

the man two sovereigns, which he not did refuse to accept, but after a little more grumbling, withdrew from the charge so far as he was concerned, and perhaps thought he had made rather a good bargain. Watkin presented the news-boy with five shillings, and this urchin also got the pea-shooters, which were confiscated.

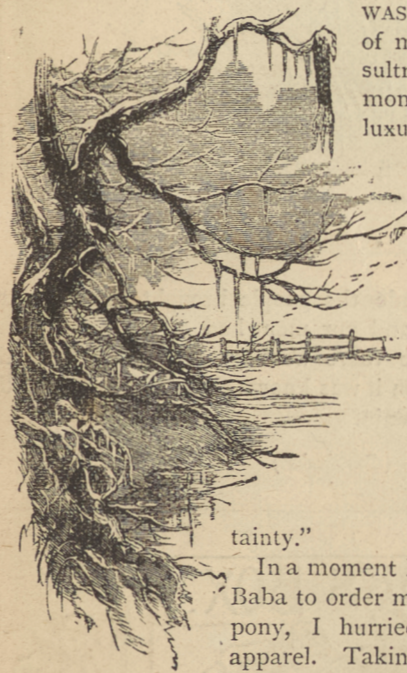
As the train was late, everybody was glad to have the matter settled so; the station-master allowed his wrath to subside, ordering the guard to keep his eye on the three young gentlemen during the rest of their journey; and they, in great humiliation, got into the carriage again, and the train started off in earnest this time.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN WILD REGIONS.

NO. I.—THE CHASE OF A MAN-EATER.

BY COLONEL W. C. R. MYLNE.



WAS seated in the verandah of my bungalow at ———, one sultry afternoon during the month of June, enjoying the luxury of doing nothing except watching the curling wreaths of smoke from my cheroot as they rose in the clear air, when my old shikaree, Jungly Baba, came hurrying up.

"News, sahib! I bring news," he said. "The man-eater has just been seen in a field of sugar-cane, a little way beyond the cantonments; if we make haste we shall catch him of a certainty."

In a moment I was on my feet, and telling Baba to order my syce to bring round my pony, I hurriedly donned my sporting apparel. Taking two of my most trusty rifles, I was ready to mount by the time the

groom appeared with my hardy little steed. I carrying one of the rifles, and Baba the other, we set out. We had not gone far when we met a native woman—her hair dishevelled, her countenance expressive of grief.

"Ah, sahib! the monster has carried off my little son Mattadeen, and killed him," she exclaimed, addressing me. "No one could save my boy, but you may avenge him."

"I'll do my best to kill the brute," I answered, as the bereaved mother went on her way.

Baba told me that her son was a little herd-boy, and that it was most probable the tiger had got hold of him. We found that the man-eater had deserted the sugar-cane fields where he had been seen, and had gone off towards the open country. Still there was a possibility of coming up with him, and we pushed on. After going a mile or so we came upon blood stains on the grass, and as we followed them up, they led us to a spot just outside the jungle, where, in a pool of blood, we found all that remained of the poor herd-boy—part of his skull, a rag or two, and a few fingers. The cruel spectacle made me vow that I would not rest till I had killed the man-eater. Though we searched far and wide, we could not discover the brute, and as

night was approaching we had to return to the cantonments. I had made arrangements for renewing the chase the following morning, when, just as I was starting, the order to march arrived, and I was compelled to abandon my intention.

On my return the following year, having again engaged Jungly Baba as my shikaree, I asked him if the man-eater had been killed.

"No, sahib," he answered; "but he has killed several people—among them, my friend sepoy Ram Singh, a noted hunter. So numerous were the murders committed by the man-eater, that the Maharajah sent to say that he would give a reward if we could kill the tiger. Accordingly Ram Singh and I set off, and traced him for two days. At length, one sultry afternoon, saying he did not believe I wished to discover the tiger while he was with me, that I might have all the reward to myself—which, sahib, on my honour, was not the case—we separated; he went to the right and I to the left. I had never been so long before looking for a tiger, and I began to think that he was a bhoot (a spirit), and that I should never find him. After some time however, I heard a shot. 'Then Ram Singh has found the tiger at last,' I thought; and I directed my steps towards the spot whence the sound came. I made my way along the bed of a nullah (a watercourse, perfectly dry during the hot season). After going some distance, I saw before me on the ground a matchlock. It was Ram Singh's, and all round were clots of blood, and some torn clothes, while the sand was trodden down, giving evidence of a struggle having taken place there. Then I knew that Ram Singh had wounded the tiger, and that the tiger had killed him. As it was now getting dark, I had to return home, but next day, taking up the tracks, after proceeding on cautiously—for fear the tiger should spring out on me—I came to the spot to which the brute had dragged his victim. There lay part of Ram Singh's body—the rest having been devoured during the night. If that tiger is ever killed, we shall discover the bullet which Ram Singh fired; for I'm sure he hit the brute, which would not otherwise have attacked him."

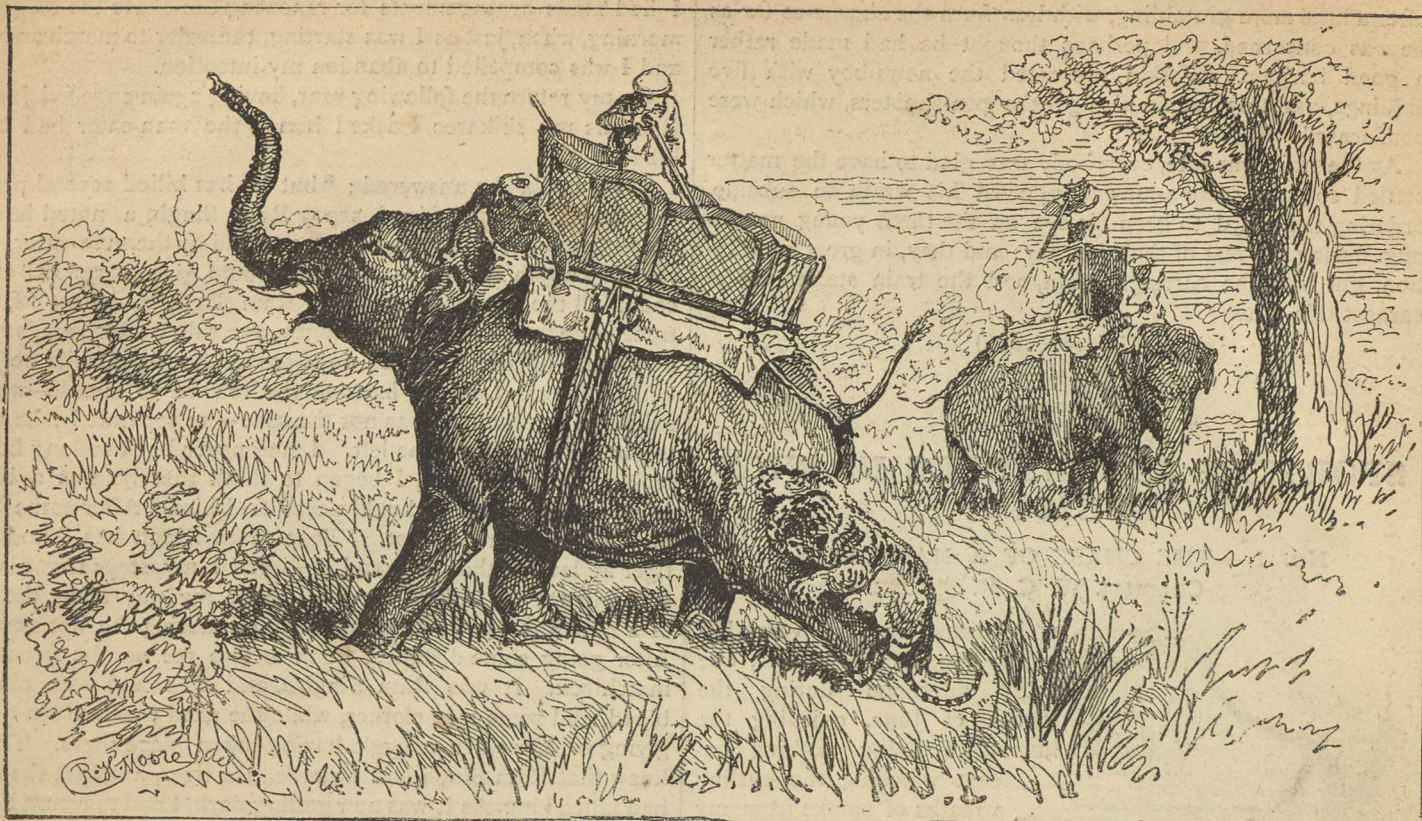
Thus, finding that the man-eater was still at large, the first morning that we were at liberty my friend Macbean and I resolved to beat up his quarters. We knew the ground well, as we had before hunted over it. The elephants were ordered round at an early hour, and having taken our seats in the houdahs, we started, and soon came upon a "kill," which I may explain means the remains of cow, buffalo, or any other animal partially eaten. We took opposite sides of the nullah, that we might be more likely to fall in with the chase. After going some way I saw Macbean stop, and my eye following the direction in which he was levelling his rifle, I perceived the tiger lying asleep on a rock close to a small pool of water. I was too far off to hit the brute. Macbean fired; the bullet struck him in the belly, when, springing up, he made off as fast as he could move. There is real excitement in chasing a man-eater, the foe of the human race. In spite of the rocks and shrubs and other impediments, our mahouts pushed on our elephants. The chase was a long one. Macbean had crossed to my side of the nullah. At length, in a suppressed tone, he cried out, "There he is, there," and the crack of his rifle resounded among the rocks. Again he fired, and this time the bullet struck the animal's fore-leg, and wounded him. I also had two shots, but only one of them took effect. Again the tiger went off limping, and we tracked him by the large clots of blood left on the ground.

"Where can he be?" exclaimed Macbean, as, searching round, we could nowhere find the blood-stains.

We therefore came to the conclusion that we had overrun the spot where he was hiding.

By this time the sun had set, and we were beginning to fear that we had lost him altogether. Fortunately a Bheel¹ who was

¹ Bheel is a native of a tribe living in the hill ranges of Central India.



"THE TIGER CAUGHT HER BY THE HIND LEG."

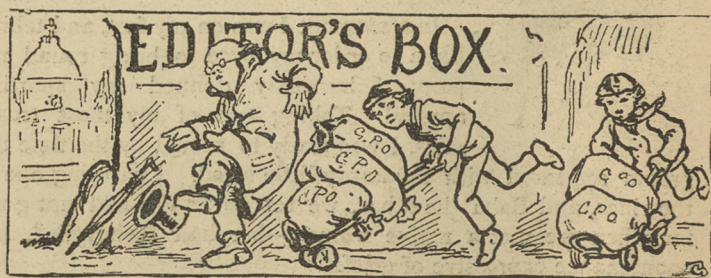
in front of us caught sight of him, and brought us the information where he was to be found. We accordingly went in chase, and again getting up to him, once more fired, but without effect, for away went the tiger, we following. As I got near I saw the creature lying at the foot of a tree, biting at its paw and tearing up the ground in its rage. I ordered my mahout to bring the elephant close up to him. I was just taking aim when the tiger charged, but was prevented from springing by the thick branches of a large fallen tree which lay between us. Disappointed in its attempt, the brute now crossed the nullah. We both followed, and I was pushing on my elephant in order to get a near shot and kill him, when he once more charged with a roar which made the elephant turn tail. The tiger on this caught her by her hind leg. On feeling the tiger's claws, she kicked out with a force which made it drop, and off she set scuttling away as hard as she could pelt through the jungle, her eccentric performances making my guns roll from side to side in the houdah, while I was every instant in danger of being knocked over, houdah and all, as she careered under the wide-spreading boughs of the trees. It was about the most unpleasant ride I ever had. When we had gone half a mile, the mahout managed to stop her, and turned her back. In the meanwhile Maclean had been blazing away at the beast, which had several times attempted to get at him, and was evidently determined to die game. Once more on my return I fired, when a second time my cowardly elephant took fright and bolted, but was stopped sooner than before, and on returning to the scene of action I put a couple of bullets through the tiger's head, which finally finished him. I never saw an animal die so hard.

Though an old brute, he was not more than nine feet in length. On skinning him, a small bullet was found imbedded in his flesh, close to the shoulder.

"Ah, I was right, then," said Jungly Baba, holding it up. "This would have just fitted Ram Singh's matchlock, and proves that this brute is the very man-eater that killed him."

To show their gratitude the people brought out milk and sweetmeats to offer us, and our men had a plentiful repast provided for them, while there were great rejoicings in the neighbouring villages when it was known that the scourge of the district had at last been slain.

(Concluded.)



We have received a large number of letters referring to the account of the Union Jack which appeared in No. 1, and the representation of the National Flag which appears on our front page. We take this opportunity of thanking our correspondents for their valuable suggestions, and of informing them that we propose in No. 6 (the first Number of Part II.) to give a full, illustrated, historical and descriptive account of the Union Jack, and that, dating from that Number, an alteration will be made in the form in which it is represented.