

little day shelter here of camel mats, but at night it is preferable to be in the open, and enjoy all the cool air one can get. . . . I am, of course, glad to have had this little experience and to have seen something of a new country ; but I cannot help doubting whether God ever made a more uninteresting spot, or one less designed for human habitation."

A later letter, in a worn little blue cover that told its own tale, and which bore the inscription *On active service, Somaliland, no stamps available*, arrived by the same post, and was dated from Galkayu.

" . . . I awoke in the cool and dusty night (we have lately been afflicted with dust-storms), and heard a little commotion of some one arriving in the zareba. In the light of the full-moon I saw a few people moving about, which was unusual at 1.30 A.M. Then heard a voice announce the arrival of five mailbags. I awoke again at five with the feelings of a child on Christmas morning, wondering what would be in my stocking. Do people at home half realise, I wonder, the desperate eagerness with which one waits and hopes for letters ? You do at any rate, and how I bless you, my Jeannie, for so faithfully writing. I got your letters forwarded from South Africa, and three later ones all together. Why on earth should you trouble your dear anxious head over the preachments of ancient servants ? There can be no possible reason why this poor lame Duke of Monaghan, whom you describe so pathetically (or any other man with whom you are acquainted by this time), should not call upon you, now that you have a house to receive them in. I knew his brother at Sandhurst, Lord Dermot Liscarney, one of the best fellows I ever met, and a first-class bat ; and I saw a good deal of him in South Africa, one way and another, also. In fact we were rather specially friendly ; but I had no idea we were in any way related. I've sent him a line to-day, for he wrote me an awfully nice letter when he heard I was coming here, which I'm