the old bull now charging at him, another younger one was skulking around to take him in the rear, and a third lay close by, with his entrails gushing out of a frightful wound inflicted by the deadly horn.

As I looked, the old bull elephant made his charge, that seemed as if it would carry everything before it.

But the rhinoceros, with surprising agility for a creature of such unwieldy appearance, leaped actively to one side, and running around, tried hard to get in at the unprotected flank of the elephant. The latter as sharply threw his hind-quarters around, and received the pig-like brute on

his tusks. But deprived of the impetus of his charge, he was unable to pierce the tough hide of the rhinoceros, which is thick enough to turn a leaden bullet at close quarters.

Then the two stood head to head for some minutes, the rhinoceros striving to wriggle his way between the forelegs of the elephant to use his horn with effect. The elephant on his part, strove hard to pin the rhinoceros to the earth, but in vain.

Presently I noticed the second elephant. He was charging, and close to the rhinoceros. The latter saw him too, and suddenly broke away from his first antagonist, rushing to meet the second. The young bull charged gallantly, but he was not up to the tricks of his wily antagonist. The rhinoceros swerved, as he came, and the excited elephant missed his mark, lumbering past in vain effort. Not so the rhinoceros. As quick as thought he rushed in at the unguarded side of his heedless foe, and I could see him working away at the elephant's side like a pig rooting. The elephant gave a hoarse roar of pain, and tried to turn, but the active rhinoceros was too quick for him, and he fell down, helpless and dying.

And now came the turn of the old bull. Cautious and wary, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly rushed at the rhinoceros from the side. The latter, owing to his engrossment with his other enemy, and his somewhat defective vision, did not see him till too late.

The great bull elephant thundered on like an avalanche, and in an instant more the terrible tusks, nearly seven feet in length in the clear, as I judged, were buried in the side of the redoubtable rhinoceros.

A shrill squeak of pain from the latter, and he tried in vain to extricate himself. The battle was over. He had slain two elephants, and died game himself.

I cannot tell you the absorbing interest with which I had watched this curious conflict. True, I was an unwilling spectator, for I did not dare to move out of the shadow of the tree, for fear of attracting notice. Now, however, an idea struck me.

Excited and furious as the old bull elephant was, it was probably that the flush of his victory might make him tenfold more dangerous to me.

The battle had moved so close to me, during the vicissitudes of his varying fortune, that the last elephant, in his fall, had almost brushed the foliage of a bush I stood behind.

My resolution was taken in an instant. I must kill the old bull, or be killed myself almost inevitably. He was not ten feet from me, and striving to pull clear from the body of the rhinoceros, which he had pinned into the very ground.

I ran round the fallen elephant, and before he could draw clear, I stood almost touching his temple with my rifle.

One flash! It was enough! Struck through the brain, the old bull dropped instantaneously, and I was safe!

The female elephants, panic-stricken at the noise and the flash, scattered in all directions in dismay.

In five minutes I was alone.

I was not further disturbed that night. In the morning I began my search for my horse, and by following back my own trail at last found him, considerably gaunted by his long fast.

Starting on a search for my host's mansion, I soon came across some Shikkarees, who had been sent to look for me, and we revisited the scene of my strange experience of the night before.

I was the richer by three handsome pairs of tusks for

my adventure, but for long after I would start up in my sleep, expecting to be again aroused by the sight of another such strange fight.

One Touch of Nature.

Among the band of the 1st Regiment of French Engineers, which recently performed at the Health Exhibition, London, England, with so much distinction, was a young sub-officer, named Alfred Sorel, twenty-two years of age, and a native of the little village of Auffarges, in the Department of the Siene-et-Oise.

During the Tunisian campaign he had contracted lung-disease, a rapid development of which, with a complication of typhoid fever, led to his death at the Grenadier Guards' Hospital in Rochester Row on August 12th—one week later than the return of his comrades to France.

Three days afterward his remains, inclosed in a leaden coffin, draped with the Union Jack and French Tricolour, were conveyed on a gun-carriage to Charing Cross, with all the honors usually accorded to those of a British officer.

The route was thronged throughout with sympathetic spectators; the sentries presented arms, and everywhere people bared their heads as the mournful procession passed on its way.

The closed railway-van into which the coffin was placed at Charing Cross was subsequently attached to a train, arriving at Folkestone in time to catch the night-boat to Boulogne.

An official from the Health Exhibition journeyed to Paris to facilitate the transit of the body to its final resting-place near Versailles.

On the day of interment the whole population of Auffarges and its neighborhood assembled to witness the simple but touching ceremony. The aged parents of the deceased soldier, though much comforted at the tokens of sympathy everywhere displayed, were, as might be expected, well-nigh inconsolable at the loss of the son who was their only child. Their humble dwelling was, for the time, transformed into a *chapelle ardente*, and from its front window hung an immense Union Jack, the ends of which were gathered into the room in which the coffin lay, with the Tricolor flag suspended above it.

The distance from the cottage to the village church was not great, and the coffin, covered by the British ensign and the French standard, was borne by men of the 1st Regiment of Engineers, who, with their bandmaster and sub-bandmaster, had journeyed from their quarters at Versailles to pay this last tribute of affection to their departed comrade.

The entire population, attired in deep mourning, followed in procession, and so vast was the gathering that the little church was unable to contain more than half of those who attempted to enter its sacred portals.

The service was very simple, there being, in accordance with the regulations, no military music. But its impressiveness touched all who were present, and when the congregation had assembled in the cemetery, which is situated in the middle of a picturesque wood, the signs of grief were universal.

The affecting obsequies connected with the death of this promising young soldier, international as they were in character, not only suggested to many who witnessed them memories of bygone days when French and English soldiers fought side by side, but also afforded a striking illustration of the truth of the saying, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."