

hills. A soft flood of light followed—a glory that can not be described—that is never seen except on the desert. An atmosphere of heaven seemed to have escaped to the earth.

Night was falling before we had any intelligence from the party who had attempted the pass of Wady Mousa, and we began to think it possible that, after all, they had succeeded in bringing the old sheik down to their terms, or that he had brought them up to his ideas of the fair price of admission to the desolate Rock City. The stillness of the desert was indescribable. No voice of insect, nor of man, broke the silence that seemed to befit the atmosphere around the burial-place of the great Priest and Prophet.

I lay at the door of my tent on the sand, with my eyes fixed on the double peak of the hill where the Lawgiver parted from his brother, and I endeavored to recall the scene to my imagination.

That last longing gaze toward the Land of Promise must have been sad and solemn beyond imagination. To Moses it was permitted to look over the Jordan, and behold the valleys and the hill-sides which his people were to possess. The great priest saw not the Land of Promise. He knelt on the summit of Hor, and looked northward, straining his dim old eyes to catch some distant view of the hills of Holy Land. He bared his forehead, and threw back the white hair, and felt on his cheek the soft breeze that came down from the land of his adoring wishes, and in that breeze from Canaan he felt the air of heaven. He heard the voices of Abraham, and Isaac, and Israel from the cave of their solemn companionship at Hebron. He knew not the music of Galilee—he knew not the perfume of Sharon—he knew not the glory of Moriah, and Zion, and Olivet. But the old man felt all these in the wind that kissed his forehead before he died.

My reverie was interrupted.

"Stephen, my friend, was not that a cry in the valley?"

"I think not."

"It was. And there again! By Jove, there is a row in the glen! To horse! to horse! let us ride up."

We could now hear the voices of contending parties not less than a mile away, and in a few moments we met the party hurrying along in a confused mass, bag and baggage, surrounded rather than followed by the inhabitants of Wady Mousa. The sheik of the traveling party was especially valorous to all appearances, and vociferous beyond all the rest. But the same sly twinkle in his eye showed me that he was enjoying the defeat of his charge, and they were in the utmost horror of mind. In point of fact they were thoroughly frightened; and if my excellent acquaintance, Mrs. —, imagined herself in danger of becoming the captive of a Turk on the occasion when I became acquainted with her in Cairo, it was quite plain, when I now met her, that she believed herself already

captured and sacrificed. More profound terror could not be expressed by human or by woman features.

When we met them they halted around us, and the din that rent the very sky was a contrast to the silence which had a few moments before reigned around the foot of Mount Hor. A few words restored comparative quiet, and we then adjourned to the tents for a more formal council.

The tents of the other party were pitched with ours, as we had before proposed, and the lady was glad to find her canvas between mine and that of her companions. The camp-fire was kindled; three sheep from Wady Mousa were sacrificed to mutual amity; we reduced the demands of the guardians of Petra fully seven-eighths; and so the evening went by merrily to all parties. The Arabs grew somewhat uproarious as the feast advanced. They danced, they shouted, they made the rocks echo with their insane music.

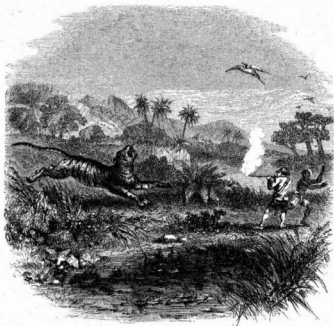
I strolled away from the camp, and, at a little distance, watched the strange scene. For, let me tell you, it was a strange scene, that view of the descendants of Ishmael on the plains at the foot of Mount Hor, singing wild songs, dancing furiously around the fire, rending the sky with their fierce shouts, while, stern and magnificent, the mountain of the Prophet's death stood in the air above them, and his burial-place, lonesome, silent, and solemn, was far up among the stars.

#### TIGER-HUNTING ON FOOT IN INDIA.

**T**HE Royal Bengal tiger! His very name has a ferocious sound, and creates expectation, interest, curiosity. To penetrate the jungles of India, and track the magnificent brute to his lair, is a most exciting, because it is a most perilous, undertaking. The natives seldom attempt it, and the Government reward of ten rupees for every tiger slain can not overcome the fear in which they stand of their hereditary enemy.

It is generally supposed that an elephant is absolutely necessary to take the field against tigers; but Lieutenant Rice, of the Bombay Army, who was engaged for several years in the chase of these "large game," gives practical evidence to the contrary. His "Hunting Experiences on Foot in Rajpootana," one of the northeast provinces of India, are filled with incident, and his information regarding the habits of the tiger is often new, and always entertaining.

It is only during the hot season—from the beginning of March to the end of June—that tiger-hunting can be carried on with any hopes of success. The heavy rains that commence early in July, and last for four months, completely swamp the land; and the dense foliage and grass that afterward spring up prevent all progress through the forests and jungles. In the hot season the great scarcity of water, the comparatively open appearance of the country,



TIGER KILLED BY A CHANCE SHOT NEAR MAIDAH.

and the intense heat, which drives the beasts, during the daytime, to the shadiest and most secluded retreats, are all so many chances in favor of the sportsman.

In 1850 the native regiment to which Lieutenant Rice belonged was stationed at Camp Neemuch, Rajpootana, within reach of a hunting-ground abounding in large game. Our adventurer's first expedition nearly cost him his life at the outset. He arrived at the hills, properly equipped, and accompanied by some twenty native attendants, known as Bheels; but after a week's work, though sundry bears were "bagged," no tiger had been found. One day, however, while riding across the country, the hopes of the disappointed hunters were revived by the reports of two travelers, who stated, in tones of genuine alarm, that they had just seen a tiger lying near the road-side. Lieutenant Rice quickly dismounted, and gave chase. As he was approaching a large bush, about sixty yards off, the tiger, to his surprise, jumped out from the opposite side, and, in a few bounds, crossed the dry bed of the river which was close by. Directly the Lieutenant's dog, "Wall," saw the tiger, which he probably mistook for

some new species of deer; he set off after him, barking all the while, and keeping within two or three yards only of the brute's heels. Onward the two animals rushed through the reeds and bushes, and were soon lost to sight. Presently one of the Bheels called out that the tiger was coming back. His brother Bheels did not require to be informed twice of the fact, but vanished on the instant. Sure enough the tiger was coming back, and, worse than that, was making directly for the spot where Lieutenant Rice stood. There was no chance to escape; so when the beast had nearly recrossed the river, and was within thirty yards of the hunter, Rice pitched up his rifle, and, in the excitement of the moment, fired without any particular aim. Then flinging down his gun, he dived among the dense thorn-bushes, convinced that the wounded tiger was after him. His fancy, on this occasion, was more terrible than reality; for finding, after a while, that he was not really pursued, he crept cautiously back to recover his rifle that had been thrown down, and saw, to his astonishment and delight, on reaching the spot, that the tiger was quite dead. It had been killed by the merest accident; the bullet,



PANTHER CHARGING.

without entering his skull, had grazed the surface, leaving a long wound, more like a cut from an axe than a ball. This tiger measured eleven feet six inches, and was very stout.

Upon beating the jungles where large game are found, hares, partridges, and peacocks are started in swarms. The peacock is the most valuable guide to the hunter, from the peculiar note of alarm it invariably utters if there is a tiger or panther moving in the vicinity. Perhaps, when the noise of the beaters commences, a single warning sort of call of "h-a-u-k—h-a-u-k" (like a note from a trumpet) is heard, at intervals, from one or more peacocks, answering each other from different parts of the cover. At this sound the heart of the sportsman beats high, for he has then good reason to expect that he will soon sight his game. If the call is followed by the rapid rising of peacocks in succession, each uttering its loud cry of "tok-tok, tok-tok!" as it flies off, evidently in the greatest fright, the hunter's hopes amount to a certainty—sometimes, however, to be dashed by the appearance of a sneaking wild-cat. But the peacock will rarely sound the alarm if merely a bear, or any number of hogs or deer,

should be rushing through the bushes. This is easily accounted for by the fact that they are chiefly preyed upon by the cat tribe. Peacocks, during the day, are in the habit of hiding themselves under cool, shady bushes and rocks, where they are often caught by wild-cats and very young tigers.

The hunter has also a valuable friend in the common monkey. Troops of these creatures abound in every forest or jungle in the country. Being considered sacred by the natives of India, they are never molested. A crowd of monkeys are frequently seen perched upon trees above a cover. When this occurs, the tiger, if there be one in the jungle, is probably asleep under some shady bush—resting after the fatigue of the previous night's foraging. The monkeys then are silent enough; but directly the beast stirs they commence making a peculiarly harsh kind of noise, very different from their ordinary chatter; and this they repeat with great vehemence as long as the tiger is in sight. Monkeys will only give their preparatory warning at the approach of a tiger or a panther.

Soon after his first successful adventure, Lieutenant Rice, while passing through the



KILLING TIGERS AND BEAR.

small village of Rajghur, was told that a tiger lived in a cover of korinda bushes, on the borders of a large tank, or lake, in the vicinity. The korinda is a very thick evergreen bush, which attains a great size, and offers a cool, shady retreat to the tiger. After collecting about twenty men from the village—all of whom seemed eager enough for the sport—Lieutenant Rice, upon arriving at the ground, ascended a tree that overlooked the path down which the tiger would probably pass. The men then went round to the other side of the cover, and began making as much noise as possible—beating drums and firing pistols; for with these implements of the tiger-hunt a good sportsman will always be provided. Presently the tiger came bounding by the tree in which his enemy was concealed. Rice quickly discharged two barrels, and both balls entered the animal's side. Nevertheless the brute sprang into the bushes, and was out of sight before the hunter could exchange his empty for a loaded gun. The tiger had now to be followed up, and the task was commenced and carried on with spirit, but without success. At nightfall it was, of course, impossible to track the wounded animal, and

the search was reluctantly abandoned. Several days afterward some one, passing that way, discovered the corpse of this tiger by the putrid smell. It had fallen down a deep hole, half filled with dead leaves, and was thus overlooked.

A singular incident is recorded by Lieutenant Rice as having occurred during this campaign. While passing by an old, ruined fort, near the village of Panghur, he heard a tiger roar, and, advancing with his men to the spot, he soon discovered whence the roars proceeded. The tiger lay in some thick patches of high grass and bushes scattered around the top of a steep hill. The scouts tried hard to turn him out, so that the Lieutenant might get a clear shot at him, but nothing would move the beast. He only roared the louder as each volley of stones was flung into the thicket by the Bhoels. Lieutenant Rice at length crept cautiously round, and climbed up a tree overlooking the patch of jungle in which the tiger was lying. From this eminence he saw the animal crouching under a thorn-bush. A shot, rapidly fired, struck him somewhere in the face, upon which he bolted off, with loud roars. An at-

tempt was at once made to follow him up. The Bheels tracked him to a deep ravine, and then made a circuit, with the view of driving him toward the Lieutenant. But as soon as they reached the opposite bank they saw the tiger stretched out at full length, and seemingly dead, on the bank they had just left. Upon a small tree, immediately overhead, were perched about twenty vultures, and others were arriving every moment. This certainly was convincing evidence that the tiger was dead; and the spectators, therefore, were not a little astonished when the beast suddenly jumped up, and, roaring hideously, made off. He was still within rifle-shot of Lieutenant Rice when that enthusiastic sportsman fired, but surprise at the incident unsteadied his aim; both balls missed, and the tiger escaped. This gathering of vultures over a merely wounded animal was a very extraordinary fact. Next morning the same tiger was again started from the cover, but did not again escape. The marks of the previous day's bullets were found on his body.

During this his first campaign in tiger-shooting, Lieutenant Rice "bagged" a fair quantity of game. Much time, however, was occupied in searching out the particular districts where wild animals most abounded. Lieutenant Rice was only absent from his regiment about ten weeks; yet his "bag" consisted of four tigers killed, and one wounded; six bears killed, and one wounded—a result sufficiently successful to induce an enthusiastic hunter to start again as soon as the proper season reappeared.

During his campaign of the following year Lieutenant Rice made Jaat his head-quarters. Upon his arrival there he learned that an unfortunate woman had just been carried off by a celebrated tiger known as the "Jaat man-eater." The woman, at the time, was cutting grass, in company with several other people, close to the town. The whole place was very much excited by the intelligence, and a large crowd volunteered to accompany Lieutenant Rice in pursuit of the tiger. It was no difficult work to follow the course the brute had taken with his victim, for bits of clothing and hair and stains of blood were plentiful enough on the bushes through which he had dragged his prey. Every one was nervous with expectation, hoping, and yet dreading, to catch sight of the tiger among the high grass. At length, after following the tracks for nearly two miles, the party came upon the body of the poor woman, which the animal had dropped at the entrance of a long, deep cave, or rather of one of the abandoned iron-pits that were scattered around. She was quite dead, and must have been killed instantly, as her skull was completely flattened. But the people, now that the woman's body was found, insisted on returning with it to town, and would not prosecute the search, which had, in consequence, to be given up. It was not till the following season that the "man-eater of Jaat" was killed. Lieutenant Rice organized a company for the express purpose of hunting the murderer; and

one morning they all started from camp at break of day, in order to cut off the tiger from its stronghold among the iron-pits before it returned from the night's foraging on the adjacent plain. Having arrived at the place, the men spread themselves over a large extent of ground, and commenced boating toward the tiger's den, the precise position of which had been tolerably ascertained. It was hoped that the tiger, upon hearing the noise, would make for his retreat, and this hope, as the sequel showed, was well founded. Lieutenant Rice stood at a point which the animal would be compelled to pass; and scarcely was the first sound of drums and pistol-shots heard, when, at a long distance, he recognized the tiger making directly toward him. He allowed the brute to come within ten yards, and then, with two well-directed shots, dispatched it. The people were overjoyed at such good fortune. Ranners started off with the news that the terrible man-eater was slain, and the whole population of Jaat turned out to meet the hunters on their return. The body was carried in triumph on small trees hastily cut down for the purpose. At their tent the hunters were received by a bevy of females, the youngest and fairest of whom advanced and presented them with bunches of gay flowers, while the rest sang verses in praise of tiger-killers in general and the heroes of the hour in particular, a custom, by-the-way, that seems to be commonly practiced in Indian villages.

Before the process of skinning this tiger was undertaken the people desired that the ceremony might be delayed until a Bheel, who lived at a distance, and whom they had sent for, should arrive. It appeared, upon inquiry, that some months before, while this man was cutting grass in company with his brother, a tiger suddenly appeared, sprang upon the latter, and carried him off—though not before the poor fellow had given the brute a severe cut over the face with his small sickle. The incident was distinctly seen by the surviving brother, who, on his arrival at Jaat, pointed out a scar, now healed up, across the tiger's forehead. This removed all doubt as to the identity of the noted "man-eater;" and if further confirmation were needed, it might be derived from the fact that, for three years after the death of the "man-eater," no person was killed in the neighborhood. During the two preceding years forty inhabitants of Jaat alone had been murdered by this single tiger. Thus, then, ended the reign of terror.

The petty chiefs, who are thick as blackberries in India, are very jealous of the Europeans who hunt over their districts, and use their influence to prevent them from obtaining assistance, or even the commonest supplies. This difficulty, however, can be surmounted with money. The chiefs sometimes hunt themselves after they have obtained the most certain information of a tiger's whereabouts. Their method of tiger-shooting is rather amusing. In the first place, several stands are built high up in the loftiest trees that command a view of



TIGER WOUNDED.

the cover below. Upon these stands the chief and his principal followers, armed with double-guns and match-locks, perch themselves. The whole party is very conspicuous, being dressed in white or gaudy-colored clothes. Furthermore, they are great talkers, and keep up a continued conversation at the top of their voices. At length the beating commences. For this purpose a number of men—pressed most unwillingly into the service—instead of being kept together, in which alone their safety lies, are spread out in a long, single line, as if they were merely going to beat up a hare or a deer. Thus they continue to advance, beating drums, blowing horns, and firing off match-locks, in order to drive the tiger past the position taken up by the chief and his followers on the high tree. The tiger, of course, is soon roused, and at first, perhaps, allows himself to be driven in the proper direction; but soon catching sight of his enemies above, he halts, and, perceiving the trap laid for his destruction, turns round and dashes back, with loud roars, through the thin line of boaters in his rear, often knocking down and mangling, if not killing, one or two

unfortunate men who have not had time to get out of his way. Should the tiger, however, prefer to run the gauntlet of the fire from his foes in the trees, he generally escapes, though he is always pronounced to have been riddled with balls. To ascertain the fact, however, no steps are taken. "Following up" the prints or blood of a wounded tiger is a proceeding utterly unknown among the native princes. Occasionally they manage to kill their game, but he rarely dies unavenged. According to the accounts of the natives, at least "one man killed and several wounded" is the rule, and not the exception, at each day's sport. Such "accidents" are so common that no one expresses surprise at them. The native grandees have a horror of a blank day; and to insure sport, at short distances from their palaces, the tigers are, in many places, actually preserved, as game are in England, no one but "princes" being allowed to kill them.

It is not often that a tiger is caught napping. While at a small village called Kooee, where he had made a brief halt, Lieutenant Rice persuaded two Bheels to accompany him on a tour



WATCHING A TIGER.

of inspection in the immediate neighborhood. He had scarcely gone four hundred yards from the village, when, walking through a grove of dates, he came upon a tigress reclining in the shade of a palm-tree not a dozen paces off. She appeared to be dozing during the great heat of the day, and lazily turned her head to look at the hunter. This gave him an opportunity to take good aim, and a couple of shots through the skull quickly finished her. The Bheels, who had also seen the tigress, had sprung into the nearest trees in their terror; nor could they be persuaded to descend until thoroughly satisfied that the animal was dead.

The tenacity of life which a tiger will sometimes possess is extraordinary. An illustration is given in the following narrative: Having arrived at the village of Deypoora, Lieutenant Rice was there told that a tiger had lately killed very many bullocks in the vicinity. He immediately started with several men to hunt him up. The animal was discovered in a ravine on the plains. As the hunters, who had cautiously advanced, were looking over the steep bank in search of their game, they caught sight of him stretched out at full length and not more than

three yards below. The brute turned up his eyes and grinned horribly, and on receiving a couple of bullets sprang into the cover with a fierce roar. Upon descending the bank the hunters discovered drops of blood and tracked them a long distance down the ravine, when all at once they were no longer visible. The ground was formed of bare sheet rock or slabs of flat stones, so no foot-prints could be discerned. After a prolonged examination, attention was directed to a cave formed by a large ledge of rock that had fallen from above. One of the men declared that the animal was concealed there. Lieutenant Rice and a friend who was with him knelt down at an unpleasantly close distance, and having placed their spare guns before them in readiness for a second shot, if necessary, prepared to fire. After steadily gazing into the cave for a few moments, they at last saw the tiger's two eyes shining in the dark, and were able to make out an indistinct outline of his head. At this mark they fired, and when the smoke cleared away they were delighted to see their foe stretched out stiff on his back—the white of his belly being uppermost and very visible. The hunters now ap-



HUNTING PROCESSION.

proached, and found two holes in the skull of the tiger, one over each eyebrow, from which copious streams of blood were flowing.

There was every indication that the animal was dead, but to the surprise and no little alarm of those standing around it presently moved one of its legs. This was merely regarded as a muscular action; nevertheless, to remove all doubt, Lieutenant Rice placed the muzzle of his rifle against the brute's chest and fired. He had no sooner done so than up jumped the tiger, with a terrific roar, as lively as ever! A panic seized all present, and every man made a dash for the nearest tree. Some ran clear out of sight without stopping to look behind. In the mean time the tiger was roaring awfully, and from the noise he made every listener thought he must be mangling some one of the party. Luckily, however, the animal was so confused that he only kept walking round and round his den, apparently unable to find his way out. Finally Lieutenant Rice having regained possession of his gun, which he had thrown down in his flight, climbed up a small tree just in front of the den. From this point, at a distance of only twelve yards, he fired as

many shots into the tiger before he was effectually quieted. Then he lay still, and this time was really dead, being riddled with balls.

The escape was a lucky one for the whole party. The tiger, when he lay in the cave, was merely stunned; for it was afterward discovered that the shots had not entered his brain. If the hunters, supposing him dead, had dragged him out, and had commenced taking off his skin, as they intended, the operation would have revived him, and probably the loss of more than one life would have been the consequence.

In tiger shooting on foot there appears to be, comparatively speaking, but little danger to any one, if all are kept in a compact body. Lieutenant Rice invariably insisted on the observance of this rule. His hunting procession, as described by himself, presented a singular spectacle: In front, and stooping down beside him, is the head *shikaree*, or chief huntsman, who, by carefully observing each foot-print or slightest drop of blood, points out the direction in which the wounded game has gone. Keeping guard over the *shikaree*, with full-cocked rifles, the Lieutenant himself leads the wedge-shaped procession. Immediately behind follow



the best and steadiest men carrying the spare loaded guns. Then comes the band, consisting of four or five kettle-drums and one big drum, a man ringing a tremendous bell, with perhaps others, either blowing horns, beating cymbals, firing pistols, or doing any thing else to make the most horrible din that they can. On either side of the band are men with halberds, or formidable looking spears; their duty is to keep the beaters well together while passing through grass that is often high over head. Last of all come a number of men who are constantly engaged in throwing large stones, which fall just in front and on all sides of the party, and which will start a wounded tiger when he would not otherwise move from his place of concealment. Generally, however, the noise is sufficient to rouse the animal. Overlooking the whole procession is a man in a tree, which he climbs from time to time in the progress of the march, and keeps a good look-out on all sides for any large game. The whole party move at a snail's pace and yell with all their might. No tiger will face such a mass of men and noise. Sometimes one will charge to within a few yards of the procession, but he then invariably turns off and is wounded or shot dead before he can escape.

Under this system of tiger-shooting there is perfect safety to every one. Not so, however, to stragglers who lag behind, or who are imprudent enough on any pretense to separate themselves from their comrades. Thus, during one of these marches, a Bheel, whose bullocks had been destroyed by a particular tiger, vowed he would alone turn him out of the jungle where he lay concealed, and with this object he rushed into the dense bushes sword in hand. The poor fellow was immediately seized by the tiger, and though he was saved by his companions from death, he was, nevertheless, severely mauled.

Two tigers in the same bush are sometimes dangerous customers even to such a strong party as the one we have just described. One day a report was brought to Lieutenant Rice, then in camp near Dornace, that the prints of two large game had been seen in the bed of a river where there were dense covers of corinda bushes, willow-trees, and reeds. He tried, and for a long time without success, to discover these beasts. At length one of the men suggested that the tigers might be in a dark, suspicious-looking mass of corindas which it was found impossible to penetrate, and so, to test the matter, a volley was fired into the bush. A dead silence followed; presently a slight movement was observed among the trees; the firing was continued, and the tiger finding his retreat becoming uncomfortably hot, made his appearance and was easily secured.

The men, thinking that the sport was over, were standing round the body of their fallen foe, when all of a sudden an appalling roar was heard, proceeding, as it were, from the very midst of the party. The effect was ludicrous

in the extreme—with one accord they precipitated themselves into the river, and gained the opposite bank in the utmost terror. Lieutenant Rice, who had taken off his clothes in order to dry them, made a dash for the nearest tree, and, in his hurried ascent, got tolerably well scratched. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, a man was reported killed, but, on examination, it was found that he was only severely clawed. This man, after the first tiger had been slain, had gone to examine the bush in which, as he little expected then, another brute still lay concealed. On seeing him approach alone, the beast rushed upon him with loud roars, knocked him down, and actually ran off with his turban, which, fortunately, was a very large one, and no doubt saved his head from the tiger's blows. The animal then galloped away at a racing pace and was not again seen.

Bull buffaloes are rarely killed by tigers. These animals are almost tiger-proof, unless it be some solitary straggler that is attacked. When a buffalo is seized by a tiger all the others immediately hasten to the rescue, and either drive off the tiger, or trample and gore him with their hoofs and horns. The men and boys who herd buffaloes are well aware of this; and fearlessly seated on the backs of these enormous creatures, they do not hesitate to drive them for pasture into any swamp or dense cover, though well aware that tigers are lying in the same spot. It is the habit of buffaloes to lie for hours together in the water, during the intense heat of the Indian summer, soaking and chewing the cud—their eyes and noses alone visible, and their bodies perfectly free from the annoyance of flies. They get rabidly excited on smelling the blood or hearing the roar of a tiger, and, with loud bellowings, will rush into the dense cover, crushing down the bushes on all sides, and madly butting with their horns at every thing in their way.

The cows, on the other hand, directly they hear the first roar of a tiger, will scamper off in the greatest alarm with tails in air and heads down; nor will they stop in their precipitate flight until they are far from the scene of their panic. Unlike the bulls, they will not assist any member of their herd that has been seized. The tiger, who watches closely, and well knows where the cattle are daily driven out to graze, will secrete himself in some patch of grass hard by, and wait until a herd passes his hiding-place. Then, with a roar, he springs out, strikes the unlucky bullock with his fore-paws about the head, neck, or shoulder, and at once fells it to the earth. Next, tearing open the animal's throat, he sucks the blood that flows fast from the wound. This finished, he retires to some shady bush and waits until the cool of the evening, when he creeps out to dine on the beef. Hair, skin, bones, entrails, and meat are all swallowed in turn. He only stops eating to visit some piece of water near at hand, and then returns to his meal. While dining he in-

dolges in low grumbings, and after he has finished his repast he will probably lie up in some secluded spot for the next three days without stirring abroad except to drink water. At the end of that time, having thoroughly digested the food, his appetite returns, and he is on the look-out for another meal.

The cow-herds have an ingenious method of revenging themselves upon the tiger. Directly he leaves his victim, the herdsman, who perhaps has been watching the proceeding from some tree close by, quietly descends, and with his knife cuts several long gashes in the dead bullock's hind-quarters. In these wounds he rubs a quantity of powdered arsenic, and when the tiger returns at dusk to dine he swallows the poison. This creates such excessive thirst that he soon betakes himself to the nearest stream, which he seldom leaves, and drinks till he dies.

Lieutenant Rice relates an anecdote of an extraordinary leap made by a tigress. He happened to be near the city Bhampoora, and was preparing to examine a large ravine in the vicinity, when word was brought that a tigress had been seen creeping out of a thick patch of cover that had been already beaten. The beast had cunningly remained hidden in spite of the noise made by the men; and, thinking the danger over, was attempting to sneak off unobserved to some distant jungle, when she was espied by a man who had been stationed near the spot as a look-out. Lieutenant Rice and his companion took up their position on the slope of a hill, and sent the beaters round to the opposite side for the purpose of driving out the game. Presently the animal came bounding along at a tearing pace. At a distance of seventy yards she received a couple of shots, but, seemingly uninjured, continued her rapid course for about a hundred yards farther, when she suddenly made a tremendous spring in the air, clearing a small tree in her path seven feet high, and fell dead on the other side. The leap, according to measurement, was over eight yards, and blood was found on the topmost boughs of the tree. She seemed to drop dead in the air. She was very old, and had one tusk broken. When her skin was removed some small pieces of lead were discovered beneath it. The experience of these old wounds had taught her to behave so cunningly.

According to Lieutenant Rice's observations the proportion of sexes in these animals is about two tigresses to every tiger. The Bheels account for the scarcity of males by asserting that an old one will always kill a young one of his own sex whenever he can catch him unawares. There is no doubt of the fact that these animals often have most desperate encounters. One night the whole population of Nundwaas were kept awake by the roaring of two tigers who were fighting over the body of a bullock. None of the inhabitants had courage enough to go out and witness the combat; but the next morning a tiger was found dead at the

bullock's side, and a little farther off another one, also dead. Their bodies were covered with marks from each other's claws and teeth.

The only method of ascertaining the age of tigers is by their size, discolored appearance of their teeth, or faintness of their stripes; and these by no means give accurate information. The tusks are not much of a criterion. They are sometimes solid ivory and sometimes quite hollow, without any regard to the size of the animal. Twenty years appear to be the greatest age that a tiger reaches. The cubs live with their mother till quite half-grown. They are first seen by the hunter who happens to be beating a jungle; and it would seem as though the mother sent them out to draw the fire of her foes, and then make her own escape. But this unnatural conduct of the parent may be explained on the supposition that the cubs rush out in alarm at the strange noises of the men, while the tigress, more cunning, waits to see whether the coast is clear before leaving her strong-hold.

Lieutenant Rice's third campaign in tiger-shooting was commenced under unfavorable auspices. A serious and well-nigh fatal accident happened to Mr. Elliott, one of his party. They were beating at the time a ravine in the vicinity of Dowlatpoora, and to overlook the high grass around, both Elliott and Rice had mounted a small thorn-tree. Presently a fine tiger appeared, walking straight toward them. As ill luck would have it, a man who had climbed another tree called out at the moment, and the noise alarmed the tiger, who at once stopped, and then, like lightning, bounded off in another direction. Rice and Elliott both fired, and wounded the brute before he escaped, but not very severely, as the distance was too great for an effective shot. They immediately began to follow him up. After making their way through a dense patch of thorn bushes and high grass they arrived at an open space, where all traces of the tiger abruptly ceased. The two hunters had advanced a few steps in front of the men to examine the ground more minutely, and while thus engaged they were startled by a loud roar, which proceeded from a small ditch some two or three yards to their right. The roar was instantly followed by the tiger, who came charging down upon the party. Rice had barely time to discharge the contents of both barrels of his rifle into the animal's chest; these shots made him swerve from his course and spring upon Elliott, who had no opportunity to get his weapon ready, and who was irresistibly borne back by the shock. The shikars quickly handed Lieutenant Rice his spare guns, and he as quickly fired two shots into the beast's shoulder as he stood over Elliott, but the wounds had little effect. The tiger commenced dragging its prey backward by the upper part of his left arm, which it had seized in its jaws. The ground was uneven, and covered with broken pieces of rock, and Lieutenant Rice was nervous about firing, lest he should hit his



ELLIOTT AND THE TIGER.

friend, whose face was touching the brute's head. Elliott, in the mean time, had fainted. At last, after aiming two or three times in vain, Lieutenant Rice took advantage of a favorable chance that was luckily presented; his ball struck the tiger on the top of the skull, whereupon it dropped its victim and rolled over dead. Another shot was fired to make certain, and Elliott was then pulled out from under the tiger. He was quite sensible, and asked for water, which was at once given him. His arm was frightfully bitten, but beyond this he had suffered no serious injury. When first seized, he had narrowly escaped a blow which the tiger had aimed at him with its paw, but which he had fortunately warded off with his uplifted rifle. The stock of the weapon was marked with the animal's claws, and the triggers and guard were completely flattened.

The tiger-hunter on foot should under no circumstances advance alone into a cover after he has wounded his game, even though he has every reason to believe that it has been killed. Appearances are often very deceptive. In one of his explorations, near Janoodeep, Lieutenant

Rice discovered a beautiful cover, with plenty of fresh tiger-prints in its neighborhood. From this spot a tiger was started, but, being wounded in the chest, the animal, instead of making for the open country, retreated to the densest part of the jungle. Every effort to discover him proved ineffectual, and, as a last resort, the long dry grass of which the cover was composed was set on fire at both ends. The flames raged violently, and had almost met, when Lieutenant Rice, thinking the tiger must be dead, or he would never have lain so close, walked forward in the hope of being able to save his skin. He had only advanced a few paces when the brute, with an awful roar, sprang from his concealment, dashed through the flames, and made off. Our hunter was too much staggered to take a very successful aim, and the smoke soon concealed the tiger from his view. Nevertheless, the fright gave him a sufficient warning never to advance alone into a jungle under an impression, however well founded, that his game was dead.

In these districts of India panthers of great boldness, ferocity, and strength are frequently



THE TIGER AT OOMUREEBEE.

encountered. Lieutenant Rice states that one night a panther visited his camp while all the inmates were asleep, and after killing a goat in the very midst of the tents and servants, carried off two large greyhounds that lay coupled together by the side of the cot in which he himself was sleeping. The panther dragged both these dogs for about three hundred yards, through some very dense jungle of high thorn-bushes. Guided by their loud cries and barking, the men hastily followed in pursuit, and soon arrived at the spot where the panther had dropped his prey. One of the dogs, whose skull had been smashed by a blow of the panther's paw, was dead; the other was uninjured. To give some idea of this panther's strength, it is stated that these greyhounds had, on more than one occasion, successfully encountered full-grown wolves.

Panthers are in the habit of preying upon the unfortunate dogs that are to be seen in swarms in every village of India. The panther manages to catch these curs by making an unusual noise at night near the walls of the village. On hearing the noise the dogs run out, and the foremost is sure to fall a victim to the lurking foe.

The panther is both bold and cunning. Being able to see in the dark, it will venture even among sleeping men, and creeps so stealthily and so noiselessly that his movements could not be heard by persons awake and on the watch.

Lieutenant Rice records a curious illustration of the number of bullets which a tiger will carry about his body before he finally succumbs. The hunters were beating a small, rocky ravine close to the village of Oomurebee, when they started the tiger in question from his den. He was pursued and overtaken. Lieutenant Rice fired twice, and both shots took effect. His two companions also discharged their weapons, though at a greater distance from the game. The tiger made off, and, after a while, was again started. Two more shots were now fired, and one of them rolled the beast over, but still he got up and ran away apparently uninjured. An hour afterward, as our hunters were standing upon the edge of a ravine, looking into the cover below, and waiting the approach of the beaters, out jumped the self-same tiger from the high grass at their very feet, and made for the opposite bank. Several unavailing shots were fired, and the pursuit was hotly continued.

Again the animal was seen, and again he received the contents of a formidable battery; but this time, instead of flying, he wheeled round and charged his enemies. Their guns being empty, it was now their turn to run, and they hastily ascended the nearest trees. The wounded animal having reached the trees, walked round and round them, looking up at his tormentors, growling terribly, and lashing his tail with fury. Luckily he was too much hurt to make a spring, and, thinking prudence the better part of valor, he walked slowly back to the jungle. Efforts were once more made to rouse him; but it was getting dark, and the chase had to be postponed. The hunt was, however, resumed on the next day, and upon the first start the tiger received a well-directed volley which completely finished him. No less than twelve of the bullets fired on the day previous were lodged in his body. They were known by the marks the animal had made in licking them with his tongue; he had thoroughly cleared away the hair round each shot-hole. A tiger's tongue is remarkably rough; it is covered with innumerable short, stout points of hard flesh, resembling thorns, and closely packed together. With these he easily scrapes off every atom of flesh adhering to the bones of his prey.

Lieutenant Rice spent five seasons hunting in Rajpootana; and during that period he killed sixty-eight tigers, three panthers, and twenty-five bears, besides wounding thirty tigers and twenty-six bears.

#### NANCY BLYNN'S LOVERS.

WILLIAM TANSLEY, familiarly called Tip, having finished his afternoon's work in Judge Boxton's garden, milked the cows, and given the calves and pigs their supper—not forgetting to make sure of his own—stole out of the house with his Sunday jacket, and the secret intention of going “a sparring.” Tip's manner of setting about this delicate business was characteristic of his native shrewdness. He usually went well provided with gifts; and on the present occasion, before quitting the Judge's premises, he “drew upon” a certain barrel in the barn, which was his bank, where he had made, during the day, frequent deposits of green corn, of the diminutive species called *twacket*—smuggled in from the garden, and designed for roasting and eating with the widow Blynn's pretty daughter. Stealthily, in the dusk, stopping now and then to listen, Tip brought out the little milky ears from beneath the straw, crammed his pockets with them, and packed full the crown of his old straw hat; then, with the sides of his jacket distended, his trowsers bulged, and a toppling weight on his head, he peeped cautiously from the door to see that the way was clear for an escape to the orchard, and thence, “cross lots,” to the widow Blynn's house.

Tip was creeping furtively behind a wall, stooping, with one hand steadying his hat, and the other his pockets, when a voice called his name.

It was the voice of Cephas Boxton. Now if there was a person in the world whom Tip feared and hated, it was “that Cephe;” and this for many reasons, the chief of which was that the Judge's son did, upon occasions, flirt with Miss Nancy Blynn, who, sharing the popular prejudice in favor of fine clothes and riches, preferred, apparently, a single passing glance from Cephas to all Tip's gifts and attentions.

Tip dropped down behind the wall.

“Tip Tansley!” again called the hated voice.

But the proprietor of that euphonious name not choosing to answer to it, remained quiet, one hand still supporting his hat, the other his pockets, while young Boxton, to whom glimpses of the aforesaid hat, appearing over the edge of the wall, had previously been visible, stepped quickly and noiselessly to the spot. Tip crouched, with his unconscious eyes in the grass; Cephas watched him good-humoredly, leaning over the wall.

“If it isn't Tip, what is it?” And Cephas struck one side of the distended jacket with his cane. An ear of corn dropped out. He struck the other side, and out dropped another ear. A couple of smart blows across the back succeeded, followed by more corn; and at the same time Tip, getting up, and endeavoring to protect his pockets, let go his hat, which fell off, spilling its contents in the grass.

“Did you call?” gasped the panic-stricken Tip.

The rivals stood with the wall between them—as ludicrous a contrast, I dare assert, as ever two lovers of one woman presented.

Tip, abashed and afraid, brushed the hair out of his eyes, and made an unsuccessful attempt to look the handsome and smiling Cephas in the face.

“Do you pretend you did not hear, with all these ears?” said the Judge's son.

“I—I was huntin' fur a shoe-string,” murmured Tip, casting dismayed glances along the ground. “I bet one here som'eres.”

“Tip,” said Cephas, putting his cane under Master Tansley's chin to assist him in holding up his head, “look me in the eye, and tell me—what is the difference 'twixt you and that corn?”

“I d'n' know—what?” And liberating his chin, Tip dropped his head again, and began kicking in the grass in search of the imaginary shoe-string.

“That is lying on the ground, and you are lying—on your feet,” said Cephas.

Tip replied that he was going to the woods for bean-poles, and that he took the corn to feed the cattle in the “back pastur,” 'cause they hooked.

“I wish you were as innocent of hooking as the cattle are!” said the incredulous Cephas. “Go and put the saddle on Pericles.”

Tip proceeded in a straight line to the stable, his pockets dropping corn by the way, while Cephas, laughing quietly, walked up and down under the trees.