

open space, well known to us all, a little way into the jungle—it was agreed that O'Flaherty and his second should go on an hour or two in advance, taking their rifles with them, in order to pass the time with any sport that might fall in their way, and that I, with my principal and the surgeon, should follow at the stated time. All of which happened as arranged. The respondent and Doolan departed early in the afternoon, designing to lunch at the rendezvous; and shortly before six the appellant, Hale, and I followed, drove to the outskirts of the jungle, there left our carriage, and strolled through the trees to the place. "Here we are," said Hale; "true to our time; but I don't see our friends." Euphemism for enemies.

"They've been here very lately," said O'Dowd, pointing to the relics of a luncheon scattered about on the grass; "and, faith, they've made mighty free with the eatables."

"The end of a feast, most decidedly," said Hale; so we are quite ready for the beginning of a fray."

"They'll make their appearance in a minute or two, no doubt," I said. "They're having a shot at something in the jungle, perhaps."

"The crack of a rifle a short distance off seemed to confirm my words.

"They might have taken both rifles with them, then, I'm thinking," exclaimed O'Dowd, picking up O'Flaherty's which lay on the grass.

"We were standing about, O'Dowd examining the rifle, which was loaded, and Hale the pale ale bottles, which were all discharged, when we were surprised by seeing Doolan running towards us with every appearance of extreme terror.

"What's the matter?" we all shouted.

"Here!" he cried. "Come here. Bring the rifle. O'Flaherty's been carried off by a tiger!"

"Now, Morley," said O'Dowd, "you've got your wish at last. Come along!"

"And we all set off running towards Doolan, who stopped, and was loading his rifle.

"Did ye hit him, Phil? did ye him?" said O'Dowd, when we reached the lieutenant.

"Hit him, is it?" said Doolan. "No faith! I daredn't try. I fired, in hopes of frightening him. Come along! He jumped on us from behind, as we were sitting on the bank there, caught poor Tim by the shoulder, and trundled off with him, never saying a word, as if six feet two were nothing to spake of at all. Come along! We were hurrying after him all the while. "I jumped up, picked up the rifle: 'Stop; ye thief!' I called out, 'or I'll shoot you!' He gave a wag with his tail, the baste, as much as to say, 'Shoot away; ye daren't hit me for fear of killing Tim; and begorra, I'll make myself safe enough for the matter of that.' And at the word the cratur chucked poor Tim on to his back, as a fox does with a goose, and away he went again—come along! safer than ever, for I could see more of O'Flaherty now than I could of him, bad luck to him! and wished I'd shot at first. I daredn't touch the trigger for the life of me, now, you understand; so I followed till he stopped, after a bit, and lay down with Tim before him, and then I shot, not at him, for fear of killing Tim, but in the hope of frightening the brute. But sorra a bit did it frighten him; it only made him gnash his teeth, and Tim was between 'em, ye'll recollect. So then I ran back for the other rifle, and met you, and—and have a care now, we can't be far off him, unless he's clopoped with Tim again, which the saints for-

bid, for it's a mighty unpleasant way of travelling."

"He had not clopoped with Tim. He was still lying where Doolan had left him, with his mouth so close to poor O'Flaherty's ear, that he looked as if he were whispering into it. What was to be done? The very thought of firing into him across O'Flaherty made my hand shake. We all stood still for a moment or two, staring at the tiger and his victim.

"Now then, who's going to shoot?" said Doolan. "Somebody must, or faith poor Tim will be minced veal before he knows where he is. But I'll be hanged if it's me that's going to do it. You're the best shot, Dennis."

"Shoot, O'Dowd," said I. "I daren't, for the life of me."

"Faith it's a risky shot for certain," said O'Dowd; "but if we stand here and do nothing, there'll be no chance for him at all. Now, hark ye, gentlemen," he said, throwing up his head and looking, tubercle or not, a thoroughly fine fellow, "you all know, I'm sure, and though I was anxious enough to shoot O'Flaherty standing opposite me at twelve paces, I'd be the last man in the world to take advantage of him now. All right—all right. There, that's enough! Upon me sowl, then, I never thought other wise for a moment. Look here, now. Give Morley your rifle, Phil, and you and Hale stand a trifle back. Now Morley, my boy, I'm going to creep in a thought nearer. Keep you just behind me. I'll blaze away at him first; and I shall hit him, don't be afraid for that. If he springs right at us, cover him well and let fly. If he only jumps up, hand me your rifle, and I'll bang at him again. D'ye understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"Follow me, then."

"O'Dowd stepped gently towards the tiger, and I followed his steps closely. When we were within a dozen yards of the animal, the tiger dropped O'Flaherty's arm, which it had in its mouth, and lifted its head. O'Dowd sank on to his knee instantly, looked along his barrel for one second, and fired. With the most awful yell I ever heard the tiger sprang up, gave one bound towards us, and then, before I'd time to mark him properly, rolled over on the long grass.

"Twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, I'll bet a hundred," said O'Dowd, quietly.

"I handed him the loaded rifle, and we all, except Doolan, who dashed recklessly over to O'Flaherty, walked cautiously towards the fallen tiger. The bullet had passed through his eye into his brain, and he was as dead as his greatest grandfather.

"Dead as a herring!" I cried.

"Begad, and so he is," said Doolan, who was bending over O'Flaherty; "and so he is. Come here, Hale, can't you. Bad luck to ye! you're a pretty doctor to stand staring at a tiger when there's a dead Christian in want of your assistance five yards off. Come here, can't you!"

"We all ran at once to O'Flaherty.

"Oh, Tim, Tim," whined Doolan, "what-over injured you to go and die in a hurry like this?"

"Die!" said Hale, sharply; "what the dickens are you talking about dying for? The man's not dead. Not a bit of it. His left arm's broken, certainly broken in two places; and he's nicely contused all over. I'll stake my reputation; pretty well frightened, no doubt; I confess I am, without so much cause; but dead! Bless my soul, sir, will you have the goodness to allow him a breath of air?"

"The breath of air was allowed him. In a very short time he recovered consciousness; requested to know in a strong Irish accent whereabouts he was; betrayed by a few words that he was under the impression that he had lost his way in returning from a heavy dinner, and had gone to sleep by the road side. Then recovered his senses completely; listened to the whole history, while Hale tied his arm as well as it could be done; and finally, with much assistance, rose to his feet.

"Well, gentleman," said I, cheerfully, "I suppose we may return at once, for the business which we came about will scarcely be proceeded with now, I apprehend."

"I decidedly forbid Mr. O'Flaherty's proceeding with that matter to-day," said Hale, sulkily, laying strong emphasis upon the last word.

"Faith, Hale," said O'Flaherty, "ye may even forbid it altogether. I should be a more insensible brute than that tiger there if I could not apologize now without feeling any humiliation in doing so. Give us your hand, Dennis, and receive my apologies. I was serewed when I met you the other night, and—"

"You shan't say another word, Tim," said O'Dowd; "if you do, I'll never spake to ye again. Come along; let's go at once. We'll send the servants for the beast yonder."

"We all returned in high spirits; and that was the first and last duel I ever had a hand in."

"By Jove! that was a fine shot of O'Dowd's," said Galton, "and, all the circumstances considered, must have been immensely satisfactory to himself. Yours is the only affair of kind, Morley, that I ever heard of, in which either of the principals obtained any real satisfaction."

"If O'Dowd was as good a hand at a pistol as at a rifle, O'Flaherty's chance would have been a very poor one," said Dormer.

"Well, the tiger was the real peacemaker after all," said Bingham, "and yet he had to suffer for it. There's a want of classical *Justico* about that part of the story."

"Nay," said Morley, "on the contrary, it is quite correct and classical. Amongst the ancients, you know, when two enemies were reconciled, they sacrificed a beast upon the occasion."

A RIDE IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

But few of the Americans who visit Paris know of the opportunity which may be offered them to visit the very extensive sewerage of Paris, and examine its system. Receiving cards of invitation we stationed ourselves near the tower of St. Jacques, at an iron trap-door, and the party were soon called upon to descend. Not knowing of the *modus operandi* or getting into these dark regions below, we all felt as if we were going to "take a leap in the dark," but what was our surprise to find elegantly fitted up carriages or cars, lighted by four large globe lamps on each corner! These cars contain twelve persons each, and there were five of them, making sixty persons, which is the limit of the number invited at one time. Of course our ride was limited to the large tunnel or main sewer, which was about twenty feet high and fifteen feet wide. The cars run on a six-foot gauge track, and are pushed on a down grade by two men for each car.