

you it's the simple thing that floors us all. You remember, Quaile, I took the doctor home from your place last night. He was all worked up over the case. He was stumped by Wilkins' reactions, as he insisted on calling them. When I told him about the affair in the cab and Carlton's death and all I knew and suspected, he got an idea. You see, it's his business to have ideas about drugs. He took me into his library and went through a lot of murderous books. Say, I never knew there was so much learning in the world. Finally he put his fingers together and said it might be hydrocyanic acid. He doped out a theory that the analysis has verified."

"That's dangerous and powerful stuff, isn't it?" Quaile asked.

"So powerful," McHugh answered, "that as much as you could put on a pin head would knock a man over like a fifteen-inch shell."

Quaile sprang up excitedly.

"I begin to see. It wasn't swallowed."

"Of course it wasn't swallowed," McHugh said.

Quaile struggled with his memory.

"It reminds me. When I was a freshman in college I tried to get a stopper out of a bottle. I've forgotten what it was labelled. The chemistry professor grabbed my hand and warned me never to uncork that bottle without proper precautions. I laughed and said I didn't intend to drink it. He laughed, too, a little uncomfortably, and said I