

have been in what are considered warmer parts of India since, but never have I experienced heat like that which prevailed that night. My baby sister lay in her little cot by my bedside, and her regular breathing soon made me feel drowsy. The fragrance of the roses seemed to fill the air, bearing a train of pleasant memories, and visions, happy visions, of the dear home-folks away in England floated before me till I was almost asleep.

Suddenly, a big gadal (black bat) landed on my mosquito net. I started, and sat up in bed shaking all over. When I discovered the cause of alarm I felt foolish. Black bats were quite common, but my nervousness at seeing them was most uncommon.

I lay back on my pillow again and listened to the eerie noises of the jackals holding festival in the jungle, and the occasional screeches of wild birds. I lay awake until it was quite dark—the peculiar darkness of an Indian night. All was still, save for the low, steady snoring of Bara, the ayah, whose dusky form I could make out lying on a mat just beyond my dressing-room door. Through the muslin curtains of the sitting-room doorway I saw Bruno, the mastiff, fast asleep, and his presence there gave me a feeling of security.

But, hark! what was that noise?—a crashing in the shrubbery, then a soft, gliding movement among the bushes below the veranda. I was thoroughly awake now, and listening intently. The sound ceased as suddenly as it came, and then after a short interval was heard again. It seemed to me now like the tread of some heavy animal. Could any of the bullocks have broken loose? No, that was not likely.

I waited, and in a minute heard a terrific thud on the sitting-room veranda, which seemed to shake the whole house. The animal, whatever it was, was evidently bent on mischief. The shattering and splintering of glass and the rending of curtains next proclaimed that the beast had entered the room. I sprang from my bed and peered through the curtains. Bruno also had leaped up, but only to meet his doom.

What met my gaze fairly stupefied me with horror. There crouched a tiger of immense size! In his blazing eyes was a gleam of what seemed to me insanity. His magnificently colored body was motionless, and his tail moved restlessly to and fro with an almost fascinating regularity. He gave a growl of satisfaction, and springing forward, had in a moment crushed poor Bruno's skull beneath his deadly paw. Seizing the mastiff by the back he shook him as a cat shakes a mouse, then with his claws slit up the neck and drained the blood. The tiger then carried him to the centre of the room, and lying down, commenced slowly to devour him. I heard the crunching of the bones and the smacking of those terrible lips, and I turned away with horror and nausea.

I nearly fainted; but one glance of the little crib fortified and nerved me. I must, if possible, try and save myself for the sake of my brother and dear home-folks, and not only myself, but also my helpless baby sister and the retinue of faithful servants.

What was to be done? If the servants were called and informed of the situation, a panic would ensue, the beast would be roused, and death would be the certain and speedy fate of at least some of us.

There was only one thing to do, and that I must do alone. In a drawer of my brother's dressing table lay a loaded revolver. If I could but get that, and use it rightly! I knew nothing of firearms, but I had an idea that revolvers could only be used when near the object aimed at. I shuddered. Could I approach that awful beast? I clenched my teeth and softly crossed the room. I was cold now, cold as the beautifully plated revolver which I drew from the drawer.

Nerving myself I crossed the room, passed through the curtained doorway, and in a moment stood behind the monarch of the jungle, who was now standing finishing the horrid remains of the first course of his feast. What would the second course be? He was evidently an old animal and rather deaf, or he must have heard my movements, quiet though they were. Now or never!

I levelled the revolver, took aim, and fired at the back of his head. With a roar like thunder he turned and prepared to spring. I fired another shot, which must have entered his neck; then another hurried one, which seemed to penetrate farther down. When the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over, writhing in his death agony, and staining the white palm-mat with his blood. I stepped on one side and fired again—this time behind the ear. A slight tremor passed over his limbs, and then all was still. Burra Bagh, the man-eater, was dead and his victims avenged. I had accomplished unwittingly what my brother had failed to do. These thoughts passed through my mind, and then I seemed to fade away.

I remembered no more till I awoke in the centre of an excited group at Rhana-ghat, whither the kindly natives had carried me, all those twenty miles.

When I returned home, a month later, I was met by a band of villagers, headed by Chadda, who, in the name of the people, presented me with the skin of Burra Bagh, which they had carefully cured for me, and, underneath the veranda, they stood and sang, in their quaint style:

Burra Bagh is dead, sing O Korinda tree:  
No more will Burra Bagh sleep underneath thee,

Bring forth blossoms, put them on white woman's head,

She killed man-eater: Burra Bagh is dead.

### Better Than Scolding.

I was visiting a school in one of the outside villages of Utah, a school taught by an Eastern girl. There were nearly 100 pupils. At the stroke of the desk-bell at opening one child recited some devotional verses, and the whole school repeated them in concert. Then one child recited 'the new verse for the week,' and all repeated. As they took their books for study they all recited the verse upon diligence in business. At the calling of the recitation they recited the verse upon striving lawfully.

At recess I was talking with the teacher and her assistant indoors, when some disturbance without caught the teacher's ear, and, stepping to the open window, she said, 'Who has a good verse for such an hour?' and as with one voice came the reply, 'He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city, and quiet reigned at once.'

I asked the teacher how she found time for having so much memorizing, for I had discovered that the pupils knew many

whole poems and no end of 'character truths.'

'Why,' she replied, 'I only take the time I used to spend in scolding in the East. I have not scolded once in two years. When anything goes wrong, I think of some verse or motto or selection that is worth memorizing. It is often appropriate, but if not, that makes no difference, and I say, "Now is a good time for some memory work," and we all work at it till I feel better and they are diverted.'—Journal of Education.

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