

with many drawers, and between the cupboards, just below the window, ran three stout shelves, on which one might see jam pots, bottles of chemicals, cardboard boxes, zinc trays with leaves and buds floating in slimy liquids, glass-prisons wherein poor little weeds were kept under anæsthetics during protracted operations, and what not fantastic, messy, and inexplicable. The fact was that Mr Burgoyne seemed to enjoy checking things, going over old ground with little ingeniously-contrived experiments, making good other people's work; and it was odd how often he made it bad. Like Darwin, he was not clever with his fingers, but he was surprisingly inventive and ingenious.

All this summer, as he played with his toys, plant tissues had formed the basis of his amusement. Morbid growths, light and heat as unhealthy stimulus, etc., etc., had seemed all his thought as he played with his toys, when perhaps all the time, if one knew, his real thought had not been of diseased plant tissue, but of diseased brain tissue. But, whatever he was really thinking of, he plainly derived pleasure from watching the manipulative skill of Mr Stone when set to work in the window. He stood as one spell-bound while Mr Stone cut microscopic sections, or rubbed his hands in delight as Mr Stone performed his task on the dissecting board and beneath the lens pithed out reticulated vessels, or separated membrane from wall in the minute stem of a dandelion or common groundsel. The young man's dexterous precision was really charming.

In the experiments themselves, Mr Stone's assistance proved invaluable. The gardener had brought his master half-a-dozen tender young seedling wall-flowers in pots, and Mr Burgoyne was subjecting *Cheiranthus Cheiri* to studied persecution: retarding, stimulating, poisoning, mutilating, remorselessly tormenting. One pot formed the stage of a marvellous toy, in the construction of which Mr Stone surpassed himself. The idea was to entomb the unhappy plant in a cardboard dungeon, or "a little ease," and hold it in darkness—save for one shoot, above which the sunlight was to be introduced through a paper