

KELLY

yours?" He looked at me reproachfully, for, though looking after my luggage was part of his duties, he never pretended to like it. "A dud landed just beside us. The sound of a dud thuddin' into the earth nearboy one is swater to me than ever was the gurglin' of a brook on a June day down the banks of the Lakes of Killarney."

Kelly's advice is often worth taking, for he has been out there well into his second year, and, while he has not yet been wounded, no one ever accused him of lack of courage. He occasionally does things with a slight, almost imperceptible, grimace of pained surprise. But he always does them—when ordered. In my early days I was prone at times to take a peep over the front line parapet at the always interesting No Man's Land.

"Oi wouldn't do too much of that if Oi was you, docthor," he said respectfully, though at the time I thought there was also a trace of pity in his brogue, "fer out here it's not considered healthy. Me poor ould father, Lord have mercy on him, always tould me to curb me curiosity. An' a padre who had been here