

green barbet (Family *Capitonidae*, gen. *Cyanops* and *Chotorhea*), and his thot-r-r-r-thotrrr-thotrrr can be heard for miles. During the heat of the day everything rests and even the only noisy animal in the jungle, the Rhesus monkey who swings from tree to tree and chatters as he goes, seems to recognise the siesta hour, and is silent.

At night the jungle awakens and speaks with myriad tongues. A belated wren hunting for insects among the fallen leaves after the sun has gone down, makes a noise like a vigorously scratching hen; a jackal causes one's blood to creep by his sudden piercing call of "Hindoo ooo, where's the Hindoooo," and the pack echoes "Where, where, where?" as they trot over the hills hunting for what they can find. They are not always particular as to their food, as the scratched-up shallow graves of the hill men and the gleaming skulls in the grass of some little clearing among the trees can testify hence the call of the jackals. The wild black pig leaves his lair to grub noisily among swamps for spear grass roots and wild potato tubers, disgusting all the respectable forest animals, who feed silently. At certain seasons of the year he leaves the jungle with a numerous family, and attends to the gardens of Man, just when the Easter Lilies are about to flower. He works well, even venturing on to verandahs in search of the lily bulbs and has seldom been known to leave a single bulb, except when the lily was potted.

Sometimes the noisome hyena lifts his ghastly demoniacal voice but he is not often met with and does not cause much damage. But panthers take a yearly toll from the native herdsmen, and a dog or two and occasionally a washerman's straying donkey does not come amiss to them. The panther is the only animal that monkeys fear, and fear badly, for he climbs trees like a cat. The rock snake can also climb and he likes a toothsome monkey now and then, but the panther is their worst enemy. The most plaintive sounds one can ever hear in a jungle are those uttered by the monkeys when a panther surprises them asleep in the trees. Once heard it can never be forgotten for it is almost human in its wailing terror.

When night has just fallen one can sometimes hear the sambhur bell and the spotted deer bark as they leave the deep glens for the grassy hillsides. The night jar calls from some thick clump of trees as he feeds on the innumerable insects that come out at night, and from the top of the tallest, thickest trees, comes the deep "boom,