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THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny

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CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

Then the budgerow struck a submerged rock with a violence that must have pitched him overboard were he not holding Nejdi's headstall at the moment. She careened so badly that the girls shrieked and Malcolm himself thought she would turn turtle. But she swung clear, righted herself, and lay broadside on to the current. Another crash, less violent but even more disastrous, tore away the rudder and wrenched the spar pulley out of the top of the mast. The heavy sail fell of course, but by some miracle left the occupants of the boat uninjured.

And now the maimed craft was carried along sluggishly, drifting back towards the center of the river, while the men in the other boats set up a fiendish yell of delight at the catastrophe that had overtaken the doomed Feringhis. Their skilled boatmen evidently knew of this reef. They stood away towards the shore, but the triumphant jeering that came from the crowded decks showed that they meant to pass their dismantled quarry and wait in safer waters until it lumbered down upon them.

Malcolm suddenly became aware of his wounded arm. With a curious fatalism he began to dissect his emotions. He arrived at the conclusion that the drop from the nervous tension of hope to the relaxation of sheer despair had dulled his brain and weakened his physical powers. This, then, was the end. There could be no doubt about it. He quieted the startled horses with a word or two and spoke to the girls again.

"You may as well come on deck now," he said. "It is all up with us. If a friendly bullet puts us out of our misery, so much the better. Otherwise my advice to you both is to leap into the river rather than be recaptured."

Grace was sobbing hysterically, but Harriet, clasping her fondly in her arms, looked up to him.

"No," she said, "we must not do that. Our lives are not our own. The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Frank winced in his anguish. To a puissant man there is nothing so galling as helplessness; what a game of battledore and shuttlecock had been played with him and those bound up with his fortunes since the moulvie's man-trap brought him headlong to the earth in the main street of Rai Bareilly!

"Huzoor!" yelled Chumru, excitedly. "Look! There below! A smoke ship! And see! Those sons of pigs are making for the bank!"

Malcolm could scarcely believe his eyes when they rested on a small steamer with the British flag flying from the masthead, coming round the bend. Yet there could be no mistake about it. British officers in white uniforms were standing on her bridge, the muzzles of a couple of guns showed black and business-like over her bows, while her forward deck was packed with men in the uniform of the Madras Fusiliers. Her commander seemed to take in the exact position of affairs at a glance, and, indeed, the half-wrecked and almost empty boat in midstream, so eagerly followed by two thickly crowded craft now close hauled and putting forth desperate efforts to reach the bank, presented a riddle easy to read.

That twinge of pain quitted Frank's arm as speedily as it had made its presence felt. He helped the girls to the raised deck, so that the people on the steamer could see them. It was not necessary. An officer waved a hand to them as the sturdy little vessel dashed past, raising a mighty spume of white froth with her paddles, and soon her guns were busy. There was no question of quarter. Captain Spurgin had been with Neill at Allahabad. He knew the story of Massacre Ghat, of Delhi, of Sitapur, Morfadabad, Bareilly, and a score of other stations in Oudh and the Northwest. His gunners pelted the unwieldy budgerows with round shot until they began to sink. Then he used grape and rifle fire, until five minutes after the Warren Hastings came on the scene, there was nought left of the Fattehpore navy save some shattered wreckage and a few wretches who strove to swim amidst a hail of lead and in a river infested with crocodiles.

When the steamer dropped down stream and picked up the fugitives, Malcolm learnt that Spurgin was co-operating with Renaud. The one cleared the river, the other was hanging men on nearly every tree that lined the Grand Trunk road. And Havelock, nobly aided by Neill, was moving heaven and earth to equip a strong force at Allahabad to avenge Cawnpore and raise the expected seige of Lucknow.

As Malcolm himself brought the earliest news of the investment, he and Chumru were put ashore with a small escort, in order that they might join Major Renaud's column, and hurry to Havelock with his thrilling tidings. Spurgin promised to visit the village on the east bank, release Hossein Beg, and make him a hostage for the ryot's welfare. As for Harriet and Grace Keene, they would be sent south as soon as a carriage could be procured.

The two girls bade Frank farewell with a gratitude which was embarrassing, but Grace, more mercurial than Harriet, ventured to say:

"I suppose you are longing to see Winifred again, Mr. Malcolm?"

"Yes," he replied, well knowing the thought that lay behind the words. "You are her friend, so there is no reason why I should not tell you that she is my promised wife."

"Then you are both to be congratulated," put in the elder sister, "for she is quite the most charming girl we know, and our opinion of you is not likely to be a poor one after today's experiences."

"What? After an hour's acquaintance."

"An hour! There are some hours that are half a lifetime. Good-by, may Heaven guard and watch over you!"

Renaud despatched Lawrence's messenger to the south in a dak-gharry, or post-carriage. Chumru would have taken the servant's usual perch beside the driver, but Malcolm would not hear of it. His faithful attendant was almost worn with fatigue as he himself; master and man shared the comfort of the roomy vehicle; and slept for many hours while it rumbled along the road.

At dawn on the 4th of July they entered Allahabad. But the driver had his orders and did not stop in the city. They passed through a sullen bazaar, and were gazed at by a mob that wore the aspect of a cageful of tigers in which order has just been induced by the liberal use of red-hot irons. The travelers were nodding asleep again when the sharp summons of a British sentry gladdened Malcolm's ears.

"Who goes there?"

How alert it sounded! How reminiscent of the old days! How full of promise of the days that were to come!

He leaned out and smiled as he told a stolid private of the 64th that he was "a friend." His uniform acted as a passport, the dak-gharry crossed the draw-bridge and crept through a narrow tunnel, and he found himself standing in the great inner parade-ground of the fort. A young officer approached.

"Do you wish to see the General? Whom shall I report?" he asked, eyeing the worn appearance and torn and blood-stained uniforms of Englishman and native.

"I am from Lucknow," said Frank. "Will you kindly tell General Havelock that Captain Malcolm of the 3d Cavalry has brought him a message from Sir Henry Lawrence?"

It was the first time he had described himself by his new rank. It sent a pleasant tingle through his veins and made that injured arm of his ache again. Lawrence had given him to the 4th, and here he was in Allahabad on the very date of his Chief's reckoning, after having gone through adventures that would have eatiated Ulysses.

But the pardonable pride of a young and gallant soldier soon yielded an inexplicable sensation of humility when he was brought before a small, slender, erect man, gray-haired, eagle-nosed, with strangely bright and piercing eyes, and a mouth habitually set in a thin straight line. This was Sir Henry Havelock, and Frank felt instantly that he was in the presence of one who lived in a world apart from his fellows. And, in truth, Havelock would have been better understood by Cromwell's Ironsides than by his own generation. He was outside the ordinary run of mankind. Though aware of a natural timidity, he fought with and conquered it until his soldiers refused to believe that Havelock knew what fear was. Conscious of his own military genius he had borne without comment or complaint a constant supersession by inferiors, and in an age when levity of thought and manners among officers was often looked upon as the hall-mark of distinguished social position, he lost no opportunity of giving his men religious instruction, while every act of his life was governed by a stern sense of duty.

Such was the man who listened to Malcolm's account of the proceedings which led up to the disastrous battle of Chinhut.

"You say you rode straight from the field on the evening of the 30th," said he, when Frank had delivered his message of Lucknow's plight. "How did you travel, and in what state did you find the country you traversed?"

Then Frank told him all that had taken place. More than once the young officer would have cut short the recital, but this Havelock would not permit. His son was present, that younger Havelock who lived for forty years to keep ever in the public memory a glorious name, and often the father would turn towards him and punctuate Malcolm's tale with a nod, or a brief, "Do you hear that, Harry?"

At last, the stirring chronicle was ended.

"Do you wish to remain here and recuperate, or will you join my staff, with the rank of Major?" asked Havelock.

Malcolm was hardly able to stammer his acceptance of the appointment thus offered, but the General had no time for useless talk.

"About this servant of yours—he seems to have the making of a soldier in him—will he care to retain the rank he has assumed so creditably?" he went on.

Frank rather lost his breath at this suggestion, but he had the presence of mind to refer the decision to Chumru himself.

"Kubbi nahin, general-sahib," was the Mohammedan's emphatic disclaimer of the honor proposed to be conferred on him. "I am a good bearer, huzoor, but I should prove a very bad rissaldar. I am not of a fighting caste. I am a man of peace."

"I think you are mistaken," said Havelock, quietly, "but by all means continue to serve your master. I am sure he is worthy of your devotion. And now, Major Malcolm, if you will report yourself to General Neill, he will provide you with quarters and plenty of work."

CHAPTER XIII

The Men Who Wore Skirts

That was what the rebels called the 78th,—"the men who wore skirts."

Now, Highland regiments had fought in India for many a year before the Mutiny, and the kilt was no new thing in native eyes. The phrase, therefore, is significant. It crystallizes the legend that went round—that an army of savage English was marching from Allahabad, and that its most ferocious corps was dressed in skirts, the men having sworn never to assume male clothing until they had avenged their murdered women-folk.

There could be no better proof that the sepoys and their helpers were well aware that they had outraged all the laws of war and humanity by their excesses, and there was a further reason why the garb of old Gaul was more dreaded throughout India than any other British uniform during the autumn and cold weather of 1857. Not many Europeans knew it until long afterwards, but the natives knew, and told the story with bated breath, and one British officer knew, for he was with the Seaforth Highlanders in Cawnpore when they took dire vengeance for the Well.

It is a matter of history how Havelock marched his little army of twelve hundred men along the Grand Trunk Road from Allahabad. He led a thousand British soldiers, drawn from the 64th, 84th, and 78th Foot, and the 1st Madras Fusiliers. Captain Brasyer brought 130 loyal Sikhs to the column: there were six small guns, and eighteen volunteer cavalry.

These details should be appreciated before it is possible to understand the supra-miraculous campaign Havelock conducted. For five days the expedition tramped north in the rain and heat, through a land given over to dead men, vultures and carnivorous animals. Renaud and Spurgin had made no prisoners. They did not slay wantonly, but the slightest shadow of suspicion falling on any man meant the short shrift of a rope and the nearest tree.

At last, on the 12th of August, the main body overtook Renaud, whose patrols were stopped by a large force of rebels entrenched in a village four miles south of Fattehpore. The junction took place at one o'clock in the morning. At daybreak, Havelock sent Colonel Tytler, with the eighteen volunteer horse, to reconnoiter. The enemy's cavalry, thinking they had only Renaud's tiny detachment to deal with, charged across the plain, to find the whole twelve hundred drawn up to receive them. Struck with a sudden fear, the white-coated troopers reined in their horses. This was the first real check Nana Sahib had received. It was typical of the new order. The flood-tide of mutiny had met its barrier rock. Thenceforth, it ebbed, though it raged madly for a while in the effort to sweep away the obstruction.

Without giving the enemy's cavalry time to recover from their surprise, Havelock threw forward his infantry, Captain Maude, of the Royal Artillery, rushed his six guns to a point-blank range, there was a short and sharp fight, and the rebels broke. They were chased through and out of the town of Fettehpore. All their guns and some valuable stores were captured, and, greatest marvel in a day of marvels, not one British soldier had fallen!

No wonder Havelock wrote to his wife: "One of the prayers oft repeated since my school-days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action. . . . But away with vain glory! Thanks be to God who gave me the victory."

That evening Malcolm witnessed the plundering of Fattehpore, which was permitted in retribution for its recent rebellion. The town lay on the main road, which, at this point, was removed from the river by many miles, else he would have ridden to the ghat and sent a message to Hossein Beg in order to make sure of the safety of the friendly ryot.

Owing to his knowledge of the vernacular, he managed to pick up a bit of useful information while questioning a native on this matter. On the battle-field he came across a state elephant which had been shot through the body by one of Maude's nine-pounders. The manner of the beaste death was remarkable—it is not often that an elephant is bowled over by a cannon ball like a rabbit by a bullet from a small caliber rifle—and its trappings betokened that it had carried a person of importance.

Now he learned that Tantia Topi was the rider, and it was thus he discovered that Nana Sahib was directing the operations from Cawnpore, as Tantia Topi was his favorite lieutenant, whereas it was believed previously that the Brahmin usurper would lead his hosts to take part in the siege of Lucknow.

On the 15th a sharp fight gave the British possession of the village of Aong. The position was dearly won, for the gallant Renaud fell there, mortally wounded. The men were about to prepare their breakfast after the battle when news came that the enemy, strongly reinforced from Cawnpore, were preparing to blow up a bridge over the Pandoo Nuddee, an unfordable tributary of the Ganges, six miles ahead. Havelock called for a special effort, the troops responded without a murmur, and advanced through dense groves of mango trees until they came under fire. For the second time that day they hurled themselves on the rebels, drove them headlong out of a well-chosen position, and saved the bridge.

Cawnpore was now only twenty-three miles distant. With the fickleness of the rainy season the sky had cleared, and the sun beat down on the British force with a fury that had not been experienced before that year, though the hot weather of 1857 was noted for its exceedingly high temperatures. The elements seemed to have joined with man to try and stop the advance, but neither Indian sun nor Indian sepoy could restrain that terrible host. Dogged and uncomplaining, animated rather by the feelings of the infuriated tigress seeking reprisals for her slain cubs than by the sentiments of soldiers engaged in an ordinary campaign, they pressed on, until sixteen miles of that sun-scorched road were covered.

Then Havelock commanded a halt in a grove of trees, and two level-headed sepoys, deserters from Nana Sahib's army, came in and told the British general that the Nana had brought five thousand men out of Cawnpore to do battle for his tottering dynasty. It was in vain. Though he displayed some tactical skill, placed his men well, and did not hesitate to come under fire in person, he was out-generaled by a flank march and sent flying to Bithoor, there to curse his fate, befuddle his wits with brandy, and threaten to drown himself in the Ganges.

But the battle was not won until one of those strange incidents that distinguish the Mutiny from all other wars. It must never be forgotten that the sepoys had received their training from British officers. Their words of command, methods of fighting, even their uniforms, were based on European models.

They had regimental bands, too, and the tunes in their repertoire were those in vogue in Britain, for native music does not lend itself to military purposes. The musicians, of course, were profoundly ignorant of the names or significance of the melodies they had been taught to play.

Hence, when Nana Sahib rallied his men in a village, Havelock called on the Highlandrrs and 64th to take it, and the two regiments entered into a gallant race for the position, while the Highland pipers struck up an inspiring pibroch. Not to be outdone, a sepoy band responded with "The Campbells are Coming!"

And this, of all airs, to the Mackenzies! It was chance, of course, but it added gall to the venom of the 78th.

This fourth and greatest victory was a costly one to the British, but it left their ardor undiminished, their reckless courage intensified On the next day they flung themselves against the remnant of the Nana's army that still tried to bar the way into the city. Vague rumors had reached the men of the dreadful tragedy enacted on the 15th. They refused to credit them. None but maniacs would murder helpless women and children in the belief that the crime would hinder the advance of their rescuers. So they crushed, tore, beat a path through the suburbs, until the leading company of Highlanders reached the Bibigarh, the House of the Woman.

Malcolm was with them, and he saw a sergeant enter the blood-stained dwelling, while the men lined up in front of the Well in an awed silence. The sergeant returned. His brick-red face had paled to an ashen tint. In his hands he carried the long, rich strands of a woman's hair, strands that had been hacked off some unhappy Englishwoman's head by Nana Sahib's butchers.

He removed his bonnet with the solemnity of a man who is in the presence of God and death. Passing down the ranks he gave a lock of the hair to each soldier.

"One life for every hair before the sun sets," he said quietly. And that was all, but there are old men yet alive in Cawnpore who remember how the Highlanders raged through the streets that evening like the wrath of Heaven.

General Neill, who came later and assumed the role of magistrate, showed neither pity nor mercy. Every man who fell into his hands, and who was connected in the slightest degree with the infamy of the Well, was hanged on a gallows in the compound, but not until he had cleaned with his tongue the allotted square of blood-stained cement that formed the floor of the house.

Cawnpore, on the 17th, was indeed a city of dreadful night. The fierce exultation of successful warfare was gone. The streets were empty save for prowling dogs, pigs, and venturesome wild beasts. No sound was heard in the British encampment except the melancholy plaint of the pipes mourning for the dead, during the interment of those who had fallen. Even the unconquerable Havelock said to his son, as they and the officers of the staff sat at dinner:

"If the worst comes to the worst we can but die with our swords in our hands."

Next morning his splendid vitality reasserted itself. He advanced towards Bithoor and took up a strong position in case Nana Sahib might attempt to recover the city. But that arch-fiend had been deserted by the majority of his followers, and he was babbling of suicide to his fellow Brahmins.

Meanwhile Neill brought a few more troops from Allahabad, and Havelock threw the greater portion of his army across the Ganges. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining boats and skilled boatmen, this was a slow and dangerous undertaking. It took five days to ferry nine hundred men to the Oudh side, but Lawrence had said that the Residency could only hold out fourteen days, and come what might the effort must be made to relieve him.

On the 20th while Malcolm was occupied with some detoils of transport, Chumru came to him. The bearer was no longer "Ali Khan," the swashbuckler, but a white-robed domestic, though no change of attire could rob him of the truculent aspect that was the gift of nature.

Beside Chumru stood another Mohammedan, an elderly man, who straightened himself under the sahib's eye and brought up his right hand in a smart salute.

"Huzoor," said Chumru, "this is Ungud, Kumpani pinsin (a pensioner of the Company), and he would have speech with the Presence."

"Speak, then, and quickly, for I have occupation," said Malcolm. But he listened carefully enough to Ungud's words, for the man cooly proposed to work his way to Lucknow and carry any message to Lawrence that the General-sahib entrusted to him.

It was a desperate thing to suggest. The absence of native spies from either Cawnpore or Lucknow proved that the rebels killed, and probably tortured all who attempted to run the gauntlet of their investing lines. Yet Ungud was firm in his offer, so Malcolm brought him to Havelock and the general at once wrote and gave him a letter to Lawrence, the news of the great Commissioner's death not having reached the relieving force.

Frank seized the opportunity to write a few lines to Winifred. He was charged with the care of Ungud as far as the nearest river ghat, and he scribbled the following as he rode thither:—

British Field Force,
Cawnpore, July 20th, 1857.

My Dearest Winifred:—

If this note is safely delivered, you will know that Sir Henry Havelock, at the head of a strong force, is on his way to relieve Lucknow. I am with him, as major on the staff.

I reached Allahabad on the 4th, thanks wholly to your loving thought in sending Chumru after me, for I was a prisoner in the hands of a fanatical moulvie when Chumru came to my assistance. He saved my life there, and his quick-witted devotion was shown in many other instances during a most exciting journey. My thoughts are always with you, dear one, and I offer many a prayer to the Most High that you may retain your health and spirits amid the horrors that surround you. Be confident, dear heart, and bid your uncle tell his comrades of the garrison that we mean to cut our way to your rescue through all opposition.

The bearer will endeavor to return with a reply to the general. Perhaps you may be able to send a line with him. In any event, I trust he will see you, and that will bring joy to my soul when I hear of it. Ever your devoted

FRANK.

By Havelock's order, a light, swift boat was placed at Ungud's disposal, and Malcolm supplied him with plenty of money for horses and bribes on the road, while, in the event of success, he would be liberally rewarded afterwards.

Now it chanced that on the 20th, about the very hour Ungud set out on his daring mission, the Moulvie of Fyzabad managed to goad his co-religionists into a determined assault on the Residency.

At ten o'clock in the morning the bombardment suddenly ceased. The garrison sentries noted an unusual gathering of the enemy's forces in the streets and open spaces that confronted the Bailey Guard and the other main posts on the city side.

They gave the alarm and every man rushed to the walls. Even the sick and wounded left their beds. Men with the fire of fever in their eyes, men with bandaged limbs and scarce able to crawl, asked for muskets and lined up alongside their yet unscathed comrades.

They waited in grim silence, those warworn soldiers of the Queen. The signal for a furious struggle was given in dramatic fashion. A mine exploded, a large section of the defending wall crumbled into ruins, a hundred guns belched forth a perfect hail of round shot, sharpshooters stationed in the neighboring houses fired their muskets as rapidly as they could lift them from piles of loaded weapons at their command, and, under cover of this fusillade, some three thousand rebels advanced to the attack.

They came on with magnificent courage. They actually succeeded in planting scaling-ladders across the breach, and their leader, a fierce-looking cavalry rissaldar, leaped into the ditch and stood there, right in front of the Cawnpore battery, waving a green standard to encourage his followers.

He was shot by a man of the 32d, and his body formed the lowermost layer of a causeway of corpses that soon choked the ditch. But the concentrated fire of the defenders checked this most audacious of the many assaults delivered during four hours' fighting. At two o'clock the attack slackened and died away. The rebels had lost some hundreds, while the British had only four men killed and twelve wounded.

There was much jubilation among the garrison at this outcome of the long-expected and dreaded attack. It added to their spirit of self-reliance, and it cast down the hopes of the mutineers to a corresponding degree; because their moral inferiority was proved beyond dispute. Like all Asiatics, they had not dared to press on in the face of death. With one whole-hearted rush those three thousand fighters could have swarmed into the Residency against all the efforts of the few Europeans and natives who resisted them. But that rush was never made by the assailants as a mass. Not once in the history of the Mutiny did the sepoys adopt the "do or die" method that characterized the British troops in nearly every action of the campaign.

When the moon rose on the night of the 21st a sharp-eyed sentry saw a man creeping across the broken ground in front of the Bailey Guard. He raised his rifle, but his orders were to challenge any one who approached thus secretly, lest, perchance, a messenger from some relieving force might be slain by error.

"Who goes there?" he cried.

"A friend," was the answer, but the rest of the stranger's words showed that he was a native.

The sentry was no linguist.

"You baito* where you are," he commanded, bidding a comrade summon an officer, "or somebody who can talk the lingo."

Within a minute the newcomer was admitted. It was Ungud, who had run the gauntlet of the enemy's pickets and who now triumphantly produced Havelock's letter to "Larrence-sahib Bahadur." Alas, Henry Lawrence was dead, but Brigadier Inglis, who succeeded him in the command, now learnt that Havelock had defeated Nana Sahib, occupied Cawnpore, and was advancing to the relief of Lucknow.

How the great news buzzed through the Residency! How men grasped each other's hands in glee and exultation and sought leave to take the joyful tidings to the hospital and the women's quarters!

Mayne aroused Winifred to tell her.

"Perhaps Malcolm was able to get through to Allahabad," he said. "When you come to think of the difficulties in the way of our troops—this man says they have fought three if not four pitched battles between Fattehpore and Cawnpore—we have been unreasonable in looking for help so soon."

"Mr. Malcolm would surely succeed if it were possible. He understands the native character so well and is so proficient in their language, that he was the best man who could be chosen for such a task."

And that was all that Winifred would say about "Mr. Malcolm," who would have been the most miserable and the most astonished person in India that night had he known how bitter was the girl's heart against him.

Though Winifred was not to blame, for the necklace and the pass offered strong evidence of double-dealing on her lover's part, her unjust suspicions were doomed to receive a severe shock.

In the morning she heard that Captain Fulton wished to see her. She left her quarters by a covered way and waited outside the Begum Kotee until a soldier found Fulton.

He came, bringing with him a native.

"This is the man who arrived from Cawnpore last night, Miss Mayne," he said. "He has a letter for you, but he refuses to deliver it to any one but yourself. I fancy," added the gallant engineer officer with a smile, "that the sender impressed on him the importance of its reaching the right hands."

Winifred caught a glimpse of Frank's handwriting. Her face grew scarlet. For one delightful instant she forgot the harsh thoughts she had harbored against him. Then the scourge of memory tortured her. Fulton's kindly assumption that Malcolm was her fiance must be dispelled and she bit her lower lip in vexation at the telltale rush of color that had mantled her cheeks when Ungud discharged his trust and gave her the letter.

"It is from Captain Malcolm," she said coldly. "I suppose he wishes his personal belongings to be safeguarded. I am surprised he did not write to my uncle rather than to me."

Fulton was surprised, but he laughed lightly.

"Every one to his taste," he said; "but from what little I have seen of Malcolm I should wager that nine out of ten letters addressed to the Mayne family would be intended for you, Miss Winifred. By the way, a word in your ear. General Inglis hopes to persuade our friend here to try his luck on a return journey tonight. Perhaps you may have a note to send on your own account. No one else must know. This is a special favor, conferred because Malcolm himself procured Ungud's services, but we cannot ask the man to act as general postman. Good-by."

He hurried away. Winifred, after the manner of woman, fingered the unopened letter.

"Kuch joab hai, miss-sahib?" asked Ungud.

"There is no answer—yet. I will give you one later."

The girl's Hindustani went far enough to enable her to frame the reply intelligibly. Ungud salaamed and left her, probably contrasting in his own mind the lady's frigidity with the fervid instructions given him by the officer-sahib.

Then Winifred went to her own room and opened her letter, and her woman's heart gleaned the truth from its candor. Of course she cried. What girl wouldn't? But she smiled through her tears and read the nice bits over and over again. Not for twenty necklaces and a whole file of hieroglyphic passes would she doubt Frank any more.

The reference to Chumru puzzled her and that was a gratifying thing in itself, for if Frank could be mistaken about her share in Chumru's departure from Lucknow, why should not she be wrong in her interpretation of the mysterious presence of the necklace?

When her uncle came she wept again, being hysterical with the sheer joy of watching his face while he perused Frank's note.

A man's bewilderment finds different expression to a woman's. A man trusts his brain, a woman her heart.

"If there is one thing absolutely clear in this letter it is that Frank knows nothing whatever about the pearls you produced from his turban," said Mr. Mayne, with a frown of a judge who is dealing with a knotty point in equity.

"There are several things—quite clear in it—to me," fluttered Winifred.

"Ah, hum, yes. But I mean that it is ridiculous to suppose he would knowingly leave such a valuable article exposed to the chances and changes of barrack-room life in a siege. Whatever motive he may have had in concealing the necklace earlier he would surely have said something about it now, given some hint as to its value, asked you to take care of his baggage or something of the sort."

"In my heart of hearts I always felt that we were misjudging Frank," said she.

Mayne's eyebrows lifted a trifle, but he passed no comment.

"By the way," he said, "where is the necklace?"

"Here," she said, pulling a box out of a cupboard. The string of pearls was coiled up in the midst of the roll of soiled muslin and the badge was pinned to one of the folds.

"That is a very unsafe place," said Mayne. "If I were you I would wear it beneath your bodice."

"Would you really?"

"Yes. I can think of no other explanation of the mystery now than that Frank meant to surprise you with it. You may be sure he obtained it honorably, so you will only be meeting his wishes by wearing it. At any rate it will be safer in your possession than in that cupboard.

"Perhaps you are right," said she. And while she clasped the diamond-studded brooch in front of her white throat she glanced round the room for a mirror.

Her uncle smiled. He was glad that this little cloud had lifted off Winifred's sky. The sufferings and positive dangers of the siege were bad enough already without being added to by a private grief.

He stooped to pick up the turban and his eye fell on the regimental device of the metal badge.

"This is not an officer's head-dress," he cried. "And Malcolm belongs to the 3d Cavalry, whereas this badge was worn by a trooper in the 2nd."

Winifred, who was turning her neck and shoulders this way and that to get different angles of light, stopped admiring herself and ran to his side.

"That is the turban Frank wore during our ride from Cawnpore," she whispered breathlessly.

"It may be. But don't you remember that he was bareheaded when we met him in Nana Sahib's garden? I was knocked almost insensible during the fight for the boat so I am not sure what happened during the next few minutes. Nevertheless, I can recall that prior fact beyond cavil. If it were not for the safe-conduct you found at the same time as the pearls, I would incline strongly to the belief that Frank obtained this turban by accident, and is wholly ignorant of its extraordinary contents."

"I must write at once and say how sorry I am that I misjudged him."

"You dear little goose," cried her uncle amusedly, "Frank will begin to wonder then what the judging was about. No. Wait until you meet. Write, by all means, but leave problems for settlement during your first tete-a-tete."

So Ungud carried in his turban a loving and sympathetic note, which Winifred, with no small pride, addressed to "Major Frank Malcolm, Headquarters Staff, British Field Force, Cawnpore," and said inside, among other things, that she hoped this would prove to be the first letter he received with the inscription of his new rank.

Ungud also took confidential details from the Brigadier for Havelock's information, and in three days, being as supple as an eel and cautious as a leopard, he was back again with a reply from the general to the effect that the relieving force would arrive in less than a week.

He brought another missive from Frank, cheery and optimistic in tone and still blithely oblivious of the existence of such baubles as hundred-thousand-dollar necklaces.

And that was all the news that either the garrison or Winifred received for more than a month, when the intrepid Ungud again entered the lines to bring Havelick's ominous advice: "Do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand."

(To be continued.)

* Literally: "Never no general?"

* "Stop."

FOUND LIZARD IN CAKE OF ICE

Lively as Ever After Being Cut Out and Kept in Water a While.

After being frozen for months in a cake of ice, a lizard is now disporting itself in a jar filled with water in the golf club house and is enjoying life again and especially life in the form of flies captured for it by interested spectators.

On Saturday one of the Misses Richardson at the golf club house, in putting a square of ice in place noticed what looked like several long pieces of straws imbedded in it. Closer investigation showed that it was a lizard. The ice was cut away and, having read in The Telegraph a few days ago about a frog which had been a long time frozen in ice and which became sprightly as ever soon after being released, Miss Richardson decided to experiment with the lizard.

She placed it in a jar of water and after a time there were signs of life and before much longer the lizard was moving around as if untroubled over its experience. Several flies were caught and put in the water and the released prisoner showed it had not forgotten the eating habit.

The curiosity aroused much interest and gave rise to much discussion. One gentleman interested his hearers with an experience in hake fishing on the Kennebecassis, telling that he had known of hake being caught through the ice, thrown on the frozen surface and left there until as hard as a board and, on being brought home and placed in water, reviving and swimming about as lively as ever.

BOLD BURGLAR CAUGHT AT JACQUET RIVER

Attempted to Shoot W. R. McMillan Who Found Him Robbing His Store--Finally Overpowered and Taken to Jail.

Campbellton, Sept. 26.—W. R. McMillan, of the firm of McMillan Company, Ltd., Jacquet River, with the aid of an assistant, captured a burglar in the act of rifling his store early this morning. Mr. McMillan was aroused by the sound of the burglar alarm and immediately went to his store to investigate. He had hardly entered when the burglar tried to shoot him with a loaded rifle, which was presented full at his chest. McMillan pushed the weapon, aside and grappled with the intruder, calling for help, as he did so. A young man named McNair responded to his cries an dtogether they tied the ed to his cries and together they tied the they put him on the train and accompanied him to Campbellton, where he was taken in charge by Officers Savery and Fleming. At the police station he gave the name of Arthur Wilson and said his birthplace was Halifax. A revolver with three chambers loaded was taken from him. A feature about the case is the fact that the rifle with which he tried to shoot McMillan was one of a stock of weapons kept in the store and was not loaded previous to the break.

HOW'S THIS FOR A WOODCHOPPING STORY?

Vermonter Cut Down, Chopped Up, Split and Piled Five Cords in a Few Hours.

Windsor, Vt., Sept. 26.—The boast of Maxwell Evarts, a loyal son of Vermont, at a dinner in Washington last winter that the old Green Mountain State possessed a wood chopper who could go out into the woods, cut down, chop up, split and pile five cords of wood between sunrise and sunset, and which he backed up by liberal wagers, was made good in the woods at the north of this town today, when Edward Moot, of Weathersfield, did it in an hour and a half less than the required time, and had an eighth of a cord over in pile and half a cord chopped and split on the ground ready to pile.

Wagers aggregating several thousand dollars were placed on the contestant, it is claimed.

Picture of the Children.

When Mayor Bullock had the children of the supervised playgrounds as his guests at Rockwood Park, they were photographed by Isaac Erb & Son. A copy was sent to David Russell in Montreal, and appeared later in the Montreal Standard. Mr. Russell, who gave the playgrounds committee of the Woman's Council $250 this year, has also had this photograph of the children enlarged and framed, and sent it to Miss Mabel Peters for the committee. It has been placed in Manchester Robertson Allison's window in King street and is greatly admired.

ADDRESS AND GOLD FOR WM. WHITLOCK

Presentation by St. Andrews Citizens to Former Collector of Customs

WAS 42 YEARS IN OFFICE

Spoke Highly of the Manner in Which He Has Carried on the Duties of His Position Through So Many Years--Testimonial a Surprise to Recipient.

St. Andrews, N.B., Sept. 26.—A pleasant event took place last evening at the home of William Whitlock, ex-collector of customs, when a committee of citizens to the number of forty waited upon him and presented to him an address on the occasion of his being retired from office, accompanied with a well filled purse of gold tendered as a slight token of the esteem and affection in which he is held by all his fellow-citizens, and as an evidence of their appreciation of his long and faithful service as a customs official at this port.

The affair was a complete surprise to Mr. Whitlock, but the secret had leaked out among many of his friends, and a large number of ladies took advantage of the occasion to be present and witness the pleasant function and to share with the gentlemen the privilege of doing honor to one who was always deservedly popular with all classes.

After the reading of the address and the presentation of the purse, a few hours were spent in social discussion and the evening was most enjoyable. Mr. Whitlock was quite overcome by the unexpected and substantial compliment thus paid him and expressed his gratitude and appreciation in suitable words. Miss Whitlock and Mrs. and Miss Street, the sisters and niece of Mr. Whitlock, served delicious refreshments before the party dispersed. All who were present will long remember the event as one of the most pleasant that has taken place in town for many years.

The address was:

Mr. William Whitlock, ex-subcollector of customs, St. Andrews, N.B.

Dear Sir,—

The citizens and business men of St. Andrews and many of your warm personal friends whose signatures are appended hereto, having heard of your retirement from your official position as collector of customs at this port, desire in some proper and substantial manner, to give expression to their personal esteem for you, and of their high appreciation of the faithful, impartial, honorable and courteous manner in which you have always discharged the duties of your official position.

It is a source of deep regret to us all that, at your early period in life, your physical strength should have become so impaired as to make further work extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, and it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary for us now to assure you of our deep and most sincere sympathy in your physical affliction. But it is a matter of great satisfaction to us all that the all-powerful Hand that has weakened your physical forces, has preserved to you absolutely intact, your mental faculties which inspires in us the hope and assurance that there will still be much in life for you to enjoy, much in which to be interested, and much for which to be supremely thankful.

Your official connection with the customs service at this port, dating from May 1st, 1866, has continued uninterruptedly for more than forty-two years. Few men under any circumstances have been permitted to enjoy so long a term in the public service, and fewer indeed are they who have for so long a time continued to serve the public with such perfect satisfaction as you have always given to all with whom you have been brought in contact. During your forty-two years of official life, you have done business with many generations of the business men in this town and county, most of whom have long since crossed the great divide, and notwithstanding the fact that the duties of a customs official do not always meet with public sympathy, that voice which uttereth a word of condemnation or disapproval of your business methods has never yet been heard.

Your unfailing courtesy to all classes doing business at your office, your fairness and conscientious dealings in the discharge of your official duties, won for you the respect, the esteem and the gratitude of all, and on the occasion of your retirement from office, we deem it a great privilege to be permitted to convey to you this message of high personal esteem, of love and good will from the citizens of the town in which you have always lived, and whom you have so fairly and faithfully served.

Could men but divine the wishes, the tastes and the desires of their fellow beings we would so gladly have placed in your custody as a substantial evidence of our esteem, for you personally, and of our practical consideration for your future comforts and pleasures, that which would have been most in accord with your tastes and would have given to you the most satisfaction during the years of retirement which you have before you, and which, by the will of an ever kind Providence, we hope and trust may be filled with joy and peace. But we sincerely trust that you will accept at our hands the accompanying purse as a slight token of the esteem in which we hold you, and of our good wishes for your future happiness and comfort.

The address was signed by upwards of 100 prominent citizens.

THREE FINED FOR ILLEGAL HUNTING

Game Warden Dean, of Musquash, returned Friday from Canterbury, York County, where on Thursday before the local magistrate, he prosecuted George Peterson, Arthur Ingram and Frank Syers on a charge of hunting without a license.

In each case a fine of $5 and costs was imposed.

Michael Kelly's Meetings.

The meetings of Michael Kelly in Queen's County under the auspices of the grand lodge I. O. G. T., for the week beginning October 1, are as follows:—

October 1—Hibernia; October 2—Hibernia; October 3—Scotchtown; October 5 and 6—White's Cove; October 7 and 8—Waterboro.