

# JACK JINGLING IN JUNGLELAND



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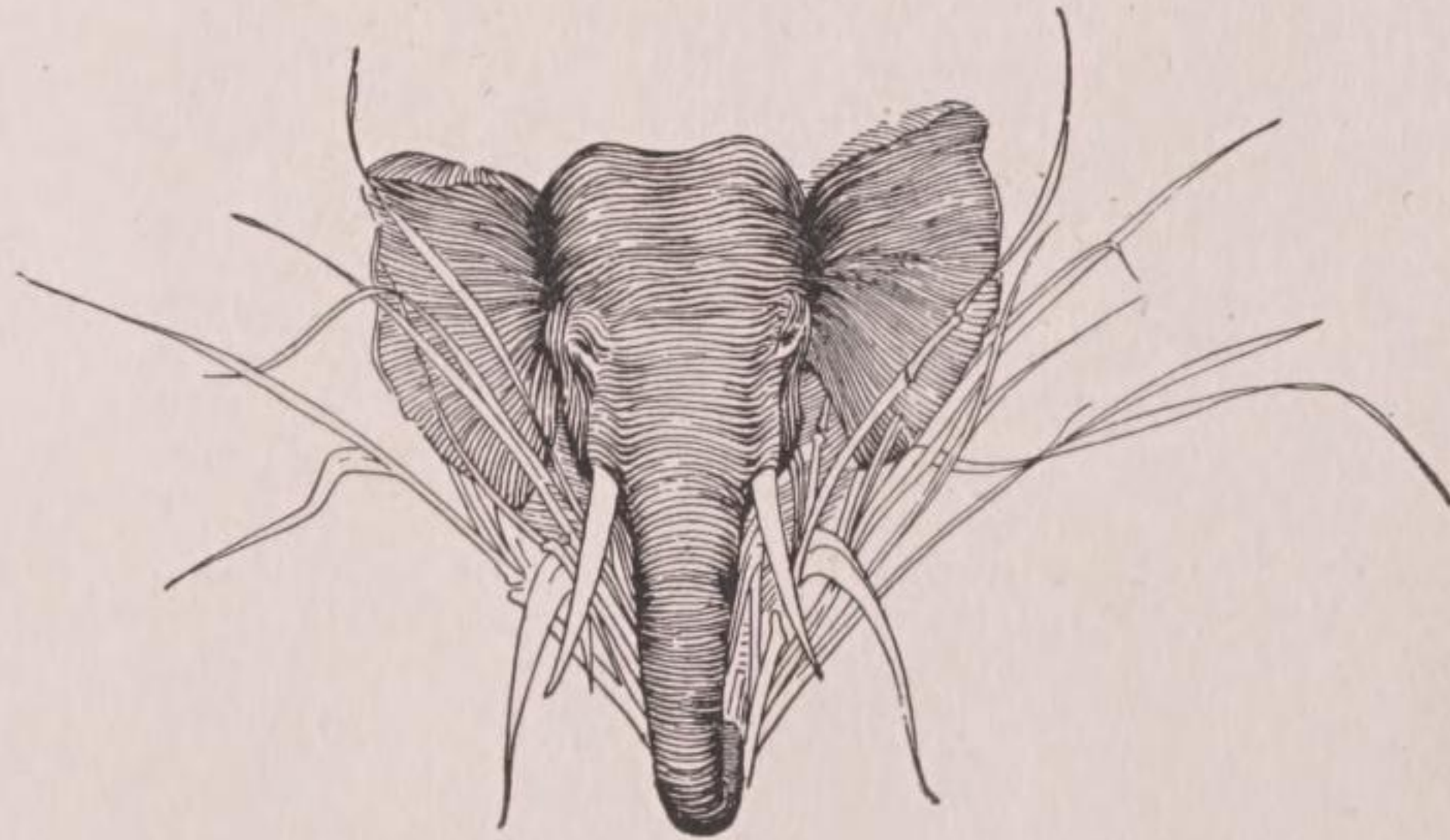
E. Hugh Sherwood



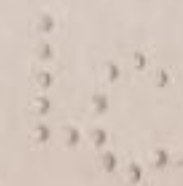
# JACK JINGLING IN JUNGLELAND

*By*

E. HUGH SHERWOOD



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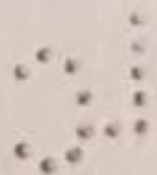
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## THE RHINOCEROS

JACK refused to think of turning back without adding a rhinoceros to his collection; but it was evident at the water hole that none had drunk at that place for a long time. It was therefore decided that they should go to the water holes farther north, where there was also a small stream at that time of year.

By following a triangular course their next camp would leave them no farther from the main camp than they now were. All of the following day and a portion of the next were spent in reaching their destination. The route lay across bare plains, and as they proceeded they crossed myriads of dusty game trails, showing here the round hoof print of the zebra, there the heart-shaped print of the harte-

beest, and every now and then the winding, deep-trodden track made by savage men as they traveled from village to village.

Animals like those Jack already possessed were seen from time to time; once in the distance an entire herd of giraffes was distinguished feeding, although long before Jack and his guides reached them they had become aware of the party and moved on with their peculiar, rocking, easy looking gait, so wholly misleading as to their rapid pace. One noon, as the party sat eating their lunch, a herd of zebras stood near watching them curiously, and a little farther away, on the other side, a herd of hartebeests formed an interested ring.

The stream, a mere creek, flowed from the near-by hills, winding about for several miles before it finally spread into a marsh. Along this stream the vegetation grew rank and tangled.

“Here’s a fine place for a hippopotamus,” thought Jack; but the natives did not encourage him to hunt hippopotamuses here.

The party spent the afternoon in scouting about, getting acquainted with the country, and returned in high spirits. By great good fortune they had discovered a rhinoceros only a few miles away. To go after it at that time of day was impossible, but the following morning the first rays of light found the camp astir and ready.

The few miles seemed a long distance that morning. Jack’s nerves began to tingle with excitement. “How big is a rhinoceros when one is near to it?” he asked himself. “As big as the one on

the circus posters?” He wondered if the heart brand would have any effect on such a monster.

The party had now reached the place where the rhinoceros had been found. They scanned the country near and far. No rhinoceros was there! Although they saw plenty of evidence that the beast had been there, at some time during the night he had moved on, in what direction it was hard to say.

Jack bravely swallowed his disappointment, and ordered the natives to spread out and push on. This they did, sweeping the country for miles; but it was hours before one of the savages finally came rushing up to Jack to say the animal had been discovered.

Following his guide, it was not long before Jack saw the rhino standing in the open plain near some scattered trees, on the twigs and leaves of which he had



*Jack saw the rhino standing in the open plain near some scattered trees*



evidently been feeding. His hide looked black in the sunlight, and although his body was nearly as large as an elephant's, his short legs made him appear much smaller.

The natives were not inclined to venture near the rhinoceros, holding back a quarter of a mile or more, and refusing to engage in the chase. It was well for them that they were cautious, for the beast had a surly temper, and the light spears and bows and arrows they carried would have been of little use in defending them against him. His thick, horny hide was a veritable armor. When within two hundred yards of the rhinoceros, Jack slipped off from Zebie's back, and, keeping under cover of the trees, cautiously advanced, bow and arrow in hand.

Like all rhinos this beast was dull of hearing and of wit, and the trees successfully screened Jack from his little pig-like

eyes. He looked so stupidly sluggish, his capture seemed but a matter of walking up, releasing the arrow, and leading him back to camp.

Suddenly, however, something attracted his attention, and he turned and faced Jack, huge and threatening. His head was thrown up and his tail stood erect! Jack let the arrow fly—and missed! But for all his great size, the rhinoceros was not courageous, and instead of charging, he turned and galloped off—galloped with a swiftness Jack had not dreamed of. Jack ran back to Zebie, mounted, and for a mile or two they raced, with Zebie always some distance behind. The rhino led the way into a piece of low, marshy ground surrounding a pool, where he disappeared among the crashing reeds and bushes, evidently feeling safe from his pursuers.

Jack wasted another arrow trying to reach him, but the thicket was too dense,



*The rhino led the way into a piece of low, marshy ground surrounding a pool*

and the soft, marshy ground made it dangerous for Zebie to follow. In addition there was the danger of poisonous snakes.

Jack could afford to take no chances with this animal, and had to change his tactics in an endeavor to draw him back to solid ground. They circled the marsh

several times, and then Jack again dismounted and crept carefully through the grass. Almost at once there was a furious snorting and crashing, and the rhino burst through the thorn bushes, tossing and twisting his head. Fortunately he had failed to locate his enemy, and as Jack dashed



*After looking at his tormentors for a moment, the rhinoceros charged them once more*

away and mounted Zebie again, the rhino wheeled round into the thicket.

Once more Jack tried to enter, but the rhinoceros, with water splashing in every direction, charged at him so quickly the long, sharp horn nearly caught him. The splashing spray made a shot uncertain.

Dangerous as it was, Jack saw that this was the only means of drawing the animal from cover. Again and again he pushed into the marsh and then made his escape before the enraged animal, but each time the massive beast rushed back before Jack dared risk a shot. The natives, far in the

rear, were raising a great commotion with their yelling and excited howls, but each time the animal plunged out of the marsh they took to their heels in flight.

At last the rhinoceros could stand it no longer. After looking at his tormentors for a moment as they stood on the edge of the marsh, he charged them once more, this time dashing up on to solid ground, just where Jack wanted him; and in a

moment the red heart blazed on his thick, dark hide.

The natives now swarmed in noisily and began fighting good naturedly for a seat on the rhinoceros. All the way back to camp there was a continual pushing and jostling for a ride; and the now docile beast, either annoyed or with an instinct for mischief, would rub along the trunks of occasional trees, and send them all flying.

