

## THIRTEEN MEN

that he was the police nabob. At this the baboo smiled solemnly and said:

"Eden-Powell, the police nabob, is dead. He drowned himself in the river, and they have found his body. I am a 'B. A.' and have read these things in the publications."

"Who the deuce am I, then?" asked the prisoner.

"You are the Evil One," answered the baboo, blinking his cow eyes at Powell.

Powell tried to remove the beard, but it was like a fresco that had been set in mortar. The skin he might pull off, but there was no severing the hair from it. His disguise had been a most emphatic success.

Many natives heard of the capture of the Evil One, and came and stared with charming unconventionality at Powell, and passed complimentary remarks. The nabob was a good linguist, and these remarks revealed themselves to him in all the beauty of the native vernacular. The trend of most of the criticisms on his personal appearance was that he was not even a respectable-looking *Sheitan*—did not come up to their conception of that awful incarnation.

Then the baboo sat down and wrote a letter to the "Powers" in Calcutta anent his captive. He knew enough of official life to realize that