

To reckon with Henry! That was never easy. Just beyond the laurels, I turned sharply and there he was, bending over the body of his latest victim. There was blood all about. I called to him sharply and he seemed dazed. Afterwards I brought in my rough old friend Calabar Bean to help me---this on the very day when I had proved *digitalis purpurea*, though I did not know if the profession prescribe it usually as such, a signal wash out. But why should this aspect have come into my head? Far, far from here the Adriatic breaks in a warm bay among the green Illyrian hills. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Read Mark Twain and inwardly digest. But I had to keep my wits about me. He pottered about with me and succeeded at last in making friends with Henry. Already he felt that I was leading him to the fountain Ponce de Leon sought, where he who drinks is deathless. And he was not so far wrong.

---

## NOTES