

"things had to be very bad indeed before they would acknowledge 'much pain' or 'no sleep.'"

One poor Japanese patient with a knee smashed to pieces found one day the sun too hot on his head, and no one being at hand to help him just then he managed to shuffle himself completely round with his feet where his head had been. The British Chaplain, who happened to go into the ward, remonstrated with him on the danger of such a proceeding with a leg in the condition of his. Determined to make matters right again; but imagining that his mistake lay, not in having exerted himself to change his position, but in lying with his head at the wrong end of the bed, he immediately set to work to shuffle himself round once more, and when about ten minutes later Mr. Allen looked in again, he found Kuchiki again lying with his head in the blazing sun, and a smile of conscious virtue on his face.

One incident, which reveals the astuteness of the Chinese, must here be quoted. When the trouble with the Boxers began to break out the Christians pawned all their best clothes and articles of value, so that the bulk of their property was represented by pawn tickets which are easily portable.

After the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German Ambassador, orders were issued immediately for *all* foreigners to come into the British Legation. Almost at once a stream of carts began to come in bringing people and provisions. Miss Ransome writes: "It has been a most extraordinary sight, and one unparalleled in the history of the world, I should suppose. Eleven nations combining for mutual defence against a semi-barbarous foe, who yet boasts of a civilization which began ages before the names of Europe or America were heard of!"

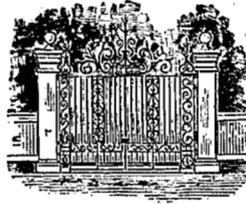
Then began that weary nine weeks of anxiety and suspense, which, as the world knows, terminated happily in the relief of the Legations. But if the suspense was terrible at home, what must it have meant to the little band besieged in Peking, where the rumours as to the relief party appear to have been as numerous and unreliable as in this country, while the besieged knew only too well that if the besiegers once effected an entrance the sequel would be a wholesale massacre. "It is curious," writes Miss Ransome, "how used we get to going about with bullets whizzing about our heads; but I confess I do not like bomb-shells, there is something so 'skeery' about them, and the noise and flash are so bewildering."

In the hospital it was "the funniest babel of tongues imaginable"—Russian, Austrian, Italian, French, German, English, American and Japanese. Patients of the same nationality were put together as much as possible, so as to be company for one another, but they all got on harmoniously together.

At last Miss Ransome was able to write "yesterday at three o'clock we were relieved. The word looks so small and commonplace, and yet, oh, what it meant to us! . . . I heard heavy guns away to the east, and then the tat-tat-tat of Maxims, and I was certain it was our troops. . . . I rushed to the window and was just in time to see our British General, and his staff, and a company of Sikhs come up the T'ing erhs. Soon the whole compound was alive with picturesque Indian troops. The men and horses were all dead tired, and simply threw themselves down on the ground to rest; but for all their weariness they marched in with cheers and smiling faces, and they could not complain that they had no welcome."

Outside the Gates.

"A WOMAN ALONE."



Not a soul in the house barring myself, unless you except my dog, who may or may not possess that attribute. I have asked her the question often, but she never answers in language, only looks queerly into my eyes with those remarkably human ones of her own.

All the doors and windows stand wide open, but in the raftered hall the velvet curtains are drawn, making a rich red gloom broken by strips of violent sunlight when they are blown open by the breeze without. The pictures gleam, all the colours seem to glow with deeper mellowness, through doors one sees vistas of quaint objects, black oak; an immeasurably long, ridiculously narrow table whereat, properly speaking, no one of a later period than James I. should dine (a couple of centuries earlier would look better) glitters into the distance, big bowls of roses standing down its length. Here, too, are more narrow strips of sun.

Turning the other way is another vista—light, this time—all brocades and blowing muslins, and satin-wood and pastel portraits, and a fig tree beyond. So we wander in and out—by the way a sudden swooping of wings tells that the white pigeons are aware of our descent from our bower, so to feed them first thing—which takes time, and is a sacred ceremony that comes off three times a day (at least). What pretty creatures! Here are some new young ones, one fair thing so exquisite, so purely white and lovely in her young slenderness that I name her "Psyche" on the spot. I observe she gets badly done by the older and more rapacious—after the manner of Psyches—but the sun is getting rather too powerful, and the day's roses must be cut at once, so to take a white umbrella, basket, and scissors, and get round, coming in and out again, till all the bowls are filled, and the "massifs"—renewed—a good two hours' work. Then to dust up incidentally, polishing this and that—then the grandfather's clock strikes—good gracious! one o'clock already! Must get some lunch. All the morning gone and not a line written, not a line painted, though both are invitingly set out in the studio; but really it is too terribly hot to settle to work. Eat a hasty meal, all cold stuff, clear off, and tear upstairs to put on fresh white linen suit for the afternoon in case visitors should come. How nice I look in the big glass by the polished stairs! There is nothing like linen, from time immemorial it has been taken as the ideal type of purity; every woman worth anything loves it. True, this is a tailor-made coat and skirt, yet the texture and tint are those thought out by the first woman who discovered fine linen; it is essentially a femininely made material. How deliciously coldly it slipped over my shoulders! How spotless and immaculate it is! Alas! my dearest dog appears on my threshold, and her paws are green. There is a stagnant pond, half filled with flowering rushes, down the field that she loves, the banks being riddled with rat-runs, and the green waters apparently more palatable to her than chartreuse of the same tint to the liqueur-lover. She rushes at me, but I am saved, and her attention is diverted by the grinding of carriage wheels on the

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