May 14, 1938

Smith's

Short Jassic

nim to admit. mony of his senses compelled really was buried. man to convince. he was dead: he had to him to prove that HE fact that always been a bare buried did not seem Armstrong the testi-That he WAB Henj

made a body of evidence imness and profound silence entire person, the black dark ably altering the situation— the strict confinement of his back with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitaccepted it without cavil. possible to controvert and he

himself BUT dead—no; he was only very, very ill. He had, within, the invalid's apathy and did not greatly concern himself about the uncommon he - just to him fate that š had philosopher was plain, been allotted

overhead. It was a dark summer night, shot through with in-frequent shimmers of lightning silently firing a cloud lying low in the west, and portending o

bric ht out with His posture-flat upon his

place person sifted, for the time being with a pathological indif-ference: the organ that he feared consequences with was torpid. So, with no particular apprehension for his immediate future, he fell askeep and all was peace with Henry Armstrong. But something was going or "It was not a night which any credible witness was likely to be straying about a cemetery, so the three men who were digging into the grave of Henry Armstrong felt reasonably secure."

whatly distinctness, the monu-netts and headstones of the remetery and seemed to set them buseing. It was not a night to which any credible witness was likely to be straying about a centetry, so the three new who

were there, digging into the grave of Henry Armstrong, felt reason-ably secure.

From the nature of what he was as a man-of-all-work, and it was been employed about the cemetery as Jess. For many years Jess had I students from a medical college a few miles away; the third was a gigantic negro known knew "every soul in the place," his favorite pleasantry that he

Bierce

4mbrose

now doing it was inferable that the place was not as populous as its register may have shown it to be. Outside the wall, at the part of the grounds farthest from the public road, were a horse and a light wagon. wagon, waiting.

and was a soon throw of all the property of th with work of excavation was not difficult: the earth with which the grave had been loosely filled a few hours before offered little resistance, and was aren the several transfer of the several trans

"God! Yes,-what are we to In the grey of the morning the two students, pallid and baggard from anxiety, and with the terror of their adventure still heating tumultuously in their blood, met at the medical college. "You saw it?" cried one.

THEY went around to the rear of the building, where they saw a horse, attached to alternoon near the door of the disserting room. On a bench in the obscurity ning, all eyes and teeth. "I'm waiting for my pay." he

Stretched naked on a long table lay the body of Henry Armstrong, the bead deflied with blood and clay from a blow with a spade.