



A "DIFFERENT" STORY

WHETHER or no I am doing wisely in giving to the world a full and true account of the mysterious death of Fred Ryder may be open to question, but having given the subject the most careful consideration of which I am capable, and being sustained by the opinion of the dead man's wife, I am moved to reveal the stupendous facts of the immediate circumstances of the tragedy.

Fred Ryder was my brother-in-law and my closest friend. We had known each other from early boyhood, and, as the years sped, our friendship waxed to the full development of a complete understanding.

Ten years ago he married my only sister, Alice, and the bond of their mutual love had been tightened by the advent of their two children—John, now eight years old, and Annie, six. My brother-in-law had an income from real estate sufficient to provide him with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life.

Alice, too, has an independent income of her own, so Fred was wholly free to devote all his time to the study of applied science, particularly chemistry, which was his pet

subject.

Shortly after the birth of Annie the family went to reside in a house which had been built to Fred's specifications on a little estate he owned on the slope of Overlook Mountain in the Catskills. There was nothing remarkable about the house except in its prevailing feature of comfort, the work of housekeeping being reduced to a minimum by a host of electrical appliances installed by Fred.

The power for these was supplied from an immense turbine on a mountain river a few hundred yards away which operated a powerful dynamo, and this also furnished electrical energy in Fred's laboratory, which was located conveniently at the end of the garden in the rear of the house.

Situated as it was, the place, of course, was a little lonely, but the solitude appealed to Fred, for it insured freedom from interruption in his work. My sister, however, felt the lack of human companionship; and it was this, I believe, which actuated her and her husband in giving me a pressing invitation to come and live with them, an invitation of which I was glad to avail myself.

I speak, therefore, with intimate knowledge when I say that the family life of my brother-in-law and sister—of all of us, in fact—was one of almost unmitigated felicity. Up till that day, now nearly two months ago, when the dreadful blow fell, not a cloud bigger than a man's hand had appeared in that domestic heaven.

For a few months before the catastrophe we had observed that Fred became more and more absorbed in his work. Day after day he would spend all his time in the laboratory, remaining there until far into the night. My sister would have been alarmed at his complete absorption had I not reassured her.

I knew Fred well, with the less intimate, more detached, but more observant knowledge of a lifelong friend. I believed I saw in the abstracted eagerness of his manner that he was on the trail of some discovery. I did not pretend to him that I noticed anything unusual in his conduct, nor did I question him.

Often before I had observed him in moods of exaltation only a little less lofty than the one in which he was now soaring, and I knew that at such times he hated interference. So now, though he told me nothing—indeed, he rarely even spoke to me—I was not surprised, for I was well aware that I was quite unable to follow him into the intricate recesses of science where he stepped with confidence.

And then suddenly his manner changed. One morning he came down to breakfast, and was again to all of us the same unabstracted, normal Fred as of old. He looked haggard and wan, but he was in high spirits as he joked and laughed about commonplace things.

But though his manner was superficially the same, yet it seemed to me that there was a subtle, an indefinable, difference. To me he was more companionable than ever; to his wife and children he was even more tender than usual,

with now and then an unwonted wistfulness in his affection.

After breakfast he took John and Annie out with him to the garden, and Alice seized the opportunity to tell me she was very much worried about him. The night before, she said, he had left the laboratory and gone to bed much earlier than had been his custom of late. She could not tell the exact time, for she had been asleep, but she thought it was before eleven o'clock.

At midnight he had wakened her by rising in a state of excitement which he endeavored vainly to subdue, and as he dressed he had explained that there was an important phase of the work he was engaged on which he had overlooked, and that he could not rest until he had satisfied himself of the result of certain reactions.

She did not see him again till nearly six in the morning, and then he had returned cold, fatigued, and dejected. He had come and put his arm around her, sitting beside her on the bed, and kissed her with profound—almost solemn—devotion.

She had simply urged him to come to bed and snatch a few hours of sleep to relieve his nervous emotion. He had got into bed, and, although he could not sleep, he had grown gradually calmer, and when the first gong sounded for breakfast in the morning he had insisted on rising to join the family.

Looking out of the dining-room window which gave on the garden, we could now see Fred and the two children enjoying themselves in boisterous amusement around a bonfire he had built under the copper beeches near the laboratory.

He had gathered a great heap of dead leaves and twigs and set fire to it. As we watched, we were surprised to see him enter his workshop and emerge a moment later with an armful of scientific instruments, which he threw, recklessly on the pile.

Several times he reentered the

laboratory and came out again with his arms full of books, papers, and instruments which he heaped upon the blaze, to the shrieking glee of John and little Annie.

We attached no special significance to his action, he having many times recently referred to the antiquity and inefficiency of his scientific outfit, and we were satisfied that he was simply cleaning house in preparation for a more modern equipment.

During the next six days Fred retained his accustomed manner; he was himself again. Only one thing did we notice that struck us as a little strange, which was that after the morning of the bonfire he never again entered the laboratory. Most of the day he spent in his smoking-den, and after dinner, in the evenings, he would sit with me before the open fireplace in the dining-room, a baize-covered table between us, on which were a tantalus, a box of cigars, and a chess-board. Happy evenings they were to me, and I know they were happy, too, for Fred.

On the night of the sixth day, after he had checkmated me in the most brilliant game I had ever seen him play, he remarked casually to Alice and me that he thought he would go out for a tramp in the moonlight.

Alice did not oppose him, although I knew she always held such expeditions dangerous. As for me, I felt a bit chagrined that he did not ask me to go with him, but, feeling that he might want to be alone for a quiet meditation, I said nothing about it.

The following morning, as I was taking a pipe in the garden after breakfast, Peter, our chauffeur and coachman, brought me my letters. The superscription of one of these, I observed with a shock, was in Fred's handwriting.

I felt immediately that something was wrong; many little things in Fred's conduct which I had only half observed, or to which I had attached no importance, came crowding

on my memory.

In trepidation I tore open the letter, and this was what I read:

I know that the very receipt of this note from me will, to some extent, have prepared you for a shock. You may, indeed I know you will, believe me when I say that the only regret I have in doing what I am about to do is the grief it will bring to Alice and you. As for my children, they are fortunately as yet too young to be affected by this trouble, and there is none else for whom I care.

When you are reading this I will be dead. You will find my body lying beside the black pool over Echo Lake, near the summit of Indian Head Mountain. Break the news gently to my wife, and, when you have done this, give her the enclosed note.

All my affairs are in order. I have made you executor of my estate. You will find my will in the safe. I need not admonish you to take care of Alice and my children, you would do that in any case.

I enclose also two sealed copies of a memorandum—one for Alice and one for you—in which I set forth the awful, the sublimely horrible experience which befell me, and which has driven me to self-destruction. These are not to be opened until a week after the inquest, when my fate will have been forgotten by the gossips. I leave to Alice's judgment and to yours the question of making known the contents.

Remember me always as your affectionate brother,

FRED.

There is no need to intrude on the grief-stricken privacy of my sister. Peter and I went to the place indicated in Fred's letter. It was a small pool of semi-stagnant water. I knew the spot well, and often had admired the thick profusion of its broad fringe of sedge.

As we approached it now we were mystified to observe that the pool had dried up and that all around it the sedge and grass had been burned up and scorched for a distance of many yards. At another time this would have aroused in us the most profound astonishment, but our thoughts were diverted by the sight of Fred's body lying at the edge of the scorched

zone.

The head had been almost torn from the trunk by some disruptive force applied, apparently, within the mouth. But the extraordinary fact was that expert medical testimony at the subsequent inquest declared that the disruptive force had been produced by no known human agency.

I believe I have now told all the salient incidents in this case as they were observable to us who were so closely in touch with the central figure, and, having in mind the grave possibility, if not likelihood, of error creeping into the record were I to continue the narrative in my own words, I think it best to produce here the memorandum left by Fred exactly as he wrote it:

...

the fruit

Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

And it came to pass that I, too, did eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree—the Tree of Knowledge—and the veil was lifted from the mystery of this world's destiny, and I saw death and destruction. I have stumbled, or I have been led, into the hideous arcanum' of nature, which is chaos.

It is difficult for me, almost impossible, for I am but mortal, to tell you my story. An experience which transcends all human experiences defies description. But I will try. I must, however, disclose only so much as will set up the truth of what I relate. I may not be too precise, for that would be to defeat the very object for which I am about to immolate myself.

For months past I have been engaged on many scientific problems, chiefly of a chemical nature. The exigency of the times led me to conceive the possibility of being able to provide for the safety of our United States by presenting her with a potent instrument of

defense. The object I had in view was to produce an explosive substance which would be at the same time abundant, easy of production, altogether safe to handle, and available for all purposes.

You know that the prices of the ingredients of every known explosive have increased enormously since the outbreak of the European war. Some chemicals necessary to the manufacture of explosives, hitherto commonplace, are almost unobtainable, and others, being mineral derivatives, are monopolized by the countries in which these mineral deposits occur. But in any event, even in normal times, the manufacture or production of explosives is always costly.

The first object I had in mind was an explosive compound, the component parts of which would exist in superabundance, and the production of which would be cheap. My second object was safety—both before and after explosion. It is a point generally overlooked in discussing the ethics of the use of poisonous gas, that all explosives in common use give off gases which are either highly deleterious or poisonous.

In this sense they are all dangerous after use. Before use, they are all dangerous because there is none of them proof against either the fool or the foolhardy. To overcome this I aimed at producing an explosive which would give off no poisonous gases, and which would respond neither to severe shock nor to direct inflammation.

Finally, I wanted to make an explosive in which I could regulate both the rate and the resultant force of the explosion, so as to make it usable for every purpose.

All explosions may be regarded as processes of quick combustion, in which the residual gases are hundreds of times greater in volume than the original explosive. The only difference between combustion and explosion is in the length of time occupied in the disintegration.

When an explosive action has begun in any substance, the phenomenon is propagated throughout the whole mass by being reproduced from molecule to molecule. It is the rapidity with which this propagation proceeds that determines the nature of the consequent reaction, and it may vary from the rate of ordinary combustion to the inconceivably high velocity of detonation.

Roux and Sarrau were, I think, the first to differentiate between explosives and to divide them into two classes. These they called explosions of the first order, or detonations, and explosives of the second order, to which ordinary explosions belong. The detonation of an explosive, such as nitroglycerin, guncotton, or picric acid, is obtained by exploding with fulminate of mercury; and in this case the explosive substance is disintegrated almost instantaneously.

Ordinary explosions may be produced either by direct application of fire, or sufficient heat, or by a small quantity of gunpowder. It is this kind of explosion which takes place in firing a projectile from a rifle or cannon. In fact, such an explosion is the only suitable one for the purpose because detonating explosion would probably burst the breech.

The phenomenon of varying rates of combustion or disintegration may be observed sometimes in the same substance. You can, for instance, burn a stick of dynamite; you can also burn a bit of celluloid, but if you heat it and strike it with a hammer it will explode.

Guncotton, however, affords about the best example: When wet and closely compressed, guncotton burns slowly; if loose and uncompressed, it will flash off; if spun in threads, it can be used as a quick fuse; and dry guncotton can be exploded by a fulminate.

Many mixtures and compounds which are capable of explosion are less sensitive than those I have just mentioned, and require a very

powerful initial impulse to cause them to explode. Some of these substances, such as ammonium nitrate, trini-tronaphthalene; and potassium chlorate, were until recently regarded as non-explosive, because the method of exploding them had not been discovered. The explosiveness of potassium chlorate was, I think, first discovered at the fire which took place at the Kurtz works, St. Helens, in May, 1899, when 156,000 kilograms of the chlorate, which up till then had been regarded as a combustible merely, exploded with terrific force, bringing death to unwitting bystanders.

Many years ago, acting on the assumption of the universal applicability of the hypothesis of evolution, I had begun to study the chemical elements with a view to finding out the nature and course of the evolution taking place in these elements themselves. Collaterally with this there was another problem which I regarded as the main object of my investigations. It is not necessary, nor is it advisable, for me to do more than outline this problem.

It was suggested to me a long time ago by an address delivered by Ramsay, and it had to do with the discovery or isolation of the primal or fundamental element in all matter. I do not know whether I have actually succeeded in doing this, for my experiments have come to an abrupt, a terrible, ending; but a few days ago I did finally succeed in breaking up one of the most familiar elements into two more fundamental than itself, and it was this discovery which laid open for me, and for all of us, the path of absolute ruin. But I anticipate.

Meanwhile, I had synthesized a great number of unstable chemical compounds composed of elements readily obtainable. These, from their very nature, were, I knew, readily capable of disintegration, but I had hitherto failed to find a suitable impulse, or an

impulse sufficiently strong to effect the disintegration of any of them with explosive violence.

When, however, I did finally succeed in breaking up the element of which I have spoken into two more fundamental than itself, I found that one of these two, which I have named mortifier, effected the result at which I had aimed on some of the compounds I had synthesized, and on further investigation I discovered that this was due to the extraordinary affinity of mortifier for the hydrogen elements in those compounds. Its affinity for the hydrogen atom was so intense, so powerful, that the disruption of the whole mass took place with detonating violence.

Satisfied at last that I was on the right track, that I had practically achieved the object I had set out to achieve, I decided that night, not yet a week ago, to make this a pausing place in my labor.

For many weeks day and night had ceased to have any special meaning for me. I had prosecuted my research restlessly, relentlessly, snatching now and then an hour or two of fitful sleep. I had felt, I had known, I was on the right trail. As game is to the pointer, so had my quarry been to the distended nostrils of my intellectual being.

As a weasel pursues the hapless rabbit, so had I followed fast and ever faster the elusive object of my chase, until at last I had caught up with it, grappled with it, and beaten it to subjection. I felt the fierce, primitive, passionate triumph of the hunter. But, over and above all, I felt the intense pleasure which attends alone the fruitful exercise of the rational faculty.

Yes, to-night I would go to bed early. Although it was not yet eleven o'clock, I had become quite drowsy, which was not to be wondered at, I reflected, considering the severe strain to which I had been subjected for so long. So I wrote down rapidly a few notes in a manner unintelligible to any one but

myself. These I locked carefully in my bureau, and then, as a final precaution, I double-locked the door of my laboratory, and stepped out into the garden.

The night was chill and clear, and a million eyes of heaven peered down upon me with the calm serenity of infinite mystery, as if to chide me for the pride I had taken in wresting one little secret from reluctant nature. Chastened by this thought, I entered my house, went up straight to my room, and crept into bed beside my wife, who was already asleep.

For a moment I thought of waking her to tell her of my discovery, but she being so sound asleep, and I being so jaded in mind and body, I postponed that sweet pleasure till the morning.

And now, how can I, who am no writer— I, who am ever conscious of the clumsy awkwardness of my literary expression—hope to tell you through the medium of the written word the infinite horror of the tragedy which befell me that night?

On going to bed I had fallen quietly asleep, but my mind could not detach itself from the problems on which it had labored so long and actively. I know that I dreamed long and wearily, but I remember definitely only the final portion of my dream.

I seemed to have marched in a long night tediously over an arid desert until I came to the edge of a precipice whose depth my vision could not penetrate. Still as I stood gazing out over the void, it seemed to me that I saw a little star shoot forth from its celestial setting and approach me; and as it came nearer it grew into a huge, blue ball of intense brilliance, becoming bigger and bigger until at last it burst into a glorious spray of surpassing splendor, illuminating by its glittering refulgence the surrounding waste. In an instant I saw that I stood at the edge of the earth beyond which there was naught.

I awoke. Calmly I awoke, and my

opening eyes again met the cold, mysterious scrutiny of the unlidged eyes of heaven.

And, as I looked, there came to me as if from an immeasurable distance a wail of infinite pathos—such a wail as might arise from the souls of a myriad unconceived babies sighing for existence. Whence and from what the wail came I do not know. I heard it only for a moment, and then it was lost in the slow and churchyard tones of the great hall-clock striking the hour of midnight.

Suddenly I sat upright as if electrified, every nerve and muscle in my body racked and taut in a paroxysm of terror. I felt—I could almost see—the hideous specter of an infinite, black doom crowding in on me as if to overwhelm me. Choking with dread, I craned forward eagerly to clutch at something—anything—to take hold of an object fixed and tangible. For a thought—Oh, God, what a thought!—had seared itself into my soul and left me numb with horror!

Many a time before in a dreary vigil of the night had I been stricken with a vague, an indefinable, terror. This I remembered now; and I remembered, too how the first glimpse of russet dawn had soothed my weary spirit, and with the remembrance I felt a little easier.

The thought I had conceived, I argued, was monstrous, impossible. Such a thing could not be. Yet, I could not remain one moment longer abed. I felt I could not put off for a minute the absolute proof to myself that my thought was nothing but an hallucination.

I arose, therefore, at once. And as I did so, my wife awoke, and, while I dressed I explained to her, in as quiet a manner as I could assume, that I wished to test the effect of a reaction which I had overlooked in my researches.

My heart bled for her, my darling Alice, in pity for the extreme worry which I knew my ill-concealed excitement and unusual conduct would arouse in her, and I

felt inexpressibly grateful to her for the implicit trust she had always placed in me, no matter how eccentric my actions might appear.

Fully dressed, I left the house, and, walking down the garden, the bracing, nipping air of early winter whipped me into renewed vigor. Collected now in mind, and refreshed in body, I entered the laboratory, turning on the switch as I closed the door carefully behind me.

Taking up a test tube, I walked over to a water-faucet and allowed a few drops to trickle into it. Under the full light of a Tungsten lamp I dropped carefully an infinitesimal quantity of *mortifier* into the water in the tube, and the water flashed of almost instantaneously!

Repeating the experiment, this time will a few drops of water of normal salinity, I introduced once more a particle of *mortifier* into the water; and the result was, as I had anticipated, not a flash but an explosion, which shattered the test tube in my trembling fingers!

To describe my sensations at this moment would be wholly impossible. There are no words in any language to describe them, for no man had yet conceived the infinite import of my experience.

Rooted in sublime dismay, I stood there in horrid contemplation of the destiny of the world as revealed in the fragment of broken glass gripped tightly in the fingers of my outstretched hand.

I do not know whether I have yet made clear to you the reason for my utter perturbation. Remember I have told you that I had found that the substance *mortifier* had an extraordinary affinity for hydrogen. Its affinity for this element was so great as to disrupt with extreme violence the water molecule, made up, as it is, of two atoms of hydrogen with one of oxygen, and the violence of this disruption was such as to propagate its influence through

the whole mass of the water.

More than this, I knew from the inherent nature of the reaction that its violence was, within certain limits, commensurate with the salinity of the water on account of the sodium element in the salt. In short, I had achieved what I had set out to achieve. I had discovered an explosive, abundant, easy of production, and of such a nature that I could regulate the force of the explosion—and that explosive was water!

How long I stood in contemplation I cannot tell, for the notions of time and of eternity had already blended into each other and become indistinguishable. But as you would measure time, I stood there as if petrified for probably only a few minutes.

And then a faint ray of hope that this chalice might yet be removed from my unwilling lips pierced the blackness that encompassed me. It was possible, I thought, that though an explosive effect had been produced by *mortifier* on a small quantity of water, yet the reaction might not take place where the quantity of water was very great. Urged by this faint glimmer, I resolved to put the question immediately to the test of actual experiment.

Far up on the flank of Indian Head Mountain there was, I remembered, a pool of stagnant water formed by the rain in a cup of the hill. The pool was isolated, and, after the week of drought which we had just had, I knew that the earth all around it would be quite dry. Here, I decided, would be just the ideal place for the momentous experiment.

Taking a minute quantity of *mortifier*, I incased it carefully in a soluble capsule, making the capsule of such thickness that it would take about ten minutes to dissolve in cold water. Then, donning a light overcoat and a cap, I locked the door of my laboratory and went out into the night.

Walking as quickly as I could, running even where the ground permitted, I breasted

the slope of the mountain, and, aided by the clear light of a crescent moon, arrived at last, panting, at the side of the pool. It was then two o'clock.

As I stood there for a moment with open mouth to take breath, I could feel and hear in my throat the throbbing of my overstrained heart. Knowing that no living thing, save, perhaps, a few small animals, would be in the vicinity at that hour of the morning, I lost not a moment, but took the capsule of mortifier from my pocket and placed it carefully in the water at the edge of the pool.

Then I walked to a knoll a few hundred yards away, from which I could have an unobstructed view of the pool should anything happen.

Nor had I long to wait before something did happen!

From the spot where the pool lay there rose up into the highest heavens a column of blue flame of miraculous volume which almost scorched me with its intense heat, and all around me there were innumerable cracklings and minor explosions; and I felt my face and hands bedewed by a mist of reformed water vapor—produced, as I knew, by the recombination of the dissociated hydrogen and oxygen elements set free by the initial flashing of the water in the pool.

As I have said, the initial effect of the *mortifier* on the water was a flash; there was only wanting the presence of the sodium element to have produced an explosion.

Aghast with terror, I cried aloud in the night and fell upon the ground in a transport of unutterable woe. Who was I, or what was I, that fate should have singled me out from the uncounted human beings of the earth to be the fortunate recipient of a secret so titanic? Blind fool that I was! But a few hours before I had prided myself on “wresting one little secret from reluctant nature.” But now I knew that I had been made the luckless victim of a

monstrous confidence, thrust on me by a ruthless nature only too terribly eager to impart it.

I, who had believed myself to be a free agent in my investigations, had penetrated a forbidden mystery to my own undoing. I had discovered a substance of such hideous potentiality as to invest me with all the attributes of a malignant god of destruction!

Lying prone upon the ground, my mind grasped gradually more and more fully the vastness of the awful secret, until at last the full truth swept over me with cataclysmal effect. Only to step to the seashore—to cast a particle of *mortifier* on the moving waters—and in a moment the earth would be a nebula. Like Lucifer of old, roaming with his legions through the trackless universe, so, too, could I, in imagination,

. . . behold the throne  
Of chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful deep! With him  
enthroned  
Sat sable-vested night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign.

For some reason I now became tranquil. I do not know why or how this was so, but I think it was due to the sublime, if Satanic, grandeur of my reflection. Rising up, I essayed to walk back to the pool, but the ground around it over a wide zone was still so hot that I could not come near it. This did not trouble me, however, for I could realize well enough what there would be to see, so I bent my steps toward home, where I arrived about six o'clock in the morning.

As to the course of action I would follow, my mind was now fully determined. Plainly I could not live. It would be impossible for me to go my accustomed rounds as if nothing had occurred. Such a secret as weighed on me would, I knew,

inevitably bear down upon me and crush me with its intolerable burden. I might of course, for a time preserve my counsel absolutely within myself. But the time would surely come when I would be driven to madness, and, in that condition, what might not I do?

And, even if I were able by superhuman force of will, to preserve my sanity, how could I provide for the possibility of falling sick, or meeting with an accident, and subsequent delirium blurting out the whole facts of my infernal discovery? No, there is no way out for me, but to die.

But before I should die, it was necessary for me to remove all vestiges of my researches. You remember that morning after breakfast when I brought the children out with me into the garden, and danced with them around a bonfire of my books, instruments, and papers. That was the first part of the holocaust offered up for the safety of the world—a sacrifice that is now complete in my own immolation.

The philosophy, the fundamental knowledge of the world and of the destiny of the human race has been revealed to me. I see now that we are but the playthings of nature—a picture puzzle—a set of blocks, provided for her amusement. Already she has completed one design of which she has become weary, and, like a wanton child, she is crying to have the blocks jumbled up again to begin another picture. The world is but as a drop of water which condenses in the air, falls to the earth, and, in the passage, becomes tenanted by countless organisms. Then the sun dries up the drop. The organisms are no more. And the eternal cycle goes on forever.

Sometimes I have felt tempted to use my knowledge for my own aggrandizement, to exercise my power, or, rather, to use the threat to exercise it to impose my will up the world.

Compared with my power, what would be the strength of potentates, princes, kings, or

emperors? At my word wars would cease, or be enacted with ten-thousandfold ferocity. I had nothing to do but to prove, to demonstrate, the efficacy of my terrible secret, and from a houseboat on the Hudson I could dictate my pleasure to the world. I could crush the human race in absolute bondage. To tell with the thought!

But this I believe, of this I am fully convinced, that somewhere, soon, some one else, if not many others, will stray along the path which leads to destruction. Man is afflicted with the curse of reason, and many men are using that reason in a manner and in a direction which will lead with certainty to ultimate total disaster.

There are, I know, scores of chemists

on the face of the earth who are engaged in just such a pursuit as I followed. It may be a year, it may be a century, but the day of wrath—that dreadful day—is fast approaching.

And now I go from you. To-night I will go up into the mountain beside the pool where the final proof of my damnable experience was established. For a sentimental reason I would like to die there and, besides, I want to give myself a final demonstration.

I will take with me a small soluble capsule containing the last particle of *mortifier* now in existence. This I will put in my mouth as I sit beside the pool, and I will then fill my mouth from a flask of salt water. That will be the end.