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Two nights later, as the White Cobra sat mourning in the darkness of the vault, ashamed, and robbed, and alone, the turquoise ankus whirled through the hole in the wall, and clashed on the floor of golden coins.

"Father of Cobras," said Mowgli (he was careful to keep the other side of the wall), "get thee a young and ripe one of thine own people to help thee guard the King's Treasure, so that no man may come away alive any more."

"Ah-ha! It returns, then. I said the thing was Death. How comes it that thou art still alive?" the old Cobra mumbled, twining lovingly round the ankus-haft.

"By the Bull that bought me, I do not know! That thing has killed six times in a night. Let him go out no more."

#### THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER

Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey People cry,  
Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,  
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh--

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,

And the whisper spreads and widens far and near;

And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now--

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Ere the moon has climbed the mountain, ere the rocks

are ribbed with light,

When the downward-dipping trails are dank and drear,

Comes a breathing hard behind thee--snuffle-snuffle

through the night--

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

On thy knees and draw the bow; bid the shrilling arrow go;

In the empty, mocking thicket plunge the spear;

But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood has left

thy cheek--

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the slivered

pine-trees fall,

When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and veer;

Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a voice more

loud than all--

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless  
boulders leap--

Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear--

But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against  
thy side

Hammers: Fear, O Little Hunter--this is Fear!

#### QUIQUERN

The People of the Eastern Ice, they are melting like the snow--  
They beg for coffee and sugar; they go where the white men go.  
The People of the Western Ice, they learn to steal and fight;  
"They sell their furs to the trading-post: they sell their souls  
to the white.

The People of the Southern Ice, they trade with the whaler's  
crew;

Their women have many ribbons, but their tents are torn and few.

But the People of the Elder Ice, beyond the white man's ken--

Their spears are made of the narwhal-horn, and they are the  
last of the Men!

Translation.

"He has opened his eyes. Look!"