

never allow anybody in the house to handle them."

Bertha seized the stiff and trembling dog eagerly in her arms, and wrapped him up in her own light Shetland woollen wrapper. "Oh! is there any doctor here who can come and look at him?" she cried piteously. "Poor dear Tay! just look how glazed and agonized his eyes are!"

"Mr. Prior's here," somebody answered in haste from the group. "He knows more about poisons and poisoning than almost any other man in all England. He's made a special study of it, I know. Mr. Prior! Mr. Prior! Come here, you're wanted."

Harry Prior hurried across the lawn with rapid steps in answer to the call, and came up quickly to where Bertha had thrown herself on her knees upon the grass, with the poor beast growing every moment more rigid and deathlike in her trembling arms. He took the dog from her hands tenderly, and examined it with care for a few seconds. Then he said in a tone of considerable surprise, "This is a very remarkable case! How on earth did the accident happen? If it weren't impossible, I should say the animal had been poisoned with curari."

"What's curari?" Bertha asked in breathless eagerness.

"Curari?" Harry repeated. "Why, the South American Indian arrow-poison. It's very much used, you know, by the Guiana Indians. They smear it on their splintered bamboo arrowheads, and it retains its fatal power for an incredible

time. It produces tetanus, just like what this poor dog's now suffering from. But how on earth could any curari have got to Melbury? I'm the only person in the place at all likely to have any in his possession."

Sir Arthur Woolrych held up the guilty arrow before his face. "This is what did it," he said, sternly. "It's a Guiana specimen. Some young fool or other has taken it down from its peg in the hall, and gone aiming stupidly with it at the target. He pulled badly—people who meddle with these things are always just the very ones who know nothing on earth about them—and the thing slipped and went off crooked, and wounded poor Tay, who was hidden behind the target. I've no doubt it is curari. I was always afraid those tips might be poisoned."

Harry Prior gave a sigh of sudden relief. "I'm glad of that," he said. "I was half afraid at first—though I'm always very careful—that I myself might somehow be the culprit. I didn't think it likely anybody else at Melbury would have any curari, and I began to wonder whether by any extraordinary mischance or other I might have left a trace of it about undestroyed anywhere."

"But my poor dog!" Bertha cried, anxiously. "See what pain he's in! Mr. Prior, Mr. Prior, can't you do anything, please, to save him?"

"A week ago," Harry Prior answered at once, "I should have said, without a moment's hesitation, 'No, the case is hopeless.' Till then, no antidote had ever been even suggested for curari. But,