

that he at length fell like a tree cut at its roots. A serpent, hidden in the grass, in the struggle, was trampled to death. A prowling jackal chancing to come that way, found the dead bodies of man, deer, boar and serpent, and thought himself in luck, to find three months' food in one spot. In gloating over his prey, and estimating for how long a time they would appease his hunger, he niggardly decided that the sinew of the hunters' bow string would serve him for the first day, and began to eat it. But so soon as he had bitten the bow string through, in the twinkling of an eye the up-springing bow pierced Dirgharava, the greedy jackal, to the heart. It is well not to long after the unattainable, nor to bewail the lost. Wheel-like, sadness and joy turn round for all. It is folly to be over anxious for what the Creator has already provided. The mother's breasts stream with milk when her offspring come into the world. He who makes the geese white, the parrots green, and the peacocks many colored, he will provide for thee.

The three friends lived happily together, and a deer, who was fleeing from his pursuers, was admitted as a member of the little circle. From the deer they learned that hunters were coming that way, and after much deliberation, and good story-telling, which we must pass over, they resolved to seek out another pool, and started on the way. The poor tortoise was caught *en route* by a hunter, to whose bow he was bound. The three friends were dejected at his capture, but decided to attempt his rescue so long as the hunter kept in the forest. On his way homeward, the hunter, tired and thirsty, sat down at the foot of a tree to drink some water. The mouse quickly contrived a plot to free Manthura. The deer must feign to be dead, stretched out by the water's edge, the crow must stand over him picking something with his beak, which would be sure to catch the hunter's eye, who would hurry to secure the deer, when he, the mouse, could gnaw the string which fastened the tortoise, who could escape into the water, and the deer, at the last moment, could jump up and run off. All happened as the mouse planned it, and when the hunter went back to the tree, where he had left his bow, and found the tortoise gone, he blamed himself for his loss, and went his way, thinking that the man who leaves a certainty to run after something doubtful is apt to lose both. With this apologue, Vishnuserman closes his first story collection, called Mitralabha, or the gaining of friends.