

and noble superstition of these cut-throats was her one weapon. She had the heart to make full use of it, and defy them. To the assurance of the leader (who after all was no German and like all honest savages a good bit of a gentleman) that they did not wish to hurt her but only to remove the contents of the cart, as they were much more in need of these than she was, she replied at once by throwing herself down in her long white night-dress, like a bar of white flame, in front of the treasure, exclaiming in Guzerati as good as their own: "You must trample on a woman's body to rob what has been entrusted to the care of her husband." She had shot her bolt. It nearly killed her. She lay there, more dead than alive, for half an hour, which seemed a year, not daring, even after all her senses had come back, to open her eyes. When at last she did open them, the robbers had gone, leaving the box untouched.

Like mother, like daughter! Many years after, that little daughter, then a young widow, was to have an astonishingly similar adventure. As she lay half-asleep in her room at Singapore, where she was living at that time, a well-oiled naked thug came sliding like a snake along the uncarpeted surface towards her bed. At first she was frozen with terror. Then she remembered that in the small jewel-box under her bed there were some letters that she prized very highly, her dead husband's. In an instant hot rage took the place of fear. A thousand devils could not snatch those letters from her! She jumped up in the darkness, seized an extinguished glass lamp which stood on a table by her couch, smashed it to pieces upon the bare wooden floor, and in a voice with a tone one has heard from her, much more trying to the thief's nerves than the sudden clatter and ring of broken glass, cried out: "I will be the death of you!" He rolled out—much more speedily than he had glided in. Anna had come out true to type.

Her mother being of the mettle indicated, was likely to show the capacity, as valuable as it is scarce in these soft days of ours, of cultivating in her daughter some power of will and