

KING HUNTS TIGERS WITH REGIMENTS

**Circle of Elephants Closes in
Slowly Until His Majesty Has
a Chance to Shoot.**

DEAD SHOTS CLOSE AT HAND

**Royal Guests in Nepal Also Allowed
to Shoot Rhinoceri—Three Tigers
and Three Rhinoceri Killed.**

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The sparsest details come from India about the King-Emperor's shooting in Nepal, but according to reports already received his Majesty, who is one of the best shots in England, has already brought down three tigers and three rhinoceri.

An Englishman who is an authority on tiger shooting says that the method of shooting when the Maharaja of Nepal gives a big shooting party, such as he has given for the King, is that two or three regiments of soldiers are sent down from Katmandhu into the Tarai to act as beaters, and that a vast number of elephants, of which there are plenty in Nepal, are collected.

The whereabouts of a number of tigers are known, and an immense circle is formed of elephants, with men between as beaters. Little elephants, very quick of foot, are used to carry the officers who regulate the closing in of the enormous circle.

There is a great noise of tomtoms and gongs and the firing of guns as the circle begins to close, and the tigers in the ring, hearing the clamor, begin to move restlessly from place to place, looking for an opening, but are always headed back.

The principal guest, on his elephant, has on both sides of him, on their elephants, two of the surest shots in India, to make quite certain that, if the charging tiger is not stopped by a bullet from the royal rifle, it will be stopped by a bullet from a man on one side of him. Of course, this is an unnecessary precaution with King George on account of his excellent marksmanship.

Closer and closer draws the circle of elephants and louder and louder grows the noise at all points, except the one point where the shooting party, on their elephants, are waiting for the great game to attempt to break out.

At last through the yellow and russet grass something moves at the pace of an express engine. It is a tiger making his dash for life and prepared to charge at anything which stands in his way. If he be not stopped, he will be, at one spring, upon the forehead of an elephant and clawing at the mahout seated on its neck.

But it is a thousand to one that no tiger ever gets as far as this. The rush of each fierce, striped beast through the grass is stopped by bullets, and the beautiful, limp, dead thing is collected when the shooting is finished and hoisted up on one of the pad elephants, to be carried in triumph to camp, to be skinned, and to become later on an ornament in a drawing room.

The royal game animals of Nepal, however, are not tigers, but rhinoceri. Rhinoceri living by the rivers in some parts of the Tarai are preserved for the shooting of the Maharaja and his brothers and sons; and he must be either a royal guest or a stranger of very great distinction to whom permission to shoot any of these animals is given. It is their rarity more than any particular sport in the hunting of them which causes them to be held in such honor.