

MY FIRST TIGER.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN INDIA. (Continued.)

But the vitality of tigers is such that wonderful. Any kind of cat will live when he has gone through what would kill most animals. As we followed, Hassein, who was sitting behind me on my elephant, got more and more excited, and kept warning the party to look out, for the tiger could not be far off. Still it was a tall chase, and every now and then we lost the trail, so the animal had plenty of time to forge ahead. At last, a perfect scream from the old fellow behind me made me turn round, and there he was frantically pointing to an almost perpendicular piece of rock, about six hundred yards to our right, up which the tiger was scrambling. A few minutes brought us to the spot, but only to find that the wounded animal had taken refuge in a cave, the entrance of which was about twenty feet high, and perfectly inaccessible to a man, unless he crawled to it on his hands and knees.

Here, then, we held a council of war. To return to camp without the tiger for which we had worked so hard, was out of the question; but it seemed still more impossible to ascend to the cave to put the poor brute out of his misery. We were well provided with fireworks, and these we now began to use, keeping up at the same time a fire into the cave, so as to force the tiger to break cover. That he was inside the place, there could be no doubt, for every now and then, we heard a suppressed growl, as if our bullets, although fired at random, had touched him. But after a time this ceased, and we began to think that some of our shots must have finished him. Still the risk of going up to the mouth of the cave, and looking in to see whether he was alive, was greater than any sane man would have encountered, and we were seriously thinking of going back to camp, when all of a sudden an end was put to our doubts.

For sometime Hassein had been getting more and more excited. At last he seemed almost frantic with rage, at the idea that the tiger would escape us. He roared out that he would ascend to the cave, and see for himself whether the tiger was dead. In vain did Capt. Ring and the rest of the party try to dissuade him—even to order him not to go. The old fellow's blood was up and he would listen to nothing. He divested himself of every particle of clothing, except a pair of short low drawers and the linen skull-cap, which he wore under his turban, and taking his large native hunting knife in his mouth, so that both hands might be free, commenced to climb up the rock, while at a distance of thirty yards we sat on the elephants, rifles ready cocked in hand, watching him.

The intense anxiety and excitement of the next five minutes, I shall never forget. Again and again did we call upon the old fellow to come back, but he paid no attention. More than once, in trying to get up the steep rock he slipped. At last he reached the small ledge in front of the cave, and putting aside the brushwood began to peep in. All at once, with a roar like thunder, the tiger sprang out, and to us who were watching closely, the brute seemed from which paper we clean the above, I ed merely to brush past old Hassein, and to put him aside as it sprang upon the ground below. It never paused for an instant.

As the tiger touched the earth, not ten yards from my elephant, a shot from Capt. Ring's rifle turned it over stone dead. We observed that Hassein lay at the mouth of the cave, still on his knees, but with his head and the upper part of his body bent forward as if he had received a severe blow, and was stunned by it. Two of the natives who were with us, sprang up the rock to assist the old fellow down. Alas! they found that he was dead.—His head had been crushed just as an egg is chipped by an egg-spoon. The doctor who was with us, said that his death must have been instantaneous, and this merely by the passing blow of the tiger's fore paw. There were no marks of scratches about the head; it was beaten in as if by a sledge-hammer.

We took the body back to camp, and the next day had it buried according to the usual Moslem rites at the nearest village. On inquiry it was found that the poor old fellow had left a widow and two children. For them we raised amongst those who had known Hassein, a subscription of three hundred pounds, which, being invested in house property at Meerut, gives his family twenty rupees, or two pounds sterling, a month, and is to them a ample fortune.—All the Year Round.

A JAPANESE BELLE. FASHIONS IN YEDDO. [Translated from La Gazette des Deux Mondes especially for the Cincinnati Chronicle.] Every Japanese girl, of no matter what class in society, appears invariably with an innate love of coquetry. The daughter of the humblest tradesman loves to pass whole days in shopping, and takes the greatest delight in preparing, long before it is needed, the dress she intends to display at the next fête. The day arrived, the happy girl rises early in the morning, and while her fresh new dress lies in some corner of the room, impatiently submits to the dilatory labors of her hair-dresser, in which profession there are some artists who celebrated that they devote whole hours to the study and toil requisite for the composition of some graceful or fashionable style, where the hair, carefully dressed with the brush and pomade, half hides a piece of orange combed, half black and fastened by heavy pins of tortoise shell or coral. The Chignon, it must be confessed, is not altogether of nature's growth, and if after the hair, we examine the face, we shall see that Madame Rachel herself could not teach that Japanese much in the art of making up. On the dressing-table stands a perfect collection of little boxes just drawn from some hiding place; there are whistles for the neck, the arms; the bust; reds for the mouth and the cheeks; black for the eyes, and sometimes gold for the lips; and yet, with all these aids from art, age is unable to conceal its decrepitude, while strangely enough the children are the most laden with paint. Putting aside this coquetry, universal in spite of its bad taste, the dress is very simple and invariably well chosen. A silk robe, generally of a dark hue, covers a she-

mic on crops made of small patches of... where bright green is placed beside a lively red. In winter the costume is completed by a short mantle doubled over... The Japanese, who wear... and open from top to bottom, has upper part confined by a belt broad enough to cover the breast and the lower part of the form, and terminating behind in an enormous knot; to tie which with more or less elegance demands a careful examination and many adjustments. The sleeves hang like large pockets. To the belt are fastened a pipe in a velvet case and a pocket-book containing two chopsticks of silver if it is intended to do honor to the host who may offer refreshments. In one corner of the pocket-book sparkles a little mirror, a European innovation, for our civilization has made this slight breach of Japanese manners. During the greater portion of the year the feet are bare; in winter they are clad in white cotton slippers, and by woolsen support high enough above the ground to escape the mud and the damp. The sandals is ornamented with braids of straw, or sometimes of velvet, and held to the foot by a strip of cloth passed between the toes. Occasionally it is covered with a layer of paper, but is never honored by being worn in the house.

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