

## A TIGER'S JAWS.

GRICE and I obtained two-and-a-half months' leave on purpose to kill tigers, panthers, and bears. Having made our preparations for the jungle, we started on the nineteenth of March, with a fine band, consisting of one big drum, one big bell, four small drums, and a pair of pistols always loaded with coarse powder, and being continually let off. The noise of this concert was sufficient to frighten any animals out of the jungle; and, when it was not, we had also some twenty or thirty men to set up a supplementary yell. I should like you to have heard our band turning a corner among the hills! Our battery consisted of ten double guns—some rifles, the others smooth-bored—and two brace of pistols. We did not commence shooting until the twentieth, when we began at about nine in the morning; our plan being always to go some half-a-mile before the beaters; and, having placed ourselves in some likely spot, to sit quietly, and (if possible) concealed, until they had beaten up to us. Owing to rain, we saw nothing until the twenty-second; when, having walked some five miles, we perched ourselves, guns and all, on a small tree, and put the beaters in. We had been in the tree about twenty minutes, when Grice whispered to me "Tiger!" I saw her almost at the same moment: we fired four barrels, all of which took effect. She charged with frightful speed right under the tree in which we were sitting, and was into the jungle in a moment. Immediately after this, a peacock began calling, a sure sign of a tiger being near; and, sure enough, in another minute out came a small cub about the size of a dog: this, Grice shot. We then began the ticklish work of "following up," generally done on elephants; but, not being rich enough to sport them, we were forced to go on foot. We traced our prey about half a mile into the jungle, which was so thick that one could not see more than ten yards ahead. I separated some six or seven yards from Grice, and was in the act of looking down close to the ground, when I heard a frightful roar; and, before I had time literally to cock one barrel (I had imprudently gone into the jungle with my piece on half-cock), I felt myself jammed in the brute's jaws. She carried me about ten yards. My face, I believe, was touching her cheek, when Grice, with the most wonderful pre-

sence of mind, put two bullets into her ear. She dropped, but still held me. Grice ran up, and before she was actually dead, pulled me out of her mouth.

I am told that there was not two inches of space between my head and the spot where the bullets hit. Had Grice's hand shaken, I should probably have been shot through the head, as he had a very small mark to fire at. I was perfectly conscious when pulled out of the brute's mouth.

The skin, of course, I keep as a trophy—it is nearly twelve feet long. The accident occurred fifty miles from camp; and if it had not been for Grice, God knows how I should ever have been taken back; but he is well known by the natives—in fact they are afraid of him (his nickname is "Tiger Grice")—and he told them they would be well paid if they carried me to the next town, Jaat, about twelve miles off. After some little arrangement, they carried me on my bed to Jaat, where Grice is almost worshiped, on account of having last year killed a tigress which had at

different times killed twenty-four of the villagers, and at the time Grice shot her, she was in the act of eating an unfortunate woman. Twenty-four men were sent out from camp with a palanquin to meet me. Grice rode all night by my side, and accompanied me till within two miles of camp, when he went back again to go on with his sport. It is more than a month since he has been heard of, but I hope he is all right. I suffered great agony, from the moment I was bitten. My mother was always anxious about all her children's constitutions; well, a very clever doctor told me that if I had not had an iron constitution it would have gone very hard with me. I am perfectly convalescent, walk about, and go out every evening in a kulkee; the wounds are healing, but it is irritable to have one's arm continually slung up. I should like very much to send the skin to England, but it is very large, and would be difficult to pack up; otherwise, it would make a nice rug.