

**SOME NARROW ESCAPES.** Marvelous are the escapes from tigers. Col. Warren, of the Bengal army, was carried off, but killed the tiger by means of a pistol he had with him, I believe; and many other sportsmen have recovered after being severely mauled. But the most extraordinary escape was Capt. Hill's, who, while leading a party of Police, was attacked by a noted man-eater in the Yonzaleen Hills, and had a stand-up fight. The tiger pinioned his right arm to his side, put his paws on Hill's shoulders, and stood over him open-mouthed, while Hill endeavored to strike him with his left arm over the right shoulder. With a fiendish growl the tiger snapped down on to his victim's neck, who fortunately fell at the moment. Thus only the upper fangs penetrated, and the tiger turned over a complete summersault; and when the man and tiger faced each other again, the biped had apparently been converted into a quadruped, as he was on his knees and hands, and the blood pouring down his face and beard gave him, I have no doubt, a diabolical expression—or at all events the tiger seemed to think so, for he put his tail between his legs and ran for his life. This tiger afterward killed a Karen, and was shot over the body by means of two guns tied near it, with a string attached to the trigger, fastened across the path he was expected by. To show the audacity of a tiger, I may briefly relate the following: Our Thirty-sixth native Infantry was en route to Berhampore, and an officer's servant—who, with the mess kit, had, as is often the case, preceded the corps to the next encampment ground—was, just at dusk, and close to the mess guard, carried off the high road by a tiger. An infant he had in his arms when he was seized was quite unhurt in the awful rush that took place. Early next morning the tracks were followed by three officers, and, as the body had been very little mangled, it was determined to wait for the tiger's return. While a platform was being got ready one of the party went back, while the other two sat a little way off to eat their lunch, and their gun-carriers were scattered about collecting materials for the mâchan. While thus employed the tiger carried off the body from their midst, in open day, and through not very thick brushwood, without being observed. To follow up was useless, as the body had neither blood nor rags to leave a trace behind. Tigers were so plentiful close to the large town of Pegu, in British Burmah, that many traps were set for them. In one, for lack of something better, Dr. Le Presle, Assistant Surgeon of Her Majesty's Eighty-fourth Regiment, placed a duck, and caught a big tiger! An officer of the commission, who was sleeping with the doors and windows of his bedroom open, had a powerful bull-dog, which was chained to his bed, killed by a tiger by his bedside! When I was at Banlong a poor woman who was sleeping in the veranda of her house was fearfully clawed, but not bitten or carried off, by a tiger. When the plains of Sylhet are covered with water, tigers ascend the hills, and are very plentiful at Cherra Poonghie, often leaving their marks not only within the compounds of the houses, but in the verandas themselves, and no one dare venture out at night without tom-toms and torches. At Shillong we and the sepoy's killed several on foot one year.—*The London Field.*