

through using a belt in this way and being able to feel quite secure thereby.

Travelling is often an excellent time to do and to read all those things for which one cannot find time in ordinary life, and it is well to keep a list of these in the "travel notebook," and to prepare beforehand to carry them out. If one feeds oneself and has one's meals whilst the train is going, quite a lot of writing can be done whilst other people are eating in refreshment rooms, and if one does not mind writing in bits, the average train gives a good deal of time in halts at wayside stations. As regards books it is wise to take at least three or four of as varied styles as possible and not only light novels, of which one is apt to tire very soon when one has nothing to do. A technical book in which the case to be nursed can be looked up will, of course, be sure to be included.

Finally, get into the way, if possible, of looking forward to the journey as a pleasant interlude and break in the routine of one's life instead of considering it a tiring and disagreeable period. Dwell on its pleasant points and think out how the unpleasant ones may be obviated and defeated. If only this attitude be adopted it is wonderful how journeys will come to be liked and even looked forward to, and one will arrive at their ends fresh and full of energy to pick up again the thread of professional work

AS IT WAS TOLD TO ME.

THE conversation turned in a way that so often happens and nobody could say how, from the loss and grief of losing books that were lent, to the following:—"Yes, my father was through the Mutiny, he was a Captain in the Volunteers at Jullundur. He hid my mother in a dry well for four days and fed her at nights only, fearing to go near the place in the day, she had one little one with her fifteen months old. Then one day he had orders to march with the troops, the Captain of the same when they were well on the road, gave him orders to go back and fetch his, the Regimental Captain's wife and children from their house. He went. There was no wife to bring, only a naked body tied to a chair with eighteen sword cuts in it, and in front of it two other little bodies nailed upside down to the wall. Four of the scoundrels were lurking in the house and they paid the price of this crime with their lives at my father's hands. He was mad, absolutely mad. How about his own wife? He got her away with the help of some friends; they put her in a dhooly, and told her to lie flat down and on no account to sit up at all and carried her off amidst armed men. On the way they met rebels also armed who attacked them, saying "Oh, Oh, what have we here?" and thrusting their spears through and through the dhooly, one of these cuts at least must have killed my mother had she been sitting up. So the men surrounded

the dhooly and fought their way to safety with their backs to it and spears pointed out on all sides. My mother was eighteen years old at the time.

In Jullundur, also, at this time there were two girls just come out from home to stay with their brother a Commissioner, he was away, but had left them with arms and they had been taught to shoot. These two girls had their house attacked, they stood at a window, each with a six chambered revolver, only one had the nerve to fire, her sister handing her the second loaded revolver from behind when the six shots had been fired, and that girl accounted for eight men in the time, by that time help arrived.

Then there were three beautiful girls, lovely girls they were, sisters, the Nana Sahib had often seen, and he gave orders to his men to capture these alive and bring them to his harem, they were taken :—one jumped from a window a few hours after and was killed, one took poison, and though all enquiries were made for many months after, the third was never traced and no one knew what became of her, but imagine what they must have suffered before all this !”

“It was all in that book ; there was all this about my father ; that is why I hate so to have lost it, he was mentioned many times, and it is out of print now, I can’t get another copy.”

“Now I will tell you how I had my first babies, twins. I was alone with my husband, at C. in the jungle, the only Europeans, yes a town but there was no one in it we could call to help us, one nurse there was in those days for three towns. We had engaged her” but they came a month before the time, we telegraphed for her but she could not come. All that night I was alone and we did not get the answer to the telegram till the next day. My ayah brought in a most awful looking creature, I would not have in my room, and my ayah was useless, she was much too frightened to do a hand’s turn, only tremblingly brought me the things I asked for, so I conducted my own case, and curiously, I looked on it as a case that had to be taken, and forgot myself and my suffering actually, in the interest and anxiety of seeing that all should be right with the child, never thinking of the complication of twins ! I took the baby myself, tied the cord, put it aside and lay down to rest. Then there was terrible pain, my husband was there and he was very frightened, I said to him, “what is this ?” he said, “I think it is another child.” So I bucked up again, and took the second, tied the cord. Then I made the ayah bring me the bathing things, and bathed them both, and dressed them and laid them one by one aside. I never thought about myself till this was done, then I had time for that. I recovered all right, no harm came, and you see I am well and strong after having had seven, counting the twins. E. has not suffered either, she is one of them, the little boy died at 18 months. After this recital, I pondered, and did mental homage to this woman and her compatriots, products of a strenuous, terrible time indeed.

X. Y. Z.