

“More whiskey, please, my lips are so dry I can hardly talk at all.”

I rang for the nurse and when she came I told her I was afraid that the patient would not be able to finish his story. She sat down by the bed and, from time to time, moistened his lips with ice water when he continued:—

“I found the trap easily opened and I went in and down to his room. There everything was in perfect order. After turning the bureau drawers inside out and tying up all the valuables in a handkerchief I left them where I could get them in case of discovery, although I had no thought of taking them with me. Every move of mine was to throw the police off the track and cause them to believe robbery was the motive for the crime. Next I went down to his office and knocked two books to the floor on the side of his desk away from the door.

“Then I sat down and waited. It was 6:15 and I expected him any minute. The hammer I had brought with me I slipped into my belt and I seized a tack hammer which was lying on his desk. I began to become impatient. What would my employers think of my prolonged absence? They might send a man to help me! And how was I to get away in case they did? These thoughts raged through my brain. Suddenly I awoke to my position for I heard his key in the lock. I jumped behind the door and waited. He stopped in the outer office to put away some papers lying on the table. I was growing more and more impatient at the delay. Then he came to his death. He walked to his private desk! When he saw the books on the floor he stopped in astonishment. Then was my chance, for which I had been so long seeking. More whiskey, please.”

The patient's voice had been getting weaker and weaker and his words had longer and longer pauses between them.

“I jumped at him and brought the hammer down on his head with all the force I could command. He fell, face downward, to the floor.”