

### SONNY SAHIB

through it screaming. The shadows were creeping east over the marble floor; a little sun flamed out on the hilt of Maun Rao's sword. The Colonel stooped over the old woman and raised her up. His face whitened as he looked at her.

'It's Tooni!' he said, hoarsely. And then, in a changed voice, unconscious of the time and place, 'Tooni, what happened to the memsahib?' he asked.

The ayah burst into an incoherent torrent of words and tears. The memsahib was very, very ill, she said. There were not five breaths left in her body. The memsahib had gone in the cart—and the *chota baba*<sup>1</sup>—the Sonny Sahib—had always had good milk—and she had taken none of the memsahib's ornaments, only her little black book with the charm in it——

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

<sup>1</sup> 'The little baby.'