

my memory. Later in the night I discovered that it did not mean my house at all.

It was a long drive from Ballypore, and the dinner had been one of much full-bodied mullagatawny and cheerful-spirited Monopole; all tending to make one sleep, even in a gharry with an action like a twin-screw torpedo boat. I slept.

I was awakened by somebody tugging at my sleeve; and a voice was calling plaintively: "Sahib, sahib!"

"What is it?" I asked dreamily, for the air seemed rich with the music of an Indian Mutiny.

The next second I was awake; the gharry had stopped; there was surely a battle on. The atmosphere was full of flying missiles and the language of questionable moral tone. Brickbats and Hindustani descended parabolically, jostling each other in their eager flight, from the flat roof of one of the adjoining buildings, while in the street a small man was busily engaged in returning the ammunition, and swearing comprehensive British oaths.

It was a battle to shun; but the street was narrow, and we had to wait until hostilities ceased, or run the gauntlet of the cannonade.

As I cautiously reconnoitred from the door of the gharry, the aggressive figure in the street dropped in a crumpled heap, struck by one of the carelessly wandering brickbats. Notwithstanding his language I could not leave an Englishman there to be murdered, so quickly hauled him into the vehicle.

The enemy fired upon the ambulance; they were savage. An eighth-of-a-brick cannoned from my shoulder-blade and smashed a blind in the carriage.

Safely in the gharry, the horse, urged by the red hailstones, fled through the bombardment, and we were soon in a purer atmosphere.

The fresh air revived my warlike find, who was no more than partially stunned. He announced his recovery by punching me on the chin with his tiny fist.

"Stop that—you little ass!" I said.

He stared at me in astonishment. The gharry was dark, but I could feel him stare, for there was a long-drawn pause with no fighting remarks. Although I was not a betting man, athletics were rather in my line, so it was not worth while getting angry with the featherweight in front of me. I could hear him swearing softly to himself, and I was being characterized as a "rum chap."

Then he assured me confidentially that he was under seven stuns; he added that his name was Griffith—"Griff, you know;" and drove emphatically at my eye lest I should forget.

Talking excited him—not a difficult task—and he commenced prowling around over my feet and knees. When I squeezed him somewhat, making him sit down, he waxed indignant; for he, Griffith, had been with Lord Dick for three years, and it irked him to be sat on by a butcher of a cross-country rider.

Evidently his imagination had been contaminated by sporting companions, and he took me for a steeplechase jockey.

Having been rescued by me had given him a sort of claim upon my attention, but still I felt a desire to get rid of him as speedily as I might. His encounter with the brickbat and some previous whiskey had rather muddled him as to localities; it seemed impossible to pin him down to any house or street of which he knew anything. I groaned inwardly; I should have to take him to my own quarters.

"You're no good at the game," he said to me groggily.

"Where do you live?" I asked. This seemed to me the more important question.

"Where do I live?" I live with the Count—sleep with him." Evidently the brickbat had affected his mind.

"Count who?" I asked.

"Count who?" Count your grandmother! What are you givin' us? Who do you s'pose he is—hic—the Count of Calcutta?"

I admitted I had not formed any opinion on the matter.