

JUNGLE TALES

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Jungle tales by B. M. Croker

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B. M. CROKER

JUNGLE TALES

J. Hermanns
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JUNGLE TALES



JUNGLE TALES

BY
B. M. CROKER

Author of

'Pretty Miss Neville,' 'Diana Barrington'
'The Spanish Necklace'
'In Old Madrid,' etc.

A NEW IMPRESSION
WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY JOHN CHARLTON

LONDON
HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM
1913

" Ah ! what a warning for thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed ! "

WORDSWORTH.

Stack
Boney

FR
4518
120
1713

THESE TALES ARE INSCRIBED
TO
OLD FRIENDS
IN THE CENTRAL AND NORTH-WEST PROVINCES
IN MEMORY OF
MANY PLEASANT HOURS IN CAMP AND CANTONMENT.

B. M. G.

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VILLAGE TALES
AND
JUNGLE TRAGEDIES.

A FREE-WILL OFFERING.

“KISSISS,” as the natives call it, is anything but a jovial and merry season to me, and I heartily sympathize with those prudent souls who flee from the station or cantonment, and bury themselves afar off in the jungle, until the festive season has been succeeded by the practical New Year! Christmas in India is an expensive anniversary to a needy subaltern such as I am. Putting aside the necessary tips to the mess-servants, the letter-corporal, and colour-sergeant, I have my own retinue (about ten in number), who overwhelm me with wreaths and flowers culled from my

garden, and who expect, in return, solid rupees of the realm. This is reasonable enough; but it passes the limits of reason and patience when other people's body-servants, peons, syces, and all the barrack-dhobies, and every "dog" boy in the station, lie in ambush in order to thrust evil-smelling marigolds under my nose, with expectant salaams! Last Christmas cost me nearly the price of a pony—this Christmas, I resolved to fly betimes with my house-mate, Jones of the D.P.W. We would put in for a week's leave, and eat our plum-pudding at least sixty miles from Kori.

Alas! my thrifty little scheme was knocked on the head by a letter from my cousin Algy Langley. He is the eldest son of an eldest son; I am the younger son of a second son: and whereas I am a sub. in an infantry regiment, grilling on the plains of India, and working for my daily bread, Algy has run out for one cold weather, merely in search of variety and amusement.