

they lie so still, or because, perhaps, a glance at labels or bandages has previously told one that their condition is serious.

“It’s true, is it, about Rumania, sir?” said one muffled voice. And I recognised a corporal for whom, with some difficulty, I had arranged the smoking of a cigarette on the landing-stage. His bandages were a very complete disguise, and I had learned, what I think he had known for a day or two, that he would never see again. I was told this corporal had thrown a number of bombs, after the explosion which had robbed him forever of his sight, and wounded him in half a dozen places. Inscrutable, incomparable courage, of the spirit that no devilishly inspired Boche device can ever