

wife is dying in Dublin this week. Pass the toast."

I did not know what to reply. But there was no need, for he had passed on instantaneously to a new ingenious notion of his, that everything was a brain, that molecules were brains, that we were aggregations of tiny brains, that the world was a huge brain with us as parasites upon it, and that the universe, made up of brains, was nothing but a mighty brain itself. He could think of nothing else till supper was done.

Then, when the housekeeper had cleared away the supper things, he went to the cupboard and pulled out two long narrow stands, each holding a dozen liqueur glasses. "My own idea," he explained, and proceeded to place upon the table one by one a dozen different bottles of liqueurs—Chartreuse, Benedictine, crème de menthe, anisette, cherry brandy, and several with fantastic names of his own invention. "Let us drink each liqueur to a different genius," he said. "Chartreuse for Alexandre mon cher Dumas, Benedictine for the noble Balzac, cherry brandy for Fielding, anisette for Sterne, crème de menthe—dull stuff, crème de menthe; we'll drink crème de menthe; to—to—to Samuel Richardson. He'd have thought it so naughty."

There was a curious point about this man. He loved the bravery and show of conviviality,