

when the doctor arrived he advised absolute rest. He said Millington's brain was not yet permanently affected, but that another such shock would be too much for him. He said that for the present we must humour him, and try to make him believe that the automobile was damaged beyond recovery. It seemed to have a soothing effect, and to aid his recovery I got into the car, ran it into the street, aimed it at a stone wall opposite Millington's window, threw on the high speed, and jumped to one side. One minute later the machine was afire, and half an hour later little was left of it but the metal parts, and they were badly warped.

Mr. Prawley came out when he saw the fire, and a look of the most fiendish joy glittered in his eyes. Never have I seen a man show such pleasure over the destruction of an automobile. His hatred of automobiles seemed to be endless and bottomless.

When I told Millington that his automobile was now in about as bad condition as