

leaping into the air, fell backward dead upon his last and most terrible kill.

Mowgli sat with his head on his knees, careless of anything else, while the remnant of the flying dholes were being overtaken and run down by the merciless lahinis. Little by little the cries died away, and the wolves returned limping, as their wounds stiffened, to take stock of the losses. Fifteen of the Pack, as well as half a dozen lahinis, lay dead by the river, and of the others not one was unmarked. And Mowgli sat through it all till the cold daybreak, when Phao's wet, red muzzle was dropped in his hand, and Mowgli drew back to show the gaunt body of Akela.

"Good hunting!" said Phao, as though Akela were still alive, and then over his bitten shoulder to the others: "Howl, dogs! A Wolf has died to-night!"

But of all the Pack of two hundred fighting dholes, whose boast was that all jungles were their Jungle, and that no living thing could stand before them, not one returned to the Dekkan to carry that word.

#### CHIL'S SONG

[This is the song that Chil sang as the kites dropped down one after

another to the river-bed, when the great fight was finished. Chil is good friends with everybody, but he is a cold-blooded kind of creature at heart, because he knows that almost everybody in the Jungle comes to him in the long-run.]

These were my companions going forth by night--

(For Chil! Look you, for Chil!)

Now come I to whistle them the ending of the fight.

(Chil! Vanguard of Chil!)

Word they gave me overhead of quarry newly slain,

Word I gave them underfoot of buck upon the plain.

Here's an end of every trail--they shall not speak again!

They that called the hunting-cry--they that followed fast--

(For Chil! Look you, for Chil!)

They that bade the sambhur wheel, or pinned him as he passed--

(Chil! Vanguard of Chil!)

They that lagged behind the scent--they that ran before,

They that shunned the level horn--they that overbore.

Here's an end of every trail--they shall not follow more.

These were my companions. Pity 'twas they died!

(For Chil! Look you, for Chil!)

Now come I to comfort them that knew them in their pride.

(Chil! Vanguard of Chil!)

Tattered flank and sunken eye, open mouth and red,

Locked and lank and lone they lie, the dead upon their dead.

Here's an end of every trail--and here my hosts are fed.