

of the Elephants. Barrao!"

And at that last wild yell the whole line flung up their trunks till the tips touched their foreheads, and broke out into the full salute--the crashing trumpet-peal that only the Viceroy of India hears, the Salaamut of the Keddah.

But it was all for the sake of Little Toomai, who had seen what never man had seen before--the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills!

### Shiv and the Grasshopper

(The song that Toomai's mother sang to the baby)

Shiv, who poured the harvest and made the winds to blow,  
Sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago,  
Gave to each his portion, food and toil and fate,  
From the King upon the guddee to the Beggar at the gate.

All things made he--Shiva the Preserver.

Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all,--

Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,

And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

Wheat he gave to rich folk, millet to the poor,  
Broken scraps for holy men that beg from door to door;  
Battle to the tiger, carrion to the kite,  
And rags and bones to wicked wolves without the wall at night.  
Naught he found too lofty, none he saw too low--  
Parbati beside him watched them come and go;  
Thought to cheat her husband, turning Shiv to jest--  
Stole the little grasshopper and hid it in her breast.  
So she tricked him, Shiva the Preserver.  
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! Turn and see.  
Tall are the camels, heavy are the kine,  
But this was Least of Little Things, O little son of mine!

When the dole was ended, laughingly she said,  
"Master, of a million mouths, is not one unfed?"  
Laughing, Shiv made answer, "All have had their part,  
Even he, the little one, hidden 'neath thy heart."  
From her breast she plucked it, Parbati the thief,  
Saw the Least of Little Things gnawed a new-grown leaf!  
Saw and feared and wondered, making prayer to Shiv,  
Who hath surely given meat to all that live.  
All things made he--Shiva the Preserver.  
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all,--  
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,

And mother's heart for sleepy head, O little son of mine!

### Her Majesty's Servants

You can work it out by Fractions or by simple Rule of Three,  
But the way of Tweedle-dum is not the way of Tweedle-dee.  
You can twist it, you can turn it, you can plait it till you drop,  
But the way of Pilly Winky's not the way of Winkie Pop!

It had been raining heavily for one whole month--raining on a camp of thirty thousand men and thousands of camels, elephants, horses, bullocks, and mules all gathered together at a place called Rawal Pindi, to be reviewed by the Viceroy of India. He was receiving a visit from the Amir of Afghanistan--a wild king of a very wild country. The Amir had brought with him for a bodyguard eight hundred men and horses who had never seen a camp or a locomotive before in their lives--savage men and savage horses from somewhere at the back of Central Asia. Every night a mob of these horses would be sure to break their heel ropes and stampede up and down the camp through the mud in the dark, or the camels would break loose and run about and fall over the ropes of the tents, and you can imagine how pleasant that was for men trying to go to sleep. My tent lay far away from the camel lines, and I thought it was safe.