

"We will go and see Baboo Chunder Dey. He knows of these things, for they are written in the books he reads, the books that are of our speech, and also the books that have come over the black water from *Bilati* (England)."

Where one Baboo is thin, nine are fat and ponderous. Chunder Dey was one of the nine-tenths, and his mind of a greasy solemnity. "If they both said it was *Sheitan*, it might even be so, for the incongruity of this thing was expatiated upon in the theosophical and metaphysical publications." That was what Baboo Dey said with grandiloquent unction, for next to *gheebattered* food, the Baboo loves complex English. Sunda saw at once that Chunder Dey understood the thing. Sunda's simple ways were no match for the devil, but with Baboo Chunder it was quite different.

Chunder pulled at his *hookah* (pipe) in reflective gasps. The *hookah* bubbled back like a laden camel, and the patient drivers waited.

"Why not catch this *budmash* (bad fellow)?" asked Chunder Dey at length. "There will be much gain in that—also honour. If *Sheitan* is reincarnated, and gets into your *gharry* again, Sunda, we may catch him."

And while Eden-Powell sat among the others and watched the *nautch* and listened for words of sedition, the Baboo gathered unto himself twelve lusty hirelings from the bazaar and instructed them as to the capture of Sunda's passenger. He carefully concealed from them the fact that this was supposed to be *Sheitan*.

When Eden-Powell left the *nautch* in disgust at the paucity of mutinous conspiracies he found Sunda waiting for him. He got into the *gharry*, and about a mile out ran into a real, live, up-to-date mutiny. He had discovered it in reality, his long-dreamed of revolt had materialized. That India was in a blaze from one end to the other he never doubted; but what concerned him more immediately was that he was considerably mauled, most effectually bound and gagged by means of an evil-smelling breech-cloth shoved into his

mouth; carried off, and cooped up in a little heathen temple called Ootypara.

The capture had been most successful. Sunda was overjoyed; he promised to carry Chunder Dey back and forth to the city free of charge for a whole year.

Eden Powell's bag containing the evening clothes had been left in his *gharry*, that was all that was left of the round, fat Sahib the Evil One had spirited away. Sunda took the clothes down to the Hoogley, and threw them in the river. The bag he sold in Rada Bazaar for three rupees, and thus secured payment of his fare in a round-about way.

A sampan boatman fished up the clothes and turned them over to a policeman. The policeman took them to the station, and there was read on the band "Eden-Powell." Also Eden-Powell was missing. It was really useless to look for him, for was not all this proof that he had drowned himself. Everybody suddenly remembered that the Nabob had been queer for a long time. The second mutiny fad had unhinged his mind to a certainty, and the night he had disappeared he had been quite mad at dinner—quite mad, all remembered that.

To drag the Hoogley would be like dragging the clouds—as useless. A six-mile current and a flood and ebb tide made an undertow that sucked down big ships when they touched bottom as though they were eggshells.

Eden-Powell was drowned, there was no doubt whatever about that. The notice went out, and a new man was put in his place. Chunder Dey read of these things, and fed his prisoner, *Sheitan*, through a hole in the door of the temple at Ootypara, and in no wise connected the devil with the Nabob of the Calcutta Police.

That Eden-Powell was furious is one way of putting it. He even tore down little bits of plaster from the strong brick walls in his rage, and shied them at the fat, greasy face of Chunder Dey as he gazed at him through the square