

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE ought always to be useful, and do good to everybody. I used to think that we ought always to improve our minds, and I think so some now, though I have got into dreadful difficulties all through improving my mind. But I am not going to be discouraged. I tried to be useful the other day, and do good to the heathen in distant lands, and you wouldn't believe what trouble it made. There are some people who would never do good again if they had got into the trouble that I got into; but the proverb says that if at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again; and there was lots of crying, I can tell you, over our rhinoceros, that we thought was going to do so much good.

It all happened because Aunt Eliza was staying at our house. She had a Sunday-school one afternoon, and Tom McGinnis and I were the scholars, and she told us about a boy that got up a panorama about the *Pilgrim's Progress* all by himself, and let people see it for ten cents apiece, and made ten dollars, and sent it to the missionaries, and they took it and educated mornahundred little heathens with it, and how nice it would be if you dear boys would go and do likewise and now we'll sing "Hold the Fort."

Well, Tom and I thought about it, and we said we'd get up a menagerie, and we'd take turns playing animals, and we'd let folks see it for ten cents apiece, and make a lot of money, and do ever so much good.

We got a book full of pictures of animals, and we made skins out of cloth to go all over us, so that we'd look just like animals when we had them on. We had a lion's and a tiger's and a bear's and a rhinoceros's skin, besides a whole lot of others. As fast as we got the skins made, we hung them up in a corner of the barn where nobody would see them. The way we made them was to show the pictures to mother and to Aunt Eliza, and they did the cutting out and the sewing, and Sue she painted the stripes on the tiger, and the fancy touches on the other animals.

Our rhinoceros was the best animal we had. The rhinoceros is a lovely animal when he's alive. He is almost as big as an elephant, and he has a skin that is so thick that you can't shoot a bullet through it unless you hit it in a place that is a little softer than the other places. He has a horn on the end of his nose, and he can toss a tiger with it till the tiger feels sick, and says he won't play any more. The rhinoceros lives in Africa, and he would toss 'most all the natives if it wasn't that they fasten an India-rubber ball on the end of his horn, so that when he tries to toss anybody, the horn doesn't hurt, and after a while the rhinoceros gets discouraged, and says, "Oh, well, what's the good anyhow?" and goes away into the forest. At least this is what Mr. Travers says, but I don't believe it; for the rhinoceros wouldn't stand still and let

the natives put an India-rubber ball on his horn, and they wouldn't want to waste India-rubber balls that way when they could play lawn tennis with them.

Last Saturday afternoon we had our first grand consolidated exhibition of the greatest menagerie on earth. We had two rows of chairs in the back yard, and all our folks and all Tom's folks came, and we took in a dollar and sixty cents at the door, which was the back gate.

I was a bear, first of all, and growled so natural that everybody said it was really frightful. Then it was Tom's turn to be an animal, and he was to be the raging rhinoceros of Central Africa. I helped dress him in the barn, and when he was dressed he looked beautiful.

The rhinoceros's skin went all over him, and was tied together so that he couldn't get out of it without help. His horn was made of wood painted white, and his eyes were two agates. Of course he couldn't see through them, but they looked natural, and as I was to lead him, he didn't need to see.

I had just got him outside the barn, and had begun to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the raging rhinoceros," when he gave the most awful yell you ever heard, and got up on his hind-legs, and began to rush around as if he was crazy. He rushed against Aunt Eliza, and upset her all over the McGinnis girls, and then he banged up against the water-barrel, and upset that, and then he



"THEN HE FELL INTO THE HOT-BED, AND BROKE ALL THE GLASS."

fell into the hot-bed, and broke all the glass. You never saw such an awful sight. The rhinoceros kept yelling all the time, only nobody could understand what he said, and pulling at his head with his fore-paws, and jumping up and down, and smashing everything in his way, and I went after him just as if I was a Central African hunting a rhinoceros.

I was almost frightened, and as for the folks, they ran into the house, all except Aunt Eliza, who had to be carried in. I kept as close behind the rhinoceros as I could, begging him to be quiet, and tell me what was the matter. After a while he lay down on the ground, and I cut the

strings of his skin, so that he could get his head out and talk.

He said he was 'most dead. The wasps had built a nest in one of his hind-legs as it was hanging in the barn, and they had stung him until they got tired. He said he'd never have anything more to do with the menagerie, and went home with his mother, and my mother said I must give him all the money, because he had suffered so much.

But, as I said, I won't be discouraged, and will try to do good, and be useful to others the next time I see a fair chance.

WORK IN SHEET METAL.

BY C. H. V.

TO those of our readers who are fond of mechanical amusements we would recommend tin, or, more properly, tinned iron, as a material that may be used for the manufacture of objects of every description, from a doll's cradle to a rotary steam-engine. One advantage of it is that it will cost nothing, as in every house there is apt to be more than a sufficient supply.

Take some empty fruit cans; wash them clean, stripping off the paper labels; set them on a hot stove, so as to melt off the bottoms and the remnants of the tops; and then lay them on their sides where they are joined. In this way there will finally be obtained a nice flat piece, five or six inches wide and ten or twelve long.

With a pair of shears this can be cut into any shape. A tinman's shears of small size are the best; but if these can not be had, a large pair of old scissors that have served out their time in cutting cloth will answer, though they are likely to be hard upon the hand. Another tool that will be needful for joining the pieces is a soldering *iron*, as it is called, but it is made of copper. To use this successfully will require some practice, but the advantage of knowing how will richly repay the trouble of learning. The iron is heated in a fire until it will melt the solder. Then it is requisite to get a little of the solder to stick to the end of the iron; this is done by brightening the point with a file as soon as the iron is taken from the fire, and then quickly pressing the point upon the solder; when it adheres the solder can be taken up on the point and applied where it is needed.

The next step is to make the solder stick to the material. A little powdered resin should be spread along the edges to be joined; then the hot solder will adhere to them nicely. As soon as the solder cools, which will be in a moment, the pieces will be united very securely. When a soldered joint is properly made its strength is surprising to a beginner. If it is desired to fasten together pieces of iron that are not coated with tin, a little muriatic acid with some zinc dissolved in it will be needful; it is best to have a small quantity of this mixture on hand in a phial to be used whenever there is any difficulty in making the solder unite with the metal. Apply it with a small stick sharpened somewhat at the end.

A tube is probably the best thing to learn to make at the outset. Cut a strip of tin one inch wide, and about six inches long; get a piece of iron rod a quarter of an inch in diameter. The strip of tin can be easily folded around this, and with the aid of a light hammer it can be shaped into a tube, having one edge neatly and closely overlapping the other. Only a little practice is needed to make the whole round and straight. The hammer should be used lightly and carefully, so as not to leave dents and creases in the metal. When the true shape has been obtained, the rod should be slipped out, and the seam nicely soldered from end to end. Such tubes can be added to one another by inserting the end of one into the next and soldering, or by lapping a short piece over the two ends. They will carry steam or water without leaking a particle. They answer finely also for posts in any small structure,

as they are very strong for their weight, and will resist a great strain before they will either bend or break. A smaller tube can be made with a narrower strip over a one-eighth-inch wire. For the larger sizes a round piece of wood will do as well as the iron rod.

As boys are usually more fond of machinery than of motionless devices, we will show them how to construct a small windmill. Make first the shaft over the quarter-inch rod, and

about eight inches long. Then make the arms of one-eighth inch, and about six inches long; six of them will be a good number. To fasten them on the shaft, pass the latter through a block of wood to



FIG. 1.

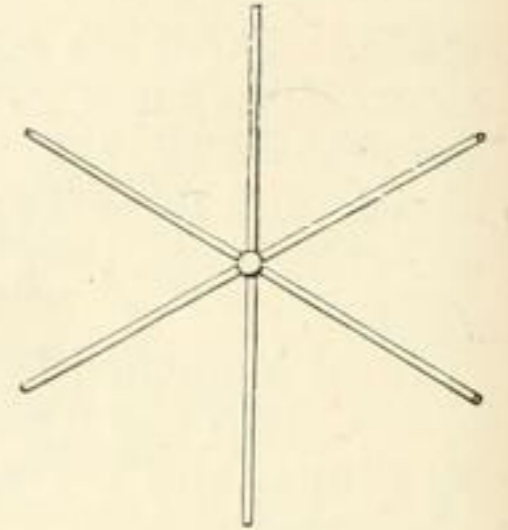


FIG. 2.

hold it during the process, allowing about one inch to project above. Then place the six arms in a circle round the shaft (Fig. 2), using some carpet-tacks to keep them in position on the block until they are soldered to the shaft. A file will be useful in smoothing off any unevenness that may remain on the work after the soldering. Next cut the sails (Fig. 1), of the usual shape, and solder them on the arms, sloping so as to catch the breeze. The movable part will then be complete. The stationary frame-work can be made of wood; and if our young mechanic has been able to follow our directions thus far, his own ingenuity will, we are sure, guide him in fitting the shaft into two uprights, and putting the whole in successful operation.

THE FAST FREIGHT.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

WALTER CARLISLE had climbed into a freight-car that was standing on a side track in the Wentworth depot, and concealed himself as well as he could in the far corner. He was playing hide-and-seek, and his companions were searching for him outside the car-yard fence.

"They won't be likely to find me here," he said, gleefully, to himself, while he listened to their cries.

Presently he heard them scaling the fence near to the car, but just at that moment a man came along and pushed to the heavy door.

"Thank you," said Walter, half aloud. "Now they'll never find me."

With the closing of the door, however, the noise of their cries was shut out, and Walter could no longer tell how near to the car they might be. In a moment something bumped against the far end of the car with a jolt that sent it back quite a distance on the track, and would have knocked Walter over if he had not already been sitting. Then the car began to move slowly forward. They were going to shift it to another track, Walter concluded; but as this would throw the boys still further off the scent, and give him besides a free ride, he did not mind it.

So he sat still while the car bounced over the switch, and felt somewhat disappointed when it came to a stop a little way beyond. That was only for a moment, however. Very soon it backed down, until with another jolt it bumped into a car behind. Walter supposed that the shifting process was now done, and, getting up, went to the door with the intention of opening it and jumping out. He had hardly risen, however, before the car began to move forward again, and this time it seemed to be part of a heavy train. They must be making up the fast freight, he determined; and then he began to wonder how near