

# THROUGH THREE CAMPAIGNS

---

## CHAPTER I

### AN EXPEDITION

WELL, Lisle, my boy, the time is drawing very near when you will have to go home. My brother John will look after you and choose some good crammer to push you on; you are nearly sixteen now, and it is high time you buckled to."

"But you have always taught me, father!"

"Yes, that is all very well, but I could not devote three hours a day to you. I think I may say that you are thoroughly well grounded, I hope as well as most public-school boys of your own age, but I can go no further with you. You have no idea what cramming is necessary now for a young fellow to pass into the army. Still, I think that by hard work with some man who prepares students for the army, you may be able to rub through. I have always saved up money for this, for my brother is by no means a rich man, and crammers are very expensive; so the next time I see a chance of sending you down to Calcutta, down you go. My agents there will see you on board a ship and do everything that is necessary."

"Of course, father, if I must go, I must; but it will be