

A COMBAT WITH TIGERS

"No," said Tom Moran, "adventures don't seem to come my way. My experiences in that line would hardly be worthy of mention, but somehow Brother Bob has a genuine talent for tumbling into all manner of adventures. Brother Bob has had quite a number of pretty close calls in the wild regions in which we have traveled, but he has plenty of grit and has always been able to pull through."

Tom Moran is a minor who was graduated in the Comstock school of mining years ago and who has since had much experience in Mexico, Australia, India and other gold-producing countries.

"It is singular that you should have been able to travel through so many strange countries without a few hair-breadth escapes or some other experiences worthy of being related," said one of the old Comstock friends who were questioning Tom in regard to his travels in foreign lands. "Did you never run against a tiger while in India?"

"Tiger," said Tom, with a laugh. "Well, yes, I've run against the 'tigers' of nearly every country on the two sides of the globe."

"I am speaking now of the real, roaring, ramping Bengal tiger—the striped beast of the jungle," said the Comstocker.

"I saw quite a number of tigers while in India and went after the animals on regular hunts. I killed a few while I was there, in order to get some good skins."

"Never got into close quarters with one?"

"Well, not very; but Brother Bob had rather a bad bout with a big hill tiger up in Nepal."

"Did Bob get away with the tiger?"

"Yes, Brother Bob is true grit; the tiger was killed."

"As you had no adventures of your own during your travels, Tom," said a Comstocker, "suppose you give us the story of Bob's tiger fight."

"I am sorry Brother Bob is not here to tell you about his battle with 'Mad-

soon out after the killer. Often the gwallas would be able to point out the patch of jungle to which the tiger had retired after making the kill and feasting his fill.

"It was here in this foothill region that Brother Bob had his adventure with a big hill tiger. A 'shekarry,' a native expert hunter, who keeps himself well posted in regard to the movements of game and manages hunts for both British and rich natives, one day came to our camp and proposed to give us some sport. He said that as neither the English nor the native princes were hunting at that season business was very slack with him. He offered for a very reasonable price to bring out his people and beat through a piece of jungle which he knew to be alive with all kinds of game. As a part of the bargain Brother Bob and I were to kill as many wild hogs, deer and the like as we could knock over, the shekarry saying his people were all very hungry for meat.

"The particular piece of jungle selected by the old game expert to be beaten through lay between the forks of two large streams with high and steep banks. A more favorably situated jungle for sport could not have been found. As Bob and I would station ourselves near the junction of the two streams nothing could pass that way without being seen. We took stations about fifty yards apart at a point where the jungle became somewhat thin and open, each thrusting into the ground a leafy branch of parass to serve as a screen or blind. After a long wait we heard faintly in the distance the sound of the tom toms and the shouts of the beaters as they advanced into the jungle.

"Presently we heard a rustling upon the stray leaves in front, and a troop of monkeys, loudly chattering their alarm, came hopping out of the dense jungle.

"As yet we had seen no deer or other desirable game, but the beaters were still far away. Taking a peep from behind my screen, I was somewhat sur-

prised to see a large female tiger come gliding out of the thick jungle, crouching close to the ground as she passed into the open. She was on Brother Bob's side of the jungle and was moving straight toward him, apparently more concerned about the commotion behind her than afraid of danger in front. Bob had also seen the tiger and had dropped to one knee behind his screen and leveled his rifle. Every moment I expected to hear the report of Bob's gun, as the tiger was within ten yards of his blind and was moving slowly.

"Some noise in the jungle frightened the skulking beast and, after a quick backward glance, it blindly bounded forward. At the second bound the tiger landed almost on top of Bob, as he crouched behind his fragile screen. Instantly he fired, thrusting his rifle at the beast without aim. Wounded by the shot, the tiger uttered a howl of rage, dashed aside the screen and struck Bob a blow with a fore paw that sent his gun flying and left him stretched senseless on his back.

"I rushed forward at once to Bob's assistance. As I ran the infuriated beast threw herself upon Bob and began tearing at him with her teeth. Hearing a sound as of cracking bones, I thought every rib in poor Bob's body was being crushed. As I feared to use my rifle I threw it down and drew my revolver. My yells, as I rushed on the tiger, caused her to cease tearing at Bob and fix her eyes upon me. But she still retained her position across Bob's breast while showing her teeth and snarling at me.

"I thought it probable that she was so badly wounded as not to be able to rise upon her legs and so decided to take her at close quarters and make sure of her. With my pistol in my right hand and in my left a long-bladed knife, sharp as a

razor, I crept forward. I advanced crouched almost upon my knees, as the tiger's position across poor Bob was such that I feared to fire with a downward range.

"I had got up within ten feet of the tiger when she suddenly left Bob and leaped at me. The charge of the beast was a surprise, but by a backward move I avoided her leap and as she passed fired my pistol into her neck, at the same moment plunging the knife into her side up to the hilt. She fell and did not move from where she landed, the pistol shot having broken her neck.

"Seeing the tiger was in its death struggles I turned my attention to Brother Bob, who was still stretched unconscious upon the ground. The beaters were fast approaching through the jungle with great uproar and thumping of tom toms, wild hogs in droves, both black and gray, were rushing by, spotted deer were charging past and the whole jungle seemed alive with game of all kinds, some droves of wild pigs almost running over me.

"I was just stooping over Bob when a huge male tiger bounded out of the jungle and halted within ten feet of where I stood. I had my pistol upon him in an instant, and as his head was so held that a bullet would not glance from his skull I took good aim and gave him a shot between the eyes that brought him down as dead as though he had been a sheep or an ox. Seeing that the shot had killed the tiger I ran down to the river, filled my hat with water and went to work to try to restore Bob's senses. He had been badly stunned and was breathing heavily, but I saw he had no bad wounds and soon had the satisfaction to see him open his eyes, when it was not long before his wits returned and he was able to sit up. The paw of the tiger had struck him on the side of the head and knocked him senseless, but had only slightly wounded his scalp. The weight of the tiger on his chest had almost stopped his breath and he felt some internal soreness. We found that his life had been saved by a lucky chance. In a game bag he had slung to his side were some quail and a pea fowl or two, and it was these the tiger had seized upon and crunched in her blind rage, not Bob's ribs.

"Bob was much astonished and bewildered when he saw two dead tigers stretched out alongside of him. I told him that he had gone into a sort of delirium of rage and killed them both, and for a time he believed my story. He said he had an indistinct recollection of having done a good deal of fighting. We found that his shot had plowed through the muscles of the female tiger's left shoulder, only slightly wounding her, but probably paralyzing her left fore leg.

"When the old shekarry came up with his crowd of beaters he was at first much disappointed that we had killed no deer or wild pigs. 'Alas, sahibs,' cried he, 'no meat—no meat!' He, however, soon cheered up and took great credit to himself for having said there were tigers in the jungle. After the tigers were skinned we went down to the river and killed for the old fellow quite a lot of pigs. We were well satisfied with our prizes, the skins of the two tigers. The male measured, as he lay on the ground, eleven feet two inches from tip to tip and the female ten feet four inches.

"They were unusually large hill tigers, which are of heavier build than the tigers of the valleys, but average less in length. To kill tigers with a pistol was a feat before unheard of on the frontier, and obtained for us great credit for nerve, but give a tiger a square shot in the head and he will go down like a bullock. Many tigers are killed by single shots from rifles, but the man who goes after tigers on foot must have a considerable amount of nerve. I could always bet on the nerve of Brother Bob."

Aluminum.

Aluminum, the new metal which it is believed is destined to play an important part in the arts from this time on, is found in many substances, widely diffused through nature. The common red clay, which exists everywhere in this country, at a depth of 3 or 4 feet, contains it in large quantities, and it is also present in slate, feldspar and other minerals. The metal was given its name, in 1812, by Sir Humphrey Davy, who suspected the existence of the metal in certain compounds, but failed to isolate it. It was first isolated by Wohler, in 1828, who obtained the metal in small quantities. In 1855 a French chemist, M. Deville, demonstrated that the metal could be prepared in large quantities for commercial use. It has been prepared from Greenland cryolite, and from the bauxite which abounds in the southern part of France. Since 1890 the metal has been produced in commercial quantities by the employment of electricity in its separation, but the processes, though much cheaper than formerly, are still somewhat expensive, though it is expected the experiments now being made will render aluminum so cheap that it can be used for any purpose to which its nature is adapted.

The Blind in Europe.

Naitkenhoff of Geneva says there are 311,000 blind persons in Europe, mostly from fevers, and that 75 per cent would have kept their sight had they been properly treated.

A DANGEROUS CALLING.

The American Steeple Climber and His Perilous Work.

One of the most curious and at the same time most dangerous callings followed by any man is that which has made famous the individual known as "the American steeple climber." What his real name is has never been ascertained, but under this cognomen he is known throughout this country and Europe. That he is a man of rare nerve and daring is shown in the many perilous feats he has performed in his particular calling and in spite of many hair-breadth escapes from being dashed to death he is still in love with his peculiar profession.

Sixteen years ago, when he was a sailor in the United States navy, he performed his first feat of climbing, when he gilded a cock on the top of a steeple at Bremen. The authorities offered a large sum of money to any man who would do the job and "the American steeple climber" was the only one who had the nerve to tackle it. He decided to adopt steeple climbing as a profession and has since fol-



THE AMERICAN STEEPLE CLIMBER.

lowed it. As is natural in such dangerous work he has met with scores of accidents, but he seems to bear a charmed life. While working on the top of a pole in New York he received an electric shock and, losing his head, jumped to the roof of the building, a distance of 75 feet. He escaped unharmed, and in a short time was back again at work. At another time he was painting a flag pole on a school building in New York when the pole slipped through the roof like a shot and when he came to he was sitting on the roof with the top of the pole clasped in his arms. He was badly bruised, but wanted to continue his work.

His greatest feat was the placing of a flag-staff on top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. During the sixteen years he has been in business he has climbed 2,207 flag poles and sixty-three steeples. He uses no scaffolding whatever. When he climbs a steeple he affixes little pieces of rubber to his legs, which take fast hold of the steeple and he does the same when climbing a flag pole. When he reaches the top he ties a rope and slides down with it.

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

One of the Greatest Native Indian Potentates.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is one of the greatest native Indian potentates, and is also the best judge of diamonds in India. It was recently reported that his most famous jewel, the Great



NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

White Diamond, had been stolen, but that story is now said to be untrue. The gem is second in size among the great diamonds of the world, and is worth over \$1,500,000.

Steering a Steamship.

Gustav Kobbe has an article entitled "Steering Without a Compass" in the St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says:

The degree of "A. B." is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means "able-bodied" seaman.

Every nautical A. B. knows how to "box the compass" and how to steer by it; but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among those "other things" are the horizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars, the soundings, and the line of the surf when running along the coast. And so the able-bodied sea-

man, when a greenhorn takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the helm to him with this caution: "Keep your head out of the binnacle!"

I am speaking of sailing-vessels. Steamers, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They "run their courses" from point to point—from light-house to light-house, light-ship, day-mark, buoy, bell or fog-whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course, and try never to pass the "signal" at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next "run" or course. This is called "running the time and distance." I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog from Cape Cod down. One morning the Captain said to me:

"We ought to pick up Sambro in half an hour."

Surely enough, about half an hour later we heard, through the fog, a cannon-shot, the distinguishing fog-signal of the Sambro light-station on the Nova Scotian coast.

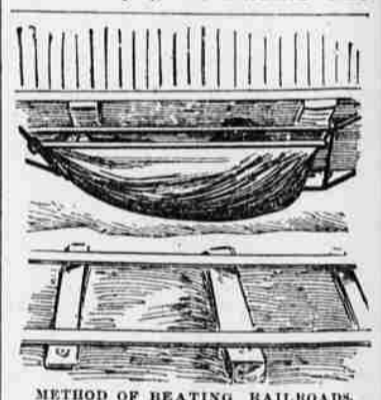
Real sailors—the Jack tars that man sailing-vessels—actually prefer, as I have said, to steer by signs rather than by compass; and there are times when the steamer-pilots have to.

UNDER CARS IN A HAMMOCK.

Queer Device Constructed by a Michigan Hobo.

A queer character, "Jack the hammock rider, who lives by his wits," is attracting the attention of people throughout the State of Michigan. "Jack's" hammock is of his own construction and bears the mark of considerable ingenuity. It is designed to fasten under a sleeping car to aid "Jack" in "beating" the railroad. The hammock is made of heavy canvas, quilted on the inside and fastened to a stout stick at each end. Two large iron hooks project from the wooden rods and by these he attaches his novel resting place to the two iron bars which run the length of each side of the car. A cover is sewed to one side and almost covers the ends, the sewed edge being placed toward the engine, so that the wind pressure will keep out the dust as the car speeds along.

But the interest in "Jack" is not only due to his peculiar mode of travel, but also to the fact that his life fits a man of his characteristics. During the recent campaign he attracted consid-



METHOD OF BEATING RAILROADS.

erable attention as a stump speaker, and by his ready wit he has gained a friend in almost every town he has visited. Added to his natural propensities for entertaining is his wide experience and no inconsiderable education, which readily command the attention of any who chance to speak to him. Neither working nor begging, he procures his meals and shelter by dint of clever invention and repartee. He has a taste for music, and, curious as it may seem, is fond of playing hymns on the piano, during which performance he wears a sad and lofty expression. His past life is a mystery, and in speaking of himself he refers only to his years of travel. "Jack" studied in Chicago at the Rush Medical College, intending to make medicine his profession, but he prefers his roving life and declares he is "the happiest hobo in the world."

Using Long Words.

Doctors who are in the habit of using long words when visiting people may take a hint from the following little story: An old woman whose husband was not very well sent for the doctor, who came and saw the old wife:

"I will send him some medicine which must be taken in a recumbent position."

After he had gone the old woman sat down greatly puzzled.

"A recumbent position—a recumbent position!" she kept repeating. "I haven't got one." At last she thought, "I will go and see if Nurse Lown has got one to lend me."

Accordingly she went and said to the nurse:

"Have you a recumbent position to lend me to take some medicine in?"

The nurse, who was equally as ignorant as the old woman, replied:

"I had one, but to tell you the truth, I have lost it."

His Bravery.

Mrs. Blinky—John, dear, won't you discharge Mary? You know how afraid I am of her?

Mr. Blinky—Certainly. No servant can ever scare me. (A little while after)—Mary, ahem! Mrs. Blinky has asked me to tell you that she wants to see you after I have gone to the office.—Brooklyn Life.



"THE TIGER SPRANG UPON BROTHER BOB"

the Stripes,' but as he is not with us this evening, I will give you a little sketch of the affair as I saw it.

"Brother Bob and I were up on the Nepal frontier, headed for the lower slopes of the Himalayas.

"In place of the ducks, cranes, coots and pelicans of the lagoons along the lowland course of the Koossee we now began to see quail, partridges, pea fowl, floricane and other upland birds. In places hidden in patches of dense jungle and overgrown with vines and creepers were dilapidated temples indicating that the whole country had at some time been inhabited, though in the present age only a few scattered villages are to be found. Outside of the villages there are here and there huts inhabited by the 'gwalla,' or cowherd caste, and these huts of the men of the cattle stations are often in the heart of almost impenetrable stretches of jungle.

"While in this beautiful region our guns kept us well supplied with all kinds of game, and we first and last killed many wolves, jackals, leopards and about a dozen tigers, great and small. The British and wealthy natives almost always use elephants in hunting tigers, sometimes having fifty or more of the huge beasts in line; but as we were not in a position to command a supply of elephants, we did our work on foot, hiring a score or more of coolies, with tom toms, firecrackers and horns to beat through small patches of jungle. At first we mounted ourselves on 'myebans,' bamboo platforms, at the point where we expected the game to appear, but after we had learned something of the nature and ways of the tiger we did not bother with platforms, but took our chances on the ground.

"The gwallas of the region were always ready to bring us news of a tiger having killed one of their cattle, and when we got news of a 'kill' we were