

beastly, after the jolly time I have spent in the regiment, to set to and do nothing but grind for the next three years."

"We all have to do a good many unpleasant things, Lisle, and as we have decided that you shall enter the army, you must make up your mind to do the necessary work even though it be disagreeable."

"All right, father! I know what depends upon it, and I will set to."

"I have no doubt you will, Lisle, for you have plenty of common sense, though you are a little inclined to mischief—not that you are altogether to blame for that, for the officers encourage you in it."

This conversation took place between Captain Bullen of the 32nd Pioneers and his son. The regiment was in cantonments near the northern frontier of India. The captain had lost his wife some years before, and as their two youngest children had also died he had not been able to bring himself to send the remaining boy home. The climate was excellent, and the boy enjoyed as good health as if he had been in England. Captain Bullen had taken a great deal of pains with his son's education, but, as he said, he had now taught the boy all that he knew, and felt that he ought to go to England and be regularly coached for the army.

Next day the captain entered his quarters hurriedly.

"I am off," he said; "those rascally Afridis have come down and looted several villages, and I am to go up in command of a couple of companies to give them a lesson."

"They are not very strong, are they, father?"

"No, I don't suppose they can put a couple of hundred men in the field. We shall take the two mountain-guns with us and batter holes in their fortresses, and then attack and carry them easily. There is no sign of movement among the other tribes, so we need not expect any serious opposition."