

fraction of a moment, and a faint smile, that only just gave him away, flickered on it; then undisturbed, un-commenting, he continued to play, perhaps a little more animatedly than before, as though some pleasant memory upheld him.

And when the great official ceremony was celebrated and all the staff with Doctor this and Professor that and the Great Mogul Director Dieckmann assembled in official state, no eye turned to the little enthusiasts in mutiny, nor did any one later on raise objection to "England, England über alles!" (over all!) instead of "Deutschland, Deutschland" (Germany), as the programme required, and, best of all, no fellow-pupil ever gave them away.

But when the next grand annual picnic was carried out in the deer-park beyond the Eilenriede Forest, so lately the property of good King George V of Hanover, one of the conspirators was called upon to carry the School Standard, the highest honour known among the pupils, and well she remembers marching past groups of happy parents and friends on the soft green sward, bearing on high that token of social unity, uplifted as she never was before or since.

And later on, when the whole School celebrated the director's jubilee of a quarter of a century's service with real enthusiasm, it was again one of the conspirators who was asked to write an English poem in honour of his work, which she did, much assisted by Minnie, who suggested the rhythm and swing of Macaulay's heroic lays. And the poem began, as Minnie suggested:

"Let England's grateful daughters their word to you express, and weave a spray into the crown, the laurels of success, etc., and so on.

And it was that arch-mutineer Evelyn who declaimed it beautifully.

Ah! The Guelphs were not forgotten in Hanover, nor are they now! More, I challenge the modern pedagogue to show greater educational diplomacy than those old teachers of 60 years ago. Peace be to their memory!

While living in a rambling house in an ancient manor garden outside Hanover, Minnie became the heroine of a real adventure.

She was fifteen at the time and from a romping child had grown into a thoughtful maiden, who, curiously enough, considered herself a kind of chieftainess to her five younger sisters and brothers. Papa was away from home, Mamma was not very well, and the latest comer Godfrey, three months old, was delicate and required careful nursing.

Minnie felt the responsibility.

But it was Christmas Eve. The household had to have its festival, so Grandmother and Aunt Jeanette saw to it that the children had their Christmas tree and permission to stay up as long as they liked with their apples and nuts and cakes, sweets and gifts, on condition that they made no noise at all but were as still as mice.

This was a glorious licence, chiefly because it was so deliciously unusual.

Minnie, having tucked the six-year old Jack and the three-year old Elsa into their little beds, and if I, remember aright, ceased to argue with Florence, who claimed the right of sitting up too, she, Hildergarde and Lina sat happily before a warm stove, chatting and roasting apples, resolved to hold the vigil and see in the Christmas morn.

Minnie, with an eye to making the vigil more festive, returned to the site of the evening celebration, resolved to lay in suitable provisions.

There was no gas in the house and electric lighting lay in the mist of future events, so she carried a paraffin-lamp, the foot in heavy bronze, representing an earth-gnome, (a figure she afterwards chose as a book-plate, possibly in memory of this eventful night).

As she passed along the long broad passage, she noticed that a glazed door, opening on to the staircase, leading

up from the entrance, was open, whereas it was usually closed at this hour, as well as suitably secured.

Surprised, she put out her free hand to fasten this door, and, as she did so, glanced down the wide stair-flight.

The front door too was opening, opening slowly, and on the tiles that lay between the entrance and the stairs appeared a heavily cloaked figure with a brimmed hat drawn down closely over its face and a lantern in its hand.

Without a moment's hesitation Minnie grasped the situation and dominated it.

Stepping out to the head of the stairs, she lifted the lamp on high and shouted loudly: "Stand, or I throw the paraffin lamp on your head!"

"And he stood," she explained, later, "and he was trembling."

"Here Bodo, Browney!" she cried, turning her head for a moment to summon the dogs; and in that moment the front door banged. When she turned again the figure had disappeared.

The dogs rushed barking to her side, while the brave girl fearlessly passed down the stairs to bolt and lock the front door.

When we came to her she was quite calm, and the lamp burnt without a flicker in her little hand.

"I should have thrown it too," she said, "if he had come on."

Various and contradictory were the theories of the police and family friends on the person and intention of the burglar.

Someone must have left the house-door unfastened from inside, and purposely, was the general conclusion.

Justly or unjustly Godfrey had a new nurse, and she was above suspicion.

But there was no variation in the applause given to Minnie's valiant conduct.

She took it all quite coolly.

"Were you not afraid?" someone asked.

"No," she said, "not at the time; perhaps just when I set down the lamp to bolt the front door I felt nasty: you see he might have pushed it open against me, and I had no weapon then. But someone had to shut it!"

## PARIS.

Shortly after Minnie had left her College days behind, her father was appointed in Paris for secretarial duty on the Royal Commission (1878-1879).

Minnie's dawning womanhood had not been undimmed; a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs left her adored mother delicate for the remaining months of her short life, and it was at this period that the young girl passionately regretted her ignorance of *real* nursing. As it was she well-nigh enslaved herself in her mother's service.

Paris in festive garb—Paris the beautiful hostess of nations—Paris with her wealth of art, rich with the wit and wisdom of ages, Paris wearing the gracious smile of unequalled social tact, was a never-to-be-forgotten wonder.

To the thoughtful girl the museums, concerts, public gardens, boating expeditions with her father and his friends on those rare occasions when he had time to spare were a revelation, and quite unforgotten was an ascent in the captive balloon with a view of Paris and its suburbs from the heights.

The bronze medal engraved with the balloon commemorating this feat accompanied Minnie to Chile and was a subject of animated discussion to her dying day in this country.

Curiously enough the flower-market of Paris seemed to impress both Minnie and her mother even more favourably than the Great Exhibition. The latter was too big. "You enjoyed all at first, but after a time the vastness seems to stun you. You cannot continue admiring and wondering

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