

Enright's behavior. The patient could not have heard, it appeared, but he tried to explain, as if he had read their thoughts.

"I mean riding me down," said he. "It was hard—hard. I was shot through, anyhow—I was falling, anyhow. He ought not to have trampled me down, then! . . . Did the horse step on me?"

"No," answered Morgan. "It was the pavement that bruised your head."

"It isn't so bad, then," replied Emerson. "But for old Jack to ride me down, when I was—shot so—and falling, anyhow: as many games as I've won—for him!"

Whether or not he was quite free from delirium at this time, is hard to say. Sometimes, mere restriction of expression brings the simulation of the wandering mind. Probably he did not quite distinguish between the things he had mentioned and those of which he had only thought. Once or twice he spoke shudderingly of the way "they" had treated "the body."

"He was just thrown on the slab," said he. "They just threw him down on it!"

Olive and Morgan exchanged glances, and when they failed to make reply, Emerson half fretfully explained that he meant poor Overmeyer. He had been thinking of the difference between his own case, in this soft bed, surrounded by those who loved him, and that of the self-murdered engineer; and after this mental journey, he had spoken at such a great distance from the last topic that they had thought him delirious: but he was not. They realized this now, and also guessed at something of his meaning—but not