

told him he wanted. That was it. "Aconitine—symptoms—dose—etc." He remembered nearly every word.

Then he had a curious sensation of watching his own arm groping in Ellison's locker, taking out bottle after bottle and putting them carefully back, till it picked up a small flask of white powder marked "Aconitine." It seemed a natural thing to have thrown a pinch of it on the fire and marked its yellow flame. There came after that a suggestion that all was not complete. So he searched feverishly and found a vial of digitalis and a hypodermic needle. These he took to Ellison's desk, and placed in forbidding array. Now it was all arranged. There was only left to decide whether it was Blantyre or another Parkinson who sat and stared at bottled death and liquid salvation.

It seemed that he must have a few minutes to think. He listened nervously and went again to the window. There was no motor in sight.

He wanted to do the wise thing, the one that would pay in the long run. Life—the mere being alive—was of no particular value, but it had never yet been said that one of his people had funkcd it. There was that to consider. Furthermore, the only person who would really be affected was Stella, his sisters having married and settled down. So, putting his life in one hand and Stella in the other, he tried very hard to balance things up. The difficulty was that if he did live he had nothing more to offer Stella than what had been already offered, which was merely dust and ashes. If he did slide out now, she would take it very hard. But this