

denburg, when our boys were rushing the sentries in the hope of being bayoneted out of their misery.

One day I met an officer prisoner, who, like many of his kind, had not been grateful for the kindly treatment the French gave him, and had therefore been confined in a stockade. The cure for his stubbornness had evidently worked, for he pointed over to a hill, where there was the biggest pile of logs I ever saw, and said: "I would saw up all those logs if I could go over to that hill; it must be great to look down from the top of it. I've been staring at a fence for what seems years."

While our cargo was being unloaded I spent most of my time with my grandmother. I had heard still more about the cruelty of the Huns, and made up my mind to get into the service. Murray and Brown had already enlisted in the Foreign Legion, Brown being assigned to the infantry and Murray to the French man-of-war *Cassard*. But when I spoke of my intention, my grandmother cried so much that I promised her I would not enlist—that time, anyway—and made the return voyage on the *Virginian*. We were no sooner loaded in Boston than back to St. Nazaire we went.