

MY FIRST TIGER.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN INDIA.
(Continued.)

As a matter of course, this news created not a little stir among us. I can see our party now, and remember each incident that occurred, although it is more than twenty years since the events I am relating happened. We sat in various positions, and rested in curious shooting jackets and other garments, smoking our after-dinner cigars, guessing and listening to Hasselin's tale. Poor old fellow!

Long before we went to bed all our arrangements were made. There was a good, well trained sporting elephant for each of the party, all of whom, with the exception of myself, had more than once assisted at the death of a tiger. Our camp was left standing where it was, for we expected to be back before breakfast. A little after 2 a.m. Hasselin went round our tents and awoke us, and by 3 o'clock we were fully under way. I being the only young hand of the party, was entrusted especially to the care of the shikari, who arranged to accompany me on my elephant; and I was left to select a place of moving wood when we got to the ground. So far as I could understand—for the old fellow's English was limited, and of Hindostani could only speak a very few words—from what Hasselin told me on our way to the scene of action, he did not hope to get within shot of the tiger while the latter was at the pool, but to be able to trace the beast from thence to its usual haunts, and then beat it up in the usual manner. The tiger, he informed me, was one which "got a madam," meaning thereby that it had, probably, a female and cubs, and could not wander very far from where the latter were to be found.

On our way to the ground, however, Hasselin changed his plan. He stopped the elephants that were plodding along, each one with a sportsman and his battery of rifles on its back, and after a long conference in Hindostani with the rest of the party, I was told that we were to leave our elephants and proceed on foot—I being, as before, under the special care of the shikari. The mahouts in charge of the elephants had orders to remain where they were, but to come toward us quickly the moment they heard a shot fired. After about a thing of an hour's quick walking we came upon a clump of trees, situated, so far as I could judge, in the moonlight, about sixty yards from a large pool of shallow water. Two of the party—Captain Ring and Mr. Hogan, who were the best shots—he placed behind a large boulder of rock, which commanded a good view of the pool, but was at least eighty yards from it; three more he placed in different trees of the small grove, whilst the "shots abhi" or youngster, (meaning myself,) he took with him to the tree which was nearest the pool, and at the same time was least high from the ground, and, consequently, easiest to shoot from. These various arrangements took some little time, and they were fairly complete when Hasselin, who was standing on a

to just below me, pinched my arm, pointing with his chin to the east. "We see that the first peep of dawn is coloring the horizon." "Soon him come."

Nor had we long to wait. In the dim gray of the morning—the moon having gone down since we arrived—I could make out that there was an animal drinking at the pool, but it might have been a calf, colt—anything. It certainly looked much smaller than I had expected to see a Bengal royal tiger, and it was not until Hasselin had again and again declared it to be "him tiger," that I believed I saw my first tiger in the jungle. Hasselin feared that, in my anxiety to kill, I should fire before I could see the animal well, and thus lighten him away without any of the others of the party getting a shot at him. However, the light was getting stronger every moment, and, as I very soon felt calm and self-possessed enough to take aim, I quickly cocked my single barreled rifle, which carried a two ounce ball, and which I had already sighted as far as the distance as I could guess.

The only fear I felt was lest some of my companions should shoot before me, and kill the brute before I could do so. This thought no doubt hurried me a little, but otherwise no more certain aim was ever taken from behind gun or rifle than I took. Just as I was to pull the trigger, the tiger looked up from drinking, moved a little further into the pool, and brought his broadside full to me. This, of course, made my shot all the easier, and gave me fresh courage. I aimed direct at the shoulder, and the fearless tiger, that followed, told me plainly that any words could, that I had not missed the brute.

But I had neither killed nor even disturbed the tiger to the extent of hindering him from getting away. In a moment he had turned and was making off. As he did so, two shots rang out from the rock where my brother officer and his companion were stationed. So far as I could judge, the first of them missed him—but the second stopped him. Hastened forward on horseback, he put his foot on a scaling stone might do. But in a moment he was up again, and I could see that he dragged one of his hind legs behind him, evidently broken, whilst with one of his fore legs he leaped with great pain, and seemed hardly hurt. A moment more, and he was hid from our sight by some thick jungle woods.

"Like most young sportsmen, I was rash enough to wish to follow him on foot, but Captain Ring, who was by common consent the leader of the party would not listen to such folly. He insisted upon waiting until the elephants came up, and then tracking the animal to his lair. A wounded tiger is not a pleasant creature to meet—the more so as you can never know when he may spring, up upon you. Captain Ring was by far the most absent-minded, and had witnessed too many accidents, to be rash on these occasions. The mahouts, moreover, had been on the alert, and at the first sound of our firing had made towards the spot where

ridiculously less than a quarter of a mile away had departed, whereupon the tiger was sent.

That evening old Hasselin, now rie, returned to camp, announced news—"kubber," as it is often

said, "the animal had taken, and every bone and there large fresh drops of blood showed that the animal had been killed." And indeed, we plainly saw the tiger lying dead.

(To be continued.)

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