

to be had, not very satisfactory, but better than nothing; sometimes a little cold chicken or tongue and a few eggs; but these provisions were always liable to sudden collapse and at best cannot compare for excellence with the luncheon baskets supplied on our own English lines.

For the rest, you must turn out at the wayside stations, at most inconvenient hours, and be thankful to gobble up whatever tough messes of food happen to be within reach during the very short time allowed for meals.

On these occasions everything is heaped up on one plate, for you are never supplied with a second.

Eggs and bacon, tough mutton or stringy beef, potatoes, tomatoes, Indian corn, and squash pies must be eaten alike, off the one platter, or left alone.

At first you feel you would rather perish than degrade yourself to the level of a pig and its trough, but hunger is a strong argument in the long run.

A traveller will be turned out for a breakfast of this description at nine o'clock in the morning; for another heavy meal of the same kind at twelve-thirty, and again at five or five-thirty p.m. for a third, which you have no inclination to eat after two such predecessors, yet this is your only chance of food till nine o'clock next morning, and that is not a certainty; for a "wash