

"It is I, Anee. What is it I can do for you?"

Twice in the effort to speak Anee failed. Riverius bent lower to catch what he was trying to say.

"What is it, Anee?"

"I want to say I done it. I didn't go to do it. Christ! I told 'em. They know."

"Yes, yes, I too know. We all know. What else is there?"

"Pd of liked to wrastle a fall with you."

Riverius sat mute, holding the scorched hand. Anee drew a long breath. Those who looked on watched to see his strong chest rise again. A minute passed. Riverius rose.

"He is dead," he said. "God rest his soul!"

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