

## THE CAPTURE OF SHEITAN

self, and a ripple of laughter passed through the soul of the viceroy at this shot of the constable's. But "914" was oblivious to that; he was possessed with the desire to get much punishment for the cheeky fakir.

"I think," said the viceroy, speaking to the baboo, "that you are quite right in your surmise, and are quite deserving of that appointment because of your services to the state over this matter. You will see that the baboo receives a clerkship in the revenue department," he said, turning to Lord Dick, "as reward for capturing the devil. You may go, baboo."

Chunder Dey salamed his thanks, and walked out on soft, springy air. His feet smote heavily on the polished floors, but he knew it not—he felt that he was swimming.

Eden-Powell listened in blank amazement, and was about to remonstrate when the hard, polished end of the baton passed persuasively across three ribs of his right side. That and the memory of those two winks induced him to keep his mouth closed.

When the baboo had gone the viceroy addressed "C 914." "I think, officer, that this fakir is probably quite harmless; not at all the Evil One the baboo would have us believe. You may leave him there in that room on the right.