

CHAPTER II

NOT A HERO

THE events of the next twelve years of my life may be dismissed in a few words. Within a few weeks of my mother's interview with the Duchess I was sent to a school in the environs of Paris. My poor mother died within six months of my leaving her. One of the very few letters the Duchess ever wrote me contained the news. It was a kind, womanly letter, showing the softer side of her character, a side which some did not give her the credit of possessing. My grief was very intense, but it soon faded away, as a child's sorrow will, amidst new scenes and faces.

After I had been at this school for a little over three years, I was suddenly removed to another school at Heidelberg, and here I was destined to remain nearly six years. During these nine years I never once visited Eng-