

THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny

—By—

LOUIS TRACY

Then the young officer saw, too late, that he was surrounded by a ring of steel. Yet he strove to rally his command, and, placing himself in front, led them at the vague forms that blocked the road to Cawnpore. In the confusion, he might have cut his way through had not Nejdli unfortunately jumped over a wounded man at the instant Frank was aiming a blow at a sowar. His sword swished harmlessly in the air, and his adversary, hitting out wildly, struck the Englishman's head with the force of his sabre. The violent shock dazed Malcolm for a second, but all might yet have been well were it not for an unavoidable accident. A sepoy's belt became entangled in the reins. In the effort to free his weapon the man gave such a tug to the bit on the near side that the Arab crossed his forelegs and fell, throwing his rider violently. Frank landed fairly on his head. He turban lashed his neck, but could not prevent a momentary concussion. For a while he lay as one dead.

When he came to his senses he found that his arms were tied behind his back, that he had been carried under a big tree, and that a tall native, in the uniform of a subadar of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, was holding a lantern close to his face.

"I am an officer of the 3rd Cavalry," he said, trying to rise. "Why do you, a man in my own service, suffer me to be bound?"

"You are no officer of mine, Feringhi," was the scornful reply. "You are safely trussed because we thought it better sport to dangle you from a bough than to stab you where you dropped. Quick, there, with that heel-roppe, Abdul Hui. We have occupation. Let us hang this crow here to show our Nazarenes what they may expect. And we have no time to lose. The Nana may appear at any moment."

CHAPTER V.
A Woman Intervenes

That ominous order filled Malcolm's soul with a fierce rage. He was not afraid of death. The wine of life ran too strongly in his veins that craven fear should so suddenly quell the excitement of the combat that had ended helplessly. The fact that he was to be hanged like some wretched felon by men wearing the uniform of which he had been so proud—these things stirred him to the verge of frenzy.

Oddly enough, in that moment of anguish he thought of Hodson, the man who rode alone from Kurnaul to Meerut. Why had Hodson succeeded? Would Hodson, knowing the exceeding importance of his mission, have turned to rescue a servant or raise a fallen horse? Would he not rather have dashed on like a thunderbolt trusting to the superior speed of his charger to carry him clear of his assailants? And Nejdli! What had become of that trusted friend? Never before, Arab though he was, had been guilty of a stumble. Perhaps he was shot, and sobbing out his gallant life on the road, almost at the foot of the tree which would be his master's gallows. A doomed man indulges in strange reveries. Malcolm was almost as greatly concerned with Nejdli's imagined fate as with his own desperate plight when the trooper who answered to the name of Abdul Hui brought the heel-roppe that was to serve as a halter.

The man was a Paythan, swarthy, lean, and sinewy, with the nose and eyes of a bird of prey. Though a hawk would show mercy to a fledgling sparrow, sooner than this cutting-throat to a captive, the robber instinct in him made him pause before he tied the fatal noose.

"Have you gone through the Nazarene's pockets, sirdar?" he asked.

"No," was the impatient answer.

"Of what avail is it? These chotahs have no money. And Cawnpore awaits us."

Nevertheless, every rupee counts. And he may be carrying letters of value to the Maharajah. Once he is swung up there he will be out of reach, and our caste does not permit us to defile our hands by touching a dead body."

While the callous ruffian was delivering himself of this curious blend of cynicism and dogma, his skilled fingers were rifling Malcolm's pockets. First he drew forth a sealed packet addressed to Sir Hugh Wheeler. He recognized the government envelope and, though neither of his pair could read English, Abdul Hui handed it to his leader with an "I told-you-so" air.

It was in Frank's mind to revile the men, but, most happily, he composed himself sufficiently to resolve that he would die like an officer and a gentleman, while the last words on his lips would be a prayer.

The next document produced was the Persi-Arabic serawal which purported to be a "safe-conduct" issued by Bahadur Shah, whom the rebels acclaimed as their ruler. Until that instant, the Englishman had given no thought to it. But when he saw the look of consternation that flitted across the face of the subadar when his eyes took in the meaning of the writing, he decided to hope, and he managed to say thickly:

"Perhaps you will understand now that you ought to have asked my business ere you proposed to hang me off hand."

His active brain devised a dozen expedients to account for his presence in Bithoor, but the native officer was far too shrewd to be beguiled into setting his prisoner at liberty. After re-reading the pass, to make sure of its significance, the rebel leader curiously eyed Abdul Hui and another sowar to bring the Feringhi into the presence of the Maharajah, by which title he evidently indicated Nana Sahib.

The order was, at least, a reprieve, and Malcolm breathed more easily. He even asked confidently about his horse and the members of his escort. He was given no reply save a muttered curse, a command to hold his tongue, and an angry tug at his tied arms.

It is hard to picture the degradation of such treatment of a British officer by a native trooper. The Calcutta Brahmin who was taunted by a Lascar—a warrior-priest insulted by a social leper—scarce flinched more keenly under the jibe than did Malcolm when he heard the tone of his captors. Truly the flag of Britain was trailing in the mire, or these men would not have dared to address him in that fashion. In that bitter moment

he felt for the first time that the mutiny was a real thing. Hitherto, in spite of the murders and incendiarism of Meerut, the risings in other stations, the proclamation of Bahadur Shah as Emperor, and the actual conflicts with the Mogul's armed retainers on the battle-field of Ghazi-un-din Nuggur, Malcolm was inclined to treat the outbreak as a mere blaze of local fanaticism, a blaze that would soon be stamped under heel by the combined efforts of the East India Company's troops and the Queen's Forces. Now, at last, he saw the depth of hate with which British dominion was regarded in India. He heard Mohammedans alluding to Bahadur as a leader—so might a wolf and a snake make common alliance against a watch-dog. From that hour dated a new and sterner conception of the task that lay before him in every Briton in the country. The Mutiny was no longer a welcome variant to the tedium of hot weather. It was a life-and-death struggle between West and East, between civilization and barbarism, between the laws of Christianity and the lawlessness of Mahomet, supported by the cruel, inhuman, and nebulous doctrines of Hinduism.

Not that these thoughts took shape and coherence in Malcolm's brain as he was being hurried to the house of Nana Sahib. A man may note the deadly malice of a cobra's eye, but it is not when the poison fangs are ready to strike that he stops to consider the philosophy underlying the creature's malign hatred of mankind.

Events were in a rare fit and fume in the neighborhood of Cawnpore that night. As a matter of historical fact, while Malcolm was hearing from the villagers that Roshinara Begum had come to Bithoor, the 1st Native Infantry and 2nd Cavalry had risen at Cawnpore.

Nana Sahib was deep in intrigue with all the sepoy regiments stationed there, and his adherents ultimately managed to persuade these two corps to throw off their allegiance to the British Raj. Following the recognized routine they burst open the jail, burnt the public offices, robbed the Treasury, and secured possession of the Magazine. Then, while the ever-ready bands of criminals and loafers made pandemic among the mutineers, the sauer spirits among the mutineers hurried to Bithoor to ascertain the will of the will of the man who, by common consent, was regarded as their leader. He was expecting them, eagerly perhaps, but with a certain quaking that demanded the assistance of the "Raja's peg," a blend of champagne and brandy that is calculated to fire heart and brain to madness more speedily than any other intoxicant. He was conversing with his nephew, Rao Sahib, and his chief lieutenants, Tantia Topi and a Mohammedan named Azim-Ullah, when the native officers of the rebel regiments clattered into his presence.

"Maharajah," said their chief, "a kingdom is yours if you join us, but it is death if you side with the Nazarenes."

He laughed with the fine air of one who sees approaching the fruition of long-cherished plans. He advanced a pace, confidently.

"What have I to do with the British?" he asked. "Are they not my enemies, too? I am altogether with you."

"Will you lead us to Delhi, Maharajah?"

"Why not? That is the natural rallying ground of all who wish the downfall of the present Government."

"Then," said the chief, "I honor you, we offer you our fealty."

They pressed near him, tendering the hilts of their swords. He reached each weapon, and placed his hands on the head of its owner, vowing that he would keep his word and be faithful to the trust they reposed in him.

"Our brothers of the 53rd and 56th have not joined us yet," said one.

"Then let us ride forth and win them to our side," said the Nana grandiloquently. He went into the courtyard, mounted a gaily-caparisoned horse, and, surrounded by the rebel cohort, cantered off towards Cawnpore.

Thus it befell that the mob of horsemen pressed past Malcolm and his guards as they entered the palace. The subadar tried in vain to attract the Nana's attention. Fearing lest he might be forgotten if he were not in the forefront of the conspiracy, the man made his subordinate take their prisoner before the Begum, and ran off to secure his horse and race after the others. He counted on the dispatches getting him a hearing.

Abdul Hui, more crafty than his chief, smiled.

"Better serve a king's daughter than these Sudda dogs who are so ready to turn on a Brahmin," said he to his comrade, another Paythan, and a Sunni like himself, for Islam, united against Christendom, is divided into two warring sects. Hence the wavering loyalty of two sepoy battalions in Cawnpore carried Malcolm out of the Nana's path, and led him straight to the presence of Princess Roshinara.

The lapse of three weeks had paled that lady's glowing cheeks and deepened the lustre of her eyes. Not only to the physical fatigue of the long journey from Delhi, but the day's happenings had not helped to lighten the load of care. Yet she was genuinely amazed at seeing Malcolm.

"How come you to be here?" she cried instantly, addressing him before Abdul Hui could open his mouth in explanation.

"As your Highness can see for yourself, I am brought here forcibly by these slaves," said Frank, thinking that now or never must he display a bold front.

"How did you learn that I had left Delhi?"

"The journeyings of the Princess Roshinara are known to many."

"But you came not when I summoned you."

"Your Highness's letter did not reach me until after the affair on the Hindun river."

"What is all this idle talk?" broke in Abdul Hui roughly. "This Feringhi was carrying despatches—"

"Peace, dog!" cried the Begum.

"Unfavourable the Sahib's arms, and be gone. What! Dost thou hesitate?" She clapped her hands, and some members of her bodyguard ran forward.

"Throw these troopers into the courtyard," she commanded. "If they resist—"

But the Pathans were too wise to refuse obedience. Not yet had the

rebels felt their true power. They suddenly untied Malcolm's bonds, and disappeared. Using eyes and ears each moment to better advantage, Frank was alive to the confusion that reigned in Nana Sahib's abode. Men ran hither and thither in aimless disorder. The Brahmin's retainers were like jackals who knew that the lion had killed and the feast was spread. The only servants who preserved the least semblance of discipline were those of the Princess Roshinara. It was an hour when the cool brain might contrive its own ends.

"I am, indeed, much beholden to you, Princess," said Frank. "I pray you extend your clemency to my men. I have an escort of six sowars, and a servant. Some of them are wounded. My horse, too, which I value highly—"

He paused. He saw quite clearly that she paid no heed to a word that he was saying. Her black eyes were fixed intently on his face, but she was thinking, weighing in her mind some suddenly-formed project. He was a pawn in the game on the political chess-board, and some drastic move was imminent.

Some part of his speech had reached her intelligence. She caught him by the wrist and hurried him along a corridor into a garden, muttering as she went:

"Allah hath sent thee, Malcolm-sahib. What matters thy men and a horse? Yet will I see to their safety, if that be possible. Yes, yes, I must do that. You will need them. And thou owest me bestials."

"I would be capable of little gratitude if I refused the offer of little gratitude," he said, "but I am wondering what new outlet the whirligig of events would provide."

Leading him past an astonished guardian of the zenana, who dared not protest when this imperial lady thought fit to profane the sacred portals by admitting an infidel, she brought Malcolm through a door into a large garden surrounded by a high wall. She pointed to a pavilion at its farthest extremity.

"Wait there," she said. "When those come to you whom you will have faith in, do that which he who brings them shall tell you. Fail not. Your own life and the lives of your friends will hang on a thread, yet trust me that it shall not be severed while you obey my commands."

With that cryptic message she ran back to the door which she had so lately slammed behind her. Having just been snatched from the very gates of eternity by the Begum's good offices Malcolm determined to fall in with her whims so long as they did not interfere with his duty. Although Cawnpore was in the hands of the mutineers and he had lost his dispatches, he determined, at all costs, to reach Sir Hugh Wheeler if that fine old commander were still living. Meanwhile, he hastened to the barracks, an elegant structure which was unapproached by a flight of steps and stood in the angle of two high battlemented walls.

The place was empty and singularly peaceful after the uproar of the village which faced the Port of the Palace. Overhead the sky was clear and starry, but beyond the walls stretched a low, half luminous bank of mist, and he was peering at it fully a minute before he ascertained that the garden stood on the right bank of the Ganges. Almost at his feet, the great river was murmuring in its quiet course to the sea, and the mist was due to the evaporation of its waters, which were mainly composed of melted snow from the ice-capped Himalayas.

When his eyes grew accustomed to his surroundings he made out the shape of a native boat moored against the wall. It had evidently brought a cargo of forage to Bithoor. So still was the air that the scent of the hay lingered yet in the locality.

Between Bithoor and Cawnpore the Ganges takes a wide bend. At first Malcolm scarcely knew in which direction to look for the city, but distant reports and the glare of burning dwellings soon told him more than mere direction. So Cawnpore, in its turn, had yielded to the canker that was gnawing the vitals of India! He wondered if Allahabad had fallen. And Benares? And the populous towns of Bengal—perhaps even the capital city itself? The Punjab was safe. Hodson told him that. But would it remain safe? He had heard the foreboding tales of the men who dwelt in the bazaars of Lahore, Unrisar, Rawalpindi, and the rest. Nicholson and John Lawrence were there; would they hold those warrior-tribers in subjection, or, better still, in leash? He might not hazard an opinion. His sky had fallen. This land of his adoption, hunted and despised depending for his life on the caprice of a fickle-minded woman. Then he thought of the Draught of the Ganges, and his soul grew strong again. Led by British officers, the native troops were excellent, but, deprived of the only leaders they really respected, they became an armed mob, terrible to women and children, but of slight account against British-born men.

His musings were disturbed by the sound of horses advancing quietly across a paddy field which skirted that side of the wall running at a right angle with the river. It was impossible to see far owing to the mist that clung close to the ground, but he could not be mistaken as to the presence of a small body of mounted men within a few yards. They had halted, too, but his alert ears caught the occasional clink of accoutrements, and the pattering of a horse in the soft mud. He dashed his head in an effort to discover some connection between his cavalry post and the parting admonition given by the Begum Roshinara, and he might have guessed the riddle in part had he not heard hurried footsteps in the garden. They came, not from the door by which he was admitted, but from the Palace itself. Whoever the newcomers were they made straight for the pavilion, and, as he was unarmed, he did not hesitate to show himself against the sky line. For ill or well, he determined to know his fate, and he determined to spring over the battlements in the hope of reaching the river if he received the slightest warning of hostile intent by those who sought him.

"Is that you Malcolm?" said a low voice, and his heart leaped when he recognized Mr. Mayne's accents.

"Yes. Can it be possible that you

He ran down the stone steps. On the level of the garden he could see five, one a man in European garments, and the third a woman wrapped in a dark cloak. A suppressed sob uttered by the woman sent a gust of hot blood to his face. He sprang forward, in another instant Winifred was in his arms. And that was their unspoken declaration of love—in the garden of the Nana Sahib's house at Bithoor—while within the hall were torn them limb from limb, and the southern horizon was aflame with the light of their brethren's dwellings.

"Oh, Frank, dear," whispered the girl brokenly, "what evil fortune has led you within these walls? Yet, I thank God for it. Promise you will kill me ere they drag me from your side again."

"For the sake of the girl, Winifred, I said her uncle. 'This man says he has brought us here to help us to escape. Surely you can find in Malcolm's presence some earnest of his good faith.'"

The native now intervened. Speaking with a certain dignity and using the language of the court, he said that they had not a moment to lose. They must descend the wall by means of a rope and in the field beyond they would find three and a couple of spare animals. Keeping close to the river until they came to a tree-lined nullah—a small ravine cut by a minor tributary of the Ganges—they should follow this latter till they approached the Grand Trunk Road, taking care not to be seen as they crossed that thoroughfare. Then, making a detour, they must avoid the village, and endeavor to strike the road again about two miles to the north of Bithoor, thereafter travelling at top speed towards Meerut, but letting it be known in the hamlets on the way that they came from Cawnpore.

This unlooked-for ally impressed the concluding stipulation strongly on Malcolm, but when asked for a reason, he said simply:

"There is no time, for further speech. Here is the rope."

He uncoiled a long cord from beneath his cummerbund, and, running up the steps, adjusted it to a pillar of the baradari with an ease and quickness that showed familiarity with such means of exit from a closely-guarded residence.

"Now, you first, sahib," said he to Malcolm. "Then we will lower the miss-sahib, and the burra-sahib can follow."

Questioning him, especially as Mayne murmured that he could explain good deal of the mystery underlying the Begum's wish that they should go north. The exterior field was reached without any difficulty. Within twenty yards they encountered a little group of mounted men, and Malcolm found, to his great delight, that Chumru, his bearer, was holding the Nana's bridle, while his companions were Akhab Khan and two troopers who had ridden from Agra. To make the miracle more complete, Malcolm's sword was tied to the Arab's saddle and his revolvers were still in the holsters.

Winifred, making the best of a man's saddle until they could improvise a crutch at their first halt, would content of no difficulty in that respect. The fact that her lover was present had lightened her heart of the terror which had possessed her during many days.

They were on the move, with the two sharp-eyed sowars leading, when the noise made by a number of horsemen, coming toward them on the landward side and in front, brought them to an abrupt halt.

"Look to the right until you reach the river," said a rough voice, which Malcolm was sure he identified as belonging to Abdul Hui. "Then we cannot miss them. And remember, brothers, if we secure the girl unharmed, we shall earn a rich reward from the Maharajah."

Winifred, shivering with fear again, knew not what the man said, but she drew near to Malcolm and whispered: "Never into their hands, Frank, for God's sake!"

The movement of her horse's feet had not passed unnoticed.

"Be sharp, there!" snarled the Pathan again. "They are not far off, and only six of them. Shout, you on the right when you are on the bank."

"None can pass between me and the stream," replied a more distant voice.

Forward, then! Keep line! Not a word, you near the wall!"

Frank looked at his sword in its fastenings and took a revolver from his left hand, in which he also held the reins. He judged Abdul Hui to be some fifty yards distant, and he was well aware that the fog became thinner with each yard as he turned his back on the river.

"Take Winifred back to the angle of the wall," he whispered to Mayne. "You will find a budgerow there. Get your horses on board in a minute or less. I shall join you in a minute or less. If I manage to scatter these devils, we shall outfit them yet."

It was hopeless, he knew, to attempt to ride through the enemy's cordon. There would be a running fight against superior numbers, and Winifred's presence made that a last resource. The most fortunate accident of the deserted craft being moored beneath the palace wall offered a far more probable means of escape. What blunder or treachery had led to this attack he could not imagine. Nor was he greatly troubled with speculation on that point. Winifred must be saved, he had a sword in his hand, and was mounted on the best horse in India. What better hap could a cavalry subaltern desire than such a fight under such conditions?

took good care that his secret intelligence of occurrences at Delhi and other stations should remain hidden from Mayne and, while his ambitions counted each hour, he cast many a veiled glance at the graceful beauty of the fair English girl who moved like a sylph among the brown-skinned satyrs surrounding her.

Once the party had reached Bithoor the Nana's tone changed. Instead of sending his European guests into Cawnpore, whence safe transit to Calcutta was still practicable, he kept them in his palace, on the pretext that the roads were disturbed. He contrived, at first, to hoodwink Mr. Mayne by giving him genuine news of the wholesale outbreak in the North-West, and by dwelling wholly false tidings of massacres at Allahabad. Be-

At last, when Mayne insisted on going into Cawnpore, the native threw aside pretense, said he could not "allow" him to depart, and virtually made Malcolm and niece prisoners.

But he treated them well. A clear-headed Brahmin to whom intrigue was the breath of life, was not likely to make the mistake of being too precipitate in his actions. Each time the religious fanaticism sweeping over the land might recede as rapidly as it had risen. Muslim and Hindu, Pathan and Brahmin, hereditary foes who trajected to-day, might be at each other's throats to-morrow. So the Nana was a cautious jailer. Beyond the loss of their liberty the captives had nothing to complain of, and he met Mayne's vehement reproaches with unmoved good humor, protesting all the while that he was acting for the best.

Winifred took fright, however. Her woman's intuition looked beneath the mask. For her uncle's sake she kept her suspicions to herself, but she suffered much in secret, and her distress might well have met a man of finer character to sympathy. Each time she met the Nana he treated her with more apparent friendliness. She recoiled from his advances as she might shrink from a venomous snake.

Fortunately there were others in Bithoor who understood the Brahmin's motives, and saw therein the germ of his was an exceedingly important factor in the success of the scheme that meditated the re-establishment of the Mogul dynasty. Recognized by the Maharrata, the great warrior race of western India, as their leader, taken on as the pivot of Hindu support to the Mohammedan monarchy, it was actually essential that he should be captain of the rebel garrison of Cawnpore in a triumphant march to Delhi. For that reason a marriage was arranged between him and the Roshinara Begum. For that reason he had travelled many centers of disaffection during the months of March and April, winning doubtful Hindu princes to the side of Bahadur Shah by his tact and too the private officers of the first regiments in revolt at Cawnpore made him swear, even at the twelfth hour, that he would lead them to Delhi.

His unforeseen infatuation for an Englishwoman might upset the carefully-laid plot. Under other conditions a dose of poison would have removed poor Winifred from the scene, but that simple expedient was not to be thought of, as the Nana's vengeful disposition was sufficiently well known to his associates to make them fear the outcome. Therefore they left nothing to chance, and Winifred brought the Princess Roshinara post haste from the north, believing that her presence would insure the inconsistent wooer's return with her at the right moment.

While the majority pulled in one way she was an active minority that wished the Nana to set up an independent kingdom. The nephew and his Mohammedan friend, Azim-Ullah, were convinced that their faction would lose all influence as soon as their chief was swallowed up in the maelstrom of the imperial court. If Winifred supplied the spell that kept the Nana at Bithoor, they were quite anxious to see her go. They exercised their power on occasions so trivial to the community that they would be able to defeat the intent of a king's daughter, and a couple of alert troopers, riding to a bluff overlooking the river, could report that they saw the budgerow on which the sahib-log escaped drifting down stream towards Cawnpore! Thus the intrigue mistook its own success.

Winifred was free; the clear inference was drawn from the boat's course was that her uncle and Malcolm would bring her straight to the protection of their friends in the cantonment.

There was a scene of violence, nearly culminating in murder, when Nana Sahib came to Bithoor at dawn. He met the scorn of Roshinara with a furious insolence that stopped short of bloodshed only on account of his prudence still governing his actions. Not yet was he drunk with power. That madness was soon to obsess him. But he lent a willing ear to the counsels of Rao Sahib and Azim-Ullah. Soon after daybreak he galloped to Kuliapur, on the road to Delhi, whither some thousands of sepoy had already gone, and harangued them eloquently on the glory, not to speak of the loot, they would acquire by attacking the accursed English at Cawnpore.

They were easily swayed. Acclaiming the Nana as a prince worthy of obedience they marched after him, and thus sealed the doom of many hundreds of unhappy beings who thought until that moment they would be spared the dreadful fate that had befallen other stations.

Oddly enough, the high-born Brahmin who now saw his hopes of regal power in a fair way towards realization placed one act of self-interest in testimony to his credit before he made his name a synonym for al that is base and despicable in the conduct of warfare. He wrote a letter to Sir Hugh Wheeler warning the gallant old general that he might expect to be attacked forthwith. Perhaps it is straining a point to credit him with any sense of fair play. The letter may have been a last flicker of respect for the power of Britain, and inspired by a haunting fear of the consequences if the Mutiny failed. It is probable he wished to provide written proof of a plea that he was an unwilling agent in the clutch of a mutinous army. However that may be, he wrote, and never did letter carry more bitter dist-

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FARM FOR SALE

FOR SALE—South half of lot 20, con. 8, Mariposa, 100 acres good clay loam, all cleared except 1 1/2 acres willows. Frame house 24x30 and 24x16 with good drilled well. Frame barn, 60x4. Water taps and cement floors in stables. Ploughing done, with 18 acres fall wheat and 23 acres fresh alsike seeds. Two miles from Mariposa station and village of Oakwood. Six miles west of Lindsay. Possession this spring. Apply to J. F. COAD, Oakwood.—w3.

FOR SALE—A good second-hand square piano, an orchestral for \$90.00 and a few second hand organs at very small cost and on payments of 50c a week. As to new goods, I have the best piano in Canada, the Gerhardt-Hentzmen, together with several other makes, always in stock and sell them at the lowest prices and on the easiest possible terms. Also AI organs, the very best made. Disk and cylinder gramophones in great variety and the necessary supplies—records, record cases, needles, etc., etc. Pianos to rent and orders taken for expert piano tuning. THOS BROWN, 25 Wellington-st., Lindsay.

FARM FOR SALE—Containing 144 acres, more or less, being part of lot 14 and 15 in 8 con. Mariposa. Brick house, frame barn, 40 by 104 with stone wall and first class stabling. Water in front of horses and cattle with taps. Good hog pen. Driving house. Hen house, cement floors in them all. A never-failing well, well fenced, adjoining the thriving village of Oakwood. Known as the W. A. Silverwood farm. Would like to sell at once. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowee, Real Estate agent, Lindsay.

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 15, con. 1 Fenelon, containing 93 1/2 acres more or less, adjoining the village of Islay, 90 acres cleared and about 4 acres hardwood bush. New frame barn 50x65 on stone wall with first-class stabling complete, cement floor. Log house, well finished inside, partly plastered and partly boarded. School post office and blacksmith shop in a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowee, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wt.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A few B. Rock Cockerels, large birds, beautifully hatched, good shape, bred from Gueph winners. ALEX. HORN, Lindsay, Ont.—wt.

FOR SALE—No. 21, O.A.C., seed barley. ARTHUR E. SWAIN, Valentin.—w3.

LOST—On Friday Feb. 15th, 1914 on the Bobcaygeon Road, between town and McGinley's corner, a black bear robe. Finder kindly leave at the Evening Post. P. B. McIlhargay.—dimw2.

Live Stock Insurance

I am agent for the General Live Stock Insurance Co. of Montreal, and can take risks on all kinds of live animals. Fr. Broad, office 4 Peel-st.

Sale March 18

EXTENSIVE HORSE SALE

20 Horses, all classes, roadsters and drivers.

- 1 Heavy bay mare, general purpose
- 1 Draft mare, 1400 lbs.
- 1 Fast pacing gelding by Brown Hall.
- 1 Brown gelding, can show 2 miles in 2:25.
- 30 Horses, drivers and workers, all classes.
- 1 Delivery Horse, 7 years' old, sound.
- 27 Horses, sold Feb. 25, only one returned.
- 1 Pair matched mares, general purpose.
- 1 Black gelding, 1200 lbs.
- 1 Grey mare, 1300 lbs.
- 1 Bay mare, 1300 lbs.
- 1 Halmore pacing gelding by Brown Hall.
- 1 Span aged workers sound and fat.
- 1 Large road mare, 1100 lbs.
- 1 Year-old mare, colt, heavy.
- 1 Pair yearling heifers, due April.
- 6 Brood sows, due March.
- 12 Blankets, got to be sold any price.
- 4 Robes, Bishop and Monarch, any price.
- 3 Set single harness, new
- 12 New rawhide whips, any price.
- 1 Car load horses, all kinds.

TERMS—60 days on approved notes on all sums over twenty dollars, drawing interest at rate of 6 per cent. Under 20 cash.

W. A. FANNING

(To Be Continued.)

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