

beginning to feel more and more interested in the case.

"We placed him in a private room three days ago when his mind first wavered that he might not disturb the other patients, so you will have him all to yourself," she added.

"So much the better," I replied. "Lead on."

We entered one of the private wards and I saw the emaciated form that said only too plainly,—consumption. He turned his deeply sunken eyes toward me and asked in a low and weak, despairing voice, "Is this Mr. Devery?"

The nurse answered for me and just then Dr. Mason came in, he having heard our conversation in the hall below. After a hurried "How do?" he went to the side of the bed, took the sick man's wrist and counted his pulse; then, placing his ear close to the patient's chest the doctor listened to the beating of the heart. As he arose Dr. Mason said, "My man, I am going to be plain with you. Say what you have to say and say it quickly. You may live many days yet, but the beating of your heart is very erratic and I fear your time will soon come. Do you wish me to send for a minister or priest? If so, which one?"

"No, Doctor, I am very thankful to you for what you have done for me and I think a detective and a jailer would be far more appropriate to my condition of mind than a minister, for I feel that although God is merciful, he cannot forgive everything at the eleventh hour. I will try to tell Mr. Devery everything and I hope I may live to tell to the world through Mr. Devery the truth about the Wilson murder that when my end comes I shall know that no innocent man shall be condemned for my evil deeds although I will not meet my punishment in this world nor at the hands of man."

"Do as you think right," the doctor said as he withdrew and motioned me to the bedside.

"Mr. Devery, if you want anything, ring," he added.

"Mr. Devery," began the sick man, "you no doubt remember the horrible murder of Major Wilson, the man