

"They's a train leavin' fum heah in twen'y minutes, Cass," remarked his tall friend with heavy irony. "Bes' thing for you to do is to take that train, git off at Tuscaloosa an' enter right into the 'sane asylim. If'n they balks 'bout lettin' you in, you jes' tell 'em you got the idee Elzevir'd let that ring git away fum her — even for a minute . . . tell 'em that, Cass, an' they is gwine make you they stah bo'der."

"But they is a hund'ed dollars el'ar profit for you, 'Rias. Ain't you hankering none a tall for a hund'ed dollars?"

"Hund'ed dollars ain't no good to a daid man."

"You is sho' Elzevir woul'n't —"

"I is sho' that if'n I was to siggest it to Elzevir they woul'n't be nothin' lef' on my shoulders but a li'l piece of neck."

Cass shook his head dolefully and tramped along in sombre silence. "I — I kinder sispected yo'd take it thisaway, 'Rias — an' so I done had another idee."

"If'n tain't no better'n that fust one yo'd better leave it stay whar it is at."

"It's a good idee, 'Rias — an' it'd wuk if'n you was a man with any cou'age — jes' even a li'l bit of cou'age. . . ."

"I ain't nev' been no coward, Cass."

"Bout'n some things you is."

"Name which?"

"Elzevir!"

"There you goes ag'in —"

"Lis'en heah to what I is sayin', 'Rias. Elzevir's got a di'min which is wuth a hund'ed an' fifty dollars, easy. If'n we was to try an' pawn that