

THIRTEEN MEN

later. You speak English well; where did you learn that?"

"At Harrow-on-the-Hill—I mean over in England, your Excellency."

Again the upper lid of the vice-regal eye stumbled and fell down, completely curtaining the steel-gray of the eye. There could be no doubt about it this time; Eden-Powell knew a wink when he saw it—that is, when he saw it the second time. What it meant he didn't know, but a wink always telegraphs the information, "Go slow."

The viceroy turned to Baboo Chunder Dey. "What makes you think this is *Sheitan*?" he asked.

From the mass of voluble information the baboo poured out he gleaned that it was chiefly the personal appearance of the fakir that inspired the baboo with his belief. Also Sunda had declared that he had reincarnated himself several times in his presence.

"I don't blame the baboo," hazarded Lord Dick; "this chap certainly looks more like the devil than anything I ever saw."

"He's a bad one, your lordship," chipped in "914." "He puts on as much stoile as an evictin' landlord."

Now Lord Dick was an Irish landlord him-