

him. We gave him the busiest three minutes of his life until Father Flynn hit the scene, and then we did a tin can start for the College as fast as our stilts could carry us. Ten minutes later, Angel's female duds were stowed in Father Kelly's room, and we were safely stowed in bed, and "Handsome"—well, I haven't heard yet, and I daren't ask. I'm too tired to write any more, so good-night.

Your old pupil,

FOXEV.

P.S.—I saw "Handsome" this morning; he looks as if he'd passed through a sausage machine. I'm sorry for spoiling that water.

F.

