2 THE JUNGLE BOOK
that they may never forget the hungry in this
world.”
It was the jackal—Tabaqui, the Dish-licker—
and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because
he runs about making mischief, and telling tales,
\_ and eatingrags and pieces of leather from the
village rubbish-heaps. They are afraid of him .
too, because Tabaqui, more than any one else in
the jUngle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets
that he was ever afraid of any one, and runs
- through the' forest biting everything in his way.
'Even the tiger hides when little Tabaqui goes
mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing
that can overtake a wild creature. We call it
hydrophobia, but they call it dewanee—the
madness — and .run.
“ Enter, then, and look,” said Father Wolf,
stifﬂy; “but there is no food here.”
“ For a wolf, no,” said T abaqui; “but for so
mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good .
feast. Who are we, the Gidur-log [the Jackal '
People], to pick and choose?” He scuttled to .
the back of the cave, where he found the bone of I
a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking '
. ' the end merrily.
“ A11 thanks for this good meal,” he said, lick-
ing his lips. “ How beautiful are the noble chil-
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