

POOL DOCUMENT

NOV 20 1934

ST. JOHN SUN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1934.

FIVE

"Pop," "Hobo," "Potay," "Pippin," "New York," Five Winners.

Five separate and distinct Shaped Lasts in Men's Laced and Buttoned Boots. The WATERBURY & RISING "SPECIAL" \$6.00 are produced by the best shoemakers in the United States. The materials comprise Velour or Velvet, Box Calf, Vici Kid and Patent Calf, specially selected. The workmanship is superb and the fitting qualities are just perfect. In a word WATERBURY & RISING "SPECIAL" are the shoes of the day.

Waterbury & Rising,
King Street, Union Street.

You Use Eddy's Pails or Tubs Or Eddy's Fibreware. Use Eddy's Washboards Too.

Ask for 2 on 1, or 8 in 1. Combination Boards—Eddy on clothes.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,
SELLING AGENTS. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bargains in Ladies' and Misses' and Children's Tan Shoes

E. O. PARSONS'
West End.

FLANNELETTE Blankets and Comfortables, **FLANNELETTE** Waists, small figures for Children, **FLANNELETTE** Mill Remnants. Low prices.

A. B. WETMORE'S, 59 Garden Street,

Scholars Requirements!
We are Headquarters for everything required in the Stationery Line by the Scholar for School Opening.

School Books OF ALL KINDS, Pens, Ink, Exercise Books, Tablets, School Bags, Etc.

A Full Assortment.

BARGAINS!

Here are a few snaps in School Books slightly damaged by water:

No.	1 Health Reader	20	140
Canada and Eng. History	30	24	
Hamlin Smith's Geometry	1 to IV	30	35
Grammar	30	24	
McMillan's Progressive French Reader, 2d year	75	60	
McMillan's French Course 2nd year	75	60	
McMillan's French Course Bookkeeping Book	45	35	
School Models	20	15	

A. McARTHUR,
548 Main Street.

The position a Newspaper holds in its own constituency is always apparent in its 'WANT AD.' PAGE. It is now accepted as one of the eternal verities in the world of advertising, that the newspaper which carries the greatest portion of the

ABSOLUTE FACTS!

"Want Ad." Business of its district, is assuredly THE BEST Result gotten in that Section. The ST. JOHN STAR Prints More "Want Ads." than Any Other St. John Paper. It is the Unrivaled and Recognized "Want Ad." Medium of St. John.

COMMERCIAL.

YOUNG MEN ARE IN IT.
Although the young men are making names for themselves in the Canadian banking and financial world, they are doing it in a quieter way than are some of the young men of Wall Street. Every once and awhile some hard-boiled youth down there steps up and takes a spectacular leap.

A young man named White, in Wall Street, had just cleaned up \$200,000 in United Pacific, and the first thing he did was to buy the late John A. McCall's summer home at Long Beach for \$800,000.

When a very young man, an office boy, in fact, White put in a bid for a lot of new U. S. Government bonds. He was allotted \$1,000,000 worth, and turned them over two hours later at a profit of \$100,000.

All the turn cost him was the postage stamp which was stuck on the envelope containing his bid for the bonds.

IOWA'S WONDERFUL CORN CROP.
DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 8.—Iowa's corn crop is estimated at 331,000,000 bushels, according to the secretary of the Iowa Grain Dealers Association, in his final report on the season's crop.

Wells insists that his figures are conservative, and that with a satisfactory yield of more than 400,000,000 bushels. His estimate is an increase of \$400,000,000 bushels over last year's yield. This will be \$3.5 bushels per acre. The percentage reports from all sections of Iowa show that the corn crop is today 24 per cent, better than at this time last year.

Other estimates of Iowa crops are as follows: Oats, 147,000,000 bushels; spring wheat, 5,000,000 bushels; barley, 14,000,000 bushels; rye, 1,500,000 bushels.

PULLMAN CO. EARNINGS.
The earnings of the Pullman Car Co. have been of the sensational order, having doubled since 1929. Here is the record—

Year.	Gross.	Total.
1929.	\$24,785,730	\$10,017,375
1930.	\$32,120,713	14,275,750
1931.	\$29,027,923	10,775,750
1932.	\$17,996,732	7,625,230
1933.	\$15,022,858	4,895,944
1934.	\$11,478,890	5,730,000

From the total surplus of \$28,000,000 estimated for 1934, the company could pay an extra dividend of 20 per cent, and still have more than \$18,000,000 available for working capital.

WALL STREET.
NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—The stock market opened firm. Opening dealings in stocks were active and very large, blocks of some of the speculative favorites changing hands. Prices were higher throughout, but the changes were generally small. Great Northern, showed a gain of 1/2. Atchafalaya, 1 1/2 and Southern Pacific, Texas Pacific and Interborough Metropolitan large fractions. Erie sold at the opening at an advance of 3/4.

RESUMES WORK.
MAHANOY CITY, Pa., Sept. 10.—After being idle since September 1, the thirty-nine colliers of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company and eastern clerks, have resumed operations today.

A LUMBER MIX-UP.
MACON, Ga., Sept. 10.—At a conference held here today, the city yesterday it was declared that the ruling out of short leaf pine lumber in northern and eastern cities has caused millions of feet of lumber to be piled in those cities unsalable even at 10 to 15 per thousand feet under regular prices and that as a consequence at least a thousand mills in Georgia, Alabama and Florida are affected and many of them may close unless there is a reversal of the ruling.

BIG SHIPMENT OF GOLD.
NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—Kuhn & Company, today announced that it had shipped \$10,000,000 in gold eagles in London for import.

The National City Bank today shipped \$5,000,000 in gold eagles, but about \$750,000 of which will come from London. All the remainder comes from Australia.

NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS.
Chicago Market Report and New York Cotton Market.

(Furnished by D. C. Clinch, Banker and Broker.)

St. John, N. B., Sat. 10, 1934.

St. Mon.	Cig. Op'g. Noon.
Amalg. Copper	112 1/2 112 1/2
Anacostia	112 1/2 112 1/2
Am. Sugar Refs.	136 1/2 136 1/2
Am. Smelt. and Rfr.	152 1/2 152 1/2
Am. Can Foundry	40 1/2 40 1/2
Am. Woolen	38 1/2 38 1/2
Atchafalaya	107 1/2 108 1/2
Atchafalaya, pfd.	106 1/2 106 1/2
Brook. Rfd. Trst.	80 1/2 81 1/2
Balt. and Ohio	130 1/2 131 1/2
Ches. and Ohio	64 1/2 64 1/2
Canadian Pacific	177 1/2 177 1/2
Chl. and G. West.	18 1/2 18 1/2
Colo. P. and Iron	57 1/2 57 1/2
Consolidated Gas	140 1/2 140 1/2
Erie, second pfd.	72 1/2 72 1/2
Erie, first pfd.	148 1/2 148 1/2
Inter Boro Met.	39 1/2 39 1/2
Inter Boro Met., pfd.	78 1/2 78 1/2
Mexican Central	20 1/2 20 1/2
Missouri Pacific	97 1/2 97 1/2
Nor. and Western	90 1/2 90 1/2
Nor. and Western, pfd.	145 1/2 145 1/2
North West.	213 1/2 213 1/2
Ont. and Western	51 1/2 51 1/2
Pacific Mail	28 1/2 28 1/2
Peo. C. & G. Co.	89 1/2 89 1/2
Reading	144 1/2 144 1/2
Repub. Steel	41 1/2 41 1/2
St. Louis	78 1/2 78 1/2
St. Paul	142 1/2 142 1/2
Rock Island	27 1/2 27 1/2
Southern Ry.	37 1/2 37 1/2
R. T. S.	17 1/2 17 1/2
Southern Ry. pfd.	91 1/2 91 1/2
Northern Pacific	216 1/2 216 1/2
National Lead	77 1/2 78 1/2
Texaco	78 1/2 78 1/2
Union Pacific	133 1/2 133 1/2
U. S. Rubber	47 1/2 48 1/2
U. S. Steel	47 1/2 47 1/2
U. S. Steel, pfd.	107 1/2 107 1/2
Wabash	20 1/2 20 1/2
Sales in N. Y. Saturday	483,100 shares.

PERSONALS.

W. W. Black, of Amherst, one of the exhibitors at the fair returned home Saturday evening.

A. L. Jones, who has been in St. John during the exhibition returned to Montreal Saturday night.

Miss Hazel Biedermann left Saturday for New Bedford, Mass., to take up nursing at the hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Green, of St. John, N. B., were registered at Badminton, Vancouver, on the 1st.

Mrs. W. L. Harding, son and daughter, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harding, Main street, during the exhibition, will return to their home in Yarmouth today.

Miss Margaret Fowler, of Everett, Mass., who has been visiting Mrs. G. T. Black, Main street, returned to her home in Everett Saturday by the Calvin Austin.

The Misses Doherty, of Dorchester street, left Saturday morning on a trip to Philadelphia.

Senator and Miss Thompson, Frederick, and H. J. Logan, M. P., for Cumberland, registered at the Canadian Hotel, London, Aug. 23.

Ralph Rodgers, of Amherst, who has been visiting the exhibition, returned home Saturday.

Newcastle Leader: Mrs. John Robinson, of St. John, the guest of her son, Charles Robinson, Charlotetown Guardian: Miss Mary Leland has gone to St. John, where she will spend a week with her mother—Rev. F. A. Wightman and son, Carman, left Thursday morning for a holiday trip to St. John and points in Nova Scotia.

Miss Mary Lord left Saturday for Montreal Saturday evening.

Miss Mary Leland, of Peabody (Mass.), who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Walker, has returned to her home in Peabody.

The Misses Maloney, of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. Tierney, Douglas street. They are sisters of Rev. M. Maloney, C. S. R.

Misses Sullivan, of Portland (Me.), who have been visiting Miss Leland, in Union street, returned home Saturday evening after a pleasant stay here.

Frank B. Ellis, of St. John, and Mrs. Ellis, went to Montreal on Saturday evening for a visit to their home.

Miss Hannah Leahy left on the steamer Calvin Austin Saturday evening on a visit to her home in Cambridge (Mass.).

Joseph L. Mullaly, of the customs long room, left by steamer Cal Austin Saturday night for Boston and New York on a holiday trip.

Mrs. Harry I. Bridges is recovering from a serious illness at her summer home, Westfield Beach.

Miss Nanno Moran, of Somerville, Mass., left for home by steamer Calvin Austin Saturday evening after a visit of some months to Miss Marie McArthur, 211 St. John street.

Mrs. R. E. Taylor (nee Bell) will receive her friends Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at her home, 11 Main street.

Mr. Cecil Ruffee, who has been visiting Mrs. Ruffee, of Kitchener street, left this morning for his home in Bridgetown, N. S.

Mrs. Norman Ramsey, of Bridgetown, N. S., who has been visiting Mrs. J. N. Golding, Waterloo street, for a week, returned to her home by today's train.

Alderman and Mrs. Sproul wish to announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Kathleen J. Sproul, to Walter H. Irving, which will take place in a few days.

Mrs. C. W. Ballie will be at home to her friends Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and Thursday evening of this week at 22 Queen street.

Miss Grace Wood is ill at her home, Elliott row.

LONG DISTANCE SWIMMING RACE OFF NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—Twenty-eight contestants finished in the long distance endurance swimming race of the New York Athletic Club, from Travers Island to Huckleberry Island yesterday. The course in a straight line is 1.4 miles, but the swimming distance is about two miles. "Bud" Goodwin finished first in 46 min. 45 sec.

His business is to recommend his goods and to put his advertisement of them in the most alluring and convincing form that occurs to him—N. Y. Sun.

A concern and its advertising cannot be separated any more than a man can be separated from his back.

NEW YORK COTTON MARKET.

Sat. Mon. Cig. Op'g. Noon.

Sept. Corn.	46 1/2 46 1/2	46 1/2 46 1/2
wheat.	69 1/2 69 1/2	69 1/2 69 1/2
oats.	30 1/2 30 1/2	30 1/2 30 1/2
pot.	16 1/2 16 1/2	16 1/2 16 1/2
Dec. corn.	41 1/2 41 1/2	41 1/2 41 1/2
wheat.	71 1/2 71 1/2	71 1/2 71 1/2
oats.	30 1/2 30 1/2	30 1/2 30 1/2
May wheat.	76 1/2 76 1/2	76 1/2 76 1/2

MONTREAL QUOTATIONS.

Sat. Mon. Cig. Op'g. Noon.

Dom. Iron and Steel <td>28 1/2 28 1/2</td> <td>28 1/2 28 1/2</td>	28 1/2 28 1/2	28 1/2 28 1/2
Twin City	115 1/2 115 1/2	115 1/2 115 1/2
Montreal Power	94 1/2 94 1/2	94 1/2 94 1/2
Ill. Trac. P. M.	34 1/2 34 1/2	34 1/2 34 1/2
Havana Electric	84 1/2 84 1/2	84 1/2 84 1/2

CHICAGO MARKET REPORT.

Sat. Mon. Cig. Op'g. Noon.

October.	84 1/2 84 1/2	84 1/2 84 1/2
December.	90 1/2 90 1/2	90 1/2 90 1/2
January.	91 1/2 91 1/2	91 1/2 91 1/2
March.	92 1/2 92 1/2	92 1/2 92 1/2

AN EVENTFUL TIGER HUNT.

By A. EVANS GORDON

Illustrated by J. L. Wimbush.

It has fallen to the lot of few big game sportsmen to get such an intense acquaintance with the ways of tigers as the writer of this paper, Lt. Colonel A. Evans Gordon, of the British Army, who enjoyed during a period of thirty years almost uninterrupted residence in, or near, the jungles of India. During that period Colonel Gordon was in the death of no fewer than one hundred and fifty tigers—the hundred-and-fiftieth, curiously enough, being not only the biggest of all that had fallen to his rifle, but constituting, as is known, a record for India. This monarch measured 15 ft. 7 in. as he lay, and was shot near Jalapagar, in Bengal—Editor Pearson's.

About five o'clock one July morning I was awakened by my bearer holding a dirty little note close to my face. It was from my friend the collector, who lived nearby, asking me to go with him to shoot a tiger that was reported to have been killing and mauling a number of people in a village about nine miles away. This was a most astonishing piece of intelligence, though none the less welcome and exciting, because, so far as we were aware, the nearest tiger was probably twenty miles off. Under the circumstances it took a very short time to get into my things, out of my house, on my horse gun in hand, and to join my friend.

Off we started at a gallop. When about a mile and a half on our road we began to meet a succession of improvised litters, on which lay certain of the victims of the mysterious tiger being conveyed to the station hospital. Presently we met the district police officer, who was leading a party of foot, looking rather pale and begrimed with mud. He had been trying to shoot the tiger—an effort worthy of the reputation for pluck which he had earned. Having so failed, he was going back for more cartridges.

My friend, one of the exclusive class of sportsmen, wanted to get that tiger himself—and being the police officer he had had the advantage of the earliest information. We told him we were not going to do that, and he was to be turned back with us, and we all three arrived at the village together.

The whole village—men, women and children—we found assembled in the vicinity of a large field of ripening corn. The roofs of the huts were covered with people, and every one strove for the privilege of pointing out where the tiger was. His whereabouts was not known, but he was said to be in the green and waving rice in the very center of the field.

The tiger had probably wandered along the course of some dry brook during the night and emerged in the early morning to find himself in the center of this village.

His first act was to strike down a helpless old woman picking up sticks. His next assault was made on a man who came to her assistance, and after this he killed or hurt several more people. He seemed to be lunge, becoming thoroughly alarmed, took refuge, as far as possible would allow on the tops of the houses and in such trees as were there.

The rice was growing in low, swampy ground, and on the edge of a bank some four or five feet above the heads of the stalks. We proposed to the villagers that we should stand on this bank while they drove the tiger from the opposite side of the field in our direction. This proposal was met by a decided negative.

We then asked them what they would propose, and they said: "We have had quite enough of this tiger; your honors must go into the rice and shoot him." To this we agreed, not because we thought it the best plan, but because it seemed to be the only one.

We formed line about ten paces apart and marched toward the tiger, forcing our way, as well as we could, through the thick crop and up to our ankles in mud and slush. At this time I was on the right of the three, and when we had come to within about fifteen yards of the ominous depression, I caught the hint of a tawny head and ear through the tops of the rice.

I stopped and signalled to the others with my left hand; but their gaze was so firmly fixed upon the spot in front that they were lost upon my signal. I had a double sixteen-bore Rigby rifle, a horrible weapon viewed by present standards, but in those days I thought myself a great swell in possessing it. The trajectory of this gun was something like that of a siege train howitzer.

A howitzer trajectory is not exactly desirable in big-game shooting, and, although I was only fifteen yards from the tiger, I knew that I ought to take a very fine sight. Failing to attract the attention of my friends, and having a yellow and black target about the size of one's hand to aim at, I took as steady an aim as my palpitating arteries would let me—and pulled my right barrel.

The explosion was greeted by a roar which did not tend to steady one's nerves or to lessen the palpitations, but we had the satisfaction of seeing the tiger, he jumped right into the air, much as a child jumps up to see over a wall; he disappeared again, however, and with such a flop that my next-door companion—who, being the most experienced of the three, was acting as captain—sang out, "I think you've killed him."

Upon which, with youthful indiscretion and without reloading my right barrel, I was about to plunge forward upon the fallen foe.

My experienced friend, however, who had been twice previously mauled himself, stopped me short with the words "Steady, hold on! I pulled bow to his stroke in our station box). We then advanced more cautiously than before, and after proceeding only a few paces, I again saw almost exactly the same part of the head and ear as I had seen before. Again I gestured violently, but again without effect: again I drew a palpitating bead on the yellow patch of fur, and again I pulled the trigger.

On this occasion the tiger, after giving another similar roar, bounded through the rice, carefully away from us instead of toward us; but this was a doubtful blessing after all, for he only postponed his evil intentions, apparently to draw us into a further trap.

Having cleared the rice, he reached a little pond, at the other side of which was a very small thicket, or copse, of bracken and bushes, with one solitary tree overhanging the water. The tiger made a fine spring, evidently with the intention of landing in the tree; but he jumped short, and no wonder, with two fifty bullet wounds in his head, and fell into the water. We were thoroughly glad to be rid of the vice, and further overjoyed to see him fall into the water, as we thought, dead.

When we reached the pond, however, we found the water very shallow, and, to our disgust, no tiger in it. The villagers shouted the information that he had gone into the patch of jungle beyond. This he must have done under cover of the splash.

We then had a short council of war, which ended in our entering the patch of jungle in line, but much closer to one another than we were in the rice. This was, however, a more ticklish job than before, as it was difficult to force our way through the jungle, and at the same time to be ready for an instant's charge, which it was a hundred to one we should now receive. I kept a finger on each trigger and my rifle at the ready, determined to pull without aiming, on the slightest provocation in front.

Thus we passed on through the cover, which extended only a few yards, and emerged into a plowed field on the other side. "Where's the tiger?" came simultaneously from us all. The natives shouted the answer: "Bagh jungle men hai, sabhi." "The tiger is still in the cover, gentlemen."

This was evidently true, so after another hurried consultation we proceeded to march through the thicket a second time—all wondering how we could possibly have come through so small a place without seeing the tiger, but cheered by the hope that he was dead. This hope was doomed to be utterly disappointed a minute later.

We had scarcely entered the jungle when a tremendous roar greeted us, followed by a lightning charge upon the unfortunate police officer. He was the left of the three this time, and I was in the center, immediately before the tiger "roared" I heard him say: "Here he is!" and simultaneously with the roar, the tiger, however, for the brute was upon him in an instant. With an exclamation of despair our unfortunate friend hurled his gun at the advancing beast, and in attempting to run backward, tripping over his own feet, he fell headlong upon him, as I thought, by the left side of the head. Fortunately he was biting him from behind, and he was not hurt. He must have missed the tiger, however, for the brute was upon him in an instant. With an exclamation of despair our unfortunate friend hurled his gun at the advancing beast, and in attempting to run backward, tripping over his own feet, he fell headlong upon him, as I thought, by the left side of the head. Fortunately he was biting him from behind, and he was not hurt. He must have missed the tiger, however, for the brute was upon him in an instant.

With a fierce growl at each of us, his eyes gleaming green, his ears lying back, his teeth and gums dripping with blood, he formed a most appalling spectacle, especially when he was within a few yards of us. We were held there, fascinated as it were, by his horrible visage glancing at us under the firm impression that he was about to face him, for our blood was up, too.

Eventually he darted at my friend, who stood up to him with unflinching pluck, dashing his rifle, which he held in his right hand, full in the tiger's face; the tiger's jaws closed upon his hand with a snap so strong that the tang, passing through the hand, buried itself deep in the small of the ribs. Over they went together, rolling, fighting and struggling, while I was trembling with the expectation that at any moment those horrible pin-fire cartridges into the breach. Having got one in at last, I ran up close to try and pick out of the struggling mass a piece of something which was not my friend.

I had hardly succeeded, the tiger heaved up, and sprang at me with such determination that I had only just time to avoid the whole weight of his body by jumping to one side, but in passing he struck out at me, passing his hand over my head, and sending me almost the worst cropper I ever had. There I lay on my face in the sand, time to avoid the whole weight of his body by jumping to one side, but in passing he struck out at me, passing his hand over my head, and sending me almost the worst cropper I ever had. There I lay on my face in the sand, time to avoid the whole weight of his body by jumping to one side, but in passing he struck out at me, passing his hand over my head, and sending me almost the worst cropper I ever had.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.

Autumn Excursions.

Effective Sept. 10 to Oct. 12 inclusive.

St. John to Portland and return \$5.50. St. John to Boston and return \$6.00. Good to return within 30 days from date of sale.

Steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m. direct for Boston.

Direct service continues to Sept. 29 inclusive.

RETURNING From Boston, via Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Boston direct Mondays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

ARE YOU TIRED OF PAYING BLUNDER TAXES?

Many a business man pays as much money for the luxury of blundering as a steam yacht or private touring car would cost.

"Blunder Taxes" cannot be evaded—whatever else waits, these must be paid. If a business man gets into the habit of making the same blunders more than once, the taxes will soon amount to confiscation.

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