

that I'd forgotten to say my prayers.

"Sure the saints protected me. H-- was roarin' over my head. Like street cars comin' from a far distance those shells sounded. I hadn't gone more than 10 yards before one tore into a tree that stood by the road, and snapped it off as though it had been the stem of one of my own clay pipes.

"I couldn't crawl over that tree, so I went around. A dead Scotchie, big as a mountain from the gas of the day before, lay right in front of me a few yards away. A shell blew the Heelander all to smithereens, and parts of his kilt fell on me. 'Twas the only time that I ever wore the plaid!

"The fish had stopped their flounderin' when I got to the canal, and lay aisy and quiet in my pocket as I was startin' back. By that time I was wonderin' what imp of the devil had prompted me to come out there and