

**AN UNTOLD TALE. AN
ANWKWARD MEETING
FIGHTING THE TIGER AND
THRILLING ADVENTURES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649188185

An untold tale. An awkward meeting fighting the tiger and thrilling adventures by Will Phillip Hooper & R. H. Savage

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILL PHILLIP HOOPER & R. H. SAVAGE

**AN UNTOLD TALE. AN
ANWKWARD MEETING
FIGHTING THE TIGER AND
THRILLING ADVENTURES**

AN UNTOLD TALE

BY

WILL PHILLIP HOOPER

AN AWKWARD MEETING

FIGHTING THE TIGER

AND OTHER

THRILLING ADVENTURES

TOLD BY

COL. R. H. SAVAGE

AUTHOR OF

"MY OFFICIAL WIFE," "AN EXILE FROM LONDON," ETC.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK

THE HOME PUBLISHING COMPANY

501975

CONTENTS.

BY WILL PHILLIP HOOPER.		PAGE
An Untold Tale.....		7
BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.		
An Awkward Meeting		21
The Pool of Death		43
The Pirate of Williams Landing.....		63
The White Indian		83
Snowed In		101
With the Caribs off Ruatan Island.....		121
Fighting the Tiger.....		139
A Hunt in Corea.....		155
Boy Against Grizzly.....		177
Why the Mail Came Late.....		193
The Secret of Dr. Harper's Cabinet		211
The Mystery of Sergeant Armand Caire.....		229
How We Court-martialed Sergeant Maloney.....		247



THE CONTESTANTS WERE ALL FAMOUS GOLFMEN.



AN UNOLD TALK

By Will Phillips Hooper



"MURDER." Yes, that was the word, "Murder," clear and distinct, that stood out in quaint old script on the new sheet of writing paper I had been holding idly in my fingers. In my surprise and excitement I almost tipped over the table by the side of which I was trying to write a letter. This paper I had just brought home myself from the stationer's, and while taking a cup of tea, for it was 4 o'clock on a dark London day, I had been idly twirling a sheet in my hand, undecided whether to begin my letter Dearest or Darling, when this word "Murder" suddenly caught my eyes, and as I scrutinized it more closely, it slowly faded into oblivion.

I was seated by the grate. It was one of the first cold days, when a cheerful open fire seems the most comforting thing in the world, and I was sipping a cup of tea from a genuine George II. teapot.

Ah, what a hunt I had to find this antique treasure! Day after day and week after week I had haunted the old bric-à-brac shops. Wardour

Street, with its modern antique furniture and "hall-marked" relics, I knew from stem to stern. Upper Oxford Street, with its big and little silver stores, to White Chapel Road, all had I explored. The silversmiths on the Strand and the curiosity shops on High Holborn were equally familiar to me. I could even go without a wrong turn from Phillips's little shop on Oxford Street to his big store on Thayer Street, but I felt well rewarded for my trouble, my interesting, fascinating trouble.

To be sure, my urn had several dents in its beautifully engraved sides. One dent in particular was almost fatal to its graceful symmetry, but this only added to its interest to me, and tea had never tasted as good, never smelled as aromatic, never looked as golden, as when it flowed from the delicate spout of my "find."

But how did that frightful word come on my writing paper? While still puzzling over it, holding it to the candle-light, the steam from my silver teapot struck on the page; in a second, as the hot vapor spread against the sheet, the word "murder" again became visible, and while I held it there, other words became clear.

With trembling fingers I moved the paper in front of the nose of the steaming spout, and writing quickly appeared on the whole paper. (It is explained later on why the old English style in which the story then was first told is not retained here.)

These were the lines :

“‘Murder’—yes, there is no other word for it, and I was the unwilling agent. It was not I who struck the blow. ’Twas not I who drove the poisoned dagger to its hilt, but I caused it all.



That is why I never sing—ah, it is a great relief, late as it is, almost two hundred years now, since the fearful crime, to unburden myself of the dread secret.”

I was almost paralyzed with amazement as the lines rapidly filled the paper, but as I snatched a second sheet and held it to the nose of the mysterious silver urn, the writing continued, but it seemed weaker and more straggly, and an idea seized me. I rushed to the closet, took out a pinch of tea, dropped it into the pot. The effect was magical; the writing at once became firm and distinct.

The narrative continued.

"It was a gift to the Duchess of ——" (name is forgotten). "How well I remember my first introduction to her presence. Queenly? Well, she looked as if she'd been brought up on thrones and tea. But ah, what a contrast when she was in her retiring room, with only her serving maids and me to listen—but that was neither here nor there—she was called the handsomest woman in the Court of King George.

"Her mother was the famous orange woman, titled by George II. in one of his freaks, and beauty seemed to be her only desirable inheritance. But to stick to my story, at the time I first entered her presence she was at her toilet table—the barber doing her hair while the beaux and dignitaries of the court were paying homage to her in their morning call.

"It seems I was presented by Sir John ——" (name was unreadable in the original writing), "and her delight on receiving me was most gratifying to my vanity and a proof of her good taste—and