

The Red Year

STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

BY LOUIS TRACY

...it nine o'clock last night, as you see the miss-sahib before you came away?"

"It was she who told me whether you had gone, sahib."

"Ah, she knew, then? Did she say anything—send any message?"

"Only that you would be certain to need my help, sahib."

That puzzled Frank. Whinifred, of course, had said nothing of the kind, but Chumru assumed that she understood him, so his misrepresentation was quite honest.

A level path now enabled them to center, and they reached the first belt of trees ten minutes after the moulvie's men set out for Rai Bareilly. Luck, which was being made possible that burst of speed at the right moment. They were discussing their plans in the gloom of a grove of giant pipals when the clatter of horses' hooves came from the road they had just quitted.

There could be no doubting the errand that brought a cavalcade thus furiously from the direction of Lucknow. It was so near a thing that for a little while they could not be certain they had escaped unseen. But the riders whirled along towards Rai Bareilly, and in another quarter of an hour the night would be their best friend.

"That settles it," said Malcolm, in whose veins the blood was now coursing with its normal vitality, though for the same reason, his right forearm ached abominably. "It would be folly to attempt the road again. Let us make for the river. We must find a boat there, and get men to take us to Allahabad, either by hire or force."

"How far is it to the river, sahib?"

"About twenty-five miles."

"Praise be to Allah! That is better than seventy, for my feet are weary of that accursed Brahmin's boots."

They stumbled on, leading the horses, until the first dark hour made progress impossible. Then, when the evening mists melted and the stars gave a faint light, they resumed the march, for every mile gained now was worth five at dawn if persistence their own thought of making a circular sweep of the country in the neighborhood of Rai Bareilly.

It was a glorious night. The rain of the preceding day had freshened the air, and towards midnight the moon sailed into the blue overhead, so they were able to mount again and travel at a faster pace. Twice they were warned by the barking of dogs in the proximity of small villages. They gave these places a wide berth, since there was no knowing what hap might bring a ryot who had seen them into communication with the moulvie's followers.

Each hamlet marked the centre of a cultivated area. They could distinguish the jungle from the arable land almost by the animals they disturbed. A stray wolf, skulking through the sparsely wooded waste, would be succeeded by a herd of timid deer. Then a sounder of pigs, headed by a tench tusker, would scamper out of the border crop, while a pack of jackals, rending the calm night with their maniac yelping, would start every dog within a mile into a frenzy of hoarse barking. Sometimes a fox slunk across their path. Out of many a thicket they drove a startled hare. In the dense undergrowth hummed and rustled a hidden life of greater mystery.

Where water lodged after the rain there were countless millions of frogs, croaking in harsh chorus, and being quickly hunted by the snakes which the moonlight had driven from their nooks and crannies in the rocks. On such a night all India seems to be dead as a land but tremendously alive as a storehouse of insects, animals, and reptiles. Even the air has its strange denizens in the guise of huge beetles and vampire-winged flying foxes. And that is why men call it the unchanging East. Civilization has made but few marks on its far-flung plains. Its peoples are either nomads or dwell in huts of mud and straw and scratch the earth to grow their crops as their forebears have done since the dawn of history.

When the amber and rose tints of dawn gave distance to the horizon, the fugitives estimated that they had traversed some fifteen miles. Malcolm was ready to drop with fatigue. He was wounded; he had not slept during two nights; he had fought in a lost battle and ridden sixty-five miles, without counting his exertions before going to the field of Chinnut. Nejd and the horse which brought Chumru from Lucknow were nearly exhausted. Even the hardy Mohammedan was haggard and spent, and his oblique eyes glowed like the red embers of a dying fire.

"Sahib," he said, when they came upon a villager and his wife scraping oilum from urine upon heads in a field.

"The man himself, a portly, full-bearded Mohammedan, was examining a rowing crop, and his behavior, no less than the future looks cast at the newcomers by his driver, warned Malcolm that here, for a certainty, the Mutiny was a known thing. The zemindar's face assumed a bronze-green tint when he saw the European officer, and the sulky-looking native perched behind the shafts of the ekka growled something in the local patois that caused the ryot sitting behind Chumru to squirm uneasily.

The other glanced hastily around, as though he hoped to find assistance near, and Chumru muttered to his master:

"Have a care, sahib, else we may hop on to a limed twig."

The boldest course was the best one. Malcolm rode up to the zemindar, who was separated some forty paces from the ekka.

"I come from Lucknow," he said. "What news is there from Fatehpore and Allahabad?"

The man hesitated. He was so completely taken aback by the sight of an armed officer riding towards him in broad daylight—for Malcolm having lost his own sword had taken Chumru's—that he was hardly prepared to meet the emergency.

"There is little news," he said, at last, and it was not lost on his questioner that the customary phrases of respect were omitted, though he spoke civilly enough.

"Nevertheless, what is it?" demanded Frank. "Has the Mutiny spread here, or is it confined to Cawnpore?"

The self-contained answer. "In this district we are peaceable people. We look after our crops, even as I am engaged at this moment, and have no concern with what goes on elsewhere."

"A most worthy and honorable sentiment, and I trust it will avail you when we have hanged all these rebels and we come to inquire into the conduct of your village. I want you to accompany me now and place my orderly and myself on board a boat for Allahabad."

"That is impossible—sahib—and the words came reluctantly—"there are no boats on the river these days."

"Why not?"

"They are all away, carrying grain and hay."

"What then, are your crops so forward? This one will not be ready for harvesting ere another month."

"You will not find a budgerow on this side. Perchance they will ferry you across at the village in a small boat, and you will have better accommodation at Fatehpore."

"Are we opposite Fatehpore?"

"Yes—sahib."

All the while the zemindar's eyes were looking furtively from Frank to the lower ground. It was a puzzling situation. The man was not actively hostile, yet his manner betrayed an undercurrent of fear and dislike that could only be accounted for by the downfall of British power in the locality. Thinking Chumru could deal better with his fellow-countryman, Malcolm called him, breaking in on a lively conversation that was going on between his servant and the ekka-wallah.

Chumru, who had told the ryot to dismount, came at once.

"Our friend here says that things are quiet on the river, but there are no boats to be had," explained Malcolm. Chumru grinned, and the zemindar regarded him with troubled eyes.

"Excellent," he said. "We shall go to his house and wait while his servants look for a boat."

This suggestion seemed to please the other man.

"I will go on in front in the ekka," he agreed, "and lead you to my dwelling speedily."

Chumru edged nearer his master while their new acquaintance walked towards the ekka.

"Jump down and tie both when I give the word, sahib," he whispered. "There has been murder done here."

Malcolm understood instantly that his native companion had found the ekka-wallah more communicative. In fact, Chumru had fooled the man by pretending a willingness to slay the Ferengi forthwith, and the sheep-like ryot was now livid with terror at the prospect of witnessing an immediate killing.

When the zemindar was close to the ekka, Chumru whipped out one of the Brahmin's cavalry pistols.

"Now, sahib!" he cried. Malcolm drew his sword and sprang down. The zemindar fell on his knees.

"Spare my life, honor, and I will tell you everything I know."

Were he not so worn with fatigue, and were not the issues depending on the man's revelations so important, Malcolm would have laughed at this remarkable change of tone. The flabby, well-fed rascal—squealed like a pig when the point of the sword touched his skin, and the Englishman was forced to scowl fiercely to hide a smile.

"What! woe! This is good hearing! What thou sayest by some of the faithful to summon me, brother?"

"To summon thee and all true believers to the green standard. Yet I have another object in riding to Rai Bareilly. A certain Nazarene, Malcolm by name, an officer of the 3rd Cavalry, was hidden by Larrence to make for Allahabad and seek help. The story runs that the Nazarene is mustering there for a last stand ere we drive them into the sea. This Malcolm—sahib—"

"Mouvie!" said the moulvie, fiercely, for his self-love was wounded at hearing that the rebel messenger clasped him with the mob. "We have him here. He is in safe keeping when he is in the hands of Ahmed Ullah!"

"What?" exclaimed the newcomer with a mighty oath. "Are you the saintly Moulvie of Fatehpore?"

"When else, then, did you expect to find?"

"You indeed, O revered one. But not here. My orders were, once I had reached the Nazarene, to send urgently to Fatehpore and bid you hurry to Lucknow with all speed."

"Hai! Sayst thou, friend. Who gave thee this message?"

"One whom thou wilt surely listen to. Yet these things are not for every man to hear. We must speak of them apart."

The moulvie was appalled. Nay, more, his ambition was fired.

"Come with me into the house. You are in need of food and rest. Come! We can talk while you eat."

He drew nearer, but a woman's voice was raised from behind a screen in one of the rooms.

"Tarry yet a minute, friend. I would learn more of events in Lucknow. Tell us more fully what has taken place there."

"The Begum of Oudh must be obeyed," said Ahmed Ullah with a warning glance at the other. He was met with a villainous and intriguing look that would have satisfied Machiavelli, but the officer bowed low before the screen.

"I am, indeed, honored to be the bearer of good tidings to royal ears," he said. "Doubtless I should have been entrusted with letters for your highness were not the city in some confusion owing to the fighting."

"Who commands our troops?" came the sharp demand.

"At present, your highness, the Nawab Rampur represents the King of Oudh."

"The Nawab of Rampur! That cannot be tolerated, Ahmed Ullah!"

"I am here," growled the moulvie, smiling sourly.

"We must depart within the hour. Let my litter be prepared, and send men on horseback to provide relays of carriers every ten miles. Delay not. The matter presses."

There could be no mistaking the satisfaction of the hidden speaker. That an admitted rival of her father's dynasty should be even the nominal leader of the revolt was not to be endured. The mere suggestion of such a thing was gall and wormwood. None realized better than this arch-priestess of caste that a predominant influence gained at the outset of a new regime might never be weakened by those who were shut out by circumstances from a share in the control of events. Even the fanatical moulvie gasped at this intelligence, though his mind yet taught him that the rissaldar would not exchange glances with him without good reason.

"Come, then," said he, "and eat. I have much occupation, and it will free my hands if I see to the hanging of the Ferengi forthwith."

"Nay, that cannot be," was the cool reply, as she two entered the building. "I would not have ridden so hard through the night for the mere striding up of some Nazarene. By the holy Kaaba, I have seen dozens of them a speckle death yesterday."

"What other errand hast thou? The matter touches only the Nazarene's attempt to reach Allahabad, I suppose?"

"That is a small thing. Our brother Ahmed at Cawnpore may have secured Allahabad and other towns in the Doab long ere this. This Frank comes back with me to Lucknow. If I bring him alive I earn a jaghir, if dead, only a few golden mohurs."

"Thy words are strange, brother."

"Not so strange as the need that this Frank should live till he reaches Lucknow. He has in his keeping certain papers that concern the Roshan-nama of Delhi, and he must be made to confess their whereabouts. So far as that goes, what is the difference between a tree in Rai Bareilly and a tree in Lucknow?"

"True, if the affair presses. Nevertheless, to those who follow me, I may have the bestowing of many jaghirs. I will follow thee with all haste, O holy one," was the answer, "but a field in a known village is larger than a township in an unknown kingdom. Let me see these jaghir first, O worthy of honor, and I shall come quickly to thee for the others."

"How came it that Nawab of Rampur assumed the leadership?" inquired Ahmed Ullah, his mind reverting to the greater topic of the rebellion.

"He other scowled sarcastically.

"He is of no account," he muttered. "Was mistaken in thinking that thou didst want all my budget opened for a woman? He who gave me a woman for thee, the moulvie, and

it nine o'clock last night, as you see the miss-sahib before you came away?"

"It was she who told me whether you had gone, sahib."

"Ah, she knew, then? Did she say anything—send any message?"

"Only that you would be certain to need my help, sahib."

That puzzled Frank. Whinifred, of course, had said nothing of the kind, but Chumru assumed that she understood him, so his misrepresentation was quite honest.

A level path now enabled them to center, and they reached the first belt of trees ten minutes after the moulvie's men set out for Rai Bareilly. Luck, which was being made possible that burst of speed at the right moment. They were discussing their plans in the gloom of a grove of giant pipals when the clatter of horses' hooves came from the road they had just quitted.

There could be no doubting the errand that brought a cavalcade thus furiously from the direction of Lucknow. It was so near a thing that for a little while they could not be certain they had escaped unseen. But the riders whirled along towards Rai Bareilly, and in another quarter of an hour the night would be their best friend.

"That settles it," said Malcolm, in whose veins the blood was now coursing with its normal vitality, though for the same reason, his right forearm ached abominably. "It would be folly to attempt the road again. Let us make for the river. We must find a boat there, and get men to take us to Allahabad, either by hire or force."

"How far is it to the river, sahib?"

"About twenty-five miles."

"Praise be to Allah! That is better than seventy, for my feet are weary of that accursed Brahmin's boots."

They stumbled on, leading the horses, until the first dark hour made progress impossible. Then, when the evening mists melted and the stars gave a faint light, they resumed the march, for every mile gained now was worth five at dawn if persistence their own thought of making a circular sweep of the country in the neighborhood of Rai Bareilly.

It was a glorious night. The rain of the preceding day had freshened the air, and towards midnight the moon sailed into the blue overhead, so they were able to mount again and travel at a faster pace. Twice they were warned by the barking of dogs in the proximity of small villages. They gave these places a wide berth, since there was no knowing what hap might bring a ryot who had seen them into communication with the moulvie's followers.

Each hamlet marked the centre of a cultivated area. They could distinguish the jungle from the arable land almost by the animals they disturbed. A stray wolf, skulking through the sparsely wooded waste, would be succeeded by a herd of timid deer. Then a sounder of pigs, headed by a tench tusker, would scamper out of the border crop, while a pack of jackals, rending the calm night with their maniac yelping, would start every dog within a mile into a frenzy of hoarse barking. Sometimes a fox slunk across their path. Out of many a thicket they drove a startled hare. In the dense undergrowth hummed and rustled a hidden life of greater mystery.

Where water lodged after the rain there were countless millions of frogs, croaking in harsh chorus, and being quickly hunted by the snakes which the moonlight had driven from their nooks and crannies in the rocks. On such a night all India seems to be dead as a land but tremendously alive as a storehouse of insects, animals, and reptiles. Even the air has its strange denizens in the guise of huge beetles and vampire-winged flying foxes. And that is why men call it the unchanging East. Civilization has made but few marks on its far-flung plains. Its peoples are either nomads or dwell in huts of mud and straw and scratch the earth to grow their crops as their forebears have done since the dawn of history.

When the amber and rose tints of dawn gave distance to the horizon, the fugitives estimated that they had traversed some fifteen miles. Malcolm was ready to drop with fatigue. He was wounded; he had not slept during two nights; he had fought in a lost battle and ridden sixty-five miles, without counting his exertions before going to the field of Chinnut. Nejd and the horse which brought Chumru from Lucknow were nearly exhausted. Even the hardy Mohammedan was haggard and spent, and his oblique eyes glowed like the red embers of a dying fire.

"Sahib," he said, when they came upon a villager and his wife scraping oilum from urine upon heads in a field.

"The man himself, a portly, full-bearded Mohammedan, was examining a rowing crop, and his behavior, no less than the future looks cast at the newcomers by his driver, warned Malcolm that here, for a certainty, the Mutiny was a known thing. The zemindar's face assumed a bronze-green tint when he saw the European officer, and the sulky-looking native perched behind the shafts of the ekka growled something in the local patois that caused the ryot sitting behind Chumru to squirm uneasily.

The other glanced hastily around, as though he hoped to find assistance near, and Chumru muttered to his master:

"Have a care, sahib, else we may hop on to a limed twig."

The boldest course was the best one. Malcolm rode up to the zemindar, who was separated some forty paces from the ekka.

"I come from Lucknow," he said. "What news is there from Fatehpore and Allahabad?"

The man hesitated. He was so completely taken aback by the sight of an armed officer riding towards him in broad daylight—for Malcolm having lost his own sword had taken Chumru's—that he was hardly prepared to meet the emergency.

"There is little news," he said, at last, and it was not lost on his questioner that the customary phrases of respect were omitted, though he spoke civilly enough.

"Nevertheless, what is it?" demanded Frank. "Has the Mutiny spread here, or is it confined to Cawnpore?"

the self-contained answer. "In this district we are peaceable people. We look after our crops, even as I am engaged at this moment, and have no concern with what goes on elsewhere."

"A most worthy and honorable sentiment, and I trust it will avail you when we have hanged all these rebels and we come to inquire into the conduct of your village. I want you to accompany me now and place my orderly and myself on board a boat for Allahabad."

"That is impossible—sahib—and the words came reluctantly—"there are no boats on the river these days."

"Why not?"

"They are all away, carrying grain and hay."

"What then, are your crops so forward? This one will not be ready for harvesting ere another month."

"You will not find a budgerow on this side. Perchance they will ferry you across at the village in a small boat, and you will have better accommodation at Fatehpore."

"Are we opposite Fatehpore?"

"Yes—sahib."

All the while the zemindar's eyes were looking furtively from Frank to the lower ground. It was a puzzling situation. The man was not actively hostile, yet his manner betrayed an undercurrent of fear and dislike that could only be accounted for by the downfall of British power in the locality. Thinking Chumru could deal better with his fellow-countryman, Malcolm called him, breaking in on a lively conversation that was going on between his servant and the ekka-wallah.

Chumru, who had told the ryot to dismount, came at once.

"Our friend here says that things are quiet on the river, but there are no boats to be had," explained Malcolm. Chumru grinned, and the zemindar regarded him with troubled eyes.

"Excellent," he said. "We shall go to his house and wait while his servants look for a boat."

This suggestion seemed to please the other man.

"I will go on in front in the ekka," he agreed, "and lead you to my dwelling speedily."

Chumru edged nearer his master while their new acquaintance walked towards the ekka.

"Jump down and tie both when I give the word, sahib," he whispered. "There has been murder done here."

Malcolm understood instantly that his native companion had found the ekka-wallah more communicative. In fact, Chumru had fooled the man by pretending a willingness to slay the Ferengi forthwith, and the sheep-like ryot was now livid with terror at the prospect of witnessing an immediate killing.

When the zemindar was close to the ekka, Chumru whipped out one of the Brahmin's cavalry pistols.

"Now, sahib!" he cried. Malcolm drew his sword and sprang down. The zemindar fell on his knees.

"Spare my life, honor, and I will tell you everything I know."

Were he not so worn with fatigue, and were not the issues depending on the man's revelations so important, Malcolm would have laughed at this remarkable change of tone. The flabby, well-fed rascal—squealed like a pig when the point of the sword touched his skin, and the Englishman was forced to scowl fiercely to hide a smile.

To be Continued.

UPHILL.

(Special to The Post)

Sleight is all gone some time, but it is still bleak, cold and frosty. No appearance of spring yet, no bull frog's song, nor have we heard of any round hogs being seen yet.

Percy Ted has been around here for some time past thrashing clover and cutting wood.

Some of the young men around here have gone to the West, which I think was a Rise move on their part. Three of the Foley boys have gone to Willow Bunch, Sask., and Aleck Muir and David Martin have gone to the Peace River country. Mr. Muir has been all over the West for the past three years, and has made this part his choice.

The whole of the estate of the late Joseph McCaughey of this place will be offered for sale by auction shortly as his sons, I hear, are intending to move to the West.

Mr. Wm. Maxwell of Uphill, former of Head Lake, and for a long time Tp. Clerk, has been very ill lately. The doctor attending had little hope for his recovery, but I am pleased to say that he is better. Mr. Maxwell is a very old man, and his death would not have surprised any one, he being in his 97th year. There are few who reach that age.

I have to record the death of Mrs. James Wetherup, of Dalton, on Sunday night, 2nd inst. She was also a very old lady, over 80 years. I hear pneumonia was the agency by which she was removed. Her husband predeceased her many years ago.

It has been very quiet around Uphill this winter. Everyone seemed to take things easy, and although I never saw roads better than they were this past winter, I never saw so little doing in the line of taking out saw logs.

WANTED

housekeeper for farmhouse work. Must be competent. Family of three. Address, stating wages, Mr. Henry Whetter, Manilla, Ont., Can.—451.

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. Brand, office at Foot 4.

CARTERS' LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Prostration, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. With their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Acute they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not extend here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will never be willing to do without them. But after all sick headache

is the best of all medicines. Our pills cure with others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action place all the

at the corner of West 1st St.

Brighten Up



TELL us what you want to finish and we will give you the Brighten Up Finish that will do it. We are handling a complete stock of

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Brighten Up Finishes

This line includes a paint, varnish, stain or enamel for every imaginable purpose. There are 12 kinds and 77 attractive colors. Come and talk over your painting problems with us.

J. G. EDWARDS & CO.

YOUR ENGINE SHOULD BE OVERHAULED

Don't think because it ran smoothly last season, that it is still in condition to do its best work this year. Some inner bearing may be loose which will cause you untold trouble and expense in just the time when you need the launch or car.

Let us put new life in your engine. All our work guaranteed.

G. W. HALL, LINDSAY GARAGE, East End Wellington-st. Bldg. Fairbank's Engines. Phone 317K. Motor Supplies.

BE SURE TO SEE OUR HOMEMADE BUGGIES

—STRONG AND STYLISH—

Several Second-hand Buggies For Sale Cheap

CHRIS. McILHARGEY

FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 15, con. 1 Fenelon, containing 23 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, 6 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWSON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wt.

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 \$90. 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, needle etc. Columbia records are indestructible and will fit and make of instrument. Pianos to rent and orders taken for expert piano tuning. THOS. BROWN, Gerhard-Heintzman representative, 26 Wellington-st., Lindsay.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the Estate of Margaret Stone, late of the Town of Lindsay, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having any claims or demands against the late Margaret Stone, who died on or about the Twenty-sixth day of January, 1911, are required to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned, solicitors herein for A. M. Fulton, Executor named in the will of the said deceased, their names and addresses and the full particulars in writing, of their claims and a statement of their accounts and the nature of the security if any held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the Twenty-ninth day of April, 1911, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice, and that the said Executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person whose claim he shall not then have received notice of.

Dated at Lindsay this Fifth day of April, A.D. 1911.

McLAUGHLIN, PERL, FULTON & STILSON, Solicitors for the Executor, Lindsay, Ont.—75

FOR SALE—Gasoline launch, 33 ft. long, 7 1/2 ft. beam; stationary cover; good reliable 4 cylinder, 14 h.p., engine; runs 10 miles an hour. Is fitted with electric lighting system and everything complete and in first-class order. Best cruiser or pleasure boat on these waters. Also a good 16-foot cedar canoe, cross ribs canvas covered, nearly new. Will sell reasonable at once. For particulars apply to A. B. TERRY.—dwt.