

Our Little Hindu Cousin & Kari the Elephant

VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR

BLANCHE MCMANUS
DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Our Little Hindu Cousins and Kari the Elephant

Volume 24

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Libraries of Hope

Our Little Hindu Cousins and Kari the Elephant

Volume 24

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Contents

Our Little Hindu Cousin.....1

Preface.....3

Chola at Home.....7

A Day in the Bazaar.....19

The Children's Holiday.....35

The Children Travel in the Big Ox-Wagon.....47

The Children See Benares.....60

The Little Sahib Sees the Big Elephants.....73

Chola Goes on a Tiger Hunt.....84

Kari the Elephant.....93

Bringing Up Kari.....95

How Kari Saved Our Lives in the Jungle.....107

Kari Goes to Town.....114

Kari's Adventure in Benares.....128

The Jungle Spirit.....139

Kari's Story.....148

The Tiger Hunt 161

Kari and the Quick-Sand 175

Kari's Travels 181

Kari in the Lumber Yard 189

Our Little Hindu Cousin

Blanche McManus
Illustrated by Blanche McManus



Chola in His Father's Shop

Preface

Our little cousins of Hindustan are charming little people, even though their manners and customs and their religion are so very different from our own.

India is a big country, and there are many different races of people living within its borders, the two principal ones being the Mohammedans and the Hindus. The Mohammedans number about sixty millions and there are about a hundred and eighty millions of Hindus, who are by far the superior race.

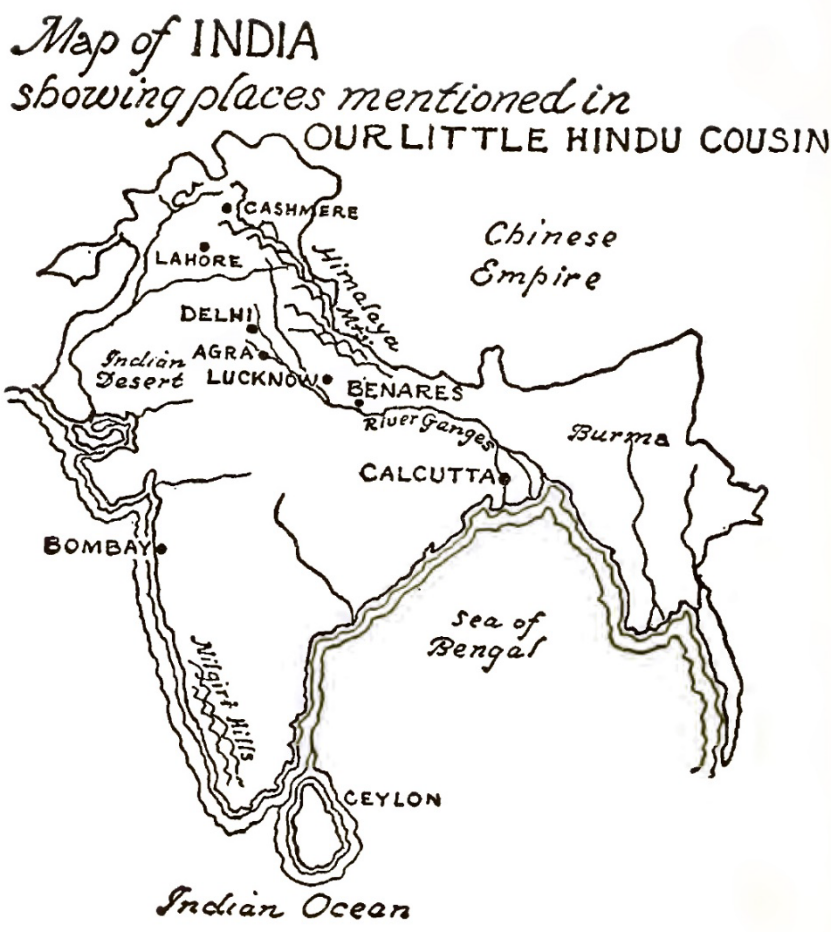
The intelligence of the Hindus is of a very high order, but, like all Eastern races, they have many superstitions. Their attention to their food and drink and personal cleanliness is remarkable, and, though their customs in this respect are peculiar, they follow a healthful and sanitary manner of living which might well be practised by Western folk.

The arts and crafts of the Hindus and their trades and professions are very strange and interesting, and the young people themselves invariably grow up in the same occupations as their elders. There is no mixing of the races or *castes*, and members of one *caste* always associate with those of the same class.

But the English influence is making itself so strongly felt, that frequently the children learn English as early in life as they do their own language; so our little American cousins would almost always be able to make of them good playfellows and would perhaps be able to learn many valuable lessons from Our Little Hindu Cousins.

B. McM.

Suez, January, 1907.


Map of INDIA
showing places mentioned in
OUR LITTLE HINDU COUSIN
CASHMERE
LAHORE
DELHI
AGRA
LUCKNOW
BENARES
CALCUTTA
BOMBAY
Himalaya Mts.
Indian Desert
River Ganges
Chinese Empire
Burma
Sea of Bengal
Nilgiri Hills
CEYLON
Indian Ocean

CHAPTER I

Chola at Home

It was barely light when little Chola rolled out of his blanket and gave his cousin Mahala a shake as he lay stretched out beside him.

"Lazy one, listen! I hear little kids bleating below in the courtyard; the new goats with the long hair must have come. Hasten! We will be the first to see them!"

"Oh!" said Mahala, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "thou art the plague of my life. I was in the midst of a beautiful dream. I dreamed that I was sitting beside a clear stream, with many dishes of sweetmeats beside me, and I was just beginning to eat them when thou didst wake me."

"Oh, thou greedy one! 'Tis always of sweets that thou art thinking," laughed Chola, as he and Mahala ran down the little winding stairway which led from their room into the courtyard.

"Here they are, aren't they dear little creatures?" cried Chola, as two little kids came frisking toward them, while the big white mother goat followed them bleating piteously.

"What fine long white hair they have," exclaimed Mahala, trying to catch one of the kids as it bounded past him.

"A lot of fuss over some goats," grumbled the old porter. "This fellow with his goats came hammering before cock-crow at the gate," continued the old man, who did not like having to come down from his little room over the big gateway of the court at such an early hour to open the gate.

"We are early risers in the hills," said the man who had brought the goats. "It is you town folks who are lazy; but I promised your master when he bought the goats in the market yesterday that he should have them this morning."

"Oh, thou art from the hills," exclaimed the boys, looking curiously at the little man in his strange dress.

"Yes, from the far northwest; and both I and my goats are homesick for the tall mountains with the snow on their tops and the great pine trees. We like not these hot plains; but I must be off to the market," and, twirling his stick, the

little man left, clanging the heavy gate behind him.

"Come, we will bathe before our fathers come down," said Mahala, after they had played about with the kids awhile; "they always say we are in their way." So saying the two little boys ran into the big garden where, under a group of mango trees, there was a big stone tank, or pond, of water, with steps going down into it. Here Chola and Mahala bathed every morning, for it was part of their religion and must be done in a certain way. Indeed, some of our little Hindu cousins bathe before each meal; and this is why, all over India, you will see the people bathing in the rivers, in the public bathing-places, and in their own gardens at all times of the day. Moreover, it is a very pleasant custom for a hot country like India. As the boys were splashing merrily about in the big tank, down dropped a big mango right on top of Chola's head.

"Where did that come from?" he cried, looking around; but there was no one to be seen, so he went on splashing, when down came another mango, and a sound was heard as if someone was chuckling to himself.

"Oh, it's thou, son of mischief!" cried Chola, as a little

monkey leaped down and capered around on the edge of the tank.

It was Jam, Chola's pet monkey. A cousin of the gardener had caught it in his field one night when he was guarding his crops from the monkeys. These mischievous animals would often dash out in droves from the nearby forest at night and eat up the farmers' crop. He did not wish to kill the little monkey; for, like many Hindus, he thought it a sacred animal. So he had brought it to Chola for a pet.

The boys had great fun with Jam, though often he would play mischievous pranks on them. Today Jam thought this was just his chance to have fun. Spying Chola's turban lying beside his clothes on the steps of the tank, he pounced upon it and carried it up into the mango tree.

"Oh, son of mischief, just wait until I catch thee! Bring back my turban!" cried Chola, as he scrambled out of the water and climbed up after Jam in a jiffy. It would never do for him to lose his turban, for it would be very bad manners for him to be seen without this curious head-covering. But as Chola went up the tree, Jam climbed down by an outstretching limb and swung himself to the ground, then away

he went tearing around the garden with Chola after him. Suddenly Jam tossed the turban over the garden wall and flew to the top of the house, wild with joy at having given Chola such a chase.

"Oh, Mahala, find it for me," said Chola, as he dropped breathless on the grass.

Mahala ran out into the road and was back directly.

"Here is thy turban all unrolled," he laughed, throwing what seemed to be many yards of white cloth at Chola.

"Just wait until I take a good bamboo stick to thee, wicked one," said Chola, shaking his fist at Jam, now safe out of reach, and beginning to wind the cloth around his head.

After their bath it did not take the boys long to dress, for they just wound a long white garment around and around them, and slipped over this a little jacket.

"Let us go to the cook-room now and see what the women are cooking; to dream of sweets does not take away one's hunger," said Mahala, after the boys had given their teeth a vigorous washing and rubbing with little sticks, which was another one of their religious duties.

As the boys ran across the courtyard, scattering the goats, doves, and fowls which were picking up seeds and grain, a voice called out: "Give me food, oh, little princelings!"

"That must be a beggar, but I do not see him," said Mahala, looking around.

"It is old green coat," said Chola, laughing, and pointing to the other side of the court where hung a hoop in which sat a beautiful parrot, all brilliant green and blue and red. He could talk so well that a stranger who came to the house would look everywhere to find the human being who he thought had spoken to him. Once there came a thief who thought he could steal the fine cock that stood under the veranda with his head under his wing. Just as the thief caught the cock by the neck, such a torrent of abuse came from above that he dropped the cock and rolled in the dust, crying out: "Mercy! mercy! Oh, great one, thy slave will never do this thing again!" Then as he heard a laugh, and no one seized him, he fearfully lifted his head, and there sat the parrot swinging on his hoop-perch. The thief slunk away very much ashamed that he had been fooled by a bird.

"Ah, it smells good!" said Mahala, as they looked in at the door of the cook-house which was near the great gateway.

There were no stoves or even fireplaces in the cook-room, but a series of little holes or cupboards in the wall, in each of which was a pot or pan resting on a few bricks or stones over a tiny fire. These little ovens were near the floor, so that the cook could watch the pots and pans while squatting. No Hindu stands up to any kind of work if he has a chance to sit down.

Three or four women were squatting around watching the cooking, while the boys' old grandmother bustled about scolding everybody within sight.

"Do not linger here," said the grandmother to the boys, "this is no place for children."

"But, grandmother, Shriya is here," objected Mahala; "why can't we stay, too."

"I am helping grandmother," said Mahala's little sister Shriya, who, with a very important air, was sitting on the floor stirring something in a big bowl. Shriya felt that she was a person of importance these days, for was she not going

to be married soon!

"Shriya is a useful little girl; besides, why are you not in the great room where thy fathers make sacrifice to the Gods of the Household?" answered the old lady, rather tartly. Like all good cooks she did not like to be bothered while she was preparing her dishes.

"Come away, the grandmother is always cross when she is in the cook-room," whispered Chola; so he and Mahala crossed the court again and went into the house.

If you should come to visit Chola, you would think no one lived there when you first entered the house. You would see no furniture of any kind, no tables or chairs, for everyone sits cross-legged on mats or rugs spread on the floor, or squats on their heels. The walls are whitewashed and bare, and there are no pictures or knick-knacks such as you have at home.

The great-room was the sitting room and dining room for all the family except the women, who lived in their own part of the house, called the zenana.

At one end of the great-room was a shrine, in which was a curious old idol of baked red clay. This was supposed to

be the image of the family god, and each morning offerings were made to it. This morning when the boys came in, they found that the offerings of dishes of rice and wreaths of flowers had already been placed around the old idol.

"Thou art late," called out Chola's father, who was sitting on the wide veranda in front of the great-room, smoking his big pipe called a hookah. It was very comfortable on the veranda, for all around it hung mats of woven grass to keep off the burning sun and yet let in a cooling breeze. You must know that India is a very hot country and that the people make use of all sorts of things to make them comfortable. That is why the houses all have broad verandas, where the folk can sit and keep much cooler than within doors.

"It was all Jam's fault," said Chola, and he sat beside his father and told of the trick the little monkey had played him, which amused his father very much.

"You have spoilt Jam," he said. "Someday he will have to be sent back to the forest if he does not behave himself better."

Meanwhile the steaming dishes of food were being

brought from the cook-house and placed on the big mat in the centre of the great-room; this kept the grandmother and the boys' mothers busy, for they had to serve three separate repasts, one for the men, one for the children, and then, last of all, one for themselves. All this took a long time, for there was Harajar Chumjeree, Chola's father, and his wife Lalla, and Murree Rao, Chola's uncle, and his wife, and his son Mahala, and Mahala's little sister Shriya, and the grandmother, and several cousins and cousins' widows. They all lived in the big stone house, built around a square courtyard, which stood in the middle of a large garden on the outskirts of the beautiful city of Lucknow.

"Oh, grandmother, give us the fine white rice this morning with the beautiful curry which thou hast made! None other tastes so good as thine," said Chola, coaxingly, as he and his little cousins seated themselves on the cleanly swept earthen floor of the great-room.

"Aha! art thou young rajahs that you should eat the beautiful rice of the feast days?" said the old lady, as she bustled back to the cook-room; for the very fine rice is costly, and not usually given to children every time they ask

for it. Nevertheless, the old lady was always pleased when they praised her curries, and, like other grandmothers the world over, she quite spoiled her little grandsons. So, presently, she came back with a big bowl of the fine white rice and put a pile of it on each child's plate, taking care not to actually touch the plates themselves, and then she made a hole, or basin, in the centre of each pile and filled it with a steaming hot curry. This is one of the dishes that the children were fondest of and there are many ways of preparing it.

This curry of the grandmother's was made of several kinds of vegetables, and was very hot and spicy indeed, but the children enjoyed it. After this they had flat cakes of fried meal, and then a preserve of fruit.

"Here is milk from the new goats," said the grandmother, placing a big bowl of goat's milk before each child; "but hasten, little ones, for I and the mother and Shriya go with my son to the Bazaar today. There are many things to buy for the wedding of my grand-daughter," continued the old lady, who was devoted to her grandchildren and really ruled the house.

"Oh, take me, too," cried Chola. "There are no lessons at the school; for thou knowest it is a holiday, and Mahala goes with his father to visit a cousin. I will be all alone."

CHAPTER II

A Day in the Bazaar

So it was settled that Chola should go, too. A little later the "*ekka ghurrie*" was ready in the courtyard, and they all stowed themselves away in it somehow. The "*ekka ghurrie*" is a funny kind of carriage made of bamboo poles hung between two high wheels, with a red canopy to keep off the sun. It was drawn by a little pony, and the shafts were fastened to a stout bamboo stick, across his high pointed collar.

They found themselves rather a tight fit, for the "*ekka*" was small; and the *coolie*, or servant, who was driving had to balance himself as best he could on one of the shafts. Nobody minded this, however, and away went the little pony along the dusty road, past gardens and many low, rambling two-storied houses very much like their own.

Everything looked wonderfully bright and gay. Many of

the houses were painted a brilliant pink or yellow with bright green verandas; and the people, too, were dressed so gaily in all kinds of colours, though some of them wore pure white, which looked nice and cool in the blazing sun.

Soon they passed the great gate of the city and came into the busy streets of the Bazaar.

In all Eastern cities there is a part called the Bazaar, where are all the shops; and in a large city like Lucknow the Bazaar is made up of many streets of nothing but shops.

All the fruit and vegetable shops are in a street to themselves; all the workers in brass and other metals in another. You will find the silk merchants in one street; and, in still another, all the shops that sell cotton goods—the pretty flowered kinds stamped with tinsel as well as plain white, for everyone in India wears light cotton or silk clothes.

When they came to the street where the silk merchants were, the grandmother and Shriya and her mother got out; for it was here they were going to buy Shriya's pretty silk dresses and long veils, and other pretty things.

"I would rather go with thee, father," said Chola, so he and his father turned into another street. Here were the

shops where wonderful gold and silver work was made and sold; and where precious stones were set into all kinds of rich and curious jewelry. The shop of Chola's father was one of the largest in the street, though we would think it very small. It was more like a big cupboard in the side of the street than anything else; and he could reach nearly everything in it without getting up from his seat. The shop had no name or sign over it, nor were there any windows, while no doors were needed because the entire front was open to the street, so that customers could look in to see if there was anything they wished to buy without coming inside.

Chola sat on his heels watching his father as he sat cross-legged on a carpet spread on the floor, putting a beautiful blue turquoise into the setting of a silver necklace. Near to his elbow was a low table on which were piles of precious stones. He liked to come with his father to the Bazaar and watch him make the gold and silver into beautiful things. When Chola was older he would come every day to the Bazaar, and his father would teach him to be a silversmith like himself. Every little Hindu boy follows the same trade as his father.

The Hindus love jewelry of all kinds, and both men and women wear quantities of it. In fact much of their wealth is often put into the form of necklaces, rings, and bracelets, which the women wear all the time. The Hindus think this is the safest way to keep their wealth. So you see why the jewelers do such a big trade in India.

"Father, there's a customer," whispered Chola, but Harajar paid not the slightest attention to a tall man in a long silk robe, with a big turban on his head, who stopped to look in the shop. A Hindu merchant usually thinks it beneath his dignity to ask anyone to buy his wares.

Presently the tall man said: "Are you happy?"

"I am happy," answered Harajar.

This is the Hindu way of saying, "How do you do?"

Harajar then offered the tall man a seat on the rug, and his own hookah to smoke, which is the polite thing to do. The would-be customer puffed away at the great pipe for some minutes, meanwhile saying never a word. Soon he began to pay compliments; and then he looked at, and priced, nearly everything in the shop before he asked the price of the gold-mounted dagger on which he had had his

eye all the time. Then came the bargaining.

Chola knew that this would take all the morning, so he slipped away to a shop a little way down the street, where a big yellow and red awning hung across the roadway.

Here were beautiful brass ornaments of all kinds, lamps, vases, pitchers, and what not, and Chola peered among these for a sight of his little friend Nao. Only Nao's father was in sight, and he sat dozing over his hookah. Farther down the street, however, Chola spied Nao's embroidered cap bobbing about between two big camels laden with great bales of cloth.

Nao as quickly caught sight of his friend Chola, and came running up at once. "Oh, Chola," he cried, as he greeted his little friend by touching his forehead and the palm of his right hand, "let us go to where the caravans gather about the city gate; the man with the camels has just told me that all the camels stopped there to rest on entering the city."

"Nay," said Chola, "there are wild, rough doings among the strange men who come down from the hills with the camels. I have heard my father say so."

"Oh, go play with thy sister, then, I will go alone," said Nao, who made out as if he would turn away.

"I am not afraid. I, too, will go and talk with the camel men," Chola answered with spirit. No little Hindu boy likes to be told to stay at home with the girls, because in his country it is a sad fact that little girls are not thought as much of as boys, nor do they have so good a time.

The two boys slipped away through the crowded street, dodging between lumbering wagons drawn by oxen, called buffaloes, and pushing their way through a crowd of folk dressed in a great variety of costumes, all in gay colours and with queer gaudy turbans on their heads. The turban forms a very important part of the dress of the Hindu, and Chola could tell by the colour and shape of each man's turban to just what *caste* each man belonged and what business he was in. There are many of these *castes*, or classes, of Hindu people, and each *caste* keeps strictly to itself. A person of one *caste* must not marry outside his *caste*; or touch persons of another *caste*, even; or eat with them, or have any friendly dealings with them. Not only that, but you would think it very tiresome, would you not, to have to remember

not to sit next to that person or touch this one? And that you must find out who cooked your food before you might eat it? But this is what our little Hindu cousins have to think of all the time.

Many of the men carried umbrellas of bright colours. Once only very high and mighty people in Hindustan carried umbrellas, or rather had them carried over them by a servant, but now nearly every one carries one;—and they are needed in a country where the sun shines hotly all the year round. For this same reason the streets are nearly covered in by great spreading awnings drawn from one side to the other and forming a sort of roof.

Just for fun the two boys got in the way of the *"bhisti,"* or water-carrier, so that the stream of water from the goatskin bag, with which he was watering the dusty street, might play on their bare feet; but when he turned it toward their heads, they ran away laughing.

"See! there must be a juggler over there," said Chola, pointing to a circle of people around an old man with a gray beard.

The two boys pushed into the circle until they were near

enough to see what wonderful things the man was doing. He had just put a few seeds into the dust under a small mat. "Behold," he cried, "there will grow up a beautiful flower," and, sure enough, as he lifted up the mat, there appeared a pot, and from the pot there began to grow up a stem and green leaves, until finally it became a tall plant from which unfolded a great red flower. All at once, as the juggler held the plant up for everyone to see, the flower changed into a cage containing two white doves, and, when the door of the cage was opened, the doves came out and began to circle about the juggler's head. At this there was a murmur of wonder and surprise from the crowd. The doves entered the cage again; but, as the people looked, the cage and doves and the red flower and the plant with the green leaves all vanished; and the juggler stood on his little grass mat with absolutely empty hands. Nothing could have been hidden about him, for he had on no clothes except a cloth wrapped around his waist.

"Is it not wonderful?" whispered Nao. "There be people who say it is magic; and that there are no such things in sight as the flower and the doves, and that it is all the power

of the eye of the old man that makes other people see things as he wants them to see them."

"Nay, it is real magic, and the flower did grow up before us," said Chola. It would be hard for anyone to believe otherwise; for it is true that the jugglers of India do the most wonderful tricks, far more wonderful than those we see in our own country, and no stranger can really tell how they are done.

"How will you find your camel-man?" asked Chola, when finally the boys came to the great square where the caravans camped. Everywhere were camels and horses and men in strange costumes.

"He said he would be near the great gate," said Nao, as he and Chola crept in and around the big camels and under them, constantly being scolded by the men for getting in their way. Finally Nao spied his friend sitting lazily smoking in the shade of the gateway, while he watched his camels being unloaded.

"Welcome, oh, little friends," said the big, bluff fellow. "I suppose it is no use to ask thee to share my dinner?" he continued, pointing to the big dish of boiled rice, cabbage,

and goat's meat which one of his stable boys had just brought him.

The food smelt very good, but Chola and Nao shook their heads. They knew by the blue turban and dress of their new friend that he was a Mohammedan, and they would rather have starved than eaten food with him; but they were quite willing to squat beside him in the dust in true Hindu boy fashion, and listen to his strange tales of the far-away countries which he had visited, as he ate his meal out of the big bowl. They heard how he had come from the great plains of China, across the snow-covered mountains of the north—the great Himalayas, the highest mountains in the world;—and how his camels had waded through snow-drifts up to their necks. He told them marvellous tales of the great cities of Delhi and Lahore, with their marble palaces and beautiful gardens; and of the great rice-fields of Burma. Sometimes he had crossed the great desert going toward the west, and had seen the splendid city of Bombay, and from there had gone on down the coast where the tall palm trees grow. He and his caravan had crossed India many times, carrying merchandise from one part of the

country to another. The camel-man talked on until he had finished eating and was ready for a nap.

"It must be fine fun to ride a camel," said Nao, as he and Chola made their way back to the Bazaar.

"I think it is much nicer to ride a big elephant, as my Uncle Achmed does when he goes about his lumber yards," answered Chola. "But, Nao, the smell of thy friend's dinner has made me hungry. Let us buy some sweet-meats," he continued, darting across the street to a little booth where there were bowls and baskets filled with all kinds of sweet, sticky things to eat that not only Hindu children like, but all the grown-ups as well. When a Hindu wants a real treat, he eats as many sweetmeats as he can.

Just as the boys got to the booth, a big bull buffalo came snorting along. He evidently wanted sweets, too, for he stuck his head under the awning of the little shop and took a big mouthful of preserved fruit from one of the baskets, at the same time upsetting the contents of another basket over the owner of the little shop, who was dozing among his wares.

"Oh, the thief!" cried the man, jumping up angrily,

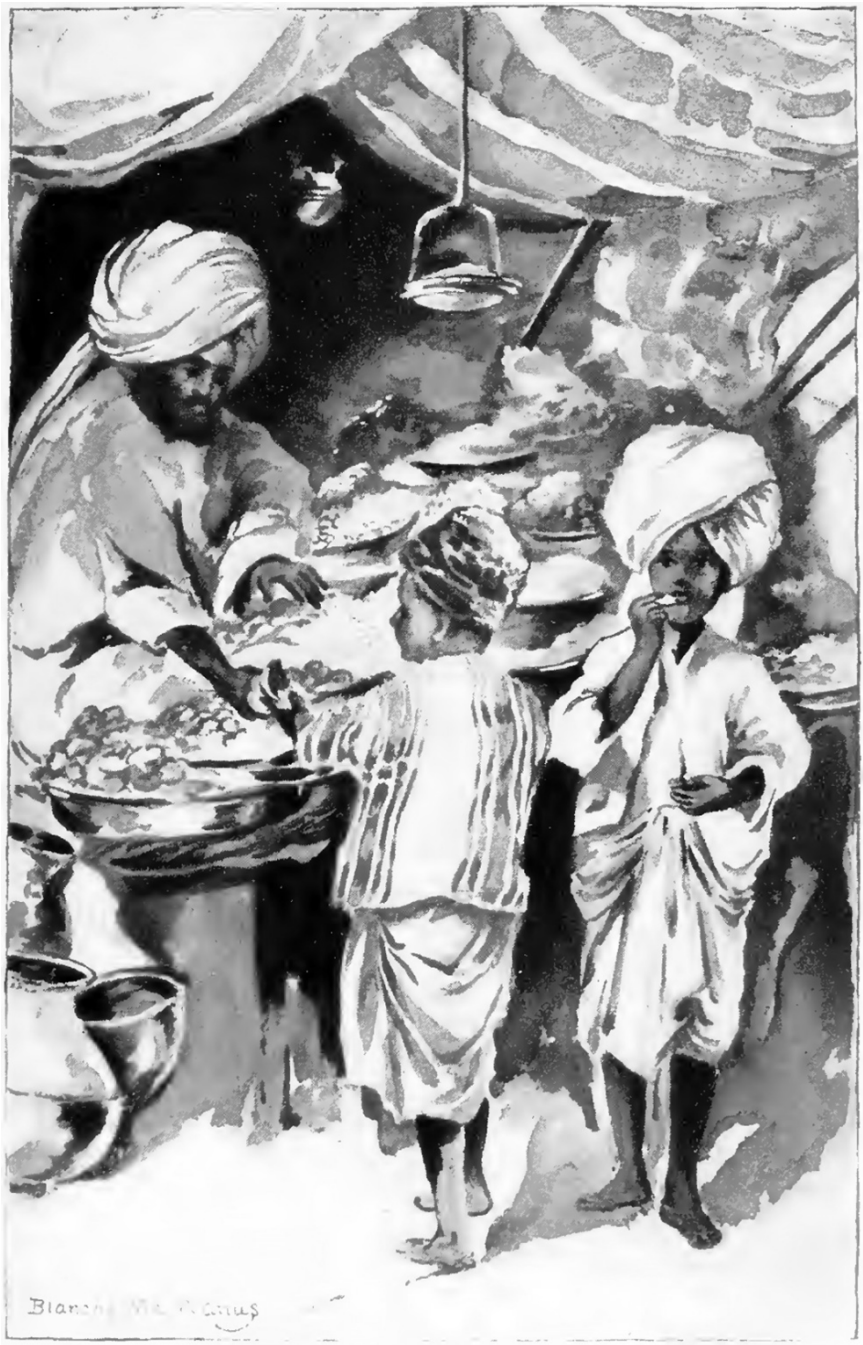
though he dared not do anything to the animal; for it was one of the sacred bulls from a nearby temple. They were allowed to wander through the streets, though they often robbed the shops in this mean fashion.

"'Tis no laughing matter," said the man, turning to the boys, who could not help laughing at his discomfiture.

"Do not be cross," replied Chola, as he and Nao helped to pick up the scattered sweets. "We are a different kind of customer from the buffalo. How many 'cowries' do you want for this almond paste? Not too many, mind you," he continued, with an eye for a bargain, "for we helped you save the others."

"And eaten some, too, I warrant," grumbled the man, still in a bad humour, as he wrapped up the sweets in a large green leaf and gave it to Chola, who paid him with some tiny shells, threaded on a string, which he took from the wallet he carried in his dress. These cowrie shells are used for small pieces of money and are carried on strings. As you may imagine, each shell is not of a great value.

"Let us eat our sweets here," said Chola, squatting in the shadow of a wall; and, with his finger, drawing a circle



Buying Sweets in the Bazaar

round them in the dust. This was intended as a sort of a boundary-line to keep any *low-caste* person from coming too near them while they were eating. The boys greatly enjoyed their candies, which they thought all the better for being made with *ghee*, a sort of rancid butter.

Just as they were finishing the last bit, someone came up and touched Nao on the shoulder.

"Who comes here to make my food unclean," he cried, jumping up angrily.

"Hush! It is a little Sahib. Doubtless he knows no better," said Chola, as he looked around and saw an English boy standing by.

"I think those things look better than they taste," the boy said, smiling, as he pointed to the sweets; "but I meant no harm. I only wanted to ask if you could tell me where Colonel Scott lives. I think I have lost my way."

"Ah, everyone knows the Colonel Sahib; but the house is far from here; in the street with the great trees near the Chutter Munzil," said Chola.

"Where the roofs look like big gold umbrellas, I know," said the English boy. "My name is Harry, and Colonel Scott

is my father. My mother and I have just come from England; but my papa has been here a long time. While he was buying something in one of the shops, I followed a man who had a lot of performing birds; and the first thing I knew I had lost my way." Harry rattled away, glad to find someone to talk to.

Chola could understand him fairly well, for he had been taught a little English at his school.

"Yonder stands a *'rickshaw.'* It will take you quickly to your home," said Chola, proud to be able to talk to a little Sahib.

The little Hindu boys hailed the *"rickshaw,"* and, nearly bursting with importance, bargained with the man who pulled it to take the little Sahib home.

"Perhaps I shall see you again, for I am going to live here now," said Harry, as he thanked the boys and climbed into the *"rickshaw,"* which looked like a big perambulator. Away the man went with it at a lively trot, with Harry waving his cap in the air as a good-bye to his new-found friends.

Chola could talk of nothing but the "little Sahib" as they jogged home in the *"ekka"* in the dusk of the evening.

There are many English people in India, because it is now a part of the British Empire. So it is not surprising that Chola and Harry should meet in this way and be able to talk to each other. Mahala was very much disappointed because he had not been there, too, when he heard Chola tell of his adventures as they ate their supper.

CHAPTER III
The Children's Holiday

"Chola, art thou there?" said little Nao the next morning, peeping in between the mats of the veranda. Nao lived in a pretty pink house next to Chola's, and their gardens joined; so he and the two cousins were great playmates.

"Yes, but I'm busy," said Chola, without looking around. The barber had come to shave his father, and Chola had begged to be allowed to hold for his father the little looking-glass which the barber had brought with him, as he reclined on a rug while the barber shaved him. The barber made his rounds from house to house each day, carrying the tools of his trade with him; and he not only shaved his patrons' faces, but their heads as well.

"I only wanted to tell thee that there is a man just outside the gate with a basket," replied Nao, in a tantalizing way; "but if thou must help the barber—"

"There are plenty of men in the street with baskets," returned Chola; but he was beginning to be interested.

"But this man carries a flute," answered his little friend, smiling.

"Oh, it is the snake-charmer!" cried Chola, jumping up.

"I see thou art tired of playing barber. Give me the mirror, and thou mayst run away," said his father.

Out in the street the boys found the man dressed all in bright pink, with a basket on his arm. He had seated himself down in the shade of a tree, and a crowd of children had gathered around him.

Presently he began to whistle on a little pipe or flute. "Look," whispered Nao, as a snake's head pushed up the lid of the basket and crept slowly out. Then another and another followed, until several snakes were crawling and wriggling around in the dust, all keeping time to the music of the flute. Soon the snakes began to climb and crawl all over the man, winding themselves around his neck and arms to the great delight of the children. Finally one of the snakes wound itself around the man's neck; and one around each arm; after which the man piped them back into their

basket.

Then he spread the handkerchief on the ground, which was a sign for the children to pay for the show. This was enough to send most of the children flying away; for, though they had enjoyed the performance, many of them were not willing to pay for it. Both Chola and Nao, however, threw some cowrie shells on the handkerchief before they left.

"May good luck attend thee, my little masters," said the snake-charmer with a deep *salaam*. Then he picked up his basket again and went piping down the street to find another audience.

"Thou hast on thy yellow dress. Hast thou been to the temple?" asked Nao, as he and Chola came back into the garden.

"No, I wait for Mahala. Where can he be?" said Chola, running back into the courtyard.

Mahala was there, busily washing out the inkstand which he always carried to school, while Shriya hung out of one of the zenana windows talking to him.

"I cleaned my inkstand yesterday, oh, tardy one!"

exclaimed Chola.

"Mine, too, is ready," said Mahala, giving it a final polish as he spoke. "Now we will be off."

Today was the great holiday for the children. It was the festival of Sarasvati, the Hindu Goddess of Learning, who is supposed to be the especial guardian of children.

The boys were going to the temple to lay their inkstands before the queer image of the Goddess of Learning, as was the custom on this holiday festival.

"Thou art not keeping the holiday," called out Nao, looking up at Shriya.

"No, indeed," answered the little girl, shaking her head. "I do not want to be a widow some day; and the grandmother says this is what would happen if I should read books and learn to write while I'm little."

The boys laughed; and then ran out to join the crowd of little boys, who were making their way toward the temples, all dressed in bright yellow in honour of the day, some carrying their inkstands stuck in their belts, others swinging them in their hands.

"What shall we do to amuse ourselves?" asked Mahala,

after they had dutifully laid their inkstands before the queer image of Sarasvati.

"I know," answered Chola. "We will find the potter and beg a bit of clay from him. It will be fun to make some toys for ourselves."

The boys turned down a street; and there, under a big tree on the river-bank, the potter was at work with piles of damp clay around him. As usual, a lot of children were gathered about him. They loved to watch him take the clay and put it on a revolving wooden wheel before him and mould dishes and jugs and bowls of all sorts and shapes. Each neighborhood has a potter whose business it is to make the ware for that village; and he does a good trade, for it is the custom among many of the people to throw away their dishes after each meal. This of course means that they must have new ones all the time.

"Eh! well, thou wouldst have clay for thy toys?" said the gray-bearded old potter, when the boys explained what they wanted. "Here it is then," he said, good-naturedly, and gave them each a lump of the wet clay. Carrying their treasure carefully the boys hurried back to Chola's garden.

Shriya was there in a shady nook, swinging Chola's baby brother gently as he lay in his cradle. His cradle was a kind of little hammock, swung between two bamboo supports, and, as Shriya swayed it gently backward and forward, she was singing:

"Here is a handful of white rice,
Here is a bit of sweet,
Here is a tamarind ripe and nice,
A curry for thee and me."

"The little one is fretful. He is not well; and it may be that he has a fever, the mother fears," said Shriya, stopping her song as the boys came up.

"I will make him a horse to play with," and Chola seated himself and began to mould the clay as he had seen the old potter do.

"I shall make a buffalo like the sacred one that stole the sweets yesterday," said Nao, falling to work.

"Tush! this only sticks to my fingers!" exclaimed Mahala, impatiently, after a few minutes' work.

"Give it to me and let me try," said Shriya, eagerly.

"Thou canst take it; and a good riddance, too," and Mahala held out a pair of dirty hands.

"There!" cried Chola, "here is thy horse, little one; but wait, I must put a saddle on him," he said, as the baby crowed and put out his hands.

"A horse, indeed," laughed Mahala; "it looks as much like a horse as Nao's buffalo.

"I couldn't make the horns stick on mine," grumbled Nao.

"And thou hast forgotten thy buffalo's tail, too!" Chola laughed, heartily.

"But, look," he continued, "Shriya's are the best of all."

Shriya's nimble little fingers had indeed made the two little dolls which she had moulded look very lifelike.

"I shall put a bit of real cloth on their heads for veils," she said.

"We will put them here in the sun to dry," said Chola, admiring his horse as he held it up.

"Ah, and if we leave them here, perhaps 'Sir Banas' will come to the garden tonight and make them all alive," whispered little Shriya, mysteriously.

The children believed that there was a strange being who came during the night and made their dolls walk and talk as if they were alive.

Later on all the family went to the big square near by, where games were going on; and everybody took a ride on the big "merry-go-round," which was very much like the ones we have. Shriya's father put her up into one of the swinging seats, all red and gold, and took his seat in another, for the grown people were as fond of riding in a merry-go-round as the children. The boys were already holding on tight, each in one of the funny little swings; and away they went, the long ends of their turbans flying behind them, until they were too dizzy to see. But this is the fun of a merry-go-round the world over. Then they went home merrily in the warm, dusky twilight, very happy, with their hands and mouths sticky with sweetmeats.

One evening, not long after this, as Chola and Mahala came home from school, Shriya met them at the garden gate with a very solemn face.

"See," she whispered to Chola, "the priest from the temple sits there talking with thy father. He says the only

way to make thy little brother well is to take him to Benares, that he may be bathed in the holy river."

All the family were gathered under the big tamarisk-tree that stood in the centre of the garden. It was their custom to spread mats on the brick pavement under the tree and sit there after the evening meal, the men smoking their big hookahs, while the women, with their faces tightly wrapped in long veils, sat a little back of them gossiping together. As the children slipped into their places, everybody was earnestly watching the old Brahmin priest who sat there, too, looking very fine in his pink turban and red brocaded silk gown; and also looking very wise as he drew various sorts of curious lines in the dust about him. When he had finished he looked up and said:

"It is indeed the will of the gods that the little one be taken to the sacred city."

The Ganges is the most important river in India, and the Hindus know it as the "Sacred River." They think that their sins will be washed away and that they will be cured of all illness if they will but bathe in its waters and drink of them.

"It is well said," answered Harajar Chumjeree, after a

long pause. "We will make the pilgrimage and bathe in the waters of the holy river; thus will the child be made well and we shall achieve merit."

Chola's baby brother had not been well for some weeks. His mother and grandmother had given him many bitter drinks made from various healing herbs until he cried and would take no more of the nasty things, just as children in our country cry over their medicine.

His mother even dressed him in girl's clothes, and then charms were brought from the temple written on pieces of paper, and Lalla, the baby's mother, soaked the ink off the bits of paper in water which she gave the baby to drink. Even this did not make him fat and rosy. So it was this evening that they came to decide to make the pilgrimage.

"But first," went on the wise old priest, "there must be made an offering of money and a white calf to the gods of the temple." This would ensure their making the pilgrimage safely. The Brahmins are very cunning, however, for they live within the temple and get the benefits of the offerings which are sent there.

"Ah, truly, the white calf is not forgotten," muttered the

old grandmother behind her veil, but loud enough to be heard. She liked to doctor her grandchildren herself; and was rather jealous of the supposed effects of the Brahmin's paper charms. She and the priest had many hot words as to which of their remedies was the best.

"Peace!" said her son; "it is right to obey the gods."

"Shall we go in the 'fire-wagons,' father?" whispered Chola. He thought the "fire-wagons," as they called the railway trains, were the most wonderful and terrible things in the world.

"I like not this flying over the ground with a great noise," answered his father. "But it will take us quickly and at less cost than if we travelled by road."

"Indeed I shall not ride in those 'devil-wagons!'" cried the grandmother, "nor shall the son of my son" (meaning her grandson). "Do you wish him to die before he can bathe in the holy river?"

"In my young days there were none of these fire-spitting things rushing all over our country," she continued, throwing back her veil in her excitement; "people were content to ride in their wagons and palanquins."

Harajar Chumjeree was easy-going, and the mother cared only to start as soon as might be; so the old lady had her own way, and it was settled that they should travel in the big, slow-moving ox-wagon, while she should be carried in her own special palanquin.

CHAPTER IV

The Children Travel in the Big Ox-Wagon

The next day everybody in the house began to make preparations for the journey. Not that they hurried about it as we do. No, indeed! Everything was done very leisurely, though there was a lot of talking and disputing and the giving of contrary orders. At last, however, the great "*ruth wagon*" drawn by oxen, was ready in the courtyard. It was a heavy and ungainly vehicle with *solid* wooden wheels and a canopy closed in with lattice-work and curtains.

The old porter was there, directing and scolding the servants as they piled the rugs and blankets and bags of food and pots and pans and dishes into the wagon. Chola's father and mother had to take all these things with them on the journey because there are no hotels at which they might stay, only camping-places, or "*paraos*" beside the roads, where the traveller could buy his food if need be and camp

for the night.

It was a wonder there was any room left for the people, but they were all finally stowed away; except Mahala's father, who was to take Harajar's place at the shop in the Bazaar while he was away, and the many cousins who were left behind to look after the house.

There was quite a procession when at last the big wagon rumbled out through the gateway.

Behind it came the grandmother, in her *"dhoolie-dak,"* a sort of a litter, or easy-chair, swung between two long poles. This was carried by two men, one in front and one behind, who rested the end of the poles on their shoulders.

Besides the family there were many servants, and several others walked beside the slow-moving wagon. The cook, too, went with them.

"Good-bye!" shouted little Nao from his garden wall as they went by.

"Good-bye!" called out Chola and Mahala to him, from their seats in front beside the driver. The boys were perfectly happy to think of all the new, strange sights they were going to see along the road. They shouted greetings to their

friend the potter as they passed him, and also to the old "*fakir*" smeared all over with ashes, who sat in a little brick hut by the bridge and pretended to make wonderful cures.

"This is more fun than going to school," said Chola, as the oxen plodded along through clouds of dust. The young folks did not mind this, however, for the road was very lively with people going into the city, some in bullock-carts, some in big wagons like their own, and there were many on foot carrying big baskets on their heads, while beside them trudged little solemn-faced, dark-skinned children.

At noontime they halted for a rest near an orchard full of flowering fruit-trees, where some beautiful peacocks were sunning themselves on the garden walls, spreading out their great tails and strutting about. These lovely birds are found nearly everywhere in India, and in some parts run quite wild.

"There is a 'Holy Man,'" said Mahala, pointing to a man who was sitting cross-legged by the roadside, with only a cloth wrapped around his waist. His long matted hair hung on his shoulders, and he was saying his prayers with the help of a rosary of beads which he continually passed

through his hands.

As the wagon came up, a young man who accompanied the "Holy Man" ran up and held out a begging-bowl, saying: "Give, oh, charitable people, to this Holy One." Chola's mother threw some cakes into the bowl as the wagon stopped.

"We will become beggars ourselves before we reach the 'Sacred City' if we are going to give to every beggar on the road," grumbled Harajar. "They are as thick as flies in our country."

"It is good to give to a 'Holy Man,'" said the gentle mother. "Maybe he will pray that our babe be made well;" and she sighed as she looked down at the white face of the baby in her arms.

No country in the world has so many beggars as India. Many of them are called "Holy Men" because they do nothing but make pilgrimages from one sacred place to another, living solely on the alms that are given to them.

When they had eaten their lunch, the young people went to explore the garden near them. "Perhaps there are dogs," said Mahala, a little fearfully, but they forgot about

dogs when they saw a thicket of sugar-cane down by a stream. "Perhaps we can buy some from the man; there he is now ploughing by the stream," said Chola.

"I will give you some of the sweet cane, my little princelings," said the man, "if you will give a wreath of flowers to the Sacred River for me," when he learned that the boys were on their way to Benares.

The farmer stopped his oxen in the shade—for oxen also do all the ploughing—and began to cut some of the long purple stalks of cane. All at once Mahala cried out, and pulled Chola back, and there, just at their feet, was a pure white snake crawling out from the roots of the cane. It flattened out its head in a most astonishing fashion when it saw them.

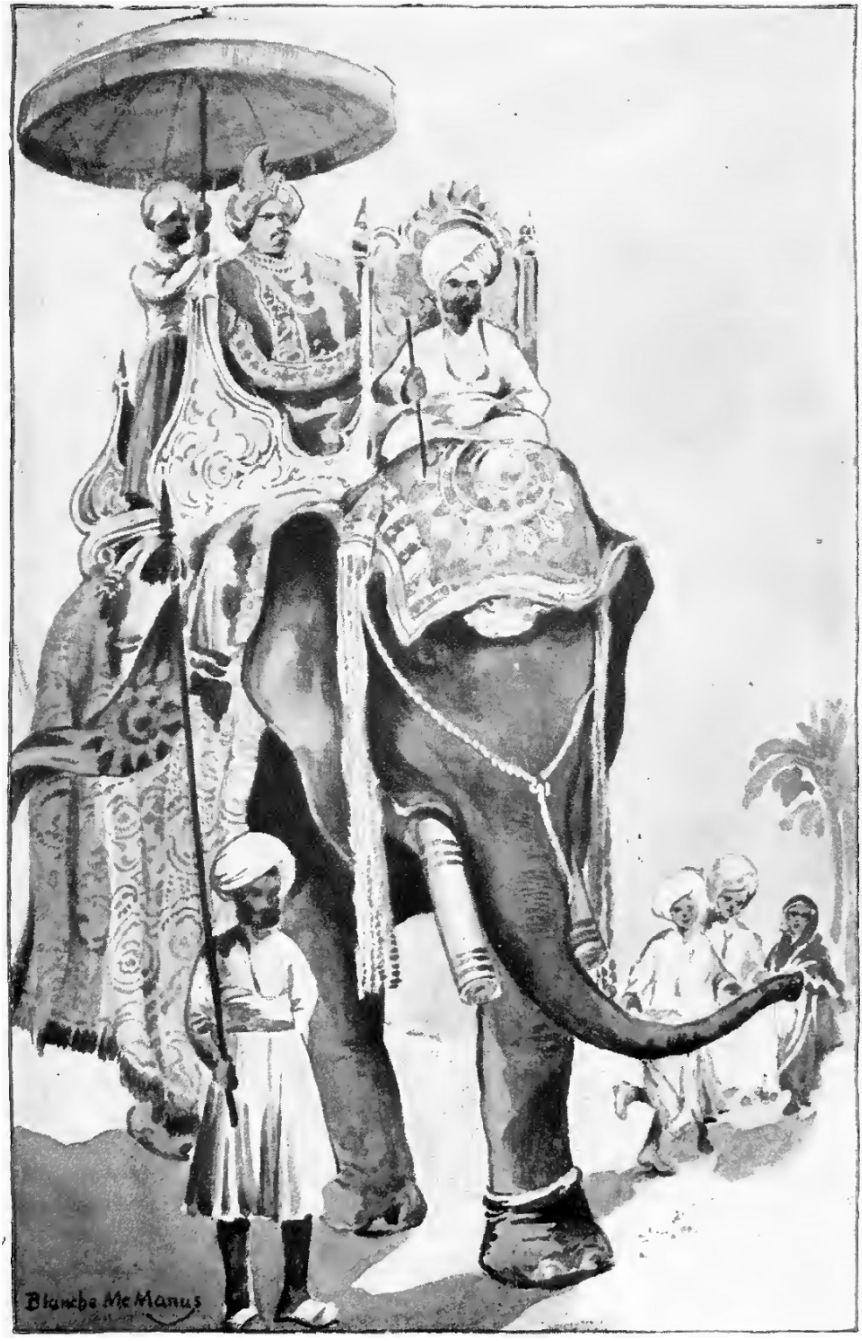
"Behold! a pure white cobra," cried the farmer. "It must mean good luck to you, my young masters. It is a rare sight now-a-days to see one of these white cobras."

The children *salaamed* to it very politely, though they were careful to keep at a good distance. "It is looking for water," said the farmer, as he took a long stalk of cane and gently guided it down to the stream. The snake is another

sacred animal of the Hindus, and they would not kill or injure one for anything.

"It may be a sign that the babe will be healed," said the mother, hopefully, when the children came back with their sugar-cane and told about the wonderful cobra. As they were about to move on again, they saw a great cloud of dust down the road. "It is an elephant and many men," said one of the servants. "A great ruler, doubtless," said another, as there came into sight a man on horseback carrying a silk banner or flag. It turned out that it *was* a great and powerful Rajah going in state on a journey to visit another Rajah, or ruler, of one of the small kingdoms or states of which modern India was formerly made up. And did he not look imposing!

First there came a big elephant, all decorated with silk and gold and silver. On the elephant's back was a "*howdah*" which is like a big chair with a canopy over it, and in this, sitting cross-legged, was the Rajah—a big, fat fellow dressed in coloured silks and jewels, with a great diamond-set plume in his turban. The fittings of this "*howdah*" were most luxurious. It was lined and carpeted with expensive silken



"First there came a big elephant."

rugs, for the making of which certain *castes* are famous. There are many kinds of rugs in India; but those of woven silk, like the praying-rugs of the temples, and those upon which the great Rajahs sit in state, are the most beautiful and expensive. These rug-makers are mostly Mohammedans, a religious sect entirely different from the Hindus.

Behind the "*howdah*" stood a servant holding a big umbrella of fine feathers over the Rajah's head. The driver sat on the neck of the elephant and guided the big beast by prodding him on one side or the other with an iron-shod stick or goad.

After the Rajah, followed many men on horseback, all in fine dress and carrying lances and banners of silk; then a whole troop of servants who guarded the wagons filled with the Rajah's baggage and the presents he was carrying to the other Rajah.

"Isn't it fine to ride like that on a big elephant!" whispered Mahala to Chola, as the children picked flowers by the roadside and threw them before the Rajah's elephant, which is a pretty way the Hindus have of welcoming a person of importance.

"How happy the Rajah must be," said little Shriya, "to be able to ride like that and wear such beautiful jewels!" And all the rest of the day the little folk talked of nothing but the great Rajah and his escort.

At sunset they came to a *parao*, where they were to camp for the night. It was only a bare piece of ground under some trees, and a few stalls or little shops where one could buy food and fuel to make a fire.

Our party came to a halt among many other bullock-carts, the owners of which were already sitting around on the ground cooking their suppers or bargaining for food at the little booths. Soon, when their own pots and pans were got out, and the dishes and the bags of rice and meal, the cook made ready the supper.

"This is much more fun than eating at home," said Shriya, as the children were gathering big leaves from the trees. These they used for plates, heaping them up with their boiled rice, and curry, and fish, and all sorts of puddings and sweets.

Meanwhile the oxen tethered close by were eating their suppers of chopped straw. As supper was being eaten,

another party stopped at the *parao* and camped not far away. There were many servants in the new party, and a fine litter with gold and silk coverings. When the litter was put down, a young boy stepped out, looking very proud and haughty. His servants at once spread a handsome rug on the ground for him to sit on and rushed about waiting on him, taking good care to keep everyone at a distance.

"It is a noble Brahmin boy, and he must be a little prince at the very least," whispered Mahala to Chola in an awe-struck voice. "See his rich dresses and the airs he puts on."

"Yes, and how he orders everyone about him. Nothing seems good enough for him," replied Chola; "but he has a right to be proud, for he wears the 'Sacred Thread' about him," he continued, looking at the little boy with interest. Around the little Brahmin's neck was a thin cord or thread, which was the sign of his high *caste*.

Just then a little boy from one of the wagons crept up near and *salaamed* before him until his head touched the ground.

"Away! do not come so near my master," cried one of the servants, and ordered him off.

"Ha! the servant is right," said the children's grandmother, who was sitting in her palanquin-litter enjoying the lively scene. "When I was young like Shriya, a beggar boy like that would not have dared come so near a noble child." The old woman frowned at the little boy, who crept meekly back to his cart.

Meanwhile the haughty little Brahmin ate his supper, with his head turned away so no one could see him eat, and then, growing tired of respectful glances of the crowd around him, he got into his litter again and the servants fastened the curtains tightly around him.

Chola and Mahala were sleepy by this time, so they just rolled themselves up in quilts on the ground, while Shriya crept into the wagon with her mother. Everybody slept soundly, in spite of the fact that one of the servants was beating a drum most of the night, which they really believed was the way to keep off evil spirits.

The first thing Chola heard when he woke up the next morning was the cook scolding the doves, who were picking out of his meal bags while he was getting breakfast ready.

"Oh, the thieves!" he cried. "They are as bad as the

beggars."

"They are hungry," said Chola. "It would not please thee to be scolded if thou wert hungry." Then he and Mahala amused themselves by throwing pieces of cake to the doves who were picking up their food around the carts, and the green paroquets which came flying out of the trees, where they had been roosting all the night.

They did not see the little Brahmin again. The curtains of his litter were still tightly closed when, after much shouting and running about, the bullocks were at last yoked into the wagon and the little procession rolled away down the dusty road long before the sun came up over the distant groves of mango trees.

"What art thou guarding so carefully, Shriya?" asked her brother. He and Chola were walking beside the wagon for a change. The lattices were raised so Shriya and her mother and aunt could enjoy the fresh air.

"They are my dolls," said the little girl, sadly, as she patted the bundle beside her. "I take them as an offering to the holy river."

"Poor little woman! Must thou sacrifice thy toys, too?"

smiled her uncle as he patted her head.

"It is right that she should," answered her mother; for she, too, had thrown her dolls into the sacred river when she was a child, at the yearly festival, when the children must sacrifice their playthings to the great river.

The boys suddenly looked gloomy, for they remembered that the day would come only too soon when they, too, would have to destroy all their toys. Chola wondered to himself as he walked along if he might not at least save the little tiger, painted a bright yellow with red spots, which was his favourite toy.

But the children could not be sad long, with so much going on about them, and they were soon shouting and laughing to a group of children by the roadside who were amusing themselves playing at making "graves." They were heaping up little mounds of dust and sticking flowers in them, which is the nearest thing little Hindu children have to "mud pies."

For several days our little party plodded along the flat, dusty road, camping out at night at the *paraos*, until at last they drew near the "Holy City of Benares."

CHAPTER V

The Children See Benares and Go Home for a Wedding

On the road to Benares they found many other people going the same way as they themselves. There were old people, young people, children, beggars of all kinds, priests of all faiths, sick people and well people—all going to the "Holy City" carrying offerings of flowers and fruits, and all intending to bathe in the Sacred River.

Finally our party made camp just outside the city gates. Here they left the wagon and servants and made their way through the crowded, dirty streets until they finally came down to the banks of the river Ganges.

Such a sight as met their eyes!

"Oh!" said Chola, "all the temples in the world must be here."

"And all the people, too," said Mahala.

"And all the beggars as well," answered Harajar, as they shouldered their way through a crowd of "*fakirs*" holding out their begging-bowls.

"Nay, speak kindly of all in the 'Holy City.' It may be that our child will be cured," said the gentle mother, as she wrapped her veil around the baby to keep off the hot sun.

The children stopped to stare at the hundreds of big temples of strange shapes which stretched up and down the river back as far as they could see. In front of these temples were terraces and long flights of steps, called "*ghats*" leading down to the river's edge.

"We will go first to the temple to make an offering," said Chola's father, as they walked past temple after temple full of queer, ugly images.

At last, after many inquiries, they found the temple that they were looking for, and put dishes of coloured rice and flowers before a great bronze image with four arms and two big diamonds for eyes, sitting cross-legged just as they did themselves.

After this they went down the long steps in front of the temple to the river's bank, and the baby was bathed in the

water with much ceremony.

The children all splashed around and thought it rather good fun. The water was cool and agreeable, and they amused themselves trying to catch the long lines of flower wreaths which went floating by. These wreaths of flowers are thrown into the waters of the Ganges by the pilgrims as an offering to the waters of the "Sacred River."

Little Shriya had brought her dolls. One by one she sadly dropped them, the brightly painted little dolls, made of clay and dressed just like herself, into the river. At last she held in her arms only the two she had made herself in the garden at home. They had lost most of their arms and legs on the journey, and were sorry-looking little dolls; but Shriya was very fond of them, and she wondered if the "Sacred River" would really miss them if she kept them. With a sigh she decided this would be very wrong, and so she put them, too, tenderly in the water among the floating flowers. She then sat down on the steps and drew her veil over her face and sighed softly, for it would be three whole months before she could have any more dolls.

"Here are our flowers," said Chola, running down the

steps with his arms full of yellow marigolds and sweet jasmine, which he had bought from the flower-seller who sat under one of the big umbrellas. These the children twisted into wreaths and threw into the river. "And here is one for the man who gave us the sugar-cane," he said, tossing a large wreath on the water.

"Here thou wilt see every *caste* in India," said Harajar, as they sat on the steps drying themselves under a big umbrella after their bath. There were indeed thousands of people; some just getting ready to enter the water; others slipping into their dry clothes after their bath. There were water-carriers, carrying great jugs of the "holy water" to sell to pilgrims to carry with them.

"Look how the smoke rolls up yonder," said Mahala. "The smoke comes from the burning *'ghats.'* May the little one not have to be carried there," said his uncle, looking gloomily at the smoke curling up from the edge of the river lower down.

"Nay, speak not of them. 'Tis an evil omen and the gods may hear thee," said the mother, as she held the baby closer to her.



"These the children twisted into wreaths
and threw into the river."

It is the Hindu custom to burn their dead; and, in spite of bathing and drinking the sacred water, many of the poor pilgrims do die at Benares. Indeed, it may be that they die because they do drink it; for you can imagine how dirty the river is with so many, many thousands of people bathing in it all the time. For this reason certain of the "*ghats*" along the river are set apart as places where bodies may be burned. The bodies are laid on great piles of wood which are set on fire, the families of the dead sitting around lamenting and wailing.

Our party camped some days outside the great gate and took many baths and drank much water. When they finally got home again, everybody was very happy, for the baby was really much better.

"We did well to go," said Chola's father, as he looked at the baby growing fat and well again.

"I think the white cobra helped to bring us good luck, too," Chola said, confidentially to Mahala.

Then word came from the boys' Uncle Achmed that he was coming to the city to take a new elephant back home with him, and that they might go back with him for a visit.

Little Shriya soon forgot to grieve for her lost dolls, for now the grand preparations for her wedding began. It is the custom for our little Hindu cousins to marry very young. But this is only a ceremony. As little Shriya was only nine years old, she would still stay at home and play with her toys until she was grown up, when she would go and live in her husband's family.

If, meanwhile, her boy husband should die and leave her a widow, she would have to go into mourning for him all her life and never marry again. She would have to shave her head and never wear any more pretty, bright dresses or jewels, and only eat one meal a day. Then, too, everybody would have as little to do with her as possible; for even to see a widow is thought to be bad luck. You see that some of the Hindu customs are very unjust to the little Hindu girls. So it was no wonder that Shriya did not want to keep the festival of the Goddess of Learning, for fear it might cause her to be a widow someday.

On the day of the wedding, Shriya stood in the middle of the big room of the zenana, being dressed for the grand ceremony. How happy and excited she was! Today, for the

first time in her life, she was the most important person in the family. She had been bathed with sweet perfumes, and her mother had put all kinds of powders on her face and painted her eyebrows.

"Oh, mother, is it not lovely?" cried the little girl gleefully, as the mother draped a scarf of pale blue silk all shining with gold over her beautiful dress of pink silk.

"Now thou wilt indeed look like a little princess," said the grandmother, as she put a wonderful jeweled headdress which she had worn at her own wedding on Shriya's head. It was of gold set with many jewels, and little Shriya gave a sigh of pleasure and joyfully clapped her hands when her mother held up a small mirror that she might see herself.

The grandmother decked her out with many other kinds of jewelled ornaments, long earrings that hung down to her shoulders, beautiful pearls, and a gold collar around her neck. Then she put on bracelet after bracelet of gold and silver until her arms were almost covered from shoulder to wrist, and she had to hold them stiff like a doll. And her fingers were so covered with rings that she could hardly

move them at all. Last of all the grandmother threw over her a long veil of silk tissue, spangled with gold.

What would you think of a little girl dressed in all these beautiful things and being bare-footed? Shriya would much rather have rings on her toes than shoes and stockings. She did have rings on her toes, too, and silver bands on her ankles as well.

The last thing the grandmother did was to hang wreaths of jasmine flowers all over her. It was no wonder that she had to be pushed along by someone! She could not possibly have walked by herself.

How pleased little Shriya was! Everybody was admiring her and giving her good wishes. The boys were quite jealous, for they felt that everyone was paying more attention to a girl than to either of them.

"Next year I shall be married, too," said Chola, trying to console himself.

But just then someone called out that the bridegroom was coming, and all the children ran out to meet him. The little bridegroom rode a spirited pony, and looked as fine as a little Rajah in his white silk dress with golden flowers

embroidered all over it, and in front of his turban a handsome jewelled ornament. He had shoes on, and around his neck were chains of jewels and precious stones. Behind him came a long procession of relatives and friends. When he got to the door, all the little girls, Shriya's little friends, surrounded him and led him into the courtyard. Chola and Mahala were very busy running around giving each guest a wreath of jasmine to hang around their necks, and a wand of sandalwood, which was lighted like a candle and gave off a sweet perfume as it burned.

A beautiful arbour of flowers had been put up in the inner courtyard, under which the bride and groom sat side by side.

The old Brahmin priest was there, of course, to perform the marriage ceremony. He made a *salaam* to the north and south and the east and the west, a sign of politeness to the "good spirits" who were supposed to be present; and, after many long prayers, the grandmother put a silver cord around the bride's neck, after which the guests threw handfuls of rice which they took from a great copper bowl before the bridal couple.



The Marriage of Shriya

Just as all the little girls were marching around the courtyard after the ceremony, followed by the bride and groom, what should naughty Jam, the pet monkey, do but snatch some of the rice out of the bowl, and rush with it to the roof, where he sat chattering and throwing it down on the heads of the guests. This greatly amused the children; but the old Brahmin was very angry. So Chola had to pretend to scold the little monkey: "Thou shalt come down and taste the bamboo rod, naughty one!" he cried, looking up at his pet. But Jam only chattered the harder and threw more rice and made up his mind to stay where he was.

"'Tis a good saying of ours—'Never trust a boy or a monkey.' Eh, Chola?" said his Uncle Achmed, who had just got there in time for the wedding, laughing.

But Jam was quite forgotten when a great beating of drums was heard outside and in came the dancing girls and the musicians.

All the company then sat around the court and watched the nautch-girls, as they are called, dance. They never thought of dancing themselves, deeming it too much work. All the time the musicians were beating their drums and

playing on the funniest sorts of instruments imaginable, like queer-shaped mandolins and zithers; and it was more like a screechy noise than like music—just a monotonous sing-song chant.

But this was not the end of the gaieties. There were many dinners to be given. So the cook-room was in a perfect hubbub, and you may believe that the grandmother was making everybody fly around. But she found time to scold the crowd of beggars who were hanging around the doors however, though at the same time she saw to it that they got the scraps that were left.

"It is well to be good to the poor at all times," she said.

"Ah, but this is the best thing of all!" exclaimed Chola to Mahala, as he and his cousin and Nao sat side by side on a mat in the pretty garden that evening and saw the wonderful fireworks. There were queer animals and birds, all made up with coloured lamps and fires; and all through the trees were hung lanterns, made of big yellow gourds with coloured lights inside them. All the while the musicians thumped on their drums, and everybody was very gay and merry.

CHAPTER VI

The Little Sahib Sees the Big Elephants

"Today I must take the young elephants home," said Uncle Achmed, when the wedding festivities were over. "Are the two little princelings ready to go with me?" he continued, smiling at his two little nephews.

"Indeed we are," exclaimed the two boys, wild with delight, though they did not whoop or jump about as boys probably would do elsewhere. Little Hindu children don't make much noise at any time. It would be thought strange because it would be bad manners to do so; indeed a Hindu very seldom even laughs loudly.

But there was nothing that Chola and Mahala really liked better than to go to their uncle's house and see the big elephants at work. Uncle Achmed had a big lumber-yard on the banks of the Ganges, and used many elephants to move about and pile up the great logs of teak-wood.

Wouldn't little boys in America think it a lot of fun if they could go out into the country and see, instead of horses, a lot of elephants at work? Well, that is just what a little Hindu boy can do, for elephants are almost as plentiful as horses in India; and they use them for many kinds of work where we use horses or machinery.

"I have brought the old elephant with me; he is wise and will be able to show the others the way home; and, also, he will tell them how to behave," said Achmed, as he and the two boys made their way to the *serai,* the camping-place of the elephants outside the city gate.

Here were lots and lots of great gray elephants, swinging their long trunks from side to side as they swayed and stamped around, while their owners and drivers shouted and disputed together.

The two young elephants were hobbled in one corner, swaying to and fro and swinging their trunks in rather a wicked way. Near by was Uncle Achmed's old elephant, swinging his trunk at the two young ones as much as to say: "There are a great many things for you youngsters to learn yet, and I'm going to teach you."

The driver touched the old elephant with his stick and the great beast slowly knelt down. Achmed and the boys then climbed into the *howdah*, and the great big elephant marched off with much dignity.

"Look, the little elephants do not like the road," said Chola, pointing to the new elephants, who would not budge. A little prodding from the driver's sharp stick, however, made them change their minds quickly; and they meekly followed the old elephant.

"Thou art like two little Rajahs now," said Uncle Achmed, with a smile as he squatted in the *howdah* beside them and took out his *"betel"* box. It was a beautiful little silver box, all inlaid with enamel and precious stones. Inside were three compartments which held *betel* nuts, lime, and spices. He took a pinch of all three of these and began to chew the *pan,* as the mixture is called.

The boys had a very good time. They would call down to the children walking along the dusty road and twit them for not being able to ride in state as they were doing, just as children do the world over. Everybody gave them the road, or, rather, the big elephants took it as a matter of course.

The old elephant took all kinds of liberties with the passers-by, evidently just for the fun of the thing. He would give a fellow trudging along a nudge on the back with the end of his trunk, which would nearly scare the fellow to death; or he would sneeze, as it were, into a lazy beggar's face, which would make the "Holy Man" very angry indeed. Once he deliberately took a nice ripe melon out of a cart and ate it, while its owner, who was fast asleep, never missed it.

"He is a wise one," said Uncle Achmed, "but what is the matter there?" he cried, looking back. The matter was that a wedding procession had just come out of a side road. The bride was in a litter covered with gay curtains and gold embroideries, and the bride-groom was riding a white horse which was all decked with flowers, and had his mane and tail dyed pink.

With all this splendour there was much beating of drums and music from other noisy instruments. One of the new elephants had taken a great fright and backed up against the bride's litter. This had made the bridegroom's horse rear up and nearly upset him on the dusty road. The poor little bride screamed, and the crowd of relations and

friends abused the elephant and all his family and kindred back through many generations, several hundreds of years, which is the true Hindu fashion of showing one's anger.

The drivers prodded and punched, but the young elephant would not move. Then old Ranji, the wise old elephant, wheeled around and went up to the naughty and obstinate youngster and gave his trunk such a twist that he squealed out in pain. Then Ranji gave him a push out into the middle of the road again, and after this kept the young one right in front of him. He was so scared that he scarcely dared to swing his trunk from side to side again; and all went smoothly until they lumbered into the great courtyard of Achmed's house, which sat in the midst of a wide expanse of rice-fields.

As they climbed down out of the "*howdah,*" the head servant made a "*salaam*" or bow, before the master until his forehead touched the ground, which is a way of being very polite. He then told Achmed that the Colonel Sahib and the little Sahib had done him the honour of coming to see him, and were even now sitting in the garden awaiting his coming. All Englishmen in India are called Sahib and

English women are called Mem-sahib.

Achmed found the Colonel sitting on a bed under a big tree in the garden. This bed the head servant had brought from the house for him to sit on, for this is one of the forms of politeness shown to English visitors at a Hindu home.

Just then the "little Sahib" ran up to see the elephants; and, who should he be, but the little boy who had lost his way in the Bazaar.

"Look, it is the little Sahib I talked with," exclaimed Chola to Mahala.

"Hello!" said Harry, holding out his hand. "Oh, I forgot you folk never shake hands," he continued. "Isn't it funny to think I should see you again? But this isn't the same boy who was with you before," he continued, turning to Mahala.

The boys were delighted to see each other again, and soon were talking away as if they had always known one another, though sometimes it was hard for them to understand, and they made many funny mistakes.

Harry thought the big elephants were wonderful beasts, and wanted to see them at work; so the boys took him down to the river where the elephants were piling up the teak.

An elephant picks up one end of a log with his trunk and lays that on the pile; then he takes hold of the other end and so brings it around in place. All the while his driver sits on the neck of the great beast, and tells him what to do by prodding him gently with his iron-shod stick. After awhile the elephants become so well trained that they will do their work without any guidance whatever.

Harry was amazed. He had never seen elephants at work before; but it was an old story to the Hindu boys, and they told him how the elephants were made to help build roads and railroads, and even carry cannon on their backs in battle. Elephants are very intelligent, and can be trained to do the most wonderful things.

"We will go now and see the wonderful elephant of old Yusuf," said Chola, leading the way to the back of the house, where old Yusuf, the head driver, lived. Here they saw the funniest sight. Yusuf's baby grandson lay asleep on a mat in front of the door, and the old elephant was standing by waving his trunk backwards and forwards over the baby to keep away the flies.

How the children laughed! "That is the funniest '*ayah*'

I have ever seen," said Harry. An "*ayah*" is the name for the Indian nurse-maids.

Old Yusuf now came up and showed them how the elephant would wake up the coolies, or labourers, when they were sleeping in the shade, by filling his trunk with water and squirting it over the sleeping fellows. When he wanted his master he would go to the door of his house and knock against it with his foot, just as a person would knock with his fist, only a good deal harder.

"Yusuf knows, too, the language that the elephants talk together in the jungle," whispered Chola to Harry. It really seemed as if the old man did understand the language of the elephants, for he would speak to the elephant with strange sounds, and the beast would follow him about like a dog. "He has taught me to speak some of the elephant talk, also," continued Chola, looking very knowing.

Harry told the boys that his father had come to talk with Achmed about a tiger hunt that he and several other Englishmen, who were friends of his, were planning. Achmed was well known as a good man to plan a hunt, for he knew the jungle well, as the wild forests of India are

called.

"Papa is going to take me on the tiger hunt, too. Won't that be fine!" said Harry, eagerly. "Mamma was afraid at first, but I begged as hard as I knew, and told her that if I was going to be in the Indian Survey someday, I'd have to go through the jungle grass and wild forests, and take measurements with all sorts of instruments and things, and that I might as well get acquainted with the country now. Then papa laughed and said that I ought to begin as soon as possible, and so it is all fixed.

"Why couldn't you both come, too?" Harry asked the boys. "Your uncle could bring you. Wouldn't it be fun! Perhaps we could shoot a tiger ourselves!"

"Oh, I shouldn't dare to even think of attacking a tiger," gasped the gentle little Chola. Hindus are as a rule mild, gentle folk. Perhaps this comes from their laws, so commonly observed, which forbid them to kill animals or eat meat.

"Perhaps you are afraid to go," said Harry.

"I have not fear, though I would not be brave enough to attempt to kill a great tiger; but I should like to go all the

same. We are brave people, and many of our warrior *caste* serve in the great Sahib's army, as you know," said Chola, proudly.

"I did not mean to say that. I know you people are brave. Father often says he never had a finer lot of soldiers than those in his Indian regiment," replied Harry, hurriedly. He was afraid that he had hurt the little Hindu boy's feelings.

"But perhaps you can go, Chola, if Mahala can't. Let us go now and ask your uncle if he will take you," continued Harry.

"By all means let the boy come, Achmed. He will be a companion for you, Harry," said the Colonel Sahib. "And he will help you learn Hindustanee, too. You need help, do you not?" laughed his father.

"What will your father say if the gods of the jungle carry you off?" asked Achmed, half-banteringly. But he could not long refuse his favourite nephew anything that he could give him, and so it was arranged that Achmed, with two of his best drivers, and Chola, should meet the Colonel Sahib and his party at the big railway station in Lucknow in a week's time. From there they would take the "fire-wagons"

to a certain small village, from which they would make their real start for the jungle.

CHAPTER VII

Chola Goes on a Tiger Hunt

Poor Mahala felt very badly as he stood in the big railway station and watched Chola and the little Sahib go off in the fire-carriage. "I will go and buy some sweetmeats," he said finally. This made him feel a little better, for Mahala had a very "sweet tooth."

Meantime Chola and his little friend were speeding quickly through waving rice-fields and grain-fields. This is even more fun than travelling in the ox-wagon, thought Chola, as they rushed through town after town and watched the trees fly past. Finally they stopped at the village where Achmed had arranged for the elephants and the beaters to meet them, for the real way to hunt tigers is to go after them on elephants.

The servants had packed away their belongings and camp things on top of the two big elephants, as they

expected to have to live in the jungle for several days.

"Isn't this splendid?" exclaimed Harry, as the elephants went rocking along through the tangled grass. He was so excited that he could not keep still, and even Chola's mild black eyes were sparkling.

The beaters, whose business it is to beat through the long grass and underbrush where a tiger might be hidden, were full of tales of a great man-eating tiger that was the terror of the region, and who was in the habit of coming boldly up to the fields and gardens, carrying off goats and even attacking the oxen.

When they came to one of the little villages, they found the inhabitants in a state of terror. Only the day before, the tiger had sprung on a farmer who was ploughing his fields and carried him off in sight of the whole village. The tracks which were seen in the mud along the banks of a stream showed that he was a very big and powerful tiger.

Our party followed these tracks for some time, but nothing more was discovered; and, as it was growing late, they made camp for the night.

The servants quickly put up the tents for the Sahibs and

built a big fire. They did not want a tiger to pay them a surprise visit at night; and hungry tigers often do bold things.

"Ough! this is creepy. Just suppose a tiger should steal up behind us now," confided Harry to Chola, as they sat around the big fire after supper.

"It is well to have a charm; hast thou one?" asked little Chola, as he felt for the charm which hung about his neck. He always wore a charm, but this was one which his uncle had given him to keep off the evil spirits of the jungle.

"No, indeed," laughed Harry. "We don't wear such things. Still, if one does believe in charms, now is the time to have one," he added, looking behind him rather fearfully.

It was strange and wild there in the dense forest full of unknown dangers; and there were queer noises, and the firelight twisted up the shadows of the men and elephants into grewsome and unsightly things.

Once in awhile a cry would come from some wild animal or bird in the trees, and the boys would look over their shoulders and draw up closer to the fire. But it was fun, although they felt more creepy still when the beaters began to tell stories of wonderful hunts in which they had taken

part in the past; and the old head beater, who had come from the south, himself, told tales of his wonderful adventures.

He told how one night he awoke and found a leopard sniffing at his head as he lay sleeping on his veranda; and how he only saved his life by holding his breath and pretending to be dead. A leopard will not touch a dead person or animal. Another time he had seen the queer little "Todas" a race of people who live in the Nilgiri Hills in the far south and worship buffaloes, and say prayers while they are milking these sacred beasts, whose temples are their dairies.

He knew, too, the wild, shy people of the jungle, who build their houses like nests in the trees, so as to be safe from prowling wild beasts. Once while hunting in the deep forest he had been caught in the huge coils of a terrible boa-constrictor, one of those great snakes that can crush an ox by winding themselves about it in great coils, or can swallow an antelope at one mouthful. The beater was only saved from the anger of the great snake by one of the other hunters coming up just at the right moment and killing it.

He was a wonderful man, this old fellow with the long gray beard, as he sat by the fire chewing his "betel" nut and telling his never-ending stories.

The next morning all were up at daybreak, for they wanted to get an early start. One of the elephants had been rather ugly during the time when the men were packing the things on his back, and he was still in a bad temper when Harry came up with a piece of sugar for him. Instead of putting the sugar into the elephant's mouth, Harry accidentally dropped it on the ground. This made the elephant still more angry; and, as Harry stooped to pick up the sugar, he lifted his great foot and would have crushed the boy, who did not dream of the danger he was in. Suddenly Chola saw the danger, and rushing right up under the angry elephant's foot made those strange cries that the old head driver at his uncle's had taught him. It was the talk of the elephants among themselves as they roamed the jungle.

It was like magic. The big foot came down gently without touching either of the boys, and the elephant, giving a peculiar cry, rubbed his trunk against Chola, just as the Colonel Sahib and everyone came running up in terror, for

they had seen it all and thought that the boys would surely be crushed to death.

Chola was a great hero! You can imagine how the Colonel Sahib thanked him; and the natives looked at him with wonder and awe.

"He is indeed one who is wise though young; for the wild animals talk with him as with a friend," said the old head beater, as he *salaamed* down to Chola's feet.

Harry did not say much until he and Chola were alone, and then he said: "Chola, I did think you were a bit of a coward when we were talking in your uncle's garden; but I know now you are much braver than I, for I would never have dared to go up like that and order about an angry elephant."

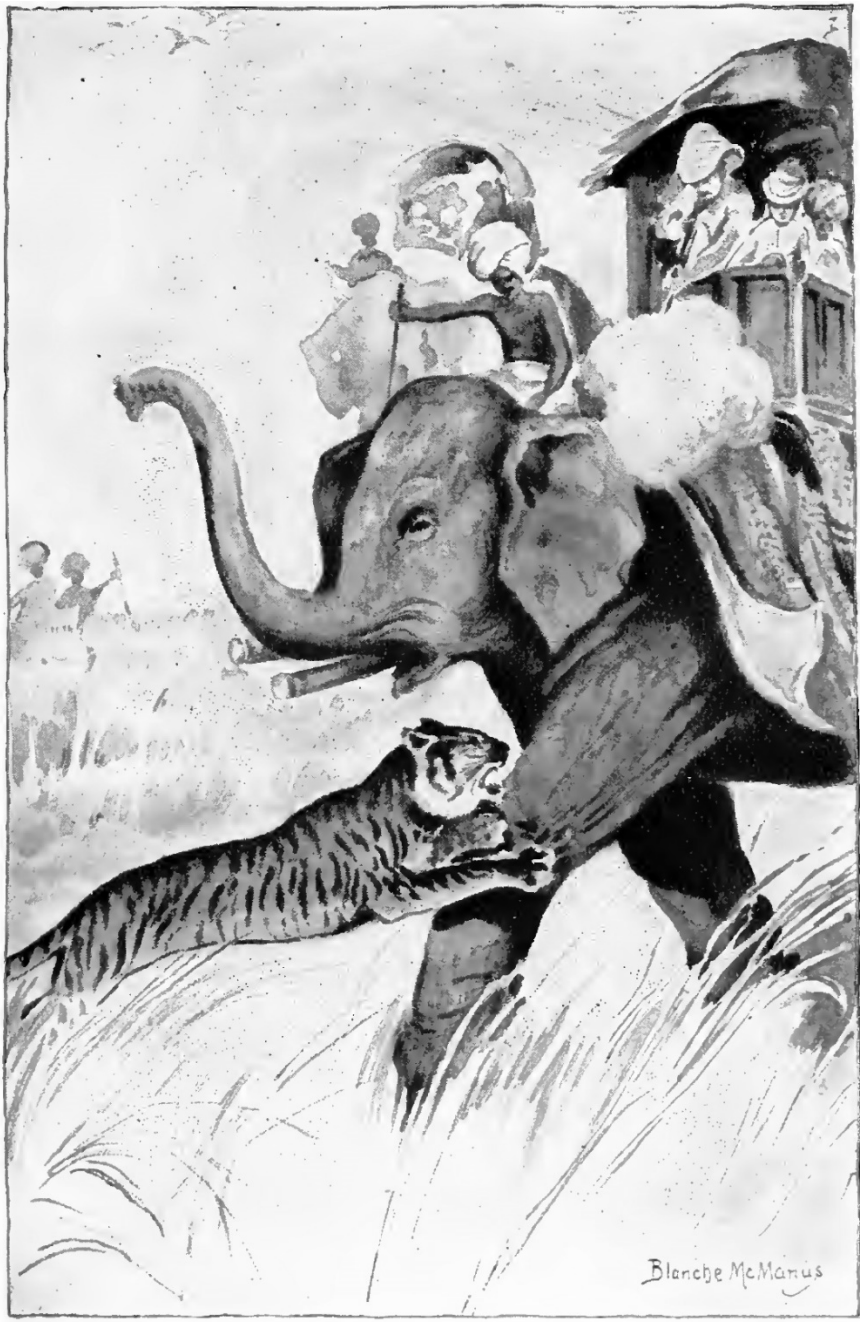
After everybody had got over their fright and were actually ready to start, some of the beaters who had been looking around for signs of tigers came back and said they had seen the tracks. So everything was got ready as quickly as possible, or as quickly as Hindus can be got to move, and the big elephants went trudging along through the underwood until finally it was seen that the grass had been

crushed down in places, a sign that the tiger himself could not be far away. The elephants began to show signs of fear, as they always do when a tiger is about, and the beaters divided their forces, some of them going around one way and the rest another, searching carefully through the tangled grass and underbrush. All the men got their guns ready, and it was not a minute too soon; for, suddenly, up out of the jungle, there sprang a great yellow tiger, straight for the *"howdah"* in which the Colonel Sahib and Harry and Chola were sitting.

With a howl of pain the tiger rolled under the elephant's feet, as a bullet from the Colonel's gun went crashing into his brain.

"My! but he's a fine fellow! Won't his skin make a fine rug, father?" cried Harry, in great excitement. When he was measured, the old beater said that it was one of the biggest tigers he had ever seen. The Colonel felt very proud of his prize.

They beat around through the bush for several days, but they came upon no more tigers; so the party turned back again on their own tracks bound for home.



"Suddenly, up out of the jungle,
there sprang a great yellow tiger."

Our two little friends were sorry to part, but Harry said that Chola must come and see him at Simla, up in the hills, where the English folk go when it gets too hot for them to stay in the plains and in the big cities. There the boys would have some more "good times" at the Colonel Sahib's bungalow, among the cedars, as the Englishman's country house in India is called.

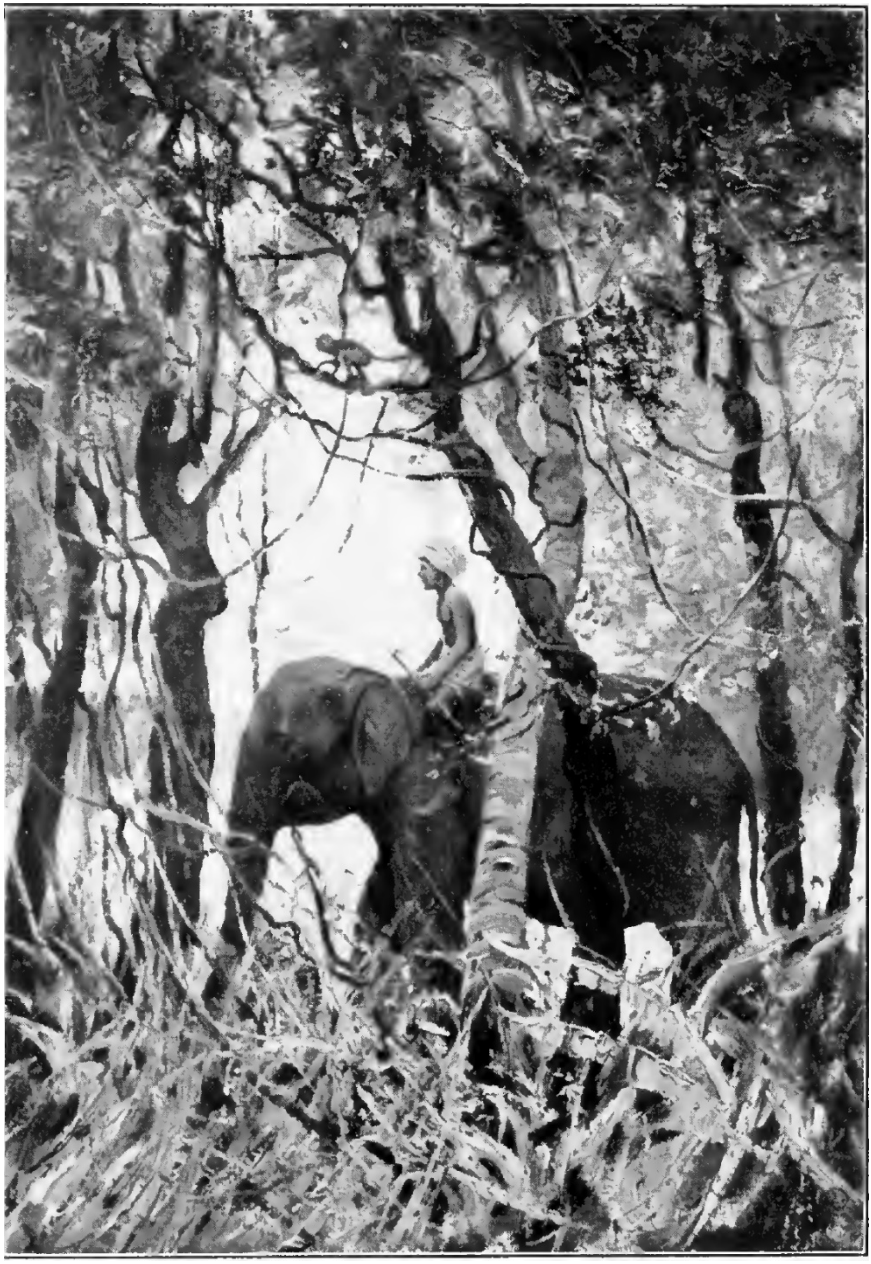
And didn't Chola have wonderful tales to tell to Mahala and Nao, as they all sat together in the evenings under the big tree in the garden, while Shriya played with her new dolls beside them and listened with wide-open eyes.

THE END.

Kari the Elephant

Dhan Gopal Mukerji
Illustrated by J.E. Allen





Kari and Kopee and I

CHAPTER I
Bringing Up Kari

Kari, the elephant, was five months old when he was given to me to take care of. I was nine years old and I could reach his back if I stood on tiptoe. He seemed to remain that high for nearly two years. Perhaps we grew together; that is probably why I never found out just how tall he was. He lived in a pavilion, under a thatched roof which rested on thick tree stumps so that it could not fall in when Kari bumped against the poles as he moved about.

One of the first things Kari did was to save the life of a boy. Kari did not eat much but he nevertheless needed forty pounds of twigs a day to chew and play with. Every day I used to take him to the river in the morning for his bath. He would lie down on the sand bank while I rubbed him with the clean sand of the river for an hour. After that he would lie in the water for a long time. On coming out his

skin would be shining like ebony, and he would squeal with pleasure as I rubbed water down his back. Then I would take him by the ear, because that is the easiest way to lead an elephant, and leave him on the edge of the jungle while I went into the forest to get some luscious twigs for his dinner. One has to have a very sharp hatchet to cut down these twigs; it takes half an hour to sharpen the hatchet because if a twig is mutilated an elephant will not touch it.

When one goes into the jungle, one must remember that there are laws one cannot break. Do you know that anyone who is afraid or who hates one of the animals of the jungle gives out an odor which attracts tigers and wolves? Every day that I was afraid to go into the jungle, I did not dare to stay on the ground for fear lest the tigers would smell my presence and attack me. I climbed a tree instead, because when one is in a tree the odor of one's body does not go into the forest, and the animals cannot tell whether one is afraid or not.

It was not an easy job, as you see, to get twigs and saplings for Kari. I had to climb all kinds of trees to get the most delicate and tender twigs. As he was very fond of the

young branches of the banyan tree which grows like a cathedral of leaves and branches, I was gathering some, one spring day in March, when I suddenly heard Kari calling to me in the distance. As he was still very young, the call was more like that of a baby than an elephant. I thought somebody was hurting him, so I came down from my tree and ran very fast to the edge of the forest where I had left him, but he was not there.

I looked all over, but I could not find him. I went near the edge of the water, and I saw a black something struggling above its surface. Then it rose higher and it was the trunk of my elephant. I thought he was drowning. I was helpless because I could not jump into the water and save his four hundred pounds since he was much higher than I. But I saw his back rise above the water and the moment he caught my eye, he began to trumpet and struggle up to the shore. Then, still trumpeting, he pushed me into the water and as I fell into the stream I saw a boy lying flat on the bottom of the river. He had not altogether touched bottom but was somewhat afloat. I came to the surface of the water to take my breath and there Kari was standing, his feet

planted into the sand bank and his trunk stretched out like a hand waiting for mine. I dove down again and pulled the body of the drowning boy to the surface, but not being a good swimmer, I could not swim ashore and the slow current was already dragging me down. I clutched at reeds on the shore but they broke and the weight of the boy was tiring out one hand while the other was already weak from excessive swimming and clutching at the reeds. Seeing us drift by in the current, Kari who was usually so slow and ponderous, suddenly darted down like a hawk and came halfway into the water where I saw him stretch out his trunk again. I raised up my hand to catch it and it slipped. I found myself going under the water again, but this time I found that the water was not very deep so I sank to the bottom of the river and doubled my feet under me and then suddenly kicked the river bed and so shot upwards like an arrow, in spite of the fact that I was holding the drowning boy with my hand. As my body rose above the water, I felt a lasso around my neck. This frightened me; I thought some water animal was going to swallow me. I heard the squealing of Kari, and I knew it was his trunk about my neck. He

pulled us both ashore.

As the boy lay stretched on the ground I recognized the cowherd. He had gone to bathe in the river, had slipped too far out, and not knowing how to swim had almost been drowned. I put him flat on his face on the sand and the elephant put his trunk about his waist and lifted it gently up and down, and then up again. After doing this three or four times, the water began to come out of the boy's mouth and, not knowing what else to do because his body was cold, I slapped him very hard all over. After that I propped him up against the elephant's leg. Then the boy slowly came to.

In the meantime all his cows had wandered away in different directions. As I thought some had gone into the jungle, where I was afraid they might be eaten up by tigers, I sent Kari to bring them back to the river bank. But Kari got lost himself; so when the cowherd had recovered entirely, I went to look for his cows and my lost elephant. Where do you think I found him? He had gone right into the forest where I had left the saplings and the twigs and had buried his trunk into the heap and was eating the best

of them, without any concern for the cows, the cowherd or myself.

But I could not punish him that day because he had done his duty by saving the life of the boy.

Kari was like a baby. He had to be trained to be good and if you did not tell him when he was naughty, he was up to more mischief than ever.

For instance, one day somebody gave him some bananas to eat. Very soon he developed a great love for ripe bananas. We used to keep large plates of fruit on a table near a window in the dining room. One day all the bananas on that table disappeared and my family blamed the servants for eating all the fruit in the house. A few days later the fruit disappeared again; this time the blame was put on me, and I knew I had not done it. It made me very angry with my parents and the servants, for I was sure they had taken all the fruit. The next time the fruit disappeared, I found a banana all smashed up in Kari's pavilion. This surprised me very much, for I had never seen fruit there, and as you know, he had always lived on twigs.

Next day while I was sitting in the dining room

wondering whether I should take some fruit from the table without my parents' permission, a long, black thing, very much like a snake suddenly came through the window and disappeared with all the bananas. I was very much frightened because I had never seen snakes eat bananas and I thought it must be a terrible snake that would sneak in and take fruit. I crept out of the room and with great fear in my heart ran out of the house, feeling sure that the snake would come back into the house, eat all the fruit and kill all of us.

As I went out, I saw Kari's back disappearing in the direction of the pavilion and I was so frightened that I wanted his company to cheer me up. I ran after him into the pavilion and I found him there eating bananas. I stood still in astonishment; the bananas were lying strewn all around him. He stretched out his trunk and reached for one far away from where he was standing. That instant the trunk looked like a black snake, and I realized that Kari was the thief. I went to him, pulled him out by the ear and joyously showed my parents that it was Kari and not I that had eaten all the fruit these many weeks. Then I scolded

him, for elephants understand words as well as children, and I said to him, "Next time I see you stealing fruit, you will be whipped." He knew that we were all angry with him, even the servants. His pride was so injured that he never stole another thing from the dining room. And from then on, if anybody gave him any fruit, he always squealed as if to thank them.

An elephant is willing to be punished for having done wrong, but if you punish him without any reason, he will remember it and pay you back in your own coin.

Once I had taken him to bathe in the river; this was summer vacation and several boys came with me to help. Kari lay on the bank and we rubbed him all over with sand. Then he went into the water and most of us began to play. As Kari came up from the water, one of the boys, named Sudu, was standing on the bank. For no reason at all he hit the elephant three or four times with his whip. Kari squealed and ran away. I brought him home.

The next summer Kari had grown so big and fat that I could not reach his back even when I stood on tiptoe. We used to take him out wherever we went, sometimes one

riding on his back, sometimes all walking along with him. We gave him luscious twigs if he behaved well and sometimes delicious fruit. Once in a great while as a special treat we would massage his chest with straw and he would squeal with joy and lie on his back as best he could with his fat legs, staring at the sun.

One day Sudu was standing on the river bank where I had just taken the elephant to give him his bath. That day Kari had been very good, so we prepared a straw massage for him. As it was very hot, however, we plunged into the river ourselves before giving him his bath, leaving Sudu and the elephant on the bank. Without warning, Kari rushed at him like a mad bull, threw his trunk about Sudu's neck, flung him into the water, and held him there for a long, long time. When Sudu was finally pulled out of the water and stretched on the ground, he was nearly senseless.

When Sudu asked me whether I would punish Kari for having disgraced him in public like that, I answered that the elephant was not rude. When Sudu asked me why, I said, "Don't you remember about a year ago you whipped him for no reason at all, almost on the exact spot where he



Kari punishes Sudu

has just punished you?" Sudu felt so ashamed of himself that he got angry with all of us and went home alone. But by the next day, we had made it all up and the elephant had forgiven him. As a proof of friendship, when we went to the jungle on a picnic, Kari carried Sudu on his back. Since that day Sudu has never hurt a living creature.

An elephant must be taught when to sit down, when to walk, when to go fast, and when to go slow. You teach him these things as you teach a child. If you say "Dhat" and pull him by the ear, he will gradually learn to sit down. Similarly, if you say "Mali" and pull his trunk forward, he will gradually learn that that is the signal to walk.

Kari learned "Mali" after three lessons, but it took him three weeks to learn "Dhat." He was no good at sitting down. And do you know why an elephant should be taught to sit down? Because he grows taller and taller than you who take care of him, so that when he is two or three years old, you can only reach his back with a ladder. It is, therefore, better to teach him to sit down by saying "Dhat" so that you can climb upon his back, for who would want to carry a ladder around all the time?

The most difficult thing to teach an elephant is the master call. He generally takes five years to learn it properly. The master call is a strange hissing, howling sound, as if a snake and a tiger were fighting each other, and you have to make that kind of noise in his ear. And do you know what you expect an elephant to do when you give him the master call? If you are lost in the jungle and there is no way out, and everything is black except the stars above, you dare not stay very long anywhere. The only thing to do then is to give the master call and at once the elephant pulls down the tree in front of him with his trunk. This frightens all the animals away. As the tree comes crashing down, monkeys wake from their sleep and run from branch to branch—you can see them in the moonlight—and you can almost see the stags running in all directions below. You can hear the growl of the tiger in the distance. Even he is frightened. Then the elephant pulls down the next tree and the next, and the next. Soon you will find that he has made a road right through the jungle straight to your house.

CHAPTER II

How Kari Saved Our Lives in the Jungle

When Kari grew to be five years old, he was almost as high as the ceiling. He was never trained for hunting. We never thought of killing anything except snakes and tigers, and these we killed when they came toward the village and injured men. So Kari never had the training of a hunting elephant. Just the same, he was very alert and steady in the face of danger, so when it was a question of going into the jungle on the back of an elephant, we generally took Kari with us. During such trips we did not put a cloth of gold on his back or silver bells on his sides. These bells are made in certain parts of India where silversmiths know how to melt and mix silver so that when the clapper strikes the sides of the bell there will be a sound like rushing water. The two bells are tied by a silver chain and slung over the elephant's back, one dangling on each side of him. We never put a

howdah on the back of Kari. Very few Hindus put *howdah*s on elephants.

Do you know what a *howdah* is? It is a box with high sides inside of which there are chairs for travelers. The *howdah*s are generally for people who are not accustomed to elephants. They need the high sides so that when the elephant walks they will not fall from his back. They stay in their seats leaning on the edge of the box and see very little, especially children who are not tall enough to see over the sides. That is why Indian children prefer riding bareback on an elephant to taking a *howdah*.

One evening when my brother and I went out, we put a mattress on Kari's back and tied it very tightly with cords so that it would not slip, for it is not pleasant to slip and fall under an elephant's belly and be stepped on. But Kari was trained so that he would not have stepped on us even if we had slipped under him. We tightened the cords to the mattress, however, and lay down for the night. Though we had bells, we lifted them up and silenced the clappers, so that in walking through the jungle road they would not ring and frighten the animals, for the forest is the dwelling place

of silence, and silence being the voice of God, no man dares to disturb it. We lay on the back of Kari and looked up at the stars. In India, the stars are so close that you can almost pluck them with your hands and the velvet blue of the sky is like a river of stillness running between banks of silver.

As we lay there, unable to go to sleep right away, we heard jungle sounds. The heavy tread of the elephant was like clouds brushing the crests of the forest. Once in a while you could see a tiger come out of the jungle, cross a road and disappear in the distance, but Kari was so brave he never condescended to notice the comings and goings of tigers. Once we heard the bark of a fox very near us and then he came out of the jungle. Kari stopped and the fox passed across the road, then we moved on again. In the moonlight which made the road before us look like a river of silver we saw squirrels leaping from branch to branch.

You know, perhaps, that elephants can sleep as they walk. Presently Kari's walk slackened into a slow pace, and we felt quite sure that he was dozing. Then we remembered nothing, for we too fell asleep. I cannot tell how much time passed before we were startled out of our sleep by a terrible

roar, a ghastly trumpeting of the elephant and a terrible lunge of his body. We had to hold on to his back very tightly to avoid being thrown off. In a few seconds both of us had turned over—I do not know how—and were lying on our faces, holding on to the cords that held the mattress to Kari's back, while he broke into a run.

Trees bent and broke, branches fell, and we could hear the monkeys stampeding from tree to tree, and flocks of birds, startled out of their sleep, falling upon us, their wings beating our faces. We shouted to Kari to be calm, but he went on as if he were mad. We heard boars snorting, and running away, and strange-looking horned creatures leaping and bounding off in all directions. Then a tree in front of us fell, and the jungle throbbed for a moment. It seemed as though a shiver ran through Kari's body, and he stopped stock still. It was very difficult to tell exactly what had happened until we got off Kari's back. I spoke to him and he shook his head, then I spoke again and urged him to put up his head. He obeyed and I climbed down by his trunk. I felt it was very wet, however, and he shook me off with pain.

My brother spoke to me from above and said when I told him how the trunk felt, "Now I know. You see, this is autumn when bears eat Mohula in the moonlight under the thick shade of the trees. As you know, Mohula intoxicates bears, and makes them sleepy. Some bear had fallen asleep under the trees and Kari, who was also asleep and consequently did not even smell him with his trunk, must have come upon him without suspecting his presence. Although all bears are brought up to respect elephants, this one, no doubt, was so sleepy that he did not know who was upon him and so I am sure he must have sprung up in his surprise and scratched Kari's trunk."

If Kari had been wide awake he would have killed the bear, but being sleepy, the shock and the surprise of the attack and the pain in his trunk frightened him so that he ran out into the jungle mad with terror.

I put my hand on the trunk again. Yes, it was bleeding; I could see in the moonlight that it was not perspiration because my hand was dark red. I spoke to Kari again; this time he did not shake his head so furiously. He was rather willing to listen and I told him I was very sorry about his

trunk but could do nothing here, I also told him to go back to the road. He shook his head—that meant "No." Do you know why he did not want to go back to that road? You shall learn at the end of this story.

I got upon his back again. "Since he won't go back to the road," said my brother, "we must give him the master call so that he can make a road through the jungle" and we gave him the master call.

At this Kari lifted his bleeding trunk and smote down the first tree, and then he struck down the next tree. He came upon a third which his trunk could not pull down, so he turned around and walked away from it. After taking a few steps he stopped and slowly walked backwards and with one push of his back, knocked this tree down.

At this we could hear the flocks of birds flying in the air and feel the stamping feet below as herds of animals ran in every direction. We heard the vibrant jabber of monkeys from tree-tops, and each time a new tree fell there was more jabbering and more leaping away from tree to tree.

We clung to the elephant's back with our nails and teeth.

Soon we found ourselves on the road, three miles ahead of where Kari had been frightened by the bear.

Do you know why he did not go back to the same spot? Because no animal ever likes to return to the place where he lost his pride. For to be frightened is to lose one's pride.

CHAPTER III

Kari Goes to Town

When Kari was about five years old, another adventure befell him. We took him to see the town, but before we had started, we tried to train him to like dogs and monkeys. Elephants are proverbially irritated by dogs. When an elephant goes through a village, every dog barks at him, and while most elephants are too dignified to pay any attention, there are some who get extremely annoyed and try to chase the dogs. Sometimes, in fact, an elephant will chase a dog so hard that he will lose his way in the village.

Knowing that there were many unknown little hamlets between our village and the city, we thought we would train Kari to like dogs before we started, for we did not want to be led astray into all sorts of little alleys while he chased the dogs who had annoyed him.

But as all the dogs of our village had seen Kari grow up

they never paid any attention to him, and that made it all the more difficult to train Kari to like other dogs. He always thought the dogs in our little village were the right kind since they did not bark at him. Whenever a strange dog barked at him, he would chase the poor creature through the whole village and waste hours in finding his way back to the road.

We tried to train Kari by taking him to villages that he had not yet seen. There were no dogs in the first village we came to. We went through it without any trouble. In the second village we came across one or two dogs that barked a few times, then disappeared in the distance. Then, as we were leaving this village we heard terrible snorts and growls all around us and were suddenly surrounded by a pack of angry mongrels, curs and wild dogs. It was terrible to see Kari trying to chase them with his trunk. Sometimes he would try to step right on the back of a dog, but the dog would slip away from under him. Little by little as the dogs began to bark all around him, he started to go round and round in a circle, faster and faster till he was spinning like a top.

We had a hard time sitting on his back because we felt terribly dizzy. We were almost falling off, when we heard a piercing yell and saw the whole pack of tormentors running away. Kari had stepped on one of the dogs and killed it and that frightened the others away.

We then brought Kari home, gave him his bath in the river and offered him nice saplings and twigs, but he would eat none of them.

From that day on, Kari was never upset by the barking of dogs, but went through strange villages without paying any attention to them, no matter how hard they barked at his heels.

Now that he had become immune to dogs, we tried to make him like monkeys. Monkeys, as you know, are very annoying little creatures. I had a pet monkey of my own named Kopee, who was red-faced and tawny-coated. He never came near the elephant, and Kari never thought of going near him. Whenever we went out, this monkey used to sit on my shoulder, and if we passed through bazaars where mangoes and other fruits were sold, it was very difficult to keep Kopee from getting into mischief. In India

everything is shown in the open, and the mangoes lie in baskets piled up one above the other like little hills. There were places where oranges were heaped up like big burning rocks. Here and there you could see brown men robed in white sitting near these mountains of fruit, bargaining about the prices.

Now it is very good to smell the fragrance of fruit, and one day while going through the lane of a village, as the fragrance of the fruit grew stronger, I forgot all about Kopee, and did not realize that I was carrying him on my shoulder.

Somehow the little monkey always knew when I was not thinking of him. At such moments he would invariably jump off my shoulder and run straight for the oranges or mangoes, take one or two of them and then make a dive for a sheltered spot. This upset the whole bazaar. Hundreds of men would pursue him from tree to tree, yelling and throwing stones till he vanished out of sight.

Of course, I used to get terribly frightened, fearing that the men would attack me for carrying such a mischievous monkey. I would hurry out of the bazaar and make for home

as fast as I could go. Then in an hour or two I would find Kopee on the house top, looking perfectly innocent and scratching himself. No one could ever tell by his face that he had stolen fruit a short while before.

When the time came for me to go to town, I was anxious to take Kopee and Kari with me, and I wanted the elephant to like the monkey and the monkey to behave like a gentleman toward the elephant. One day I brought the monkey on my shoulder and held him tight with both hands in front of the pavilion where the elephant was busy eating all kinds of saplings. Sometimes he would take a strong twig and unravel the top into a soft, fluffy tuft; then he would seize the other end of it with his trunk and brush himself. The moment he saw the monkey, he snorted and raised his trunk to grab him. With one wild scream the monkey jumped off my shoulder, climbed up the pavilion post and disappeared on the roof.

I went to Kari and spoke to him. I said, "Kari, in order to like dogs you killed one, now don't kill my monkey in order to like monkeys." He was very displeased that I should ever want him to like monkeys, because elephants

are very much like some people who don't like to associate with others who have come from nowhere and whom they consider their inferiors. Elephants don't like to associate with monkeys, for they came from nowhere. You must remember, too, that elephants rarely see monkeys because monkeys are above the elephants most of the time, jumping and squealing among the trees in a manner most annoying to a quiet and sedate creature like an elephant.

It did not take more than a week, however, to bring Kari and Kopee together. One day there was a pile of fruit lying in the open, and the elephant stood at one end eating and the monkey at the other, both enjoying the feast. Of course, the elephant ate faster than the monkey, and realizing this, Kopee began to eat more quickly and soon had enormous pouches on each side of his face. Before long all the fruit was gone and the two animals were left facing each other. The monkey trembled with fear. He was almost on the point of running away to a tree-top, but, no one knows why, the elephant turned away from him and went into his pavilion. This gave the monkey great courage, so he went straight up to the roof of the pavilion, and peering down

through the eaves, found out that the elephant lived on twigs and fruits and saplings just like himself. Having watched all this, I then got up on Kari's back and whistled to the monkey. He leaped down from the tree onto my shoulder. The elephant shivered for a moment and then was absolutely still. When I ordered him "mali," he walked on.

One day I took them to the bazaar, I on the elephant and the monkey on my shoulder. When we had reached a mountain of mangoes round the corner of a lane, the monkey jumped off and climbed up to the top of the pile. At this the owner of the fruit chased him away, yelling and shouting. The monkey climbed up the roof of a house, followed by a crowd. Kari, however, put out his trunk and helped himself to whatever fruits he liked, eating them with great relish. The moment he heard the people coming back from the monkey chase, he ran away—and you may be surprised to know that when an elephant runs, he can go more than ten miles an hour. By the time we reached home, Kopee had buried his face in an enormous mango and was covered with the juice. And you know that mangoes taste



One day I took them to the Bazaar

very much like strawberries and cream with sugar on them.

At last we set off for the city, Kari, and Kopee now the best of friends. It was very interesting at night going through the jungle country. The moonlight was intense, falling like white waters on the land. You could see the tree-tops, and at midnight almost clear down to the very floor of the jungle where the shadows were thick like packs of wolves crouching in sleep. The elephant went through these regions perfectly care-free. He did not care who came or went or what happened.

But not so the monkey. Monkeys, you know, are always afraid of snakes, and do you know why? Snakes go up trees and eat birds and their younglings. Monkeys also live by stealing eggs from different birds' nests. Now it sometimes happens that the snake eats all the birds' eggs in the nest and is resting there when the monkey puts his hands in to grab the eggs, so the monkey instead of getting the eggs is stung to death. As this sort of thing has been happening for thousands of years, it is natural that they fear snakes.

Monkeys also get punished for using their hands too much. Now, if you come across a snake, the best thing to

do is not to touch it. Monkeys, however, accustomed to using their hands continually, grab a snake whenever they see one with the result that the snake usually stings them to death. I have never seen a snake do this, but I have seen dead snakes with marks on their bodies showing that monkeys had twisted them like ropes, broken their backs and thrown them down before the snakes could use their fangs. This, however, is very rare.

As we were going through the jungle that night, Kopee would shiver with terror whenever there was a swish of a snake's body in the grass below or in the leaves above, and I had to put my hand on his back and whisper, "Don't be afraid, you are on the elephant's back and nothing can touch you."

Another thing that used to frighten him was the hooting of the night owl. Any monkey that lives in the jungle is used to it, but as Kopee was born among human beings and had always lived with them, he had never heard jungle noises. When the owls beat their wings and gave the mating call and hoot, it was like a foam of noise rising over a river of silence. I, too, was alarmed when I would suddenly hear the

hooting in my sleep, but both Kopee and I soon got used to it.

About four o'clock in the morning Kari stopped and refused to go a step further. Though I was asleep, Kopee began to pull me by the hand, and instantly after being aroused, I heard, or rather felt, as if clouds were passing by. The monkey's eyes were all eagerness and burning with excitement, and I looked down where he was looking. The honey-colored moon was casting slanting rays into the jungle through dark moving clouds. We did not know what we saw. It seemed as though two or three hundred wild elephants in a herd were going through the jungle, or perhaps the clouds were feeding on the leaves that night. No one knows what it was, but we did know Silence walked by, telling us of the mysteries of the jungle, and we could not understand.

Then out of the stillness a bird's note fell through the jungle and there was a gleam of whiteness. That instant Silence was lifted, dawn began to sing through the jungle and you could hear its flute-like call fading away in the distance, followed by a momentary hush. Then the birds

began to sing, and soon the sun came leaping over the forest like a horse of flame. This must have taken at least an hour and a half, but we did not even know when the elephant resumed his walk.

We soon came to a river where we stopped. I gave the elephant his bath. The monkey went off in search of food from tree to tree. Then I bathed myself and stood facing the East, saying these words of prayer:

> "O Blossom of Eastern Silence,
> Reveal to us the face of God,
> Whose shadow is this day, and
> Whose light is always within us.
> Lead us from the unreal to the Real,
> From sound into Silence,
> From darkness unto Light, and
> From death into Immortality."

In India every hour has its prayer and every prayer can be said unconsciously anywhere. Nobody notices you if you kneel down on the road to say your prayer, in spite of the fact that you are blocking the traffic. Religion runs like singing waters by the shores of every human life in India.

I went to the forest nearby and got the elephant his food,

and as he started to eat I began to cook my own meal. When traveling, it is better to cook one's own meal so that it will be clean and uncontaminated. Very soon I saw a caravan coming. Apparently Kopee had seen it from the tree-top as he was chattering with great excitement to tell me it was coming. I told him to hold his tongue because the elephant was getting restless.

I decided to go with the caravan into the town because the caravan people knew the shortest way. I also preferred to travel in human company rather than alone. No sooner had the caravan reached us than our attention was drawn to the faces of the camels probing the distance. You know how a camel examines the air as he goes along—he is continually stretching forth his head and smelling the air, and he can do this easily with his long neck. As camels live in the desert they must keep smelling the air to find out its humidity. Every time the air is very humid they know that water is nearby. That is why we call camels the examiners of space; in your country you would call them animal barometers.

The moment Kari saw the camels he snorted in anger,

though the monkey was excited and thrilled. You see, elephants are the aristocrats of animals, while camels are snobs. You can easily tell a snob, he holds his head in a very supercilious way, always looking down on everyone, and don't you think if you put a monocle on a camel's eye he would look like any snob that walks down the avenue? Nevertheless, I made my elephant join the camels. That is to say, we kept about one hundred yards behind them because I could not let the monkey bound from camel hump to camel hump, and it would not do to let the elephant put his trunk about the camels' necks and twist them.

Toward midday the whole caravan stopped and all the animals were tied under different trees for two or three hours to rest. As we knew we could easily reach the city by sun-down, we all enjoyed our siesta. About half-past three, the doves began to coo, and that made the monkey sit up and listen. Being a dweller of the trees by birth, Kopee was always sensitive to tree sounds. Soon a cuckoo called from the distance and in a few moments the caravan was ready to move on. Nothing exciting happened the rest of the journey.

CHAPTER IV

Kari's Adventure in Benares

As the sun went down in the gathering silence of the evening, we entered the city of Benares, the oldest city in India. For three thousand years stone has been laid on stone to keep this city with its haughty towers and sombre domes above the rushing and destroying currents of the sacred river. The river like a liquid ax is continually cutting away the foundations of the city. At night you can hear the whispering Ganges gnawing at the stone embankments. And that is why all the tall towers of Benares lean slightly over the water's edge. Their roots are being cut as beavers cut the roots of trees. And any Hindu who comes into Benares feels the age of India; she has lived very long—indeed too long, and it seems time no more clings to her than the morning dew clings to the lion's mane.

We went through Benares in a long, narrow file. The

camels went first, and the monkey, who had jumped off my shoulder, was leaping from roof to roof following the tide of the caravan. Sometimes he would run ahead and chatter; and then suddenly disappear among roofs and walls. Then he would rush back to talk to me. I fastened two silver bells dangling from silver chains to the elephant's sides, and the cool sound of the bells sank into the cooler serenity of the Indian evening. People were walking about in purple and gold togas; on the house-tops were pigeons whose throats shone like iridescent beads. Through latticed balconies you could see the faces of women with eyes warm and tranquil as the midnight.

We had not gone very far when Kari put out his trunk and took a peacock fan out of a lady's hand as she leant against the railing of a balcony. He then proceeded to give it to me. I made him stop and give it back to its owner. The lady, however, would not take it. "Oh, little dreamer of the evening," she said, "cool thyself with my peacock fan. Thy elephant is very wise, but I am afraid he is no worse a scamp than thou art."

I took the fan, made my bow to the lady and went on.

Hardly had we gone two more blocks when the screaming and jabbering monkey fell upon us. Behind him on the roof of one of the houses we saw a man with a long cudgel which he shook at the monkey. I stopped the elephant again and said to the man, "Why art thou irate when the evening is so cool, little man of the city?"

"That monkey! Ten thousand curses upon him!" he said. "He has been teasing my parrot in its cage, and has plucked so many of its feathers that it now looks like a beaked rat."

"I shall indeed punish this wayward monkey," I answered. "But thou knowest that monkeys are no less wayward than thou and I."

At this the man on the roof got very angry and began to hurl all kinds of abuses at me, but I prodded the elephant with my foot and he walked on, while the swearing and cursing of the little man of the city resounded in the stillness of the night. Nothing befell us that night as we took shelter in the open grounds outside of the city.

The following morning long before day-break, I heard nothing but the beat, beat, beat of unknown feet on the

dusky pavement of Benares. It seemed as though the stillness of the night were hurrying away. I left my animals where they were and went in quest of these beating feet. There is something sinister in this walk of the Hindu. The Hindu walks with a great deal of poise, in fact, very much like an elephant, but he also has the agility of the panther. I did not realize it until that early morning when I heard the moving feet, as one hears dogs on the hurrying heels of a stag.

Soon I reached the river bank where I saw thousands and thousands of pilgrims crowding the steps of the Ghaut, the staircase leading to the river, bathing and waiting to greet the dawn. As I followed their example and took my bath, there arose over the swaying crowd and the beating feet, a murmur like the spray of foam on the seashore after the breakers have dashed against the beach. Then the day broke like two horses of livid light rushing through the air. In the tropics the day-break is very sudden. Hardly had those streaks of light spent themselves through the sky and over the waters, when a golden glow fell upon the faces of the people and they raised their hands in a gesture of

benediction, greeting the morning sun which rose like a mountain of crimson under a tide of gold. All of us said our morning prayer, thousands of voices intoning together.

I could not stay at the Ghaut very long, however. I knew my animals would be looking for me, so I hastened back. Lo and behold, this sight greeted me! The monkey was sitting on the neck of the elephant, and Kari, who had never been accustomed to that sort of thing was running all around, raising his trunk and bending it backwards to reach the monkey in frantic efforts to shake him off. The one spot that an elephant cannot shake, however, is his neck, so the monkey stayed there perfectly calm, looking into space, secure in his seat.

I shouted to Kari to stop, and seeing me, he came rushing towards me, trembling. He made an effort to shake Kopee off, but the monkey was glued to his neck. I swore at Kopee and told him to get off. He looked down at me as if nothing had happened. I, too, was very irritated, for even I had never seen a monkey on an elephant's neck. That is considered very improper. I threw a stone at the monkey and he jumped from the elephant's neck, went straight up

a tree and stayed there. I patted Kari's back and tried to soothe him. Then I took him by the ear and we walked into town.

Kari loved human beings; the more he saw them, the happier he felt. He glided by them like a human child. I was very proud of him and his behavior. As we went on our way, a mouse ran out of a hole in the foundations of a house in front of us. Kari turned around, curled up his trunk, put it in his mouth and ran. You see elephants are not afraid of anything except mice, for a mouse can crawl into an elephant's trunk and disappear in his head. I was humiliated beyond measure at Kari's behavior. He did not stop till he reached the open ground which we had left half an hour before. The monkey was still sitting in the tree. Seeing us, he shook a purse at me. He had stolen somebody's purse and was holding it in his hands waiting for it to be ransomed.

Monkeys are very much like bandits. Once, I remember, my little sister who was two months old, was lying in a basket on the veranda. Suddenly we heard her crying, and going out on the veranda found that she was not there. Basket and all had disappeared. Then we looked up at a

tree and there was an enormous baboon looking down at us, while with one hand he held the basket, which was resting on a branch. My father, however, knew what to do. He sent a servant at once to the bazaar, and in the meantime brought all of the fruit in the house and spread it on the floor of the veranda. The monkey shook his head, meaning that was not ransom enough for him. Very soon the servant returned with an enormous quantity of bananas. The baboon immediately came down, and it was remarkable how he brought down the basket without upsetting it.

My mother, all this while, was weeping silently, leaning against the door. But now her grief was turned to gladness, for lo, and behold, there was the baby asleep in the basket on the veranda, while the baboon sat on a pile of bananas giving a strange monkey call to other monkeys.

Scarcely had we taken the baby into the house and shut the glass doors of the veranda, when we heard monkeys hooting and calling from all directions, leaping from tree to tree and falling with a great thud on our roof. In ten minutes the veranda became a regular parliament of monkeys

chattering over their dinners. After this we were very careful about the baby. Every time she was put out, a man or woman with a stick always watched over her.

Remembering now what had happened to my sister years ago, I called to the men of the caravan who had not yet started and told them the monkey had the purse. True enough, one of them was accusing his servant of having stolen his purse. I told them to buy some bananas and leave them under the tree, and in the course of the day the monkey would come down, leave the purse and take the bananas. I had been humiliated by my elephant, and now being disgusted with my monkey, I took Kari into town again. This time I had my ankus with me, so that in case he should run away again I could prick his neck and make him behave.

We went by jewelers' shops where they were cutting diamonds, and stopped in front of the goldsmith's door. Seeing us wait there, the smith came out. "What do you want, do you want gold rings for your elephant's tusks?" You know they put rings on elephant's tusks as human beings put gold in their teeth.

"His tusks have just begun to sprout; they're too beautiful to spoil with rings yet," I answered.

"But my rings always make tusks more beautiful," was his retort.

I answered, "All the city folk think that what they do makes everything beautiful. Why don't they make their dirty city beautiful?"

The smith was angry. "If thou be not a buyer of gold, nor a vendor of silver, tarry not at my door; I have no time for beggars."

As we trotted off, I called back, "I do not sell silver, nor do I buy gold, but when my elephant grows up, he will have such tusks that you will cast eyes of envy on them. But this elephant will live more than one hundred and twenty-five years and thou shalt be dead by then, and so there will be no chance of soiling his ivory by buying thy gold."

We walked on very silently through the city, and then of a sudden a pack of dogs were upon us. We knew not whence they had come. Kari was as dignified as a mountain; he never noticed them, but the less attention he paid to them, the more audacious the dogs grew. They came after

us and I did not know what to do, as I did not even have a stone to throw at them. In a few moments, we were hemmed in by packs of dogs. Quickly now, Kari turned round and in an instant lifted a dog into the air with his trunk. As the dog would have been dashed into bits, I yelled into his ear, "Brother, brother, do not kill him, but let him down gently, he will not bite you."

At this moment the dog gave such a terrible cry of pain as the trunk was coming down that Kari stopped and slowly brought him to the ground. The dog, however, was already dead; the pressure of the trunk had killed him, and the other dogs, seeing his fate, had already run away.

Kari walked rapidly out of the city and I was heart-sick. He went straight to the river bank and with great difficulty walked down the steps of the Ghaut and buried all except his trunk in the water. He stood there knowing that I knew that he had done something wrong and he was trying to cleanse himself of it. I, too, took my bath.

Late in the afternoon, we went back and found Kopee still sitting on the same tree and looking for us, as the caravan had left long ago. Judging by the banana peels

under the trees, we realized he had had his dinner. Kari and I, however, were very hungry and we were both sick of the city. We did not want to see it again, so I called to the monkey to follow and urged the elephant to go on to the nearest forest. Kopee, with one leap, jumped on my neck as I sat on the elephant's back.

This ended Kari's expedition to the city. It is better for animals to be where the jungle is, for the jungle is sweeter and kinder than that wilderness of stones—the city.

CHAPTER V

The Jungle Spirit

It took us much longer to return home. We lost nearly twenty-four hours in a jungle where we had the strangest experiences of our lives. We had already covered half the distance when one day at noon we reached the river across which lay the jungle. It was so hot that Kari would not go any further. The moment he smelled the moist earth of the river bank, he literally ran into the water and lay there. Kopee and I had to sit on his back, while the waves of the river played around us as the waves of the sea play around an island. Kari kept his trunk above the water, and when he moved we almost fell off his back. The monkey clung to me, for, as you know, monkeys do not know how to swim. There are two reasons why monkeys are afraid of the water; not only are they unable to swim because the fingers of their hands are not webbed together as are ducks' toes, but being

accustomed to go through the air by leaping from branch to branch, they think that they should leap from place to place in the water.

Seeing that the elephant was wayward, I told Kopee to hold on to my head. Then I swam ashore and waited for the elephant to come out. Now that we were off his back, he raised himself a little above the water and began to draw vast quantities of water up his trunk and snorted it out at the monkey who was running up and down the shore, chattering fiercely and keeping at a safe distance to avoid being drenched.

This shows that elephants have a sense of humor. They always know where to keep a monkey, and it is the monkey's business to know when the elephant is going to indulge in humor.

As elephants do not know that monkeys cannot swim, I was afraid that if Kopee was not careful, Kari might throw him into the river for fun, and that would have been the end of him.

I soon forgot the elephant and the monkey, however, and fell asleep on the river bank. I was awakened by a

terrible cry from the monkey and a trumpeting from the elephant. I sat up with a start and I saw Kopee sitting on the ground shivering with terror, and Kari standing in front of him, waving his trunk in the air and trumpeting for all he was worth. I lay on the ground and lifted myself on my elbows. Through the elephant's legs I saw a great snake, right under him, held almost between his fore-legs. My blood congealed in terror. Of course Kari was five years old; his skin was so thick that the cobra could never bite deep enough to bury its poisonous fangs in his arteries. The monkey was hypnotized with fear, but he could neither run away, nor go forward, nor come to me. He sat there shivering with terror.

I crept slyly around the elephant and approached Kopee. I knew that if I touched him, he would turn around and bite me. He was so frightened that anything that touched him would mean to his excited brain only the sting of the snake. The idea that he would be stung to death had taken possession of the whole animal.

I could now see what had happened. The elephant had stepped on the middle of the snake. Its back was broken

and it could not move, but there was life in the rest of its body and it was standing erect like a sharp column of ebony, its black hood with a white mark on it spread out as large as the palm of a man's hand. Of course, it could not stay in that position long. It swayed and almost fell to the ground. The moment that happened, Kari raised his foot and put it down on the snake's neck. But the snake lifted up its head in such a way that whenever there was a chance for the elephant to put his foot on its head it would immediately raise itself on its broken back. Its agony must have been great, yet it would not give in for a long time.

As the snake could not move with its back broken and the foot of the elephant still on it, I knew I had better go and kill it with a stick. As I approached it with my stick, the monkey's eyes which had been fixed on the snake, suddenly moved. He looked at me and bounded off with a piercing, chattering yell towards the nearest tree. The spirit of terror that had held him hypnotized so long was broken at last, for he had seen someone who could kill the snake.

The moment the monkey bounded off, the snake stung the elephant's toe nails, those horny plates around his feet.

This is a vital spot, as the arteries come very near the surface. Knowing this, Kari raised his foot. Evidently he was not hurt, but I was not sure how long he could stand on three legs. I was also afraid that he would fall and bring his trunk near the snake, and any snake can poison an elephant by stinging the end of his trunk. I hit the snake on the head with my stick, but instead of striking his head, the stick slipped down that ebony column which was still standing erect. Fortunately, in order to avert the next blow, the snake fell on his side. That very instant the up-raised foot of the elephant was on his head.

Kari walked away and pawed the sand with his feet to cleanse them. I thought of calling to Kopee who had taken refuge on a tree-top, but I was so anxious to know whether the elephant's foot was hurt or not, that I followed him about until he let me look at it. I was relieved to see that the skin of his foot had not been broken.

Then I called to the monkey to come down from the tree. He shook his head. I knew he was so ashamed of being afraid that he preferred to be alone in the privacy of the tree in order to gather his forces together.



That very instant the up-raised foot of the elephant was on his head

The sun was beginning to sink. The jungle was not very far off and I was certain that the breeze blowing across the river had taken the scent of human beings into the depths of the forest.

The twilight came swiftly. The bars of gold and light vibrated over the tawny waters, and darkness fell like a black sword, cutting the day from the night. The voices of the birds from the tree-tops, here and there died down, and as if to enhance the silence, insect voices came from under the grass. I got on my elephant's back and sat there quietly, for as the evening Silence goes by, each man must make his prayer. As the Silence walked on, I could see the grass waving in zig-zag curves across the river. It was always making half the figure eight in the undergrowth of the jungle.

Gradually all grew still and then over the river came the terrible hunger wail of a tiger. That instant its tawny face scarred with black emerged from behind green leaves. He saw I was across the river. The tiger's body is marked with the same stripes and curves as he makes in the grass when he walks, and people in the jungle can always tell by the

wave of the grass which animal has passed that way.

Throughout the country-side, wherever the echo of the wail was heard, a tension fell upon everything. Even the saplings were tense, and you could almost hear the cracking of the muscles of the animals holding themselves together and watching which way the tiger would pass. It was as if the horn of the chase had sounded and blown; each one had to take to cover.

Night came on apace. I wanted to tie Kari to a big tree, but he refused to be tied up that night. He paced up and down the shore without making the slightest noise. Then he would suddenly stand still and stop the waving of his ears in order to listen very intently to shadows of songs that might be passing. I stayed on his back, intent on knowing what he was going to do. Soon, very soon, the river became silver-yellow and over the jungle a quickening silence throbbed from leaf to leaf.

Then swiftly the terrible face of the moon was upon us. Kari snorted and stepped backwards. I, too, was surprised because this was another moon, very rarely seen by men. It was the moon bringing the call of the summer to the jungle.

It was the call for hunt and challenge, when elephants kill elephants to win their mates. And under the moon lay a great sinister figure like the terrible face of a dragon.

The July cloud was hovering in the distance, and between the cloud-banks and the moon I saw strange things, as if throngs of white animals were going from sky to sky—I don't know why—no one ever knows. These are the spirits of the jungle, the dead ancestors of the animals now living.

Without warning, Kari now plunged into the river. I spoke to him, scratched his neck with the ankus, but he would not stop. He forded the river, at times almost drowning, and charged madly up the other shore, where we were lost in the darkness of leaves and vines. No moonlight fell on us, not even the knowledge that the moon was up could be vouched for in this thick black place.

CHAPTER VI

Kari's Story

I cannot tell how many hours passed. I think I fell asleep, but perhaps I saw this waking—I cannot tell. Suddenly Kari's face changed. He moved his eyes forward, looked at me, and said:

"Brother, this is the night of the jungle and I want you to hear a tale that my mother told me when I was four months old, and still roaming in the jungle. That was a short time before she and I were captured by men. I was born near the foot-hills of the Himalayas, for the snow-covered mountains could be seen in the distance, but we elephants were so proud of our own height that we never bothered about the hills. I once asked my mother, 'Why do tigers smell like this? Wherever a tiger goes, he brings a terrible stench with him.' This is what she told me:

"'Every animal that lives in the jungle is born to one

kind of food or another. He either eats meat or he lives on herbs and fruits. Those who eat herbs never hate or fear, but those who eat other animals are tainted with both. We elephants never fear anyone or hate anyone and that is why we exude no stench, but a tiger has to live by killing. In order to kill one must hate, and in order to hate one must fear, and those spirits that you see walking through the air have taught all animals the secret of the jungle.

"'Now the secret of the jungle is this—the animal that lives by killing is diseased. He carries a strange, festering sore within him and that poisons his whole blood. Wherever he goes the stench of that poison reaches other animals, and this mother of us all who loves tigers, as well as the antelopes they kill, is so wise that animals that kill must be branded so that their victims will be able to take shelter. For this reason wherever the tiger goes his stench precedes him, and knowing this the fox comes out of his little hole and calls through the jungle that the tiger is out. Hence, here in the night when the moonlight falls on the thickest gloom, following the plaintive cry, the cunning fox, the servant of our mother, threads its way through the

jungle giving the warning to all animals.'

"Very soon one sees the black form of a tiger moving in the moonlight without the slightest sound. He never attacks elephants. After he passes, the horrible smell of carnage grows less and less, and then another fox gives the call throughout the jungle, telling the animals that the tiger has passed.

"If on the morrow thou comest to the same spot where the tiger and fox have passed, thou shalt not find a trace of their coming and going for it is the law of the jungle that no animal leaves the mark of his foot or the stain of his presence on leaves or grass. The victims of the tiger dare not leave footprints for it will give away their whereabouts. The cheetah, the tiger, and even the wild cats who live by killing, leave no trace behind. And that is why the dwelling of men annoys me so; they cannot even raise their heads without disturbing the air."

In my dream, I asked him, "How did you live with your elephant mother in the jungle?"

"Our life was a playing and a toil," he answered, "but the toil was a playing, and the playing was a toil. When the

leaves began to get crisp and colored and the sun called us to the South, we would leave the foot-hills of the Himalayas and follow the sacred river bed through vast forest lanes, going further and further south. Time and again we would come to dwellings of men. How wretched are men! Wherever they go they murder trees and slaughter forests! And in these comings and goings, I saw strange things.

"One winter we came to jungles on the seashore where I saw crocodiles lying on the banks of the Delta in the daytime, with their mouths open and little birds going in and out of them, cleaning their teeth, and eating all the insects that poison their gums. It is a pity we elephants have no birds to clean our teeth. And, there too, even in the water you could smell animals that lived on other animals.

"When we traveled, the old male masters went first, then the children, then babies and the mothers, and in the rear all the maidens and young fathers. When we went to sleep at night, the old ones made a ring of tusks, within which the young maids and the males each made rings, and in that triple ring we children slept guarded by elephants and stars. In my sleep in the jungle I have seen elephant

ghosts in the sky shaking their tusks of lightning, roaring in anger and battling with the moon. These elephants of the sky are our dead ancestors watching over us. You know, in the beginning, elephants ruled over all other animals, and hence, men and monkeys and snakes and tigers were created."

"Who made the rhinoceros?" I asked in my dream.

"The rhinoceros," Kari answered, "is a wayward elephant. Once when our ancestors were making a very beautiful animal they fell asleep. They had already completed the thick hide and the small legs, when some malicious spirit completed the head and instead of putting a trunk put a horn on it, and that is why the rhinoceros goes through the jungle like a spirit of evil. Dost thou not hear him coming tonight? The trees are falling and the saplings are cracking. The rhinoceros is snorting. That is the way of his coming; wherever he goes he carries destruction before him and he is not afraid to leave a trail behind, for no animal could kill him and tigers do not want to kill him because they cannot get beyond his hide."

That minute a tall tree fell in front of us and the raging

rhinoceros went by.

"Why does he walk straight?" I said to Kari. "Most animals do not."

"Only the well-born go round," Kari said. "The ill-bred find the shortest road to everything."

Just then there was a stillness in the jungle and from nowhere, like marching clouds, came herds of elephants, silent and slow. Above there was no light. A vast blackness had been spread over the stars and moon, and throughout the gloom beyond there was a singing and an eagerness.

"Go up the tree," Kari said to me. "I want to be rid of you tonight."

Sleeping or dreaming—I do not know—I did his bidding and then saw Kari stand and give a call and the whole elephant herd stopped. I could understand everything they said; and when they looked at him some of the young elephants laughed, "Look, he has the mark of a chain on his ankle; he bears the slavery of man."

Kari raised his trunk and silenced their silly chatter by trumpeting. Then he said, "I want a mate tonight. How many of you free-born want to test my strength?"

One of the young elephants said, "How old are you?"

"There is no age to a hero," answered Kari.

One of the elephants, the leader of the herd, shook his head. "We have amongst us younglings who have taught tigers humility; we have amongst us younglings who have broken hillocks with their fury, and pulled down the thickest trees of the jungle. So thou, man lover, temper thy speech to humility; it is not meet for thee to seek a bride amongst the free-born."

Kari snorted and said, "Give forth the challenge, I accept." And one of the elephants with two small tusks just coming out of his mouth stood out from the herd and trumpeted. Kari stood and a quiver ran through his muscles and I could see his body throb. "Don't be afraid," I whispered to him. "We have taught you the tale of man; he does not know it."

He waved his trunk at me and then plunged into the other elephant. The whole herd stood around and watched the fight. In a few moments a young girl elephant stood apart from the herd, watching the fight, and I knew she was the prize of this battle. First they put their trunks together

and bellowed. Then the two mountains of flesh bounded at each other as if hills were striking hills. As I have said before, Kari's tusks were not long enough to be of any use, so every time they crushed against each other Kari had to be very careful to avoid the other's tusks.

At last their trunks came together and their bodies were tightly pinioned. They looked like a great mountain spinning round and round. There was a pause and Kari rose on his hind legs and held his front legs up. That instant the wild elephant let go of his trunk and leapt to cut Kari's trunk with his tusks, but before he could do that, Kari struck him on the head and he went reeling into the distance. He would have fallen if he had not struck against a tree, and if an elephant falls, that is the end of the battle.

As Kari thought he had struck his opponent down, he stood there feeling victorious and I could see a shiver of relief going through his body. The other elephant, however, gauged the distance and came upon him again with great momentum. Before Kari realized what had happened, the elephant gored him with his tusks. Kari gave a painful yell, and walking backwards drew his neck from the tusks of his

opponent. I could feel a quake go through him as a tree which has just been cut throbs before it falls.

The herd yelled, and shook their heads with great glee, whispering, "We have won." Then Kari began to walk in a circle. The other elephant did likewise and they faced each other. Now and then they would come close together; their trunks would strike each other, then they would separate and go around again.

By this time the sky was black and the livid tongue of the lightning flickered on the crest of the clouds. But the rumble of the thunder could not be heard because the two elephants were trumpeting so loudly.

Again they locked trunks and bodies and spun around. Quickly Kari released his trunk and stood aside, leaving the other elephant to go spinning against the herd. That instant Kari ran forward and struck the side of the other elephant, giving him a broad-side blow and throwing him on the ground. The herd scattered and a clamor of wonder spread from elephant to elephant. Kari rose on his hind legs and fell upon his opponent with his forefeet, as he started to rise. The oldest elephant said, "It is done." At this the

herd slunk away slowly and the beaten elephant was seen no more.

The female who was waiting for the end of this battle came up to Kari and they put their trunks together. A deafening crash of thunder fell upon the forest and the lightning was striking trees far and near. A terrible deluge of rain came and blotted everything out of sight. I clung to the branch of my tree for fear I might be washed down to the ground. I do not know how long it rained. When I looked up, I could see that there was a white light above, but the rain was still falling on me. Then I realized that the foliage above my head was so thick that the raindrops were caught in it and were still coming down. I did not dare to go up further into the tree, for the branches were very slippery, so I stayed until every drop of water had fallen.

The moon set and I could hear all kinds of noises. Many animals were moving about. From the tree-top I heard the shaking of the coats of the monkey, and below on the ground I felt the heaving of hoofs on the wet grass. Then all this stopped and on the wet undergrowth again there was a movement like the zig-zag stripe of the tiger's skin.

Suddenly, there was a bark followed by a deafening roar and then the thud of a leaping body falling on the ground. The tiger had found his kill. You know the tiger has three different calls—the hunger wail which is like a terrible sound cutting the jungle with hate; then the snorting bark of the tiger which means that he is nearing his prey; and then through the stillness of the jungle, one hears his third call, the triumphant roar of the kill, which means that he has found his prey. This roar has a terrible effect on the victim; it paralyzes him with terror, and like a lightning flash, along with the roar, the tiger falls upon his prey. This is just what was happening now a short while before sunrise. The tiger growled now and then to announce that he had had his dinner and then other small animals came up and fell upon the prey after he had left it.

All the animals who had taken shelter in their lairs and holes during the rain were now beginning to come out. This morning there was no silence in the jungle; in the small hours all the animals were eager to get something to eat, so that by day-break they could go to sleep with something in their stomachs. When the dawn came, I saw Kari standing



The tiger had found his kill

under the tree in the thick twilight under the foliage. I came down on the ground to find traces of the struggle of the night. The rain had washed it all away, but as I got up and touched Kari's neck, he winced and I knew that the marks he bore were the only testimony of the battle.

We went back across the river, and found Kopee there, wet and miserable. He was glad to get down from the tree and get on the elephant's back and feel the sunlight on his skin. I urged Kari to get him something to eat, but he would not hear of it, so we hastened back toward the village. On our way home, I verified the law of the jungle, for Kari had really developed a slight stench. You may say that it was the wound that gave the odor, but I do not think so. When he went to war and battled with another elephant, he must have hated as well as feared, and the smell of fear and hate was upon him. It took nearly a fortnight to wash the stench away from him, and you must remember that it was not the bathing in the water that did it. It was in the gentle care and friendship of the village that Kari gradually forgot to hate his enemy.

CHAPTER VII

The Tiger Hunt

I have told you that Kari was not a hunting elephant. After that experience in the jungle, however, he seemed to be above all fear and surprise. On many occasions he showed such dignity and composure that one could not recognize in him the old, nervous beast. Apparently that battle with the wild elephant gave him such confidence in his own strength that from that time on no incident could surprise him.

You do not know what music can do for animals. If you took a flute and played certain tunes on it, all of the snakes would come out of their holes and dance to the music! There is supposed to be a kind of flower, like a sensitive plant, that can be put to sleep by the playing of a very delicate tune. I have seen with my own eyes how fond the deer are of music. Sometimes in the middle of the afternoon,



If you took a flute and played certain tunes
on it, all the snakes would come out of
their holes and dance to the music

if you stand on the edge of the forest and play your flute and slowly strike the notes which sound like the whistling call of the antelope, you will see a strange phenomenon. The deer generally bark, but they also give a whistling call.

As I was playing my flute one afternoon, I remember distinctly that nothing happened for a while. I stopped and tried another tune. I heard a strange rustle in the leaves of the small plants of the jungle; but nothing came of it. Again I changed my tune and played on. This time even the leaves did not move, so I was sure my flute was not catching the ear of any animal. I was heart-broken. I had gone to test my knowledge of flute-playing, but I found out that I could not attract any animal.

It was getting late; the darkness of the jungle became thicker and thicker, though the April sun was still scorching the open meadow. At last in desperation, I tried my only remaining tune, not being very proficient on the flute. For a while nothing happened. I played so intently that I paid attention to nothing else and was greatly startled to hear a noise as if someone were pulling on a rope. I looked up and there was a stag whose nostrils were quivering with

excitement as if he scented the music. His beautiful forked horns were caught up in a creeper hanging from a tree, from which he was trying to free himself. I kept on playing, but did not take my eyes from him. At last he freed himself from the vine, but a tendril still clung to his horns like a crown of green. He came nearer and stood still.

I kept on playing, and one by one more golden faces began to come out from behind the foliage of the jungle. The spotted fawn, the musk-deer, gazelles and antelopes, all seemed to answer the call of the music. I stopped playing. That instant a shiver went through the herd; the stag stamped his foot on the ground and as swiftly as the waving of a blade of grass in the breeze they all disappeared in the forest. I could feel in the distance the shiver of the undergrowth of grass and saplings indicating the way the animals had passed.

Knowing this power of music over animals, I wanted to train Kari and Kopee to follow the tunes of my flute. Kopee was such a monkey that I could not make him listen. Whenever I began to play the flute, he would go to sleep or run up a tree. Monkeys have no brains.

Kari, on the contrary, though much worse at first, was more sensible. He paid no attention to any tune that I played, but once in a while, I would strike a note that would make him stop still and listen, and I could tell by his manner that this tune went home. Those long fanning ears of his would stop waving and the restless trunk would be still for a moment. Unfortunately, the notes that really reached his soul were very few—I could hardly sustain them for more than a minute and a half. Weeks passed before I could get them back again.

One day after the battle with the wild elephant in the jungle, I took up the flute again and began to play for him. I tried many notes and chords. At last I could sustain the tones he liked for more than three minutes. By the end of August, I could make Kari listen to my music for ten minutes at a time. When another winter had passed and summer came again, I could really command him with my music. I could sit on his back, almost on his neck, and play the flute, never saying a word, and guide him for days and days.

This summer a very daring tiger visited our village. His

head looked like a tower and his body was as large as that of an ox. At first he came in the night and killed oxen or buffaloes, but one night he killed a man, and after that he never killed anything but men, for the tiger is as fond of human meat as we are of chicken.

Our house was very near the jungle; all our windows were barred with iron. Nothing could go in or out through them except mosquitoes or flies. One evening I was sitting at my window at about eight o'clock. I heard the cry of the Fayu, the fox which goes ahead of the tiger, giving the warning call to all the other animals. Then, as the darkness that night was not very intense, I could see the fox go by. Soon I could actually inhale the odor of a tiger.

In a few moments an enormous black creature came and stood in front of the window. As he sat down, the call of the fox in the distance stopped. After a while the tiger stood up and walked toward the window. That instant, the fox in the distance began to call. I was very frightened, but as I wanted to see the tiger clearly, I lit a match. He was so frightened by the sight of fire that with one growl he bounded off.

After that the tiger took to coming early in the afternoons. One day about four o'clock, we saw him standing on a rock across the river, looking at the village. The river was very shallow, hardly five inches deep, but it was very broad and full of sand bars. He stood looking at the village and growling with great joy. In India the government does not allow the people to carry rifles of any sort, so whenever a tiger or a leopard makes a nuisance of himself around the village you generally have to send for a British official to come and kill him. Word was sent to the magistrate of our district. In a few days a chubby-faced Englishman appeared. In the Indian sun the red face of the Westerner looks even redder.

There are certain rules by which men hunt in India. You never shoot an animal weaker than yourself, and if you want to shoot a tiger or a leopard, you give it a warning. If you do not do so, you generally pay for it. After the British official appeared, I was allowed to take him on my elephant and go out in the open to show him that Kari was fit for hunting. He fired a number of shots and killed several birds. Kari, who had never heard a shot before, and whom

everyone expected to be frightened, did not pay the slightest attention to all the clamor of flying bullets. He knew at heart he was the master of the jungle, and hence nothing could surprise him. It is said in India that the mark of a gentleman is that he is never surprised. That shows that Kari's ancestors were undoubtedly very gentle elephants.

After killing some more birds, the magistrate became quite convinced that Kari would do for the hunt, so one morning about four o'clock we started out. I sat almost on the neck of my elephant playing my flute, and the magistrate sat in the *howdah* which had been especially prepared for him, since he was not accustomed to riding elephants any other way. We crossed the river and went far into the jungle. Beaters had gone ahead in large groups to stir up the jungle from all directions. It was very difficult to go through the jungle with the *howdah* on the elephant's back, and we had to edge our way along between branches and trees.

After riding for at least two hours, we came to an open space and it was agreed that the beaters should drive all the animals to this clearing. This morning the sunrise was full of noise and without any of the soft and delicate silences

which usually mark day-break in the jungle. I felt quite out of humor and apparently Kari was bored to death. He kept on pulling at one twig after another with his trunk, nibbling and wasting everything. Our passenger did not know any language but English, and as I knew nothing of English at that time, we spoke very little and only by signs.

The first animals to come before us were a herd of antelopes which dashed towards us like burnt gold flashing through emerald water. After they had passed, a lull fell on the scene, which was soon broken by the grunt and snort of a rhinoceros. He rushed forward in a straight line, as usual, breaking and tearing everything. Kari averted his gaze because elephants are always irritated by the ostentatious bustle of a rhinoceros. Then, soon after him we saw a horned boar rushing like a black javelin through the air, followed by many animals, weasels and wild cats, and once in a while a cheetah with its spotted skin. They refused to come out in the open, however, but always went behind the screen of foliage and grass, for they had smelled the danger signal, man and elephant.

Every little while we heard a passionate and angry growl.

When this sound reached our ears, the magistrate would sit up with his rifle to take aim. Then there would be a lull. Now we could hear the cry of the beaters in the distance coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly a herd of elephants passed. They made no noise and left no trace, but passed by like walking cathedrals.

Again the angry growl fell on the jungle, but this time it was ahead of us. The beaters cried out again close by, but all were silenced by the roar of the approaching tiger. With one bound he appeared in the clearing, but immediately disappeared again. We could see him passing from one bush to another; and when he stopped we caught a glimpse of his hind legs. Without any warning the magistrate fired and like a thunder bolt, the tiger leaped in front of the elephant with one roar. Kari reared; he walked backwards and stood with his back against a tree. The magistrate could not shoot at the tiger without sending a bullet through my head, so he had to wait.

Then with a leap the tiger was by the side of the elephant, so close to the *howdah* that there was not the distance of even a rifle between him and the magistrate. I

stopped my flute playing to swear at the magistrate. I said, "You brother of a pig; why did you not give him warning before you shot? Who has ever heard of killing an animal without seeing him face to face? Can you kill a tiger by breaking his hind leg with a bullet?"

The man was livid with terror. He had the rifle in his hand but the tiger was reaching over the *howdah* and stretching out his paw to get him. He did not know what to do. Kari shook himself with all his strength but he could not shake the tiger off. He trumpeted in great pain because the tiger's claws were cutting into his flesh. He raised his trunk, swayed his body and bounded against a tree behind him; but still the tiger could not be shaken off. The nearer the tiger's paw came, the more the magistrate tried to lean against the side of the *howdah*. Pretty soon he moved towards the elephant's rear, and thus reached a corner of the *howdah* which gave him almost as much space as the length of a rifle. I saw the eye of the tiger turn first red and then yellow, and heard the terrible snarl which he gives only when he is sure of his prey. The quality of the snarl is such that it paralyzes his victim.



Without any warning the magistrate fired

Seeing that the Englishman could do nothing and feeling sure that he would be killed, I knew I had to do something. I stopped swearing and with one terrible yell gave the elephant the master call. He went forward and put his trunk around a very thick branch of a tree and pulled it down with a great crash. That instant the tiger looked at the direction from which the noise had come. His head was near me now, and he did not know whether to attack me or go back to his former prey. It seemed as if hours passed. I was petrified with terror, yet I knew that if I let my fright get possession of me, I would be killed. So I controlled myself. Kari was now trying to strike the tiger with this trunk, but he could not get at him.

Suddenly I realized that the Englishman not only had the rifle's length between him and the tiger but was raising the rifle to take aim. Knowing this, I took my flute and hit the tiger's knuckles with it. He came toward me with his paw outstretched and caught the shawl which was loosely tied around my waist. I was glad to hear it tear because he had just missed my flesh. That instant I saw the Englishman put the barrel of the rifle into the tiger's ear. All I

remembered was hot blood spurting over my face. Kari was running away with all his might and did not stop until he had crossed the clearing and disappeared beyond the trees. He was not hurt, except that his side was torn here and there with superficial wounds. When the beaters came, I made the elephant kneel down. We both got off. The Englishman went to see how big the tiger was while I led Kari in quest of my broken flute. Toward sun-down when they had skinned the tiger, they found its length to be nine feet, not counting the tail.

CHAPTER VIII

Kari and the Quick-Sand

Though elephants are very unselfish animals, they behave like human beings when brought to the last extremity. The following adventure will show you what I mean.

One day, Kari and Kopee and I went to the river bank to help pull a big barge up the river. The towmen could not pull the ropes hard enough to make progress against the current. All that they could do was to stand still without getting ahead at all. So word was sent on to us and we three went to help out. I harnessed Kari with the tow rope. It was very amusing, as he had never pulled a weight in his life. At first he pulled very hard. The rope almost broke and the barge swayed in the water, almost toppled, and then drifted to its previous position. The swift current was going against it and the people in the barge were shaking their hands and swearing at us as they were afraid that the vessel would

capsize.

Kari did not care. After he had pulled the barge about two hundred yards he stopped; the rope slackened and then the current pulled against us. The rope became taut again and the men shrieked from the barge. When you tug a boat, you must not jerk at the rope but pull it gently, so I urged Kari to pull it smoothly. In the course of an hour, he had actually drawn the boat in, and at the end of our journey he had learned to pull evenly.

After that we went on playing on the river bank. Kopee jumped off the elephant's back and ran along the shore. I urged Kari to follow him, and as we kept on going, I lost all sense of direction and trusted to the intelligence of the animals. The monkey, however, had led us into a trap. We had run into quick-sand and Kari began to sink. Every time he tried to lift his feet he seemed to go deeper into the mud and he was so frightened that he tried to take hold of the monkey with his trunk and step on him as something solid, but Kopee chattered and rushed up a tree.

Then Kari swung his trunk around, pulled down the mattress from his back, and putting it on the ground tried

to step on it. That did not help, so he curled up his trunk behind to try to get me to step on. Each time he made an effort like that, however, he sank deeper into the mud. I saw the trunk curling back and creeping up to me like a python crawling up a hillside to coil around its prey. There was no more trumpeting or calling from the elephant, but a sinister silence through which he was trying to reach me. He had come to the end of his unselfishness. In order to save himself, he was willing to step on me.

The monkey screamed from the tree-top and I, jumping off the elephant's back, fell on the ground and ran. Kari kept on trumpeting and calling for help, and by this time he was chest deep in the mud. The rear of him had not sunk so far, so he was on a slant which made it all the more difficult for him to lift himself.

I ran off to the village and called for help. By the time we got back with ropes and planks, he was holding his trunk up in order to breathe, as the mud was up to his chin. There was only one thing to do, and that was to lift Kari by his own weight, so we tied the rope to the tree and flung it to him. He got it with his trunk and pulled. The rope throbbed

and sang like an electric wire and the tree groaned with the tension, but all that happened was that the elephant slipped forward a little and his hind legs fell deeper into the mud.

Now he was perfectly flat in quick-sand. But something very interesting had taken place. Now that he was holding on to the rope with all his mortal strength we knew that he would not let go of it, so it was easy to go near him and put planks under him, as the hind part of his belly had not yet sunk to the level of the mud. At last he stopped sinking, but as we could not put the planks under his feet it only meant that he would not go further down and smother to death.

Now that his head was lifted and there was an opening between him and the mud, the question was how to lift the front part of his body so that he could drag the rest of it out. Another elephant had to be called in. It turned out to be Kari's mother who had been given to the neighboring king. By the time she arrived, however, dusk had fallen and nothing could be done. We trusted to God and left him to his quick-sand for the night.

The next morning we found Kari in the same position as the previous evening. He had relaxed his hold on the rope but had not sunk deeper. We had to put more planks all around him but he now knew that he should not attack anyone because we were trying to save him. After the planks had been tested, his mother went up to him. She put her trunk around his neck and started to lift him, but he groaned with pain for he was being smothered. He began to sink again and we just had time to put some more planks between his chest and the mud.

We had also slipped a rope under him, which some men in a boat near the river bank came up and threw over his back. The hawser was made into a loop around his body and the other end was tied around the mother. Then she pulled with all her might, and her strength was so great that his fore-quarters were lifted up and his small legs dangled in the air. He was pulled forward quite a distance, when the hawser broke and his fore-legs fell on the plank. His hind legs now were sinking and we were terribly frightened. We felt as if we had lost him again.

The situation was not so bad as we thought, however,

as it was very easy to slip another hawser under him. This time we made a double loop around him, and also made him hold on to the rope around the tree with his trunk. He was very tired, but I urged him to obey me. And now with the aid of his mother, he managed to lift the rear half of his body and put first one leg and then the other on the plank. A great shout of joy went through the crowd as Kari walked on to solid ground. That instant the monkey jumped down from the tree and fell on Kari's neck; he was very glad to see his friend safe again. But Kari was in no humor for anyone's caresses and he shook Kopee off. The first thing I did was to pull some branches from a tree which Kari devoured hungrily. A hungry elephant is not to be bothered by anyone.

I had learned my lesson. I would no longer take my elephant anywhere and everywhere at the behest of the monkey, for monkeys have no judgment.

CHAPTER IX
Kari's Travels

Sometimes Kari was used for travel. He and I went through many distant places in India with camel caravans, carrying loads of silver and gold, spices and fruits. They went from one end of India to the other, passing through hot and deserted cities while our accustomed way when not in their company led through populous places and thick jungle regions. Elephants have an advantage over camels in this respect—gangs of robbers may attack a camel and his driver and rob him, but no one dares to attack an elephant. As the animals of the jungle do not care to touch an elephant, neither do wild men in desolate places. For this reason they generally used Kari when they wanted to send pearls and other jewels from one place to another.

Once, we were given the king's emerald to carry. It was as big as the morning star, and burned when the glow of the

noon-day sun was upon it. Two epics were carved on it—on one side was the story of the heroes, and on the other the story of the gods. We left the city and passed into the jungle. Night came on apace and we stopped.

That night I watched the jungle as I had never watched it before. It was about nine o'clock; everything was dark and the stars were right on the tips of the trees. Below us in the foliage the eyes of the jungle were looking upon us. Wherever I turned, I thought I saw eyes. Kari swayed slightly from side to side and fell into a doze. The first thing that I noticed was the faint call of a night bird. When that died down, the hooting owl took it up. Then it passed into the soft wings of the bats and came into the leaves, and you could feel that noise shimmering down the trees like water in a dream till, with gentle undulations, it disappeared into the ground. The wild boar could be heard grazing. Then there was silence again.

Out of the blackness then came the green eyes of the wild cat below me and, as my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I saw small, beaver-like animals burrowing their way through leaves and brushes. I thought

I saw weasels way below, and in the distance I felt the stag disturbing the leaves of small plants. Then there was a snarl in the jungle and these gently moving sounds and quivers ceased. An aching silence came over everything, broken only by strange insect voices like the spurting of water. Very soon the call of the fox was heard, and then the groan of the tiger, but that passed. As I was above the ground the odor of my breath went up in the air, and the animals never knew there was man about. Men always disturb animals because they hate and fear more than the animals.

Little by little the sounds died down and stillness took possession of the jungle. I saw herds of elephants go into the water to bathe. They did not make the slightest sound; their bodies sank into the water as clouds dip into the sunset. I could see them curling their trunks around their mates and plucking lilies from the water to eat. As the moon with its shadowy light had risen, I seemed to be looking at them through a veil of water. Close to the shore were the little ones stepping into the water and learning how to breathe quantities of water into their trunks and then snort it out slowly without the slightest sound. Soon

their bath was over, but the only way you could tell that they had bathed was by hearing drops of water like twinkling stars fall from their wet bodies and strike the leaves on the ground.

This proved too much for Kari; he wanted to follow them. I had a hard time keeping him away from the herd, and despite all my urging, he ran right into the river. His mattress and everything that was tied to his back was wet through and through and I had to swim ashore. If the emerald had not been tied to my neck, it would have been lost in the water. I went up a tree and waited for Kari to come out of the water.

After I had sat on a branch a little while, I saw two stony eyes watching me. I looked, and looked and looked; a cold shiver ran up and down my back, but I was determined not to fear and hate. I made myself feel very brave and I stared right back into the shining eyes. They closed. In the moonlight I could distinctly see the head of a cobra lying on another branch very near mine. I had disturbed him going up. I knew if I moved a little he would get up and sting me to death, so I sat very still.

Soon there was a terrible hooting and calling in the jungle. I heard hoofs stampeding in the distance. The noise grew louder and louder and I could feel a vast warm tongue licking the cool silence of the night. Then the cobra crawled along the branch to the trunk of the tree, and then on down to the ground. I, who was holding to the trunk, had to sit still while his cold body passed over my finger. But I was determined not to fear and I could feel the silken coolness passing over my hot hand. In an instant he was gone.

Now I caught sight of Kari snorting before me. As I knew something had taken possession of the jungle, I jumped on his back. While we hurried along we heard the whining snarl of a tiger, not the call of hate or killing, but the call for protection, swiftly following our lead. Being civilized, we instinctively knew the way out of the jungle to human habitation. We approached the village which was still sleeping in the morning grayness, and behind us saw horny deer, leopards, and wild cats rushing after us. Then the boars came after us, dashing out of the jungle in terror. Vast clouds of blackness were rising from the horizon, and

when the morning light grew more intense, I realized they were clouds of smoke. The morning breeze was warm and in a short time the smell of burning leaves reached me. The forest was on fire.

We arrived at the village in an hour and a half. The sun was already up. The leopards came and sat near the houses as guileless as children; the boars snorted and ran into the rice fields to hide. The tiger came and sat in the open and watched the forest. The antelopes and the deer stood in the ponds and on the banks of the river. By instinct they knew that the water was the only place where the fire could not reach them. We saw flocks of birds flying to shelter. Soon we saw the red tongue of fire licking the grass and the trees. A terrible heat settled upon the country-side.

I could now go near any animal and touch him. The terrible danger which was common to all had made them forget their relations with each other—that of hunter and prey. Tiger, elephant and man were standing near each other. All had a sense of common friendship, as if the tiger had thrown away his stripes, man his fear, and the deer his sense of danger. We all looked at one another, brothers in

a common bond of soul relationship. This sight made me realize why the Hindus believe that each plant and each animal, like man, has a golden thread of spirituality in its soul. In the darkness of the animal's eyes and the eloquence of man's mind it was the same Spirit, the great active Silence moving from life to life.

The jungle was burning to cinders. The tiger hid his face between his paws; the wild cats curled up, hiding their faces. None wanted to see the passing of the terror. Later in the afternoon some of the birds that were flying aimlessly around were drawn by the hypnotism of the flames into the jungle where they perished. If one is frightened beyond his control, fear possesses him so that he loses all consciousness of self-protection and he is drawn down into the vortex of the very destruction which rouses that fear.

The more I watched Kari and the other animals, the more I came to understand why Kari and I loved each other. We had a soul in common. I played the flute for him and was deeply moved. I felt that if I could be dumb like he, I could understand him better. This was the lesson the fire taught me: do not hate and fear animals. In them is the soul

that is God, as it is also in us. Behind each face, human or animal, is the face of the Christ. Those who have eyes to see can always find it.

CHAPTER X

Kari in the Lumber Yard

Not long after this Kari was sent to the lumber yards. It was very interesting to see that he learned all the tricks of the lumber trade in a few days. He would pull heavy logs out of the forest into the open, lift the lighter ones with his trunk and pile them up, one on top of the other. He had such a good sense of symmetry that his piles were always extremely neat.

Soon an older elephant came to help him. Whenever there was a log which was too heavy for Kari to lift, they would each take one end of it and lift it on the lumber wagon. An elephant, as you see, can do the work of a truck.

We had reached a stage in the history of the world when motor engines did a large part of the work of the jungle. The elephants would bring the lumber from the forest and deposit it near these engines where it would be cut into

proper lengths and then thrown out again to be piled up by the elephants.

The mechanics who ran these engines ate meat and drank liquor. It is very strange that when Western people come to the East, they do not give up their expensive ways of living. Drinking wine and eating meat is one thing in cold climates, where one has to keep warm, but in a hot climate a man is sure to go to pieces if he eats and drinks much. Kari had no objection to wine drinking, but he did not like meat-eating men any more than he liked meat-eating tigers. He never hated them or feared them, simply he somehow did not enjoy their company. But these white engineers who came from afar did not know that an elephant had a soul.

Kari always woke up at half past five and then went to work. Toward noon I would bathe him and put him in his shed. Early in the afternoon he would begin to work again. Later on he ate lots of rice of which he was very fond. In the evening I would tie him up in his shed while I went to sleep on a hammock outside.

One night, I heard a terrible trumpeting. I jumped down

from my hammock and went into Kari's shed, where I found two drunken engineers lighting matches and throwing them at him. Kari, who was afraid of fire, as all animals are, was trumpeting angrily. I protested to the men, but they were so drunk that they only swore at me and went on flinging matches. Seeing that there was nothing else to do, I loosened all his chains except one, and let him stay there tied to the ground by one foot only.

An elephant's chain is generally driven about five or six feet into the ground and is then covered with cement and earth. An elephant can rarely break this kind of chain, but I was afraid that the matches might set the shed on fire, and I trusted Kari more than drunken men. I knew that if the shed caught fire the elephant could break one chain if he tried hard to escape. The night passed without any further incident, however.

I must explain why animals are afraid of fire. Fire, you see, is the one thing that they can never fight. They are not afraid of water, as most of them can swim, but if they are caught in fire, they are generally burned to death. For this reason they have built up a protective instinct against fire.

Whenever there is fire of any sort, they run. As they have seen the jungle set on fire from time to time for generations and generations, the sight of fire frightens them more than anything else. As long as they have inherited this fear from their ancestors, it is very wise not to play with fire in the presence of animals. If an animal as powerful as an elephant were frightened by fire, he would run mad and do the greatest amount of mischief.

One noon when we had suspended work for the day, I tied Kari in his shed and lay down in my hammock to rest. Toward late afternoon, I heard the same terrible trumpeting that I had heard before. The same thing had happened again. The two engineers, being idle, had drunk liquor and were trying to tease the animals nearby. The shed had a thatched roof of straw. The walls were of clay, but there was a lot of bamboo lying on the floor. Kari was eating twigs, some of which happened to have dry leaves.

I came up to the elephant, and seeing what was going on, told the white men to stop teasing him. They would not hear of it, however. Just then I saw a flame rising from the leaves. Kari raised his trunk and trumpeted fiercely. As I

was afraid that he would be burned to death, I hastened to loosen his chain and with one terrible trumpet he rushed out of the shed, trampling down one of the drunken men and killing him instantly. Kari then trumpeted more and more loudly, waving his trunk and rushing madly around.

Realizing the danger we were in, I went up a very heavy banyan tree out of Kari's reach and lay among the leaves. The first thing he did was to go and put his foot on the automobile of the chief engineer, which happened to be standing outside of the shed. In a few minutes there was nothing but a mass of twisted steel on the ground, over which the elephant danced in anger. Then he saw the chief engineer and two other men standing on the porch of a bungalow. He rushed at them, but they knew what it meant to have a mad elephant about, and ran into the house. Kari then pulled down part of the thatched roof of the bungalow with his trunk, and finding no one there made straight for two new trucks that had only been in use a fortnight and broke them to pieces. Then he rushed at a bull which was grazing in a field, and wound his trunk around his neck. The bull dropped dead. In a few moments Kari was out of



In his madness he must have gone
back to the jungle

sight.

For a fortnight no one heard anything of him. I expected him to return to me, but he never came back. Even to this day no one knows what happened to him. Evidently those miserable engineers had driven him out of his mind. In his madness he must have gone back to the jungle and by the time he recovered his senses was so lost in its depths that he could not come back. When his mind returns to him, an elephant can never remember the road that he took in his insanity, and if he runs very far into the jungle he may never come back because the Spirit of the jungle seizes him. Kari's last impression of human beings must have been so terrible that when the Spirit of the jungle asserted itself in him, he allowed it to lure him away forever from the habitations of men.

That is how it came about that I lost my friend and brother, the elephant. Though as an animal Kari is lost to me, my soul belongs to his soul and we shall never forget each other.

THE END.