

once," was said in the same unsteady voice.

"What is the matter?" I asked, feeling that now I had something to occupy my thoughts until morning.

"There is a man here dying, and he wants you to come and take his confession before the end comes. He says he is the man who murdered Major Wilson, the librarian, in Philadelphia in 1897."

"All right, I will come around at once, good-bye," I answered as I hung up the receiver and glanced around the room to see where I had thrown my overcoat. To myself, I said, "Oh, bosh, this is the third confession of that affair, and I am certain that old negro employee did the job." Anyhow, I prepared to go around to the hospital and was soon hurrying through the falling snow to the bedside of the dying man.

A nurse met me at the door and as soon as she began speaking I recognized her voice as the one I had heard over the 'phone.

"The man has been delirious for the last three days and has been talking about Major Wilson and one Alice Narley who was a former sweetheart. Indeed, Mr. Devery, he has made me almost nervous with his wanderings. He returned to consciousness this evening and the doctor told him that he had not much chance of living until morning, for our patient had asked for the truth about his case. He asked immediately that you be sent for to hear his confession."

"Do you think he is in his right mind at present?" I asked, wanting to know how much of the story I was to believe.

"Yes, Dr. Mason, our head physician, wished me to tell you to see him after you were through with the patient. He desires to tell you of some of the incoherent sentences which passed his lips during delirium."

"All right, if there is nothing more, please take me to his bedside; I have a notebook and pencil with me," said I,