

THE LITTLE GOLD HEART.

I've a quaint little keepsake,
A relic of childhood,
Among the old trinkets tucked by in my drawer;
It's a dear little treasure,
A gift from my sweetest,
A tiny gold heart that my boyhood's love wore.
I remember the evening,
A sweet recollection,
'Twas long years ago, on a fair summer day,
When she gave me the token,
And bade me to keep it
And tenderly think of the giver away.
In a far away churchyard
The dear child is sleeping,
The sweetheart who was of my boy-life a part,
And I hold above jewels
This token more precious,
Her pledge of affection—the little gold heart.
—Frank B. Welch, in 'The Jeweler.'

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

An All-Night Vigil with a Man-Eating Tiger.

Separated from His Crust Teeth and Powerful Paws by a Fossil Bamboo Partition. We Fought Our Game at Last.

At Katmandu, in the Nepal district of India, the American tiger and serpent destroyer, a delegate from a village called Allwar, thirty miles away, to get some of the man-eater who had rendered himself a terror to a large district. Hearing of the presence of the American, they came to him instead. The Government bounty on the head of a man-eater at that time was sixty dollars. The villagers offered to make up sixty dollars additional and to give the Captain a cow and four goats. In ten minutes he had closed a bargain, and on the afternoon of the second day we reached Allwar. It was situated on the bank of the river, which is one of the tributaries of the Ganges, and within fifteen miles of the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains. The country was badly broken and covered with heavy forest and jungle, and the Captain pronounced it the finest tiger range in India. The village contained about seven hundred inhabitants, and had considerable commerce with points lower down on the stream. It was on the bank of the river strung out for half a mile, and the cleared space thus occupied was not more than a quarter of a mile wide. A day's work on the part of the villagers would have been sufficient to clear away the cover under which the tiger approached, but not a move was made. The beast had appeared about four weeks previous, and the first intimation of his presence cost a woman her life. She was cooking at a fire on the north side of the village, not over ten feet from the door at which her husband and three children sat, when a tiger, who had come out of a ravine and kept the cover of some bushes, sprang upon her. This was just at sundown. The spring of the tiger knocked the woman into the fire. He seized her by the foot and drew her out, and although her clothing was on fire, he took hold of her shoulder, gave her body a twist to throw the weight on his back and was off at a run. The woman must have been killed by the blow of his paw as he sprang, as she made no cry.

In the four weeks which had elapsed since the man-eater appeared he had carried off seven people, and for a distance of ten miles around the peasant were in great terror. There were half a dozen old muskets owned in Allwar, and these had been loaded and discharged at the ravine at high noon in hopes to scare the tiger away. Two nights previous to our arrival the tiger had entered a hut through an open window, seized a boy ten years of age, and made his exit by the door. The cries of the boy awoke every one in the village and could be heard a long way up the ravine. He had not come the night before, but was expected to show up on

this, the night of our arrival. We reached the place about two hours before sundown and as soon as the Captain got the lay of the land he made his plans. Two huts on the northern edge of the village were abandoned to us. The Captain and one of his men took one, and a second native and myself occupied the other. All had guns, and the plan was to watch for the tiger and pot him. The hut I occupied belonged to a storage merchant. It was a solid building, made of small logs and heavy thatch roof. The ground floor, which was the only one, occupied a space of about 15x24 feet. It had one door and two windows. The door and one window were in front and the other window at the rear. Sixteen feet from the door a bamboo partition ran across the room. In this rear room goods belonging to various parties were stored at a fixed angle, while the family occupied the front room as a living room. The door in the partition slid up and down in grooves.

When we began our watch we fastened the door securely. The window beside it was an opening about two feet square, protected only by a cloth curtain. The one at the rear had a wooden blind, and this was fastened on the outside. It was a hot and sultry night, and we had a jar of water and brandy in the rear room. The front window commanded a good view of the country over which the tiger was expected to approach, and for two hours I peered and listened and waited, but without reward. The native was stretched on the floor and sound asleep. Weary with standing on my feet and my throat very

dry for the want of moisture, I quietly aroused my companion and told him to watch while I refreshed myself. I was behind the partition drinking from the jar when the native uttered a low cry of alarm and bounded in upon me and shut down the door. I had the jar yet in my hand when a heavy body dropped to the floor and I heard the snarl and saw the form of a tiger in the hut. This was what had happened: The tiger had approached the house from the opposite direction, and creeping softly around, had sprung for the opening and into the native's face. In his alarm the man had started back and dropped his gun, while mine was leaning against the door. He had shut the partition door, however, and that saved us. There we were, face to face with a full-grown man-eater with only a bamboo partition between us and his fangs, and I am frank to say that for a moment I was completely done for. The native flung himself down on his face without a word, and I knew that neither suggestions nor aid could be expected from him.

It was a starlight night, but the small opening in the wall of the hut made the room pretty dark. I could just make out the outlines of the tiger as he moved to and fro, while his eyes were like two small lanterns. There was no floor in the hut, the ground being beaten hard instead, but I could feel a sort of jar as the tiger moved about. He made a thorough inspection of every thing in the front room, and then turned his attention to me. My revolver was in my baggage, and so I was entirely destitute of weapons. I had seen the native wearing a long knife during the day, and I called to him to know if he had it with him. He was crying with fear, and would not answer me. I went over to him and found the knife in a sheath at his belt, and when I had it in my hand my courage came back in a moment.

About that time the tiger had discovered that the only victims in the cabin were behind the partition, and he found- ed against it right opposite me, with a force that made every thing crack. Left to himself he would have knocked it down in short order, but I was there to interfere. I backed him with the knife, and from the way he started and spit I knew that I had cut him. He withdrew to the far end of the room, growling menacingly, and I could hear him lick the blood which the knife had drawn.

The general situation was far from pleasant. By knocking on the rear shutter and calling out I could make Captain White understand how matters were, but on second thought I felt that it would be to his risk. The tiger might go out at the opening any moment, and if he encountered any one outside a tragedy was certain. To alarm the village was to bring about the same thing. Even if I could get out of the rear window by forcing open the shutter the tiger had only to go out of the other window at the same time to pick me up. I felt that it was a pretty fair match for him with the knife in my hand, and hoping that he would give up and leap out of the window after receiving another cut I decided to wait. I could just make him out as he lay on the floor near the door, and I was standing close to the door and he was suddenly uttered a roar of anger and charged. He struck the sliding door with a great smash, and his right forepaw struck at me through one of the openings. I backed at it and gave him a severe cut in the leg. This time he was not such a dreadful roar of pain and rage that half the village was aroused by the noise. He drew back and ran along the partition, probably hoping to find a weak spot, and three or four times he roared up on his hind legs, seized the bamboos in his teeth and shook them as you have seen a dog worry at a root when digging at the hole of some wild animal. Then he bounded toward the front and sought to go out of the window, but stuck in the opening, snarling and growling, and finally dropped back. He tried this three times and then gave up. As we afterward discovered, there was a huge silver on the log at the top of the opening. This pointed inward. As the tiger crowded his bulk into the opening he pressed this silver up against the log. When he undertook to go out the silver diminished the size of the opening and stuck in his back like a dagger. The uproar he made alarmed Captain White, and he called out to know what was the matter.

"The tiger is in the front room and can't get out!" I answered.
"Why don't you shoot him?"
"The guns are in the room with him."
When I had fairly explained the situation he advised that I be on my guard and ready to use the knife, and that it would not be safe to make any new move until we had daylight to aid us. I did not know at that time that the tiger could not get out where he came in, or I could have forced the rear shutters and escaped from the hut. The beast slunk into a corner and lay there for a time whining and growling. Then he tried the opening again, and when he found himself a prisoner, he sat up on end and howled with fear. I believe I could have then driven him about with a stick.

As the tiger lost his ferocity the native with me regained his courage, and by he got up and found a heavy stick among the piles of goods and stood ready to assist me in beating off my new attack. While the entire village was awake, no one moved out of his house, and all waited for the coming of daylight. At intervals of fifteen minutes Captain White sang out to us to know if we were all right, and about an hour before daylight he warned me that the beast would not doubt fly into a fury with the first sign of day. From midnight to two o'clock the tiger was quiet, but over five minutes at a time. He would sit and snarl and whine and lick his wounded paws for a time and then go circling around the room and growling in a way to make me shiver. As he passed along the partition, rubbing his head against it, his eyes had a glint in them which haunted me for months afterward.

Upon the approach of daybreak the man-eater began to grow more restless. There was a time for him to be off to his lair, but he was a prisoner. Just as the first faint light came he tried the window again, and his efforts to get out were so determined that I thought he would succeed. When he finally drew back he was ripe for mischief. We could make him out plainly now, and as he dropped back to the floor the native grasped out to me.
"By my life, Sahib, he is the largest tiger in all India."

I thought so, too, and subsequent measurements astonished every body. In most cases the man-eater is an old beast, with most of his teeth gone. This tiger was full grown, not over five years old, and every tooth was perfect. When he dropped to the floor he spit like a mad cat, wheeled with a snarl, and at his second jump he struck the

partition like a battering-ram. He not only struck it, but he stood on his hind legs and pulled and shook, and it must have gone down had we not attacked him. The native dealt one of his paws a terrific blow with the stick, and I cut half way through the other with a blow of the knife. The beast let go and fell back. It was now broad day, and we could see him plainly. A photograph of his head and face would make a woman shiver. He backed off, laid his ears flat to his head, showed every tooth, and his eyes wandered up and down the partition looking for a weak spot. I expected a rush, but he was not quite ready. He looked at me, and then, springing like a flash, he fastened to the bamboos again. If we had not been ready the partition could not have held him more than a minute. He used teeth and claws and the whole he was shaking with his exertions. I got in a savage cut in his hind leg and stabbed him in the shoulder, and the native hit him an awful whack on the nose. When he let go this time he was done for. He retreated to a corner and howled and whined like a puppy, and Captain White now called out to know the situation. I explained that the tiger could not get out, as I could now see the silver which obstructed, and he opened the rear shutter and passed me in a rifle. When I took aim at the tiger's head he was moaning and shivering, and I almost felt ashamed to shoot him.

Not knowing whether the dead man-eater had a mate or not we scoured the jungles for his lair, and found it in the ravine not more than half a mile away. He had not devoured any of his victims at the spot where he rested, but all had been eaten within a radius of a few rods. From what we could discover it was concluded that he was a "solitary," and as the village suffered no more this must have been the case. In removing the skin we found a spot on the shoulder where the beast had been severely cut with a knife. The slash was fully four inches long and quite deep, and the hair had not grown out to cover the scar. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred the native who had inflicted the cut had been eaten. — N. Y. Sun.

BUCHANAN'S WAY.
Office-seekers Disposed Of in a Manner Most Delightful.
A well-known politician recently gave an amusing account of the diplomatic manner in which James Buchanan disposed of office-seekers and yet sent them away happy. The man who tells the story was private secretary, during the four years of Buchanan's administration, to one of the New York Senators. His most intimate friend was private secretary to Buchanan, and he spent many hours with the President's secretary in the President's private office, in company with Buchanan. Buchanan's manner with the office-seeker was invariably the same. He would call the name in which James Buchanan disposed of office-seekers and yet sent them away happy. The man who tells the story was private secretary, during the four years of Buchanan's administration, to one of the New York Senators. His most intimate friend was private secretary to Buchanan, and he spent many hours with the President's secretary in the President's private office, in company with Buchanan. 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