

but then the breatheer suddenly started and twitching with strain fancies rushed out into the corridor. "There's a squib there,' said he; 'he's been bitten by a guinea worm.' "What, a rat?' "Oh, a cheetah. It was the size of a calf. I could fit in one side of a chair in the office.' "Thank you, you are very safe, Mr. Wilson. I have had a few binge cases, but I am very much afraid that you have not been very very very good about taking care of yourself.' "Perhaps I have been a little t