

I considered that venerable whose winter Achilles thought to take from the lips of Cressida. Why not? I set fire to one end of him, gloatingly, and my nerves benefited. Electric Febrifuge may be ; but bad for life's fitful fever. Its active ingredient had finally let me down. I was nothing if not generous. I started my fellow garden enthusiast on the foxgloves. He would appreciate that if he knew. Yes, I was doing my best for the dear girl. I wished I could make up (she would appreciate this) my mind about her. If we did decide---and that weighed with a girl---she would not have to change the initials on her parti-panties. I thought of the old spare-room in this very house, where Mrs. Gay used to lie upon her visits. When I was ill, I was put there, with the only dangling bell-wire in all the place, descending behind my head. I used of course to have nightmares of the Speckled Band, and awfully scream down the house.

NOTES