

**THE BORDER OF  
BLADES: AN ANGLO-  
INDIAN ROMANCE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649143436

The border of Blades: an anglo-Indian romance by Captain Bedford Foran

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CAPTAIN BEDFORD FORAN**

**THE BORDER OF  
BLADES: AN ANGLO-  
INDIAN ROMANCE**



# THE BORDER OF BLADES

AN ANGLO-INDIAN ROMANCE

BY

CAPTAIN BEDFORD FORAN

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

*Printed in 1916*

PR  
6011  
F74b

## CONTENTS

|                                      | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| CHAPTER I                            |      |
| GALA DAY IN PESHAWUR . . . . .       | I    |
| CHAPTER II                           |      |
| BENEATH THE ROSE-HEDGE . . . . .     | 13   |
| CHAPTER III                          |      |
| THE HOUSE OF LALLAJI . . . . .       | 26   |
| CHAPTER IV                           |      |
| A MESSAGE FROM MIR KHAN . . . . .    | 39   |
| CHAPTER V                            |      |
| FOR THE NORTHERN ARMY CUP . . . . .  | 51   |
| CHAPTER VI                           |      |
| MIR KHAN TALKS THINGS OVER . . . . . | 64   |

## CONTENTS

|                                       | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| CHAPTER VII                           |      |
| MAXWELL PREPARES A SURPRISE . . . . . | 76   |
| CHAPTER VIII                          |      |
| MIR KHAN MAKES AN OFFER . . . . .     | 89   |
| CHAPTER IX                            |      |
| FAREWELL TO PESHAWUR . . . . .        | 102  |
| CHAPTER X                             |      |
| A WATCHER IN THE TOILS . . . . .      | 115  |
| CHAPTER XI                            |      |
| MADHO RAO, MURDERER . . . . .         | 127  |
| CHAPTER XII                           |      |
| ACROSS THE HILLS . . . . .            | 140  |
| CHAPTER XIII                          |      |
| "THE RAJ, SAHIB!" . . . . .           | 153  |
| CHAPTER XIV                           |      |
| TOO LATE . . . . .                    | 165  |



## CONTENTS

vii

|                                    | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| CHAPTER XV                         |      |
| IN THE TULWAR'S HILT . . . . .     | 177  |
| CHAPTER XVI                        |      |
| HOW THE JIRGAH ENDED . . . . .     | 190  |
| CHAPTER XVII                       |      |
| THE TROUBLE-BREEDER WINS . . . . . | 202  |
| CHAPTER XVIII                      |      |
| A TALK WITH PETROVSKI . . . . .    | 215  |
| CHAPTER XIX                        |      |
| IN THE TOWER . . . . .             | 228  |
| CHAPTER XX                         |      |
| PETROVSKI PAYS . . . . .           | 240  |



## CHAPTER I

### GALA DAY IN PESHAWUR

"WHO is that good-looking man passing the grand stand with Colonel Peyton?"

Marjorie Danton nodded toward the tall, broad-shouldered man dressed in racing jacket, breeches, and solar topee, walking quickly toward the paddock.

The flat mile for the Garrison Cup had just been finished, and the figure below the headquarters-staff box had caught her eye.

There was something in the stride of the lithe, free-swinging form which spoke eloquently of the open places, of things and deeds worth while, and Marjorie Danton was still too new to the country to overlook these things.

She had arrived only a week before to join her father, the General Officer commanding the Peshawur district, and as yet knew only a few of the European residents. Her companion, Captain Sydney Ballantyre, A.D.C. to the General, laughed at the words.

"It's a new thing to meet any one who does not know old Maxwell, Miss Danton," he answered "Do you mean to say you haven't heard of the famous Maxwell?"

"Of course I have! And that is the Major