pare Kendrick's cat and Chandler's Madagascar lemurs? . . . Oh yes, it comes back to me. The old boy based the whole theory on one series of experiments"; and he reads again. "'Vide 245-6-7. Quain's Anatomy. Rigg's Artificial Stimulation of Reflexes,' "etc., etc.

And then all these carefully annotated books are dragged down from the shelves and he reads here and there, slowly—very slowly—while the others go on with their tasks.

"Honestly, Stone, I helieve it is just hosh."

"Do you, sir?"

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"Well, look here. It's very unlikely—to begin with; and why on earth should the left side, give more response than the right?... Thomas or Hihhert or Crane would put one straight. They have all heen working this ground. I am so horribly rusty. How can we find out? Can you suggest anyone, Stone? Do you think Reece could help us? It would save time if someone would tell us exactly what has heen done—bring us up-to-date, as they call it nowadays."

It is a week's work—a fortnight's work—three weeks' work off and on, swamping everything, hecoming the main task now—to settle and despatch old Kendrick's foolish cat. And after all, what is it—either way? What in the name of reason can the motor reflexes and snake hites have to do with the distribution of flora in the Tahiti archipelago, which was the line last month?

This is how it is done, outwardly. Assistants walk as in a maze, going hack down the parallel path: hack, back, almost to the door at which they entered, before the opening appears and they find a path that leads them forward—lucky, too, if this new path do not prove a no-thoroughfare.

But, inwardly, when the great thoughts are coming it would seem almost like this. Dr Wren has this theory as to the hest work of the great man in the leather arm-chair. He sits calmly presiding while the dead men work. Not otherwise could the intuition be explained. We are what the dead men made us. We are hound fast to the long hand-in-hand chain of our vanished ancestors; and in us the dead men's thoughts are