

Powell, and presented himself before Lord Roma with a feeling that at last the gods had sent him fortune.

The august presence of the ruler of all the Indies unnerved him, and his account of the capture of *Sheitan* was a marvellous bit of disjointed imagination. The thing he had captured by the aid of twelve stout henchmen had descended from the clouds to the top of Sunda's *gharry*. Sunda, who always spoke the truth, would bear him out in that, he asserted. That was near to the house of Sen Mullick. Then the thing that was assuredly *Sheitan* had one minute been like a Sahib, and the next like a dog, and finally it was an evil-looking fakir.

Everybody had run away because their livers turned to water in fright; only he, Chunder Dey, had remained, and captured this that was *Sheitan*. No one had helped him, because they were afraid; only the twelve stick men had been of assistance at the time of putting him in the temple which is Ootypara. He had done all this for the good of the Sahibs, and their religion; and if His Excellency would pass an order for his appointment in the Revenue Department it would be well.

Taken all together, it seemed to be enough to interest even the Viceroy. So Lord Roma ordered that a policeman be sent out to bring in this crazy fakir whom Chunder Dey had locked up in the temple. "They may kill the poor devil, you know," he said to Lord Dick, the Secretary.

An order was passed to Police Constable "C 914" to proceed in a *gharry* to Hathabad and bring in the native fakir from the Ootypara Temple.

"C 914" was a red-faced Irishman lately recruited from a sailing ship, and he felt considerably the importance of this his first real constabulary commission.

When Eden-Powell saw the rosy face of "914" at the wicket in his prison door he was overjoyed. "How are you, my man?" he called out blithely.

"No familiarty, ye dahm hath'an,"

responded "914" scornfully. "Say 'Sir' when ye see a Sahib, or ye may get yer fuzzy head cracked, ye black spalpeen."

The Nabob gasped in astonishment. "I'll fix you for this insolence," he said with a fine return to his old pompous self.

"Insolence, ye dirty fakir ye!" exclaimed "914," his Irish dander getting up. "An' ye'll fix me! I've heard that as soon as a naygur in this country learns English he gets cheeky, an' I belave it now."

By this time the constable had the door open, and producing a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket, rushed at the prisoner as though he were going to take a fall out of him in the Græco-Roman style. The new constable wasn't an adept at putting on the bracelets, but he had the strength of a bull, and soon Eden-Powell was securely shackled and considerably shaken up.

"I'll discharge you from the force for this," he said pantingly, as the constable dragged him along toward the *gharry*.

"Oh yes," replied "914" derisively, "you'll do all that, an' sack the Viceroy, too, perhaps, ye English-spakin' begger of a native. Come, get in here, me Circassian beauty," he added, prodding the Nabob in the ribs with his police baton, "An' it'll be better form for you to be talkin' yer own native *bah't* than gallivatin' with broken English."

Eden-Powell was horror-struck. He would rather die than that all this should get out. He felt like exasperating the Irishman until the latter murdered him. Once or twice on the long drive to Calcutta he tried to enter into conversation with his guardian, but the latter, sitting bolt upright, ordered him to shut his bazoo, or talk to the native driver in his own language.

"It drives me fair mad," he said, "to hear you naygurs talkin' English. It was the likes of you that murdered all the women and children in the 'black hole.'"

When the Nabob tried to remonstrate,