



# THE BLACK DIAMOND

AND

# RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

EDITED BY

**K. WESTBERG**



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KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

Est. A 10968

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# THE BLACK DIAMOND

BY

ANONYMOUS (STRAND MAGAZINE)

AND

# RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PROVIDED  
WITH A VOCABULARY

BY

**K. WESTBERG**

*Aino Kipling*



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

1936

THE BLACK DIAMOND

ANONYMOUSLY TRANSLATED MAGAZINE

NIINKI-TIKKI-TAVI

RUFARD KILLIS

ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PROVIDED  
WITH A GLOSSARY

BY W. W. B. B. B.

*Miss P. P. P.*



PRINTED AND SOLD BY

J. Mällo trükk, Tartu.

# THE BLACK DIAMOND.

## PART I.

### My Return to Southampton.

It was a dull spring morning when the great steamer Nelson, which for the past four weeks had been making its way from Calcutta, came within sight of Southampton. Many of the passengers had gathered on deck, each wishing to catch the first glimpse of land.

As I stood among the little group I told myself that, perhaps, none of them would be quite so glad to reach their journey's end as I. For to me the landing at Southampton meant more than a safe passage from India happily finished. It meant that the goal had been reached to which every thought and hope had been directed for months past.

During my five-and-thirty years of life I had gone through many experiences; but none had given me so much anxiety of mind as this voyage home from Calcutta.

My fellow-passengers on board the steamer did not know that, if I had found a watery grave, £80,000 would have gone to the bottom with me, and Brassington, the well-known firm of London jewellers, would have been unable to fulfil a Royal commission for a wedding present for a Princess.

## PART II.

### The Successful Purchase of the Diamond.

For more than ten years I had been in the employment of the Messrs. Brassington, and although they had always trusted me, the sending me out to India to buy a historical diamond belonging to an Eastern Rajah was the highest mark of distinction they had ever paid me. I remember how happy I felt when the elder Brassington, the head of the firm, called me into his room and said:—

“Mr. Fenton, we have decided that you are to fetch the diamond from India.”

My fellow-clerks were envious of me, and I reflected that, if I succeeded in my responsible undertaking, I should probably be given a junior partnership in the flourishing firm of Brassington & Co. With these proud thoughts in my head, I went out to the East and was happy enough to secure the

magnificent stone, which was the size of a large hazel-nut. Under my coat and waistcoat I wore a strong leather belt, in which was a small pouch, or pocket, and in this I was to carry the diamond home. I had resolved that the belt should never leave me day or night until I had delivered the precious jewel to my employers.

After the diamond came into my possession I had an anxious time of it before embarking at Calcutta. For the sale of the stone was soon talked about, and jewels have an attraction for the crafty natives such as a magnet has for a needle. However, I managed to avoid all danger, and went on board the steamer feeling that, if only the weather were favourable, I had nothing more to fear. On the whole, the voyage home was a fair one, and once in sight of Southampton I felt happy and proud, as one who has gained a victory.

### PART III.

#### The Appearance of a shabbily dressed Native.

On landing, I had to go to a jeweller in the town, who was an agent of our firm, and to whom Mr. Brassington had promised a sight of the diamond. After I had seen this man, I had only to choose a convenient train for London, where I hoped to arrive

before our business establishment closed for the night.

As I passed from the steamer with the other passengers, I noticed a tall, black man, whom, strangely enough, I never remembered to have met during the voyage. He was dressed in a shabby suit of European clothes, but he had a striking resemblance to a native servant of the Rajah from whom I had bought the diamond. The man had an evil-looking face, and I had a strong suspicion that he intended to rob me of the stone; for I thought I had seen him following me on the way between his master's palace and Calcutta. However, on reflection, I felt that the Rajah's servant and the man who disembarked with me at Southampton could hardly be the same: he passed without seeming to recognize me, and was soon lost in the crowd upon the harbour.

#### PART IV.

##### **My Stay at Southampton, and Mr. French's Warning.**

I made my way at once to Mr. French, the first jeweller in Southampton, and was annoyed to find that he was from home. I was only to show the diamond to him, so that I was forced to wait for his return, and this prevented me from catching the early

train I had fixed upon, and I found that I should be unable to leave for London until the evening express.

I wandered about Southampton, had some refreshments, and went back to the jeweller's early in the afternoon, where I found Mr. French expecting me. He admired the diamond, but when I was expressing my pleasure at having brought it over in safety, the melancholy little man said, with a depressing smile:—

“Ah! my dear sir, don't rejoice before you are out of the wood! You have still some miles before you, and there is time for many things to happen on the road! I remember poor Foley bringing the Countess of Blank's rubies from New York. It is true he was a talkative Irishman, and unable to keep his business to himself. He was followed, I believe, all the way from America, and was found in a ditch a few miles out of London, with his throat cut, and every trace of his jewels gone!”

In my position this was not a comfortable tale to hear. Mr. French then inquired if I carried fire-arms. I replied that I had not done so since I went on board the steamer. He assured me that this was a great mistake. He was so positive about it, that I went out with him and purchased a revolver before going to the train. Then I went to the railway book-

stall and laid in a stock of papers to pass my time pleasantly.

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PART V.

**A Horrible Discovery.**

I chose my seat in the train—a small second class compartment—and then, my head still running on Mr. French's story, decided to secure the carriage to myself. I flung my rug and papers upon the seat and walked down the platform in search of the guard. Slipping something into the hand of that intelligent individual, I desired him to see that I was left undisturbed. He came back with me and, when I had taken my seat, locked the carriage door, and I settled myself comfortably in a corner, feeling a sense of security that I had not experienced for some time. Many an impatient hand tried the door before the train left, but without being able to enter.

There was still enough daylight for me to read by. I turned over my papers and chose my favourite, and leant my back on the cushions to enjoy it at my leisure. As I did so, it seemed to me that the revolver in my pocket stuck out at an unpleasant angle. So I drew it out and placed it on the seat beside me.

For some quarter of an hour I was buried in an article, but at the end of that time I laid the

paper down and looked about me. Then I remarked a strange thing: the revolver had disappeared. At first I would not believe it. I looked on the seats, I felt in my pockets to see if I could have replaced it there, but it was not to be seen. And as I sat dazed and bewildered, I understood that I was not alone, that someone was hidden beneath the seat and had been locked in with me. It was a terrible thought. I sat motionless, making no sign, trying to face the position I was in as bravely as I could.

## PART VI.

### The Black Hand.

I told myself at last that it was but a chance that I had chosen the carriage where some unfortunate creature was already hidden: someone, perhaps, who was in want of a weapon of self-defence, and who therefore had taken my revolver. That must be it! My hopes began to revive. I did not touch the alarm bell, not knowing in what part of my carriage my mysterious companion might be, thinking he would doubtless spring upon me to prevent my making the signal. I hoped that by keeping still I might reach in safety the place where the train stopped for the first time.

I need not say that I was unable to continue my reading. I sat with a paper held in my hand, staring fixedly before me. I don't know what length of time passed when, suddenly, I felt something touch my foot. Without moving my body in the least, I bent my head and looked down, and what I saw sent a thrill through me that was felt in every nerve. On the floor, close to my foot, was a hand, and the hand was black!

Then I knew that I was in the deadliest of dangers; that I was alone and unarmed, in the power of the evil man who had followed me from the far East in order to rob me of the diamond. I felt that he was trying to slip a cord about my feet and so render me more helpless. No chance of escape was possible. Still I resolved that if die I must, I would not die without fighting.

## PART VII.

### The Deadly Struggle.

I gathered all my strength together and, with a sudden movement, caught that dark hand and dragged the Indian from his hiding-place. My attack was so unexpected that he had not time to get at the revolver, which he had evidently put in his breast

while he was busy with the cord. I saw my advantage in this, and clung to his right hand with desperate energy. But the brute was on me like a panther. He was a big, strong man, and from the first I saw that my case was hopeless; nevertheless, the fight was a fierce one.

In reality, I suppose it lasted but a few seconds, yet I had time to ask myself, more than once, what the end would be, little imagining the strange termination that was at hand. All at once, without any warning, the train dashed headlong into some great obstacle in its way. There was a terrible crash, and then the carriage we were in collapsed—crushed and splintered as a nut between the crackers.

I had at once been separated from my enemy and was buried in the *débris* of the carriage. My right side (both arm and leg) was terribly crushed. The pain was so acute that I did not quite lose consciousness, although I was dazed and stupefied. I could hear cries for help; I could hear the hasty steps of men coming to our aid; I could see flickering lights they carried. But I heard and saw all in an indistinct way, not knowing exactly where I was or what was going on.

After a while the wood that lay upon me was taken away, and kindly faces looked down at me,

expressing pity for my condition. I must have fainted when they tried to raise me, for when I next remembered anything, I was being carried along in the dark, with the feeble light of a lantern bobbing up and down before me. Again there was a blank, and when I next came to myself I was lying in a bed in a small place which had evidently been hastily arranged as a hospital for the wounded.

## PART VIII.

### In the Hospital.

I felt extremely weak, and sank back on my pillows with a sign of relief. Close to the bed a gentleman was standing, who I supposed was a doctor, and at a little distance was a nurse in a white cap. I took in all these details in a dreamy way, when, suddenly, I remembered the diamond. What had become of it? My right arm, which must have been very badly broken and was now in splints, was quite useless. I could not move it in the least. With my left hand, which was also bruised and strained, I was able to feel that the leather belt was still about me, but the pocket in which the stone was, was under my wounded arm. In the condition I was in, it was

impossible for me to get at it, turn and twist as I might.

The doctor must have heard my restless movements, for he came and looked down at me inquiringly. He had a shrewd, kindly face, which I felt I could trust, and I explained my trouble to him. I spoke in a low tone, and as briefly as possible. It was a strange story—although I made no mention of the Indian. The doctor slipped his hand under me, as I directed; he felt the pocket in the belt and assured me that the stone was there.

“But you are hardly in a fit state to guard your treasure,” he said; “shall I take charge of it until you can continue your journey?”

I thanked him warmly, but declared it was impossible that I could part with it for a moment. I know I was very excited when I said it. The doctor watched me critically for a moment, and then, as he laid his hand upon my pulse, said soothingly:—  
“Never mind, do not distress yourself. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. For who knows of the stone’s existence? So put your fears aside and try to get well.”

He poured something into a glass and gave it to me, and very soon I forgot all my troubles in a long, dreamless sleep.

## PART IX.

### The Deception of the Indian.

Early in the morning I awoke and gazed about me. I felt strong and able to take an interest in the things about me. I noticed now that there were three beds in the room. The one on my left was empty; doubtless the poor creature it had contained had died and been removed while I slept. The room was only lighted by one feeble night-light, so that at first it was not easy for me to distinguish the different objects. But after a while, as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I turned to get a better view of the bed on my right, and see who my companion in affliction might be. And there on the white pillow I saw the black head of my enemy!

I was very weak from all the pain I had undergone, and in that first moment I was paralysed with fear. My first impulse was to cry out for assistance; but I reflected that there would only be the nurses about, and they would be certain to think me delirious. Then, again, it was evident that the black man had not recognized me. So I summoned up the little courage I had left, and resolved to remain perfectly still, keeping my head turned away so that those crafty, cruel eyes should not see me.

At last a nurse stole softly into the room, and seeing I was awake gave me some medicine. I whispered an entreaty that she would not leave me. She smiled assent, and took a chair by my side. There must have been some narcotic in the mixture, for scarcely had I swallowed it, when I fell asleep again, and then I suppose the nurse departed to look after some patient in an adjoining room.

Suddenly I felt hands moving the bed-clothes about me. This brought me back to consciousness, and, on looking up, I saw that dark, evil face bending over me. Before I had time to utter a sound, a heavy hand was laid upon my mouth, and the leather belt, which had evidently just been cut through, was dragged from me, and the next instant the Indian was stealing towards the window. Then I shouted as loudly as I could for help, but even as I did so, the black man was through the window and had disappeared in the darkness.

I had tried to struggle up to go in pursuit, but, being too weak, I fell fainting across the bed as the nurse and doctor hurried into the room. As soon as I came to myself I cried out wildly, passionately, that I had been robbed, that I was ruined, that my position in life was lost!

The doctor looked at me with a smile.

"Don't be too sure," he said. And taking something from his waistcoat pocket, he placed it on the palm of his hand and held it towards me.

It was the Rajah's diamond! How was that possible? I had been certain that the diamond was on me. After the doctor had assured me of its safety, I had more than once pressed my wounded arm against my side and had felt the small, hard substance that was worth so much.

The doctor laughed.

"That was a substitute," he said; and then he explained that he had taken the diamond from me while I slept, and put something in its place to keep me quiet.

"I intended to put in a small pebble," he said, "but in the hurry of the moment could not find one of the right size, so made use, instead, of a bit of coal, which was exactly what I wanted. So you see, your friend from the East has gone off with a diamond of his own colour."

## “RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI.”

This is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed, through the bathrooms of a big bungalow. The tailor-bird helped him, and the musk-rat, who never comes out into the middle of the floor, but always creeps round by the wall, gave his advice; but Rikki-tikki did the real fighting.

He was a mongoose, rather like a little rat in his fur and his tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and his habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he pleased with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war-cry as he scuttled through the long grass was: *Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!*

One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the hole where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of grass floating there, and clung to it till

he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, and a small boy was saying: "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."

"No," said his mother; "let's take him in and dry him. Perhaps he isn't really dead."

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead; so they wrapped him in cotton-wool, and warmed him over a little fire, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow); "don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do."

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity. The motto of all the mongoose family is, "Run and find out"; and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cottonwool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his father. "That's his way of making friends."

"Ouch! He's tickling under my chin," said Teddy.

Rikki-tikki looked down between the boy's collar

and neck, snuffed at his ear, and climbed down to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

“Good gracious,” said Teddy’s mother, “and that’s a wild creature! I suppose he’s so tame because we’ve been kind to him.”

“All mongooses are like that,” said her husband. “If Teddy doesn’t pick him up by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he’ll run in and out of the house all day long. Let’s give him something to eat.”

They gave him a little piece of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it immensely, and when it was finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

“There are more things to find out about in this house,” he said to himself, “than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out.”

He spent all that day roaming over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs; put his nose into the ink on a writing-table, and burnt it on the end of the big man’s cigar, for he climbed up in the big man’s lap to see how writing was done. At nightfall he ran into Teddy’s nursery to watch how lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too; but he was a restless

companion, because he had to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it. Teddy's mother and father came in, the last thing, to look at their boy, and Rikki-tikki was awake on the pillow. "I don't like that," said Teddy's mother; "he may bite the child." "He'll do no such thing," said the father. "Teddy's safer with that little beast than if he had a bloodhound to watch him. If a snake came into the nursery now——"

But Teddy's mother wouldn't think of anything so awful.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to early breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him banana and some boiled egg; and he sat on all their laps one after the other, because every well-brought-up mongoose always hopes to be a house-mongoose some day and have rooms to run about in; and Rikki-tikki's mother had carefully told Rikki what to do if ever he came across white men.

Then Rikki-tikki went out into the garden to see what was to be seen. It was a large garden, only half cultivated, with bushes of beautiful roses and thickets of high grass. Rikki-tikki licked his lips. "This is a splendid hunting-ground," he said, and his tail grew bottle-brushy at the thought of it, and he scuttled up and down the garden, snuffing here and

there till he heard very sorrowful voices in a thorn-bush. It was the tailor-bird and his wife. They had made a beautiful nest by pulling two big leaves together and stitching them up the edges with fibres, and had filled the hollow with cotton and downy fluff. The nest swayed to and fro, as they sat on the rim and cried.

“What is the matter?” asked Rikki-tikki.

“We are very miserable,” said the tailor-bird. “One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday and the cobra ate him.”

“H’m!” said Rikki-tikki, “that is very sad—but I am a stranger here.”

The tailor-bird and his wife only cowered down in the nest without answering, for from the thick grass at the foot of the bush there came a low hiss—a horrid cold sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back two clear feet. Then inch by inch out of the grass rose up the head and spread hood of a big black cobra, and he was five feet long from tongue to tail. When he had lifted one-third of himself clear of the ground, he stayed balancing to and fro, and he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake’s eyes that never change their expression, whatever the snake may be thinking of.

“I am the cobra. The great God Brahm put his

The child is asleep - laps magab  
The sleeping child - magab laps.

mark upon all our people, when the first cobra spread his hood to keep the sun off Brahm as he slept. Look, and be afraid!"

He spread out his hood more than ever, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark, on the back of it. He was afraid for the minute; but it is impossible for a mongoose to stay frightened for any length of time, and though Rikki-tikki had never met a live cobra before, his mother had fed him on dead ones, and he knew that all a grown mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes. The cobra knew that too and, at the bottom of his cold heart, he was afraid.

"Well," said Rikki-tikki, and his tail began to fluff up again, "marks or no marks, do you think it is right for you to eat fledgelings out of a nest?"

The cobra was thinking to himself, and watching the least little movement in the grass behind Rikki-tikki. He knew that mongooses in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family; but he wanted to get Rikki-tikki off his guard. So he dropped his head a little, and put it on one side.

"Let us talk," he said. "You eat eggs. Why should not I eat birds?"

"Behind you! Look behind you!" sang the tailor-bird.

He is afraid. La kardab  
The frightened boy - kardab press

a live cobra } elus cobra  
a living cobra }

Rikki-tikki knew better than to waste time in staring. He jumped up in the air as high as he could go, and just under him whizzed by the head of the cobra's wicked wife. She had crept up behind him as he was talking, to make <sup>an</sup> end of him; and he heard her savage hiss as the stroke missed. He came down almost across her back, and if he had been an old mongoose he would have known that then was the time to break her back with one bite; but he was afraid of the terrible lashing return-stroke of the cobra. He bit, indeed, but did not bite long enough, and he jumped clear of the whisking tail, leaving the snake torn and angry. <sup>signatures</sup>

"Wicked, wicked bird!" said the cobra, lashing up as high as he could reach toward the nest in the thorn-bush; but the tailor-bird had built it out of reach of snakes, and it only swayed to and fro. <sup>signatures</sup>

Rikki-tikki felt his eyes growing red and hot (when a mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all round him, and chattered with rage. But the cobras had disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke, it never says anything or gives any sign of what it means to do next. Rikki-tikki did not care to follow them, for he did not feel sure that he could manage two snakes

direct myale juktina

at once. So he trotted off to the gravel path near the house, and sat down to think. It was a serious matter for him. If you read the old books of natural history, you will find they say that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot,—snake's blow against mongoose's jump,—and as no eye can follow the motion of a snake's head when it strikes, this makes things much more wonderful than any magic herb. Rikki-tikki knew he was a young mongoose, and it made him all the more pleased to think that he had managed to escape a blow from behind. It gave him confidence in himself, and when Teddy came running down the path, Rikki-tikki was ready to be petted. But just as Teddy was stooping, something wriggled a little in the dust, and a tiny voice said: "Be careful. I am Death?" It was the dusty brown snakeling that lies for choice on the dusty earth; and his bite is as dangerous as the cobra's. But he is so small that nobody thinks of him, and so he does the more harm to people.

Rikki-tikki's eyes grew red again, and he danced up to the snakeling with the peculiar rocking, swaying motion that he had inherited from his family. It

looks very funny, but it is so perfectly balanced a gait that you can fly off from it at any angle you please; and in dealing with snakes this is an advantage. If Rikki-tikki had only known, he was doing a much more dangerous thing than fighting the cobra, for the snakeling is so small, and can turn so quickly, that unless Rikki bit him close to the back of the head, he would get the return-stroke in his eye or his lip. But Rikki did not know: his eyes were all red, and he rocked back and forth, looking for a good place to hold. The snakeling struck out. Rikki jumped sideways and tried to run in, but the head followed his heels close.

Teddy shouted to the house: "Oh, look here! Our mongoose is killing a snake"; and Rikki-tikki heard a scream from Teddy's mother. His father ran out with a stick, but by the time he came up, Rikki-tikki had jumped on the snake's back, dropped his head far between his forelegs, bitten as high up the back as he could get hold, and rolled away. That bite paralysed the snakeling, and Rikki-tikki was just going to eat him up from the tail, after the custom of his family at dinner, when he remembered that a full meal makes a slow mongoose, and if he wanted all his strength and quickness ready, he must keep himself thin. He went away for a dust-

bath while Teddy's father beat the dead snake. "What is the use of that?" thought Rikki-tikki; "I have settled it all"; and then Teddy's mother picked him up from the dust and hugged him, crying that he had saved Teddy from death, and Teddy's father said that he was a providence, and Teddy looked on with big scared eyes. Rikki-tikki was rather amused at all the fuss, which, of course, he did not understand. Teddy's mother might just as well have petted Teddy for playing in the dust. Rikki was thoroughly enjoying himself.

That night at dinner, walking to and fro among the wine-glasses on the table, he might have stuffed himself three times over with nice things; but he remembered the cobras, and though it was very pleasant to be patted and petted by Teddy's mother, and to sit on Teddy's shoulder, his eyes would get red from time to time, and he would go off into his long war-cry of "Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!" x

Teddy carried him off to bed, and insisted on Rikki-tikki sleeping under his chin. Rikki-tikki was too well bred to bite or scratch, but as soon as Teddy was asleep he went off for his nightly walk round the house, and in the dark he ran up against the musk-rat, creeping round by the wall. He is a broken-hearted little beast. He whimpers and cheeps all the

night, trying to make up his mind to run into the middle of the room; but he never gets there.

“Don’t kill me,” said the musk-rat, almost weeping. “Rikki-tikki, don’t kill me!”

“Do you think a snake-killer kills musk-rats?” said Rikki-tikki scornfully.

“Those who kill snakes get killed by snakes,” said the rat, more sorrowfully than ever. “And how am I to be sure that the cobra won’t mistake me for you some dark night?”

“There’s not the least danger,” said Rikki-tikki; “but the snake is in the garden, and I know you don’t go there.”

“My cousin, the rat, told me——” said the musk-rat and then he stopped.

“Told you what?”

“H’sh! The cobra is everywhere, Rikki-tikki. You should have talked to my cousin in the garden.”

“I didn’t—so you must tell me. Quick, or I’ll bite you!”

The musk-rat sat down and cried till the tears rolled off his whiskers. “I am a very poor man,” he sobbed. “I never had spirit enough to run out into the middle of the room. H’sh! I mustn’t tell you anything. Can’t you *hear*, Rikki-tikki?”

Rikki-tikki listened. The house was as still as

still, but he thought he could just catch the faintest *scratch-scratch* in the world,—a noise as faint as that of a wasp walking on a window-pane,—the dry scratch of a snake's scales on brickwork.

“That's the cobra or his wife,” he said to himself; “and he is crawling into the bath-room sluice. You're right; I should have talked to the rat.”

He stole off to Teddy's bath-room, but there was nothing there, and then to Teddy's mother's bath-room. At the bottom of the smooth plaster wall there was a brick pulled out to make a sluice for the bath-water, and as Rikki-tikki stole in by the masonry curb where the bath is put, he heard the cobras whispering together outside in the moonlight.

“When the house is emptied of people,” said the cobra to her husband, “*he* will have to go away, and then the garden will be our own again. Go in quietly, and remember that the big man who killed the snakeling is the first one to bite. Then come out and tell me, and we will hunt for Rikki-tikki together.”

“But are you sure that there is anything to be gained by killing the people?” said her husband.

“Everything. When there were no people in the bungalow, did we have any mongoose in the garden? So long as the bungalow is empty, we are king and

queen of the garden; and remember that as soon as our eggs in the melon-bed hatch (as they may tomorrow), our children will need room and quiet."

"I had not thought of that," said the cobra. "I will go, but there is no need that we should hunt for Rikki-tikki afterward. I will kill the big man and his wife, and the child if I can, and come away quietly. Then the bungalow will be empty, and Rikki-tikki will go."

Rikki-tikki tingled all over with rage and hatred at this, and then the snake's head came through the sluice, and his five feet of cold body followed it. Angry as he was, Rikki-tikki was very frightened as he saw the size of the big cobra. The snake coiled himself up, raised his head, and looked into the bathroom in the dark, and Rikki could see his eyes glitter.

"Now, if I kill him here, his wife will know; and if I fight him on the open floor, the odds are in his favour. What am I to do?" said Rikki-tikki-tavi.

The cobra waved to and fro, and then Rikki-tikki heard him drinking from the biggest water-jar that was used to fill the bath. "That is good," said the snake. "Now, when the snakeling was killed, the big man had a stick. He may have that stick still, but when he comes in to bathe in the morning he will

not have a stick. I shall wait here till he comes. Wife—do you hear me?—I shall wait here in the cool till daytime.”

There was no answer from outside, so Rikki-tikki knew the cobra had gone away. Her husband coiled himself down, coil by coil, round the bulge at the bottom of the water-jar, and Rikki-tikki stayed still as death. After an hour he began to move, muscle by muscle, towards the jar. The snake was asleep, and Rikki-tikki looked at his big back, wondering which would be the best place for a good hold. “If I don’t break his back at the first jump,” said Rikki, “he can still fight; and if he fights—O Rikki!” He looked at the thickness of the neck below the hood, but that was too much for him; and a bite near the tail would only make the cobra savage.

“It must be the head,” he said at last; “the head above the hood; and, when I am once there, I must not let go.”

Then he jumped. The head was lying a little clear of the water-jar, under the curve of it; and, as his teeth met, Rikki braced his back against the bulge of the red earthenware to hold down the head. This gave him just one second’s purchase, and he made the most of it. Then he was battered to and fro as a rat is shaken by a dog—to and fro on the floor, up

and down, and round in great circles, but his eyes were red and he held on as the body cart-whipped over the floor, upsetting the tin dipper and the soap-dish and the flesh-brush, and banged against the tin side of the bath. As he held he closed his jaws tighter and tighter, for he made sure he would be banged to death, and, for the honour of his family, he preferred to be found with his teeth locked. He was dizzy, aching, and felt shaken to pieces when something went off like a thunderclap just behind him; a hot wind knocked him senseless and red fire singed his fur. The big man had been wakened by the noise, and had fired both barrels of a shot-gun into the cobra just behind the hood.

Rikki-tikki held on with his eyes shut, for now he was quite sure he was dead; but the head did not move, and the big man picked him up and said: "It's the mongoose again, Alice; the little chap has saved *our* lives now." Then Teddy's mother came in with a very white face, and saw what was left of the cobra, and Rikki-tikki dragged himself to Teddy's bedroom and spent half the rest of the night shaking himself tenderly to find out whether he really was broken into forty pieces, as he fancied.

When morning came he was very stiff, but well pleased with his doings. "Now I have the cobra's

wife to settle with, and she will be worse than five of his kind and there's no knowing when the eggs she spoke of will hatch. Goodness! I must go and see the tailor-bird," he said.

Without waiting for breakfast, Rikki-tikki ran to the thorn-bush where the bird was singing a song of triumph at the top of his voice. The news of the cobra's death was all over the garden, for the sweeper had thrown the body on the rubbish-heap.

"Oh, you stupid tuft of feathers!" said Rikki-tikki angrily. "Is this the time to sing?"

"The cobra is dead—is dead—is dead!" sang the bird. "The valiant Rikki-tikki caught him by the head and held fast. The big man brought the bang-stick, and the cobra fell in two pieces! He will never eat my babies again."

"All that's true enough; but where's his wife?" said Rikki-tikki looking carefully round him.

"She came to the bath-room sluice and called for her husband," the bird went on; "and the cobra came out on the end of a stick—the sweeper picked him up on the end of a stick and threw him upon the rubbish-heap. Let us sing about the great, the red-eyed Rikki-tikki!" and the bird filled his throat and sang. ✕

"If I could get up to your nest, I'd roll your

babies out!" said Rikki-tikki. "You don't know when to do the right thing at the right time. You're safe enough in your nest there, but it's war for me down here. Stop singing a minute."

"For the great, the beautiful Rikki-tikki's sake I will stop," said the bird. "What is it, O Killer of the terrible snake?"

"Where is the live cobra, for the third time?"

"On the rubbish-heap by the stables, mourning for her husband. Great is Rikki-tikki with the white teeth."

"Bother my white teeth! Have you ever heard where she keeps her eggs?"

"In the melon-bed, on the end nearest the wall, where the sun strikes nearly all day. She hid them there weeks ago."

"And you never thought it worth while to tell me? The end nearest the wall, you said?"

"Rikki-tikki, you are not going to eat her eggs?"

"Not eat exactly; no, but, if you have a grain of sense you will fly off to the stables and pretend that your wing is broken, and let the cobra chase you away to this bush? I must get to the melon-bed, and if I went there now she'd see me."

The tailor-bird was a feather-brained little fellow who could never hold more than one idea at a time

in his head; and just because he knew that the cobra's children were born in eggs like his own, he didn't think at first that it was fair to kill them. But his wife was a sensible bird, and she knew that cobra's eggs meant young cobras later on; so she flew off from the nest, and left her husband to keep the babies warm, and continue his song about the death of the snake. He was very like a man in some ways.

She fluttered in front of the cobra by the rubbish-heap, and cried out, "Oh, my wing is broken! The boy in the house threw a stone at me and broke it." Then she fluttered more desperately than ever.

The snake lifted up her head and hissed, "You warned Rikki-tikki when I would have killed him. Indeed and truly, you've chosen a bad place to be lame in." And she moved toward the bird, slipping along over the dust.

"The boy broke it with a stone!" shrieked the bird.

"Well! It may be some consolation to you when you're dead to know that I shall settle accounts with the boy. My husband lies on the rubbish-heap this morning, but before night the boy in the house will lie very still. What is the use of running away? I am sure to catch you. Little fool, look at me!"

The bird's wife knew better than to do *that*, for

a bird who looks at a snake's eyes gets so frightened that it cannot move. She fluttered on, piping sorrowfully, and never leaving the ground, and the cobra quickened her pace.

Rikki-tikki heard them going up the path from the stables, and he raced for the end of the melon-patch near the wall. There, in the warm litter above the melons, very cunningly hidden, he found twenty-five eggs, about the size of a bantam's eggs, but with whitish skins instead of shells.

"I was not a day too soon," he said; for he could see the baby cobras curled up inside the skin, and he knew that the minute they were hatched they could each kill a man or a mongoose. He bit off the tops of the eggs as fast as he could, taking care to crush the young cobras, and turned over the litter from time to time to see whether he had missed any. At last there were only three eggs left, and Rikki-tikki began to chuckle to himself, when he heard the bird screaming:

"Rikki-tikki, I led the cobra toward the house, and she has gone into the veranda, and—oh, come quickly—she means killing!"

Rikki-tikki smashed two eggs, and tumbled backward down the melon-bed with the third egg in his mouth and scuttled to the veranda as hard as he

could put foot to the ground. Teddy and his mother and father were there at early breakfast; but Rikki-tikki saw that they were not eating anything. They sat stone-still, and their faces were white. The cobra was coiled up on the matting by Teddy's chair, within easy striking distance of Teddy's bare leg, and she was swaying to and fro, singing a song of triumph.

"Son of the big man that killed my husband," she hissed, "stay still. I am not ready yet. Wait a little. Keep very still, all you three! If you move I strike, and if you do not move I strike. Oh, foolish people, who killed my husband!"

Teddy's eyes were fixed on his father, and all his father could do was to whisper, "Sit still, Teddy. You mustn't move. Teddy, keep still."

Then Rikki-tikki came up and cried: "Turn round, turn and fight!"

"All in good time," said the snake, without moving her eyes. "I will settle my account with *you* presently. Look at your friends, Rikki-tikki. They are still and white. They are afraid. They dare not move, and if you come a step nearer I strike."

"Look at your eggs," said Rikki-tikki, "in the melon-bed near the wall. Go and look!"

The big snake turned half round, and saw the egg on the veranda. "Ah-h! Give it to me," she said.

Rikki-tikki put his paws one on each side of the egg, and his eyes were blood-red. "What price for a snake's egg? For a young cobra? For a young king-cobra? For the last—the very last of the brood? The ants are eating all the others down by the melon-bed."

The cobra spun clear round, forgetting everything for the sake of the one egg; and Rikki-tikki saw Teddy's father shoot out a big hand, catch Teddy by the shoulder, and drag him across the little table with the tea-cups, safe and out of reach of the snake.

"Tricked! Tricked! Tricked! *Rikk-tck-tck!*" chuckled Rikki-tikki. "The boy is safe, and it was I—I—I that caught the cobra by the hood last night in the bath-room." Then he began to jump up and down, all four feet together, his head close to the floor. "He threw me to and fro, but he could not shake me off. He was dead before the big man blew him in two. I did it! *Rikki-tikki-tck-tck!* Come then. Come and fight with me. You shall not be a widow long."

The cobra saw that she had lost her chance of killing Teddy, and the egg lay between Rikki-tikki's paws. "Give me the egg, Rikki-tikki. Give me the last of my eggs, and I will go away and never come back," she said, lowering her hood.

“Yes, you will go away, and you will never come back; for you will go to the rubbish-heap with your husband. Fight, widow! The big man has gone for his gun! Fight!”

Rikki-tikki was bounding all round the snake, keeping just out of reach of her stroke, his little eyes like hot coals. The cobra gathered herself together, and flung out at him. Rikki-tikki jumped up and backwards. Again and again and again she struck, and each time her head came with a whack on the matting of the veranda and she gathered herself together like a watch-spring. Then Rikki-tikki danced in a circle to get behind her, and the snake spun round to keep her head to his head, so that the rustle of her tail on the matting sounded like dry leaves blown along by the wind. He had forgotten the egg. It still lay on the veranda, and the cobra came nearer and nearer to it, till at last, while Rikki-tikki was drawing breath, she caught it in her mouth, turned to the veranda steps, and flew like an arrow down the path, with Rikki-tikki behind her. When the cobra runs for her life, she goes like a whip-lash flicked across a horse's neck. Rikki-tikki knew that he must catch her, or all the trouble would begin again. She headed straight for the long grass by the thorn-bush, and as he was running Rikki-tikki heard the tailor-

bird still singing his foolish little song of triumph. But the bird's wife was wiser. She flew off her nest as the cobra came along, and flapped her wings about her head. If her husband had helped, they might have turned her; but the cobra only lowered her hood and went on. Still, the instant's delay brought Rikki-tikki up to her, and as she plunged into the rat-hole where she and her husband used to live, his little white teeth were clenched on her tail, and he went down with her—and very few mongooses, however wise and old they may be, care to follow a cobra into its hole. It was dark in the hole; and Rikki-tikki never knew when it might open out and give the snake room to turn and strike at him. He held on savagely, and stuck out his feet to act as brakes on the dark slope of the hot, moist earth. Then the grass by the mouth of the hole stopped waving, and the tailor-bird said: "It is all over with Rikki-tikki! We must sing his death-song. Valiant Rikki-tikki is dead! For the snake will surely kill him underground."

So he sang a very mournful song that he made up in the course of a minute, and just as he got to the most touching part the grass quivered again, and Rikki-tikki, covered with dirt, dragged himself out of the hole leg by leg, licking his whiskers. The bird

stopped with a little shout. Rikki-tikki shook some of the dust out of his fur and sneezed. "It is all over," he said. "The widow will never come out again." And the red ants that live between the grass stems heard him, and began to troop down one after another to see if he had spoken the truth.

Rikki-tikki curled himself up in the grass and slept where he was—slept and slept till it was late in the afternoon, for he had done a hard day's work.

"Now," he said, when he awoke, "I will go back to the house. Tell the Coppersmith, and he will tell the garden that the cobra is dead."

The Coppersmith is a bird who makes a noise exactly like the beating of a little hammer on a copper pot; and the reason he is always making it is because he is the town-crier to every Indian garden, and tells all the news to everybody who cares to listen. As Rikki-tikki went up the path, he heard his "attention" notes like a tiny dinner-gong; and then the steady "*Ding-dong-tock!* The cobra is dead—*dong!* His wife is dead! *Ding-dong-tock!*" That set all the birds in the garden singing, and the frogs croaking; for the cobras used to eat frogs as well as little birds.

When Rikki got to the house, Teddy and Teddy's mother (she looked very white still, for she had been

fainting) and Teddy's father came out and almost cried over him; and that night he ate all that was given him till he could eat no more, and went to bed on Teddy's shoulder, where Teddy's mother saw him when she came to look late at night.

"He saved our lives and Teddy's life," she said to her husband. "Just think, he saved all our lives."

Rikki-tikki woke up with a jump, for the mongooses are light sleepers.

"Oh, it's you," said he. "What are you bothering for? All the cobras are dead; and if they weren't, I'm here."

Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself; but he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden as a mongoose should keep it, with tooth and jump and spring and bite, till never a cobra dared show its head inside the walls.

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## Vocabulary.

### THE BLACK DIAMOND.

Page 3.

Part I. My Return to  
Southampton.

diamond [ˈdaɪəmənd] — tee-  
mant

Southampton [sauˈæm(p)tən]

dull [dʌl] — pilvine

steamer [ˈsti:mə] — aurik,  
aurulaev

Nelson [ˈnelsn]

Calcutta [kælˈkʌtə]

to come within sight [tə ˈkʌm  
wiðɪn ˈsaɪt] — nähtavale tu-  
lema

to catch a glimpse of [tə ˈkætʃ  
ə ˈɡlɪmp əv] — silmapil-  
guks, nõrgalt nägema; sil-  
mama

safe [seɪf] — kindel, julge, õn-  
nelik

passage [ˈpæsi:dʒ] — ülesõit,  
mereteekond

India [ˈɪndjə]

goal [ɡoʊl] — eesmärk

to direct [tə dɪˈrekt] — suu-  
nama

experience [ɪksˈpiəriəns] — ko-  
gemus, elamus

anxiety [æŋˈzaiəti] — rahutus,  
mure

voyage [ˈvɔɪdʒ] — merireis

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fellow-passenger [ˈfelou  
ˈpæsin(d)ʒə] — kaasreisija

watery [ˈwɔ:təri] — vesine,  
märg

grave [ɡreɪv] — haud

Brassington [ˈbræsiŋtən]

jeweller [ˈdʒu(t)ilə] — kallis-  
kivi-kaupmees, kuldsepp

to fulfil [tə fulˈfɪl] — täitma

Royal [ˈrɔi(ə)l] — kuninglik

commission [kəˈmiʃ(ə)n] —  
tellimine, ülesanne

wedding [ˈwedɪŋ] — pulm

Part II. The Successful  
Purchase of the Diamond.

purchase [ˈpɜ:tʃəs] — sisse-  
ost

employment [ɪmˈplɔimənt] —  
amet, töö

Messrs. ['mesəz] — härrad  
 to trust [tə 'trʌst] — usaldama  
 historical [his'tɔrɪk(ə)l] — aja-  
 looline

Eastern ['i:stən] — idamaine

Rajah ['rɑ:dʒə] — radža (In-  
 dia vürst)

mark [mɑ:k] — märk

distinction [dis'tɪŋkʃ(ə)n] —  
 eristamine; lugupidamine,  
 austus

to pay [tə 'peɪ] — maksma,  
 osutama

fellow-clerk ['felou 'klɜ:k] —  
 kaaskontoriametnik, kaas-  
 töoline

✗ envious ['enviəs] — kade

✗ to reflect [tə ri'flekt] — järele  
 mõtlema

to succeed [tə sək'si:d] — õn-  
 nestuma

responsible [ris'pɒnsəbl] —  
 vastutav

undertaking [ʌndə'teɪkɪŋ] —  
 ettevõtte

junior ['dʒu:njə] — noorem

partnership ['pɑ:tnəʃɪp] —  
 kauba- või osaühing

to be given a junior partner-  
 ship [tə bi 'gɪvən ə 'dʒu:njə  
 'pɑ:tnəʃɪp] — noorema osa-  
 niku koha saama

to flourish [tə 'fla:riʃ] — õit-  
 sema

East [i:st] — ida

✗ to secure [si'kjʊə] — endale  
 kindlustama

magnificent [mæg'nɪfɪsənt] —  
 suurepärane, tore

hazel-nut ['heɪzl-nʌt] — päh-  
 kel

waistcoat ['weɪskəʊt, 'weskəʊt]  
 — vest

leather ['leðə] — nahk

belt [belt] — vöö

pouch [paʊtʃ] — tasku

to resolve [tə ri'zɒlv] — otsus-  
 tama

to deliver [tə di'livə] — üle  
 andma

precious ['preʃəs] — kallis

jewel ['dʒu:(t)ɪl] — juvel, kal-  
 liskivi

employer [im'plɔɪə] — töö-  
 andja, peremees

to come into possession [tə  
 kʌm intə pə'zeɪʃ(ə)n] —  
 omanduseks saama

an anxious time of it ['æŋkʃəs  
 'taɪm əv ɪt] — aeg täis mu-  
 resid

to embark [tu im'bɑ:k] — lae-  
 vade minema

sale [seɪl] — müük

attraction [ə'trækʃ(ə)n] —  
 veetlus

crafty ['kraɪftɪ] — kaval

native ['neɪtɪv] — pärismaa-  
 lane

magnet ['mæɡnɪt] — magneet

needle ['ni:dl] — nõel

- to avoid** [tu ə'vɔɪd] — välti-  
ma, hoiduma
- favourable** ['feɪv(ə)rəbl] —  
soodus
- on the whole** [ɒn ðə 'hoʊl] —  
üldiselt
- to gain a victory** [tə 'geɪn ə  
'vɪkt(ə)rɪ] — võitu saavuta-  
ma, võitma

Part III. The Appearance of  
a shabbily dressed Native.

- appearance** [ə'piər(ə)nɪs] — il-  
lumine
- shabby** ['ʃæbi] — vilets
- to land** [tə 'lænd] — maan-  
duma
- agent** ['eɪdʒ(ə)nt] — agent
- convenient** [kən'vi:niənt] —  
kohane, sobiv
- train** [treɪn] — rong

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- establishment** [ɪs'tæblɪʃmənt]  
— asutis
- tall** [tɔ:l] — suur, pikk
- suit of clothes** ['sju:t əv  
'klaʊðz] — ülikond
- European** [juərə'pi(ɪ)ən] —  
euroopalik
- striking** ['straɪkɪŋ] — silmator-  
kav, üllatav
- resemblance** [ri'zembləns] —  
sarnasus
- evil-looking** ['i:vl 'lʊkɪŋ] —  
kurja ilme

- suspicion** [səs'pi:ʃ(ə)n] — kaht-  
lustus
- to rob** [tə 'rɒb] — röövima
- on reflection** [ɒn rɪ'flekʃ(ə)n]  
— järele mõeldes
- to disembark** [tə 'dɪsɪm'bɑ:k]  
— maale minema, maan-  
duma
- to recognize** [tə 'rekəɡnaɪz] —  
ära tundma
- crowd** [kraʊd] — hulk, tung
- harbour** ['hɑ:ɪbə] — sadam

Part IV. My Stay at South-  
ampton, and Mr. French's  
Warning.

- warning** ['wɔ:nɪŋ] — hoiatus
- to annoy** [tu ə'nɔɪ] — tüüta-  
ma, pahandama
- to prevent** [tə pri'vent] — ta-  
kistama
- to catch** [tə 'kætʃ] püüdma;  
jõudma

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- to fix upon** [tə 'fɪks ə'pɒn] —  
valima
- express** [ɪks'pres] — kiirrong
- refreshment** [ri'freʃmənt] —  
kehakinnitus, karastus
- in safety** [ɪn 'seɪftɪ] — õnneli-  
kult
- melancholy** ['melənkəli] —  
raskemeelne; nukker
- depressing** [dɪ'presɪŋ] — rõ-  
huv, suruv

smile [smaɪl] — naeratus  
 to rejoice [tə ri'dʒɔɪs] — rõõ-  
 mustuma  
 Foley [foʊli]  
 countess ['kauntɪs] — krah-  
 vinna  
 Blank [blæŋk]  
 ruby ['ru:bi] — rubiin  
 New York ['nju:jɔ:k]  
 talkative ['tɔ:kətɪv] — jutukas  
 Irishman ['aɪərɪʃmən] — iir-  
 lane  
 America [ə'merɪkə]  
 ditch [dɪtʃ] — kraav  
 London ['lʌndən]  
 throat [θrəʊt] — kõri  
 trace [treɪs] — jälg  
 to inquire [tu ɪn'kwaɪə] — kü-  
 sima  
 fire-arms ['faɪəɑ:mz] — tuli-  
 relvad  
 to assure [tu ə'ʃʊə] — selgeks  
 tegema, tõendama  
 positive ['pɔ:z(ə)tɪv] — kindel  
 to purchase [tə 'pɜ:tʃəs] —  
 ostma  
 revolver [ri'vɒlvə] — revolver  
 railway ['reɪlwei] — raudtee  
 book-stall ['buk stɔ:l] — raa-  
 matulaud (kiosk)

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to lay in [tə lei 'ɪn] — sisse  
 ostma  
 stock [stɒk] — tagavara  
 paper ['peɪpə] — ajaleht  
 to pass [tə 'pɑ:s] — veetma

Part V. A Horrible Discovery.

horrible ['hɒrɪbl] — hirmus,  
 kohutav  
 X discovery [dɪs'kʌv(ə)rɪ] —  
 leiutus, avastus  
 X seat [si:t] — iste  
compartment [kəm'pɑ:tmənt]  
 — vaguni osa, kupee  
 my head running on [maɪ 'hed  
 'rʌniŋ ɒn] — mu pea täis  
 to fling (flung, flung) [tə 'fliŋ,  
 'flʌŋ, 'flʌŋ] — viskama  
 rug [rʌg] — vaip, tekk  
 platform ['plætfɔ:m] — jaa-  
 maesine  
 in search [ɪn 'sɜ:tʃ] — otsi-  
 misel  
 guard [gɑ:d] — rongijuht  
 to slip [tə 'slɪp] — libistama,  
 pistma  
 X individual [ɪndɪ'vɪdʒu(ə)l] —  
 isik  
 undisturbed [ʌndɪs'tə:bɪd] —  
 segamata, rahulik  
 to lock [tə 'lɒk] — lukustama  
 to settle oneself [tə 'setl wʌn-  
 'self] — istuma  
 X sense [sens] — tunne  
 X security [sɪ'kjʊərɪti] — julge-  
 olek, kindelolek  
 X impatient [ɪm'peɪʃ(ə)nt] —  
 kannatamatu  
 to lean (leant, leant) [tə 'li:n,  
 'lent, 'lent] — nõjatama  
 cushion ['kʊʃɪn] — padi  
 to enjoy [tu ɪn'dʒɔɪ] — nauti-

ma, maitsma  
**leisure** [ˈleɪzə] — vaba aeg, mõnu  
**to stick out (stuck, stuck)** [tə stɪk ˈaʊt, ˈstʌk, ˈstʌk] — välja pistma  
**unpleasant** [ʌnˈpleznt] — ebamõnus, vastumeelne  
**angle** [ˈæŋɡl] — nurk  
**to bury** [tə ˈberi] — matma  
**buried** [ˈberɪd] — maetud, süvenenud

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**to remark** [tə riˈmɑ:k] — tähele panema, märkama  
**to disappear** [tə disəˈpiə] — kaduma  
**to replace** [tə riˈpleɪs] — tagasi panema  
**dazed** [deɪzd] — uimane; kohkunud  
**bewildered** [biˈwɪldəd] — segaduses  
**to hide (hid, hidden)** [tə ˈhaɪd, ˈhɪd, ˈhɪdn] — peitma  
**beneath** [biˈni:ə] — all, allpool  
**motionless** [ˈməʊʃ(ə)nɪs] — liikumatu  
**sign** [saɪn] — märk  
**to face** [tə ˈfeɪs] — otse, vastu vaatama  
**bravely** [ˈbreɪvli] — vahvalt

Part VI. The Black Hand.

**chance** [tʃɑ:ns] — juhus  
**unfortunate** [ʌnˈfɔ:tʃnɪt] — õnnetu  
**creature** [ˈkri:itʃə] — olevus  
**want** [wɒnt] — tarvidus, vajadus  
**weapon** [ˈwəpən] — relv, sõjariist  
**self-defence** [ˈself dɪˈfens] — enesekaitse  
**to revive** [tə riˈvaɪv] — uuesti ellu äratama, ärkama  
**to touch** [tə ˈtʌtʃ] — puudutama  
**alarm bell** [əˈlɑ:m ˈbel] — hädakell  
**mysterious** [mɪsˈtɪəriəs] — saladuslik  
**companion** [kəmˈpænjən] — seltsiline  
**doubtless** [ˈdaʊtlɪs] — kahtlemata

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**to stare** [tə ˈsteə] — üksisilmi vaatama  
**fixedly** [ˈfɪksɪdli] — teravalt  
**length** [leŋθ] — pikkus  
**in the least** [ɪn ðə ˈli:st] — vähimatki  
**thrill** [θrɪl] — judin, värin  
**nerve** [nɜ:v] — närv  
**close** [kloʊz] — ligidal  
**deadly** [ˈdedli] — surmav  
**unarmed** [ˈʌnɑ:md] — relvastamatu

**power** [ˈpaʊə] — võim, võimus  
**in order** [in ˈɔːdə] — et  
**cord** [kɔːd] — köis, nõõr  
**to render** [tə ˈrendə] — te-  
gema  
**helpless** [ˈhelplɪs] — abitu,  
võimetu

X **escape** [isˈkeɪp] — pääsemine  
**to fight (fought, fought)** [tə  
ˈfaɪt, ˈfɔːt, ˈfɔːt] — võitlema

### Part VII. The Deadly Struggle.

**struggle** [ˈstrʌɡl] — heitlus  
**strength** [streŋθ] — jõud, tu-  
gevus

**sudden** [ˈsʌdn] — äkiline  
**movement** [ˈmuːvmənt] — lii-  
gutus

**to drag** [tə ˈdræg] — tõmbama  
**hiding-place** [ˈhaɪdɪŋ pleɪs] —  
peidukoht

X **attack** [əˈtæk] — pealetung  
X **unexpected** [ˈʌnɪksˈpektɪd] —  
ootamatu

**evidently** [ˈeɪvɪd(ə)ntli] — näh-  
tavasti

**breast** [breɪst] — rind, põu

Page 11.

X **advantage** [ədˈvɑːntɪdʒ] —  
kasu

**to cling (clung, clung)** [tə  
ˈkliŋ, ˈklɪŋ, ˈklɪŋ] — kõ-  
vasti kinni haarama

**desperate** [ˈdesp(ə)rɪt] — mee-  
leheitlik

**brute** [bruːt] — elajas, koletis  
**panther** [ˈpænθə] — panter  
**hopeless** [ˈhouplɪs] — lootu-  
setu

**nevertheless** [nevəðəˈles] —  
siiski, sellest hoolimata  
**fight** [faɪt] — võitlus

**fierce** [ˈfiəs] — metsik, hirmus  
**in reality** [in riˈælɪti] — tõe-  
poolest

**to imagine** [tu ɪˈmædʒɪn] —  
kujutlema

**termination** [təˈmɪˈneɪʃ(ə)n] —  
lõpp

**to dash** [tə ˈdæʃ] — sööstma  
**headlong** [ˈhedlɒŋ] — uper-  
kuuti

X **obstacle** [ˈɒbstəkl] — takistus  
**crash** [kræʃ] — raks, ragin

**to collapse** [tə kəˈlæps] —  
kokku langema, varisema

**to crush** [tə ˈkrʌʃ] — puru-  
nema

**to splinter** [tə ˈsplɪntə] — kil-  
lustuma, pilbastuma

**crackers** [ˈkrækəz] — päkli-  
tangid

**to separate** [tə ˈsepəreɪt] — la-  
hutama

**enemy** [ˈenəmi] — vaenlane  
**débris** [ˈdebrɪ] — rusud

**pain** [peɪn] — valu  
X **acute** [əˈkjuːt] — terav; äge;  
kange

**consciousness** [ˈkɒnʃənsɪs] —  
teadvus

to stupefy [ˈstju:pɪfaɪ] — uimastama  
 hasty [ˈheɪsti] — ruttav, kiire  
 step [step] — samm  
 ✕aid [eid] — abi  
 to flicker [tə ˈflɪkə] — vilkuma  
 ✕light [laɪt] — küünal, tuli  
 indistinct [ɪndɪsˈtɪŋ(k)t] — ebaselge, segane

Page 12.

pity [ˈpɪti] — kaastundmus, haledus  
 ✕condition [kənˈdɪʃ(ə)n] — seisukord, seisus  
 to faint [tə ˈfeɪnt] — nõrkema, minestama  
 to raise [tə ˈreɪz] — tõstama  
 feeble [ˈfi:bl] — nõrk  
 lantern [ˈlæntən] — latern  
 to bob [tə ˈbɒb] — kõikumama  
 blank [blæŋk] — vahe, tühik  
 ✕to arrange [tu əˈreɪn(d)ʒ] — korraldama  
 ✕hospital [ˈhɒspɪtl] — haigemaja  
 to wound [tə ˈwʊnd] — haavama

Part VIII. In the Hospital.

✕extremely [ɪksˈtri:mli] — äärmiselt  
 pillow [ˈpɪləʊ] — padi  
 ✕relief [riˈli:f] — kergendus  
 ✕nurse [nɜ:s] — halastajaõde

detail [ˈdi:teɪl] — üksikasi  
 in a dreamy way [ɪn ə ˈdri:mi ˈwei] — nagu unes  
 in splints [ɪn ˈsplɪnts] — lahas  
 to bruise [tə ˈbru:z] — purustama, muljuma  
 to strain [tə ˈstreɪn] — ära väänamama

Page 13.

to twist [tə ˈtwɪst] — väänamama  
 restless [ˈrestlɪs] — rahutu  
 inquiringly [ɪnˈkwɪərɪŋli] — uurivalt, küsivalt  
 shrewd [ʃru:d] — tark, kaval  
 to explain [tu ɪksˈpleɪn] — seletama  
 brief [brɪɪf] — lühike  
 to make mention [tə ˈmeɪk ˈmenʃ(ə)n] — mainimama  
 fit [fɪt] — sobiv, kohane  
 state [steɪt] — seisukord  
 to guard [tə ˈgɑ:d] — valvama, kaitsmama  
 treasure [ˈtreʒə] — varandus  
 to take charge [tə ˈteɪk ˈtʃɑ:dʒ] — hooldamama  
 to declare [tə dɪˈkleə] — seletamama, teatamama, kuulutamama  
 to part with [tə ˈpa:t wɪð] — (millestki) lahkumama  
 critical [ˈkri:tɪkl] — kriitiline, kahtlane  
 pulse [pʌls] — pulss, tuiksoon  
 soothing [ˈsu:ðɪŋ] — rahustav

to distress oneself [tə dis'tres  
wʌn'self] — kurvastuma  
after all [ɑftə'rʌɪl] — lõ-  
puks, viimaks  
existence [ig'zist(ə)ns] — ole-  
masolu  
aside [ə'saɪd] — kõrval, kõr-  
vale  
dreamless ['dri:mlis] — une-  
nägudeta

Page 14.

Part IX. The Deception of  
the Indian.

deception [di'sepʃ(ə)n] — pet-  
tus  
to gaze [tə 'geɪz] — vaatama,  
vahtima  
to remove [tə ri'mu:v] — kõr-  
valdama, ära viima  
to distinguish [tə dis'tɪŋgwɪʃ]  
— eraldama  
object ['ɒbdʒɪkt] — ese  
to accustom [tu ə'kʌstəm] —  
harjuma  
dimness ['dɪmnɪs] — hämarus  
view [vju:] — vaade  
affliction [ə'flɪkʃ(ə)n] — õn-  
netus  
to undergo [ʌndə'gəʊ] — läbi  
elama, kannatama  
to paralyse [tə 'pærəlaɪz] —  
halvama  
impulse ['ɪmpʌls] — impulss,  
tõuge  
assistance [ə'sist(ə)ns] — abi

delirious [di'liəriəs] — segane,  
soniv, pöörane  
to summon up [tə 'sʌmən 'ʌp]  
— üles kutsuma, kuulutama;  
kokku võtma  
crafty ['krɑ:ftɪ] — kaval

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to steal [tə 'sti:l] — hiilima  
to whisper [tə 'wɪspə] — so-  
sistama  
entreaty [in'tri:ti] — palve  
assent [ə'sent] — nõusolek  
narcotic [nɑ:'kɒtɪk] — une-  
rohi  
mixture ['mɪkstʃə] — (arsti-  
rohtude) segu  
to swallow [tə 'swɒləʊ] —  
(alla) neelama  
to depart [tə dɪ'pɑ:t] — ära  
minema  
patient ['peɪʃ(ə)nt] — haige  
adjoining [ə'dʒɔɪnɪŋ] — kõr-  
val olev  
bed-clothes ['bed kləʊðz] —  
voodipesu  
darkness ['dɑ:knis] — pime-  
dus  
pursuit [pə'sju:t] — tagaaja-  
mine, jälitamine  
to hurry [tə 'hʌri] — ruttama  
to come to oneself [tə 'kʌm  
tə wʌn'self] — teadvusele  
tulema  
passionate ['pæʃənɪt] — kirg-  
lik  
to ruin [tə 'ruɪn] — hävitama

**palm** [pɑ:m] — peopesa  
**to press** [tə 'pres] — pressi-  
 ma, suruma  
**substance** ['sʌbst(ə)ns] — ol-  
 lus, ese

**substitute** ['sʌbstitju:t] — ase-  
 aine  
**pebble** ['pebl] — ränikivi  
**hurry** ['hʌri] — rutt, kiire  
**bit** [bit] — tükk, raas  
**coal** [kəʊl] — (kivi-)süsi

## RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI.

**Rikki-Tikki-Tavi** ['riki 'tiki  
 'tɑ:vi]  
**single-handed** ['siŋl hændid]  
 — üksi  
**bungalow** ['bʌŋgələʊ] — bun-  
 galo (kerge ühekordne suve-  
 maja Indias)  
**tailor-bird** ['teilə bæid] — kan-  
 gurlind  
**musk-rat** ['mʌsk 'ræt] — mus-  
 kus-rott  
**to creep** (**crept**, **crept**) [tə  
 'kri:p, 'krept, 'krept] — roo-  
 mama; hiilima  
**advice** [əd'vaɪs] — nõu  
**mongoose** [mʌŋ'ɡu:z] — In-  
 dias sageli esinev ihneumon  
 (vaaraorott)  
**fur** [fə:] — kasukas, karvane  
 nahk  
**tail** [teɪl] — saba  
**weasel** [wi:zl] — nirk  
**habit** ['hæbit] — komme, har-  
 jumus  
**pink** [piŋk] — roosa, helepu-  
 nane

**to scratch** [tə 'skrætʃ] — sü-  
 gama, kraapima  
**to fluff up** [tə 'flʌf 'ʌp] — ko-  
 hevile ajama  
**bottle-brush** ['bɒtl brʌʃ] —  
 pudeli-hari  
**war-cry** ['wɔ: krai] — sõja-  
 hüüd  
**to scuttle** [tə 'skʌtl] — rut-  
 tama  
**flood** [flʌd] — veeuputus  
**roadside** ['roudsaid] — teeäär  
**ditch** [ditʃ] — kraav  
**wisp** [wɪsp] — tutt  
**to float** [tə 'fləʊt] — ujuma

**path** [pɑ:θ] — (tee)rada; jalg-  
 tee  
**funeral** ['fju:n(ə)r(ə)l] — ma-  
 tus  
**thumb** [θʌm] — põial  
**to wrap** [tə 'ræp] — mähkima  
**cotton-wool** ['kɒtn 'wʊl] —  
 puuvill  
**to sneeze** [tə 'sni:z] — aevas-  
 tama

to frighten [tə 'fraitn] — eh-  
matama, hirmutama  
curiosity [kjuəri'əs(i)ti] —  
uudishimu  
motto ['mɒtəu] — motto, juht-  
lause  
Teddy ['tedi] — Eedi (Eduard)  
ouch! [autʃ] — ai!  
to tickle [tə 'tikl] — kõditama  
chin [tʃin] — lõug  
collar ['kɒlə] — krae

Page 19.

neck [nek] — kukal, kael  
to snuff [tə 'snʌf] — nuusuta-  
ma, haistma  
good gracious ['gʊd 'greɪʃəs]  
— oh sa heldene aeg!  
tame [teim] — taltsas  
cage [keɪdʒ] — puur  
raw [rɔ:] — toores  
immensely [i'mensli] — väga,  
määratult  
veranda [və'reɪndə] — veran-  
da, rõdu  
root [ru:t] — juur  
to roam [tə 'roum] — rända-  
ma, hulkuma  
to drown oneself [tə 'draʊn  
wʌn'self] — uppuma  
bath-tub ['bæθ tʌb] — suplus-  
vann  
to burn [tə 'bɜ:n] — põletama,  
kõrvetama  
cigar [si'gɑ:] — sigar  
lap [læp] — süli  
nightfall ['naɪtfo:l] — ööalgus

Page 20.

to attend [tu ə'tend] — kuu-  
lama  
to bite (bit, bitten) [tə 'baɪt,  
'bit, 'bitn] — hammustama  
beast [bi:st] — loom  
bloodhound ['blʌdhaʊnd] —  
verekoer  
snake [sneɪk] — uss, madu  
awful [ə'ɪfʊl] — hirmus, kole  
banana [bə'nɑ:nə] — banaan  
to boil [tə 'bɔɪl] — keetma  
to bring up [tə brɪŋ 'ʌp] —  
kasvatama  
to cultivate [tə 'kʌltiveɪt] —  
harima  
thicket ['θɪkɪt] — tihnik, pad-  
rik  
to lick [tə 'lɪk] — lakkuma  
splendid ['splendɪd] — tore,  
suurepärane  
hunting-ground ['hʌntɪŋ  
graʊnd] — jahimaa  
bottle-brushy ['bɒtl brʌʃi] —  
pudeli-harja sarnane

Page 21.

sorrowful ['sɒrəʃ(u)l] — kurb  
thorn-bush ['θɔ:n buʃ] — ki-  
buvitsa-põõsas  
to stitch up [tə 'stɪtʃ 'ʌp] —  
kokku õmblema  
edge [edʒ] — äär  
fibre ['faɪbə] — kiud  
hollow ['hɒləʊ] — õõnsus  
downy ['daʊni] — udukarvali-  
ne; pehme

**fluff** [flʌf] — sulehelve  
**to sway** [tə 'swei] — õõtsuma, võnkuma  
**to and fro** ['tu: ən 'frou] — edasi-tagasi, siia-sinna  
**rim** [rim] — äär, serv  
**miserable** ['miz(ə)r(ə)bl] — vilets; õnetu  
**cobra** ['koubrə] — kobra, prillimadu  
**stranger** ['strein(d)ʒə] — võõras  
**to cower down** [tə 'kauə 'daun] — maha küurutama, maha kükitama  
**to hiss** [tə 'his] — sisisema, sisistama  
**horrid** ['hɒrid] — hirmus, kole, jäle  
**sound** [saund] — kõla, hääl  
**inch** [in(t)ʃ] — toll  
**to spread (spread, spread)** [tə 'spred, 'spred, 'spred] — laiali laotama  
**hood** [hu:d] — tanu  
**tongue** [tʌŋ] — keel  
**to lift** [tə 'lift] — tõstma  
**clear of the ground** ['kliə rəv ðə 'graund] — maast kõrgemale  
**to balance** [tə 'bæləns] — kii-kuma  
**expression** [iks'preʃ(ə)n] — väljendus  
**whatever** [wət'evə] — mis iialgi, mis iganes  
**Brahm** [brɑ:m] — Brahma

Page 22.

**spectacle-mark** ['spektəkl mə:k] — prillide märk  
**live** [laiv] — elav  
**to feed (fed, fed)** [tə 'fi:d, 'fed, 'fed] — toitma, söötma  
**grown** [groun] — täiskasvanud  
**fledgeling** ['fledʒliŋ] — linnupoeg  
**guard** [gɑ:d] — valve, kaitse  
**to get some one off one's guard** [tə 'get 'sʌm wʌn ɔ:f wʌnz 'gɑ:d] — kellegi tähelepanu kõrvale pöörama  
**to drop** [tə 'drɒp] — lange-tama

Page 23.

**to waste** [tə 'weist] — raiskama  
**to whizz** [tə 'wiz] — sisisema, vuhisema  
**savage** ['sævidʒ] — metsik  
**stroke** [strouk] — löök, hoop  
**to miss** [tə 'mis] — ebaõnnes-tuma, mitte tabama  
**bite** [bait] — hammustus  
**to lash** [tə 'læʃ] — piitsutama  
**to whisk** [tə 'wisk] — piitsuta-ma, kiiresti liikuma  
**kangaroo** [kæŋgə'ru:] — känguru  
**to chatter** [tə 'tʃætə] — lobi-sema  
**rage** [reidʒ] — viha

- to trot off [tə 'trɒt 'ɔ:f] — ära  
sõrkima, jooksuma  
gravel [ˈgræv(ə)l] — kruus  
natural history [ˈnætʃr(ə)l  
'hist(ə)ri] — looduslugu  
herb [hɜ:b] — rohi  
to cure [tə 'kjʊə] — ravima  
motion [ˈmouʃ(ə)n] — liigutus  
magic herb [ˈmædʒɪk 'hɜ:b] —  
nõiarohi  
confidence [ˈkɒnfɪd(ə)ns] —  
usaldus  
to pet [tə 'pet] — hellitama,  
kallistama  
to stoop [tə 'stʊ:p] — kum-  
marduma  
to wriggle [tə 'rɪɡl] — vinger-  
dama  
dust [dʌst] — tolm  
snakeling [ˈsneɪklɪŋ] — ussi-  
kene  
choice [tʃɔɪs] — valik  
harm [hɑ:m] — kahju  
to rock [tə 'rɒk] — kiikuma  
to inherit [tu in'herɪt] — pä-  
rima

- gait [geɪt] — kõnnak  
to deal [tə 'di:l] — toimetama,  
ümber käima, käsitlema  
sideways [ˈsaɪdweɪz] — kõr-  
val(e)  
heel [hi:l] — kand

- to shout [tə 'ʃaʊt] — hüüdma,  
kisendama  
scream [skri:m] — kilge, kisa  
foreleg [ˈfɔ:lɛɡ] — esijalg  
custom [ˈkʌstəm] — harju-  
mus, komme

- to settle [tə 'setl] — korral-  
dama  
to hug [tə 'hʌɡ] — kaisuta-  
ma; kallistama  
providence [ˈprɒvɪd(ə)ns] —  
ettenägevus  
to scare [tə 'skeə] — kohuta-  
ma, hirmutama  
fuss [fʌs] — kära  
to stuff [tə 'stʌf] — täis top-  
pima, täitma  
to pat [tə 'pæt] — tatsutama  
to go off into a cry [tə 'ɡoʊ  
'ɔ:fɪntu ə 'kraɪ] — karjuma  
puhkema  
to insist [tu in'sɪst] — kind-  
lasti nõudma  
broken-hearted [ˈbrʊk(ə)n  
hɑ:tid] — rõhutud südamega  
to whimper [tə 'wɪmpə] —  
kiunuma, pirisema  
to cheep [tə 'tʃi:p] — sirtsu-  
ma, piuksuma

- to make up one's mind [tə  
'meɪk 'ʌp wʌnz 'maɪnd] —  
otsustama

scornfully [ˈskɔ:nfʊli] — põlg-  
likult, pilkavalt  
to mistake [tə mis'teɪk] — ära  
vahetama  
whiskers [ˈwɪskəz] — põsk-  
habe  
to sob [tə 'sɒb] — nuuksuma  
spirit [ˈspɪrɪt] — vahvus  
to listen [tə 'lɪsn] — kuulama,  
varitsema

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faint [feɪnt] — nõrk  
wasp [wɒsp] — herilane  
window-pane [ˈwɪndəʊ peɪn]  
— aknaruut  
scale [skeɪl] — soomus  
brick [brɪk] — telliskivi  
brickwork [ˈbrɪkwɜ:k] — tel-  
liskivimüür  
to crawl [tə 'krɔ:l] — roo-  
mama  
sluice [slu:s] — lüüs, avaus,  
auk  
plaster [ˈplɑ:stə] — plaaster;  
krohv  
masonry [ˈmeɪsnrɪ] — müür-  
sepatöö, müür  
curb [kɜ:b] — äär  
to hunt [tə 'hʌnt] — jahtima,  
taga ajama  
to gain [tə 'geɪn] — saavuta-  
ma, kasu saama, võitma

Page 29.

to hatch [tə 'hætʃ] — välja  
hauduma

to need [tə 'ni:d] — vajama,  
tarvitsema  
to tingle with rage [tə 'tɪŋgl  
wɪð 'reɪdʒ] — vihast kirven-  
dama  
hatred [ˈheɪtrɪd] — põlgus, vi-  
havaen  
to coil oneself up [tə 'kɔɪl  
wʌn'self 'ʌp] — ennast kok-  
ku kerima  
to glitter [tə 'glɪtə] — läikima,  
vilkuma  
odds [ɒdz] — võimalus; eba-  
võrdsus; olukord  
in my favour [ɪn maɪ 'feɪvə]  
— minu kasuks  
to wave [tə 'weɪv] — kiikuma  
jar [dʒɑ:] — kruus, kann

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coil [kɔɪl] — ring, kera  
bulge [ˈbʌldʒ] — tünni kesk-  
mine jämedam osa, mõhk  
mõnts, kühm  
muscle [ˈmʌsl] — muskel, li-  
has  
thickness [θɪknɪs] — paksus  
to brace [tə 'breɪs] — kokku  
tõmbama, kinnitama  
earthenware [ˈɜ:θ(ə)nweə] —  
saviriist  
purchase [ˈpɜ:tʃəs] — sisseost;  
tulu, kasu  
to batter [tə 'bætə] — lööma,  
purustama

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circle [ˈsɜ:kl] — ring

**cart** [kɑ:t] — käru, vanker  
**to whip** [tə 'wɪp] — piitsutama  
**to cart-whip** [tə 'kɑ:t wɪp] — piitsutama  
**to upset** [tu ʌp'set] — ümber lükkama, ümber viskama  
**tin** [tɪn] — toos  
**dipper** ['dɪpə] — veetõsteriist, uuskar  
**soap-dish** ['səʊp dɪʃ] — seebi-kauss  
**flesh-brush** ['fleʃ brʌʃ] — fro-terhari, hõõrhari  
**to bang** [tə 'bæŋ] — lööma, peksma  
**tight** [taɪt] — tihe  
**to lock** [tə 'lɒk] — lukustama, sulgema  
**dizzy** ['dɪzi] — uimane  
**to ache** [tu 'eɪk] — valutama  
**thunderclap** ['θʌndəklæp] — pikselööök  
**senseless** ['senslis] — meelemõistusetu  
**to singe** [tə 'sɪndʒ] — kõrve-tama  
**barrel** ['bær(ə)l] — püssiraud  
**shot-gun** ['ʃɒt gʌn] — püss  
**to fancy** [tə 'fænsi] — kujut-  
 lema  
**stiff** [stɪf] — kange  
**doings** ['du(ɪ)ɪŋz] — asjad, käitumine

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**goodness!** ['gʊdnɪs] — taevast!  
**at the top of the voice** [ət ðə

'tɒp əv ðə 'vɔɪs] — valju  
 häälega  
**sweeper** ['swi:pə] — pühkija  
**rubbish-heap** ['rʌbɪʃ hi:p] —  
 jätiste hunnik

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**stupid** ['stju:pid] — rumal  
**tuft** [tʌft] — tutt, kimp  
**valiant** ['væljənt] — vapper;  
 julge  
**stable** ['steɪbl] — tall, laut  
**to mourn** [tə 'mɔ:ɪn] — lei-  
 nama  
**to bother** [tə 'bɒðə] — tülitama,  
 vaevama  
**worth while** [wəθ 'waɪl] —  
 vaeva väärt  
**a grain of sense** [ə 'greɪn əv  
 'sens] — mõistuse tera  
**to pretend** [tə pri'tend] —  
 teesklema, tegema otse-  
 kui...  
**to chase** [tə 'tʃeɪs] — taga ki-  
 hutama; ära ajama  
**feather-brained** ['feðə breɪnd]  
 — sulgkerge mõistusega

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**fair** [fɛə] — õige, õiglane, aus  
**to flutter** [tə 'flʌtə] — sinna-  
 täna lendama  
**lame** [leɪm] — lombakas  
**to slip** [tə 'slɪp] — libisema  
**to shriek** [tə 'ʃri:k] — kriis-  
 kama, kilkama

**consolation** [kɔnsə'leɪʃ(ə)n] —  
troost, lohutus  
**to settle accounts** [tə 'setl  
ə'kaunts] — arveid õien-  
dama  
**fool** [fu:l] — narr

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**to pipe** [tə 'paɪp] — vilista-  
ma, piuksuma  
**to quicken one's pace** [tə  
'kwɪk(ə)n wʌnz 'peɪs] —  
oma sammu kiirustama  
**to race** [tə 'reɪs] — kihutama,  
tormama; ruttama  
**litter** ['lɪtə] — õled; prügi  
**cunningly** ['kʌnɪŋli] — kava-  
lalt  
**bantam** ['bæntəm] — põial-  
poiss  
**whitish** ['waɪtɪʃ] — valkjas  
**shell** [ʃel] — koor  
**to chuckle** [tə 'tʃʌkl] — itsi-  
tama, naeru kihistama  
**to scream** [tə 'skri:m] — kar-  
juma, kilkama  
**to smash** [tə 'smæʃ] — purus-  
tama, katki lööma  
**to tumble** [tə 'tʌmbl] — kuk-  
kuma, veerema

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**matting** ['mætɪŋ] — matt  
**bare** [beə] — paljas  
**presently** ['prezntli] — kohe,  
jalapealt

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**paw** [pɔ:ɪ] — käpp  
**brood** [bru:d] — pesakond,  
noorsugu  
**ant** [ænt] — sipelgas  
**to spin round** [tə 'spɪn 'raʊnd]  
— ümber keerama; keerle-  
ma, pöörlema  
**for the sake of** [fə ðə 'seɪk  
əv] — pärast  
**to shoot (shot, shot)** [tə 'ʃu:t,  
'ʃɒt, 'ʃɒt] — püssi laskma  
**to shoot out** [tə 'ʃu:t 'aʊt] —  
ruttu välja sirutama  
**widow** ['wɪdɔu] — lesknaine  
**to lower** [tə 'ləʊə] — langeta-  
ma

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**whack** [wæk] — löök  
**watch-spring** ['wɒtʃ sprɪŋ] —  
kellavedru  
**rustle** ['rʌsl] — kohisemine,  
mühisemine, vuhisemine  
**to draw breath** [tə 'drɔ: 'breθ]  
— hinge tõmbama, puhkama  
**arrow** ['ærəʊ] — nool  
**whip-lash** ['wɪp læʃ] — piitsa-  
nõör  
**to flick** [tə 'flɪk] — kergesti  
lööma  
**to head** [tə 'hed] — eel käima,  
ruttama

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**to flap** [tə 'flæp] — lööma  
**instant** ['ɪnstənt] — silmapilk,  
hetk

**delay** [di'lei] — viivitus  
**to plunge** [tə 'plʌn(d)ʒ] — alla vajuma, sukelduma  
**to clench** [tə 'klen(t)ʃ] — kinni haarama  
**to act** [tu 'ækt] — toimima, tegevuses olema  
**brake** [breik] — rattapidur  
**slope** [sloup] — kallak, külg, nõlv  
**moist** [mɔist] — niiske, märg  
**to quiver** [tə 'kwivə] — värisesema  
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**stem** [stem] — vars, kõrs  
**to troop** [tə 'tru:p] — hulka-

desse kogunema, kokku tulema  
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**hammer** ['hæmə] — haamer, vasar  
**town-crier** ['taun kraiə] — teada-andja  
**to care** [tə 'keə] — hoolitsema  
**dinner-gong** ['dinə gɔŋ] — lõunagong  
**to set singing** [tə 'set 'siŋiŋ] — laulma panema  
**to croak** [tə 'krouk] — krooksuma

## Alphabetical List.

The reference is to the page where a word first occurs. If two or more references are given, it means that the same word occurs in several different meanings.

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**Hind 40 senti**