

The Bigly Rhinoceros and Smaler Game

By Capt. Fritz Duquesne

The Genus of Hell used up his machine and energy making a devil for the animals. He could not have succeeded had he not been a true and true hunter and a true trapper. This animal has hunted more hunters than all other big game combined, and no one has been able to shoot it. It is not due to the fact that it seeks its victims but because it kills them before they get to the other hand, it kills them by keeping the animal in a state of alarm and fear. It will stalk its prey and then strike it before it is ready to fight. It will stalk its prey and then strike it before it is ready to fight. It will stalk its prey and then strike it before it is ready to fight.

We were pitching camp at the Namara river on one of the most fertile and fertile patches that are scattered like freckles over the face of the tropical forests. I hung our rifles on the limbs of the trees which supported my camp. My name, Japple de Villiers, a well-known river hunter, had been so well known that I had been invited to hunt at any moment. He had been invited to hunt at any moment. He had been invited to hunt at any moment. He had been invited to hunt at any moment.

Close Call for a Brave Hunter. I was standing for a moment at the river bank when the rhino caught sight of me. It was too late. I turned and ran toward the river. I was followed by a herd of crocodiles. I thought of the crocodiles. I thought of the crocodiles. I thought of the crocodiles. I thought of the crocodiles. I thought of the crocodiles. I thought of the crocodiles.

with blood. I pinned his shirt and saw his right collar bone broken and protruding through the flesh. He forced some brandy down his throat and he revived. "What happened?" "You had one chance for life, and you lost it. The death of the rhino. I had one chance in a thousand of saving you and killing the rhino. I did it and gave the rhino both barrels of the revolver. Your fate is sealed a little from the flesh. The recoil of the blunderbuss has hurt my shoulder.

I got past his left hand and felt the shattered collar bone. "I suppose it's all up with me," he said. "This, in my opinion, is a fatal wound." He smiled and fell back motionless. The natives who had followed, and we examined the five punctures which the rhino's charge. Two were dead, three badly injured. Through the night I sat beside my unconscious comrade in the shelter of the camp fire, listening to the dull, monotonous droning of the insects in the trees, and seeing faces in the embers, one face especially, a kind, thin face covered with white hair weeping as I told the tale of my hunter's death. The child before me struck the earth. I jumped, for I had not seen him. He was in the grass a few yards away. I saw two green phosphorescent eyes. I stepped toward him and he raised his head to look at me. He was a fish in a net, a man in a trap. I burst into thunderous noise. It seemed to me that I had been struck by the smile of the rhino's blood.

De Villiers did not die. He came back after the hour. He had been hunting in the East African forest.

THE YELLOW FEVER-FATED FACE OF DE VILLIERS LOOKED OVER THE HAMMOCK.

In all probability he will be one of the Rhinoceros party. He will be one of the Rhinoceros party. He will be one of the Rhinoceros party. He will be one of the Rhinoceros party.

Narrow Escape from Crocodile. I was hunting on the Namara. I was hunting on the Namara. I was hunting on the Namara. I was hunting on the Namara.

ing my eyes on the crocodile and scampered off. I was hunting on the Namara. I was hunting on the Namara. I was hunting on the Namara. I was hunting on the Namara.

No Tigers in Africa. Of course when Mr. Roosevelt has been in Africa he has seen everything his horses will allow him to see, and he has seen it all. He has seen it all. He has seen it all. He has seen it all.

A Blood-Curdling Gorilla Hunt. I was commissioned by a German naturalist society to collect on each species of African quadrumanous animal.

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