

should they? I wasn't fit to be loved. I lived for and to myself, and now I am dying to myself." Then he lapsed into silence for a considerable time. The pallor on his face increased and there was a peculiar rattling noise in his throat. When he opened his eyes again he looked very strangely about and whispered, "Water."

We gave him drink. He swallowed it with great difficulty, and then remained quiet for a time, breathing heavily and irregularly. We heard him whisper in a strange, unearthly tone:

"I've served the devil, and I'm going to stay with him. I'm no turncoat and no hypocrite. I'm going to hell. I wouldn't go to any other place if I could."

Those terrible words were the last my uncle spoke on earth. He lapsed into unconsciousness and remained in that state for a time, and soon we noticed that he had ceased breathing.