

throw me perfectly good life away. Then another coal-box struck the canal, and I knew I had come out for a bawth, as my English friends would say.

“It was one of those fashionable mud baths that is good for rheumatism, boils, cold in the head, small-pox, gout, glanders, lumbago, pimples, and all that ails you. I got a thorough treatment with no charges demanded. I was drenched with dirty water, and mud—I had half of Belgium clingin’ to my clothes.

**“ Haythen Gewgaw ” Tempts Him
Further.**

“On my way back I crept up close to one of those French-Algerians who had tied himself into knots from his dose of the gas. I wasn’t particularly curious about the haythen’s health, for I knew he had gone to the prophet’s paradise many hours before, but I did want the saber with which he did his butcherin’.