

patients had left the hospital. All were Afridis who, fearing political trouble, dared not stay.

"I confess during that period it was not easy to go round the wards, for as we looked first at one patient and then at another, into faces, some strong and manly, some coarse, even brutal, we would say to one another, 'Think of her in the hands of *that* one, or *that*.'"

On her arrival at Government House it was explained that rumours had at last come through as to Miss Ellis's whereabouts, though the exact place was still unknown. If a military force were sent, she probably would be ill-treated or spirited away. "Sir John Maffey asked if I would be willing to go over the Border, to get to her if possible, and to stay with her, wherever she was, until she could be rescued.

"Everything was ready by the evening. I did not sleep much that night. Early next morning I left with Sir John for Kohat."

It is, of course, not possible in a limited space to give any account of Mrs. Starr's interesting journey, but we hope that many of our readers will procure the book for themselves.

Since it was the month of Ramazan, the fast, when no good Mussulman may touch food or drink from sunrise to sunset, it made travelling more difficult.

"I was conducted to the women's courtyard in Tirah and was given a native bedstead under a shed in the open. We sat round the fire talking in Pishtu. The women spat freely into the fire—a sign of friendliness.

"Spit too," said a dear old lady, evidently the Mother in Israel of the clan.

"Unrolling my bedding, but not more than necessary, lest fleas or worse should creep in, I lay down for the night."

It required enormous courage, tact, diplomacy, and knowledge of native custom and language to accomplish the daring act that this wonderful woman achieved, for the details of which we must again refer to the book itself.

Mr. Basil Matthews, in his "appreciation," remarks that "what does not appear in Mrs. Starr's story is that she started out not only knowing that she might not return at all, but with the purpose, if the full rescue failed, of remaining among the Afridi as a hostage for the freedom of Miss Ellis."

The story of the actual rescue is told with remarkable absence of dramatic detail.

Mrs. Starr continues:—

"Later that day I heard that Miss Ellis had been roused at midnight by her captors for another weary march, but they had taken her a letter from the Kuli Khan saying she was coming to safety, and that an English memsahib had arrived to be with her. She was brought down most of the eight miles carried on the back of Gul Akbar, the youngest of the gang and son of Sultan Mir." Later on—"I was with Miss Ellis at last and it was good. She was lying on a bed, tired out but in no way hurt. She indicated to me the three murderers who sat guarding their charge, and staring at us while we talked."

Back in British territory, Major Ellis was waiting to welcome his daughter. "It was then 9 p.m., and a good supper and a good night seemed quite a luxury, for Miss Ellis had been in the wilds for ten days, and I had not had my clothes off for ten days."

Sir John Maffey, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in India, to whom the author dedicates her book "in gratitude to him for giving me the opportunity of rendering service," in a Foreword writes:—

"Mrs. Starr has chosen for her part in life the task of ministering to the tribal folk of the Peshawar Border, such of them as chance or need brings to the little hospital outside the city wall. Here, on a dark night of winter, she saw her husband murdered by tribal fanatics. Here, un-

dismayed, she held pluckily to her life's work, learning to know these people and their language. And then came the urgent call which proved her justified.

A sudden tragedy befell which found the vast civil and military departments of Government as helpless as men with hands tied behind them. An English girl in the hands of ruffians somewhere across the border! All the King's horses and all the King's men could only make matters worse, and British prestige shone dim.

"But in the story of our land,
A Lady with a Lamp shall stand."

With the charm of her fair face and a woman's courage she carried our standard for us behind those iron hills where no Englishman may pass. She had the great joy of bringing back to us the English girl unscathed and uninjured, and she made a British mark on the heart of Tirah better than all the drums and trappings of an army corps."

There are two charming portraits of the nurse heroine, one in simple uniform and the other in the Afridi costume which she wore in her unique venture.

It is the divine and deathless spirit in women like Mrs. Starr which must animate more and more in the future our teaching of peoples touching the borders of Empire. It is only this spiritual force which can hope to civilise those who are still in outer darkness.

H. H.

WEDDING BELLS.

■ UNDERHILL-STARR.—On February 2nd, at Sialkto, Punjab, by the Rev. A. Selwyn, C.F., cousin of the bride, Guilford E. C. Underhill, Major 1/1st Punjabis, to Lillian A. Starr, widow of Dr. V. H. Starr, C.M.S., Peshawar, and daughter of the late Rev. T. R. Wade, C.M.S., Panjab, and of Mrs. Wade, Hampden Park.

The above announcement appeared in *The Times* on February 27. Congratulations to a brave lady and her gallant husband. Together, we are sure, they will find invaluable work to do in British India and the peoples "over the Border."

JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK.

When replenishing linen cupboards at this season do not forget the importance of marking new purchases. The loss of one article would far outweigh the cost of a 6d. bottle of John Bond's Marking Ink, which outlasts the linen.

WHAT TO READ.

LINCOLN. By Professor N. Wright Stephenson.
EMBASSIES OF OTHER DAYS. Walburga, Lady Paget.
THE TERRIFORD MYSTERY. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.
HEIRS APPARENT. Sir Philip Gibbs.
THE LETTERS OF JEAN ARMITER. Una L. Silberrard.
TALES OF TIRAH AND LESSER TIBET. Lillian A. Starr.
THE TRIAL OF THE HAWK. Sinclair Lewis.
MARCHING ON. Ray Strachey.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Whoever comes to the feast of life must, before it is over, drink from the cup of death. He who arrives at the inn of mortality must, one day, inevitably take his departure from that house of sorrow—the world. How much better it is to die with honour than to live with infamy!"

—Babar

"Whosoever keeps his faith steadfast, God keeps him."

—Babar.

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