

about dead,' and very much like a corpse I must have looked.

" 'Feel him, Jerry,' continued the ruffian.

" 'Feel him, William,' retorted the other, 'feel him; get through with him, turn him out, and we'll soon bury the corpse if it is

out—how I tried! My whole being was stricken with catalepsy.

" 'Wot 'ull we do, Jerry, as you 'ave the 'ed?' said William, after ransacking my clothes. 'What 'ull we do? he's dead and no error.'



"WOT 'ULL WE DO? 'E'S DEAD, AND NO ERROR."

one,' and he accompanied these brutal words with a most hideous smite.

"Oh, the horror of the insensibility which seemed to pervade my frame! I knew all that was going on, but movement of any kind I was unable to make. I tried to call

"How nard is the ground here, Sweet William?" said he other. 'We shall have a little funeral all to ourselves; there is no one overlooking us, flowers respectfully declined!'

"Oh, Gawd, Jerry, you are devil—is 'e dead?"