

Oh, a terrible yell!... The guardian of the gate rubbed his eyes. The old brown ayah came pattering straight to the well curb. Way down below was the babbling, bubbling, baby. A well is cruelly deep. Miles deep, to an old ayah.

"Alas! Alas! how shall we get him out?" she wailed.

How indeed! For the gateman was stupid from sleep, the ayah was feeble from age, and the household all lost their heads from sheer fright at what the master would say. So there they stood, wringing their foolish hands and screaming at the tops of their foolish voices.

The Brahman's house stood at the end of the Brahman street; and Fingiah passed by. Four years before he would never have dreamed of doing what Christians do in time of trouble. But four years of living with American Christians meant that if one boy was down in a well, bubbling and babbling, another boy went in after him. ... it was all so simple, to Christians. It was simple to Fingiah.

As he dashed in he shouted: "Get a rope to pull us out."

A rope. Of course. A rope. How sensible. Nobody had thought of one before, and there was a grand rush in a dozen directions to locate a rope. Meanwhile, down in his well Fingiah floated almost serenely, holding a Brahman baby in his arms: "Sh! Sh! Don't cry!"

Then down came the rope—too short; still too short; dangling just out of reach; "Lower!" shouted Fingiah. They let it dangle lower. And presently the adventure was over. The baby was in the ayah's arms. But all was not well.

For Fingiah had done the wrong thing!

How shall I ever make you see the full wretchedness of his deed? Daring to step on sacred Brahman soil—he, an outcaste! Daring to let his shadow fall on sacred Brahman drinking water—he, an outcaste! Daring to plunge bodily into Brahman drinking water, and touch—mercy on us, yes, hug—a precious Brahman baby, he, a vile "untouchable!"

The well, of course, was considered pollut-

ed forever and ever; no Brahman could ever drink of it again. But how to purify a baby from such a tight contaminating touch? How indeed. It was a terrific problem.

The father declared by all the gods of India that he would vastly rather have his son dead at the bottom of the well than sullied by this loathsome outcaste fellow; in his capacity as head official he ordered Fingiah to be flogged—there seemed no other punishment fit for a boy who had dared do all Fingiah had dared do. But Fingiah had gone off through the jungle to distant villages on a singing tour, and the official sat twiddling his thumbs impatiently waiting for the return of the "villain." But green scum and white pills saved the "villain!"

For the green scum had been floating on the Brahman's well water, and the baby, in yelling, had swallowed about a pint of it. Brahman scum is as dangerous as any other scum. And the baby fell ill. Not all the prayers to wooden idols, not all the handsome gifts laid on their wooden knees, not all the marigold wreaths twined around their wooden necks could cure a baby sick with vile green scum; so, as a last resort, the Brahman called the Hurried Man. And even at that late date he saved the baby's life. White pills are marvelous! One, and the baby was better. Two, still better. Three, out of danger! Then, like an inoculation to prick their foolish adult haughtiness the doctor would say solemnly, like a chant: "How fortunate Fingiah was at hand! For here is your baby as good as new, all due to Fingiah! Had the Brahman official ever noticed Fingiah's particular patch of the outcaste village?"

"Certainly not," sniffed the haughty official, haughtily.

So the Hurried Man "unhurried" himself. He sat down, quite calmly. He draped one leg leisurely over the other, as if neither leg knew what it was to be rushing, tearing along... He said all the things about Fingiah which he had always wanted to say. How wonderfully he sang the gospels—what a power the boy was becoming in the district—how beloved of heaven—how fearless of jungle dangers and unfriendly crowds. Inoculation! The official nodded his turban