

chance of doing something that will make his boy always feel proud of him."

"Oh, but that means risking his life, you know."

"It has that drawback," I said.

The chatter of the boarding house during those trying times affected my nerves, I think, and certainly did nothing to improve my temper. My ten-year-old son was the only comfort I had, and we used to go out into Kensington Gardens, where, instead of playing with other youngsters, he sat by me, and asked questions, and spoke of the time when he, too, would be a soldier man. He pictured fights in which he was to be engaged; his triumphs were always highly satisfactory, and at the end I had to impersonate Queen Victoria, and pin crosses on his short reefer coat. The admiration he could spare from his father he gave to Sir Frederick Roberts, and ladies at the boarding-house complained that he always snipped out this general from pictures in the illustrated journals, keeping the cuttings as his own property. To my relief, a letter arrived by the Indian mail from my husband. It was very short; dated from Candahar it said:

Dearest Mary,

Just off under Stewart to join Roberts, who is at Sherpur. There ought to be some fun if everything goes well. All my love to the dear boy, and to you,

Your affectionate Husband.

On an evening in April I was putting my little son to bed; the hour was early because he had, in some trifling way, annoyed two spinster boarders, and having heard them remark that they wished they had the management of him, I felt it necessary to show authority. I waited in his room, and listened to make sure that he said his prayers fully and correctly.

"Teddy," I asked, "why have you left your father out?"

"'Cause he's killed."

"You wicked boy," I cried, "how can you make such a dreadful remark as that?"

"A black man," he said, "killed him to-day. With a piece of sharpened iron, fastened on the end of a stick. Then somebody shot the black man. I don't want you