

sounded like thunder. He did not remember just how he had come to this decision, but it was unquestionably very decent of Ellison to clear out and leave things so much to his guest's convenience. It would be awkward for Ellison that the guest should be picked up from the floor of that particular surgery. It was a curious use to put his house to, the first time he had ever entered it, but that, after all, was a minor matter—the talk of a few days—nothing more.

Now he seemed to have arrived at that point where everything had been thought out; so, throwing back his head, he jerked his palm with its tiny pyramid sharply against his mouth. Instantly came a tingling of tongue and palate, followed by constriction and soreness of the throat. He leaned over and ran a trembling finger down Woodman's article. "Yes, that was quite right. What a sound chap he was, this Woodman."

Soon, just as Woodman stated in the same paragraph, his lips became numb and he was conscious of a deadness creeping all over his body. Then through this shot fiery twitchings of labouring muscles that fought against the slowly spreading paralysis of the sensory nerves. He followed it all down the page. Soon his heart began to throb intermittently, and he felt cold and clammy.

At this something rushed toward him out of the dark. He knew that, because his mind was quite clear, and wiping the sweat out of his eyes, he saw the bottle of digitalis and the needle. Slowly his fingers closed over them. What an infernal fool he was, after all! The *Volitic* had upset him more than