

INDOOR COAT  
OF  
FINE BLACK  
CLOTH.



about with us, and how much may be done, by clever cutting and thought, to decrease the weight we carry. I have recently seen a Princess petticoat, bodice and skirt in one, which seems to me to cover many of our requirements, and if made in a non-washing material would increase the warmth of the body. With this Princess petticoat a short silk vest was worn, and tights of black spun silk, that is, the drawers and stockings woven in one. These are much used by French ladies, and are now woven so that the stockings can be changed to either foot, by which means they are worn evenly. In fact, just now I think every woman is a law to herself in the way of underwear.

In Paris there is a rage for coloured under-garments, in pink, pale blues, yellows and mauves; and white silk is very largely used for them as well.

In the way of stockings, we find great ornamentation is being favoured. Lace insertions, and even hand-painted fronts are let in; but there are many ladies of good taste who prefer to wear black open-worked stockings and black shoes with all dresses in the evening, and black patent slippers for the daytime, with black hose. Tan Suède stockings to match are still much

seen, and tan Suède gloves are almost more worn than anything else for evening. I have seen a few people wearing mittens, but they have not advanced much in favour since last season. They make the hand look wide across. Tan and other light neutral shades will probably supersede the much-worn and much-abused white ones; and if we wear the light hues, which have been so popular in Paris this year, the drabs, fawns, and grey, in tailor-made gowns, our gloves will certainly match them, and not improbably our hats and toques as well. In the early spring we shall see the usual flower-toques, which always herald the bright days of the year, and which are so becoming, and look so dainty on a well-dressed head.

At the present moment we are becoming rather over-done with the Pompadour heads, which greet us at every turn. The appearance of some of them leaves much to be desired in the way of tidiness. This universal adoption seems to point to an early change in hair-dressing, though Englishwomen are far too conservative in their ideas of *coiffure*, and are inclined to stick to any style which suits them. If we may judge from what we have lately seen, this change will be in the direction of great simplicity. The hair will be waved, and worn in a coil on the nape of the neck, and the front parting will be seen once more. Let us hope that we shall all be firm and sensible enough to select the method which suits us the best. It would be delightful to see in hair-dressing the same determined individuality that we see displayed in our underclothing, where our independence is quite remarkable.

## LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,

### AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### PART I.

"Fifty thousand horse and foot  
Going to Table Bay."

*Saturday, Dec. 30, 1899.—Bon voyage!* All the friends of the outward bound met aboard the SS. *Othello* in Southampton Docks at mid-day, and lunched right royally *pour commencer*. Delightful to have a little batch of best friends to see one off—indeed *ours* was such a merry party that one distressed lady put the Colonel, her husband (suffering from malaria), in my charge, as she thought the cheerful element might cure him, and the ship-doctor was "so young." So it's well to be cheerful—and *old!* Before the lonely feelings had come, imagine my solace at meeting an old friend from South Devon, and we immediately arranged to share cabins. But for her I should indeed feel "alone on a wide, wide sea"—which makes one think how times have changed, and that thirty years ago hardly a woman in England would have started off for Africa alone. The bell rang for visitors to clear as all were taking a last hasty cup of tea together, and "Pour me out a cup, dear, for the last time," says Someone for whom I have poured it so often!

Last good-byes are always better not described.

Then, as the friends filed off, the mails filed on—a seemingly endless stream of mail-bags, and how eagerly watched for by those far away, and how pathetic to think that some of the messages contained in them would never reach the loved ones!

In the excitement of the moment perhaps one hardly realised the desolation of being really left to start for a far continent, with the forms one loves best waving from the shore.

The crowds cheered, the bands played, the handkerchiefs fluttered, the great ship heaved, and we had left England's protecting soil. For how long? Ah, who knows! Dimly I could see them still standing there. And we who were left turned to one another—

"I'm so thankful you're here, Tiny."

"And I, to have you, Maris dear."

So we started for a new world.

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Then we unpacked and settled into our cabins. Small quarters for two—but what a relief to be friends instead of strangers! Dinner quickly followed, and the uniforms, in the electric light, gave quite the appearance of a fancy ball. There are a few Germans aboard, a very few private passengers (hardly any ladies), the rest being officers, bound for their terrible work, and the nursing sisters. There are about twenty of us, mostly strangers to each other. The full uniform for dinner, *en masse*, is very pretty, and the scarlet and white remind me of the sweet nuns in their white and red in some quiet old convent garden.

The *Briton*, homeward bound, brought such terrible accounts of the high seas in the Channel (we all, even ashore, remember Thursday night) that we were ordered to anchor—an almost unparalleled occurrence—and remained at anchor till six the next morning. Yet in the night we were congratulating ourselves on being such good sailors, as we thought we were moving. We soon found the difference when we *did* move! Tiny and I made some tea, in old hospital style, and drank to our good luck before turning in. I hardly slept at all, chiefly owing to the intolerable stuffiness of the cabin. I don't like ship tea and "shippy" butter and toast, though, no doubt, we shall congratulate ourselves if we get anything half so good when we are field-

nursing. We are, of course, first-class passengers. Many courses for every meal, with beef-tea in the middle of the morning and coffee after lunch and dinner.

*Sunday, Dec. 31.*—"The old year lies a-dying," though we can hardly realise it, nor that it is Sunday, or anything so ordinary as the regular sequence of days. So much has happened to us since last Sunday! So much will happen before it is all over . . . I only pray not to be too homesick, that is beyond bearing. To be sea-sick is mild and inevitable. Tiny and I bravely spent all day on deck, and were congratulated on being the only ladies there—so, of course, I didn't confess I was ill each time I went below. A glorious day, brilliant sunshine and a perfect sea and sky, but a strong wind and bitterly cold. We had every wrap we possessed, including my eider-down, tucked round us in our deck-chairs, without being warmed. But someone came to our rescue with his mackintosh sheet, which saved our being drenched with spray. An English gentleman, whether in khaki or in mufti, or even in rags (as those who know the poor know well), is always the gallant protector of the weak, though it be only the weakness of cold and sea-sickness. We hoped this poor boy (for he was quite a young officer) would never be lying on the field in this mackintosh sheet stained with his blood. One cannot help thinking of these dreadful possibilities in a ship bound for the War.

Little Tiny was promised, by Someone, a Victoria Cross if she brought me home safe and well, and she has been working for it to-day by being good to me until she was bowled over herself, poor little soul. But even *mal de mer* can be partially suppressed, for you see I am writing gaily. Shall be so glad when we come to summer weather: it's very cold, and

one longs for the cosy fireside of happy memory. I hope the dear things at home are not anxious, there's not a bit of need. How different their Sunday is! And the old hospital Sundays always so cheerful and quiet. I suppose they have just begun their evening hymn-singing. And we are bounding on and on.

Beautiful sea-gulls have followed us all day, swooping round and sailing on without any screws or thudding machinery! We saw the Needles this morning, and old Portland. Were too far out to know anything of Plymouth. And now Cornwall—the Cornwall of happy holidays—is far behind, and we are out in mid-channel.

I inquired of the ship-doctor for my patient, but didn't feel like doing anything for anybody till tea-time. Then I went to inquire for him, took him his tea, and milk and soda. Only an Englishman would start on a journey, at the end of which he would probably be shot, with a temperature of 103°, and feeling as ill as that means. I only trust not to be ill far away; it's then one would feel the 6,000 miles' distance.

Jan. 2, 1900.—New Year's Day is eloquently silent! I think everyone spent it in bed. And all that has ever been said about the Bay is true of it! It was pouring all day too. However, I determined to get a breath of air in the evening. "Pretty plucky too," said the stewardess, as she helped me dress, as I was ill all the time. Oh, those cabins! But it was worth while when once on deck, and one quickly revived. The few people up were bowling about like ninepins in the wind and swell. I was swept, chair and all, right against the side of the ship. But I lay on deck till ten o'clock, and to-day am as fit as a fiddle, so feel that I'm a good sailor after all—most of the ladies are still in various stages of invalidism.

A bugle calls to meals, which sounds most military. There are frames all along the tables to fix the plates and glasses, yet even so, there's a crashing and a jingling when a great lurch comes. They are reviling the ship, and say she is an eighteen-year-old tub, that in the *Briton* one would hardly feel motion to-day.

Mr. B. is aboard, a non-intellectual-looking youth. More interesting is Lady R., a most charming woman, who is going to offer her services in any capacity when she gets there, in order to serve humanity, and to be near her

son, who will be fighting. "I am not a trained nurse," she says, "but I can do what I am told, and I know how to hold my tongue"—two of the chief points of "training," after all. She, and the pretty young girl with her, are busy making flannel jackets for the wounded, and are taking out a cargo of 120 cushions for the sick.

We are now midway between Finisterre and Madeira, about 400 miles from home. We are longing for Madeira, but fear we shall arrive there at midnight owing to the twelve hours' delay in the Solent. I was so looking forward to *terra firma* and all the quaint foreignness of a semi-tropical port. How I have always longed to roam the world over, and it is strange to have my wish at last. Have so often said with the little girl in the *Log of the Nereid*, "I want to go to sea welly, welly much." And I should be quite satisfied if I could do the other half of the world on my honeymoon!

There is a merry little blue-eyed sister aboard who has done three years' yellow-fever nursing in Brazil. "Brazil is lovely enough to make you cry," she says. She is a perfect little sailor, and it does one good to look at her. Some of the sisters are terribly tired out, having come straight from hospital work, so I'm lucky to have had a rest. Some have served a short time in military stations at home since the war. We hope to be able to work together (the reserves) in a camp of our own.

Eight bells—tea-time. All this scribbled on my knee, as I lie in my deck-chair close to the waves I love.

After dinner. A sea-sick little band plays through dinner (reminding me of Nurse Young and myself playing "Bonnie Dundee" in Mariston) every evening except Sundays. There is no chaplain nor any clergyman on board. (The mate attributes five days' disaster last time to the presence of five parsons.) The Captain reads prayers on Sunday mornings.

Wednesday, Jan. 3.—Everything to be ready for post to-day. We touch Madeira early in the morning. I had the misfortune to break my watch-glass, which slipped out of my berth; hope I can get it mended. Awfully glad to have brought muffi for voyage, as we wear full uniform for dinner only. My patient the Colonel is convalescent, and turns the tables by waiting on me—when not writing to

his wife, as he seems to be doing always. The old Colonels are very sedate, and mess solemnly together, playing chess soberly afterwards. I must reverse my opinion of Mr. B.; he is delightful to talk to. He is studying deep books on the Transvaal. "We must not disturb your novel-reading, Mr. B." He responds gallantly, "I love to be disturbed." He expects to interview Kruger personally.

We have just passed the *Dunvegan Castle* homeward bound. She was sailing along grandly. I enclose a breakfast menu (lunch and dinners are in proportion), from which you will see we fare well. At Cape Town, where butter is 10s. per lb., or at Ladysmith, where whisky is £5 per bottle, we shall probably be on shorter rations. It is glorious to be going, and to feel oneself part of the great throbbing heart of the nation, although I think that those left at home in patient waiting and anxiety are doing the bravest work. Do you remember the picture in the *Graphic*, of friends seeing the troops off, with the motto "They also serve who only stand and wait"? You, dear noble things, all "stand and wait" at home.

I am writing under difficulties in a strong breeze on the hurricane deck, though one purposely sought a breezy spot this morning, as it's so much warmer. Our port-hole has not been opened yet; there's no ventilation in the cabin. I'm getting quite to enjoy rocking and lurching about all night, and have acquired the correct slanting gait by day, called "sea-legs." Some of the poor souls are still suffering! I consider my two days' *hors de combat* quite a large enough contribution to the war fund.

Tiny wouldn't mind being left on African soil for the sake of having an officer's funeral! But I'm looking forward to coming home again. My palm was told last night—a long life line, good health, and plenty of luck and happiness.

The horses are recovering, and we go to feed them. Fear this won't cure me of roving, as I shall want to go round the world more than ever! I'm so enjoying the sea, and feeling so well. My next instalment of the log will be posted from the Cape, and then I shall know my fate.

I want it to be a camp hospital, and something more exciting than Wynberg! Anyhow, I haven't a grain of fear, whatever happens.

(To be continued.)

## LIFE'S TRIVIAL ROUND.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Mollie's Prince," etc.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"I FACE MY BOGEYS."

"From the difficulties of the path, O heart,  
Do not turn the rein, for the traveller  
Should not think of descent and ascent."  
Hafiz.

I HAVE no wish to repeat what followed. When any human being opens his or her heart to another, such confidence should be held sacred, but it was a sad piece of work that fell to my share that evening. Poor, troubled, short-sighted Miss Faith, but she grew calmer presently. I did not leave her until she was safe in bed, and had taken a soothing draught that Dr. Hoskin had prescribed, but that walk home in the darkness was like a nightmare to me, and all my thoughts seemed jumbled up in the

most curious way. Once I caught myself saying out loud as I crossed the goose-green by the vicarage gate, "Well, it is no business of mine, surely. Am I my brother's keeper?" and then I grew hot with shame. Had that cowardly thought really been mine?

"I must face my bogeys," I muttered as I groped my way down the sandy lane. Johnson looked rather startled as he let me in.

"Why, Mrs. Berrie, you do look fagged, to be sure," he exclaimed, "but Mrs. Jones is keeping your supper hot, and there's a good fire in the Brown parlour," but though I thanked him and tried to do justice to the tempting little dish set before me, it was a miserable failure, so I made a headache my excuse and crept up to bed,

leaving a message for Hope, for I felt I could not face any of them that night.

Even now I never think of that long night without a shudder. Hour after hour I faced my bogeys, or fought a pitched battle with the demon of self-love, and it was deadly wrestling too, for victory meant to me the loss of all that I held dear and that I most fondly prized, and more than once, as I wetted my pillow with tears, I said to myself that it was too hard, that so great a sacrifice was not required; but, thank God, my good angel did not forsake me, and in my weakest moment strength came. Then I slept, and in my dream I thought Richard met me and smiled at me, and when I woke the pale sunshine of a November morning was shining into my room.

end of it is enough to try the strongest. But here come the children; they went up the Steinkopje to watch for the cart."

Life at the farm went on as it had done before Janet's fateful visit to Kimberley. Nothing was altered, yet she felt as if a change had passed over everything. But it lay in herself. She had passed through that trying time bravely, but the reaction came as it was bound to do, and she now felt depressed and found it hard work to throw herself as formerly into all the small interests about her. She had before been buoyed up by hope, and it had seemed easy to work on. But now she had lost everything, and the world seemed wide and dreary. Strangely enough, whenever she thought of Mr. Codrington, another face would rise before her, and she found herself comparing him with Captain Miles and marvelling that she could ever have thought of him when Harold Miles was by.

"But how despicable I am," she would say impatiently. "What man ever thinks again of a girl who has refused him? Besides, he does not even know that the other is all at an end." And she set herself resolutely again and again to her work, determining not to give way to such weakness. But each kind letter from Mrs. Miles upset her afresh, and she even fancied that, to make her task harder, the letters grew always kinder and more tender.

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Time passed on, weeks grew into months, and Christmas was not far off. Janet's visit to the Cape was fixed to take place in January.

The arrival of the mails was always a great event on the farm, and one day among her letters was one from Miss Codrington. She opened it, wondering what had made her

write. In it she read that Mr. Codrington was about to be married to a girl whose father had made his fortune on the Fields. "I thought I would like to tell you myself," ran the letter, "though you probably suspected what would happen. And I wanted to say, too, that I thought you awfully plucky in the autumn, and that you have always been far too good for Archie."

Janet laid down the letter and fell into a reverie, from which she was roused by the sight of her brother's handwriting amongst the papers she had left untouched.

"Poor old Bertie!" she thought. "Things have come to a pretty pass with me when I neglect his letters. After all, it is a good thing that I never told him what had happened. What a state of mind he would be in now!" and she smiled. "But, oh, dear! I wish there were not so many thousand miles between us. I wonder how many years I shall still be on this farm."

A week later the children's holidays began. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton had driven over to a neighbouring farm some miles distant. Janet, in spite of the heat, intended to amuse herself by making what the children called "holiday cakes," which they declared no one ever made as well as she did. She had turned up her sleeves and was ready to start operations when little Maggie ran in.

"There is someone just ridden up to the door, Miss Esdaile."

"Oh, dear, how unfortunate! Some Boer to see your father, I suppose, and he is out. I know he was expecting someone to come soon about that horse. Show him into the sitting-room, Maggie, and I'll come directly."

"It's not a Boer, I'm quite sure," came back in Maggie's clear, ringing voice, as she ran off.

"There's an end to cake-making for the

present," thought Janet, and was proceeding to turn down her sleeves and take off her big apron. A slight sound made her look up towards the door leading into the sitting-room.

Maggie had left it open, and on the threshold, watching her, stood Harold Miles.

Janet gave a low cry and grasped the back of a chair for support.

In an instant he was at her side. He gathered her as she was, big apron and all, into his arms.

"My darling, did I startle you? What a brute I am! I followed the direction of your voice, as you answered the child, but I could not speak at first. What have they done to you to make you look so white?"

"Oh, I'm all right—now," she whispered, with her face hidden.

"Now, my darling? Look up, Janet, and tell me that I was right to come, and that you will not say 'No' to me again this time."

She raised her eyes to his, and in their tender depths he read all that her lips refused to speak.

"What brought you now?" she asked, after a moment's blissful silence.

"I have scarcely known how to keep away ever since Major Blake told me of his meeting with you and how ill you looked. But though I longed to come, I could not bring myself to do so earlier, and indeed I had no proof that I had any right to come. But this brought me at last," and he took from his pocket a cutting from the *Kimberley Courier*. It was the announcement of Mr. Codrington's marriage five days before. "When I saw that, I lost no time, but came off at once to learn my fate. And now, my darling, there is nothing to wait for, and you will let me take you home to spend Christmas with my mother?"

[THE END.]

## LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,

### AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### PART II.

Jan. 4, 1900.—Madeira! *C'est le Paradis!*

Words cannot paint her, nor any brush depict her beauty, and the camera libels a spot so fair. It is good to have lived and seen Madeira!

Tiny began waking me at three, for fear we should miss the first sight of land; and we saw lights through the porthole. (I thought of Columbus seeking a new world, and the ecstasy with which a light at last was seen, denoting shore, after weeks of sailing, and anxious watching, and mutiny on the high seas.) We were called at five, but it was nearly seven o'clock before we came in full view of Funchal, and anchored in the bay. The mountains were veiled in soft grey mist, lifting and drifting; the cliffs were mossed with green right down to the water's edge—like the west coast of Ireland, almost. And the town appeared a settlement in tier on tier of white houses, becoming more scattered up the slopes, mere white specks dotted on the grey hillside as far as we could see.

A fleet of native boats put out from shore—bright green boats, lined with yellow and high at each end—and we were soon surrounded by a tribe of gesticulating, chattering Portuguese. Swarthy men in slouch hats, and every sort of clothing and no clothing; fishermen in sou'-westers, divers in nothing, gendarme-like officials coming aboard, beggars and ferrymen, and countless vendors of baskets, embroideries, shawls and knick-knacks. Whole cargoes of Madeira chairs

were afloat, and soon were boarded on our boat; pedlars climbed up the ship-side and besieged it with wares, and soon the whole deck was converted into a fancy fair.

We were keen on going ashore, whence these wonders came, but the formalities required that the shore medical officers must first board us, and receive a clean bill of health from our Captain, and as the Portuguese member of the faculty was evidently in bed, we had long to wait. We had meant to breakfast ashore, but, to save time, obeyed the *Othello's* bugle call, and ate a rapid breakfast in the saloon before landing. The bay was alive with divers, muscular men and little bronzed boys, all diving for the silver tossed to them, and never failing to find it under the water. A little boat took us to the quay, where we were besieged by guides; one smiling and adhesive being attached himself to us, and really proved useful after all. Importunate beggars beset us at every step, but one was sorry for the little yellow children, and wizened old women, who literally knelt for pennies.

We went to the church, a fine building and old, where Mass was being celebrated; then to the market, picturesque indeed. A courtyard with fountain playing in the middle, and brown-limbed children paddling in the water; stalls and alcoves all round, bright with wares, women crouching in every corner, three-cornered handkerchiefs over their heads, and men smoking, selling, bargaining—such a scene of life and foreigners! I suppose folk in Madeira subsist on fruits and on

baskets—the market seemed to contain little else.

Bright red chillies were threaded in brilliant chains, and the omnipresent onion hung from the stalls, where bananas were piled in profusion, and the children were selling great baskets of camellia and roses for 6d. and 9d. Here, as elsewhere abroad, the hideous head-gear (for women) of Western civilisation is replaced by the folded handkerchief of some gay colour, and bright cotton petticoats and blouses and shawls give butterfly effect to the moving crowd.

The shops are fascinating; and one's little all is soon squandered; but time was short, and we wanted to get up the mountain to the convent perched aloft, whence the loveliest view was to be seen. The funicular (thus do these quaint places blend the ancient and modern) started at eleven, but we could not wait for it, so chartered one of the many bullock-carts, and started the ascent. Our chariot was a sleigh-like conveyance, made of basket-work, canopied in cotton tapestry, drawn by two bullocks and driven by many men and boys, ejaculating gutterally. Only now did the full beauty of Funchal dawn on us. Every street and alley is cobbled, and there is not a straight line in the whole city. It is like St. Ives and Clovelly welded in one, yet savouring of the Engadine and of Italy. Side-streets, paved with cobble-stones, are steps and stair-ways; and the main street, cobbled also, with twists and turns, goes up and up the hill, an endless Clovelly.

The white houses everywhere have green

jalousies and green verandahs, and little balconies from every window, with here a great pot of flowers, and there an overhanging creeper. The tiles are red, and many of the houses, overhanging the narrow streets, five and six storeys high.

In the market-square was a tree of scarlet poinsettia in full blossom; and hanging over the courtyard of the old church, a brilliant, bell-like orange flower, a species of *ecremocarpus* of semi-tropical growth. The winding endless street was steep as the side of a house, yet we rattled on, our bullocks straining every muscle, our bullock-drivers all their lungs, and ourselves laughing à *désespoir*.

Funchal is old, very old, and we pass walls of unknown date, beautified with time; then again a jalousied house, and now a viney; and everywhere wonderful overhead trellis-work roofed and curtained with flowers—such flowers! Here a scarlet geranium in the niche of a castellated wall, there a mass of blue plumbago covering the front of a house; azaleas, wildly luxuriant, and English roses, and most wonderful of all, the bougainvillia in every shade of colour, purple over the rocks, flame-colour on one side of the street, and deep magenta over that trellised roof on the other. Glimpses of quaint interiors, as we drive up and up, of the terraces of sugar-cane intersecting the houses. A few mules, another bullock-cart, a sleigh coming down.

Alas! we discover to our deep regret there is no time to go up farther—the view, the mountain convent, chapel, the green terraces, the quaint houses, it must all be left till we next see Madeira. I ran along a terrace of sugar-cane to see what I could of the bay below and the white houses scattered all the way up, and gathered a handful of scarlet geranium and pink ivy-leaf geranium growing wild over the rocks, and then began the wonderful descent. This is the strangest part of the whole proceeding, and peculiar to Madeira. Our bullock-drivers well feed, the bullocks left behind, and a fresh pair of men “took on,” at exorbitant cost, to rush us down. We settled in a basket-sleigh, flat on the cobbles; the two drivers took a guiding-rope each, gave the sleigh a gentle shove, and off we started, tobogganing down over the wet cobble-stones at ever increasing speed. The men slid behind us, managing the guiding-rope with wonderful dexterity. We were completely at their mercy; if one had let go, we should have tilted sideways into the wall, and left what few brains we possessed on the cobble stones of Funchal. We might have collided with bullock-carts coming up, but a merciful providence seemed to keep them out of our way. We might have bowled into the bare-footed wayfarers, had not the vociferous shouts of our sleigh-pilots warned off all passers-by. I thought how frightened Auntie A. would have been! It was strange to feel the oft-described sensation of tobogganing first in the humid atmosphere among the flowers, and down the cobbled street of Funchal. We accomplished the two miles' descent in a very short time, most wonderful being the way we were jerked round corners, yet safely arrived in the market-square at last.

The air of Madeira is delicious. There were showers all the morning, with soft lights and brilliant sunshine between. But there is no mud, and nothing to be grey and dirty here, even if it does rain; the very raindrops are translucent with light, and only made greener the emerald on the grey old walls, and still more brilliant the richly-coloured flowers.

More beggars to be doled, and ferrymen to be feed, and, with sighs of regret, we were aboard once more. The last pedlar was kicked down over the companion-way as eight bells sounded, we dropped anchor and breasted the waves once more.

Longingly we gazed our last at Funchal from our boat's stern, as we steamed away. The mist had lifted from the mountains, showing the snow-caps and snow-covered slopes. A rainbow framed the whole, and a liquid rainbow-iridescence hung as a gauze curtain between us and the snow, whose gleaming whiteness was tinged with purple and orange and pink. The little white houses dotted everywhere, the green terraces of the shore, the flotilla of painted boats in the bay with the brown-limbed divers and swarthy musical-voiced boatmen—all were receding into the distance, and only a rainbow remained.

And we steamed on towards the seat of war.

Jan. 7. *Epiphany*.—It is pure happiness to be alive on a day like this. Fresh as a morning in Kynance, sunny as a glimpse of Paradise. The sea is so blue and buoyant, the spray so splashing and sparkling, the dancing waves sing, “Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.” But only porpoises can obey the call. We've just passed such a shoal. From dozens they gathered to hundreds, diving, splashing, leaping, gambolling—a sight not to be forgotten.

And now Cape Verde is sighted on the horizon. Who says a sea-voyage is dull? The coast of Africa is quite near—the Africa I have longed to see from childhood—a light-house tower, a large pink house, stretches of low sand-hills, trees—the coast of Africa! And there are two fishing-boats between us and the shore; some people in them, quite discernible through glasses, and a quaint lagoon-like sail.

We had service this morning in the saloon, the old Captain reading prayers. It was a strange congregation, and quite a representative gathering of peers and commoners, soldiers and sailors, and a sprinkling of laity. We were all in dress uniform of scarlet and white, though I think I said we wear mufti as a rule, blouses are so cool and comfortable. The band which cheers our dinner accompanied the hymns, and altogether it was a unique and reverent little gathering.

Whales! One quite near the ship, and two more farther off, shooting spray into the air. The *World at Home*, in old nursery days, made one familiar with all these things, but how delightful it is to see them with one's own eyes!

Last night a flying-fish came on board, attracted by the lights. We dropped it in the sea again, but I wished I had kept it and dried the wings. It was glorious moonlight last night, and after dinner a mast-head light hove in sight, and gradually the whole lighted ship appeared. They saluted, and we returned the salute, and both let off Roman candles and red and green balls of light.

As another minor excitement last evening, we went to watch the Tommies executing sword dances and hornpipes in the forrard deck. A queer scene, with the stalled horses as background, a crowd of cooks and stewards and Tommies watching, then a few saloon passengers in evening dress, and Sisters of the Red Cross joining the group.

This is a tranquil Sunday, and so much happier than last week, when one was cold and sea-sick. Genial weather and glad sunshine make all the difference to every condition of life. It is just saved from being too hot by the breeze, and how I love the sunshine!

Jan. 8.—I woke soon after five stifled, kicked off all superfluous coverings, and, as soon as it was light enough to read, tried to forget the heat in the *Transvaal from Within*. Tea comes at 6.30, and I am up at once to secure a bath before the crowd. An hour or so on deck before breakfast is the freshest part of the day, and the best for reading.

Jan. 10.—Yesterday we had a burial at sea—the most solemnly impressive sight possible. One of the cooks—an old man—caught a chill at Madeira and died yesterday, died at tea-time and was buried before dinner. It seems so terrible, and yet so much less gruesome than all the accessories of death ashore—coffins and funerals and earth. A sea-burial is sublimely simple, and awing and beautiful.

The whole ship's crew reverently mustered, the officers in frock-coat uniform, the stewards as bearers, all respectfully uncovered, and then the grand old Captain read the funeral service, words equally wonderful and impressive on sea or on land. But there was a sick feeling when the shrouded “thing,” which is, or was, a fellow human being, slipped down from beneath the Union Jack and fell with a thud and splash into the sea. Yet the Captain was reading, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

I should like to be buried in the sea I love, but it seems lonely to be left behind like that—and the ship goes on.

It is a gruesome idea, yet one so firmly believed by sailors, that there must be a death when the ship is followed by a shark. Two days before, one of the officers told me a shark was following us.

Jan. 16.—The last day of peace, for tomorrow we shall be packing, and before day-break on Thursday we anchor at Cape Town, though one can hardly realise that this sea-life is not going on and on. It's perhaps time we got to work—one gets quite exhausted and tired with doing nothing, though not tired of it, which shows how demoralising it is. Much rougher as we near the Cape, and we pitch and toss and could almost be sea-sick again.

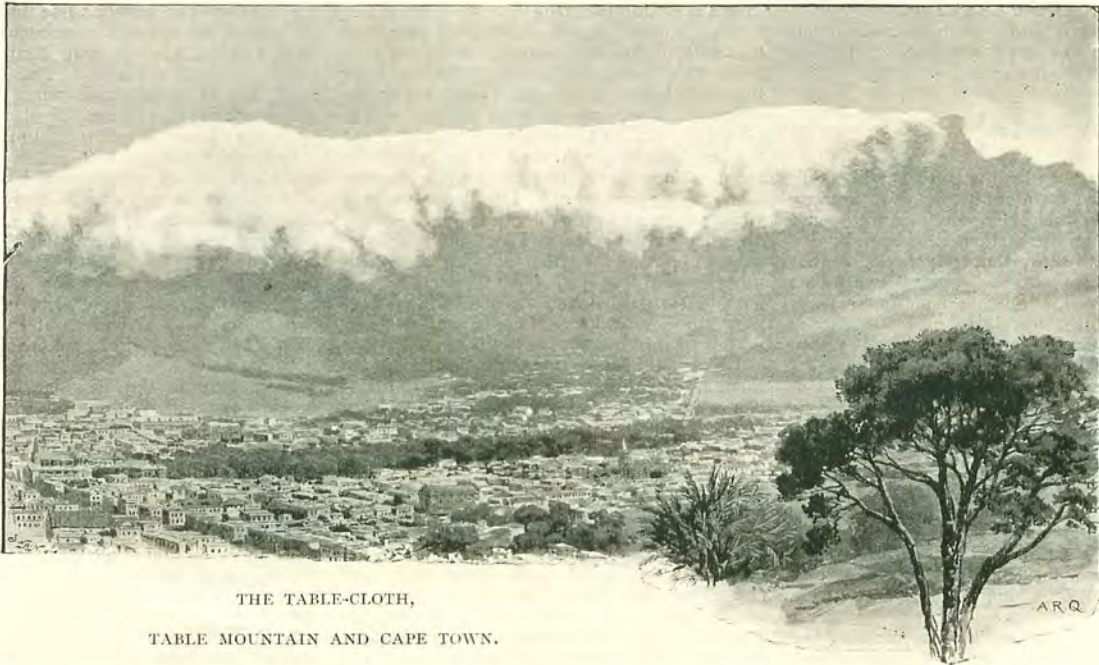
Early on Thursday morning we were bumping and bounding and fussing, which all seems a part of anchoring. Before six we were on deck, and oh! the smell of land. It was delicious. And Cape Town lay before us! And Table Mountain! Yes, at last we were anchored in Table Bay.

Table Mountain is only about 3,000 feet, I believe, and of course had none of the magnificence of Tenerife. And not much of Cape Town was to be seen from the docks. No panorama of the place, and no suggestion of its lovely surrounding greenness. Still there were ships, and there was fellow-man, and it was land. But oh! I'm forgetting (I'm writing from to-day's standpoint); except for the pleasure of seeing land there was a dreariness, for one really felt 6,000 miles from home. And the unknown lay before—and even the *Othello* home was to be past.

We were boarded by officers in khaki, and by friends of the passengers, and they all breakfasted with us—a gay scene for the last time almost in the well-known saloon. And the weak but willing band (it had gained much strength *en route*) was piping to our appetite as it always so cheerily did. And greetings and farewells were all mixed up for the next hour or two. And the military contingent (including ourselves) were eagerly waiting for orders. And all for news!

We were dumbfounded to hear there was none: nothing had happened since the 30th. We were sure that Ladysmith must be relieved. Well, the greater the victory when it comes.

Then began the dreadful noise (which went on without intermission for the next two days) of unlading the cargo and ransacking the hold. We brought some thousand tons of lyddite, by the way. Soon, too, the still more diabolical mess of coaling. Niggers grinned, and worked, and shone in the sun and the coal-dust, and coaled by day and night—a pandemonium if ever there was one. Our Cape friends left, and some of our officers;



THE TABLE-CLOTH,  
TABLE MOUNTAIN AND CAPE TOWN.

but I was immersed in packing in the cabin for the first two hours of anchoring.

The medical officer who met us had not our orders complete, so we could go into the town till lunch. A long, hot, dusty, dirty walk along endless docks, trucks going by on rails, Cape carts rattling, niggers jabbering, piles of timber, and rails, and cargo of all sorts, blackened with coal, lying about everywhere, and in every bit of shade a nigger asleep, or smoking, or drinking from a black bottle, mostly asleep in the most uncomfortable of attitudes and the dirtiest possible locality. Some malevolent idea prevailed that it was better to land in uniform, but fancy being slaves to thick blue serge and shadeless bonnets in such heat! After hot and dusty trapesing, we finally hailed a hansom (painted white, and a coloured driver, of course) and drove into the town, dismounting in Adderley Street. After the solitude of mid-ocean here was life and fashion indeed. Such shops! The whole rather too like New York; but it was a treat to be shopping again, and Tiny and I found, woman-like, we had plenty to do. There was a *gai* continental air about the people, mixed with an American one. Women dressed in muslin, and laces, and ribbons, and roses, bright and pretty *en masse*; all sorts and conditions of men, including a tinge of colour and a *souppon* of half-caste, and a strong flavour of khaki.

We went back to the boat to lunch, then found that we should have to sleep there again, and not be wanted till the next day, so were free to make our own plans. My kind friend took me for a long drive, and oh! the treat it was to be away from the dirty docks and the hot town! A delightful little conveyance peculiar to the Cape—a pair of horses, black driver in front, and species of hansom behind, only open back and front so that the air blows right through—just a half-hood to protect from the burning sun. Everything was an English midsummer at its very best—blue skies, endless sunshine, a Queen's Jubilee Day. We left the broad streets and tramways, drove on and on past bungalows, which would be "villas" in England, each bungalow with its own verandah and garden, and trellis-work and jalousies, and flowers everywhere, great oleander trees, and blue plumbago hedges. Think of it, you poor things in

England wrapped in fog and winter winds as if there were no flowers in all the world! At last we left even these behind as our pair trotted on and came to the sea: a coast-road round the mountain, with the green sea breaking on one side. Bare mountainsides, bare and brown, but the sea was Cornish.

Jan. 19.—Woke to all the noises of pandemonium again—coaling, unshipping, cargoing, niggering. Breakfast. More waiting about for orders. Finally found that Sister A. with her nine reserve Sisters were to go to the Grand Hotel till quarters (a tent) prepared for them at Rondebosch, or (magic word!) the front. We other nine to go to No. 1 and No. 2 General Hospital, Wynberg. I was in No. 1 section. Got myself changed into No. 2, where were two friends. Tiny, alas! belonged to the other No. 5 division. We were not to go till after lunch, so I went into the town again for more shopping and gardens.

Then the last lunch aboard, and final good-byes. A few were left to speed us. All our baggage (nine ladies) and deck-chairs loaded on a cart, and ourselves stowed into a procession of hansom. Long delays at the Customs, though our baggage exempt from examination. Long waiting at the hot station for our dilatory cart. Tediously got it all labelled, and finally caught a 4.30 train for Wynberg.

Yes, we were getting into the country, and there were trees everywhere, and mountains beyond them. Two orderlies and a waggon were waiting at Wynberg, and again our baggage was on the road, and five driving to No. 1, and five to No. 2 Station Hospitals.

We arrived at an encampment—rows and rows of tents on the grass—and were told it was the No. 2 hospital, so dismissed our man. We felt rather like refugees—hot, dusty, weary, homeless, as we anchored on the lovely spot, a restful acreage of canvas, with cool trees near, and the glorious mountains, cloud-tipped, all round, and the blue sea-line far away. You can't imagine how lovely! We saw some Sisters in a small marquee, and went to inquire.

They all looked spic and span in clean caps and aprons and the scarlet capes, and said they were waiting for Lord Roberts. The superintendent sent word to us that we had

better go down to our house, an empty house which had been appointed to us, so off we trailed again, wandered round the encampment, asking our way, and losing it again, on the red-dust paths between the tents. Finally we found ourselves at some Sisters' quarters, which turned out to be the No. 1 Hospital. Huts instead of tents, and the officers' hospital is here. These (the officers) were lying about the verandah on deck-chairs reading and smoking—or inside, behind mosquito nets, in bed—all looking very luxurious. A sort of terrace in front, and fine view over the encampment, and away to False Bay, the glorious mountains always forming the background.

A sister ran out with a cheery "Who are you? Where have you come from? Poor things, not had any tea! We've just had tea for Lord Roberts—come along!" She took us into a cool verandah room, and fragrant tea was so refreshing after all the heat and dust and toil. This was about six o'clock. Then actually the other five with whom we had parted arrived, and all had tea.

Then we set out to find the house at the bottom of the hill, set apart for us, except one little Irish Sister, who was kept for night-duty; she had one hundred and ten patients, and never sat down all night—after such a tiring day, too. We found the house at last, on "Waterloo Green," near the English church, but couldn't get in, key didn't fit the door. A kind soul (soldier's wife) at the back came to our rescue; and finally we effected an entrance to our own domain—a half-furnished house, roomy and airy, with cool little garden and two English oak-trees shading it, red blinds in the windows, and matting on the floor. One of the night Sisters was overcome with heat and fatigue, and almost fainting. Some kind ladies living near sent in a jug of hot milk, and with some biscuits the most tired made their supper. The rest of us went up again (by hospitable invitation) to No. 1 Hospital, where was a dinner, or supper, of very hard meat and very plain pudding, but most acceptable to the hungry. Food is very dear, and the housekeeper has to be careful, or the three shillings a day allowance does not go far enough. Coming back it was quaint to see Sisters (on night-duty) carrying lanterns,

and picking their way from tent to tent, or hut to hut, under the Southern Cross.

The Southern Cross is really a diamond, and yet you can trace the faint or fancied stars which make it a cross:—

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\* X \*  
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The red capes and white aprons and floating caps are worn by night as by day, and we walk miles in this indoor uniform, all round and through and in and out the camp, by day carrying white sunshades, though one cannot always use them when busy, and between tent and tent. Well, our house had no crockery, nor table-cloths, nor little necessaries (they have come since), but we managed pretty well. Three bedrooms upstairs, and a bathroom; three sitting-rooms and a kitchen downstairs, but two of the sitting-rooms we use as bedrooms, one sleeping on the floor.

Glory of delights to have a bath-room! Delicious to revel in sweet clean water (though only cold, as no kitchen fire and no coals), and remove the smuts of the coaling, and the dust of the day. I sat up writing until late, and the bats were shrieking on the stairs, and some weird Kaffirs wandering round outside the garden.

*Saturday, Jan. 20.*—The next morning the good soldiers' wives at the back came in and got breakfast, lent us coal, and lighted a kitchen fire. We had bought bread and butter, tea and eggs from the canteen over-night. Then we four presented ourselves at the tents, and found they were not busy. They had been working tremendously; one Sister told me she had only been out of camp three times in three months. Another, that she had not got off for church any Sunday since she had been here.

"You will have to get a servant, and make your house-arrangements," said the superintendent. "I suppose you will undertake the management." This to me—do I look so old?—and the other superintendent had said the same thing. So I daren't deny a knowledge of housekeeping, but undertook it. There was to be an operation at twelve, and a row of tents waiting for one of us. That would have been more to my taste, but no doubt making household arrangements would be more useful to me in future home-life. So I was to be free for the day, and went back. The good soldier's wife came round the village with me servant-hunting, as she knew the people. Eventually we found a coloured girl—from a clean, thatched, Devonshire cottage—a pretty black sister, and queer old mother. Topsy (but her name is "Ann,") agreed to come to us for twelve shillings a week—a low wage in these parts—and her food, and a very good investment she has been (so far). She works "like a nigger," washes, irons, cooks well, cleans hard, and does what she is told. I have visions of taking Topsy back to England.

The shopping was terribly hot and tiring. How I longed and longed for my bicycle! Those long hot stretches of flat red-dusty road would have been nothing on a bicycle. I went to shops which supply the canteen, but couldn't get meat, for instance, at canteen contract price, which is 8d. per lb. The shops are scattered on the green round the camp, not Wynberg proper, where I suppose there are regular streets and shops. Cape grapes, very sweet and nice, are 4d. per lb., and that is dear, they say—1d. per lb. most seasons. Trumpery oranges 1½d. each, and lemons 3d. Butter twice home-price, and milk 4d. a bottle. Bread dear—so, too, are most things.

I felt very virtuous after the hot shopping, and returned to a scratch lunch we had raised.

All the afternoon I was arranging the room, after unpacking my things.

I had a few little table-cloths and things of that sort for our sitting-room. I rigged up a book-shelf, and brought out photographs for the mantel-piece, and a clock given me on the voyage. There was a packing-case of old *Graphics*, etc., in the conservatory, and I got the best pictures from these to go round the room. Then lots of flowers; oh, the flowers—they are everything! I trailed plumbago along the mantel-piece, and put bowls of pink oleander in the grate and on the table—for vases, a borrowed broken milk-jug, a picked-up glue-pot, etc. An oleander tree is wild outside our garden, and hedges of wild blue plumbago everywhere. Don't your eyes fill with tears, almost, to think of it?

I was resting a few moments in the garden then, and writing, when a lady came to call—one of two maiden ladies living close by. How kind everyone is! She took me back with her to her cottage—a real old-fashioned English country cottage—and such a garden! The house is thatched; a porch filled with flowers and stephanotis climbing up it, sweet dining-room and drawing-room on either side, with French windows. The kind thing gave me a precious posy of pink sweet-peas and carnations and great creamy moonflowers, which scent our house as the gardens of Paradise. They also insisted on supplying fish-cakes for supper, and we were only going to have bread and cheese. How kind people are!

Four of the Sisters went from here to the front yesterday; we're all longing to go, except that it's so beautiful here. I wish I had come in the beginning, to be here three months through the hot weather, and then to the magic front. One envies the Sisters who have been shut up in Ladysmith. What stories they will have to tell! For lovely surroundings there is nothing to equal this. You cannot realise the picture—the camp of tents and huts on the grass, stretching as far as you can see, a church or two, trees—lovely green trees—and the glory of the mountain all round us, cloud-tipped, verdure-clothed, magnificent as only mountains can be, and the air blowing down from them, fresh on the hottest days. Yes, Wynberg is almost a heaven on earth.

Of course there are discomforts, but they don't count. For example, I have no wash-stand or even basin in my room. One is tired and footsore, with lips blistered with the sun. One or two of our seven in the house are not so charming, but Miss M. is quite sweet, and so nice to have her.

Great excitement ament the Queen's chocolate. It was distributed round the camp on Saturday afternoon by some colonels' wives. A few men are eating the chocolate, but most are keeping it or sending it home; and the box will be treasured for ever, of course. The Queen would be pleased if she knew how much they care for it.

My Tommies are delightful, of course. I took on my tents from a regular Sister. One has too many patients to do much for each individually, but a little cheers them.

One told a weird story this morning. He was dead-tired after the battle, and lay down to sleep on his blanket, thought he was sleeping on saddles, but when he took up his blanket in the morning, he found two dead Boers underneath.

So sorry to hear this morning that correspondent Stevens is dead. We can ill spare his able pen just now.

Definite news seems coming from the front. There has been an action and a victory, and General Buller is in sight of Ladysmith. No. 1 Hospital is expecting a hundred wounded down to-night.

Tiny and the No. 5—lucky things!—stand every chance of going straight to the front.

They are still waiting in the Grand Hotel at Cape Town, and having a fine time, no doubt. Of course, we're much more comfortable here than we should be roughing it on the Modder River or at Ladysmith. But one doesn't need to be comfortable when such great things are at stake. And Wynberg is prettier than anywhere, I believe. I'm content to stay here for months, with just a little of the glory and din of war thrown in—one bit of really active service, though this is "active" in good conscience. And the sound of the bugle, the sight of the tents, the Tommies sick under canvas, or limping, convalescent about the camp, the surgeons in khaki, and all the military sound and sight of everything is quite inspiring and different from anything else in one's life. I'm thankful to have seen it before I die.

I lie here in the verandah—our house—looking across the woods to the grand mountains. How strange it all is, and yet one seems quite natural and at home.

We breakfast early, as it is half a mile to our tents, and we are on duty at half-past eight, come home to lunch at one, and usually stay till tea-time. Then on duty again all the evening, sometimes all the afternoon too, depending on the cases.

We are surrounded by a sort of common, with a cottage or house here and there, trees, plumbago hedges, and the camp beyond. I haven't seen the streets and real shops of Wynberg yet. I've been so tired, and fear I haven't described it all clearly.

*Monday, Jan. 22.*—Heavy showers to-day, which makes it very awkward getting about between the tents; you can't put on a cloak each time, nor always hold up an umbrella. It is much rain which keeps the country so green, and much sunshine which fills it with flowers. The things I brought out are nearly all too hot. One can only wear white or brown shoes and stockings, and the thinnest underwear, except at night, when I'm glad of my eider-down and flannel dressing-gown. A chill comes at sundown, when it is also suddenly dark. But the moonlight nights over the mountains, and the fresh early mornings are delicious after the hot days.

A procession of wheelbarrows of coal just arrived at our door, wheeled by coloured boys and a corporal in charge. A gang of convicts has just passed, too, black convicts, marked with the arrow, marching together, with a warder beside them carrying a loaded rifle.

Tiny came over from Cape Town to say good-bye to me to-day. She goes to Natal to-morrow, sailing by the *Maine*. She is madly excited to go, and we all want the front, of course, though I don't know that Durban is nearer than here. Many of us will get our chance in time, I suppose. More fighting, and Ladysmith open, will mean more Sisters wanted. And, alas! there will be gaps to fill, for much of the country near Modder River is known as a death-trap. Two Sisters have already died.

A convent close by, and little Roman Catholic chapel. I was talking to a sweet nun who was so interested in it all, whose brother is in the thick of it. What a contrast—the quiet calm of the convent, and the din of battle not so very far away—a contrast even to our camp full of soldiers.

Mail out to-morrow, nearly midnight, and I have many more to send.

P.S.—Tragedy! Our Topsy—an excellent Topsy—could hardly do all the work of the house and cook meals for seven of us—some having odd meals on night-duty. So we invested in a second Topsy—black as coal. She had hardly been working here two hours when two policemen came and marched her off to the police station.

We hear she has "three months."

(To be continued.)



[From a photograph by F. W. Holding.

A WEDDING IN NATIVE HIGH LIFE IN ZULULAND.

this letter, which is fit to keep me awake all night!"

Yet she laughed a little. For the acquisition of wealth is a thing to make one cheery.

£200!

And she, an old woman, with not so many years before her! What was she to do with it? This was a new and quite a perplexing thought.

"I've tried to be 'penny wise' all these years; I do hope I sha'n't be 'pound foolish' now. It is a great responsibility to be rich!"

The birdlike face was getting quite excited, and the hands that lay on the letter began to tremble.

"This would never do," thought the kettle. "Her mind must be distracted." And it promptly and wisely boiled over.

The little extravagance of putting an extra spoonful into the pot and of spreading the butter rather thickly will be forgiven Miss McSims under the circumstances. And the meal so far restored her equanimity that she was able to wash up as usual and to wring out her tea-cloth afterwards and hang it up in the back garden as if nothing had happened.

If she was tempted then to sit down as before and think and think, the matter was taken out of her hands, for a knock at the door interrupted her as she was putting her blue china tea-things in her corner cupboard; and soon, with a shawl thrown round her, she was hurrying to a neighbour's cottage.

The large blue lawyer's envelope lay almost forgotten in her pocket, while she helped a tired mother and soothed and amused a fretful feverish child.

But next day Phœbe felt the discomfort of indecision again. "Money is such a slippery thing unless you manage it properly," she thought; and, as was her way, an old proverb came into her mind to fit her mood and rang its rhythm to and fro in a distracting manner:—

"Money calls, but does not stay,  
It is round and rolls away."

So at last she dressed herself in her best bonnet and mantle—garments that were triumphant advertisements of her powers of

"turning" and altering—and, leaving the black cat mistress of the fireside, she locked up the cottage and made her way to the vicarage.

It seemed a bold stroke to consult so important a person as the Vicar. But the matter was important and must be her excuse.

How quickly she felt at ease in his kindly presence! He put her into the comfortable chair by the fire and turned his own round from the table; and then, seeing that she was panting from the climb up the hill and a certain amount of nervousness, told her not to hurry, for he had plenty of time to give her. He knew that two sermons were waiting to be written; but he could steal hours from the night for that. And he knew, too, that duties never clash.

Presently the fateful blue envelope was in his hands, and he was reading the contents.

"Why, dear Miss McSims! I congratulate you! This is excellent news! And I thought when you came in that it was trouble you were bearing, for yourself or for someone else!"

"Thank you, sir, thank you! But really—and don't think me a very foolish old woman—I am feeling a little troubled too. What am I to do with this money, sir? You see, I've got my annuity, and I am wiry still and am earning a nice bit some weeks—really more than I spend—and I've no one belonging to me, unless it's a distant cousin or two whose names I hardly know. The fact is, sir, I have made bold to come and ask you to help me to use it rightly; for I can't put it all by for 'a rainy day.' It seems so ungrateful to go hoarding it all up for myself. Oh, I'm such a poor hand at explaining what I mean! But perhaps you can understand, sir, that money coming from my poor mistress seems more sacred than my own earnings."

It was a long sentence for Miss McSims, and her voice trembled as she finished.

The Vicar could not look at her kind, eager old face unmoved. He wondered as he listened how many received legacies in this spirit of simple earnestness as trust money.

"I see," he said gently. "You want to invest it in the best way, 'where thieves do

not break through and steal.' Will you wait a minute and let me think what is best? We must remember that your old mistress, in giving this to you, had the wish to secure comfort for your declining years. We must look at all sides dispassionately. But now let me think."

There was a long silence.

Miss Phœbe sat with her hands neatly folded in her lap, and the Vicar, with his head resting on his hand, pondered the matter with a prayer, we may be sure, for "right judgment."

At last he looked up.

"Suppose," he said, "that with £100 you increased your annuity, and that you put the rest, in two instalments (for I believe you may only put in £50 each year) into the Post Office Savings Bank to draw from as you find others who need help. I know, from the world's point of view, this is bad advice, for you will not get much interest on your money—not that kind of interest, I mean," and he smiled, knowing his listener would understand his meaning.

"Oh, that is what I should like so much!" she cried, her face lighting up quite gleefully—"a 'purse tied with a spider's web' when people are in trouble!"

"And yet," added the Vicar, "I have a great fear in the matter. There are many base souls who will try to take advantage of your hoard. If only, dear friend, you could keep the possession of it a secret between ourselves, it would be so much safer!"

"I could do so, of course, sir, if you think it is best. I learnt long ago that 'least said is soonest mended.'" And the answer was a little wistful.

"Your real happiness will come in the dispensing of your hoard, you will find. And I have thought, I hope, of a very useful outlet for it. Will you let me talk my idea over with my sister who lives in London, and who is coming to see me this evening for a few days? Then we will both come and see you, and make plans. I see what this legacy is going to do. It will help a great many 'lame dogs over stiles!'"

(To be concluded.)

## LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,

### AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### PART III.

Sisters' Quarters, Waterloo Green,  
No. 2, Gen. Hospital, Wynberg.

Jan. 24.—Had our letters to-day, dated Jan. 3—the joy of getting a mail! I've had several letters already from Cape Town, Wynberg, Rondebosch—but this is the first real mail, though your letters were only written a day or two after I started.

Tiny left to-night in the *Maine*. I'm well content to be here for the present, but long for the front before leaving Africa. The Africa I have always longed for.

I loved the very shape of the map as a child, and all my training years dreamed of nursing at the Cape. And it comes up to, and surpasses, all I imagined.

I passed a perfect bungalow to-day—thatched from the top of the roof to the edge of the verandah; and the entire front of the verandah curtained with stephanotis, bougain-villia, and a flame-colour cluster flower. And the mountains. There's a glory of grandeur in the mountains which nothing else has, and the clouds are so lovely hanging over them,

and half way down them; now veiled, now unveiled again.

And the climate. Sunshine is the chief ingredient of happiness; and this is the land of sunshine and of flowers.

Yesterday several Red Cross vans of medical patients arrived at the Cape. Pathetic to see the poor things unloading, and limping, or being carried to the different tents. What will it be when we take in the wounded from the next battle? Some of the men are keen on going back to have another slap at the Boers. But so many say that having been through three actions—Glencoe, Magersfontein and Modder River—they have had enough, and all agree that this is the most terrible campaign—that Egypt was nothing to it.

We hear no news here, as Lord Kitchener has suppressed all publications. But it is said that it is known in England that Ladysmith is relieved. We don't know it here.

To-morrow I have "orderly duty," for which we all take turns. I shall be in camp from 8.30 A.M. till 9 P.M., only running home at 12 for some lunch. The other Sisters are off in the afternoon, and I have nearly all the

tents then. To-day Sister — took my tents for the evening, so I had a half day. Another day I take hers.

I had not stirred from home in off-duty till yesterday. Then I badly wanted some things from Cape Town, so went in by train. But it's half-an-hour's journey, and I had only forty minutes there—rather a rush. Had strawberries and cream and ices (dainties unknown in camp) and rushed some of my shopping. Very hot.

I ordered a bicycle, finding it impossible to walk in this heat, hiring at £2 a month. It arrived to-day, a ramshackle brake tied with string, valves gone—no good at all. Oh for my own! Miss D. kindly lent me hers, and I rode to Rondebosch—three or four miles to the H.'s. A lovely house and garden, croquet lawn and tennis courts and shady trees; and one is still surprised at the English luxury and delicacy of these half-foreign houses. Some notables calling whose names I forget. Then we sat in the garden. The lovely mountains quite near, just towering above us. So strange to ride along these red-dust roads, under fir-trees, and by semi-tropical



gardens and flower-covered bungalows, and to ask the way of coloured people. I long for a camera or brush to give you an idea of it. Coming home I called at the Vicarage close to us.

Mrs. L. lives near and is so charming. A lovely house and garden; and she will kindly take charge of my trunks when I'm ordered off at a moment's notice "with my bundle on my shoulder" up country.

A month ago to-day I was riding along a Somersetshire road—a cold frosty day. Ages seem to have passed since then—not only because we have gone from Christmas to mid-summer so quickly, but all the varied experiences of a month seem to cover many happy years.

*Thursday, Jan. 25.*—Midnight. Have been on "orderly duty" all day, which is very tiring, but I have so enjoyed it. I went up to camp as usual, ran home to lunch at 12, then stayed in camp till after 9 P.M., having charge of nearly all the eighty-five tents in the afternoon while the other Sisters were off duty. Of course the orderlies are on duty. An immense amount of walking about from tent to tent, and one has to receive the visitors who come with flowers, etc., in the afternoon. The doctors are camped in bell-tents under the pines. Everything is so well done, and the entire staff so efficient. The orderlies too work excellently under direction. Absolute asepsis—as we understand it—impossible in field-surgery; but the fresh air does instead, and the results are excellent. No wound seems to go wrong. An utterly smashed limb can't, of course, heal by first intention, but there is little suppuration. One finds that surgery and the ways of surgeons are much alike all the world over. I'm glad to be so well up in my surgical work, for no nurse ever trained at the South Devon without blessing the thoroughness of the training.

It must have been tremendous work for the first Sisters getting everything in order. Now there are dressing-tins and almost everything one wants. No sterilising though. The English Government is a wonderful institution. Think of the labour and expense of getting the entire equipment for a field hospital over here, the daily commissariat, the large staff to be maintained. They are even laying an electric light for the entire camp. Now it is absolutely dark, and after sundown one gropes about, tumbling over the ropes of the tents, or half-lighted by carrying a hurricane lantern. It's quite a weird scene. And all so interesting.

I'm half afraid the British soldier is not so keen on fighting for Queen and Country as of yore. So many say they "have had enough," and want to go home. This is especially the case—which is natural—with Reservists, who have wives and families at home. But some are equally eager to get to the front again, and "to get their own back," as they say,

from the Boers. Of course we don't see terrible sights here. One wound is just like another, whether caused by a Mauser bullet at Magersfontein or by a surgeon's scalpel at home. It's when we get to the front, and perhaps actually close to the battlefield, that we shall have stirring tales to tell.

Another quaint South African picture:—

I met a Malay funeral procession close to camp, the coffin palled with an embroidered scarlet shawl, six coloured men staggering under the weight. The two women who were chief mourners, swathed in white; the other women following in brightest colours—green bodices and brilliant pink scarfs turbaned round their heads and black faces. One Moorish-looking man in a fez (possibly the husband) was close behind the coffin, and he touched his hat to me as abjectly as they do. Wasn't that pathetic in the midst of his own grief?—if they feel grief: do they? I stopped one of the women and asked her about it. She said the dead was a "big fat woman, very fat," who was quite well yesterday. Two hours afterwards they were still there, only waiting under the pine-trees, not now processing. The body was in the mortuary awaiting interment, and they would follow to the grave when it was brought out again. The mourners in white were crouched by the empty bier, with heads between their knees. The gaily-attired women laughing and talking near. I hear the Mohammedans may not mourn the dead with any outward show of grief.

*Jan. 26.*—Went to Cape Town again this afternoon to finish my shopping, so as to be ready at any moment for the front. Bought kit-bag, folding bath, sacking water-bottle, etc., all necessary for up-country. Cooled on Dix's verandah, the café, with ices and strawberries and cream. It's so nice to come back again to work in the quiet camp, with the trees all round; and this evening there was a glorious Alpine effect on the more distant mountains at sunset.

*Jan. 27.*—An interesting day. Much work this morning dressing, etc. Some photos were taken of the Army Medical Staff—all surgeons and Sisters assembling under the trees at mid-day as the bugles played the officers' call.

After hurried lunch—we have bread and butter and cheese, wine, fruit and coffee for luncheon: dinner on coming off duty between eight and nine in the evening—caught a train to Minsenberg on False Bay, the nearest sea to us. Spent the afternoon with the F.'s. Most interesting people. This is their country seaside bungalow at Minsenberg, where they live completely *al fresco*, and bathe after my own heart. Miss — and I walked for miles over the sands in our bare feet, with the waves washing over them—a lovely expanse of breaking green waves—and beyond them the B.

Mountains, the ones I have loved so much from camp, my rosy Alps at sundown. It is such an unusual combination to have sea and mountains. The sandy shore abounds in quaint blue jelly-fish, shaped as a covered Venetian gondola, and with long, floating, deep-blue strings, sometimes beaded. They sting horribly, and are called "men-of-war" from the way they sail on the water. If you crush them with your foot, they pop with the noise of a small cannonade. I don't know their scientific name.

Rumour of another serious reverse from Buller. We only hope it is not true. How intensely Cape people feel it all! I told Miss D. the rumoured news I had heard, and she immediately began to cry, wailed, "We feared it, we feared it! Oh, we know Natal, and the dreadful country it is. What will happen to England!" Our men, too, all speak of the terrible difficulty of the country, and complain bitterly of the impossibility of fighting the Boers, because they are not straight, and will not meet their opponents fairly.

I just missed seeing Sir Alfred Milner this afternoon, he was walking on the sands quite near. And Lord Roberts was in a little special train in front. How the men worship "Lord Bobs!"

*Sunday, Jan. 28.*—The Archbishop preaching at the church close by to-day; but I didn't manage to hear him, as morning and evening one is on duty. The two Topsyis walked off after lunch of their own accord, so we had to get tea and keep the kitchen fire going.

The ways of coloured maidens!

*Jan. 29.*—One wakes always to Midsummer mornings, with no fear (as at home) that the sunshine will vanish. You cannot imagine the charm of the place—of the flowers, of the air, of the mountains—unless you have seen it. I have never seen anything in Norway or Switzerland like the cloud effects on the mountains. And one thinks of Ruskin, the cloud-lover, now gone to his long home, and his dim mind undimmed again.

My men press the silver leaves (the only silver-leaved tree in the world, I believe) and send them home as cards with mottoes on them—others knit, and some make wonderful wool-work belts. The soldier is just a Mariston man, and I can't say more for him than that.

Evening. Startling news! They have telegraphed for a Sister to be sent to the front, and, if it's not cancelled in the morning, I'm to be the one to go.

You can imagine how excited I feel, and I want to go dreadfully—though there'll be a little regret at leaving all the charming friends here, and I know no one at Durban or Spytfontein where I'm to be sent. But I shall see the smoke of conflict I expect—terrible though it is.

(To be continued.)

## SOME WORDS IN SEASON.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

Is it not pleasant, girls, to think that though spring still lingers in the valleys, and hardly has the sun yet chased cold winter from the mountain-tops, summer is on ahead, and that May will usher us into the joys of June?

Invalids specially, but perhaps every one of you, must long for that happy time, for all creatures and all plants and flowers love the sunshine. Though I am writing these lines on a bleak wintry night in January, with the wind roaring "snell and cauld" from over the hills,

snow in the clouds, and frost in the air, I can see in imagination my roses all in bloom; many a wild flower, wanton to be pressed, lifting its sweet face to the blue of the sky; the mavis lilting wildly in thickets of spruce; the lark singing high, high against the fleecy cloud; and the bees in their thousands making murmuring music among my scented linden-trees.

Soft and low breathes the balmy air through the chestnuts and sycamores in gentlest whispers, as if afraid to disturb the

bird-melody everywhere swelling around. But the very brooklets seem to thank Heaven for the blue skies and sunshine, as over their pebbly beds they go singing to the sea.

I am here brought back to my senses and to stern winter's reality by the entry of my secretary with the evening mail.

"Why, Roberts, your coat is covered with snow! Surely it cannot—"

"Ah, but it is, sir!" he interrupts; "and I'm not sure we won't have a heavy fall. Shall I stir the fire, sir?"



LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,  
AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PART IV.

Wynberg.

Jan. 30.—Anxiously awaiting my orders to-day. On duty in camp all the morning. After lunch an orderly appeared at our door with telegram from P.M.O.'s office—

“Nursing Sister will embark on s.s. *Umbria* on Friday at 3 P.M. for Sterkstroom.”

So it's near the front with Gatacre.

Luxurious flowers and cool green trees to be left behind for dust-storms. Our own house, bath-room and independence, all the many friends of Wynberg—still, it's the front near Gatacre. Glad I have all to-morrow to prepare, and to say good-bye here. Wynberg seems quite home.

Mr. D. legal adviser to Lord Roberts, called to-day, and says he is going to Sterkstroom next week with Lord Roberts, and will look out for me there. So I sha'n't be quite friendless.

Sister D. says in her Irish way, “And what'll we be doing without you at all, and if I have to die for it, I'll come and see you off.” My dear men were so sweet too.

“You see, Sister, we've got fond of you in these tents, you shouldn't be going.” But it's here to-day and gone to-morrow under Government orders.

Saw some wonderful red orchids to-day, which grow wild on the mountains. I so wish I could have had time to explore more here. Very sleepy, and the good ladies from next door would sit talking so late, and I wanted to get my mail off and go to bed. Mail in to-day, and so nice to have home letters. So sorry the Madeira mail missed, as you hadn't heard from me by Jan. 12.

P.S.—It's the rule in South Africa to “trek.”

Wednesday, Jan. 31.—And to 'trek' at a moment's notice. I am scribbling in my berth on the troopship *Umbria*. Lunched at Miss D.'s amid her flowers and daintiness. Was pouring out tea under our oak-tree in the garden, and was just going a walk through the woods towards the mountain, when an orderly arrived with a telegram that I must be on board at five o'clock to-day, instead of three to-morrow. Three-quarters of an hour's notice!

Every one of us set to work, and we collected everything in the room, and cast it all into the boxes, and were off in a Cape cart, luggage following in another Cape cart, in no time. How exhausting all this is! And the peace and quiet and restful green of happy Wynberg left behind for the tossing seas once more.

Strange experience to come aboard a troopship full of soldiers. I was relieved to find a girl who had travelled with us in the *Othello* was also going. She is not really a Reserve, but had interviewed Lord Roberts, and got orders to come. So she and I are going to Sterkstroom together. The only other lady on board is an officer's wife. All officers at the saloon dinner, and we three ladies. After the three weeks' voyage by themselves, they are rather glad to have some ladies to talk to.

We have a much larger and better berth than in the *Othello*, but sea-life is rather a nuisance again, after the charms of the country at Wynberg. Suppose I shall be sick; it's tossing a good deal already. Must describe my morning's ride to Constantia to-morrow.

Thursday, Feb. 1.—It's certainly a queer

experience being on board a troopship. There seemed to be a dreadful noise all night; and after the sweet-scented Wynberg breezes, the stuffiness of the cabin was unbearable, as the steward comes in at an unearthly hour to close the ports for swabbing decks. Then the soldiers drill at an equally unearthly hour—tramp, tramp, overhead.

Also, there are no bells in any of the cabins. They were unhung, as they didn't expect ladies. And there is no stewardess. Still, everything is done for us, and men are always so kind in their clumsy, thoughtful way.

Well, to go back to yesterday. I had the day off, as I was to come away to-day. I meant to pack early, but slept till seven, and after breakfast had arranged a bicycle ride with Miss D.

Ah! the sweet country that it is for cycling or anything else. Always sunshine and fragrant airs, and cloudless skies, and overhanging mountains.

First, we called to order fruit of an old servant of Miss D.'s, little “Essy,” such a happy-looking little coloured thing. One could hardly believe she had a cottage and garden of her own and three babies. The youngest black atom was asleep in a home-made wheelbarrow under the trees where Essy was washing; it all looked like a “coon” song. Truly it's a happy, simple life they live. She gave us a melon, and showed us her cottage—a two-roomed, thatched and white-washed hut, beautifully kept, and adorned with hideous pictures and ornaments. Essy made ten shillings last week, she tells me, with her beans—and I immediately have visions of a bungalow and market-garden in South Africa, with a fortune in the market-garden. But practical folk say ‘No,’ that English people, especially gentle people, cannot compete with the natives who do all their own work, and go to market themselves.

Then we rode on, over the sandy path between the pine-trees and the acacia, to a typical Malay cottage. The doorway was surrounded with flowers—grown in tins, as is the fashion in these parts. “This is the land of tin-pots,” said a lady to me, and certainly I have not seen a red “cloam” flower-pot since I have been here. These were square paraffin tins, painted green. An old Moorish woman was at the door, dressed in a most artistic green—where do they get these things?—with white kerchief round her head. The Malay women are never seen uncovered, and wear white handkerchiefs indoors, and most elaborate brilliant silk ones round their heads for functions.

Two girls were ironing—exquisite washerwomen—and had a graceful way and gentle voices. The cottage was a picture of cleanliness, the kitchen so queer with its huge open stove, and little brick steps leading up to it; and the bedroom a marvel with its wonderful beds—these are a special feature of Malay houses. Beds so high that a chair is necessary to mount to them, and hung with white curtains from the top like a four-poster. Illuminated bits of the Koran hung as pictures from the walls. We were entertained in the “parlour”—do they call it that?—with delicious water-melon, then said good-bye to the gracious Malays, and rode on through the wood.

I have never seen water-melons like this in England—huge things like pumpkins, and the

part that you eat all crisp and pink. In the thirst of the Sterkstroom desert to come, what would I give for water-melons and trees!

A pack-waggon passed us, galloping on through the pines, six mules harnessed to a laden waggon and driven by Kaffirs—every bit makes a quaint picture.

Then we rode in through the gates of Great Constantia—once a Dutch farm of huge proportions, now a Government vinery and wine cellarage. It was a large, white, square house, the windows and doors painted green, and with oak trees all round it. The doors are double, and open in an upper and lower half, like cottage doors at home. Great cool hall, and rooms inside something as one imagines the giant's castle in “Jack and the Beanstalk.” A huge kitchen, hung all round with oak branches to attract the flies. High beamed wooden ceiling and quaint dressers edged with newspapers cut out in patterns. “Old Missus” in the kitchen gave us some sweet meales she was cooking, and gave me a motherly benediction when Miss D. told her I was going on to nurse the soldiers at the front.

The manager took us through the wine-cellars, and drank to my health in “sweet constantia” which is delicious. Then we wandered through the fruit-farm and picked what we would. Handfuls of pears, then with fingers red with ripe mulberries, went on to eat peaches, and finally were laden with great bunches of grapes to eat and to take away. Purple grapes and a mauve acacia decorated the handle-bars of my bicycle.

The farm is entirely worked by convicts—black convicts in arrow-striped clothes. It's an excellent criminal system, they say, for each man during his time of imprisonment learns to be a first-rate farm hand, and from the useless creature he entered prison, can earn 2s. 6d. a day of any farmer when he leaves. I forgot to say that a gang of convicts used to come down to camp every day to scrub tables, etc., outside the cook-house.

The military band has just struck up, and the men are drilling—in short blue knickers and shirt-sleeves, khaki helmets, and bare feet—a most queer costume.

Of course I've been sick. I regularly pay my tribute to Neptune—but I'm not incapacitated, which is the great thing. Still, with ship-life always comes a disinclination to do anything. I'm lying in my deck-chair too lazy to write, but I have several letters to get off.

Evening.—Have been headachy and sea-sick all day—finally am reduced to staying in my berth. My cabin is off the saloon, and there is a merry sound of dinner, and a still merrier sound of operatic music from the band, reminding one of happy old evenings at home. It is when one is a bit “grishby” that the feeling comes, “Shall I ever go home again?”

This is a Cunard Atlantic liner, and a very fine ship. She has made a record passage, 440 knots one day. Government is paying £14,000 a month for her, coal extra. The *cuisine* is most *richeché*, the *Othello* is not in it—poor old *Othello*.

I shall post this scrip from Port Elizabeth, which may save a mail. We shall be all day there, landing troops, and so I hope to have a nice long time with N. and dear old W. I believe we have to land in baskets.

(To be continued.)

I didn't look so foolish, after all. Of course Elizabeth couldn't come to the concert—don't you think she's rather silly to work so hard? Mr. Hamilton talked to me between the pieces, so I enjoyed the concert very much, but secretly there seemed to me to be a great deal of noise without much meaning. Mrs. Jasper wanted me to go to dinner in the evening, but Elizabeth said I had had enough dissipation for one day, so I stayed with her and she helped me to trim a hat. Do you know, I believe she will be quite famous some day. Mr. Hamilton said that her stories in *Daly's* were attracting a great deal of attention. But when I told her, she didn't seem pleased at all, and banged away at her typewriter as if I had said something to vex her. I don't understand her at all, but perhaps she doesn't think much of his opinion. But I think he is perfectly delightful; he has such kind grey eyes."

Here Clifford gave a deep sigh, and gazed miserably at the blue velvet curtains that he had bought, simply because they would look so

well as a background to Gladys's hair. Hang the fellow's grey eyes! He felt inclined to throw something at the reflection of his own very ordinary brown ones in the mirror opposite. There was more of the letter, for it was a diary of a week's events. Gladys was evidently, as Nancy said, having a very good time, and frankly enjoying the triumph of her beauty. Her words betrayed at every turn her immaturity and ignorance, but Clifford was far too much in love to heed these blemishes. Besides, he was not the sort of man to care for a clever wife. Although he was a skilful surgeon, and already, in a small way, honourably distinguished among neighbouring practitioners, he was himself not an intellectual man, and had few literary interests. Gladys represented all that he wanted; she was beautiful, domesticated, amiable, and such a good nurse! But alas, she seemed more unattainable than ever. And again he asked himself why he had been so foolish as to discount his happiness and try to snatch from her what perseverance in courtship would perhaps have made her yield of her own

account. She was too young for so impetuous a wooing, and he had only disgusted her, and ruined his own chances. Before that unfortunate day last winter he had thought she liked him with a liking that was something more than friendship. But ever since that day she had been as cold as stone, had avoided him on every possible occasion, and when obliged to meet him had scarcely let him approach her.

Still, there was no time for lamentation. He must start again on his rounds; so, after a bath and a hasty meal, he remounted his bicycle and set out once more. He was almost too much absorbed to notice the youngest Miss Brown, as she went about the village with the tradesmen's books, paying her mother's weekly bills. He had to pass the vicarage again, and, as he had expected, Nancy was at the fence.

He handed the letter to her as he passed.

"Well, did you enjoy it very much?" she cried, and her saucy laugh followed him on the wind all down the narrow lane.

(To be continued.)

## LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,

### AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### PART V.

Troop-ship *Umbria*, off Port Elizabeth.

Feb. 2, 1900.—We anchored at 7.30 P.M., and the Port Medical Officer came aboard, but there were no boats waiting to take us in, and no tender. We are a mile and a half out, quite too far for small boats. More than half the troops were to land here, and there was a fearful crowd and skirmish of men parading and getting kits.

I've always heard that Port Elizabeth is the ugliest place in the world, worse than Port Said. And so it looked, bare as your hand, and grilling there in the sun, and under a brazen sky.

At last I spoke to the Embarkation Officer, and he promised to take me ashore in his tender. So we got off at eleven—a tremendous business to jump from the high gangway to the low tender, which was lurching and heaving and tossing all the time, a very heavy sea on. I took a train for Walmer. A good woman in the train—everyone in this friendly country helps you—told me the sanatorium was much farther than the train terminus, and I should have to drive on. So went to the hotel which owns the sanatorium, and found there was a "bus" just going. This is what we should call a "covered van" at home, and was stocked with live ducks, sacks, and beer, and all manner of things. However, I mounted in front with the black "Jim," and we drove off. Port Elizabeth is terrible; as hot and bare as the neighbourhood of Cape Town is green, breezy, and beautiful. Our wild pair of horses dashed on, regardless of stones and corners and tropical sun. I was nearly lurching out several times. "All right, missus," says black Jim. We came to a few trees among the sand, and some aloes and cacti. At last reached the "sanatorium"—a square of one-storeyed corrugated iron, with trees in the courtyard in the middle, and a tennis-court, and some grass and trees round. It sounds cool, but it wasn't. Discovered my friends and lunched with them, and drove back again just in time to catch the tender at 3.30. Huge seas were rolling, and we pitched and tossed, and got wet through with the spray. Then when alongside the troopship, the problem was, how to get on? The gangway couldn't be lowered far enough, and we were

rising and falling on the great waves. Finally we had to be slung aboard—each separately, tied in a rope and swung up, a ridiculous experience. It was quite too bad that the doctor took a snap-shot of us in this position.

It would make your heart ache to see the mere children who are officers here—boys straight from Eton. As a seasoned colonel said to me: "They will bowl over like nine-pins, and die from typhoid." Poor mothers' boys! Was ever anything so sad as this war? One seems to realise it more here, troop-surrounded, than in the cool sweet camp at Wynberg.

We reach East London to-morrow morning, and our train goes on in the evening.

Saturday, Feb. 3.—Train. *En route* for Sterkstroom.

Again it seems an age-long day since morning. Partly because there was hardly any night with the noise on board ship, officers packing, troops marching, and what not, from earliest dawn and long before it. We anchored about 8 A.M. and, being boarded by the Embarkation Officer, all troops were ordered off at once. A great skirmish of sudden preparation, and we were soon in the raging sea. Sister F. and I were aboard a little tender, packed close as sardines, with 250 soldiers and a body-guard of officers. We got ashore, and were met by a doctor who spent the rest of the day looking for our luggage, and getting it from the customs to the station. I went straight to Mrs. T.'s, a most lovely house on the hill, looking out to sea and up the river, which is just like the Dart and the Yealm. A winding river with trees on each bank down to the water's edge, and palms among them. I went down to the hospital-ship for dinner. This is the *Trojan*, a Union liner, beautifully fitted up as a Red Cross ship. Everything painted white, and all the wards beautiful, and a charming place for the convalescents to lie about the cool decks. Fine time the Sisters have too, with picnics up the river. We had a festive dinner there, then the lieutenant carried us off to the station, only just in time for the 7.45.

We have a fourteen hours' journey in the train, and I'm just going to settle to sleep. A nice first-class carriage reserved for us two Sisters, and some of our colonels in the next compartment. Really, we are looked after and taken care of in every way by Government.

I hear it's a terrible country we're going to. We shall be at our destination next time I add to my journal, and I can tell you the terrors of Sterkstroom.

5.30 A.M.—Have slept pretty well all night, train goes very slowly as it is all up-hill. Now we are in a high table-land between the mountains. The mountains are bare, and the table-land green, studded with scrub of mimosa—a thorny mimosa-tree, which scents all the air. The early morning air is fresh and delicious, mimosa-scented and cooled by the mountains. We pass Kaffir huts, like squat hay-stacks, with Kaffir women wrapped in terra-cotta cloth crouched in front of them. There are no flowers, though I saw some wild red zimias and some vegetable marrow growing in a ditch just now and lots of pretty grasses. We stop at wayside stations, and the coloured people come and go. It's all so quaint. And wonderful to think that England can be fighting thus far away, and running her trains, and sending her troops all over this wild country. There, we're just passing another Kaffir hut, with a naked black child outside it, and another, with two men in rugs. There are some officers in the train but no soldiers—rather a relief not to be surrounded with hot red, or drab khaki. After all, I think it's more comfortable to be travelling in a train over the green country, than in a tossing ship over the endless, windy sea. Wynberg was the first place where I discovered that the country is really more restful and necessary than the sea.

Had some execrable coffee at the last station; it served to wash my hands, as it was too nasty to drink.

Sunday Eve.—(Later in the same day.) How quickly the unknown becomes familiar! I am quite at home now in the heart of this quiet pious Dutch family, in the midst of a country of red dust and bare mountains. My little room, on the ground floor leading on to the verandah, is already home, more or less, with my books, photos, pictures, and things stowed away. Of "things," I have enough for every emergency—bath, water-bottle, tea-pot, and etna apparatus, books galore, clock, saucepan, iron, mufti and uniform enough to last for years, and wraps for all weathers. But one must have everything here where anything may turn up next.

Well, we were met at the station by the Medical Major, who took us, in the burning heat, to the quarters provided for us, and to the hospital. Sterkstroom is red—red dust, red sand, and one-storeyed red-brick, flat-roofed Dutch huts. The mountains are brown and bare and stony. It's quite as ugly as I feared, if not uglier—but there is good work to be done here, and nurses badly wanted. There have been deaths from typhoid every day. I hear the band now at a military funeral. The school-house has been converted into a hospital, and a corrugated iron shed is being put up by it. Different indeed from the delicious camp at Wynberg, flower-scented, tree-surrounded, lovely, matchless Wynberg. But we're wanted here, and there were plenty there to do the work. So far it has been worked by two Johannesburg nurses, taking twelve hours each, and glad enough at the thought of help. The Major was "so pleased to see red capes" arriving, as it has been unofficial help so far.

Over the crest of that brown hill the battle of Stormberg was fought—just think of it! We could have heard it all, even seen it, if we had been here sooner. Now it's thought there won't be more fighting close by.

Sister F. has gone to the Dutch minister's, not so peaceful or cool a house as this, but you must understand that "cool" is only a comparative term, as it is grilling everywhere. These are people of good position who have lost their post owing to the war, so are taking in boarders. Our hostess is a gentle, nice woman who doesn't understand English well; her husband, a grey-headed old man, also harmless; two hobbledehoy sons, and two little girls. There are three other boarders—the nurse who is taking night-duty; a young man (parson, I fancy); and a young girl, teacher somewhere—quite pleasant folk.

Sand and flies seem to be the peculiarities of Sterkstroom. One is constantly reminded of the comic song, "We don't mind flies," but I'm afraid I do rather mind flies when it's so literally

"Flies in the butter,  
Flies in the cheese."

And the sick are tortured with them.

*Tuesday, Feb. 6.*—This is the only place I have ever been in where rain is the most absolute blessing that is ever sent from heaven to earth—and you know how I usually hate rain—but it serves to lay the dust for a day, and that is saying a great deal. Yesterday a typical dust-storm occurred—the blinding red dust suddenly blowing in a whirlwind, and everything is covered before you can rush to the windows and close them. That accounts for the red sand which carpets your bare floor, for the feeling of grit on everything you touch, for the smell of dust on pillows and bed-clothes. But this is true "front" nursing in Africa with all the hardships it should have. It is not doing the thing properly to have the societies and the beauties of Wynberg or the luxuries of the *Trojan* at East London.

A tremendous thunder-storm followed the dust-storm, not the gentle rain of our Emerald islands, but the bucketfuls of the tropics; everything swept before it, the long drops flashing in the lightning as they fall, and the mountains are black all round, and the red soil soaks up the hail and rain. This is Africa!

Out meals here are Dutch; a German sort of taste about the mustard, and the mixed vegetables, and the rough brown bread, and queer meat overstewed. No luxuries, and tea and coffee both execrable, and always turning up at unexpected hours. Coffee is brought to the bedrooms at six, and coffee instead of afternoon tea at four, tea stewed in a teapot over a lamp and poured out cold with supper. One will relish the fleshpots of Egypt again on return to civilisation.

The unromance and prosaicness of this household remind me of American stories—those of dull places in the country where "summer boarders" come and have their limited little idylls. Here the idyll is between the young book-keeper (not a parson, I find) and the village schoolmistress who boards here too. They seem very happy despite the surroundings—why shouldn't they be?

The thunder is rolling again. Shall we hear the guns rolling some time, I wonder? Every bridge throughout the country is guarded, as there is so much disaffection in

the Colony; no one can be trusted, not a loyal Dutchman anywhere, they say. I fear now I'm stuck here, there's no chance of getting round to Natal, and I so wanted to see Durban and Maritzburg. That neighbourhood is lovely, I believe.

I begin work at seven in the morning, long hours and very hot and tiring. Medical work, which I never like. One is giving medicines and stimulants nearly all the time. I have a ward of typhoids. This week I have the afternoons off duty, next from 5 to 7 P.M. I've been no further than from the house to the hospital, and spend my off time lying on the balcony writing and trying to get cool. I believe the only way to get out of the place is to ride; I should like a canter over the mountains, and must see about a horse later if I've time and opportunity.

I'm perfectly safe here, and not likely to see a Boer while I'm in Africa. This table-land, 5,500 feet above the sea, is said to be very healthy too. I don't like it, but I'm quite happy, and nothing lasts long here.

*Feb. 7.*—They say there's a big fight going on about ten miles off to-day. Is it so, I wonder. I saw a great many of the troops entraining this morning, and wondered if they were going off to fight. Shall hear to-night, I suppose.

*Feb. 8.*—Comparatively pleasant to-day after the heavy rains yesterday. The dust is laid and there is a faint show of greenness, and there was a mountain breeze before the sun came up. One of my poor typhoids died this morning, another last night.

There were three skirmishes near yesterday, but nothing much done—one killed and three wounded. Our army has to be scattered throughout the Colony, as it is so disaffected. For instance, yesterday a large number had to be left here, as the Dutch in Sterkstroom would rise if we were not guarded. It is interesting to learn the Dutch side from my host. We discuss things quite amicably, though he is very bitter against the English, and says we only want the gold of the Transvaal, and have attacked a poor nation of shepherds to get their money.

Post goes to-day, I believe, but when is a mail coming in, I wonder!

(To be continued.)

## ON MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.



in the higher or lower spheres of society, she is sure to find many inconveniences to endure, and many pin-pricks (easily irritated into serious wounds), even should she be spared the heavier afflictions which come to us all in turn. It is sometimes said that happiness is pretty evenly distributed among mankind, because people who have no troubles worthy of the name make themselves quite as miserable over trifles as those who are undergoing real sufferings can possibly be. There is un-

OR most people in the present complex state of society the only chance of enjoying life lies in habitually "making the best of it." Every path is so crowded, there is so little elbowroom, there are so many aspirants after every distinction, so many claimants for every pleasant place, that whether woman's lot is cast

doubtedly some truth in this theory, and we should like to suggest to our girls a steady and persistent effort to make the best of their surroundings while their character is still pliant. When once the practice is stereotyped into a habit, they will find the world they live in irradiated by quite a new light, and what, perhaps, is equally important, they will themselves become much more agreeable and acceptable members of society.

Home, for instance. No one really understands how to value home till they have lost it. Yet how often girls are eager to leave it. I heard one say, a few days ago, with a merry laugh, "Relations are the plague of one's life!" We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have an uncongenial home. You are a musician, say, and you dare not practise while your father is within hearing—he grumbles so at the noise. Your sister thinks it a pity to waste so many hours on it, and your brothers will whisper and laugh among themselves when you play the most exquisite things at your mother's request in the evening. All quite true, but who bought that beautiful grand piano for your last birthday when you left school for good? Your father and mother gave up the idea of the little

greenhouse they had planned, to be able to afford that piano, though they did not tell you so. Your sister sat up in the cold, night after night, to finish carving that music-stand which you find so convenient. And even the boys brag at school that "not one of the fellows has a sister who can play and sing like ours!" Your gift is not understood or appreciated, but you are loved, and is not that far better? If you do not think so now, the day will come when you will assuredly do so. Or, it may be, you feel cramped at home, worried by complaints of your appetite, inquiries as to your health, and suggestions as to wraps, draughts, short nights, over-walking, or over-work, bicycling without a brake, and other such trifles, which you feel more than competent to arrange for yourself. Well, perhaps you are—possibly you are not—but think how much room you occupy in the heart and mind of the one who takes so deep an interest in matters, however trivial, that affect your well-being. Surely you will feel that such affection, even though fussy and tactless, has its bright side.

Then, again, health. Few girls are so happy as not to have some physical weak point. It may be neuralgia, or rheumatism,

## THE MOTHER WAITS.

*(From the Norwegian of Hjalmar Meidell.)*

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE WILLSON.

OLD MOTHER ANNE on the pier she stands,  
Wind-toss'd her hair in its silver strands.  
"Son of my heart, say if but one year  
Sadly must pass till again you're here."  
"Yes, little mother, but *one* short year  
Till you and I shall again meet here."  
Weary and long must that waiting be!

Lonely she waited, one long sad year,  
Letters came seldom her heart to cheer.  
Wanders her son on a distant shore,  
Wanders and prospers still more and more;  
Prosper so well that three years go by—  
Vainly for news must that lone one sigh.  
Weeping and praying, lonely she's waiting!

Ten years have gone—"O dear Lord above,  
Bid him remember his old mother's love,  
Bid him his vow, O dear Lord, to keep;  
Tell him I wait—bitter tears I weep!  
Tell him with grief my weak form is bent;  
Tell him with *him* my sad heart still went,  
And lonely and sadly I'm waiting."

Home now at last, after wand'rings long,  
Trembling he hears a slow mournful song,  
Heavy and sick with dread faints his soul,  
Slow from his brow great sweat drops now roll.  
See from the door what thing do they bring?  
Hark to his cries, how wildly they ring!  
His mother no longer is waiting.



LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,  
AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## PART VI.

## Sterkstroom.

*February 12.*—Not much to say this week, as I've been shut within hospital walls, and too tired on coming off duty to do anything but bathe, and undress, and get cool. My sail-cloth bath is a priceless blessing. The heat is terrific, though bearable when the sand doesn't blow; the sand-storms are unendurable. To-night there was a cloud of locusts migrating and darkening the sky. No wonder there's no green anywhere!

Yet at night, even here, it is cool. I am writing now (10.30 P.M.) on the balcony, where they have put a table for me and a hurricane lantern. The moon is shining on the other side, trying its best to make a Swiss scene of the mountains. On the whole it succeeds pretty well, and the brown bareness visible by day is not to be seen now, nor the absolute unpicturesqueness of the squat red Dutch huts.

General Gatacre was in hospital this morning. He is a wonderfully cute observer, and always recognises a patient again. He was also at church parade on Sunday. That was an impressive sight at seven in the morning among the tents—an open-air service, the picture being a study in khaki. The ground, the mountains, background, foreground, all khaki-coloured, and the worshippers dressed to match. It was funniest to see suspicions of khaki putties under the chaplain's surplice. It's always a grand sight, a congregation of men, and doubly so here in the desert, in the heart of war.

It's strange how secure one feels in the midst of aliens, for it is an alien country though our own colony, and the Dutch in Sterkstroom would all rise if we were not guarded by troops.

My host is very bitter against the English, and firmly believes (thus do their leaders and papers delude them) that England only wants the Transvaal gold, and is making war on "a poor nation of shepherds" to enrich itself. He is fiercely incensed against Rhodes and Chamberlain, and equally reveres Gladstone and Stead. The son was talking to me last night and expressed his views of Kafirs—that they were not fit to be in the same shop or church as a white man, and should be kicked off the pavement if you met them. I told him that was just one of the things we had against the Boers, that they ill-treat the natives, and we English believe in justice and equity for all, the same law for the black man and the white, just as there is the same God. They are deeply religious, but they won't concede this.

Martial law is proclaimed here, and no one is allowed out after 9.30. The washerwomen may not go out on the veldt to gather sticks, so one has to pay 12s. to 15s. a month for washing; the farmers may not come in from the out-lying districts, except on Saturdays with passports, to market. No telegram can be sent without being first censored by a special officer.

There is an idea of the camp being moved on to Molteno, as enteric is raging so here. They think they have been camped too long on one spot. The hospital would remain

where it is, or course. We were going to commandeer the Dutch and the English churches, but are now going to put up another tin shed for fifty more cases.

It's so sad at dawn and at sunset to hear the military funerals in the little cemetery away there in the sand.

I have a ward of enterics, and a little ward with two officers. One is a splendid patient, and most grateful and nice.

I'd ten times rather be nursing the wounded in tents than the fever-stricken in a stuffy schoolroom, but one must take the rough with the smooth. The sort of "rough" I crave for is the actual battle-field.

*February 13.*—Eve of St. Valentine. But the seasons seem so upside down. This has been hotter than ever to-day, heat glowing up from the sand, and the wards are fearful. It is all the disadvantage of heat without any of its pleasant alleviations. I shouldn't mind even this heat if there were green trees, and flowers, and somewhere a flowing river. But the sand and bareness, a monotony of khaki, is terrible in grilling heat.

We were round the camp this afternoon, personally conducted by Captain H. Interesting to see the tents and their very small allowance of kits, ready to pack and be off at any moment. And the mounted artillery camp, with horses tethered in lines to the ground. They explained to us how Stormberg was fought just by that hill. The quiet-looking mountains and kopjes round us all have camps, either Boer or English. One sees the heliographing going on from hill to hill.

I hope not to have to stay in this desolate place more than two months. I like nursing under canvas, as we were at Wynberg, much better. But I managed to get some coloured prints from *Pear's Annual* to brighten the wards a bit to-day. No flowers though, the worst deprivation of all. At Wynberg I always wore a Maréchal Niel rose and some blue plumbago in my red cape, and had handfuls for the tents, and our house a bower.

Dutch food is terrible. For breakfast a little hard cold meat, some brown bread and cheese, also execrable coffee. Early dinner of some stewed meat, quite flavourless and hard; very little meat and a lot of different vegetables, queerly cooked, messed together on one's plate at once. A cup of coffee only in the afternoon, different from our home tea and cake and bread and butter. Supper of cold meat and sour bread, with sometimes the luxury of pudding, and weak tea as a concession to our English thirst. But just lately I've been living on pines, as some kind friends sent me a packing-case full of lovely pine-apples. But I am very comfortable here, and I like my little room, barring the sand and flies, which can't be helped; and the balcony where I spend all my off-duty, reading and writing and trying to cool. And I like the people themselves; they are gentle and homely, and have a graciousness as well-bred people would at home. Everything is ugly and unpicturesque, but not common.

*February 14.*—At that point I fell asleep, and woke an hour later to find my candle still burning on one side and the moon on the other, but neither Boer nor Britain had invaded my balcony.

There's a great funeral this afternoon of an officer who has been in the hands of the Boers since he was wounded. His leg was amputated. His body was returned to us for burial. I shouldn't like to be buried in this khaki-coloured land, in that lonely little cemetery over there.

*February 15.*—It was a wonderful sight, this funeral. The Dutch inhabitants of Sterkstroom as well as many coloured folk trooped across the sand towards the churchyard, or stood about in groups to see the funeral cortège of hundreds of English soldiers following poor Colonel E. to his military grave. His body was given to us in exchange for old Pretorious, whom we returned alive. The armour-train brought it, and one of our poor men was buried just afterwards.

It is strange the different sorts of longing that take you. I most long to see a green field, the cowslip on the Axe, and green trees, and a river.

My poor men are getting on fairly. I feared I should lose one in the night, but trust he may pull through. Of course they are too ill to tell you interesting bits of their camp life and battles. They are just in that state when you feed them hourly with milk and brandy, and moisten the parched lips and forehead. Regular fever-nursing.

Another bad reverse for Buller, I hear, but no particulars known. There is also a rumour that the Boers are coming to Sterkstroom. I wish they would, but no such luck! There are 8,000 British soldiers in the neighbourhood, and Boers do not face a force like that. I think I'll put a red cross on my bedroom door, though, as I don't want to be looted.

*February 16.*—Mail-day, so this must go. I'm never quite sure that my missives won't be torn open to be censored in these days of martial law.

After supper last night I went a little walk over the veldt—the scene is less ugly at night, because you can't see it, and it's not dusty. A tremendous thunder-storm came on and drenching rain, so we were wet through,

though not a quarter of an hour from home, I just in my cap and apron—have not worn a hat since I've been here. It struck me as an odd situation, to be walking here in the dark, thunder and lightning over the mountains, and drenching rain on the veldt, alone with a little girl in a white frock and sun-bonnet, and the Boer and English armies encamped beyond the kopjes not many miles from us.

Quite a heavenly mountain air this morning after the rain. Sterkstroom can never be pretty, but it's bearable without dust, though how people live here all their lives I don't know. There's absolutely nowhere to go from here, no country walk or drive, no river, no resources of any sort.

Yesterday I had the honour of tea with General Gatacre. There's a good lady who devotes herself to the soldiers, and goes about opening recreation places for them at the different camps. She is dressed in khaki, and lives in a railway van. She invited me to tea yesterday at the opening of a recreation marquee by the General. I had a long talk with him—charming he is. What delighted my heart most was to see roses—actually roses in this desert!—great bowls of them from Queenstown on the tables of the marquee.

I'm rather depressed to hear that there's little chance of getting away from here, or to any better station. No chance of Natal, now we're on this line. We shall stay here till the fever's over, then most likely push on to Bloemfontein. Perhaps eventually Pretoria. It would be worth doing to get to Pretoria in the end, but terrible to think of months in this awful place.

I was awakened between five and six by the band, coming back from the funeral of one of my poor men, such a nice man too, with wife and little ones at home (I must write to her), and so cheerful, to the last insisting he was better. That is the third I have lost, but about fourteen died in a week, I believe, before we came. Yet it is healthy air here. As Major T. was saying yesterday, the battlefield is the playground of war. People seldom realise that for every man who dies gloriously on the field, fifty die of fever, or languish with disease. The actual battle is just the excitement; but war is long weary waiting and monotony.

"I shall burn every bit of khaki," said Major T. vigorously, "when I get home, and go in for colour, on the voyage, blue and red ties." They are all so sick of the campaign.

As for me, I have lost the bright brown of the sea, and am getting khaki-coloured like everything else.

*February 20.*—Not much to write about this week. Some successes at Burgersdorp and Jacobsdal; and you all know that Kimberley is relieved, and postal communication open again. Brabant's Horse were stationed here last week, and we heard that Colonel Brabant had had some engagements and success near Molteno, but nothing definite or confirmed. Gatacre and his troops still here in inaction, except for an occasional skirmish in the surrounding hills.

I have been on night-duty all this week—rather eerie, all alone, the only woman up in Sterkstroom. And no picturesque camp here by moonlight, as at Wynberg, but a dull school-house, full of the fevered and the dying, and some outlying huts and tents. The men have been lying in their blankets in stretchers on the ground; but now we have got beds for nearly all. Each hut is lit with a candle in a bottle or tin; so everything is primitive, you see, and without the picturesqueness which is usually a part of primitiveness.

One of the officers died the other night. I was so afraid of the effect on the other officer lying beside him in the same ward. He is such a nice man, with a wife and child at

home, and I should be so sorry for him not to get over it.

Poor Captain B. had no relatives, only a "best girl" at home, and I had charge of two unopened letters of hers. He was an officer of the Royal Scots, so a detachment of them came down from Pen Hock, where they are camping, for the funeral. They couldn't get back the same night, so bivouacked here. I was wandering round the tents at night, and thought, "Those brown things are the horses, I suppose, tethered outside the tents"—and went up to see. But the creature was the shape of a man, covered, face and all, like a dead man, with a blanket. I was relieved to hear it snoring heavily, and discovered that all the men were lying about on the ground in their coats and boots, and covered with brown blankets. Poor men! It was bitterly cold (Sterkstroom's piercing cold is worse than its heat), it quite nipped one with a sharp pain even going from hut to hut.

Then a commotion at the back door in the middle of the night, and a noisy soldier burst in. I thought him drunk, and got the orderly to turn him out, fearing for the patients. Then some of the Scots came for him, and said he had suddenly gone off his head while sleeping outside, and they had disarmed him, and he was in a great state, thinking himself pursued. They got him back, but he burst away and came to the door again, but they led him off, and I heard no more of him. I suggested his being shut in the gaol, a square Dutch cell, just across the veldt there, for the night, but don't know what they did with him.

I maintain what I have always said, that I can't bear medical work. It is very depressing and uninteresting work (compared with surgery), just cleaning fevered lips and giving drinks, etc. But someone must do it, of course; and there's been loss of life enough with this horrid fever. But I should be glad to know that I'm not booked here for months.

I think the public ought to know more about the orderlies, who get quite forgotten when the nursing of the "sick and wounded" is spoken of. They are really so patient, and do such long hours of what must be most distasteful to men. Some are excellent nurses; some, of course, a bit rough, but very many are as good nurses as you wish to see.

*March 1, 1900.*—Your letters came yesterday, and mail goes to-morrow. It seems so absurd, now I have been in Africa a lifetime, that you hadn't yet had my first letter from Cape Town.

Fancy snow at home! Here we have been having tropical rain and tropical heat, and everything tropical means in excess. Such rain! More in an hour than falls in England in three months. Everything is flooded, and one has to ford streams and rivers in every direction. And, as quickly, everything is dried up again, and the sun is supreme. But there's the blessed feeling that it has rained, and there will be no more dust blowing for a time. My ward is a tin hut, and the noise of the rain on it is deafening. And when it hails, then it's useless to try to speak: it's like being surrounded by railway engines letting off steam. Yet, even here in this perennial sun, I miss the sunshine if we lose it for half a day; and would rather have it than the grey skies others love because it means rain coming. It has not been too hot at all lately, except for an hour or so at mid-day; indeed quite too cool, as if winter were coming.

The hospital is much more interesting now, and the work less impossible, as a large medical contingent has arrived from New South Wales, doctors, orderlies, and four Sisters, one of whom takes on the superintendence.

So now, instead of being alone at night

with sixty patients, I have a day ward of eighteen, which is much more manageable. Plenty of work, though, even then, as one typhoid, you know, is a handful. All bad cases, all to be fed with every mouthful, all to be sponged once, and some three and four times a day. But they are doing well now, which is a great thing, and I have an excellent doctor, thoroughly sensible, whom it is a pleasure to work with.

These Australian ladies are most amusing, and do the thing thoroughly like Americans. Middle-aged, and spectacled, lean and energetic, their one object in life is to work, and work they do with a vengeance. The little graces of womanhood and the feminine pleasures and varieties are not for these women of steel. They came from Australia, for an indefinite time in Africa, with nothing but a tiny tin trunk each, the size of a large biscuit-box, and a kit-bag. But for the "sick and wounded" they brought a whole cargo. Packing-case after packing-case of shirts, nightingales, linen, Vi-cocoa, dressings, and I don't know what besides. Most estimable women. Just to show how intensely practical they are, at night they clothe themselves in pyjamas, to be ready for any emergency!

But at any rate they have imparted a breeziness to the hospital, and things are more in working order since they arrived. I never worked harder, nor with longer hours, as a professional even; the hours being from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. one day with two hours off; and from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. the next day with no time off. I forgot to say the Australian garments are regulation uniform as far as the red capes and white caps are concerned, but otherwise, dresses of thick waterproof grey, and dark grey zephyr aprons instead of white linen, and ugly grey sun-bonnets to match.

Terrific storms again, and one is glad to be sleeping under a roof, for canvas is not, after all, so waterproof, and sometimes the whole thing blows down. Though Tiny reports herself very happy in a bell tent on Mooi River—perhaps they don't have such wild weather there. She says it's delightful and very pretty, and she's getting riding and so on.

Gatacre is just reinforced by five thousand, which he has been waiting for to take Stormberg. So we shall hear fighting close by again. Last week everyone was very upset at Captain Montmorency's being shot at Stormberg, when he was scouting; he was visiting our hospital only a day or two before. No one who has ever been near to war, can think of it as anything but very dreadful, though I think the privation and wretchedness of much of the camp life in this sand, and the devastating sicknesses, far worse than the actual warfare. Captain Montmorency's sudden death in the heyday of life or Stormberg does not seem to me nearly so sad, for instance, as Captain R.'s death in our little

ward. "I want to live so much, Sister; you will help me to fight for life," he used to say in the night. He was so good, thinking always of the welfare of his men; and such an appreciative and grateful patient. It was dreadful to watch him slowly sinking, then to be with him dying; to do the last for him dead, and to follow him to the mortuary tent. And later in the day, to hear again the muffled drums and Dead March playing, and to see the long procession in khaki winding across the sand. I always think of that bit of Kipling—

"Hark to the big drums calling,  
Follow me, follow me home."

Now I have a nice bright ward, a tin hut of eighteen beds; windows on both sides which open (so I am much happier than in the stuffy schoolroom), and a door at each end which opens to the sunshine. I have nailed up some *Graphic* pictures, and try to have some bowls of vine-trails about, and occasionally a flower or two, but where is the wealth of plumbago and oleander and roses of Wynberg! You would be amused to look in the bell-tents of the officers, where packing-cases are drawers and tables, and a bottle the only candlestick. At night we run about with little tin lanterns, which blow out in the tempestuous gales. Such darkness envelops us at night; it seems to fall instantly like a pall at sundown. I never knew the darkest night in England so absolutely black. One night I set off at 9 P.M. with a lantern, confident of being home in four minutes—it's only just across some rough ground in a straight line; I can see my balcony from my ward door. And I plunged along over bogs and rough stones and pitfalls, lighted for a few inches before me by my lantern, but so absolutely dark it was impossible to find any way at all. I wandered for nearly three-quarters of an hour, stumbling and falling, and owing to martial law you meet no one at night. At last I nearly wept in my hopeless search, till I saw a house with a light in it, and going to inquire, found I was close to the hospital, and had been wandering round, and come back to it again. Our little schoolmistress and her *fiancé* were in there playing whist, and they took me home; but even those who know their way best may lose it in the darkness. The little schoolmistress is very sweet, and her young man does all sorts of odd jobs for me. They have been very good to me—so, indeed, has everyone. Sometimes we have a game of whist in the evening in my balcony, gathered round a hurricane lantern.

I shall be so sorry to lose our Staff-Sergeant, Corporals, and orderlies, who go on to the field hospital, leaving Colonials entirely here. It is wonderful how nice they are to me—the Corporals, the cook, and the ward-master, the Sergeant-Dispenser, the Sergeant-Major, etc., etc.—so respectful and helpful! My present

doctor is a very nice man, and thoroughly clever and sensible. He is a refugee, his wife and children at Aliwal in the hands of the Boers. He came to the colony eight years ago, dying of phthisis, and in three months was in full practice, which speaks well for the air. Indeed the air is wonderful. We are higher than the highest mountain in England and Wales; and when the air is washed with rain, and not charged with dust, it is elixir.

I have only once been out of the village—I have a pass, "Anywhere, at any time," from the magistrate. That was last Saturday, when I came off night-duty, so had the day free. The little schoolmistress and I bicycled to a farm about four miles off, over bare ground and fearful roads full of sand-ruts, and the roof of the kopjes dotted with a little scrub of prickly mimosa. The farm itself was better than most places here; at least there was a little green, and the housewife was bright and quick, and not so Dutch. She took us into the orchard—an avenue of peach-trees growing like apple-trees—and we sat on the grass and ate gold and pink peaches which she showered round us. Riding home was very weird—lightning behind all the kopjes, and wild clouds gathering, and the dark night waiting to fall suddenly. And past the Kaffir location—a row of red mud huts, where countless Kaffirs swarm—lurid red fires, the mud huts, and naked black children dancing by turn. In their own location they wear their own clothing—men and women in a rug, children in nothing. They wear clothes when they come to the village to work. Every native earns 4s. a day. There are so many working in the camp with the horses, and so on; and they have the cheek to tell our soldiers they must be the better men, as the soldiers only earn 1s. 6d. a day.

I am so accustomed to everything now, I don't know whether I dislike things which would seem quaint to you. For instance, our yard in the hospital, with a trench in the middle, which is the kitchen, pots boiling on it; and in the corner, half-a-dozen natives crouching to eat their breakfast—they have been working in the yard. I bought some bangles from a Kaffir woman, who works at this house, straight off her arm; but there are really no African trophies to pick up here.

Yes, one wants to be in the country to know that this is a righteous and necessary war. Even the most gentle-minded people say in the end, "I loathe the Boers." One sees how behind-hand the colony is, and how insufferable for English people to live in while the Dutch have the upper hand. England must be first here, and the colony will flourish.

We just hear they are fighting hard at Stormberg to-day. How I wish I could see something of it! They have promised us a trip in the armoured train, but I don't suppose it will be when fighting is actually on.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

### ON CALLING TERMS.

*Mrs. Riley*: "Are yez on calling terms wid our new neighbour?"

*Mrs. Murphy*: "Av course I am. She called me a thafe, and I called her another."

**BRIDAL SHOES.**—In South China the bride presents her husband with a pair of shoes "by way of signifying that for the future she places herself under his control." They are carefully preserved, for to part with them is held to portend an early separation between husband and wife.

### IN HOT WEATHER.

*Madge*: "I always select tragic stories for hot weather reading."

*Mabel*: "On what principle, dear?"

*Madge*: "They make my blood run cold."

**THINKING AND WORKING.**—Everyone who would rise must be a thinker and a worker—a thinker of her own thoughts, not those of other people.

**GET OUT OF THE WAY!**—Too many girls imagine that one of their rights is to have everybody get out of their way.

### ALREADY OCCUPIED.

*Alice*: "The world has a place for everybody."

*Charlotte*: "Yes, the only trouble is there's generally somebody else in it."

**GOOD JUDGES.**—Those whom we see constantly are the best judges of our temper, those whom we see rarely of our talents.

**WEDDING-RINGS IN CHINA.**—The wedding-ring is considered so important in China that its purchase affixes legal responsibility upon an wooer.

LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,  
AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## PART VII.

## Sterkstroom.

*March 6.*—A very busy day, as the 16th Field Hospital is going on, and has left all its cases to us. A field hospital means, tents in the fighting camp itself, no Sisters, and no beds—the cases are all lying on stretchers on the ground, and nursed in rather a rough and ready fashion. Some of my old cases were very bad too, and I have not stopped a moment to-day. And my best orderly sick, leaving me with a raw untrained one, whom the men nickname “Tired Tim,” as he is so stupid at doing anything. (At Wynberg there was an orderly nicknamed “Weary Willie,” rather absent-minded, and the men used to declare he was scrubbing the sand outside the tent, instead of the boarding of the tent itself. Here we have no such luxury as boarding to our tents.)

You would think it strange to be working always with an orderly instead of a woman-nurse—making beds with him, sponging patients, etc. They are mostly apt and helpful, and wonderfully patient. It's only when you have one like “Tired Tim,” and eighteen patients wanting something, and one with a temperature of 106°, and peptonised milk to be made for some, and Benger's for another, and the stimulants due, and a delirious man getting out of bed, that it's rather hopeless.

I usually have a lot of letter-reading and writing to do for them on English mail-days. One pathetic little letter I was reading from a young wife, and the poor man, so ill, the tears streamed down his cheeks as I read, and he had to hide them from the doctor with his mosquito net. “It seemed as if you were near me all day, dear Harry,” she said, “the day I read your letter. The child and me only want you home again.” Then the pitiful talk of poverty, and the half-proud aversion to producing her “marriage lines,” preparatory to receiving pay from the fund for soldiers' wives.

Have I described the locusts to you? They are queer creatures like huge grasshoppers, and pass in flights, sometimes lasting half-an-hour or more. Looking up at them the effect is like a snowstorm, when the snow is grey and dirty. In the distance they are just a thick grey cloud; but near, with the sun shining on them, the wings are quite transparent and pretty. They pass with a whizz which is long-continued as the flight goes on and on. And there is a crackling thud, thud, as one and another tumbles on my tin roof in its flight. And the birds, the locust-eaters, follow them. But there are hardly any birds here, and I haven't heard one song-bird. At night, crickets, and frogs, and grasshoppers, and a thing called the cicada, but no nightingales to charm the night, nor larks to wake the day.

There was a Dutch wedding yesterday, and I saw the bride, in white, returning from her honeymoon—which was a two hours' drive. Then she and the bridegroom retire, and dancing goes on all the afternoon and evening in the adjoining room. So absurd to see, by broad daylight, a small room cram-full of boys and girls, and youths and maidens dancing clumsily to some slow droning music. This morning I saw the bride in her kitchen busy with domestic duties, aproned, but still in white shoes to tell the tale of yesterday.

*March 7.*—Excitement this morning at the clearing out of the troops. Gatacre's column has gone on, and we are “front” no more.

Pack-waggons, troops, horses—such a setting off was there! Bands playing, and the bagpipes of the Royal Scots. I was busy in my ward, so only saw them from there, crossing the veldt in masses of khaki. Others who went up to the camp to see them start, said it was so interesting. There are just enough troops left to guard the place and the stores. This is to be the base for stores. Now it will be no longer a front hospital; I hope it won't be kept on as a base hospital. We want the chance of moving on. One hundred and forty Boers were killed at Dordrecht yesterday, I believe, and there has been fighting there again to-day. Our military post-office has gone on, our field-hospital, and our chaplains, both Church of England and of Rome. So now the men must die un-chaplained, and be buried without music. A funeral to-day with no band, only the three volleys. I have been very busy: my men very bad, but have lost no case yet from my tin hut.

The air here is wonderful, and invigorates you in spite of the heat. And I've a large appetite now, and can manage the Dutch food. Or else they've got a little more into my English ways.

They are good, accommodating souls as far as they understand, though slow. And I'm really very comfortable here. “Whisky,” the collie dog, sleeps in my room. I'm quite glad to have a guard—and the weak-eyed mongrel terrier follows me up to the ward, to the men's delight. Strange that dogs know I love them. At Wynberg a dog always used to follow me down from the camp and sleep in my room.

One poor man to-day had a letter from home. We let him read it, unsuspecting (it's always a question whether it's wise to let the very ill have their letters). And it gave the news that his young wife and new-born baby were both dead. Wasn't it dreadful?

*March 8.*—Mail-day again to-morrow, and hardly any of my letters written. But how can I write? I have only the end of the day, when I am very tired out after working in the great heat. I was in my ward at seven this morning, and working all day, including the hot afternoon with the tremendous sun beating on the tin roof, till 7.15 to-night. Then I come home to tea, and write for a little on the verandah by the hurricane lamp. But I'm so tired, I must get to bed before eleven always.

Strange to say, another passenger from the *Othello* has arrived here as boarder. He is illustrative correspondent of *Black and White*. One is glad to welcome anyone from the dear old *Othello*, though I'm quite at home here now, and almost fond of it. I like waking in the morning to see the broad sunshine coming in at the wide-open door and resting on the verandah outside, and the fir-tree, and the mountain air through the two little windows.

I get up at six for the long, hot, busy day in the ward, and look forward to the quiet evening hour on my balcony with my letters and—alas! not often—books. There is scant time for reading.

These people have heard to-day that one of their sons was killed at the last action, so, of course, there is tribulation in the household.

I fear my letters are uninteresting now. You see, I have no news, and I don't go about at all—simply across the green to my work and back to meals, and off again to my ward. I may have more adventures to tell you later on, I hope.

*March 13.*—This is one of the days when South Africa is intolerable. It has blown “a mill” all day long, and the sand-storm has been incessant. You cannot understand what that is. Thick layers of dust everywhere, sifting through shut windows (even I endure shut windows on dust days). One has no sooner gone the round of the ward, brushing the sheets and shaking the dust from the pillows and wiping the grime from the faces than one has to start and go the round again. You can write your name in dust on the table and floor, though constantly swept. The milk, all covered with dust like nutmeg on a junket. As you wash the men, before you have time to dry them, the dust and water has turned to mud on them. Oh, what a calm when the wind goes and the dust ceases, or when the dust is swept away in hurricanes of rain! Another great trouble is the flies. They're simply revolting. They swarm round every bit of food and buzz in every jug. They crawl in the nose and eyes and mouths of sleeping men, and almost eat the dying while they are still alive. I shall always hate the “innocent house-fly” henceforth.

When it's over I shall be so glad to have roughed it in the front and been close to the fighting column instead of merely playing all the time at luxurious Wynberg. But there are many tribulations. Short of orderlies, and half of those there are utterly untrained. As I have said before, some of the trained orderlies are so good. Short of water—absolutely without to-day—though they have spent no end of time and money sinking a well, which has worked for two days and then run dry. Often short of milk, for, although we commandeered gallons enough, it so often goes sour in spite of boiling. And the inadequate kitchen (a trench in the yard), which was sufficient for the ten or fifteen patients of the original schoolroom, will not supply our 150 patients with hot water or anything else. If I hadn't such a nice, cheery, helpful doctor things would be very deplorable sometimes.

With all the bad cases, I've only had one death in my hut. That was this morning—poor Irish “Jimmie,” such a dear, funny thing, and I was looking forward to his convalescence. The treasures under his pillow were his sacred scapulars—he was an Irish Roman Catholic—and a pathetic letter from his home. “There was never any son loved as much as you, Jimmie, and if you was to be killed in the war me heart would break. And I know bad enough, boy; but when you're in the battle make the sign of the cross, and the Mother of God send you safe home to us. And no more to say, but Agnes and Fanny send their dear love, and father doesn't know you've gone to the war.”

Poor Jimmie!

But, after all, I shall be sorry to leave some things in Sterkstroom.

If one could be non-existent—or, at any rate, lazy—at mid-day or through the afternoon, the climate would be delightful here, for the early mornings and evenings are lovely—beautiful skies and clear air. It is terribly hot some days. My bedroom always nice and cool from 70° to 80°. My ward 90° in the shade, and 110° in the sunny part. That's a bit hot to work in. And it would break the thermometer to register the sun's heat outside. But one doesn't suffer from the heat as much as from the cold at night. Some nights are bitter, and the cold comes so



suddenly. And sometimes one wakes in the early morning in an agony of colic from the biting cold? Queer climate, isn't it? And yet the fascination of Africa is upon me.

I'm so hungry now, I can manage the Dutch food. Breakfast this morning: tinned fish stewed up with the vegetables left from yesterday. I went in the kitchen and saw the black woman messing it all up in the saucepan. But they often have nice porridge. Anyway, it's a distinct experience to be living with Boers. I think I told you one of the sons was killed at Burghersdorp last Sunday. There are four more sons fighting, but the sweet mother is the gentlest of beings.

I went a little ride over the veldt with Agnes last night by moonlight. Rough going for a bicycle, but it's weird and strange by moonlight, and you keep on running into sand-ruts. We went by all that is left of the camp, just the stores (huge stacks under canvas) and a few tents to guard them, and finally had to turn for little Agnes's "I am so frightened of the soldiers."

Sterkstroom has regained its normal quiet since the troops have gone. We are using both the Dutch and the English churches now as our hospitals. The tin huts, they say, cost about £100 each, yet they run them up in three days. It seems a great expense, doesn't it, for a makeshift, temporary, hospital? But I suppose that's a mite compared with all that England is spending on this war.

On moonlight nights wild revels seem to be held in the Kaffir location, for tuning and weird singing and shouting are heard from across the veldt where their mud-huts are. It's like Penzance Corpus Christi Fair in the distance, with some heathen noises thrown in.

March 15.—I came back from hospital at half-past nine, and it seemed too lovely a moonlight night to turn in, so went for a long ride over the veldt with Mr. L. We rode farther than I have been before, showing, of course, our passports at the picket, where three soldiers were on guard, and a fire was blazing. The veldt (rough riding though) is lovely by moonlight, surrounded with mountains. I should guess myself in Scotland if I didn't know it was South Africa.

It was late when we came back. Then I had a fright. Someone came along the balcony and knocked at my door. "The Boer has come!" I thought. And so he had, but it was only — who went off to Kaffraria the other day and came back now unexpectedly, and, seeing a light in my room, knocked to know if I could let him in at the front door.

I had some wounded in the evening. So interesting to have surgical work again—I do hate medical cases. I have charge of a new tin hut, which is for surgical cases, as well as my old typhoid hut. My wounded are all in blankets on the floor.

Sunday, March 18.—I had two smashed Kaffirs (working for our Army Service Corps) brought in yesterday. Such coals they look in bed, and cannot understand a word of English. I dress the wounds on their black legs; but one likes English patients best.

I have a camera now, and hope to master the art, and take some snap-shots to send home to you.

I rode to Putter's Kraal and beyond, last night by moonlight. The sentries stop you at the pickets, pointing a loaded rifle. "Halt! Who goes there?" "Friend," you answer quickly, and the rifle is lowered. Then you have to produce your passport. The sentry's tone then changes to a friendly one, and he bids you go on, all's well, and generally asks the time, sick of his watch, I suppose.

My nice little doctor has gone to-day: I'm so sorry. He had such energy and spirit, and infused it into his work. Very plucky of him

too, to be cheerful and energetic, after all he's been through. He was practising in Aliwal North for years, as good to the Dutch as good can be. Then they suddenly turned upon him as an Imperialist at the outbreak of hostilities, and gave him two hours' notice to quit. Devoted to his wife and family, he had to leave them in the hands of the Boers, and rode off on his little pony, with just as much gear as he could carry on his saddle, and started on a ride of 105 miles to get into safety. He was taken prisoner at Burghersdorp, then led out to the confines of the place by the guard at dawn, and released on the stipulation of quitting, and rode on to Queenstown, where he fell in with General Gatacre, and got an army appointment. This was November. For weeks he could not hear from his wife. Recently telegraphic communication has been restored; and he has only to-day been able to get through by train. Quite a little story, isn't it, and there are many such, and far more tragic, the refugees could tell. For remember, the refugees are, as often as not, gentlepeople, and their privations have been terrible.

One sees, when in the country, how necessary this war is. The Dutch must be subjugated.

March 22.—The local doctor has just passed. "Good afternoon, Miss M. Do you see the locusts? A good flight, isn't it?" and proceeds to quote some Major, who says this is not a white man's country, as there are "flies and locusts, and dust-storms, and Kaffirs and Dutchmen."

I have a poor Kaffir now with a broken jaw. He looks like a sick horse in bed, and is so patient and funny. My poor little boy R. died last night, and I so hoped he was going to get better. The doctor used to chaff him at one time with "You're only pretending to be bad, so as to stay a little longer with Sister."

A consignment of thirty sick sent down again from Bethulie, which doesn't look like closing at Sterkstroom. But we expect to go on to Bloemfontein as soon as there is at all easy railway communication there. As I told you, I have a tin hut of wounded as well now. One lad we were going to send on to East London, and I was just seeing about his being dressed, when an artery burst right over me. If that had happened in the train, he would have died in a very short time from hæmorrhage, with no one by to put on a tourniquet. They just go down to East London with a Sergeant. We quickly got him under chloroform, and tied the artery (both bones of the fore-arm had been shattered by the bullet), and there was a question of amputation, but I'm glad to say the arm was saved.

I've not actually "smelt powder" yet. There's been no gory battlefield just here. The first few weeks, before Gatacre went on, there was constant skirmishing in the neighbourhood, and we heard the guns sometimes from Pen Hock, Bushman's Hock, Bird River, and Stormberg—the surrounding hills where the troops were picnicking for the day. And we used to see them all going out in the early morning and back at night. But this has been the unlucky column since the rout at Stormberg, and has done little actual fighting. Brabant's Horse, attached to us, has done more. Now Gatacre is getting a chance again. There was a clever affair at — where two officers took the place.

We get fairly well supplied with papers for the men from the Red Cross Societies. It is surprising how much more one learns from London papers a month old, than one ever learns from the local tags of the war news.

You would laugh to see the "officers' mess." Evening dinner all laid out. Scene—a bell-tent, the inside of the roof black with flies, who by this time have gone to roost.

The table is one packing-case on the top of another. Table-decoration, two black bottles with candles stuck in them. Table-service, tin cups and plates, minus napery; tinned meats and bully beef to be served at seven. And these are the men who are so particular about their dinners when they are at home!

Sir Alfred Milner was here yesterday, but I missed seeing him.

This is, believe me, the dullest place in the world, without even the Bohemian picturesqueness which out-of-the-worldness usually has. How I should love a social evening on the *Othello* now, or a talk with some congenial soul on the bridge of the hurricane-deck, or a merry afternoon tea-party in flowery Wynberg!

I always maintain that tragedy is sup- portable, but dulness is not. Well, we may be moving from here soon, we hope; but nowhere along this "line" of country is very cheerful or beautiful. The Natal folk are the lucky ones. The only cheerful bits here, to see the very ill fever-patients convalescent. One boy walking about to-day in red pyjamas (the convalescent uniform), whom I had at first, and never expected him to recover.

"My little Dary, is that you?" I said. "Well enough to walk?"

"Yes, Sister," he answered. "And I mind your telling the orderly to cut off a bit of my hair to send to my mother. I had sense enough to hear that, though you didn't think so."

It will be nearly Easter when you get this, which reminds me of the Merman's—

"'Twill be Eastertime in the world—ah, me!  
And I (waste) my poor soul (Sterkstroom)  
here with thee."

I can realise Kipling's stories now so well, where one or two officers are isolated on some hill-station, and play cards endlessly to cheat the monotony and the dulness and the flies and the heat. But we've no wonderful jungle here, nor Eastern colouring, nor Hindu mysticism. Native and tropical South Africa must have its wild charms, and the English South Africa of the future will be a good place to live in; but Dutch South Africa—avoid it as you would a cemetery, or rather, a Quakers' burial-ground, for there would be flowers in an English churchyard.

Sunday Eve.—Just as mail is closing, to my delight I receive some of my missing letters. It's so nice to hear at last, and I feel in touch with home, and not far away, when letters are coming regularly.

I was amused just now at my jocose Sergeant.

"Why are you so down-hearted, Sergeant? Not had any letters?"

"No, Sister; they're to come, like the enteric." (He was admitted from the Red-Cross van with a lot of enterics, and was reasonably expected to be going in for it too, but doesn't seem to be.) "It does make a man sad when he thinks how nice and sick he might have been."

Not many of us mourn the lost opportunities of being "nice and sick." It must surely be the brandy or our nursing which is the attraction!

I'm nice and well, I'm glad to say, in spite of typhoid germs and Dutch food, the latter the more poisonous, I really believe. I've just been invited to dine one night in the bell-tent with the medical officers, on the packing-cases, and accepted, provided they would invite another lady to make it proper. But an English meal sounds more attractive now than it did in Norway even, though Norwegian fare is luxury itself compared with Dutch; and the Boers are not over-clean folk to live with.

(To be continued.)

they say. Go and bring him over here, Cyril, there's a good fellow. He won't know where to find me."

Old Jim had been in great force that day. He had undertaken to usher in the visitors, and had announced them with a power of voice quite unusual with him. But now for some unexplained reason he made no mention of Mr. Chester's name, but simply drew back the curtains to let him pass through and switched on the electric light over the doorway.

Cyril was darting forward to do Laura's bidding, when Mr. McLean laid a detaining hand on his shoulder. The artist opened his mouth to speak and closed it again without uttering a sound. All colour left his cheek. His eyes were fixed on the figure in the beam of light.

"Let me go, will you?" Cyril cried impatiently. "What ails you, man? Have you seen a ghost?"

"I almost think I have," was the unexpected answer. "Cyril, in the name of common-sense, why have you never said your brother was in England?"

"Because he isn't," the boy called out. "Are you mad?"

"Then who is the man over there?" Eric went on. "Chester, do you call him? Nonsense, lad, don't try that on with me. It is Robin Sedgewick—or his wraith," he added faintly.

He ran down the long room, Cyril following close on his heels. The Rector and his daughter rose. Mr. Chester's figure was distinctly visible to them, while he could distinguish no one.

"Why, Robin, I am glad to see you here," Eric McLean exclaimed in a tone that rang through the room. "But when did you come? You have taken us by surprise."

The light overhead showed Mr. Chester a little paler than usual, but when he spoke his voice was calm and steady.

"Thank you, old friend," he said simply. "Such a welcome does me good." And the two shook hands cordially.

Cyril stared at them with wide-open eyes.

"Oh, what an ass I have been not to find you out, Robin!" he cried. "But is it really you—your own self? Ah, Laura," he continued, as she came close to him, "I believe you knew it all along."

Laura looked a little nervous, though the disclosure was no news to her.

"You will forgive me for wanting to marry him, will you not?" she said, with an attempt to speak playfully.

The Rector smiled; he was in the secret, too. Mrs. Marshall was thoroughly puzzled, and when Maisie joined the group, all aglow with excitement, she knew not how to answer her mother's questions. But Mrs. Sedgewick took no notice. She still bent over her pattering as if nothing else were of any importance. Seated where she was, Mr. Chester could not see her, and had no idea she was there.

"But what a mad freak," Eric resumed, as he led his friend to the fireside. "But you never do things like anybody else. Why masquerade in this fashion?"

"A whim, let us say," Robin Sedgewick replied. "Not a very wise one, I admit. I knew the game was up as soon as you appeared upon the scene. Well, it was about time."

"But do you mean," pursued the artist, "that no one here has recognised you?"

"Laura did, or I should have been back at the ranch by this. And yet"—he added meditatively—"they say Love is blind."

"Love is either blind or exquisitely clear-sighted," said the artist sententiously. "You must let me wish you joy, Miss Marshall. Robin's friends are mine, I hope. So no one else knew you, eh?"

"One other person—I think so, at least—but she has made no sign. No, not a friend of mine, rather the other way. I had to tell Dr. Marshall, I could not marry his daughter under a false name, and it was rather a surprise to him. My lawyers, too, are in the secret. I suppose my return will be a nine days' wonder."

"Everybody will be very glad to see you, I should say."

"I trust so—that remains to be seen. It was to find out how the land lay that I came amongst them as I did."

"I can't see why. You said you had been cleared."

"Cleared?" echoed the Rector. "You never told me that, Robin."

"Eric is the only one who knows it," Robin said with a short laugh. "Out in California, the sight of a friend's face made me garrulous, I suppose, and I told him in confidence. But it is true, Dr. Marshall. I hold the written confession of the—of the person who tried to ruin me."

Mrs. Sedgewick could no longer pretend unconcern. She came forward slowly and stood before her step-son. The sight of her made Robin start. Recovering himself with an effort, he rose and bowed gravely.

"Are you speaking the truth?" she said hoarsely. "I do not believe it. Had you been cleared, my husband must have known it, and he never hinted at such a thing."

"You can see the paper if you wish it," he made answer, "but I trust you will not ask to do so."

"Cleared," repeated Cyril, coming forward. "Oh, Robin! father would have given his life to know that. Who was it that injured you then? What a wicked wretch he must have been."

He broke off abruptly, for Mrs. Sedgewick tottered and would have fallen had not Dr. Marshall caught her and placed her on a sofa.

"Hush!" said his brother sternly. "No more now. Get your mother out of this as soon as you can. Take my carriage; she won't ask whose it is. I will wait here till you send

it back to me. Meanwhile I will make myself known to old Jim. Come with me, Laura: I want your help. Your mother or Maisie will go with Cyril."

It may seem strange that so few persons recognised Robert Sedgewick, but it must be remembered that besides the Rector and old Jim, neither of them very observant people, there were but few in Ashworth that had known him as a young man. Death had been very busy in the intervening ten years, and had carried off the old folk. Life had been at work too, scattering the younger ones in various parts of the globe. Children such as Cyril and Maisie could not be expected to remember him.

And he himself had greatly changed. Such a calamity as had befallen him had brought lines into his face. The climate, too, had bronzed his complexion, thinned his hair, and grizzled what was left of it. His beard had hidden the curve of his lips which might have betrayed him. Only his brilliant black eyes remained, and trouble had somewhat quenched their fire.

Robert found his brother waiting for him when he reached the Hall between ten and eleven that night. Cyril was seated near the fire; his face hidden in his hand. He raised his head as Robert came in, and his blue eyes were swimming in tears.

"She has told me all, Robin," he said huskily, returning the warm pressure of his brother's hand by throwing his arm about his neck. "I could not rest till I had seen you. Oh, what a miserable business it all is. You won't say anything, will you?"

"Need you ask, dear boy? I might have published it years ago if revenge were what I wanted. My father offered to clear me."

"He knew then?"

"It was he who told me. It is best you should know how it was. A chance word in one of your mother's letters led him to suspect what she had done, and he wrote for an explanation—he was abroad at the time. She was frightened and wrote back, making full confession. He sent me a telegram that very day. But I bade him say nothing. So she never even knew he had received her letter."

"But why?"

"Cannot you see why? Had he not suffered enough? Besides, she was his wife and your mother."

"It was very generous of you, Robin."

"Not at all. The worst was over for me then."

"And now?"

"And now silence. No need to rake up old scores. We can never be friends, I fear, but we need not be enemies, as far as I am concerned. 'Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord,' he repeated softly. "Let us leave it to Him, dear Cyril. It is in better hands than ours."

[THE END.]

## LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,

### AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### PART VIII.

##### Stekstroom.

*Palm Sunday, April 8.*—After all we seem to have a chance of some excitement here. They say some shots were fired by rebels into the camp last night. A small detachment is left here to guard the stores, where Gatacre's big camp was. There are thousands of pounds' worth of stores piled in stacks under canvas. Report says the Boers have their eye on this and mean to surround us, and get hold of

them. We may be hemmed in, as they were at Ladysmith.

But probably it's a false alarm, and there are no such excitements in store.

*Sunday Night, April 8.*—Since posting my mail, we have had great excitements. I told you there was said to be something afoot, and the orderlies, supposed to be unarmed, were all armed, and paraded and drilled this evening.

Then the Colonel summoned his lady-

officers, and gave us our orders—if we heard firing, at once to retire to the stone building (the school-room), out of range of the windows, and leave the patients in the tents and huts in charge of the orderlies. We don't know whether the Colonel knows more than he tells us, but at any rate he thinks there is need of caution.

At nine o'clock this evening, as I was tending my poor burnt man by the light of the one candle, suddenly the alarm bugle

went just outside. And away in the camp where the Leinsters now are, we heard it too. The sick were all attention in a moment, for they were soldiers. "That means the Boers," they said. And the orderlies sprang from all parts, and the non-commissioned officers, and were accoutred in a few minutes, and marched off to different posts. Those who have been on duty all day in the wards are away on guard all night to-night. So strange to see one's orderlies, who were so hopeless at making beds, smart soldiers in a moment at the cry of danger, and our protection at once. Corporal —, whom one had only thought of as the cook, and the Sergeant-Dispenser, etc., all military men in a moment.

The hospital is guarded to-night; soldiers with loaded rifles marching up and down all night round it. And pickets are everywhere not a soul allowed to pass unchallenged. Even in the short distance from the hospital here, I was challenged twice to-night.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Pass, friend."

It is really quite exciting and thrilling, though I daresay it's only a false alarm after all. But the idea is that the rebels all round are rising. Sterkstroom itself is rebel really; so are all the farmers round, and could easily unite and seize the stores at the camp. There is only a small company here now; only about a hundred on Bushman's Hock; and the troops have been removed from Dordrecht, so we are fairly unguarded.

I'm glad to have the dog sleeping under my bed, and I've even got the door shut to-night; and have nailed a big red-cross badge on it outside. Now, I'm writing in bed, instead of out on the "stoep," by moon and candle-light. I wonder if anything will really happen! Good-night. Hope I sha'n't be shelled in my sleep. But anything would be better than being looted, and left with nothing to put on! I'm wondering how the prisoners manage, and if they are lent a change of clothes? Suppose I sha'n't be able to ride about the country now for a few days.

April 11.—It all proved a false alarm, for the moment, though it is still rumoured that none of this part of the country is safe.

May 3.—I went a long ride over the veldt this afternoon to the Baileys' farm; am so tired of the confines of the village, and refuse to be intimidated any more by the idea prevalent here that it's unsafe to roam the mountains and ride the veldt alone. I'm not afraid of the Boers—should rather like to go to Pretoria—and the Kaffirs wouldn't overtake me on a bicycle. If there's no one to go with, it's better to go out alone for air and exercise than not at all, though the Colonials boarding at our house were horrified.

"But what happens if you go out alone?" I asked.

"No woman ever does go alone out of sight of the village in this country," they said. "But I shall," and I did, and found it perfectly safe, and shall certainly go again.

I'm beginning to see some beauty in miles and miles of open veldt, undulating almost as the sea, with tier on tier of blue mountains always beyond it, and, when there are clouds, the reflection of them as floating shadows on the bare mountain-side. And when the sunlight is slanting under a cloud, just before sunset, there's a Leader-like effect all up the mountain-side—you know, that touch of light on moss. Only here it is not moss, but coarse grass, which looks green in the distance with the light on it. You ride on and on through rifts of sand, over an uneven pathway, and all around the limitless veldt. There is some mimosa-scrub, nothing else to break the landscape; perhaps a herd of cows grazing or a Kaffir hut with the natives in their ochre-coloured rugs, and sometimes an ox-waggon passes. If a military transport-van, there are fifteen or twenty oxen, sometimes a line of a dozen waggons, with coloured drivers walking beside, a long lash-whip in their hand which will reach from end to end of the team. Then a Kaffir woman, with the inevitable bundle or bucket on her head, and baby tied on her back. Or again, you might go all day, I suppose, and never meet a living thing.

I had a letter from a lad in charge of a mine in a lonely spot two hundred miles north of Bulawayo. From our home arm-chairs it sounds so delightfully romantic to read of roughing it at some lone mining station in the heart of Africa, seeing white faces only a few times in the year, and the sole furniture of hut or tent a biscuit-box and packing-cases. But you want to be here to realise how utterly lonely it must be, and maddening almost in its monotony. And the fever, and the drought, and the sand-storms which are ever hovering near. He writes, "How are you faring in this inhospitable country? Isn't it horrid? And you can realise more now how eagerly we look for the mail out here. Life on the mine is hard and monotonous, even for me in charge of it—full of sameness and work, Saturdays and Sundays alike."

Yet, however much people revile the country and the climate, it is said they always come back. I suppose it's the sunshine which is irresistible. But after the war, if English people with energy and capital settle here and farm all the land, the whole colony might be a garden. If only the bare mountains could be planted with forest (just imagine all this wooded!) which would bring the rain, and some sort of irrigation scheme set on foot for the plains, the ground would yield whatever you asked it. And there is no malarial swamp

to combat here. It's all healthy upland. It only wants tilling and sowing and watering.

We're hoping to get to Stormberg on Sunday and ride over the battlefield, if the Munsters camped there can lend us six horses. Of course, I only write you of the off-duty, such as it is; one is still on duty from early morning till 9 P.M., with two or three hours off in the afternoon. It wouldn't interest you to hear of a constant repetition of fever crises, but they still go on. S. and Tiny both say they are losing their enterics terribly, as they are so pulled down by having been through Ladysmith. The Ladysmith cases go to the Natal hospital. We are still hoping to get on sooa. Who ever thought of being three months at Sterkstroom?

It is strange how, though almost winter, we have hot summer afternoons, and everyone lives out-of-doors; then a lovely sunset at five, and suddenly a winter evening. Such long evenings dimly lit by a candle. And no fire, however much you may want it. But it's queer to be in August at 4.30 P.M. and December after 5 P.M. Just now I'm drying my hair on the stoep in the scorching sun. In an hour it will be quite dark.

May 10.—Exciting telegram this morning! Three of us to proceed at once to Dewetsdorp, ever so far up, indeed seven hours by cart from the rail at Edenburg.

What will be the luck of war this time, I wonder! It's to join the 16th Field Hospital, who were here when we came. There'll be many more privations up there, of course: a terrible country, they say, flat and bare, and the few dwellers are Dutch. But I would far rather go into a tent than into a Dutch household again.

It is something to start so very fit and well for the tough work we shall have to do. I hope it will be as healthy there. We shall still be isolated from human kind—no church, no shops, no English. But it will be pretty much "front" again, which is our consolation. The wounded from Mafeking and Wepener will be there, I believe.

Even for this spot, once so cheerless, there have grown little home-ties, and there will be faint regrets to leave. My sunny little bedroom and balcony, my wards, and the familiar faces of patients who always grow dear when one has nursed them, the surrounding mountains purple and pink at sunset—well, these have been more or less home for three months.

And now we ship anchor and sail into unknown seas once more! I'll tell you of the port at which we anchor in my next.

P.S.—Those who know the Free State say that Sterkstroom is a paradise compared with what Dewetsdorp will be. Hope there's a chance of getting letters.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO GROW APPLES AND PEARS.

By B. WELLS, F.R.H.S.

### PART X.

#### INSECTS AND PESTS.

So much has been written on this head that the subject seems worn threadbare; but as they so persistently exist, in spite of cultural care, a continual effort must be made to cope with them.

Diagram to show five pests. A, is a sketch of the canker; B, the apple scale; C, the larvæ of the codlin moth; D, the woolly aphid, also called the American blight; and E, the black currant mite. These are well

treated of by the Board of Agriculture on some well-illustrated leaflets, giving the life histories of each, with the classical names, and the best known remedies to destroy. They are free, and a post-card will secure all of them and many more on other pests; therefore only a short treatment of these need be given here.

Canker is a well-known pest, most persistent and common, yet this is not treated of by the Board of Agriculture, although its treatment is to be found in every corner of horticultural works, and no one has yet found a

true remedy for it. It is too well known to need much description; but it appears in the form of great galls on all parts of trees, often at the base of branches. It has many times a raw edge similar to a great raw wound; at other times it appears as a dead swelling, covered with dead bark. It kills to the centre of the tree, and its infection runs down the body a long distance, often quite to the roots; no remedy can there reach it. It often encircles the entire trunk of young trees. When that is the case the wood above it dies; and if the tree is dug up, and sections cut off, or the

blessing. All anger and bitterness had been taken out of her heart, and instead thereof had come a tenderness for the girl she had saved. So true is it that we cannot, however humbly, imitate the Divine Sacrifice without being lifted above the level of human weakness. She had very nearly hated Dye some hours ago, and now she loved her.

The new portion of the house was entirely consumed before help arrived, but the old part did not suffer much from the fire, and Angelique's few belongings escaped without injury. Poppy and Dye lost all the elaborate costumes which they had brought with them for the fêtes, and had to borrow garments from those who were willing to lend till new clothes could be made.

But they accepted their losses calmly; the one because she never took anything to heart; the other because concern for minor things had been suddenly swept away.

"Angelique," said someone who came swiftly into the gardener's cottage, "I have been a wretch to you!"

(To be continued.)

## LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,

### AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### PART IX.

*En route for Dewetsdorp.*

May 11.—Trekking again! It is good to be moving after our three months' halt. All Sterkstroom came to see us off, and the Leinster regiment—at least, the officers, who had been very friendly and kind, especially dear old Major B. and the Commandant and R.S.O., who telegraphed all along the line to make every arrangement for our comfort. The hospital turned out to waver as we passed in the train—the huts and tents, sphere of work for so long, left behind—we "clomb" the tortuous Bushman's Hock, then revelled in the high clear air and rugged scenery till we reached Stormberg. We did not expect to revisit our picnic scene so soon. Our Munster friends provided lunch at the station, and we had time for a good walk among the rocks and hills. Strange to say, an interesting subaltern was one of the W.'s from B., so of course we had much to talk about of friends in North Devon.

Now we are travelling through country which is like a magnified Dartmoor, only without water; rocks, and knolls, and knells, and scrub, and hills. It is very high ground here, but when once we get into the Free State, I believe we never even see a hill. We had great chaffing this morning at the station about our luggage which "no bullock-waggon could possibly take," Major G. said.

We are just crossing a bridge recently destroyed by the Boers. The English military have repaired it, but it doesn't look very safe even now, and we went over it slowly. Our next halt—twenty-five miles on—is Burghersdorp, which we reach some time to-night.

One gets to admire this country more the longer one is in it, not things Dutch, but wild Nature, the vastness of everything, the lights and shadows on the wide veldt and rugged mountains.

What a little, little garden England will seem after all this!

May 12.—We saw Burghersdorp in the sunset light—quite passably pretty, for a Dutch place. It was planted with trees along the streets, and everyone sitting on their stoeps at the end of the day. The usual Kaffir location of red mud huts stood above the town, which is surrounded with hills, behind which the sun set and the moon rose. We had a meal at the hotel, and went back to the station to wait, as usual, for the train. The R.S.O. was advised of our arrival for the night before, when he prepared a carriage, but feared to-night he could only put us in a guard's van, which would have meant sleeping on the floor. However, finally he got us a van, which was hooked on a mule-train going up. The mules kicked all night against the wooden sides of their vans, a horrid noise. In the middle of

the night we woke at Bethulie Bridge, guarded by some tents in the moonlight, and pickets on guard. The bridge which has been constructed since is said to be a marvel of engineering; the fine wrecked bridge is beside it. It seems a dastardly thing to destroy a bridge in that way; the next train might dash over it, and hundreds be destroyed in a horrible manner.

Early morning brought us to Springfontein—just a junction. Away on the veldt is an encampment of marquees—a hospital of four hundred beds, and eleven Sisters are expected to arrive to-day.

We are lucky in finding friends everywhere, the R.S.O. at Springfontein being the one who was in the *Umbria* with us, and afterwards at Sterkstroom. He provided us with washing accommodation—badly wanted after the dusty night in the train. Then he joined our picnic breakfast in the railway carriage. We have brought a packing-case with three days' rations, as we shall be able to get nothing after Edenburg. We paid 2s. for a bottle of milk at Springfontein.

A hospital train, travelling between Bloemfontein and Cape Town, came in while we were waiting, a halt as usual of more than three hours.

When one travels over this country, one sees at once what an extensive war it must be. Such a vast area, and every bit taken from the enemy has to be guarded, so there are little camps dotted everywhere, and the whole of the line has to be protected. There are three entire armies in Africa: one sick (nearly 14,000 since the beginning, according to the *Times*): one guarding the country from end to end; and the belligerent one marching towards Pretoria.

Just passed Jagersfontein Junction which still bears marks of the recent fighting, and there are trenches all along; and a sand-bag fortification at the station. Four officers, more Durhams from the old *Umbria*, rushed up to us, but I should never have recognised them, as they have all grown beards.

The country now has quite altered in character, none of the rugged mountain scenery of yesterday. An endless plain—no mimosa scrub even—with a boundary of hills beyond the horizon.

Evening.—Arrive at Edenburg, Orange Free State, in the early afternoon. Found the Railway Staff Officer and Transport Officer somewhat in consternation at our arrival, as the R.S.O. had not wired from the last point that we were coming. No possibility of getting on till to-morrow, they said, as we must be accompanied by a convoy for safety. They declared they would not subject us to the discomforts of a bullock-waggon, which would take four days at least, and we could get through in a day in a Cape cart. Then a wire from the P.M.O. at Dewetsdorp to say

he was sending in an ambulance in which we shall start to-morrow. I am rather disappointed not to have the Jess-like typically South African journey in a bullock-waggon. It would have been a long restful picnic through the veldt, and sleeping in the open. And I was well supplied with books and writing, and even work, to occupy the long slow trek.

The officers directed us to the hotel, which reminds me of a sleepy pension-hotel in a decadent French old town. A large clean bedroom on the ground floor, with closed jealousies and open French windows; a tumble-down courtyard; and long old garden with autumn-tinted vines, and cherry-trees, and chrysanthemums just over. But the sun is setting (5 o'clock) and it will be dark in a few minutes. To make up for lost time and future times that may be in store for us, we shall get to bed directly after the 6.30 dinner.

I forgot to say that a soldier gave me a dog just as we were leaving Sterkstroom, which I promptly named "Leinster," after the regiment. But he was a little wild thing, and jumped out of the window before we had gone far. So sorry, it would have been nice to have had a little dog-friend on my travels.

Outspanning on the veldt at Reddersburg, Orange Free State.

4th Sunday after Easter.—We started early this morning in a Cape cart with four horses, followed by a convoy, and have been driving till now—noon—when we are outspanning to rest and water the horses, and we have taken out our picnic-basket. Reddersburg is another of the small typical Dutch villages, of flat-roofed, one-storeyed houses. A good schoolroom which is turned into hospital; only orderlies and a medical officer, of course. There is only one Englishman in the place, and he came out to ask us to lunch very kindly, but we thought we had better go on with our picnic. As we were driving on this morning, far away over the plain we saw a cloud of dust which eventually became a convoy of ambulance waggons, with red cross flag flying, and outriders. They looked quite a bit of war in the midst of the peaceful plain.

There are some queer little wild things, something like squirrels, running about. Sometimes they catch and tame them: we saw one in a house yesterday with a ribbon round its neck, beside the domestic cat.

We passed a few—very few—farms on the long day's drive, and these had autumn-tinted poplars, otherwise no trees anywhere. The plains, studded with the inevitable ant-hills; bleached skeletons of horses and oxen lying here and there; or a more recent carcass, with a flight of vultures over it.

We came to a well-known farm at tea-time,

and stopped to ask for boiling water to make some tea. An old Irishwoman was sitting outside. "God love ye, 'tis a face from home!" she cried. She had been here sixty years, so her children were really Afrikanders, though she is Irish to the core. Her sons and grandsons were all commandeered to fight for the Transvaal. "What can we do? We are commandeered, and must fight or be shot," said one who had been three months at Stormberg, also in the fight last month at Reddersburg. Now he had left the Boers, and returned to his farm, and was much alarmed when we told him they had been firing in the hills the night before, as they would shoot him as a deserter. Early in the day we passed a hovel, and going in for water, which was too dirty to use, we found a farm man invalided, wounded in both legs at Modder River, and stowed away there ever since. So that's how the Boers hide their losses.

#### Dewetsdorp.

May 14.—We're really in the thick of war now. After driving for hours across the plain in the moonlight, we came to some hills last night, and in the hollow of these is the village of Dewetsdorp. Of course we had to answer the pickets, and show our passes, as we neared the camp—tents everywhere, all round the hills and down in the valley; camp-fires burning; rows of horse-lines; rows of transport-waggons and ambulances; soldiers in their great-coats looming big in the moonlight—2,000 troops camped here under General Chermiside. We found a medical officer outside the hospital (school-room again), who directed us to our rooms, and there Colonel E. and Major T. met us with a hearty greeting. "Aren't they just two old angels!" says Sister N. in her Irish way.

"We've got you at last to the front again," said the old Colonel, in his cheery way. They had had some rations cooked for us—very thoughtful of them—and we were glad enough to feed. Ours is a three-roomed Dutch house, and we three had to share a small room, one sleeping on the floor. But we hope to get another bedroom in one of the empty cottages near. The whole place is almost deserted, empty houses with barred windows everywhere; and the contents of these have been commandeered for the hospital.

Our landlady is most quaint. Her first husband was Irish, her second Scotch, and her present one "an old Dutchman, but I can't put up with him at all," she says. So he lives elsewhere, and his Dutch-by-birth, English-by-choice old wife fills her small house with lodgers. A "young man from the store" occupies the other bedroom, and she sleeps in our dining-room!—luckily, it is large and airy.

The P.M.O. appointed me "Lady Superintendent," and we started our work early this morning. The huge school-room is full of entrics—and it's a most unique ward. Beds of every sort and size, mostly four-posters (without hangings, of course), and nearly all double-beds—these have been commandeered from the deserted houses in the village. So, also, have the mattresses, straw pillows, and feather-beds on which the patients are lying. But in another hospital-house they are in blankets on the floor, with their great-coats as pillows. The Dutch parsonage is also turned into hospital, and here some officers are housed, and five wounded Boers. One of these had the strangest wound; a bullet entered below his chin, whizzed through him, and came out at the bottom of his back! And he was quite surprised to find himself not dead. Some local Dutch women have been "tending" these, and still remain as their nurses, under our supervision. It's real nursing here, real war, and really interesting—none of the dulness of Sterkstroom.

Very tired to-night, having been hard at

work all day; we have got all the beds tidier, the patients washed, and a welcome consignment of sheets arrived to-day, so the whole place looks more ship-shape. But, oh! I never saw any hospital case in the condition some of the Tommies are—honest black dirt, one doesn't mind, but this is unspeakable and indescribable—owing partly perhaps to the commandeered dirty Dutch beds.

A post is out in an hour, they say, but it will not leave Cape Town for a week at least, so I don't know when you'll get this—still less, when I shall hear from you. We have to depend on chance convoys for posts and everything else.

It was such a lovely long drive—twelve hours in the open air—and a rest before beginning work again. It was interesting round Reddersburg to notice how the kopjes were fortified everywhere with little horse-shoe-shaped walls (called *schantz*), behind which the Boers hide and shoot at the English—such a poor game for the English, isn't it! Trenches everywhere, too; and we tracked the troops all along by thrown-away tins where they had been camping, or, at any rate, picnicking *en route*. These were always on the plains; you never see any Boer *débris* in the open, the wily Boer is always under cover of the stones of his native kopje. We have seen so much of the country, we can understand the nature of the war better than you can from mere description, though of actual events I have learnt far more from the *Times* of a month old than from any other source.

*Five Days After.*—The convoy—sixteen waggons, each drawn by sixteen bullocks—which left with us on Sunday has only just arrived now, Thursday night. They "trek" at the rate of two miles an hour, so think what a journey we should have had if we had also come by waggon! They waited some time at Reddersburg for escort. "We came without escort," I said to the conductor (an Orange Free Stater). "Ah, but you are brave," he said.

I don't think I mentioned what fear our drivers were in that day, because we came without outriders. They made every excuse to put up at Kelly's Farm, as night came on, saying the horses were too tired to go farther. They were afraid of their lives of the Boers wandering in the hills, and who would, of course, treat the Free Staters as deserters; our driver had, in fact, been commandeered, and had left the Boers.

Both the officers at the other end and at this acknowledged that there was some risk in our coming across the country unaccompanied, "though, after all, the Boers wouldn't touch you," they said—and certainly they would find lady prisoners rather a nuisance in Pretoria unless they used us to nurse the prisoners.

P.S.—I am scribbling in bed in my little mud hut. I hear the steady tread of the sentry, who, with loaded rifle, does his beat just outside all day and all night. Won't all this seem strange when we come home again! Two sentries guard the hospital, and one is night and day up and down outside our cottage. But the sentries for protection are themselves a danger sometimes; an officer was shot the other day for not answering. One has to answer very quickly, as they shoot after rapidly asking three times, "Halt! Who goes there?" if the challenge is not answered. I am always challenged on my night visit to the hospital. "Halt, who goes there?" and the loaded rifle is pointed at you. "Friend." "Pass, friend, and give the countersign"—which I seldom know, as it is changed every night. An officer at Sterkstroom was kept for hours because he did not know the countersign. As sentry, it is the only way Tommy can have authority with his superior.

Nothing could be quainter than our household

arrangements. We live on field rations—bread, meat, and tea—no butter, no milk or eggs. These can sometimes be obtained, at exorbitant cost, at the early morning market, for which the church-bell rings! Nothing is to be bought in the village, which is practically a besieged Ladysmith, having been cut off from the world for so long. Convoys and transports will perhaps bring things now, but they are slow in coming, and only military stores are allowed. There are no matches to be had for love or money, no candles—we are using the last commandeered packet—curfew-bell life when these are finished, I suppose. The few shops are reduced to the state of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and there seems no chance of their being replenished for a long time, as only military stores are allowed to come up beyond Burghersdorp. So one has to make shift for everything in the most funny way. Often an extravagant way, too; for example, no mosquito-net was to be had to cover the patients' faces and keep off flies, so the military bought the only thing that was to be had—a length of tulle costing £5. Needless to remark, this only lasted about two days. One knows the durability of a lady's tulle veil even in a cool climate. As for prices of things, butter was 6s. a lb., and is now unobtainable; milk 6d. a pint; some tobacco was sold the other day at 30s. per quarter-pound. Soap is absolutely unobtainable. I hope we shall move on when my own private store is exhausted. For what is life without soap!

All the troops here have been living on a biscuit and a half a day, and only last week went on full rations again. These biscuits are supplied to us also, instead of full quantity bread, and are just like Spratt's puppy-dog biscuits.

Perfect air here, and sunshine; cold nights, of course, and long evenings, though just now there's a lovely moon—a moon which seems to belong to South Africa. I have never seen such moonlight anywhere else.

We hear interesting versions of the other side from the Boer patients; those who can speak English talk with us freely. One quite superior man is very communicative. He is badly wounded, a shot right through him, injuring the lungs; he is now being nursed at his own house, but was at first in the Dutch-parsonage hospital. No one seems to know whether he is our prisoner or not. With trimmed beard, blue eyes, and a butcher-blue shirt, he looks far more a Frenchman than an unkempt Boer; and, indeed, he says he traces pure French descent from the Huguenots. "How is it you are a nation of civilians, and yet you fight so well?" "Ah, yes, we fight—it is for our liberty, our land, our home." And he goes on to describe the intense faith of the Dutch in their own cause; they have never believed themselves to be playing a losing game, and will not even now believe that they can lose their independence.

"We felt," says one whose husband is our prisoner at Cape Town, "that we were becoming a nation of our own; the Dutch Afrikanders forming a distinct people, and now our individuality will be wiped out if we submit to the English. Ah, Sister, you cannot understand the feeling, nor how we value our liberty and independence." They speak excellent English there too, and claim many English friends, but they cannot help feeling bitter now—a feeling augmented, I am sorry to say, by the overbearing treatment of them by some of our officers, as well as of the common soldier. And looting has been carried on to a disgraceful extent in some of the farms, especially among the Colonial troops—the Imperial force are better disciplined. But one would like to know there was no stain at all on English honour.

(To be continued.)

LOG OF VOYAGE TO THE CAPE,  
AND DIARY OF ARMY NURSING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## PART X.

Dewetsdorp, Orange River Colony.

May 31.—To-morrow will be your sweet English June, all scented with may and hay-fields, and the hedges full of wild roses and foxgloves. And the sea, clear and green, inviting you to bathe in it. Well, at least we have the sunshine for ten hours every day (7 A.M. to 5 P.M.), but there is nothing else of June. No scent of spring, of Persephone returning, of everything re-creating.

“When spring, upon hillside and stream-side,  
Comes tripping with virginal feet.”

The June of Cornwall and Clovelly, June by the sea and in the hayfields. Here the country is an endless monotony of khaki, a vast bare plain, clothed with short brown grass and earthy ant-hills, absolutely featureless but for the outline of the Basuto hills on the horizon. The chaplain of the Fusiliers was in to-night. “Where are the flowers and foliage of the Africa of our fancies?” he said. “No one ever imagined such monotony as this bare country endlessly repeating itself.” And I suppose no one at home pictures any mean between the African desert and the luxuriance of tropical Africa. But the Orange Free State has been an unknown star till now, and I don’t wonder that its dim rays have taken nineteen hundred years to pierce through space.

But this little village is pretty enough, nestled under the hill, with a reminder of Dartmoor and of Lynton, its spired church, and houses with stoeps and gardens—no flowers, though. But there it ends—an oasis set in illimitable khaki.

Another little function of the 29th (Oak Apple Day at home) declared the Free State to be English territory, and it was renamed the Orange River Colony amid the hurrahing of troops, and the tum-tumming of the little drums of the regiment. And the Dutch folk shut their doors and went about all day with sad faces.

I have several yeoman sick in my ward, two of them gentlemen. One is so terribly homesick. I never saw a man quite so homesick. I don’t know how far my sympathy goes to comfort him, but to tell him he will be invalided straight home is the only thing to cheer him. He lives in the country near Durban with two sisters (a little Bethany). “And when once I get home, nothing shall ever drag me away again,” he says. Three of his friends came in to see him to-day with such an importation of breeziness, and fresh air, and life, and youth, and health in our poor stricken fever-ward. They were all Cambridge men—in spite of their rough gear and surface dirt, unmistakably, at a glance, gentlemen. “I have only the clothes I stand up in,” said one (a master of foxhounds, I heard afterwards, and with £10,000 a year). “I’ve another shirt somewhere, but I don’t know where it is. No, I’ve often not washed even my face and hands for days at a stretch, and then only in the pannikin I drink from.” Yet they seem so jolly and manly, it’s all right roughing it together; it’s when there’s one gentleman in the ranks I pity him, or when they are ill and are herded with Tommies. But this sort of life brings the grit and mettle out of a man, and he can be no milksop or dandy after such experiences. It reminds one of the embryo millionaire cured of his effeminacy by the rough treatment of his trawlers in “Captain Courageous.” I

wondered whether my friend of this morning was the one whom I remember reading of in the paper before I left home, who gave his qualifications for enlisting as being “able to ride any mount, and awfully good to hounds.” Another yeoman is printing photographs for me, as he is carried out every day and lies on his mattress in the sun. He was badly wounded, thigh broken, in the fight near here, and tells an interesting experience of how he crept to an ant-hill for shelter when he fell, then three plucky men carried him ever so far under fire, till one of them gave out and could carry him no further from sheer exhaustion. Finally one brave man stayed with him the whole day under a wall (he is to have a D.S.O. for it, I believe), the shots rattling along it all the time. And it was night before he was fetched in a cart to a farmhouse, and finally to the improvised hospital in the Parsonage.

“Were you frightened,” I asked, “when you felt yourself wounded, and still under fire as you lay fallen?”

“I think I only thought of home,” he said.

Sister N. and I went for a ride this afternoon on two wild little Basuto ponies, who raced one another like the wind, not very sure-footed, though, over the holes and ant-hills of the veldt. One has to put up with terrible old Dutch saddles which gall the horse and oneself, and I came home to-day at full gallop, the saddle on the horse’s neck, old straps broken, and stirrup hanging. With Tory and my own saddle I could have some grand rides, though there is nothing to see in the country. Here and there a Kaffir kraal, otherwise an unbroken track of colourless veldt. The locusts and the sun have long undone the work of the rains of some weeks ago.

Whitsunday.—A lovely day, clear blue sky and sunshine. If only we had your flowers, and churches, and sea, and all the things that go to make Whitsunday at home. One blessing here, it’s sunshine to-day, and you can rely on sunshine again to-morrow; there’s no constant haunting fears of grey skies and rain. I climbed the rugged hill before breakfast, and it’s rather pretty to look down on the village. And all around an early morning mist rising from the brown veldt, and softening it into beauty; the far line of the Basuto hills, the near point of “Lonely Kopje,” blue smoke from camp fires rising in the clear air, little groups of tents here and there, and the patient horses standing in their lines, khaki figures doing fatigue duty, and somewhere a bugle going. A bullock-wagon winding across the plain, goaded by unearthly ejaculations of coloured drivers, a trio of Kaffirs leaving the village, clad in their native rug, crowned with the absurdity of a soldier’s cap or bowler hat, and in the garden of the little mud house down there a Dutch woman in frilled “cappie” doing her washing. Can you picture it all? Put in blue sky and sunshine, then daub an endless drab all round, and “A Corner of the Free State” is ready for the Academy.

We’ve almost given up hope of Pretoria, for our P.M.O. has gone back on the lines of communication instead of on, and, of course, we stand no chance of getting on unless he is ahead. Everyone is sorry for the ill-luck of the 3rd Division (Gatacre’s), which has seen little fighting and no victory, and is always relegated to long sojourns in such limbos as Sterkstroom and Dewetsdorp. In point of health we are far better off than those stationed in the more stirring centre of

Bloemfontein which is just sodden with disease. There are twenty-nine hospitals there, and from twenty to thirty funerals a day. Some nursing-sisters also ill and dying there. We, at any rate, are surrounded with glorious moorland air—I call it “moorland” to convey an idea to you, but we lack the heather and gorse that scent Exmoor and Dartmoor, and the delicious sea-swept moors of Cornwall,

“Where sweet airs blow seaward  
From heaths starred with broom.”

We’ve been expecting and longing for a mail for days. It left Edenburg by convoy days ago, and I was hoping it might come before this mail went out. Your last letters to me were written at Easter. One grows a gigantic patience over here, so I suppose you’ll say it’s good for me. One must wait for everything—for news, for necessaries and comforts, for the end of the war, for answers to letters most of all. You will have to wait soon, as I’ve nearly finished all my writing-paper, and there’s none to be bought here. And as long as I have a sheet and envelope of course I must supply the poor Tommies. I wrote a letter for one this morning, and he was crying so all the time, poor fellow! as even brave men do when ill and far from those they love.

Queen’s Birthday; Ascension Day.—Queen’s weather, even in Africa—the most perfect air and sunshine, and no dust. Yesterday was so bitterly cold. I climbed the hill behind our cottage before breakfast (breakfast is at 7.30), but was shivered with the biting wind all the time. No khaki figures were to be seen round the camps, but all soldiers in their long black overcoats, and the sentries were almost frozen at their posts. There is about 60° difference between the night and day; but the days are never hot now, just fresh and sunny.

There was a little function yesterday at the tennis-courts—fancy tennis-courts here—earth courts, of course, and they have lately been used as cattle kraals! The ladies of the place had made a Union Jack all of silk, and this was to be presented to Colonel Lambton, now in charge here, and to be hoisted at the Court-house for the Queen’s birthday. The only English people here are a farming family, the hotel people, and one or two more. These were in state on the tennis-court to receive the officers from the camps, and the flag was presented by one of the farming daughters, a local man reading the address; and Colonel Lambton received the colours and made a speech in reply. Tea and cake followed; most of us had not seen cake for very long, and we all wondered how it was made here, where eggs and butter are so impossible. The most interesting part of the ceremony was to-day, when the flag was hoisted at the Court-house. All the troops from the various camps were mustered on the hills round and stood in lines, each single figure silhouetted against the clear sky. A detachment of the Northumberland Fusiliers marched down into the town, tattooing on the two little drums, which are all there is of band. These all wore red and white paper roses in their helmets, and the drums were also decorated with roses, which had been sent out from England to the Northumberland Fusiliers for St. George’s Day. They shouldered arms outside the Court-house—now used as a post-office—and punctually at twelve o’clock the Yeomanry on the hills discharged a volley, and the flag went up—the Union Jack of old

England waving for the first time over Dewetsdorp. No doubt the Dutch inhabitants felt very sick, as they heard the gun and the ringing cheers echoing from hill to hill and up again from the plain—helmets tossed up and English cheers let loose. What will it be when the grandest of all flags is unfurled over Pretoria!

Dear English friends, take my advice and never live in a place where water is short and fuel and lights unobtainable. Firewood is so much at a premium that the Sergeant keeps his camp-kettles going at the hospital only by burning all the bones and ends of meat, and think how much soup it would make. Our old woman has chopped up her waggon (her horses having been commandeered) as firewood; and the water-butt is to follow, so I suppose water will be scarcer than ever. Then we, with difficulty, got a Dutchman to do the contract washing for the hospital, and when I complained that the things came back in the same condition in which they were sent (mere washing doesn't kill vermin—excuse this allusion), because they weren't boiled, he said it would be a matter of far too great expense to boil the clothes. Verily, we're in a parlous state, as Shakespeare would say—primitive times at any rate. Manure is the universal fuel.

May 26.—I got off for an hour's ride this afternoon. Although the village itself is prettier than Sterkstroom, the country is terrible when once you get over the hill. There is nothing but an endless khaki monotony—a bare brown plain. Boundaries and landmarks there are none, one khaki tract is just fenced off from another by the fence of the country—barbed wire wound from stone to stone, sort of rough mile-stones some fifty yards apart. This is the substitute for our flower-spangled Devonshire hedges.

The women here—as all elsewhere in Dutch Africa—wear filled sun-bonnets known as "cappies." Here very often they are black, which has a grotesque effect. They are simple homely folk, not unlike the English housewives and farmers' wives of a century ago.

I was amused last night when up at the Dutch Parsonage, where, by-the-by, my sitting-room is supposed to be. The P. M. O., on first taking me round, said, "This is to be your sitting-room, and I'm going to have a chair put here for you." The chair is still conspicuous by its absence, though we have a cup of tea there in the afternoons, and it is the passage-room or hall, as all Dutch dining-rooms are, every other room leading into it. Well, I was writing there last night (as our old woman retires to bed in the dining-room at 8 o'clock, and there's not much room in our bedroom, shared by two of us) when one of the Dutch orderlies came in, took off his hat to me, spread a mattress in the corner of the room, took off his coat (I think no Boer ever undresses more than that), knelt down and said his prayers, and got into bed! And that is supposed to be the Sisters' sitting-room! Later a Dutch woman, who has been helping with the nursing and cooking, does the same in another corner. These are the fashions of the country. "Everything is a matter of custom," remarked the medical officer to whom I related these odd proceedings.

We go on duty at 8, and are pretty busy most of the day, and shall be while the run of fever cases is on. It seemed an impossible medley when we first came here, but now there are bedsteads in the little fever-house, instead of blankets on the floor; and my big schoolroom has quite a ward-like look, now the beds are tidy and cleaner (this is, after all, only a field hospital, you see, with little equipment or stores, no linen, etc.), in spite of the incongruous-looking four-posters, and alas, the feather beds. There is a packing-case

between every two beds for the patients' cups, and an old table in the middle, now covered with a neat cloth, and some flowers—or leaves at any rate. The patients are not overburdened with medicines, as there are only a few stock pills in the field hospital stores; but there is plenty of stimulant now, and more important still, milk from commandeered cows. A cow here yields about 6 to 10 pints a day at the outside.

May 28.—Bitterly cold. Several degrees of frost in the night, and ice about this morning. Verily the South African cold is far worse than the South African heat. From 5 P.M. till two or three hours after sunrise in the morning, the cold is as keen and piercing as the coldest winter weather in England. And no comforts. One longs for a bonfire; instead of that, the only grate in the house is in the kitchen, and then only a little smouldering manure. And the Dutch tell us it will be colder even than this.

We have hot mutton and bread for dinner, pink pumpkin as vegetable; cold mutton and bread for supper, and some form of mutton for breakfast. But not so execrably cooked as at Sterkstroom, as the old woman has done hotel-cooking; also, with her husbands of various nationalities, has a more cosmopolitan idea of cooking than the exclusively Boer one which reigned at Sterkstroom.

Whit Monday.—Quite an excitement in our dove-cote to-day, starting off a large convoy of convalescents. We sent over sixty—all the wounded, and about twenty convalescent typhoids. The Dutch Parsonage has been a buzz all day, the one-legged or one-armed Tommies being full of hilarity at the thought of a move, with the probable destination of home. My eight or nine enterics (I am left with eighteen cases still, and shall probably fill up again to-morrow) were more gentle in their mirth, many of them being mere rags and bones, with a helmet stuck on top, and a tattered great-coat hanging limply from their shoulders. They looked sorry figures when shouldering arms once more, preparatory for the start. We were busy collecting little provisions for them by the way, extra to the rations of tinned meat and biscuits, bottles of cold tea, a few hard-boiled eggs, some bread (1s. 6d. a loaf) and "baccy" and precious matches. It was rather sad just as the cortège of bullock-waggons and ambulances was collecting, ready for the gigantic Whit Monday picnic, the funeral left the Dutch Parsonage (or cottage-hospital, as we call it) of one of the Boer wounded—a poor fellow who has suffered terribly, had his leg amputated three or four weeks ago, and had repeated hæmorrhage ever since. Every Dutch woman in the place followed the be-flowered coffin—a nice attention to the poor boy, whose home is beyond Fitzberg, and his young wife doesn't even know of his being wounded. "A touch of a wedding, and a touch of a funeral," said a legless Tommy, watching the wedding from the stoep, where bright-coloured cappies and flowers predominated over the few who were able to sport mourning.

Then came the packing of the picnic-party—two officers, some yeomen, and the small army of Tommies, the medical officer in charge riding his khaki-coloured pony—into the waggons, queer great springless things, tented at the back, each one drawn by sixteen oxen and capable of holding nearly as much as a whole railway-train. (Didn't "Jess" and her lover picnic in one of these for weeks in the Transvaal?) The stretcher-cases were in the ambulance cars drawn by twelve mules. Finally, this South African procession of cripples started, natives walking beside the bullocks with their long-lashed whips, reaching from end to end of the team, and wound up the hill, enveloped in their own dust, our late patients waving a last farewell as they

disappeared in dust over the crust of the kopje. They will outspan on the veldt for the nights, as the journey to Edenburg will take half a week.

June 5.—Had some butter to-day—great event. Have also discovered tinned bacon, which will be a welcome breakfast variety from mutton and onions. The convoy with the mail from Edenburg, which started last Thursday, was met sixteen miles off yesterday. Surely it will be in to-night or to-morrow, even with every due allowance for the slowness of South African oxen. How many centuries behind the times it represents when an ox-convoy carries the mail at the rate of ten miles a day! The mail, held sacred by ships and rails and every civilised mode of locomotion! We're simply pre-historic at Dewetsdorp, though it's interesting for a time to anachronise into primevalism. The streets of London would almost frighten one now. We shall be like the proverbial country dame, and "wait for the crowd to pass."

June 7.—And the longed-for convoy came, but with never a letter for me, just a bill for photographic films from Cape Town. Where are all the letters?

Mid-winter here, of course: the gardens (some of them must be charming in season) with bare vinerias and leafless peach-trees—pigs are fed on peaches here!—and the last dead roses, and willows autumn-tinted. I was taken a tour of the "Dutch homes," houses and gardens, yesterday, by a good lady who has taken a fancy to me, and whose husband is a prisoner at Green Point. I was surprised at the refinement of some of the places, quite better-class people than any of the Dutch I have met yet—and more "gentle" than the Colonial English. They all had drawing-rooms, which I had not seen hitherto; not artistic, but cared for, done up in the suburban style of massive furniture, and coloured crinkled paper for pot-covers. One lady especially struck me, being very unlike the Boer type—a tall, handsome woman, rather well-dressed in brown, with orange ribbons, and womanly and brave. She is childless and alone in her large house, her husband away fighting in the Transvaal, and she has had no news of him for weeks. Tender-hearted too; some soldiers came into her garden and asked for flowers for one of our dead, and she said she would send some—and was kind enough to make a beautiful wreath and cross tied with white ribbons, with sympathetic little motto attached. So there are Boers and Boers. I found them all very hospitable, and was even entertained at one house à l'anglais with tea, and dainty china to drink it from, and cake. The Dutch fashion is a great cup of coffee in the afternoon, not accompanied by anything to eat.

I am pretty busy, and quite tired by bed-time (8.30), as my ward keeps full of bad enterics. The convalescents are drafted off to tents and the Parsonage, and the worst cases sent to fill up my beds. And I don't leave the hospital long for regular off-duty—just meal-times and from 2.30 to 3.30 or 4 in the afternoon. We take our frugal meals at 7.30, 12.30 and 6.30. We have meal-bread; flour-bread is only an occasional luxury.

There is a civilian mail going to-day, which will catch the next Wednesday at Cape Town. The military mail takes ten days to do that, so I will post this now, though conscious that it says nothing worth posting. But what news do you expect from us, isolated in a remote corner of an unknown little country, with no communication from the far world?—us to whom the arrival of some papers yesterday dated April 21, seemed to make us quite *au courant* with affairs!