POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

COUNSEL AGAIN AT ODDS BEFORE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMMISSION

Further Evidence Heard Friday by Investigators—Examination Interrupted by Much Discussion Between Lawyers—Hearing Adjourned to Meet at Call of the Chairman.

The enquiry into the affairs of the Central railway was continued Friday before the commissioners in the Admiralty court room. At the morning session, Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie was recalled as a witness. In the afternoon George McAvity was on the stand. The commissioners adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman. Owing to other engagements of some of the parties interested, the enquiry was not resumed until 11 o'clock. Hon. Mr. Tweedie was the first witness.

Mr. Pugsley asked the permission of the court to question the witness regarding an item in a newspaper report saying that he had raised a disturbance on finding on his return from Europe in 1902 that certain bonds had been guaranteed in his absence. Witness replied that he had been incorrectly reported. He had said he did not recollect anything of the kind. So far as he knew no bonds had been guaranteed in that period.

Dr. Pugsley read from a copy of the orders-in-council to show that from April, 1902 to September, 1902; no order in council had been passed.

In answer to Dr. Pugsley witness said he remembered that a special audit of the company's accounts had been made in 1904 by Mr. Sharp.

His honor read a decision that the commissioners had reached regarding the point raised by Dr. Pugsley as to the scope of the inquiry. They had decided he said that they would not enter into events prior to 1901 except in such cases where it appeared that matters prior to that date would assist in a thorough enquiry being made.

Mr. Carvell presented to the commission a copy of the statement prepared by Mr. McAvity of the receipts and expenditures during the years 1904 and 1905.

Mr. Powell taking up the examination of the witness asked him regarding the organization meeting of the company on May 10, 1901, at which witness was appointed a committee to look into the purchase of the Central Railway.

Witness said he had made inquiries about the option. Nothing was done that was not regular and by order-in-council.

Mr. Powell—"Sometimes things are done by governments that are not regular."

Witness—"All was regular in this instance."

Mr. Powell—"Well, I will assume so for the present.

Witness—"I think you must."

The option given by Elkin & Evans was produced by Dr. Pugsley and placed in evidence. It was dated August 28, 1901, and the price fixed for the transfer of the road to the N. B. Coal & Ry. Co. was $180,000, to be paid in the following instalments: $15,000 in 2 months; $15,000 in 4 months; $30,000; in 9 months; $30,000 in 15 months and $90,000 in 2 years.

Mr. Barnhill said there was a modification in later agreement as to the time of payments. Mr. Powell said he was aware that there were certain changes.

Witness said the option was obtained in August, 1901. He had inquired into the matter and the searching of the title was left with the crown officers. He was not aware that Elkin & Evans had an option on the $500,000 of mortgage bonds of the company for the sum of $50,000.

Mr. Powell asked if a proper title was secured and witness replied that a proper title had been obtained.

Mr. Powell claimed that such was not the case and Dr. Pugsley replied that there was a proper title and it was on record.

Asked by Mr. Powell if payments had not been made previous to the arrangements for taking the bonds in 1903, the witness replied that the orders-in-council would show whatever payments had been made.

Dr. Pugsley objected to the question and claimed Mr. Powell was misleading the commissioners and making statements that were incorrect.

Dr. Pugsley went on to explain at length how the government had secured a good title to the road and it had been ascertained beyond doubt that all was regular. The payments made had all been regular.

Mr. Powell charged that Mr. Pugsley was making untrue statements.

Judge Landry suggested that Mr. Powell should modify his language.

There was quite a spirited tiff at this point between counsel, Mr. Carvell suggesting that Mr. Powell forget that he was trying to make political capital and get down to the facts.

Mr. Powell said he was pleased to have a man of Mr. Carvell's character make such a suggestion.

Resuming the examination Mr. Tweedie was asked if the first mortgage bonds had been deposited with the trustees.

He replied that that matter had been left with the attorney general, Mr. Pugsley.

Mr. Pugsley—"Were they not deposited with the Royal Trust Company Mr. Powell?"

Mr. Powell—"Your sweet voice just at this time is not as welcome as it sometimes is. (Laughter.) Your accents are ordinarily pleasing to the tympanum of my ear."

Mr. Pugsley—"What part of your ear, Mr. Powell?" (More laughter.)

Mr. Pugsley had to retire at this juncture, owing to another engagement.

Mr. Powell resumed the examination of the witness and Mr. Carvell objected to what he termed Mr. Powell's manner of making statements to get headlines in the newspapers rather than to hold to the questioning of the witness.

Mr. Powell took a report showing that up to September 1, 1904, the work done on the Minto branch amounted to $57,543.34, and asked if it was not true that on the strength of this $12,000 worth of bonds had been issued.

Mr. Tweedie did not think that was correct.

Mr. Carvell said the first portion of that section of the report explained the item.

Mr. Powell—"Let me alone."

Mr. Carvell—"I won't let you alone. You are making statements that are entirely untrue."

Judge Landry—"That is strong language to use, Mr. Carvell."

Mr. Carvell—"No stronger than the facts warrant."

Judge Landry—"I think that the witness can take care of himself."

Mr. Powell (to witness)—"I'm not trying to corner you, Your Honor."

His Honor—"You may corner me, if you can."

Resuming the examination witness said he had discovered the books of the company were in such a mixed up condition he had raised the devil. He had not seen the books showing a record of the transaction with Elkin & Evans.

Mr. Powell questioned the witness about the money paid over to the road by the government as follows: Bonds guaranteed, $250,000; dominion subsidy, $48,000; provincial subsidy, $77,000 and $26,000 paid Rhodes, Curry & Co. for rolling stock.

This had all been paid after the road had been taken over.

Witness said he presumed the statement was correct but he could recall definitely about the items.

To Judge Landry witness said he had never to his knowledge had any transactions with E. G. Evans and he did not know what profit Mr. Evans made out of the sale of the road.

There was a general discussion participated in by the commissioners and the witness regarding some points that were not quite clear.

At the afternoon session, George McAvity was the first witness. Questioned as to the first statement of the company's accounts covering the year from June 1904 to June 1905, he said there was only one item in the statement which would not be in the cash books of the company. This was an item of $2,380.

Asked to explain the entry of $15,000 credited to the Bank of New Brunswick, the witness said it was an amount advanced by the Bank of New Brunswick. Other entries on July 6th and July 22nd, were part of the amount of $52,000, which appeared in the cash book.

The notes were available and would be produced. In August two payments of $5,000 and $2,000 made up the $52,000.

Referring to the payments, Mr. McAvity explained the disbursements. He did not know who conposed the St. John Real Estate and Loan Company. William Pugsley, he said, was president, and A. I. Trueman, secretary. The payment of $5,000 to the company was not entered on the cash book, as it was put in the balance on the bank book. The amount was paid as a renewal of a loan from the company. He did not remember about this particular loan, but he knew that loans had been made at different times. There was no agreement made with the company. He knew nothing as to the incurring of the debt, and paid it just the same as he paid lots of other debts.

Mr. Powell—"You needn't throw in those things."

Mr. Carvell—"Well, I think Mr. Powell is setting a bad example about throwing in things."

The witness said he did not ask for any proof of the debt. He simply drew a check.

Mr. McDougall asked for a voucher to show why the money had been paid.

Mr. Carvell thought the check was sufficent. He thought he could show Mr. Powell was unfair. He had been asking all morning where the $52,000 appeared, and when this had been shown, he sought to throw doubt on the disbursement of the money. "Go on with your questions," said Mr. Carvell with some heat, "and we will show you."

"I have come to a point," said Mr. Powell, "when I can find nothing. I can learn no more than the man on the street."

The charge for office furniture on the statement was $400, and the voucher stated $300. Witness, when asked to explain, said the matter could be straightened out by reference to Mr. Hunter, at the Norton office.

Other items were passed over without comment.

One was paid to J. D. Hazen, representing the creditor and Mr. McAvity said that should be all right.

Mr. McDougall—"Well, it might not be."

Mr. Carvell—"I agree with you."

Lt. Gov. Tweedie entered at this point and presented a paper from the Bank of Nova Scotia, certifying to the payment of a note for $50,000, as given in his evidence previously.

There was a short interval while Hon. Mr. Pugsley conferred with Mr. Powell on some private matters outside the court room.

On resuming there was some talk over the payment of $1,583.71 to the Barnes Construction Company. Witness said the account of the railway company was shown by vouchers.

Mr. Powell thought it was a poor way to do business to pay accounts without any record.

Witness said the railway owed the company for work done, and he paid the bill. The final settlement with the Barnes company was made at Fredericton. Witness had nothing to do with it. He did not know what portion of a payment of $200 to George W. Allen was interest, and what part was for services. There was no voucher to give this information.

Mr. Powell—"What an absurd way of doing business."

Mr. Carvell — "Reserve this lecture, please, go on with your questions."

To Mr. McDougall, witness said the commissioners undertook to pay the bills of the Barnes company because they took over his contract.

The item of $1,905.26 paid to the King Lumber Co. was, he said, an old account.

Attention was called to the item of $6,002 paid to the James Barnes construction company. A letter acknowledging receipt by Mr. Barnes was read.

Witness said his salary was $5,000 a year. It was settled by agreement with the company. The item on Dec. 18, 1904, was a portion of his salary. The road had no income, it was all outgo. The remainder of his salary was paid in April, 1905. In his four years as commissioner he received nearly $10,000.

Mr. Powell asked why the amount of $2,380 entered in the statement as paid to witness did not appear.

Mr. McAvity said there had been some error he could not explain, but that he was satisfied he had received the money from J. M. Robinson & Sons and had spent it, and had later charged the amount against his salary.

The entry on Nov. 20, 1905, recording the payment of $2,500 to witness as salary as commissioner to July 1, 1905, was correct excepting the date July 1. The money came from Fredericton and was sent as his salary for the year from June, 1904 to June 1906. He was entitled to $5,000 a year as commissioner had he wished to draw it. He did not draw more than $2,500 when the road got in better working shape and did not require so much attention.

Mr. Powell pointed out that witness had drawn his year's salary in April when it was not due until June.

Mr. McAvity said he had overdrawn two months ahead.

To Judge Landry witness said there was no agreement as to when his salary should be paid.

Going back to the history of the railway, Mr. McAvity said he did not remember seeing an account showing all advances made by the government to the company. He thought there must have been such an account, as he had asked the receiver-general for it a number of times.

He knew there was an old bill of about $20,000 from Rhodes & Curry existing at the time he became connected with the road. He thought it was paid at Fredericton but was not sure. He had no communication with the dominion government regarding their claim for rails supplied the company. The bill was referred to Fredericton though the commissioners tried to offset it with a double subsidy. He did not remember purchasing any rails after he became president. The construction of spurs and branches was mostly done under the supervision of the commissioners. The railway supplied the rails and the mine owners did the grading.

In March last he said he received notification from Mr. Logan that the company was not complying with the terms of the coal leases.

Mr. Powell read from documents in evidence, a letter dated April, 1905, complaining of neglect to carry out the agreement.

Witness said he did not remember the letter, but if he had received it, the letter was sent to Fredericton.

He had forgotten about his loan to the N. B. Coal and Railway Co. in 1901. He had no knowledge of any option held by Evans & Elkin on the railway.

To Judge Landry the witness said that the company in constructing the spurs had the idea in mind of opening up the mines and not as a move to have the subsidy increased.

The inquiry was then adjourned, to meet at the call of the chairman.

CROWD SMALL BUT THE RACES GOOD

Estill Boy and Idle Moments Win the Money on Moncton Track

Moncton, N. B., Aug. 21.—Track and weather conditions were favorable for good racing on the Moncton speedway this afternoon but only about 300 people were in attendance. Estill Boy, of Springhill stables, proved too speedy for the horses in the 2.17 trot and 2.20 pace while Fred Duncanson's Idle Moments had an easy thing in the 2.27 trot and 2.30 pace after Cowan's new horse, Allie W., had been drawn in the second heat on account of lameness.

The 2.17 trot provided keen racing, several horses being very evenly matched. Although Estill Boy won, Miss Edith, Buchanan and Mabel T. made it interesting for him. In the third heat the Springhill trotter was headed by Buchanan, Miss Edith and Otto Oakes in the order named in the best race of the day.

There were eight starters in this class and six in the 2.27 trot. Allie W. won the first heat in the latter class but struck himself and was so lame he had to be drawn. Idle Moments in the next three heats was never bothered and showed much speed.

In addition to the 2.17 and 2.25 classes tomorrow, the management have provided a big attraction in a match race between Simaesie and Terrace Queen. A special purse has been offered and an effort is to be made to break the track record.

Summary of today's racing:

2.17 Trot, 2.20 Pace.

Estill Boy, Springhill Stables	1	1	4	1
Buchanan, F. Boutilier, Halifax	3	2	1	4
Miss Edith, McCoy Bros., Fredericton	5	3	2	2
Mabel T., Fred Cameron, Charlottetown	2	5	7	3
Otto Oakes, Peter Carroll, Halifax	4	8	3	5
Daisy Wilkes, H. O'Neill, Fredericton	8	7	6	6
Hola, McCay Bros., Fredericton	7	4	8	dr
Axbell, T. Holmes, Fredericton	6	6	5	7

Time—2.22¼, 2.20, 2.19¾, 2.19½.

2.27 Trot, 2.30 Pace.

Idle Moments, F. Duncanson, Fairville	2	1	1	1
Nell Patch, P. Doherty, Sydney	4	2	2	2
Robert C., Dodd, Dwyer, Pictou	6	3	3	3
Mona Barron, McCoy Bros., Fredericton	3	4	4	5
Sylvon Electrite, W. B. Bowness, Summerside	5	5	5	4
Allie W., Springhill Stables	1	dr		

Time—2.22½, 2.24½, 2.21, 2.24¼.

Frank Power was started, and Wm. Wilson, T. W. Bell, timers; G. B. Willett, Dr. McQuaig and A. S. Campbell, judges.

FIRST TO HOLD A TITLE IN SALVATION ARMY

Commissioner Cadman, Who Started System of Army Rank, Coming to St. John.

Commissioner Cadman, of the international staff of the Salvation Army, is now on his way from England to engage in a tour of the maritime provinces and will be in St. John on August 30 and 31. On Monday evening, the second day of his visit, he will deliver his lecture, "My Life and Travels." Commissioner Cadman is said to be an eloquent speaker.

After leaving St. John he will visit other parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. He will be joined at North Sydney by Commissioner Coombs, and will proceed to Newfoundland, where he will attend the annual council and remain till Christmas. After that he will return and finish his tour of the maritime provinces.

Commissioner Cadman is the first officer of the Salvation Army who was called Captain. The story of how it came about is interesting. It was on the eve of the Russo-Turkish war when fears were felt that England would be drawn into the conflict. The commissioner was in Whitby. He had bills printed in a neighboring town, telling, in big lines, the fact that 2,000 men and women were wanted to join the Hallelujah Army, recruits to be taken in by Captain Cadman. The title of "Captain" amongst Christian workers was a novelty in those days. In the first instance it was intended to be nautical rather than military, and to catch the eye of the Whitby fishermen.

These bills, Captain Cadman stuck up with paste and brush during Saturday night, and next day the town awoke to find a sensation. The Town Hall was crowded, and a great revival resulted. The title stuck and when the divisional system was introduced, Capt. Cadman was given the rank of major and assumed command of one of the divisions.

Many years of successful divisional work were followed by the important position of superintendent of the men's side of the social operations in Great Britain, with the special oversight of the Hadleigh Farm Colony. Some years ago he was appointed as an international spiritual special, in which capacity he visited the West Indies, South Africa, Australia, and Ceylon, besides touring the British Isles.

THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," "The King of Diamonds," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER I.

The Meshes of the Net.

On a day in January, 1857, a sepoy was sitting by a well in the cantonment of Dum-Dum, near Calcutta. Though he wore the uniform of John Company, and his rank was the lowest in the native army, he carried on his forehead the caste-marks of the Brahmin. In a word, he was more than noble, being of sacred birth, and the Hindu officers of his regiment, if they were not heaven-born Brahmins, would grovel before him in secret, though he must obey their slightest order on parade or in the field.

To him approached a Lascar.

"Brother," said the newcomer, "lend me your brass pot, so that I may drink, for I have walked far in the sun."

The sepoy started as though a snake had stung him. Lascars, the sailor-men of India, were notoriously free-and-easy in their manners. Yet how came it that even a low-caste mongrel of a Lascar should offer such an overt insult to a Brahmin!

"Do you not know, swine-begotten, that your hog's lips would contaminate my lotah?" asked he, putting the scorn of centuries into the words.

"Contaminate!" grinned the Lascar, neither frightened nor angered. "By holy Ganga, it is your lips that are contaminated, not mine. Are not the Government greasing your cartridges with cow's fat? And can you load your rifle without biting the forbidden thing? Learn more about your own caste, brother, before you talk so proudly to others."

Not a great matter, this squabble between a sepoy and a Lascar, yet it lit such a flame in India that rivers of blood must be shed ere it was quenched. The Brahmin's mind reeled under the shock of the retort. It was true, then, what the agents of the dethroned King of Oudh were saying in the bazaar. The Government were bent on the destruction of Brahminical supremacy. He and his caste-fellows would lose all that made life worth living. But they would exact a bitter price for their fall from high estate.

"Kill!" he murmured in his frenzy, as he rushed away to tell his comrades the lie that made the Indian Mutiny possible. "Slay and spare not! Let us avenge our wrongs so fully that no accursed Feringhi shall dare again to come hither across the Black Water!"

The lie and the message flew through India with the inconceivable speed with which such ill tidings always travels in that country. Ever north went the news that the British Raj was doomed. Hindu fakirs, aglow with religious zeal, Mussalman zealots, as eager for dominance in this world as for a houri-tenanted Paradise in the next, carried the fiery torch of rebellion far and wide. And so the flame spread, and was fanned to red fury, though the eyes of few Englishmen could see it, while native intelligence was aghast at the supineness of their overlords.

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One evening in the month of April, a slim, straight-backed girl stood in the veranda of a bungalow at Meerut. Her slender figure, garbed in white muslin, was framed in a creeper-covered arch. The fierce ardor of an Indian spring had already kissed into life a profusion of red flowers amid the mass of greenery, and, if Winifred Mayne had sought an effective setting for her own fair picture, she could not have found one better fitted to its purpose.

But she was young enough and pretty enough to pay little heed to pose or background. In fact, so much of her smooth brow as could be seen under a broad-brimmed straw hat was wrinkled in a decided frown. Happily, her bright brown eyes had a glint of humor in them, for Winifred's wrath was an evanescent thing, a pallid sprite, rarely seen, and ever ready to be banished by a smile.

"There!" she said, tugging at a refractory glove. "Did you hear it? It actually shrieked as it split. And this is the second pair. I shall never again believe a word Behari Lal says. Wait till I see him. I'll give him such a talking to."

"Then I have it in my heart to envy Behari Lal," said her companion, glancing up at her from the carriage-way that ran by the side of the few steps leading down from the veranda.

"Indeed! May I ask why?" she demanded.

"Because you yield him a privilege you deny to me."

"I was not aware you meant to call today. As it is, I am paying a strictly ceremonial visit. I wish I could speak Hindustani. Now, what would you say to Behari Lal in such a case?"

"I hardly know. When I buy gloves, I buy them of sufficient size. Of course, you have small hands—"

"Thank you. Please don't trouble to explain. And now, as you have been rude to me, I shall not take you to see Mrs. Meredith."

"But that is a kindness."

"Then you shall come, and be miserable."

"For your sake, Miss Mayne, I would face Medusa, let alone the excellent wife of our Commissary-General, but fate, in the shape of such an uncommonly headstrong Arab, forbids. I have just secured a new charger, and he and I have to decide this evening whether I go where he wants to go, or he goes where I want to go. I wheedled him into your compound by sheer trickery. The really definite issue will be settled forthwith on the Grand Trunk Road."

"I hope you are not running any undue risk," said the girl with a sudden note of anxiety in her voice that was sweetest music to Frank Malcolm's ears. For an instant he had a mad impulse to ask if she cared, but he crushed it ruthlessly, and his bantering reply gave no hint of the tumult in his breast. Yet he feared to meet her eyes, and was glad of a saluting sepoy who swaggered jauntily past the open gate.

"I don't expect to be deposited in the dust, if that is what you mean," he said. "But there is a fair chance that instead of carrying me back to Meerut my friend Nejdi will take me to Aligarh. You see, he is an Arab of mettle. If I am too rough with him, it will break his spirit; if too gentle, he will break my neck. He needs the main de fer sous le gant de velours. Please forgive me! I really didn't intend to mention gloves again."

"Oh go away, you and your Arab. You are both horrid. You dine here tomorrow night, my uncle said?"

"Yes, if I don't send you a telegram from Aligarh. I may be brought there, you know, against my will."

Lifting his hat, he walked towards a huge pipal tree in the compound. Beneath its far-flung branches a syce was sitting in front of a finely-proportioned and unusually big Arab horse. Both animal and man seemed to be dozing, but they woke into activity when the sahib approached. The Arab pricked his ears, swished his long and arched tail viciously, and showed the whites of his eyes. A Bedouin of the desert, a true scion of the incomparable breed of Nejd, he was suspicious of civilization, and his new owner was a stranger, as yet.

"Ready for the fray, I see," murmured Malcolm with a smile. He wasted no time over preliminaries. Bidding the syce place his thumbs in the steel rings of the bridle, the young Englishman gathered the reins and a wisp of the gray mane in his left hand. Seizing a favorable moment, when the struggling animal flinched from the touch of a low-lying branch on the off side, he vaulted into the saddle. Chunga, the syce, held on until his master's feet had found the stirrups. Then he was told to let go, and Miss Winifred Mayne, niece of a Commissioner of Oudh, quite the most eligible young lady the Meerut district could produce that year, witnessed a display of cool, resourceful horsemanship as the enraged Arab plunged and curvetted through the main gate.

It left her rather flushed and breathless.

"I like Mr. Malcolm," she confided to herself with a little laugh, "but his manner with women is distinctly brusque! I wonder why!"

The Grand Trunk Road ran to left and right. To the left it led to the bazaar, the cantonment, and the civil lines; to the right, after passing a few houses tenanted by Europeans, it entered the open country on a long stretch of over a thousand miles to Calcutta and the south. In 157 no thoroughfare in the world equaled the Grand Trunk Road. Beginning at Peshawur, in the exterme north of India, it traversed the Punjab for six hundred miles as far as Aligarh. Here it broke into the Calcutta and Bombay branches, each nearly a thousand miles in length. Wide and straight, well made and tree-lined throughout, it supplied the two great arteries of Indian life. Malcolm had selected it as a training-ground that evening, because he meant to weary and subdue his too highly spirited charger. Whether the pace was fast or slow, Nejdi would be compelled to meet many varieties of traffic, from artillery elephants and snarling camels down to the humble bullock-cart of the ryot. Possibly, he would shy at such monstrosities after twenty miles of a lathering ride.

The mad pace set by the Arab when he heard the clatter of his feet on the hard road chimed in with the turbulent mood of his rider. Frank Malcolm was a soldier by choice and instinct. When he joined the Indian army, and became a subaltern in a native cavalry regiment, he determined to devote himself to his profession. He gave his whole thought to it and to nothing else. His interests lay in his work. He regarded every undertaking from the point of view of its influence on his military education, so it may be conceded instantly that the arrival in Meerut of an Oudh Commissioner's pretty niece should not have affected the peace of mind of this budding Napoleon.

But a nice young woman can find joints in the armor of the sternest-souled man. Her attack is all the more deadly if it be unpremeditated, and Frank Malcolm had already reached the self-depreciatory stage wherein a comparatively impecunious subaltern asks himself the sad question whether it is possible for such a one to woo and wed a maid of high degree, or her Anglo-Indian equivalent, an heiress of much prospective wealth and present social importance.

But money and rank are artificial, the mere varnish of life, and the hot breath of reality can soon scorch them out of existence. Events were then shaping themselves in India that were destined to sweep aside convention for many a day. Had the young Englishman but known it, five miles from Meerut his Arab's hoofs threw pebbles over a swarthy moullah, lank and travel-stained, who was hastening toward the Punjab on a dreadful errand. The man turned and cursed him as he passed, and vowed with bitter venom that when the time of reckoning came there would not be a Feringhi left in all the land. Malcolm, however, would have laughed had he heard. Affairs of state did not concern him. His only trouble was that Winifred Mayne stood on a pinnacle far removed from the beaten path of a cavalry subaltern. So, being in a rare fret and fume, he let the gray Arab gallop himself white, and, when the high-mettled Nejdi thought of easing the pace somewhat, he was urged onward with the slight but utterly unprecedented prick of a spur.

That was a degradation not to be borne. The Calcutta Brahmin did not resent the Lascar's taunt more keenly. With a swerve that almost unseated Malcolm, the Arab dashed in front of a bullock-cart, swept between the trees on the west side of the road, leaped a broad ditch, and crashed into a field of millet. Another ditch, another field, breast high with tall castor-oil plants, a frantic race through a grove of mangoes—when Malcolm had to lie flat on Nejdi's neck to avoid being swept off by the low branches—and horse and man dived headlong into deep water.

The splash, far more than the ducking, frightened the horse. Malcolm, in that instant of prior warning which the possessor of steady nerves learns to use so well, disengaged his feet from the stirrups. He was thrown clear, and, when he came to the surface, he saw that the Arab and himself were floundering in a moat. Not the pleasantest of bathing-places anywhere, in India such a sheet of almost stagnant water has excessive peculiarities. Among other items, it breeds fever and harbors snakes, so Malcolm floundered rather than swam to the bank, where he had the negative satisfaction of catching Nejdi's bridle when that disconcerted steed scrambled out after him.

The two were coated with green slime. Being obviously unhurt, they probably had a forlornly comic aspect. At any rate, a woman's musical laugh came from the lofty wall which bounded the moat on the further side, and a woman's clear voice said:

"A bold leap, sahib! Did you mean to scale the fort on horseback? And why not have chosen a spot where the water was cleaner?"

Before he could see the speaker, so smothered was he in dripping moss and weeds, Malcolm knew that some lady of rank had watched his adventure. She used the pure Persian of the court, and her diction was refined. Luckily, he had studied Persian as well as its Indian offshoot, Hindustani, and he understood the words. He pressed back his dank hair, squeezed the water and slime off his face, and looked up.

To his exceeding wonder, his eyes met those of a young Mohammedan woman, a woman richly grabed, and of remarkable appearance. She was unveiled, an amazing fact in itself, and her creamy skin, arched eyebrows, regular features, and raven-black hair proclaimed her aristocratic lineage. She was leaning forward in an embrasure of the battlemented wall. Behind her, two attendants, oval-faced, brown-skinned women of the people, peered shyly at the Englishman. When he glanced their way, they hurriedly adjusted their silk saris, or shawls, so as to hide their faces. Their mistress used no such bashful subtertuge. She leaned somewhat farther through the narrow embrasure, revealing by the action her bejeweled and exquisitely molded arms.

"Perhaps you do not speak my language," she said in Urdu, the tongue most frequently heard in Upper India. "If you will go round to the gate—that way —' and she waved a graceful hand to the left—"my servants will render you some assistance."

By that time, Malcolm had regained his wits. A verse of a poem by Hafiz occurred to him.

"Princess," he said, "the radiance of your presence is as the full moon suddenly illumining the path of a weary traveler, who finds himself on the edge of a morass."

A flash of surprise and pleasure lit the fine eyes of the haughty beauty perched up there on the palace wall.

"'Tis well said," she vowed, smiling with all the rare effect of full red lips and white even teeth. "Nevertheless, this is no time for compliments. You need our help, and it shall be given willingly. Make for the gate, I pray you."

She turned, and gave an order to one of the attendants. With another encouraging smile to Malcolm, she disappeared.

Leading the Arab, who, with the fatalism of his race was quiet as a sheep now that he had found a master, the young officer took the direction pointed out by the lady. Rounding an angle of the wall, he came to a causeway spanned by a small bridge, which was guarded by the machicolated towers of a strong gate. A ponderous door, studded with great bosses of iron fashioned to represent elephants' heads, swung open — half reluctantly it seemed—and he was admitted to a spacious inner courtyard.

The number of armed retainers gathered there was unexpectedly large. He was well acquainted with the Meerut district, yet he had no notion that such a fortress existed within an hour's fast ride of the station. The King of Delhi had a hunting-lodge somewhere in the locality, but he had never seen the place. If this were it, why should it be crammed with soldiers? Above all, why should they eye him with such ill-concealed displeasure? Duty had brought him once to Delhi—it was barely forty miles from Meerut—and the relations between the feeble old King, Bahadur Shah, and the British authorities were then most friendly, while the hangers-on at the Court mixed freely with the Europeans. His quick intelligence caught at the belief that these men resented his presence because he was brought among them by the command of the lady. He knew now that he must have seen and spoken to one of the royal princesses. None others would dare to show herself unveiled to a stranger, and a white man at that. The manifest annoyance of her household was thus easily accounted for, but he marveled at the strength of her body guard.

He was given little time for observation. A distinguished-looking man, evidently with authority, bustled forward and addressed him, civilly enough. Servants came with water and towels, and cleaned his garments sufficiently to make him presentable, while other men groomed his horse. He was wet through, of course, but that was not a serious matter with the thermometer at seventy degrees in the shade, and, despite the ordinance of the Prophet, a glass of excellent red wine was handed to him.

But he saw no more of the Princess. He thought she would hardly dare to receive him openly, and her deputy gave no sign of admitting him to the interior of the palace, which loomed around the square of the courtyard like some great prison.

A chaprassi recovered his hat, which he had left floating in the moat. Nejdi allowed him to mount quietly; the stout door had closed on him, and he was picking his way across the fields towards the Meerut road, before he quite realized how curious were the circumstances which had befallen him since he parted from Winifred Mayne in the porch of her uncle's bungalow.

Then he bent forward in the saddle to stroke Nejdi's curved neck, and laughed cheerfully.

"You are wiser than I, good horse," said he. "When the game is up, you take things placidly. Here am I, your supposed superior in intellect, in danger of being bewitched by a woman's eyes. Whether brown or black, they play the deuce with a man if they shine in a woman's head. So ho, then, boy, let us home and eat, and forget these fairies in muslin and clinging silk."

Yet a month passed, and Frank Malcolm did not succeed in forgetting. Like any moth hovering round a lamp, the more he was singed the closer he fluttered, though the memory of the Indian princess's brilliant black eyes was soon lost in the sparkle of Winifred's brown ones.

As it happened, the young soldier was a prime favorite with the Commissioner, and it is possible that the course of true love might have run most smoothly if the red torch of war had not flashed over the land like the glare of some mighty volcano.

On Sunday evening, May 10th, Malcolm rode away from his own small bungalow, and took the Aligarh road. As in all up-country stations, the European residences in Meerut were scattered over an immense area. The cantonment was split into two sections by an irregular ravine, or nullah, running east and west. North of this ditch were many officers' bungalows, and the barracks of the European troops, tenanted by a regiment of dragoons, the 60th Rifles, and a strong force of artillery, both horse and foot. Between the infantry and cavalry barracks stood the soldiers' church. Fully two miles away, on the south side of the ravine, were the sepoy lines, and another group of isolated bungalows. The native town was in this quarter, while the space intervening between the British and Indian troops was partly covered with rambling bazaars.

Malcolm had been detained nearly half an hour by some difficulty which a subadar had experienced in arranging the details of the night's guard. Several men were absent without leave, and he attributed this unusual occurrence to the severe measures the colonel had taken when troopers refused to use the cartridges supplied for the new Enfield rifle. But, like every other officer in Meerut, he was confident that the nearness of the strongest European force in the North-West Provinces would certainly keep the malcontents quiet. Above all else, he was ready to stake his life on the loyalty of the great majority of the men of his own regiment, the 3rd Native Cavalry.

In pushing Nedji along at a fast canter, therefore, he had no weightier matter on his mind than the fear that he might have kept Winifred waiting. When he dashed into the compound, and saw that there was no dog-cart standing in the porch, he imagined that the girl had gone without him, or, horrible suspicion, with some other cavalier.

It was not so. Winifred herself appeared on the veranda as he dismounted.

"You are a laggard," she said, severely.

"I could not help it. I was busy in the orderly-room. But why lose more time? If that pony of yours is rattled along we shall not be very much behindhand."

"You must not speak disrespectfully of my pony. If he is fat, it is due to content, not laziness. And you are evidently not aware that Evensong is half an hour later today, owing to the heat. Of course, I expected you earlier, and, if necessary, I would have gone alone, but—"

She hesitated, and looked over her shoulder into the immense drawing-room that occupied the center of the bungalow from front to rear.

"I don't mind admitting," she went on, laughing nervously, "that I am a wee bit afraid these days—there is so much talk of a native rising. Uncle gets so cross with me when I say anything of that kind that I keep my opinions to myself."

"The country is unsettled," said Frank, "and it would be folly to deny the fact. But, at any rate, you are safe enough in Meerut."

"Are you sure? Only yesterday morning eighty-five men of your regiment were sent to prison, were they not?"

"Yes, but they alone were disaffected. Every soldier knows he must obey, and these fellows refused point-blank to use their cartridges, though the Colonel said they might tear them instead of biting them. He could go no further—I wonder he met their stupid whims even thus far."

"Well, perhaps you are right. Come in for a minute or two. My uncle is in a rare temper. You must help to talk him out of it. By the way, where are all the servants? The dog-cart ought to be here. Koi hai!"*

No one came in response to her call. Thinking that a syce or chaprassi would appear in a moment, Frank hung Nejdi's bridle on a lamp-hook in the porch, and entered the bungalow.

He soon discovered that Mr. Mayne's wrath was due to a statement in a Calcutta newspaper that a certain Colonel Wheler had been preaching to his sepoys.

"What between a psalm-singing Viceroy and commanding officers who hold conventicles, we are in for a nice hot weather," growled the Commissioner, shoving a box of cheroots towards Malcolm when the latter found him stretched in a long cane chair on the back veranda. "Here is Lady Canning trying to convert native women, and a number of missionaries publishing manifestoes about the influence of railways and steamships in bringing about the spiritual union of the world! I tell you, Malcolm, India won't stand it. We can do as we like with Hindu and Mussalmen so long as we leave their respective religions untouched. The moment those are threatened we enter the danger zone. Confound it, why can't we let the people worship God in their own way? If anything, they are far more religiously inclined than we ourselves. Where is the Englishman who will flop down in the middle of the road to say his prayers at sunset, or measure his length along two thousand miles of a river bank merely as a penance? Give me authority to pack a shipload of busy-bodies home to England, and I'll soon have the country quiet enough—"

An ominous sound interrupted the Commissioner's outburst. Both men heard the crackle of distant musketry. At first, neither was willing to admit its significance.

"Where is Winifred?" demanded Mr. Mayne, suddenly.

"She is looking for a servant, I fancy. There was none in the front of the house, and I wanted a man to hold my horse."

A far-off volley rumbled over the plain, and a few birds stirred uneasily among the trees.

"No servants to be seen—at this hour!" They looked at each other in silence.

"We must find Winifred," said the older man, rising from his chair.

"And I must hurry back to my regiment," said Frank.

"You think, then, that there is trouble with the native troops?"

"With the sepoys, yes. I have been told that the 11th and 20th are not wholly to be trusted. And those volleys are fired by infantry."

A rapid step and the rustle of a dress warned them that the girl was approaching. She came, like a startled fawn.

"The servants' quarters are deserted," she cried. "Great columns of smoke are rising over the trees, and you hear the shooting! Oh, what does it mean?"

"It means, my dear, that the Dragoons and the 60th will have to teach these impudent rebels a much-needed lesson," said her uncle. "There is no cause for alarm. Must you really go, Malcolm?"

"Go!" broke in Winifred with the shrill accents of terror. "Where are you going?"

"To my regiment, of course," said Frank, smiling at her fears. "Probably we shall be able to put down this outbreak before the white troops arrive. Good-by, I shall either return, or send a trustworthy messenger, within an hour."

And so, confident and eager, he was gone, and the first moments of the hour sped when, perhaps, a strong man in control at Meerut might have saved India.

(To be continued.)

*The Anglo-Indian phrase for summoning a servant, meaning: "Is there any one there?"

EXHIBITION PLANS ARE WELL ADVANCED

A meeting of the executive committee of the Exhibition Association was held in the Exhibition offices yesterday afternoon. It was decided to render financial assistance for yacht races in the harbor if the R. K. Y. C. considered it advisable to hold them. A road race to start from the Exhibition grounds was contemplated but action was deferred until the next meeting. It is proposed to have the course from the grounds to the Three Mile House or some other point on the Marsh road and return to the grounds.

A communication was read from the Cornwall and York Football Association requesting permission to conduct a football match on the grounds on Saturday afternoon but owing to the lack of space the executive were unable to accept the offer.

Definite arrangements concerning the pyrotechnic displays have been concluded satisfactorily. Fifty-three events are on the fireworks programme with four special features. The walking elephant, railroad disaster, electrical storm and the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

The names of the speakers at the inauguration will be announced in a few days when their acceptances are received.

Black Watch

"Biggest and Best"

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