

THIRTEEN MEN

In under the pink-yellow stucco gate, lion-topped, "914" passed with his prisoner, and up the steps that led to the imposing guardian in crimson and yellow who held possession of Government House door; "914" stated his orders; the crimson-gold native disappeared, returned, and said, "Lord Sec'tary Sahib sends salams."

They passed in, Chunder Dey with them, and, after a wait of twenty minutes in a hall, were ushered into the presence of the viceroy.

Eden-Powell started impetuously forward when he saw the viceroy and Lord Dick, the secretary, sitting there. The powerful hand of "914" brought him back with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck. "Kape still, ye h'athen," he hissed in his ear. "Salam the Lord Sahib."

Chunder Dey salamed obsequiously and addressed the viceroy. "Your Excellency, this is the maker of all evil, *Sheitan*."

"Bring him closer," replied the viceroy.

It was like a nightmare to Eden-Powell. If he gave his name or were recognized the farcical absurdity of the thing would be sufficient to cost him his place, he felt sure. If he didn't he might be sent to jail as a troublesome fakir. It was a terrible situation; as bad as a mutiny.