

always the same with a tiger—he would carefully stalk even a chicken.

I hardly know what happened; perhaps my nerves, grown irrepressible, twitched a foot, but at the side of our cover there was a rip-p of the branches, a hoarse, gasping bark, and we both laughed out of sheer relief of the strain.

Our stealthy tiger was poor, foolish little Barking Deer, coming, out of tribal curiosity, to see why the goat bleated. For me the ribbed-faced horned one had held the terror of a nine-foot man-eater.

We waited all night, but in vain, for the coming of Stripes. And in the morning the villagers declared that *Bagh* had been at their cattle corral. Their profuse oriental story bore testimony to the fact that seven tigers of the size of elephants had come and sought to devour all their cattle; and one, the leader, was guided by a fierce-looking spirit.

But Lah Boh, the sane one, said that perhaps no tiger had come at all; it might have been jackals, or a hyena, that set the *pariahs* barking.

However, we started to build a *machan* in a spreading tree; but at noon word came that *Bagh* had killed at Tharetprin.

"We must go to Tharetprin at once," Dan said.

But Lah Boh consulted the mental timetable he had compiled of the cattle killer's movements, and said: "*Bagh* will pass my village, Myoboung, in two days, or in three days. We will go there to meet him."

It seemed reasonable. It was certainly better to be all prepared with a kill waiting for the hungry tiger, than to be following him up.

At Myoboung we built a *machan* in a tamarind, and again Lah Boh was possessed of unlooked-for wisdom.

"Tie up under the *machan*, sahibs," he said, "and rest in happiness here in the village. The spirit that is with *Bagh* will think that the villagers have made a peace offering to the jungle king, and he will take the kill. Then when we know he is here, we will tie up another *goru* (bullock) and this time we will slay *Bagh* from the *machan*."

We were given an empty *zyat* (priests' rest house) to sleep in. Our *machan* was a short distance in the jungle.

The first night nothing happened; the second, we were awakened from sleep by the sound of a fierce chase circling about our bungalow.

A lantern hung on the veranda, and on the outer edge of its radiance we dimly made out two huge animals tearing through the jungle growth. Twice they circled the *zyat*, and I could hear the pounding hoofs of the bullock and the sucking breath of some animal in chase.

We hastily grasped our rifles and rushed out; but the disturbers of our rest swept on down through the paddy fields at a terrific pace, and into the jungle beyond.

In the morning our tied-up bullock was gone, the rope broken, and his hoof tracks, followed by the pugs of a huge tiger, led to our *zyat*, and then away from it.

Lah Boh read the riddle that was easy of solution.

Because of fear *goru* broke the rope that was not a new one, then he passed swiftly to the sahib's light, thinking that *Bagh* would be afraid of the men people.

With Lah Boh and some villagers we followed the pugs, and came to the spot where tiger had made his kill. From there the bullock had been dragged a hundred yards into a little *nullah* (ravine) lined by myriad growing bamboos.

The bullock's neck was broken, and the hind quarters gone.

"They will come back to-night for the rib roast," Dan said; "we will sit in a tree over the drag, and polish off Huzoor Stripes."

"This *Bagh* is not like other *Baghs*," Lah Boh declared; "because of the spirit that guides him, he will not come again to the drag, for he will know that the sahibs have been here because of the man scent. Also, if there is chance of a new kill of *goru*, he will not eat this part of the body; always *Bagh* eats the hind legs, and but sometimes the front legs. We will cut with our *dahs* (knives) the bamboos here, and the killer will think perhaps it is a trap. We will tie up a new *goru* at the *machan*, and the sahibs will pass into the tree and wait there for the *Bagh* who will surely come."

At once Dan concurred in this arrangement. Lah Boh was possessed of much hunt knowledge; also was he skilled in diplomacy. Dan and I would pay for the new bullock, as we had for the other, and presently, when we had gone to our *zyat*, the simple villagers would come and retrieve for their own flesh pots the beef that Stripes had left for his next meal.

At four o'clock Lah Boh brought two cart bullocks for us to ride to the *machan*, saying that we would thus leave no scent on the earth for *Bagh* to bother over.

"For us black men the tiger cares nothing," the Burman said plaintively; "but if he smells the sahib's footsteps he will be afraid. And if the sahibs go now, they can become quiet before dark, and also the scent will have died a little."

We rode the led bullocks to the tamarind, and from their backs clambered to our *machan*.

It had been made with skill, large enough for us to lie at full length, and well screened with leafy branches.

"Early to bed makes a man healthy," muttered Dan, "but in this case it means unlimited jungle fever."

On the tied-up bullock's neck hung a wooden bell, and as he chewed the cud of content, quite oblivious of the heroic part he was playing, its three wooden tongues clacked musically at every twist of his head.

I had quite objected to the ornament, but Lah Boh had answered that the tiger took the cattle with bells as cheerfully as those without; it would draw his attention to the *goru*.

We had come prepared for hours of dreary night waiting—cheroots, a flask, and a bite to eat. Dan growled at the unnecessary early start we had made, while I, content in the safety our elevation afforded, stretched myself at full length, and philosophically advised him to take a nap.

A family of monkeys, the quaint, black-faced, white-whiskered hanuman, shot into the tamarind from a neighbouring tree, and evidently meant to camp there for the night.

"These jungle fool-people will upset everything," my comrade growled. "As soon as Stripes shows himself, they'll jabber and kick up a row, and put him all on edge."

Our *machan* caught the eye of the monkeys, and they proceeded to investigate. Suddenly a wrinkled frowzy head was thrust in at the opening fair into Dan's face. Then they both swore at being startled—Dan and the monkey.

The intruder communicated his fright to the others, and they scuttled back to the tree under which was tied the *goru*, scolding us from grotesque faces.

The row started up a cloud of parakeets that were settling down for the night, and we were promised a heritage of unrest.

"What are they up to now," Dan exclaimed, for the monkeys had suddenly shifted their abuse of us to something in the jungle, and their excitement had increased tenfold.

"Look at the bullock," I whispered.

"Gad! I believe that cheeky swine of a tiger is coming in broad daylight," Dan whispered back.

It must be the king of the jungle; the anger of the monkey people said it, and the terror in the eyes of the bullock pictured it. He was straining back at the strong rope that held him, and from his frothed lips issued a low moaning bellow of fear. His fawn-coloured skin, soft as silk, was as tremulous as shaken water.

Neither of us spoke again. It is the unexpected that always happens. But such luck! A shot in the daylight! And he was indeed a bold one, this eater of bullocks and maunder of natives.

The bullock was a watch that timed accurately each yard in the tiger's advance. His abject terror filled me with pity. It was a strange inexplicable thing, this intuition of the animal world that taught them wherein lay great danger.

Now I knew that Stripes was close, for the monkeys, running nimbly to the top of their tree, shot away with downward swoop to the branches of another, scolding and calling to each other as they fled.

The bullock had almost ceased to bellow, and stood, fore legs wide apart and head lowered to the ground, transfixed in terror.

Suddenly through the bushes, ten yards from our *machan*, was thrust the sneering yellow muzzle of a tiger, and his red-brown eyes glared with horrible cupidity at the animal that was now fascinated to silence. Atop this face of evil, the rounded ears, black rosetted, were twitched back angrily.

It was almost a shot; but the sloped forehead angled sideways to me, and the thick skull would deflect my bullet like a steel shield. Also his quick eye would catch the slightest move on our part.

For two minutes or more *Bagh* inspected the *goru*; then the head slipped back between the leaves, and we heard the spuff-spuff of his pads as he circled in the bushes.

Presently there was a gleam of yellow to the left, on the edge of the abandoned paddy field that reached almost to our tamarind. Gradually the yellow shadow crept into the open, keeping close to the fringe of bush. Then another form followed the first—a half-grown cub. It was the tigress that had come for the bullock.

Even in its dreadful menace—in its suggestion

of brutal ferocity, the stealthy approach of the tigress was beautiful to see. A creep of a yard or two, then she crouched, head low to earth, and tail lashing from side to side with vicious jerks.

The cub was evidently being schooled. Close behind his mother the youngster skulked, his young, foolish eyes shifting from point to point as though he did not quite know what it all meant.

As we lay side by side, both our rifles were trained on the tigress.

She was head-on to us, and either the brain shot, or the point of the shoulder, or the vertebræ were there to choose from.

I knew that Dan would nudge me when we were to fire, and I waited, finger on trigger, and my eye along the sights.

The tigress crouched, and turned her face toward our *machan*, though her eyes still rested straight ahead.

I felt the soft push of Dan's knee on my leg, and pressed my trembling finger to the lever of death.

There was a roar of both rifles, a little cloud of smoke, a sulphurous breath in our nostrils, and below in the barren paddy field many devils were tearing up the earth with great noise.

"Bagged her!" Dan ejaculated; for the great beast, tawny-and-black striped was on her side, clawing viciously at the sod.

Again our rifles spoke, and the bullets sped home.

Slowly the huge head fell flat to earth, the red eyes lost their ferocity—or was it only a glint of pity for the dying that fancied this—the breath sucked and sputtered through the blood that oozed from mouth and nostrils, and, waiting with impatience for a little in our *machan*, we saw death come and put the seal of silence on the battered form of beautiful strength.

FRANCE—1792.

Gallant and gay and young was he;
Sweet as the Queen's own lilies, she;
Prince and Princess of high degree.
These two met on the marble stair
That led to the Salle des Fetes, and there
She caught a rose from her powdered hair.

Careless of courtiers' frowns and quips
Held it against her lovely lips
A moment's space, as the wild bee sips!
A moment's space, and the crowd closed in,
Throb of flute and the violin
Blent with the merry dancers' din.

On the azure riband that crossed his breast,
Jewel-splendid and lace-caressed,
He set the flower her lips had pressed.
Life, to them, was a garden spot,
A song, a tread in the grand gavotte,
Treason and Time, to them, were not.

Dawn crept into the sullen sky;
Throb of flute and the viol's sigh
Died in a madder, fiercer cry:
Roar of rabble, and clang of bell,
Ribald jest and a mocking yell,
Sounds of shame, and the sights of Hell.

The steps were steep to the guillotine;
The red blood oozes out between!
Who goes up with brow serene?
A Prince as proud as a Prince may be,
And a fair little Princess of high degree:
White as the Queen's own lilies, she.

Riband and lace have rent and stain!
Wail, O winds, in pitying pain!
Weep, sad clouds, but ye weep in vain!
Life was a laugh, a dancer's pace!
Death is weary, and sad of face!
God in His goodness grant them grace!
—Meribah P. Abbott, in Appleton's Magazine.

A RAKE'S RETROSPECT.

Eyes of black and eyes of blue,
Eyes bewitching, false, or true,
Eyes of hazel, deepest brown,
Eyes that smile and eyes that frown.
Eyes that glisten, eyes that swim,
Eyes pathetic, dusky, dim;
Eyes that shoot through silken lashes
Glances burning souls to ashes.
Of all the eyes that blight and mar,
And make poor men the fools they are,
There's none so causes them to rue
As the I that's followed by O and U.
—Grand Magazine.