

# The Red Year

## STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

BY LOUIS TRACY

into the carriage she crossed an open space to the hospital, and it chanced that the first person she encountered was Chumru, Malcolm's bearer.

"Oh, miss-sahib," he cried, "this meeting is my good fortune. You surely can tell me where my sahib is?"

"You are too late, huzoor. They went to Cawnpore, I have heard. Men talk of much decency in that district. Is that true, sahib?"

"Yes, but fear not; it will be suppressed. I am going to Allahabad. Is this the best road?"

"I have never been so far, sahib, but it lies that way."

"I have seen none save our own people these two days, yet it was said in the bazaar last night that a Begum tarried at the rest-house."

"A Begum. What Begum?"

"I know not her name, huzoor, but she is one of the daughters of the King of Oudh."

Malcolm was relieved to hear this. The wild notion had seized him that Princess Rohinara, a stormy petrel of political affairs just then, might have drifted to Rai Bareilly by some evil chance.

"You see this pony?" he said. "Take him. He is yours. I have no further use for him. Are you sure that there are none to dispute my passage through the town?"

The old peasant was so taken aback by the gift that he could scarce speak intelligibly, but he assured the Prince that at such an hour none would interfere with him.

Malcolm decided to risk it. He mounted and rode forward at a sharp trot. Of course he had not been able to adopt any disguise. While doing duty at the Residency he had thrown aside the turban worn by Abdul Haq and he now wore the peaked Shako, with white puggaree, affected by junior officers at that period.

His long military cloak, steel scabbard, sabretache and Wellington boots proclaimed his profession, while his blue riding-coat and cross-belts were visible in front, as he meant to have his arms free in case the necessity arose to use sword or pistol.

And he rode thus into Rai Bareilly, watchful, determined, ready for any emergency. So boldly did he advance that he started past half a dozen men whose special duty it was to stop and question all travelers. They were stationed on the flat roofs of two houses, one on each side of the way, and a rope was stretched across the road in readiness to drop and hinder the progress of any one who did not halt when summoned. It was a simple device. It had not been seen by the man who drove the buffaloes, and by reason of Malcolm's choice of the turf by the side of the road as the best place for Nejd, it chanced to dangle high enough to permit their passing beneath.

The sentries, though caught napping, tried to make amends for their carelessness. In the growing light one of them saw Malcolm's accoutrements and he yelled loudly:

"Oho, bhal, look out for the Feringhi!"

Frank, unfortunately, had not noticed the rope. But he heard the cry and understood that the "brother" to whom it was addressed would probably be discovered at the end of the short street. He shook Nejd into a canter, drew his sword, and looked ahead for the first sign of those who would bar his path.

Dawn was peeping grayly over the horizon, and Ahmed Ullah, moulvie and interpreter of the Koran, standing in an open courtyard, was engaged in the third of the day's prayers, of which the first was intoned soon after sunset the previous evening. He was going through the Rekha with military precision, and as luck would have it, he kept ahead of the first sign of those who would bar his path.

Malcolm, of course, saw him and regarded his action as that of a frightened man, who would be only too glad when he could resume his devotions in peace. Ahmed Ullah, soon to become a claimant of sovereign power over the hill-country of "Hindustan," was not a likely person to let a prize slip through his fingers thus easily. Keeping up an ululating clamor of commands, he ran to the roof of the dwelling, snatched up a musket and took steady aim. By this time Malcolm was beyond the gate and thought himself safe. Then he saw a rope drawn breast-high across the narrow street, and gesticulating natives, variously armed, leaning over the parapets on either hand. He had to decide in the twinkling of an eye whether to go on or turn back. Probably his retreat would be cut off by some similar device, so the bolder expedient of an advance offered the better chance. An incomparable horseman, mounted on an absolutely trust-worthy horse, he lay well forward in his saddle, resolving to try and pick up the slack of the rope on his sword and lift it out of the way. To endeavor to cut through such an obstacle would undoubtedly have brought about a disaster. It would yield, and the keenest blade might fail to sever it completely, while any slackening of pace would enable the hostile guard to shoot him at point-blank range.

These considerations passed through his mind while Nejd was covering some fifty yards. To disconcert the enemy, who were not sepoy and whose enns were mostly antiquated

was better to shoot a dozen belated friends than permit one spy to win his way through their lines.

Watching his opportunity, he slipped off into the bazaar. Now he was quite safe, being one among two hundred thousand. But time was passing; he wanted a horse, and might expect to find the canal bridge closely guarded.

Having a true Eastern sense of humor behind that saturnine visage of his, he hit on a plan of surmounting both difficulties with ease.

Singling out the first well-mounted and half-intoxicated native officer he met—though, to his credit be it said, he chose a Brahmin subadar of cavalry—he hailed him boldly.

"Brother," said he, "I would have speech with thee."

Now, Chumru took his life in his hands in this matter. For one wearing the livery of servitude to address a high-caste Brahmin thus was incurring the risk of being sabered then and there. In fact the subadar was so amazed that he glared stupidly at the Mohammedan who greeted him as "brother," and it may be that those fierce eyes looking at him from different angles had a mesmeric effect.

"Thou," he spluttered, "reining in his horse, a hardy country-bred, good for fifty miles without bait."

"Even I," said Chumru, "I have occupation, but I want help. One will suffice, though there is gold enough for many."

"Gold, sayest thou?"

"Ay, gold in plenty. The dog of a Feringhi whom served has had it hidden these two months in the thatch of his house near the Alumbagh. To-day he is safely bottled up there—"

he jerked a thumb towards the silent thunder of the bombardment. "I am a poor man, and I may be stopped if I try to leave the city. Take me up behind thee, brother, and give me safe passage to the bungalow, and behold, we will share treasure of a lakh or more!"

The Brahmin's brain was bemused with drink, but it took in two obvious elements of the tale at once. Here was a fortune to be gained by merely cutting a throat at the right moment.

"That is good talking," said he, "Mount, friend, and leave me to answer questions."

Chumru saw that he had gaged his man rightly, and the evil glint in the subadar's eyes told him the unspoken thought. He climbed up behind the high-peaked saddle and, after the horse had shown his resentment of a double burthen, was taken through the bazaar as rapidly as his thronged streets permitted. Sure enough, the canal bridge was watched.

"Whither go ye?" demanded the officer in charge.

"To bring in a Feringhi who is in hiding," said the Brahmin.

"Shall I send a few men with you?"

"Nay, we two are plenty—" this with a laugh.

"Quite plenty," put in Chumru. The officer glanced at him and was convinced. Being a Mohammedan, he took Chumru's word without question, which showed the exceeding wisdom of Chumru in selecting a Brahmin for the sacrifice; thus was he prepared to deal with either party in an unwholy alliance.

They jogged in silence past the Alumbagh. The Brahmin, on reflection, decided that he would stab Chumru before the hoard was disturbed and he could then devise another hiding-place at his leisure. Chumru had long ago decided to send the Brahmin to the place where all unbelievers go, at the first suitable opportunity. Hence the advantage lay with him, because he held a strategic position and could choose his own time.

Beyond the Alumbagh there were few houses, and these of mean description, and each moment the subadar's mind was growing clearer under the prospect of great wealth to be won so easily.

"Where is this bungalow, friend?" said he at last, seeing nothing but a straight road in front.

"Patience, brother. 'Tis now quite near. It lies behind that tope of trees yonder."

The other half turned to ascertain in which direction his guide was pointing.

"It is not on the main road, then?"

"No. A man who has gold worth the keeping loves not to dwell where all men pass."

By some extraordinary blunder of the commissariat the 32nd had set forth that morning without breaking their fast. As now, after a weary march and a protracted fight in the burning sun, some of the men deliberately lay down to die.

"We can go no farther," they said. "We may as well meet death here as a few days away. And, when the sepoy overtake us, we shall at least have breath enough left to the fighting."

Lawrence, when finally he turned his horse's head toward Lucknow, came upon such a group. He shook his feet free of the stirrups.

"Now, my lads," he said quietly, "you have no cause to despair. Catch hold of the leathers, two of you, and the horse will help you along. Mr. Malcolm, you can assist in the same way. Another mile will bring us to the city."

One of the men, finding it in his heart to pity his haggard-faced general, thought to console him by saying:

"We'll try, if it's only to please you, your honor, but it's all up with us, I'm afraid. If the end doesn't come to-day it will surely be with us to-morrow."

"Why do you think that?" asked Lawrence. "We must hold the Residency until the last man falls. What else can we do?"

"I know that, your honor, but we haven't got that ghost of a chance. There're a hundred to one, and as well armed as we are. It 'ud be a different thing if help could come, but it can't. What people are saying is true, sir, the nearest red-coats are at Allahabad, and 'praps they're hard pressed, too."

"That is not the way to look at a difficulty. In war it is the unexpected that happens. Keep your spirits up and you may live to tell your grandchildren how you fought the rebels at Lucknow. I want you and every man in the ranks to know that my motto is 'No Surrender.' You have heard what happened at Cawnpore. Here, in Lucknow, despite to-day's disaster, we shall fight to a finish."

An English battery came thundering down the road to take up a fresh position and assist in covering the retreat. The guns unlimbered near a well.

"There!" said Lawrence. "You see how my words have come true. A minute ago you were ready to fall before the first sower who lifted his saber over your head. Go now, my lads, and bring water for the gunners and yourselves. Then you can ride back on the carriages when they limber up."

Malcolm, to whom the soldier's words brought inspiration, spurred Nejd alongside his chief.

"Will you permit me to ride to Allahabad, sir, and tell General Neill how matters stand here?" he said.

Lawrence looked at him as though the request were so fantastic that he had not fully grasped its meaning.

"To Allahabad?" he repeated, turning in the saddle to watch the effect of the first shot fired by the battery.

"Yes, sir," cried Malcolm, eagerly. "I know the odds are against me, but Hodson rode as far through the enemy's country only six weeks ago, and I did something of the kind though not so successfully, when I went from Meerut to Agra and from Agra to Cawnpore."

"You had an escort, and I can spare not a man."

"I will go alone, sir."

"I would gladly avail myself of your offer, but the Residency will be invested in less than an hour."

"Let me go now, sir. I am well mounted. In the confusion I may be able to reach the open country without being noticed."

"Go, then, in God's name, and may your errand prosper, for you have many precious lives in your keeping."

Lawrence held out his hand, and Malcolm clasped it.

"Tell Neill," said the Chief Commissioner in a low tone of intense significance, "that we can hold out for fortnight, a month perhaps, or even a few days longer if buoyed up with hope. That is all. If you succeed, I shall not forget your services. The Viceroy has given me plenary powers, and I shall place your name in orders to-night, Captain Malcolm."

He kept his promise. When Lucknow was evacuated after the Second Relief, the official gazettes recorded that Lieutenant Frank Malcolm of the 3rd Cavalry had been promoted to a captaincy, supernumerary on the staff, for gallantry on the field on June 30, while a special note provided that he should attain the rank of major if he reached Allahabad on or before July 4.

From the point on the road to Chinhut where Malcolm bade his chief farewell, he could see the tower of the Residency, gray among the white domes and minarets that lined the south bank of the Goomtee. He had no illusions now as to the course the mutineers would follow. Native rumors had brought the news of the massacre at Cawnpore, though the ghastly tragedy of the Well was yet to come. He knew that this elegant city, resplendent and glorious in the sheen of the setting sun, would soon be a living hell. A fearsome struggle would surge around that tower where the British flag was flying. A few hundreds of Europeans would strive to keep at bay tens of thousands of eager rebels. Would they succeed? Pray Heaven for that while Winifred lived!

And in all human probability their fate rested with him. If he were able to stir the British authorities in the

might secure a guide by payment and his narrow streets altogether. At any rate it would be a foolish thing to dash through blindly and trust to luck. The issues at stake were too important for that sort of imprudent valor. His object was to reach Allahabad that night—not to hew his way through opposing hordes and risk being cut down in the process.

The loving of cattle and the soft stumbling tread of many unshod feet told him that some one was approaching. A herd of buffaloes loomed out of the half light. Their driver, an old man, was quite willing to talk.

"There are no sahib-log in the town," he said, for Malcolm deemed it advisable to begin by a question on that score. "The collector-sahib had a camp here three weeks ago, but he never saw any sahib-log, and that was a misfortune, because the badmashes from Fyzabad came, and honest people were sore pressed."

"From Fyzabad, say'st thou? They must be cleared out. Where are they?"

"You are too late, huzoor. They went to Cawnpore, I have heard. Men talk of much decency in that district. Is that true, sahib?"

"Yes, but fear not; it will be suppressed. I am going to Allahabad. Is this the best road?"

"I have never been so far, sahib, but it lies that way."

"I have seen none save our own people these two days, yet it was said in the bazaar last night that a Begum tarried at the rest-house."

"A Begum. What Begum?"

"I know not her name, huzoor, but she is one of the daughters of the King of Oudh."

Malcolm was relieved to hear this. The wild notion had seized him that Princess Rohinara, a stormy petrel of political affairs just then, might have drifted to Rai Bareilly by some evil chance.

"You see this pony?" he said. "Take him. He is yours. I have no further use for him. Are you sure that there are none to dispute my passage through the town?"

The old peasant was so taken aback by the gift that he could scarce speak intelligibly, but he assured the Prince that at such an hour none would interfere with him.

Malcolm decided to risk it. He mounted and rode forward at a sharp trot. Of course he had not been able to adopt any disguise. While doing duty at the Residency he had thrown aside the turban worn by Abdul Haq and he now wore the peaked Shako, with white puggaree, affected by junior officers at that period.

His long military cloak, steel scabbard, sabretache and Wellington boots proclaimed his profession, while his blue riding-coat and cross-belts were visible in front, as he meant to have his arms free in case the necessity arose to use sword or pistol.

And he rode thus into Rai Bareilly, watchful, determined, ready for any emergency. So boldly did he advance that he started past half a dozen men whose special duty it was to stop and question all travelers. They were stationed on the flat roofs of two houses, one on each side of the way, and a rope was stretched across the road in readiness to drop and hinder the progress of any one who did not halt when summoned. It was a simple device. It had not been seen by the man who drove the buffaloes, and by reason of Malcolm's choice of the turf by the side of the road as the best place for Nejd, it chanced to dangle high enough to permit their passing beneath.

The sentries, though caught napping, tried to make amends for their carelessness. In the growing light one of them saw Malcolm's accoutrements and he yelled loudly:

"Oho, bhal, look out for the Feringhi!"

Frank, unfortunately, had not noticed the rope. But he heard the cry and understood that the "brother" to whom it was addressed would probably be discovered at the end of the short street. He shook Nejd into a canter, drew his sword, and looked ahead for the first sign of those who would bar his path.

Dawn was peeping grayly over the horizon, and Ahmed Ullah, moulvie and interpreter of the Koran, standing in an open courtyard, was engaged in the third of the day's prayers, of which the first was intoned soon after sunset the previous evening. He was going through the Rekha with military precision, and as luck would have it, he kept ahead of the first sign of those who would bar his path.

Malcolm, of course, saw him and regarded his action as that of a frightened man, who would be only too glad when he could resume his devotions in peace. Ahmed Ullah, soon to become a claimant of sovereign power over the hill-country of "Hindustan," was not a likely person to let a prize slip through his fingers thus easily. Keeping up an ululating clamor of commands, he ran to the roof of the dwelling, snatched up a musket and took steady aim. By this time Malcolm was beyond the gate and thought himself safe. Then he saw a rope drawn breast-high across the narrow street, and gesticulating natives, variously armed, leaning over the parapets on either hand. He had to decide in the twinkling of an eye whether to go on or turn back. Probably his retreat would be cut off by some similar device, so the bolder expedient of an advance offered the better chance. An incomparable horseman, mounted on an absolutely trust-worthy horse, he lay well forward in his saddle, resolving to try and pick up the slack of the rope on his sword and lift it out of the way. To endeavor to cut through such an obstacle would undoubtedly have brought about a disaster. It would yield, and the keenest blade might fail to sever it completely, while any slackening of pace would enable the hostile guard to shoot him at point-blank range.

These considerations passed through his mind while Nejd was covering some fifty yards. To disconcert the enemy, who were not sepoy and whose enns were mostly antiquated

might secure a guide by payment and his narrow streets altogether. At any rate it would be a foolish thing to dash through blindly and trust to luck. The issues at stake were too important for that sort of imprudent valor. His object was to reach Allahabad that night—not to hew his way through opposing hordes and risk being cut down in the process.

The loving of cattle and the soft stumbling tread of many unshod feet told him that some one was approaching. A herd of buffaloes loomed out of the half light. Their driver, an old man, was quite willing to talk.

# BUSINESS FOR SALE

## OWNER LEAVING TOWN

MISS MOORE wishes to sell her China Painting Teaching and Fancy Goods Business, including kiln and shop fixtures. This is a splendid opportunity for a teacher or a young lady to carry on a fancy goods business, as there is practically no opposition.

Terms Moderate if Sold at Once

### MISS MOORE

ART STUDIO - WILLIAM-ST

## BE SURE TO SEE

### OUR HOMEMADE BUGGIES

STRONG AND STYLISH  
Several Second-hand Buggies For Sale Cheap

### CHRIS. McILHARGEY

## THE MANOR HOTEL

Main Street  
WINNIPEG  
(Close to C.P.R. Depot)

E. McKENTY, Proprietor  
RATES \$1. to \$1.50 per day

This old established and well-known Hotel has recently undergone a thorough renovation throughout and a large extension has just been completed adding twenty beautiful rooms to the accommodation. Each room has electric light, steam radiators, etc. and is a

### Model of Comfort

Hot and cold baths have also been installed and with the table maintained at its old high standard the MANOR remains still unequalled as a high class home at the most moderate possible rates.

## FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Being composed of the west half of lot 7 com 1, Fenelon, containing one hundred acres, more or less, sharp clay loam, 75 acres cleared, good grain and alkali land, fair state of cultivation, one acre good orchard, two wells, creek through pasture, frame house, good barn on stone foundation, good stabling, feed room connected. Implement shed and other out buildings. One mile west of village of Cambray. Will rent if not sold. Leave to plow Sept. 1st. Apply to Francis Chambers, Cambray—w4.

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 15, con. 2 Fenelon, containing 53 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 within a few rods of farm, 5 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bross, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay—wt1.

## FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A Gerhard-Heintzman piano, used for 11 mos., for \$50. less than the minimum selling price. A square ebony cased piano for \$39. Standard pianos at greatly reduced prices for the sake of introducing them. New goods of several different makes, both pianos and organs, sold at the lowest prices and on the easiest terms. Columbia gramophones, both disk and cylinder, together with the necessary supplies, records, needles etc. Columbia records are indestructible and will fit and make of instrument. Pianos to rent and orders taken for expert piano tuning. THEOS. BROWN, Gerhard-Heintzman representative, 26 Wellington-st., Lindsay.

## 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. Dr. Broad, office 49 Peel-st.

## Ta'en to Hospital

This morning Jeremiah Cleary was found in Maunders' Hotel yard and seemed to be suffering from some ailment. He was taken into the hotel and received attention, and when Chief Vincent arrived he was removed to the Ross Hospital.

To be Continued.