FATE AND THE CABMAN

BY SIMON NEWMAN

ROLLING back in the capacious arms of her parlor car chair, Mrs. Carpenter gazed listlessly out of the rain-streaked window at the ugly houses that lined the elevated tracks. Blurred by the mist the lights of the city shone uncertainly and the outlines of the taller buildings seemed to melt away into the gloom.

As the train drew near the big terminal the porter, roused to action for the first time in an hour, swooped in upon the passengers with his wisk and collected upwards of a dollar in small change. Then, radiating energy from every muscle, he hustled the bags out on the platform where he could rake them off in rapid succession.

Slowly the long line of cars wound its sinuous way into the shed and with a slight jolt came to a stop. Mrs. Carpenter rose wearily and alighted. On the opposite track a suburban train was unloading a crowd of theatre goers and as she heard the merry chatter of the couples and watched the solicitude with which the men escorted their companions Mrs. Carpenter quickened her steps to get away. She was seized with that terrible loneliness which one sometimes feels in a crowd of strangers and which is more poignant than the solitude of a desert.

Down the steps to the street the woman hurried and made her way to a group of cabs standing under the porte cochere. A driving rain beat in under the roof and the wind whipped her skirts tight about her trim ankles. Holding her fluttering wraps together she plunged into the nearest vehicle, the door of which a policeman obligingly held open for her, and as she disappeared within she called an address to the cabman, wondering at the time if he heard it, but as he whipped up his horse as soon as the door was closed she concluded that he had.

For the first time since that morning, when she had boarded the train at another city, the woman was able to think quietly. The presence of the other passengers in her car had annoyed her and if the compartment had not been taken she would have engaged it herself. It had angered her the more to think that she could be so easily disturbed; she whom her friends jokingly called the "Frozen Lady." Was it a sign that her nerves were becoming unruly?

Here, in the stuffy little cab, with its odor of leather and cheap upholstery enhanced by the dampness, Mrs. Carpenter's thoughts ran relentlessly back over the year that had passed; revolved, with distracting persistency, around events which she had striven in vain to forget.

Fifteen years before, Mrs. Carpenter, then Katherine Howison, had made her debut into a society which was waiting to do her homage. Patrician to her finger tips, possessed of a really brilliant beauty, which was a piquant contrast to her convent breeding, the girl at once attracted a veritable army of admirers. From callow youth to elderly beau Katherine Howison enslaved the most eligible parties of her city and others and even from that little group of coy males whose friends speak of them as "not marrying men," some few danced attendance on my lady. Not so very unnaturally it was one of these whose carried off the prize.

Colonel Carpenter was a man about twenty years the girl's senior. A man of the people, he had acquired his polish later in life than usual and the veneer was thin, but if one did see underneath it was a real man one saw. Stalwart of frame and strong of will, with deep-set eyes and a terrifying bass voice, the Colonel's imposing exterior concealed the warmest of hearts and the most ready sympathy.

Not until he met Miss Howison had Colonel Carpenter desired a wife, and as he had acquired pretty nearly everything else he wanted by the simple process of overriding opposition, the idea of failure in this new field, untried though it was, never occurred to him—which after all, is half the battle. So in the whirlwind fashion in which he had wrested a fortune from the stock market the Colonel, a Juggernaut of love, strode over his rivals and married Katherine almost before society had accepted him in the role of suitor.

Nor was this marriage with the complete consent of the girl's parents. With a pride of birth that was to them a fetich, Mr. and Mrs. Howison endeavored in every way to break off the match. The Howisons had no need of the Colonel's millions and neither, added the stately Mrs. Howison, with curling upper lip, would some of that gentleman's past exploits reflect much credit on the family. Like all wealthy bachelors, Colonel Carpenter had been made the hero of various tales of questionable gallantries.

But Katherine was immovable. The flames of the Colonel's passion had melted her reserve and she was as deeply in love as the most ardent of maids. So, with great eclat, the wedding was solemnized, and even Mr. and Mrs. Howison were forced to admit that it was a happy union.

Then, one day about a year ago, the break came. Mrs. Carpenter received in her mail that morning a copy of a publication that waxed fat on the indiscretions of prominent men and women. With a curiosity that was mingled with disgust, for she loathed scandal, the woman turned the pages until a marked paragraph caught her eye. She read the paragraph and as she slowly laid the paper down it seemed as though the whole world had suddenly grown dark and there was an ache at her heart that was a positive physical pain.

Her husband was the hero of the little story she had just read. It was a tale of a midnight supper that took place a few weeks before at which the guest of honor was a notorious comic opera favorite and the host was Colonel Carpenter. Everybody present had dined too well and the Colonel had lost his head. Mrs. Carpenter remembered how peculiarly he had acted the next morning and the strained explanation he had given of his absence the night before.

With the paper in her hand Mrs. Carpenter went to her husband in the library and quietly handed it to him. His jaw fell as he saw what it was and for the moment his look of distress touched her, but the Howison pride was aroused and her sympathy was only momentary.

Colonel Carpenter made no attempt to deny the truth of the story. He admitted that the incidents described had taken place and said he had meant to make a clean breast of it to her, but had lost his courage. The woman, he said, was the daughter of a man who had once stood between him and financial ruin and he had given the little supper to introduce her to a theatrical manager whom he knew. He had taken too much champagne and——

Mrs. Carpenter listened to her husband's recital coldly and when he begged her, with tears in his eyes, to forgive this one lapse in his long years of loving faithfulness she only smiled at him wanly.

"No," she replied quietly, even gently, "I cannot. I am sorry, for believe me, I wish I could overlook this thing, but it would be impossible for me to live with you now. We had better separate."

The Colonel knew his wife too well to argue. The next day she went to her mother, who was still living, and he remained alone in their old home. Society, which had read the story, knew what the trouble was, but for once society was kind and little was said to either Colonel Carpenter or his wife to open the wound.

Often the woman had reproached herself with being too hard and had wished she could bring herself to the point of rejoining her husband, but she could not. As she mused this night on the bitter year that had passed the cab came to a stop and the cabby sprang down and opened the door.

Mrs. Carpenter, her head down to keep the rain from blinding her, tripped up the steps of the handsome residence in front of her and entered the open vestibule, the cabby following to receive his money. The first object that caught the woman's eye was a huge vase standing near the inner glass doors. With a shock she realized that that vase was familiar to her and as she peered through the doors she gave a gasp of dismay. The richly-furnished hall, she saw beyond was the hall of her husband's home.

"Oh! Why did you bring me here!" she cried to the cabman, who stood patiently, hat in hand.

The man stammered in surprise. "Wh-Why Mrs. Carpenter, I thought you wanted to come home," he said. "Doesn't Colonel Carpenter live here any more? I've been out of town for a year."

Suddenly Mrs. Carpenter was seized with a spirit she could not resist. Already the victim of a whimsical fate she decided to let that fate take its course.

"Yes, yes, it's all right," she laughed nervously. "I thought you had taken me somewhere else. This vase must have come while I was away. I did not recognize it." And she gave the man a bill that made his eyes shine.

With her knees shaking, but outwardly calm, Mrs. Carpenter rang the bell. Even the excellent training of the butler could not overcome the surprise he felt as he opened the door.

"Is Colonel Carpenter in, Johnson?" asked the woman hurriedly.

"Yes, Mrs. Carpenter, he's in the library ma'am," replied Johnson.

"Very well. You need not tell him I am here. I shall go right in," and trembling like a timid bride, Mrs. Carpenter walked softly into the room, the thick carpet deadening her footfalls.

In a big arm chair sat the Colonel, his profile toward her. His wife saw at a glance and with a pang of regret that he had aged years in the twelve months that had passed since she had last seen him. His hair was very grey and his face was deeply lined. He seemed almost like an old man, and a great wave of pity swept over the woman.

Colonel Carpenter's chair was directly in front of a full length portrait to which cunningly-arranged lights gave an air almost human. At one side were curtains that could be drawn across the picture if need be. Mrs. Carpenter saw, with a joy that made her face radiant, that the portrait was one of herself and as she had never sat for one she knew her husband must have had it made from a photograph.

A sigh from the figure in the arm chair made the woman in the doorway slink behind the curtains.

"Ah, Kit! Kit!" the deep bass voice called brokenly. "Night after night I sit here and torture myself by looking at this oil-daubed canvas. Oh, what a fool I was! What a pitiable fool! Somewhere in this same city, not far from my own door, is your own dear self—"

Mrs. Carpenter was clinging convulsively to the curtains, the tears running down her face. "Not very far Jim," she said softly, with a little catch in her voice as if she wanted to laugh and could not.

The Colonel leaped from his chair as though shot from it. Turning, he saw the woman in the doorway. "Kit! he shouted, in a voice that penetrated to the rear of the house where Johnson was telling Mrs. Watson, the housekeeper, of Mrs. Carpenter's arrival. In a bound the Colonel had reached his wife and had folded her in the bear-like embrace she had hungered for so long.

"I guess," remarked Mrs. Watson demurely, "I had better fix up Mrs. Carpenter's room a little."

Queer Punishments

NAVAL officers do not always mete out to the men the punishments laid down in the regulations. They frequently adopt punishments of their own invention which prove most effective in preventing the recurrence of offenses. These punishments are often of a very curious and even ludicrous nature.

It is an everyday occurrence on a British warship to see half a dozen sailors lined up on deck facing the paintwork, their hammocks on their shoulders and their faces presenting a most woeful picture. For this punishment is not so trivial as it appears. The hammock is not very heavy, it is true, but after an hour or so it drags on one's shoulder like lead. Besides, it is far from pleasant to stare fixedly at a square foot of gray painted woodwork for sixty minutes at a stretch. Jack would prefer to do a few days "Ten A" or to have his leave "jambed."

Spitting upon the deck of a man-o'-war is strictly prohibited. As soon as the bugler has sounded the "Stand easy" spittoons are placed at intervals along the deck for the use of the sailors, and woe betide the tar who ignores the presence of these tubs and expectorates about the spotless deck. On many vessels a wide belt is kept, and this the man who departs from the regulations is compelled to wear upon his person, and is thus subjected to the ridicule of his shipmates. He is given an opportunity of retrieving his character, however. He is permitted to walk the deck with the other men, and should he spot a sailor committing a like offense he at once presents him with the hated belt, and the new victim has to undergo a similar ordeal.

Some officers adopt more drastic measures. If Jack is detected expectorating anywhere but in the receptacles provided, a "spit-kit" is strapped to his chest, and any man who cares to do so may make use of this curious walking receptacle. As may be supposed, this humiliating punishment effectively prevents the men from violating the regulations.

Were a civilian given two large wooden buckets, one empty and the other full of water, and told to bale the liquid from the full tub into the empty vessel with a small spoon, he would consider the order to be that of a madman or a revival of ancient fairy lore. Yet this punishment has on several occasions been meted out to refractory "sea dogs." Nothing is more amusing than to see a weatherbeaten sailor carefully baling out spoonful after spoonful of water and as carefully depositing the fluid in a large bucket at his side.

A punishment frequently employed is that of getting the defaulter to walk slowly backward and forward along the deck, nursing in his arms a six-inch projectile (weighing a little over 100 pounds). After a quarter of an hour or so of this beneficial "exercise" the unhappy victim is glad to drop the load and rub his aching limb. At the same time he probably makes a solemn mental resolve never to repeat the offense for which he has been "awarded" this dire penance.

An old naval captain—one of the old, old school—was at one time sadly addicted to stammering. He could not utter a simple sentence without a great amount of spluttering and hesitation. This was one day too much for an intrepid sailor, who was receiving an order from the captain in that official's usual halting manner, and he unfortunately burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This rash laugh he bitterly repented. Captain —— was a disciple of the homeopathic system. Making Jack stand upon the fore bridge, in full view of the entire ship's crew, the officer commanded his victim to laugh continuously for an hour and a half. This he was compelled to do, though the pitiful expression of his weather-beaten, sunburnt visage denoted anything but a happy and contented frame of mind.

Whistling in forbidden parts of the ship has often been punished in a similar manner. The offender has been obliged to whistle his loudest, under the eagle eye of the commander, until poor Jack's lips have become so parched and cracked that he could not produce another note.

THE LARGEST UNIVERSITY IN THE WORLD

IF anyone should ask what was the largest university in the world there would undoubtedly rise to the lips the name of Oxford, Heidelberg, or some other of the European centres of learning. It is something of a shock to discover that the world's largest university is at Cairo, the capital of Egypt, that country deprived of self-government, and regarded with contempt by the more enlightened nations.

Yet this is not so startling when we remind ourselves that Gamia el-Azhar is a Mohammedan University for the study of the Koran, that Mohammedanism or El-Islam, is the most widely spread of religions, and that Cairo is at the very heart of the region which at the five daily hours of prayer resounds with the cry of Allah Akbar.

The Mosque of Gamia el-Azhar is one of the oldest in the world. The founding, in 969 A. D., of Cairo itself, of Cairo that the Arabs call "Misr-al-Kahira"—preceded its building by but a few years. In 988 A. D., the Fatimite ruler Khalif el-Aziz converted it into a university. With the passing centuries Sultans of many dynasties have added to it. And ever, alike in war as in peace, in famine and prosperity, its courts have re-echoed the murmur of student voices, and its teachers, from generation to generation, have handed down the traditional learning of the followers of Mohammed. Not teachers only, they, but exhorters. Gamia el-Azhar has sent out many a prophet leader, and fired the zeal of millions of warrior fanatics. This very year a new Moslem star may come out of Cairo.

And yet the Cairo of today means to many people only a winter garden for their pleasuring. The idle rich of two hemispheres, and the parasites who feed on them, come in Parisian costumes to drive along its wide and shaded boulevards, to lose or gain over its clubhouse card tables, and to dance in the full glare of Sheppheard's ball-rooms. Beautiful women and courtesans, lordling and roue, statesman and parvenue politician, gather to drink its draught of pleasure and to write down new scandals on its overcrowded tablets. There is no motive but desire, and no God but Mammon, in European Cairo.

Side by side with these modern palaces, within hearing of the ball-room music is another Cairo—native Cairo. Ancient and unprogressive, filthy yet picturesque, poverty-stricken but abounding with color even in its rags, greedy of small gain, yet charitable toward each other and to the dogs who swarm in the narrow streets, the native quarter is the same as it was hundreds of years ago. And the undercurrent of feeling which, beneath surface trivialities, binds it to the past, is El-Islam. Every Moslem citizen of Cairo, turns with contempt from its modern efforts at city building, to the heterogeneous mass of domes and minarets that goes by the name of Gamia el-Azhar. To him the University is beautiful and perfect, and unparalleled by the achievements of any other place or people.

It is difficult for us to understand this university. Gamia el-Azhar is without the attractions that often weigh in the selection of an alma mater. It is without campus, without athletic field, without gymnasium, and without dormitories. So hemmed in is it by clustering shops and high roofs, that the visitor is hardly aware of the hoary pile till he stands drawing on slippers over his shoes, in its main gateway. This portal rejoices in the plebeian name of the "Gate of the Barbers" because there the students used to have their heads shaved. So worthy of memorial are all ancient practices, in the eyes of a Moslem.

To the right is the library. Here disappointment awaits the visitor. There is no imposing central rotunda, no circling galleries filled with book-shelves, no well-lit reading room presided over by silence. Instead are a few poorly lighted rooms. On the walls hang maps, mostly of Asia Minor, with a mosque marking the place of every Moslem town. And piled up from the floor are many copies of the Koran, some complete, some containing but a few chapters, or surch, of the sacred book. Much handled, even torn, and not to be redeemed by a few finer copies kept under glass. These, and some commentators on the Koran, and certain histories are the only books in the library of the University of Cairo. Evidently the librarian holds much to the same view of that old Caliph Omar, who, in 640 ordered the destruction of the priceless Alexandrian library. John the Grammarian, the famous peripatetic philosopher, tried to save it. But Omar answered:

"If the books contain the doctrine of the Koran, they are useless as the Koran contains all necessary truths. And if they contain anything contrary to that truth, they ought to be destroyed."

This first feeling of disappointment gives way to delight as we pass from the gloom of the entrance gateway into the great central court, which is open to the sky—to the blue sky and the brilliant sunshine of tropical Egypt. On all sides runs a colonnade of the most delicate white pillars. Between their graceful shafts we have glimpses of the Liwans beyond, the courts of a mosque turned University. If we enter their cool shadows we are overcome by their size. Into how many hundred, how many thousand of separate riwaks, each occupied by a teacher and his circle of pupils, do these multiple columns and railings divide them? They tell us that each riwak is for the natives of a different place or a different province of Egypt. Then all the peoples upon earth must find representation here. Here and there a single student, intent on book or tablet, sways back and forth automatically, in the belief that the motion induces flexibility of the memory. Here and there, too, some have fallen forward on their faces, asleep. Soon, however, they will awake and continue at their business of praying or studying. That is why the murmur of voices is never stilled in El Azhar, day and night, month after month, and year after year.

Study and prayer! This is the combined object of the student of the University of Cairo, these the lodestones that draw this concourse so fascinating to both the psychologist and to the lover of the picturesque. They spread themselves out like some brilliant eastern carpet over the dusty sunshine of the central court, and over the cool interiors of the pillared Liwans. Natives of Bagdad and of Siam, Berbers from the Fourth Cataract and Africans from the Somali coast, each in his peculiar and distinctive costume. There are Syrians in baggy trousers and braided jackets, and swarthy Bedouins in flowing garments of foot wide striped chocolate and white material. The latter wear head dresses of the same stuff bound about the brow with a filet of camel's hair. Here is a cluster of coal-black Nubians in flaming red and yellow robes, there a knot of Egyptians in dull blue and brown. Some wear scarlet fezes, but the turban is the most common and distinctive article of Moslem dress. They vie with the rainbow in multitudinous colorings, and yet the one who knows can read in each the religious standing of its wearer. The wide evenly folded turban of light color denotes the clergy, or Ulama, while green is the color of the descendants of the Prophet.

Religious standing! El Islam recognizes no other distinction of caste. Therefore the students of Gamia el-Azhar are the most democratic in the world. Here is a stately Arab in a robe of finely woven camel's hair. By his side sits an Egyptian of the lowest class in greasy cottons. Rich and poor alike carry each his sheep's skin, his seat by day and his blanket by night.

Nor does age afford any distinction. El-Azhar has neither age limit nor entrance examinations. So the boy of seven is a co-worker with the youth of twenty and the patriarch of seventy.

Men Famous at Seventy

PEOPLE are very fond of talking about the present as being the age of the young man. The old man, they declare, has had his day. Youth is now at the helm.

Now, without disputing the fact that there are plenty of brilliant youngsters doing good work, the idea that the twentieth century is essentially the age of the young man is absurd. As a matter of fact, the young man was much more prominent a century or more ago. Pitt was a mere boy when he became Prime Minister. Wellington was only thirty-four when he won the great battle of Assaye, and just forty when he took supreme command in the Peninsula. Nelson won the Battle of the Nile at the age of thirty-nine. The great Admiral Cochrane won his first important battle at twenty-six. Lord Hawke was a rear admiral at forty-two. Such a list might be extended almost indefinitely, but the instances given are sufficient to show that the great men of action of the eighteenth century were, most of them, young.

GRAND OLD GENERALS

Compare their ages with those of the great generals and statesmen of to-day. Lord Roberts was sighty-eight when he took command of armies in South Africa. General White was three years younger at the time of his defence of Ladysmith. General Buller was sixty-one, and Kelly-Kenny and Warren had both arrived at threescore. Kitchener and French were the two youngest generals at the time. The former was fifty, the latter forty-eight.

Turn to statesmen. Mr. Chamberlain, whose speeches are as full of fire as ever they were, is seventy. At the age of eighty, the late Mr. Gladstone was more than a match in debate for men of half his years. The present Prime Minister of England is almost exactly the same age as Mr. Chamberlain, both having been born in 1836. The Duke of Devonshire is the senior of either. His age is now seventy-two. Mr. Balfour himself, usually considered as being still a young man, is only three years off the sixty mark.

WHEN STATESMEN ARE STRONGEST

Lord Cromer, greatest of pro-consuls, still holds wise rule in Egypt at the age of sixty-five. Lord Elgin is nearly fifty-seven. In fact, there are very few British statesmen or leaders of any repute who can be classed among young men. Even John Burns is rapidly approaching his half century.

As for the idea that a man is too old at sixty, it is preposterous. It is men of that age or past it who are practically managing the world at the present moment, and who have been doing so for many years past. Let it be remembered that Von Moltke was nearly seventy when, at the head of the German Army, he inflicted upon France the most crushing defeat which a nation has received for more than a century past.

Count Sergius de Witte, the only man who seems able to cope with the Russian chaos, is one of the youngest of great modern statesmen. He is only fifty-seven, and therefore five years younger than the great Japanese administrator and fighter, Marshal Oyama.

ACTIVE AT SEVENTY-SEVEN

Turn to philanthropists and ecclesiastics. Who is doing the greatest work for the unemployed, toiling fourteen hours out of the twenty-four? Why, General Booth, aged seventy-seven. The present Pope, Pius IX, is only seventy, but his great predecessor, Leo XIII, was lively as possible and working hard when over ninety.

The most powerful figure in the financial world of to-day is undoubtedly Pierpont Morgan, who controls, it is said, sufficient capital to pay off the British national debt. Though he will be seventy this year, he declares that he feels as young as ever. Certainly his grip on his enormous financial interests never slackens. Mr. Charles Yerkes, again, to whom London owes the electrification of the underground, and who died so recently, undertook his latest and greatest work when nearly threescore. Carnegie is past sixty years, yet, from a business point of view, as capable as ever.

Quakes and Earth Waves

WHEN an earthquake happens on any part of the globe notice is received at distant places by three kinds of waves set up in the earth, one going around the surface and two others through the interior. These latter, moving at different velocities, are known as waves of first and second phase, respectively. Those of the first phase reach a speed at great depths of more than six miles per second, and those of the second phase nearly four miles per second.

The deeper the path within the earth the faster the wave—up to a certain point. When the earthquake tremors are coursing through the globe at a depth of 2400 miles from the surface—so that they would come out over 180 degrees from the place of the shock—both kinds of tremors are retarded and come to the surface some eleven minutes later.

R. D. Oldham, F. G. S., who brought this subject before the London Geological Society recently, suggested that at the depth named the waves entered the central core of the earth, where there was a rapid change in the nature of the material. Without advancing any hypothesis of the character of this change, Mr. Oldham held that it would have to be reckoned with in any theory of the earth. Thus at the centre of the world there would seem to be a sphere 8200 miles in diameter differing in constitution or condition from the mass overlying it.

The historic shock which in five minutes destroyed Lisbon was followed by disturbances lasting several months. After Basel had been laid in ruins in 1356 lesser shocks continued for a whole year. After the Calabrian earthquake of 1857 the earth, it is said, "did not come completely to rest for ten years." These remarks refer in the main to distinct movements, but it happens sometimes that the disturbances are so frequent as to keep up an almost continuous trembling of the ground. In the New Zealand earthquake of 1848 the shocks lasted for nearly five weeks and during a large portion of the time "there were at least 1000 a day," says a contemporary report.

African Lion Hunt

WE were nearing the end of our shoot, and, although we had one fairly well, we had not as yet seen any signs of lion. We happened to arrive at a swamp where a large troop of lions had been seen some time before, but as the reed beds by the swamp were very extensive we had little hope of coming across them in the daytime; however, we resolved to stop for a day and try our luck.

Eventually I got into broken ground—a mount of round, grassy hillocks about 1000 yards from the edge of the water. I had just gained the top of one of the hillocks when I became aware of a number of yellowish objects on the top of another hill about 200 yards away. I looked through my glasses and was astonished to find it was a troop of lions, five in all, apparently fast asleep. I had never expected to find them lying out in the open like this, especially as there was such splendid cover so close at hand. However, there they were, so, after a consultation with my gun-bearer, I decided to make for another hillock quite close to the lions, which I could reach without being seen by them.

I lost no time in getting there, and, crawling up to the top, I looked over. I got quite a shock on finding how near we were. We could not have been more than twenty-five yards from the lions. The male lay on the very top of the mound, facing me, and just below him was a lioness, also facing in my direction, while just the other side of the lion were three females.

The lion was, as I have said, lying facing me; but, as good luck would have it, he suddenly turned completely over and presented his back to us. Here was my chance. So, aiming at his spine, I pulled the trigger. The effect was instantaneous. All five lions leaped to their feet with angry growls and, after an instant's indecision, made off in different directions, excepting the lioness which had been lying closest to us. She evidently meant business, as, making a half circuit of the mound we were on, she came straight up for us. I had reloaded at once and fired at her as she came round the foot of the hillock, but the bullet went over her back. I shoved in another cartridge and, taking a steadier aim, as she came up the slope I hit her somewhere too far back.

The shock was too great for her, and she turned and made off after the others. I fired two more shots at her, but I do not think I hit her again, although she looked very sick.

All this had happened so quickly that I had not been able to pay attention to anything else. My boys told me that the lion was down about twenty yards away. I discovered that the instant I had fired my gun bearer had loosed off both barrels of a 450 at the nearest lioness, quite contrary to the orders I had given him. He swore he had hit her, but I am sure he did not, as a bullet from so powerful a rifle at such a short range would almost have finished her off. We soon found the lion stone dead, the bullet having entered his back, just missing his spine, and tearing a great hole in his stomach. We set to work to skin him at once. He was a young lion in fine condition, with a good mane, yellow with black tips.

We had just finished skinning him when, looking toward the swamp, I saw no fewer than two lions and nine lionesses looking at us, sitting on their haunches like dogs; the lionesses had evidently disturbed another troop in the rushes, and they were all looking very nasty. I could see with my glasses that they were showing their teeth in an ugly manner. It was now getting late, and as they all looked so roused I thought it would be bad policy to attack them again, especially as I knew the wounded lioness was somewhere about, so I went back to camp and found S. had shot a fine lioness, also close to the rushes. This made a total of thirteen lions seen that afternoon, and there were probably more besides.

All that night we heard the lions chasing the herds of zebra, but, although we were out very early next morning and beat through rushes and long grass, we never saw them again, not even the lioness I had wounded, although I am sure, by the way she went off, that she must have died somewhere in the vicinity.

How Tigers Kill Their Prey

I HAVE taken considerable trouble to find how tigers kill large game. Some time ago I was asked to come and see a full-grown bullock that had been killed by a tiger. On examining it I found the animal had its neck broken and there were claw marks on the nose and shoulder, but nowhere else. There was no doubt that the tiger had jumped at the bull and landed on the shoulder, and when the bull turned his head to gore the tiger he must have put his claw out and with a sudden jerk broken the neck.

On another occasion I went to see a young buffalo which had been killed by a tiger and found the same thing had happened. There were similar marks on the nose and also on the near shoulder, which clearly indicated that this animal had been killed in the same way. Malays who have actually seen a tiger killing a buffalo told me that they saw the same thing happen, also that in dragging off a heavy carcass, such as buffalo or bull, he gets most of the weight across his shoulder.

This must be fairly correct, as I have often followed a kill, and the marks left indicated that only a portion of the animal was trailing along the ground. I have known a full-grown bull which ten men could not move dragged for two miles drawn by a tiger in a jungle, where roots of trees and swamp had to be gone through. In no case have I seen the pug marks facing the wrong way except when stopping to feed, which proves he must carry a portion of the animal over his shoulder.

The old idea of a tiger killing large game by a blow from his paw is nonsense, besides, in his assault a tiger never faces his prey, but attacks him on the flank, unless charged. Another curious fact that may seem very like a fairy tale is that a tiger does not seem to mind a small lamp being tied over a kill about ten feet high, but will come and feed. I have known three occasions when this has been tried, and each time a tiger has come to feed upon the carcass.