

opening in the door. But that made no difference to the Baboo.

It took his mind many days to determine what he should do with his capture. At first Powell concealed his identity; it would hardly do to have it known that he had been shut up by a Bengali Baboo. His prestige would be gone, and he would simply have to leave the force.

At last, when he saw that there was small prospect of getting out, he told Chunder Dey that he was the Police Nabob. At this the Baboo smiled solemnly and said:

"Eden-Powell, the Police Nabob, is dead. He drowned himself in the river, and they have found his body. I am a 'B. A.' and have read these things in the publications."

"Who the deuce am I, then?" asked the prisoner.

"You are the devil," answered the Baboo, blinking his heavy cow-eyes at Powell.

Powell tried to remove the beard, but it was like a fresco that had been set in mortar. The skin he might pull off, but there was no severing the hair from it. His disguise had been a most emphatic success.

Many natives heard of the capture of the Evil One, and came and stared with charming unconventionality at Powell and passed uncomplimentary remarks. The Nabob was a good linguist, and these remarks revealed themselves to him in all the beauty of the native vernacular. The trend of most of the criticisms on his personal appearance was that he was not even a respectable looking *Sheitan*—did not come up to their conception of that awful incarnation.

Then the Baboo sat down and wrote a letter to the "Powers" in Calcutta anent his captive. He knew enough of official life to realize that if he hoped for any *kudos* (glory) for himself in the thing he must get at the Chief Magistrate, else the underlings would cheat him out of the credit of it; so he addressed his letter to the Viceroy.

Of course the Baboo was clear enough as to what he meant to con-

vey in his epistle, but it can't be said that the production elucidated that point very satisfactorily. He wrote:

"By Your Excellency's providential favour, last night the Satanic ruler of the place where also Pluto will catch Your Excellency's enemies, did come among us at the time of Sen Mullick's *nautch*. I, who am Baboo Chunder Dey, B.A., am solicitous of an appointment in a Government office by the favour of the Sahibs, did advise Sunda to forcibly take possession of said *Sheitan*.

"Also in said *gharry* was the bag, which I have not taken, or perhaps Sunda has sold.

"Your Excellency will know that this agent of Pluto, who is *Sheitan*, did project himself from the body of a fat Sahib, and is even now, with hirsute adornments like Your Excellency has seen, a much penitent fakir.

"Your humble petitioner craves and humbly begs that Your Excellency will advise as to the adjustment or otherwise of the devil who is now in the possession of your slave."

That was pretty much the state of the letter signed by Chunder Dey, and delivered by hand through the portals of Government House.

The Secretary to the Viceroy read it more or less, and was on the point of consigning it to the waste-boat when he remembered that the Viceroy had a penchant for gathering unique and original manuscript as evolved from the brain of a Baboo; so he submitted it to Her Majesty's representative with the apologizing remark that the writer was evidently a large consumer of *bhang* or opium, or both.

The Viceroy was intensely interested in the Baboo's letter from the start; it opened up a wide field for metaphysical research.

Every Viceroy has some predominant fad, and Lord Roma's was the ever-engaging investigation of native character as allied to things spiritual. There was an incongruous air about this idea of a Bengali Baboo having captured the King of Evil that tickled the Viceroy's fancy immensely.

He sent for Chunder Dey. The Baboo left his *durwan* to guard Eden-