

THE STORY OF SONNY SAHIB

"That is true talk," interposed Sunni.
"Tooni's words are all true. Here is the little black book."

Colonel Starr had the face of a man in a dream, half conscious and trying to wake up. His lips worked as he took the oil-skin bag from Sunni, and he looked at it helplessly. Little Lieutenant Pink took it gently from him, slit it down the side with a pocket-knife, and put back into the Colonel's hand the small leather-bound book. On the back of it was printed, in tarnished gold letters, "Common Prayer."

It was a very little book, but the Colonel was obliged to hold it with both hands. Even then they trembled so that he could hardly turn to the fly-leaf. His

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