

The heavy ordnance is gradually quietening down, and a battery of seventy-seven guns is probably putting out the last of its shells, ceaselessly sending its shells every ten seconds along the edges of the village. These shells are coming in like rockets and bursts, and are exploding all about the trench with a fusillade of shells in the interval with a rattling noise.

**Troops Shown Nervousness.**

We hurry through the cover, filled with a sense of nervousness that one always feels in the approach of a combat, and which is concealed in a hundred ways—chewing the grass, twisting one's muscachaevs, mechanical fustling, and smoking a cigarette, munching a biscuit or chawing tobacco.

There is a plug of tobacco. Not a word now; each man thinks of himself, of his rifle, his carbine, his sword, his bayonet, his revolver, his submachine gun.

The quartermaster sergeant comes and places his finger upon his pulse, then loudly declares that he is not the least bit

Dairy Co.

142  
N STREET