

“Ossie,—Ossie!” the man screamed with his first awful touch of death’s coldness, “I cain’t leave the sun an’ the uplands. They is waitin’ fer me out thar yit,—they smells good in my nost’ils,—I want to see sunlight onct more.

“But thar,—thar,” he sobbed, sinking again to his pillow. “Ain’t no uset ter honin’. Don’t you cry so pitiful, darter. I done brought this black death on myse’f,—damn that hell-brewin’ scoun’el Jed Crozier. Now I’m goin’ to sleep. I’m took powerful with longin’ to sleep, all of a suddint; an’ I ain’t aimin’ to wake up no mo’. Good-bye, darter,—you bin better to me an’ yo’ po’ washed-out Maw than either one of we-uns deserves. You tell Chris,—ez my las’ charge to him——” A spasm of agony caught the words from his lips, and the grey face grew even more ghastly.

“Paw,—Paw!” pleaded the girl, leaning over and clutching both shoulders. “Don’t sleep yit. You mus’ finish speakin’. You said to tell Chris——”

“Yes, I rekerlit now,” moaned the father. “You tell Chris to keep fur away fum that still,—hit’s black death an’ disgrace what’s brewed thar.”

“I’ll pass them words; an’, O Paw,—O Paw,—my ole Pappy,—don’t you leave me so soon! Don’t go leave me alone in this dwellin’—I am only seventeen. O Paw, open yo’ eyes,—smile todes me. It’s Ossie.”