

THE BLACK DIAMOND

AND

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI

EDITED BY

K. WESTBERG



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

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

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1936

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R. W. H. B. B. B.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

J. Mällo trükk, Tartu.

i53066467

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.

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

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.

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 an 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.

"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.

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

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!*"

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.

Vocabulary.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

Page 3.

Part I. My Return to Southampton.

diamond ['daiəmənd] — tee-
mant

Southampton [sau'əæm(p)tən]

dull [dʌl] — pilvine

steamer ['sti:mə] — aurik,
aurulaev

Nelson ['neln]

Calcutta [kæl'kʌtə]

to come within sight [tə 'kʌm
wiðin 'sait] — nähtavale tu-
lema

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

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

passage ['pæsidʒ] — ülesõit,
mereteekond

India ['indjə]

goal [goul] — eesmärk

to direct [tə di'rekt] — suu-
nama

experience [iks'piəriəns] — ko-
gemus, elamus

anxiety [æŋ'zaiəti] — rahutus,
mure

voyage [vɔidʒ] — merireis

Page 4.

fellow-passenger ['felou
'pæsin(d)ʒə] — kaasreisija

watery ['wɔ:təri] — vesine,
märg

grave [greiv] — haud

Brassington ['bræsiŋtən]

jeweller ['dʒu(:)ilə] — kallis-
kivi-kaupmees, kuldsepp

to fulfil [tə ful'fil] — täitma

Royal ['rɔi(ə)l] — kuninglik

commission [kə'miʃ(ə)n] —
tellimine, ülesanne

wedding ['wediŋ] — pulm

Part II. The Successful Purchase of the Diamond.

purchase ['pɜ:tʃəs] — sisse-
ost

employment [im'plɔimənt] —
amet, töö

Messrs. [ˈmesəz] — härrad
to trust [tə ˈtrʌst] — usaldama
historical [hisˈtɔrɪk(ə)l] — aja-
looline
Eastern [ˈiːstən] — idamaine
Rajah [ˈrɑːdʒə] — radža (In-
dia vürst)
mark [mɑːk] — märk
distinction [disˈtɪŋkʃ(ə)n] —
eristamine; lugupidamine,
austus
to pay [tə ˈpeɪ] — maksma,
osutama
fellow-clerk [ˈfelou ˈklɑːk] —
kaaskontoriametnik, kaas-
tööline
envious [ˈenviəs] — kade
to reflect [tə rɪˈflekt] — järele
mõtlemine
to succeed [tə səkˈsiːd] — õn-
nestuma
responsible [rɪsˈpɒnsəbl] —
vastutav
undertaking [ˌʌndəˈteɪkɪŋ] —
ettevõte
junior [ˈdʒuːniə] — noorem
partnership [ˈpɑːtnəʃɪp] —
kauba- või osaühing
to be given a junior partner-
ship [tə bi ˈɡɪvn ə ˈdʒuːniə
ˈpɑːtnəʃɪp] — noorema osa-
niku koha saama
to flourish [tə ˈflaʊrɪʃ] — õit-
sema
East [iːst] — ida
to secure [siˈkjʊə] — endale
kindlustama

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magnificent [mæɡˈnɪfɪsənt] —
suurepärase, tore
hazel-nut [ˈheɪzl-nʌt] — päh-
kel
waistcoat [ˈweɪskəʊt, ˈweɪskət]
— vest
leather [ˈleðə] — nahk
belt [belt] — vöö
pouch [paʊʃ] — tasku
to resolve [tə rɪˈzɒlv] — otsus-
tama
to deliver [tə dɪˈlɪvə] — üle
andma
precious [ˈpreʃəs] — kallis
jewel [ˈdʒuː(ɪ)l] — juveel, kal-
liskivi
employer [ɪmˈplɔɪə] — töö-
andja, peremees
to come into possession [tə
kʌm ɪntə pəˈzeɪʃ(ə)n] —
omanduseks saama
an anxious time of it [ˈæŋkʃəs
ˈtaɪm əv ɪt] — aeg täis mu-
resid
to embark [tu ɪmˈbɑːk] — lae-
vale minema
sale [seɪl] — müük
attraction [əˈtrækʃ(ə)n] —
veetlus
crafty [ˈkrɑːftɪ] — kaval
native [ˈneɪtɪv] — pärismaa-
lane
magnet [ˈmæɡnɪt] — magneet
needle [ˈniːdl] — nõel

to avoid [tu ə'vɔɪd] — välti-
ma, hoiduma
favourable ['feɪv(ə)rəbl] —
soodus
on the whole [ɔn 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)ns] — 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
'kləʊðz] — ülikond
European [juərə'pi:(r)ən] —
euroopalik
striking ['straɪkɪŋ] — silmator-
kav, üllatav
resemblance [ri'zembləns] —
sarnasus
evil-looking ['i:vl 'lʊkɪŋ] —
kurja ilmega

suspicion [səs'piʃ(ə)n] — kaht-
lustus
to rob [tə 'rɒb] — röövima
on reflection [ɔn 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:bə] — sadam

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

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

Page 7.

to fix upon [tə 'fɪks ə'pʊn] —
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 ['kaʊntɪs] — krah-
 vinna
Blank [blæŋk]
ruby ['ruːbi] — rubiin
New York ['njuːjɔːk]
talkative ['tɔːkətɪv] — 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 ['faɪəɑːmz] — tuli-
 relvad
to assure [tu ə'ʃʊə] — selgeks
 tegema, tõendama
positive ['pɒz(ə)tɪv] — kindel
to purchase [tə 'pɜːtʃəs] —
 ostma
revolver [ri'vɒlvə] — revolver
railway ['reɪlweɪ] — raudtee
book-stall ['bʊk stɔːl] — raa-
 matulaud (kiosk)

Page 8.

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

Part V. A Horrible Discovery.

horrible ['hɒrɪbl] — hirmus,
 kohutav
discovery [dɪs'kʌv(ə)rɪ] —
 leiutus, avastus
seat [siːt] — iste
compartment [kəm'pɑːtmənt]
 — vaguni osa, kupee
my head running on [maɪ 'hed
 'rʌnɪŋ ɒn] — mu pea täis
to fling (flung, flung) [tə 'flɪŋ,
 'flʌŋ, 'flʌŋ] — viskama
rug [rʌɡ] — vaip, tekk
platform ['plætfɔːm] — jaa-
 maesine
in search [ɪn 'sɜːtʃ] — otsi-
 misel
guard [ɡɑːd] — rongijuht
to slip [tə 'slɪp] — libistama,
 pistma
individual [ɪndɪ'vɪdʒu(ə)l] —
 isik
undisturbed [ʌndɪs'tɜːbd] —
 segamata, rahulik
to lock [tə 'lɒk] — lukustama
to settle oneself [tə 'setl wʌn-
 'self] — istuma
sense [sens] — tunne
security [sɪ'kjʊərɪti] — julge-
 olek, kindelolek
impatient [ɪm'peɪf(ə)nt] —
 kannatamatu
to lean (leant, leant) [tə 'liːn,
 'lent, 'lənt] — 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

Page 9.

to remark [tə rɪˈmɑːk] — tähele panema, märkama
 to disappear [tə dɪsəˈpiə] — kaduma
 to replace [tə rɪˈpleɪs] — tagasi panema
 dazed [deɪzd] — uimane; kohkunud
 bewildered [biˈwɪldəd] — segaduses
 to hide (hid, hidden) [tə ˈhaɪd, ˈhaɪd, ˈhɪdn] — peitma
 beneath [biˈniːə] — 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 [tʃɑːns] — juhus
 unfortunate [ʌnˈfɔːtʃnɪt] — õnnetu
 creature [ˈkriːtʃə] — olevus
 want [wɒnt] — tarvidus, vajadus
 weapon [ˈwəpən] — relv, sõjariist
 self-defence [ˈself dɪˈfens] — enesekaitse
 to revive [tə rɪˈvaɪv] — uuesti ellu äratama, ärkama
 to touch [tə ˈtʌtʃ] — puudutama
 alarm bell [əˈlɑːm ˈbel] — hädakell
 mysterious [mɪsˈtɪəriəs] — saladuslik
 companion [kəmˈpænjən] — seltsiline
 doubtless [ˈdaʊtlɪs] — kahtlemata

Page 10.

to stare [tə ˈsteə] — üksisilmi vaatama
 fixedly [ˈfɪksɪdli] — teravalt
 length [leŋθ] — pikkus
 in the least [ɪn ðə ˈliːst] — vähimatki
 thrill [θrɪl] — jüdin, värin
 nerve [nɜːv] — närv
 close [kləʊs] — ligidal
 deadly [ˈdedli] — surmav
 unarmed [ˈʌnɑːmd] — relvas-tamatu

power [ˈpaʊə] — võim, võimus
in order [in ˈɔːdə] — et
cord [kɔːd] — köis, nõör
to render [tə ˈrendə] — te-
 gema
helpless [ˈhelplɪs] — abitu,
 võimetu
escape [isˈkeɪp] — pääsemine
to fight (fought, fought) [tə
 ˈfaɪt, ˈfɔːt, ˈfəʊt] — 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
attack [əˈtæk] — pealetung
unexpected [ˈʌnɪksˈpektɪd] —
 ootamatu
evidently [ˈeɪvɪd(ə)ntli] — näh-
 tavasti
breast [brest] — rind, põu

Page 11.

advantage [ədˈvɑːntɪdʒ] —
 kasu
to cling (clung, clung) [tə
 ˈkliŋ, ˈklʌŋ, ˈklɒŋ] — kõ-
 vasti kinni haarama
desperate [ˈdesp(ə)rɪt] — mee-
 leheitlik

brute [bruːt] — elajas, koletis
panther [ˈpænəθ] — panter
hopeless [ˈhouplɪs] — lootu-
 setu
nevertheless [nevəððəˈles] —
 siiski, sellest hoolimata
fight [faɪt] — võitlus
fierce [ˈfiəs] — metsik, hirmus
in reality [in ˈriːəliːti] — tõe-
 poolest
to imagine [tu ɪˈmædʒɪn] —
 kujutlema
termination [təˈmɪˈneɪʃ(ə)n] —
 lõpp
to dash [tə ˈdæʃ] — sööstma
headlong [ˈhedlɒŋ] — uper-
 kuuti
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] — pähkli-
 tangid
to separate [tə ˈsepəreɪt] — la-
 hutama
enemy [ˈenəmi] — vaenlane
débris [ˈdebriː] — rusud
pain [peɪn] — valu
acute [əˈkjuːt] — terav; äge;
 kange
consciousness [ˈkɒnʃəsnɪs] —
 teadvus

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

Page 12.

pity [ˈpɪti] — kaastundmus,
haledus
condition [kənˈdɪʃ(ə)n] — sei-
sukord, seisus
to faint [tə ˈfeɪnt] — nõrke-
ma, minestama
to raise [tə ˈreɪz] — tõstma
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] — haige-
maja
to wound [tə ˈwʊnd] — haa-
vama

Part VIII. In the Hospital.

extremely [ɪksˈtri:mli] — äär-
miselt
pillow [ˈpɪləʊ] — padi
relief [rɪˈli: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] — purus-
tama, muljuma
to strain [tə ˈstreɪn] — ära
väänama

Page 13.

to twist [tə ˈtwɪst] — vään-
lema
restless [ˈrestlɪs] — rahutu
inquiringly [ɪnˈkwɑ:ɪərɪŋli] —
uurivald, küsivald
shrewd [ʃru:d] — tark, kaval
to explain [tu ɪksˈpleɪn] — se-
letama
brief [brɪ:f] — lühike
to make mention [tə ˈmeɪk
ˈmenʃ(ə)n] — mainima
fit [fɪt] — sobiv, kohane
state [steɪt] — seisukord
to guard [tə ˈgɑ:d] — valva-
ma, kaitsma
treasure [ˈtreʒə] — varandus
to take charge [tə ˈteɪk ˈtʃɑ:dʒ]
— hoolt kandma
to declare [tə dɪˈkleə] — sele-
tama, teatama, kuulutama
to part with [tə ˈpɑ:t wɪð] —
(millestki) lahkuma
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'rɔ:l] — lõpuks, viimaks

existence [ig'zist(ə)ns] — olemasolu

aside [ə'said] — kõrval, kõrvale

dreamless ['dri:mlis] — unenägujeta

Page 14.

Part IX. The Deception of the Indian.

deception [di'sepʃ(ə)n] — pettus

to gaze [tə 'geiz] — vaatama, vahtima

to remove [tə ri'mu:v] — kõrvaldama, ära viima

to distinguish [tə dis'tiŋgwɪʃ] — eraldama

object ['ɒbdʒɪkt] — ese

to accustom [tu ə'kʌstəm] — harjuma

dimness ['dimnis] — hämarus

view [vju:] — vaade

affliction [ə'flikʃ(ə)n] — õnnetus

to undergo [ʌndə'gou] — läbielama, kannatama

to paralyse [tə 'pærəlaiz] — halvama

impulse ['impʌls] — impulss, tõuge

assistance [ə'sist(ə)ns] — abi

delirious [di'li:riəs] — segane, soniv, pöörane

to summon up [tə 'sʌmən 'ʌp] — üles kutsuma, kuulutama; kokku võtma

crafty ['kraɪfti] — kaval

Page 15.

to steal [tə 'sti:l] — hiilima

to whisper [tə 'wɪspə] — soosistama

entreaty [in'tri:ti] — palve

assent [ə'sent] — nõusolek

narcotic [nɑ:'kɒtɪk] — unerohi

mixture ['mɪkstʃə] — (arstirohtude) segu

to swallow [tə 'swɒləu] — (alla) neelama

to depart [tə dɪ'pɑ:t] — äraminema

patient ['peɪʃ(ə)nt] — haige

adjoining [ə'dʒɔɪnɪŋ] — kõrval olev

bed-clothes ['bed kləʊðz] — voodipesu

darkness ['dɑ:knɪs] — pimedus

pursuit [pə'sju:t] — tagaajamine, jälitamine

to hurry [tə 'hʌri] — ruttama

to come to oneself [tə 'kʌm tə wʌn'self] — teadvusele tulema

passionate ['pæʃənɪt] — kirglik

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 [koul] — (kivi-)süsi

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI.

Rikki-Tikki-Tavi ['riki 'tiki
 'tɑ:vi]
single-handed ['siŋl hændid]
 — üks
bungalow ['bʌŋgələu] — bun-
 galo (kerge ühekordne suve-
 maja Indias)
tailor-bird ['teilə bæ:d] — kan-
 gurlind
musk-rat ['mʌsk 'ræt] — mus-
 kus-rott
to creep (crept, crept) [tə
 'kri:p, 'krept, 'krept] — roo-
 mama; hiilima
advice [əd'vais] — nõu
mongoose [mʌŋ'gu:is] — In-
 dias sageli esinev ihneumon
 (vaaraorott)
fur [fɜ:] — kasukas, karvane
 nahk
tail [teil] — 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-
 heville ajama
bottle-brush ['bɒtl brʌʃ] —
 pudeli-hari
war-cry ['wɔ: krai] — sõja-
 hüüd
to scuttle [tə 'skʌtl] — rut-
 tama
flood [flʌd] — veeputus
roadside ['roudsaid] — teeäär
ditch [ditʃ] — kraav
wisp [wisp] — tutt
to float [tə 'flout] — ujuma

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

to frighten [tə 'fraitn] — ehmatama, hirmutama
 curiosity [kjuəri'əs(i)ti] — uudishimu
 motto [ˈmɒtəʊ] — motto, juhtlause
 Teddy [ˈtedi] — Eedi (Eduard)
 ouch! [autʃ] — aii!
 to tickle [tə 'tikl] — kõditama
 chin [tʃin] — lõug
 collar [ˈkɒlə] — krae

Page 19.

neck [nek] — kukal, kael
 to snuff [tə 'snʌf] — nuusutama, haistma
 good gracious [ˈgʊd 'ɡreɪʃəs] — oh sa heldene aeg!
 tame [teim] — taltsas
 cage [keɪdʒ] — puur
 raw [rɔː] — toores
 immensely [ɪ'mensli] — väga, määratult
 veranda [və'rændə] — veranda, rõdu
 root [ru:t] — juur
 to roam [tə 'roum] — rändama, hulkuma
 to drown oneself [tə 'draʊn wʌn'self] — uppuma
 bath-tub [ˈbɑ:θ tʌb] — suplusvann
 to burn [tə 'bɜ:n] — põletama, kõrvetama
 cigar [sɪ'ɡɑ:ɪ] — sigar
 lap [læp] — süli
 nightfall [ˈnaɪtʃɔ:l] — ööalgus

Page 20.

to attend [tu ə'tend] — kuulama
 to bite (bit, bitten) [tə 'baɪt, 'bɪt, 'bɪtn] — hammustama
 beast [bi:st] — loom
 bloodhound ['blʌdhaʊnd] — verekoer
 snake [sneɪk] — uss, madu
 awful [ˈɔ:ful] — hirmus, kole
 banana [bə'nɑ:nə] — banaan
 to boil [tə 'bɔɪl] — keetma
 to bring up [tə brɪŋ 'ʌp] — kasvatama
 to cultivate [tə 'kʌltɪveɪt] — harima
 thicket [ˈθɪkɪt] — tihnik, padrik
 to lick [tə 'lɪk] — lakkuma
 splendid [ˈsplendɪd] — tore, suurepärane
 hunting-ground [ˈhʌntɪŋ ɡraʊnd] — jahimaa
 bottle-brushy [ˈbɒtl brʌʃi] — pudeli-harja sarnane

Page 21.

sorrowful [ˈsɒrəf(u)l] — kurb
 thorn-bush [ˈθɔ:n buʃ] — kibuvitsa-põõsas
 to stitch up [tə 'stɪtʃ 'ʌp] — kokku õmblema
 edge [edʒ] — äär
 fibre [ˈfaɪbə] — kiud
 hollow [ˈhɒləʊ] — õõnsus
 downy [ˈdaʊni] — udukarvaline; 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; õnnetu
cobra ['koubɾə] — kobra, prillimadu
stranger ['strein(d)ʒə] — võõras
to cower down [tə 'kauə 'daun] — maha küürutama, maha kükitama
to hiss [tə 'his] — sisisema, sisistama
horrid ['hɔrid] — 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 ialgi, 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] — rais-kama
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 'ɔɪf] — ära
sörkima, jooksuma
gravel ['græv(ə)l] — kruus
natural history ['nætʃr(ə)l
'hɪst(ə)ri] — looduslugu
herb [hɜ:b] — rohi
to cure [tə 'kjʊə] — ravima
motion ['mouʃ(ə)n] — liigu-
tus
magic herb ['mædʒɪk 'hɜ:b] —
nõiarohi
confidence ['kɒnfɪd(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 ['sneɪkɪŋ] — 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,
ümbär käima, käsitlema
sideways ['saɪdweɪz] — kõr-
val(e)
heel [hi:l] — kand

- to shout** [tə 'ʃaʊt] — hüüdma,
kisendama
scream [skri:m] — kilge, kisa
foreleg ['fɔ:leg] — esijalg
custom ['kʌstəm] — harju-
mus, komme

- to settle** [tə 'setl] — korral-
dama
to hug [tə 'hʌɡ] — kaisutama;
kallistama
providence ['prɒvɪd(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 'ɡou
'ɔɪf ɪntu ə 'kraɪ] — karjuma
puhkema
to insist [tu ɪn'sɪst] — kind-
lasti nõudma
broken-hearted ['brʊk(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 [ˈskɔːnfuli] — põlglikult, pilkavalt
 to mistake [tə misˈteɪk] — ära vahetama
 whiskers [ˈwɪskəz] — põskhabe
 to sob [tə ˈsɒb] — nuuksuma
 spirit [ˈspɪrɪt] — vahvus
 to listen [tə ˈlɪsn] — kuulama, varitsema

Page 28.

- faint [feɪnt] — nõrk
 wasp [wɒsp] — herilane
 window-pane [ˈwɪndəʊ peɪn] — aknaruut
 scale [skeɪl] — soomus
 brick [brɪk] — telliskivi
 brickwork [ˈbrɪkwɜːk] — telliskivimüür
 to crawl [tə ˈkrɔːl] — roomama
 sluice [sluːs] — lüüs, avaus, auk
 plaster [ˈplɑːstə] — plaaster; krohv
 masonry [ˈmeɪsnri] — müürsepatöö, müür
 curb [kɜːb] — äär
 to hunt [tə ˈhʌnt] — jahtima, taga ajama
 to gain [tə ˈgeɪn] — saavutama, kasu saama, võitma

Page 29.

- to hatch [tə ˈhætʃ] — välja hauduma

- to need [tə ˈniːd] — vajama, tarvitsema
 to tingle with rage [tə ˈtɪŋgl wɪð ˈreɪdʒ] — vihast kirvendama
 hatred [ˈheitrɪd] — põlgus, viha
 to coil oneself up [tə ˈkɔɪl wʌnˈself ˈʌp] — ennast kokku kerima
 to glitter [tə ˈglɪtə] — läikima, vilkuma
 odds [ɒdz] — võimalus; eba-võrdsus; olukord
 in my favour [ɪn maɪ ˈfeɪvə] — minu kasuks
 to wave [tə ˈweɪv] — kiikuma
 jar [dʒɑː] — kruus, kann

Page 30.

- coil [kɔɪl] — ring, kera
 bulge [ˈbʌldʒ] — tünni keskmine jämedam osa, mõhk mõnts, kühm
 muscle [ˈmʌsl] — muskel, lihas
 thickness [ˈθɪknis] — paksus
 to brace [tə ˈbreɪs] — kokku tõmbama, kinnitama
 earthenware [ˈɜːθ(ə)nweə] — saviriist
 purchase [ˈpɜːtʃəs] — sisseost; tulu, kasu
 to batter [tə ˈbætə] — lööma, purustama

Page 31.

- circle [ˈsɜːkl] — 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] — seebikauss
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] — pikselöök
senseless ['senslɪs] — meelemõistusetu
to singe [tə 'sɪndʒ] — kõrvetama
barrel ['bær(ə)l] — püssiraud
shot-gun ['ʃɒt gʌn] — püss
to fancy [tə 'fænsɪ] — kujutlema
stiff [stɪf] — kange
doings ['du:(ɪ)ɪŋz] — asjad, käitumine

Page 32.

goodness! ['gʊdnɪs] — taevas!
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

Page 33.

stupid ['stju:pɪd] — rumal
tuft [tʌft] — tutt, kimp
valiant ['væljənt] — vapper; julge
stable ['steɪbl] — tall, laut
to mourn [tə 'mɔ:n] — leinama
to bother [tə 'bɒðə] — tülitama, vaevama
worth while ['wɜ:ə 'waɪl] — vaeva väärt
a grain of sense [ə 'greɪn əv 'sens] — mõistuse tera
to pretend [tə prɪ'tend] — teesklema, tegema otsekui...
to chase [tə 'tʃeɪs] — taga kihutama; ära ajama
feather-brained ['feðə breɪnd] — sulgkerge mõistusega

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fair [feə] — õige, õiglane, aus
to flutter [tə 'flʌtə] — sinna-tänna lendama
lame [leɪm] — lombakas
to slip [tə 'slɪp] — libisema
to shriek [tə 'ʃri:k] — kriiskama, 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 ['wɪdɔ:u] — 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: 'breə]
— 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
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slope [sloup] — kallak, külg, nõlv
moist [mɔist] — niiske, märg
to quiver [tə 'kwivə] — värisema

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stem [stem] — vars, kõrs
to troop [tə 'tru:p] — hulka-

desse kogunema, kokku tulema

Coppersmith ['kɒpəsmiθ] — vasksepp

hammer ['hæmə] — haamer, vasar

town-crier ['taun kraɪə] — teada-andja

to care [tə 'keə] — hoolitsema

dinner-gong ['dinə gɒŋ] — lõunagong

to set singing [tə 'set 'siŋɪŋ] — laulma panema

to croak [tə 'krouk] — krooksuma

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