

## THE STORY OF

drink the opium with the rest. Your son,' he added to Colonel Starr, 'will bring praise to his father.'

The Colonel smiled. 'I have no children,' said he. 'I wish he were indeed my son.'

'If he is not your son,' asked the Maharajah cunningly, 'why did you bring him to the durbar?'

'Because he wished to come——'

'To say that I did not tell,' said Sunni.

'Call the woman,' ordered His Highness.

She was in the crowd in the courtyard, waiting to see her old master pass again. She came in bent and shaking, with her head-covering over her face. She threw herself at Colonel Starr's feet, and kissed them.

'Captan Sahib!' she quavered, 'Captan Sahib! *Mirbani do!*'<sup>1</sup>

There was absolute silence in the audience hall. A parrakeet flashed

<sup>1</sup> 'Give mercy.'