

MY FIRST TIGER HUNT

A Long Night Spent in a Mirador Watching for Mr. Stripes.

THE RANDOM SHOT IN THE DARK.

Following a Wounded Tigress Into the Dense Jungle.

TOASTING THE SUCCESSFUL HUNTER

(FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.)

WHEN I left home I promised to bring back a necklace of tiger claws of my own shooting. This was the result of a conversation with "Mr. Isaacs."

It is just as easy to promise one thing as another, and when you are selling

any kind of a new rifle in your den at home you positively ache for the moment

which shall bring you face to face with the sportsman's king of beasts. When the moment

really comes the ache is apt to be of a different kind. But this is to anticipate. At the

moment, however, to the tigers. The chance of one I found myself decidedly all

the time. The lion, Mr. Scott, had spent nearly all his spare time for two years in

trying to get one, but had built innumerable snares and traps, and had a dog, a cat, a

fox, a pig, and a pig. And two months ago he had had his first and only success,

shooting a splendid bear. Except the one and by accident he had shot a tiger. The

tiger had been shot here by a European. I had come to try, however, and next morning

an Annamite hunter who had been sent to look for tigers, returned and reported

that he had built a "mirador" and we were to make our first attempt that evening

in a painful hard-frozen breath, expelled in a painful heavy sigh, came the two

bushes on our right. I never heard a sweeter sound in my life. It meant that the

tiger was hit and he could not get away at once, and evidently his movements

about the lungs. Every two minutes for half an hour this sobbing sigh was audible.

Then it ceased, but we were not to be deceived. The tiger was still there, but he

was hurt as badly as we could get him for certain. So I lighted my pipe and tried to

walk patiently for daylight. It was so long in coming that I began to think the tiger

was dead. I climbed down, and stretched out my legs. The coolie arrived at almost the

same time. The coolie and I were natives returned with their pole, and we

started out to reconnoiter. First, as to the pig. Instead of being half

dead, as we supposed, he was all right except for five long scratches down one side,

where the tiger had put his paw and felt him with a natural curiosity

as to what he was doing there. Just behind him were two deep footprints. That was

his paw. He had chosen two places, and he had cautiously round without seeing a sign.

Fifty yards away there was a stretch of grass three feet high, where he was very likely to

be seen. The tiger had put his paw up to a wounded tiger, practically single-

handed, for I could not tell how far the Annamite could be depended upon at a critical

moment. I was not to be deceived. It was an act of unpardonable folly. So recollecting

that two or three men from the telegraph station had spent the night a mile away,

I sent the coolie to fetch them. He returned, saying they had gone home. This was an

annoying, for the sun was already hot, and to send back for help was a delay of several

hours. Where could the tiger be? Mitt and I walked over to the edge of the

grass and looked carefully along it for tracks. That moment came very near being the

last for one of us. While we were peering about the tiger suddenly sat up in the grass

and looked at us with a tremendous roar, sprang clear out into the open. He

was so near that it was out of the question to shoot. If I had swung my rifle forward

into the darkness till my eyes stuck out of my head.

THE GAME IN SIGHT. Suddenly, in perfect silence and without the faintest warning, a big black object

flashed by the far side of the pool. It was like the swoop past of an owl in the

starlight, like the shadow of the passing bird which had been and instantaneously.

Every nerve in my body was thrilled, every muscle a quiver of excitement. Slowly I put

my left hand and grasped my sleeping companion by the leg. The noise was the

slightest noise we were lost. Like a trained hunter he woke and lifted himself

into a sitting position without a sound. His face to shoulder we peered through our

peep holes. A moment later a blood-curdling scream broke the stillness, followed

by yell after yell of utter terror. It was the wretched pig who had woken to

himself in the clutches of the tiger, and the effect on nerves strained in silence to their

utmost tension was electrical. I shall never forget that moment. The tiger was

there before me, he had the pig in his grasp, in another second he would

probably be gone. And I could see nothing, absolutely nothing. It was pitch

dark in the depression where he was standing, and I might as well have fired with my

eyes shut. Still, as I would, I could not distinguish the least thing at which to aim.

And all the time the pig was yelling loud enough to wake the dead. Suddenly I saw

the tiger's head peering up the little incline for a dozen yards. The pig's screams

dropped into a long howl. My heart sank. Had the tiger gone? No, for an instant

afterwards the shadow shot down the incline and the yell broke out afresh. The

situation was agonizing. I could hardly resist the temptation to fire both barrels at

the animal in the darkness. Do I see something? Yes, the black mass of the pig,

spinning round over heels on his ropes like a butterfly on his wings. It was a very pale

yellowish curved line of white. It is the white horseshoe of the tiger's chest and

the line of his forelegs, as he has turned for a moment to face me. Now he is gone

never. A last glance down the almost indistinguishable barrels and I pressed the

trigger. The blinding flash leaps out, the answering roar even the tiger's

silence, and a blue veil of smoke, hiding everything, hangs before us. Mitt

turned toward me with interrogation or reproach in his eyes, and shook his head

doubtfully. For two minutes we sat and listened. Then a long hard-frozen breath, expelled

in a painful heavy sigh, came the two bushes on our right. I never heard a

sweeter sound in my life. It meant that the tiger was hit and he could not get

away at once, and evidently his movements about the lungs. Every two minutes for

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were two deep footprints. That was his paw. He had chosen two places, and he

had cautiously round without seeing a sign. Fifty yards away there was a

fast, drunk in milk punch made from fresh cocoanuts gathered on the spot, if that

the happiest moments of my life. If among these exaggerated legends of any other

sportsman how he felt when he stood over the first "Mr. Stripes" that tell his own

ride. Si coolies carried her in on crossed poles, the natives came out and "chin-chinned

for the tiger in "joan" to them, the foreigners rode out to meet us and we were

a thoughtful procession by the time we reached the Cape. My first shot, we found on

skinning her, had smashed her right shoulder, turned in to her lungs and broken up there,

making a fearful lateral wound, exactly as an Express bullet is supposed to do. The

wonder was that she should have lived so long. Her skin is in the hands of Boasted

Ward's, her claws are at a Chinese goldsmith's, her body was eaten by the Annamites

and I have a reward of 100 francs from the French Government for killing the "Animal

nuisance." And I shall keep my promise. HENRY NORMAN.

IRRIGATING THE SAHARA.

Changing the Plain of Sand Into a Garden of Verdure.

Paris Letter in Providence Journal.

We saw yesterday a face-aim of two enterprises commenced by the Province of

Algeria which bid fair to revolutionize a large portion of the world. One was the

representation in miniature of the third plantation of 10,000 palm trees, which has

been made since 1880-'81 in the Desert of Sahara, and the other was the construction

of a canal to irrigate the desert. The system is based upon the production

of water from the mountains, and is carried through the fields in shallow ditches which

nourish the roots of trees and plants, and change the plain of sand into a

garden of shade and verdure. Later on other forms of vegetation will be introduced

in the shadow of the trees, which will shelter the traller growths, otherwise

impossible, under the fierce sun. The system is a revolution which will

make in the face of nature, and what a new field for the ingenuity and industry of

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AT ITS VERY BEST.

The Season at Bar Harbor Reaches the Acme of Summer Pleasure.

DAINTY WOMEN AND GAUDY MEN

Fill Every Hotel and Boarding House and Gently Ornament the Beach.

AMUSEMENT FOR THOSE OF ALL AGES

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

BAR HARBOR, Me., July 16. HIS is a far

reach from the smalls and the workaday cities

and, as I look about at the dark green

mountains, and then breathe the salt tang of the

sea into my satisfied lungs, I understand the whole secret

of Bar Harbor's unexcelled prosperity. The resort is topographically and atmospherically

perfect. As a fair blush on nature's breast it is without a flaw. Without the gloom

revelers, who are at this instant disporting themselves on all sides, the place would

be almost its advantage. Later in the day, the drives, the lakes, the diamond

morning, the moon-flooded nights, the exhilarating air at all hours, make of

this half-ragged village a gem to rave about. As the primitive Indian of

vanished years came down from the hills to this queer floor alongside the sea I venture

to believe that a great throng of appreciation agitated him, and he bethought himself

that should remain here through eternity. But our Indian, as is customary with his

species, reckoned too solidly upon his birthright, and to-day he is nowhere to be

found in this gorgeous landscape. The blinding terrors of the sunning reputation would

do his heart good had he stayed to see it. A youth passes my window at this

moment who, if he were clad for the warpath, could not present a more terrifying

spectacle. I think he has on green stockings, blue breeches, a red shirt, yellow

sash and pink hat. By his side troops a squad of gaudy, their faces shining with midsummer

health and happiness, and their clothes combining so many colors that the cows

being driven up the dusty road pause and gaze at them in surprise out of their

warm brown eyes. Yonder on the green sits a squaw of civilization. Her wigwam is a

lace parasol and under it she reads a summer novel.

A VERY POPULAR RESORT. We may wish to see as rapturously as

we choose about all the other wooden cities that are flung down so negligently

along the coast, but this is away up on the edge of this queer, extensive and

pretty substantial State of Maine that we find, after all, the most popular, most

tantalizing resort in all America. People are here like swarms of bumble

bees, wasps, blue-bottle flies, anything that flits, flutters and flashes with

airy effect. The reports to the effect that it is impossible to accommodate the

appearance of the trunk is not unhandsome when the eye becomes accustomed to

its shape. A Clasp of the Old Block. One of the ablest men among many

able men whom the State of Maine has sent to the United States Senate was

William Pitt Fessenden. His father, General Samuel Fessenden, was also a

keen lawyer and was not an uncommon thing for father and son to be

pitted against each other in a case. At one time, when they were on opposite

sides of a certain suit, the younger man had made some points which his

father could not meet. The younger man, who was called "Young Man,"

you are willing, and do, stand about there for hours enjoying yourself much more

than you care to confess. NOTHING NEW YORK. The Bar Harbor Hotel is a somewhat

indefinite in its character, and is an unpleasant one, especially trying to

luxurious people on account of its primitive simplicity. The best known

houses in the place provide the least attractive view. The managers,

clerks, porters and bell boys of every hotel are all good natured

souls, glad to know you, glad you've come and sorry when you go. They

are all of them. They are Maine from their irregular trousers to their

brushed up hair. They are all of them. They are Maine from their

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A JOURNEY OFF THE TRACK.

Written for the Dispatch by Jules Verne and an American Author.

CHAPTER I. GOLD IN TOM BARLO'S BAG.

HERE was a kiss in the passenger room of the railway station at Denver. Those who

looked at what they heard saw that one of the kissers was a comely,

elegant lady of 25 years, with no tinge of a blush on the

kissed cheek, nor any depression in the angle of the lip that

did a half of the kissing. Nevertheless, the other participant was a

gentleman of about her own age. The fact explanatory was that they were

husband and wife. He called her Della in his hearty greeting, and she

responded to him with a smile. "You don't know my name, Tom Barlo, for

I've changed it." "Married?" he exclaimed. "Yes, I've been

married. You may find 'William Erving and wife' registered at the

hotel. We stopped off the train from 'Frisco,' went to a minister, and

he gave us a license. I'm going to be a bride. She was telling this in a

lively yet unexcited way, as though she supposed he would be inter-

ested by it, or even astonished, but with a self-possessed air which

showed that she deemed it no particular concern of his. It never

before she had been so happy, just as she had never before seen anything

of the kind. She was a young woman of about 25 years, with a