

and going out at the other, grazing the ceiling in its passage and bringing down a shower of plastering, dust, and trash. Chadwick was almost as quick as the shell. He snatched his hat from his knee, and when his hosts had recovered from their momentary alarm they saw him sitting bolt upright in his chair using his head covering as an umbrella to shield his soup from the shower that fell from the shattered ceiling.

“Howdy and good-by,” he said. “You might ‘a’ sp’iled my dinner, but you ranged too high to sp’ile my appetite.”

“I can see why you are holding your hat over your plate, and I’m sorry I did n’t have something of the kind to hold over mine,” remarked the lady who had invited him in; “but I can’t imagine why you are sitting so straight in your chair.”

“Well, ma’am,” replied Private Chadwick, “seein’ as how you’ve been so kind, I’ll tell you the honest truth. I was afeared if I humped too much over my plate that the next shell’d take me to be the twin of Danny Lemmons.”

Naturally this aroused the curiosity of the ladies — there were three of them — and