

"914" jabbed him in the ribs again with the end of his baton, and told him to hold his whist. Baboo Dey followed behind in another *gharry*.

Lord Roma had ordered that the fakir be brought straight to Government House, for he had become deeply interested in the affair and wanted to see just why the natives had pitched upon this man as a representative devil.

In under the pink-yellow stucco gate, lion-topped, "914" passed with his prisoner, and up the many 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 salaams."

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. "Salaam the Lord Sahib."

Chunder Dey salaamed obsequiously and addressed the Viceroy. "Your Excellency, this is the maker of all evil, *Sheitan*, that we have captured."

"Bring him closer, officer," 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.

"Does he understand English?" asked the Viceroy.

"Yes, Your Excellency, replied Eden-Powell.

The Viceroy gave a slight start at the sound of the voice. It was most assuredly very English-like. Powell saw the keen gray eyes fixed upon him

with a peculiar intensity of expression. "Your Excellency, this is all a mistake——" began Powell, when "914" interrupted him. "Kape still, ye scut!" he whispered hoarsely; "answer when you're spoken to, and kape your tongue atune your teeth."

"What are you saying, officer?" queried the Viceroy, not hearing plainly.

"He's like a parrot with his English, Your Excellency," replied the constable, saluting.

"What's your name?" the Viceroy asked the fakir.

"I can't give it, Your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell, hesitatingly.

As he spoke the gray eyes again flashed upon Powell like the rays of a fluorescent lamp. Eden-Powell started—surely the right viceregal eye had closed in a subdued wink. He had never heard of a Viceroy winking; it seemed incompatible with the awful dignity of the office, but that right lid had most certainly drooped. Then Lord Roma spoke again. "Well, never mind about your name, we'll get that later on. You speak English very well, where did you learn that?"

"At Harrow-on-the-Hill—I mean in England—Your Excellency."

Again the upper lid of the Viceregal eye stumbled and fell down, completely curtaining the steel gray of the eye. There could be no doubt about it this time; Eden-Powell knew a wink when he saw it—that is, when he saw it the second time. What it meant he didn't know, but a wink always telegraphs the information, "Go slow."

The Viceroy turned to Baboo Chunder Dey: "What makes you think this is *Sheitan*?" he asked.

From the mass of voluble information the Baboo poured out he gleaned that it was chiefly the personal appearance of the fakir that inspired the Baboo with his belief. Also Sunda had declared that he had reincarnated himself several times in his presence.

"I don't blame the Baboo," hazarded Lord Dick: "this chap certainly looks more like the devil than anything I ever saw."