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emotion, "My dear friend? How good of you?"
He seemed unable to say more for the moment, but
he led the way to the brougham. "Now," I said
when we were seated, "you must tell me when this
happened. When and where did it begin?"

"I will try," he answered. "It began on Wenes-
day night at dinner; he had seemed perfectly well
all day, but before he had half finished dinner he
suddenly got up from his chair and walked out. We
found him afterwards at the writing table. He had
done three verses and said that he expected another
any minute. We got him to bed, gave him bromide,
and sent for a doctor. Here are the verses. I am
afraid there can be no doubt from them what is the
matter."

I glanced over them. They were to the effect
that the writer disliked to hear a German band play
popular music out of tune, and that this was funny.

"Yes," I said, sadly, "that is the splendid old
humour; it has added to the gaiety of nations. Has
he suffered at all from brilliance?"

"Last night, when his temperature rose, he was
quite brilliant, so that it was painful to hear him.
Towards morning he calmed down and seemed to
know us."

Very little was said until we arrived at the house.
Mrs. Blackbury joined us in the drawing-room at
once, and answered our eager enquiries about poor
Harry. It appeared that he had had another violent
attack of punning. "The doctor" said Mrs. Black-
bury, thinks that it may have been due to the hare
soup which he had for luncheon. The word hare,
you see, is so remarkably rich in suggestions."

"We should have thought of that," said Mr.
Blackbury, gloomily. "Anything else?"