

Viceregal Lodge, L.G.'s functions at Lahore and Peshawur, and quiet little station dances in the Hussars' Theatre. Montagu-Murray went to them all—lieutenants sometimes do. But oh, he was so superior! He stood in the same set as the L.G., bored to death, and dying with the hiddenness of his superiority over the L.G. himself. But he bore up, confident that occasion only was required to give him his right place in the world.

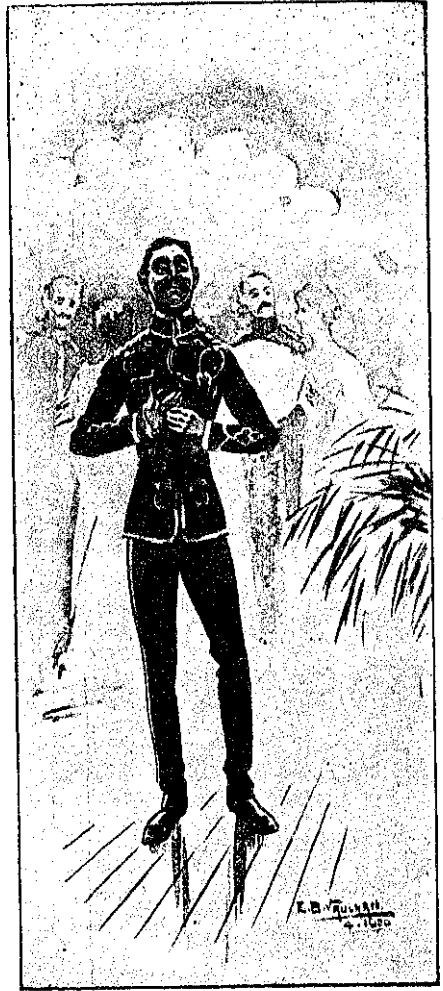
Then at the little station dances he thawed moderately, danced everything, pocketed the coldness of those who thought him cold, and appeared on parade next day as usual, Lieutenant Montagu-Murray, with only the prospects and pay of a cavalry subaltern, but the confidence of an heir-presumptive, going his way in silence, tolerated, but not liked.

Then the war came on the Frontier. The tribes were out against the British. Leave was stopped, the regiments began to troop, the trains came up from Bengal and the N.W.P. all in one direction; commissariat trains, troop trains, baggage trains, artillery trains, transport trains, all in their gray monotony, All India throbbed; even up at Dunga Khel the world was shaken; and the Hussars were told to go away and fight.

Montagu-Murray heard it all, saw the waves of commotion surging at the foot of the hills, and appeared on the special parades with his fellows. But something told him that he would not need to go away with the regiment. He had not fought a single fight in his troop yet, but he was sure he knew perfectly well how it was done, and it was not necessary for him to go forward and demonstrate his theory. He had not a Victoria Cross—not actually—but mentally he had won it, he should say, thrice over, so that seemed to be sufficient. There would scarcely be an opening on the staff with the Field Force that would suit his ability. Heaven told him that he would be required in higher places, and he was surprised indeed that he had not yet received a call to the Viceroy's Council.

These were among Montagu-Murray's thoughts—he had thought and spoken of the Viceroy's Council before—as he strolled down

from the parade ground and hid himself for reflection in a clump of deodars. There were many things he had to arrange. Next morning the regiment was to troop down to the railway terminus at Kalka, and although he felt certain he would be called elsewhere, the time was drawing nigh, and he began to have



SILLY, SIMPLE, SINCERE, AND AWFULLY SUPERIOR.

fears that the office of the heads of all things had forgotten him in the general bustle of getting the war under weigh. The oversight was particularly rash and unpardonable, he thought, but perhaps—

Just as he was about to excuse the heads of all things, a small telegraph messenger tumbled down the hill, landing at his feet,