

jungle. The fishers sat in a row about ten paces apart on the former bank; each had a loaded gun by his side as a precaution against unwelcome intruders. Now, our friend, who happened to be situated at one extremity of the row of fishers, had been negotiating very little business for some time, when, feeling tired of holding his rod, he very naturally laid it down by his side for a moment to have a pull at his hookah as a consolation for his ill-luck. While engaged in this operation he heard a swish, and, turning round, beheld his rod scudding along the surface of the water like a racing-yacht. Evidently it was a forty-pounder that had got hold of the other end of the line! Such a catch was worth a little exertion; so he plunged into the water and struck out for the rod. He came up with it almost at the other side of the river, but at that instant a terrific roar was heard, a tiger leapt on the swimmer from the neighbouring bush, and was off with him before startled companions could raise a finger on his behalf.

The shikari was a little stunned by the tiger's on-slaught; he recovered consciousness, however, in a few minutes, when he found himself lying on the tiger's back and a full sail towards the heart of the jungle. Fortunately, he was not seriously hurt, as the tiger had gripped him by the arm just above the elbow. There he lay quite helpless; what was he to do? Any movement on his part might have made his condition far worse; so he lay perfectly quiet, and shut his eyes as if he were dead. Perhaps he meditated on the happy home he had left behind—what his wife and children would feel when his comrades broke the news. Soon, however, the tiger arrived at his den, which was no more than a hollow scooped in the sand at foot of a large tree. There the tiger deposited him and covered him over loosely with some sand. Luckily for him his face was uppermost when he fell, otherwise he would have had no other alternative between death by suffocation and death from the tiger if he had dared to move. As it was, he could manage to breathe gently, and even to have an occasional glimpse under his eyelids. After this operation of partial burial, the tiger ran ahead a few yards, but returned instantly as if he had some misgivings in his mind. Seeing, however, all safe, he bounded forth, but again returned to make assurance doubly sure. He kept up this method of self-persuasion for a few times, till, feeling quite certain about the matter, he finally went away on his mission. After waiting a few minutes

to see that the tiger had really gone, our shikari sprang up and climbed the tree just over the den, and hid himself well among the leaves. He had not long to wait for the *dénouement*, for the tiger soon returned, accompanied by a tigress and a couple of cubs (like a generous and exemplary husband and father, the tiger evidently scorned to eat on the sly). They came along with many a joyful cat-like gambol in anticipation of the great feast, and found the den—empty! Such a lamentation over the lost dinner then arose as was never heard before in the whole animal kingdom; in fact, the tigers persisted so long in their piteous cries, that our shikari began to have some doubts as to the righteousness of defrauding the poor creatures of their hard-earned wages; but he was prevented from offering himself to them in a moment of misguided magnanimity by the thought of his own wife and children, whose claim upon him was obviously higher. At any rate, he stuck in the tree all night, as it was too risky to venture out in the ensuing darkness; then next morning, when the coast was clear, he fled home to tell these undoubted facts.

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*Opportunity.*—JOHN D. UNDERWOOD..BOSTON TRANSCRIPT,

Monarch of every human being, I.

Destiny shapes itself beneath my hand.

I rule ambitions lofty as the sky;

I pave the way for crime's debasing brand.

I'm king of battles and I'm god of love—

I govern all below and all above.

And once I come to every one of ye—

That hour your hope is lost or fortune's made.

Act bravely, promptly, for the way is free;

And woe to him who hesitates, afraid!

I hold in one hand, honor, love, and place;

And in the other want, hate and disgrace;

So, when I come, then may your eyes see plain,

For slighted once, I never come again.

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BARBAROUS.—A clergyman was being shaved by a barber, who had evidently become unnerved by the previous night's dissipation. Finally he cut the clergyman's chin. The latter looked up at the artist reproachfully, and said:

"You see, my man, what comes of hard drinking."

"Yes, sir," replied the barber, consolingly, "it makes the skin tender."