

terrified on waking. Shortly all was silent again, and it was not till the next day, when some men happened to be passing, that his fellow workman mustered up courage enough to search for his body, which they found and buried. The tiger had only eaten a leg. Shortly afterwards I happened to be passing, and found the camp deserted, not a human being near. I saw where the struggle had taken place, how the sticks of the bench the man had clung to were scattered about, and the spot on which he had fallen to the ground where the last effort he made for life had ended.

My occupation kept me constantly travelling from one place to another in the district infested by this man-eater; and one evening, as I was journeying along a small path in the jungle, accompanied by my camp followers, I delayed talking to some men I met on the way, and, as it was getting late I sent my coolie bearers on ahead to a camp some four miles distant, as they had loads and could only travel slowly, I myself intending to catch them up after I had finished my conversation. I tarried somewhat longer than I had intended, and started, putting my best leg forward to reach camp before dark. I had not gone far before I smelt an odour I knew well, and on looking down on to the path at a spot where the ground was soft and damp, I descried what I had expected, the pugs of a tiger. I then realised that the man-eater had been following my coolie bearers, and was between me and camp.

It was getting dusk, I was quite alone, and my first inclinations were to turn back; but such a thought was gone in an instant, my pride revolting at the idea, so I continued on my way. Although living and traveling constantly in the jungle, I never carry firearms. In a hot climate and on a long walk, the weight of a revolver feels an incumbrance, and I solace myself with the idea that if you see a tiger he will probably slink away, and if he gets hold of you it is usually a sudden, painless ending. I, however, always carry a knife about 15 in; long, useful for cutting my way through the thicket when it is too dense to allow of progress by any other method; this I drew and carried in my hand, pursuing my way even faster than I did before, walking with as much noise as I could make with my boots, keeping my eyes alive, scanning each side of the road as I passed along. It is a peculiar sensation to be all alone, almost unarmed, and never to know as each bush is passed on the journey whether you will reach another.

It was getting dusk, and I constantly smelt the tiger and saw its footprints as I went along. In front of me was a tree that had fallen across the path, the way round which you could only get by going slowly through the thicket; a process I was much disinclined for, and the alternative was to jump on to the tree, which was about 4ft. high, and to jump off it on the other side. This I did, making as much noise as possible, and coming down with a thud. Fortunate it was I did so, for twenty yards away I heard the tiger rush off with a bound, and the bushes rustle as it went away. The tigerish smell ceased, and I no longer saw its footprints. I reached camp just as it was getting dark, and kept my adventure to myself, as it was no use frightening my men, who had no

knowledge that for over a mile they had been tracked by the man-eater they so dreaded.

Two Chinamen were working in the jungle, when, about ten o'clock in the morning, without any warning, one of them was suddenly seized by this tiger; his companion courageously went to his assistance, whereupon the tiger let go of his prey, killed the other man, and carried him away. The first man survived, though badly mauled.

Accompanied by five friends, I started for a twelve-mile drive to a neighbouring village, and along a portion of the road we had to traverse this man-eater used to be constantly seen. After accomplishing some miles of our journey we met a number of natives waiting at a small shop on the roadside, who said they were afraid to proceed further, as the tiger had been seen a short while ago.

Amongst my friends was a new arrival from England, who was driving with me; the others of the party were driving in two other traps. He was a keen sportsman, eager to get his first shot at a tiger, and had brought his rifle with him, so we left our trap to come on behind us. As we were starting on our walk I recognised a cooly, one of my workmen who had been employed by me, unsuccessfully, making traps baited with goat for the tiger; he was carrying a muzzle-loading gun, which I took from him, asking if it was loaded and received a hesitating reply in the affirmative. He mentioned it had rained much the night before, that the gun had got wet, but assured me he had drawn the charge, dried the gun and reloaded it. We walked past the place where we had been told the tiger had been seen, and seeing nothing, got again into our trap and drove on. About one mile further on we met a bullock cart coming from the opposite direction, whose driver was in a great state of nervousness, and who informed us that about half a mile further down the road he had driven off a tiger, which had come out of the forest which lined each side of the road, and attacked his cart. He told me the path the tiger had gone up, and as every track and path for miles round was well-known to me, I had no difficulty in following his directions.

We all stopped our traps just before we got to the path, up which I and my friend cautiously proceeded for a distance of about ten yards. I was slightly in advance, and suddenly my attention was attracted close by to a colour that to my eyesight appeared not quite in unison with the jungle foliage. On looking attentively, I saw a full face of a tiger waiting in a crouching attitude behind a thicket, at a distance (which we measured afterwards) of 14½ ft. from where I was standing. He remained unmoved quietly watching me, just like some picture, so still did he stay. I looked him straight in the face, his eyes never blinked; raised my gun slowly to my shoulder, took deliberate aim between his eyes, and fired. The gun went off with a puff as if it had scarcely any powder in it, and the tiger sprang away tearing through the bushes.

I was much mortified, as it never occurred to me at the time that I should not have secured my prize; on going to the spot where the tiger had been crouching, we saw some blood, and further in the thicket, where he landed from the first spring, there were signs of more blood. I followed a little further,