The fact that henry Armstrong was buried did not seem to him to prove that he was dead: he had always been a hard man to convince. That he really was buried, the testimony of hisn senses compelled him to admit . his postire – flat upon his back, with his hand crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation – the strict confinement of hid entire person the black darkness and profound silence, made a body off evidence and to convert and he accepted it without cavil. But dead – no he was only very, very ill. He had, with, the invaild’s apathy and di not greatly concern himself about the uncommon fate that had been allotted to him. No philisophoer was he – just a plain commonplace person gifted for the time being with a pathologival indifference: the organ that he feared consequnces with was torpid. So with no particuale apprehension for his immediate