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Such mental experience as I passed through during the following week or ten days, while lying on my bed or sitting listlessly, to all appearance, about the room, working out my desperate problem of individual reconstruction,—building life out of premature death,—none but the pen of the recording angel can ever describe.

Suffice it to say that I was not at all satisfied with the result of the medical consultation and decision, though my own most deliberate conviction was forced to coincide with the impartial diagnosis so evidently based on the indisputable facts of the case. But I was too personally involved in the result of the decision those medical experts had reached, to submit quietly, or at least without a furious protest.

In a word, I resolved not to die by the triumphant power of consumption and its concomitant ills, but at once to enter upon such a conflict with the insidious destroyer as either to break his hold on my vitality or to take the victory out of his grasp by falling under the effects of my own desperate experimentation.

Yet, in all this mental agitation, in which I sought, as never before, to penetrate the secret archives of man's fearful and wonderful organism, not one thought of drug medication entered into my conceptions while thus seeking after some remedial process or agent capable of meeting the emergency of my case.

I knew from my brother's recent experience that drugs could accomplish nothing in such an extremity; and consequently my whole scheme of organic reconstruction aimed solely to aid and abet the physical laws of my being, thereby to counteract, if possible, the work of disease and destruction going on in my system. And with the most penetrating mental effort of my whole life, I thought I saw that the only way to counteract these rapidly cumulating inroads of dissolution was by some means, as stated in Part I, to supplant in the circulation the disease-bearing germs which were