

THE STORY OF SONNY SAHIB

lieved. A cry went up from the other Chitans. Moti clapped his hands together, Maun Rao caught the boy up and kissed him.

"Then," said the Maharajah slowly, "I love you still, Sunni, and you shall 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.