



IGLES VERNE'S TOMBSOME AT AMIENS
PORTRAYING HIS IMMORTALITY

AMAZING STORIES

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Our Cover

This month depicts a scene from the story entitled, "The Octopus Cycle," by Irvin Lester and Fletcher Pratt, in which the small group of natives, headed by the American scientist and a Frenchman, are fleeing from the scene of battle against a highly organized army of enormous animals of the mollusk order. Several of the natives are caught up in the tentacles of the octopuses, only to vanish almost instantly.

In Our Next Issue:

THE GOLDEN GIRL OF MUNAN, by Harf Vincent. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Hatred, or a lust for revenge, also enables a person to perform wonders. What a very few scientists, excited with a small group of radicals, finally invent on a small island off in the uncharted seas, is graphically told by our new author, who not only has a vivid imagination, but, being an engineer of high standing, has an adequate amount of scientific knowledge from which to draw.

BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN'S SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURES, by Hugo Gernsback. Mars, according to most scientists, is an almost inexhaustible source of interest, and our friend, the Baron, being avid for interesting information and experiences, and having a knack for learning everything worth while knowing, continues, in his own manner, to tell us about the cities of Mars and how the planets look, as seen through the powerful Martian telescopes. He also advances an entirely new theory as to how the Martians might make life bearable on their desert planet.

THE BLUE DIMENSION, by Francis Flagg. Of course, you will remember Mr. Flagg's past stories, "The Master Ants" and "The Machine Man of Ardatbia." In "The Blue Dimension," he has produced a real thriller. Here he takes us to another planet; a different world, and it is a most convincing story, too. Don't miss it, by any means.

THE INVISIBLE MAN, by H. G. Wells. While there have been many battles fought in our Discussions Department as to certain "Weird" stories, the editor makes the prediction that "The Invisible Man" will be acclaimed by all of the readers of **AMAZING STORIES**. "The Invisible Man" no doubt is a scientific story, plus. It is one of those stories that is well nigh perfect. Of all the "invisible" type of stories ever written, anywhere, we unhesitatingly say this is the best and by far the most scientific.

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DR. BRITTLESTONE'S METHOD

by Samuel M. Sargent Jr.

Author of "The Telepathic Pick-Up"



WHEN Dr. Aro Brittlestone came through the door of my inner office I had the impression of a bull charging in at me. Brittlestone was an inch or two above six feet in height, big boned, and big framed. His skeleton would have delighted the eye of a bone specialist, or so I imagined from the outer appearance of the man. This structure carried a maximum of flesh, and a minimum of fat. He weighed over two hundred pounds, all solid, hard bone and muscle. He was a crudely constructed man from his huge feet to his coarse, black hair, and there was a common strain in him that had been but thinly concealed by his education, his advent to a society that was above him, and the better environment that success had given him. He had acquired by hard work and driving ambition an ease of manner and a pseudo-refinement that were really to his credit.

I had never met Brittlestone until the day he entered my office, coming without appointment, pushing his way in past the attendant and a whole roomful of my patients. But I had heard of him long before, when his sanatorium in the Mendalato Mountains had gained some fame, a fame that had never waned, and that was even now steadily increasing. He himself seemed to be a quite skillful physician, and the many who had come under his care were only too ready to speak a good word for the sanatorium. He catered to the extremely wealthy. I understood, but he kept a certain number of charity cases always, some ten or twenty. In the six years that his sanatorium had been in existence, he had, I imagine, put away quite a sum; he maintained a place in society, a place he had carved out for himself by sheer force and lavish expenditure. He was known in his circle, I believe, as generous to prodigality. Yet I never saw a man who looked so avidly on money.

The morning I met him, when he loomed so huge in the doorway, had promised to be a particularly busy one for me. I glanced up in annoyance at his abrupt entrance, but Brittlestone apparently failed to notice my attitude.

"Dr. Strang?" he asked heartily, his thick lips parted in a smile. He came to a pause, close before me, and gazed down from his commanding height with cordiality in his small eyes. "I'm Brittlestone of Happy Lane in the Mendalatoes."

Content that this was introduction enough, and evidently certain that his name was a familiar one to

me, he thrust forth a hand that much grooming had failed to make attractive. After a moment of hesitation, I shook hands with him, invited him to be seated, and waited questioning and none too cordially to learn his mission. He dropped into the chair, crossed his legs, and puffed once on his huge, black cigar. This was the only time that I ever saw him without the cloak of cultivated, watchful dignity that had almost become a part of him. Perhaps his lapse into a coarse self-sufficiency on our first meeting tinged my whole opinion of him, and overshadowed later impressions that would have been more pleasant.

"Fine spring we're having, isn't it?" he remarked, evidently in no hurry to state his object, and unconscious that he was taking up time that I could better have devoted to my practice. Thereafter he rambled on casually upon unimportant subjects until I was in an excellent murder mood.

But there was a fascination about the man that almost reconciled me to the lost time, and prevented my brusquely terminating the interview. The ruggedness of him, his huge bulk, and the stark coarseness of every feature made a striking ensemble, with the veneer that he had acquired. I noted particularly his very peculiar eyes. They were almost hidden by huge under-lids, until they gazed from small slits that scarcely revealed the deathness of the iris, and the lacklustre light of the pupil. His carefully trimmed, black Vandyke beard was thin so that the outlines of his chin showed through.

Brittlestone, as he talked along, was studying me, too. I had the feeling that from their flesh burrows those dull-lit eyes were reaching out, taking every impression of me, and storing them away in an alert, active brain.

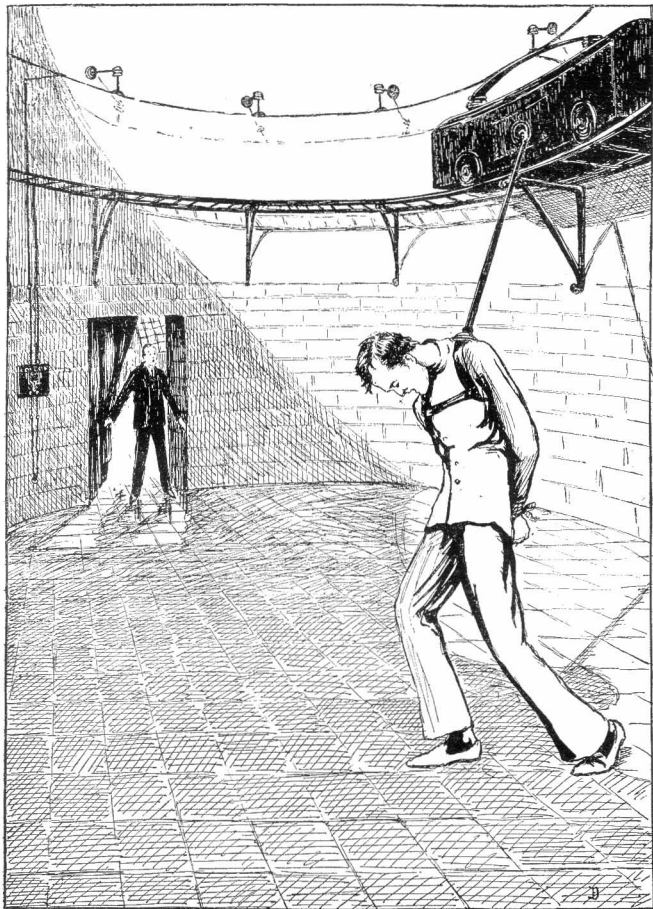
Whether impressed with my impatience, or rebuffed by my monosyllabic replies, Brittlestone presently lost his ease of manner, and became obviously embarrassed. Abruptly he rose.

"Well, doctor, I'm afraid I've taken up too much of your valuable time, and I humbly apologize, but when I started up here to see you, I had a certain proposition in mind." He hesitated. "It—well, it really was nothing vital, and hardly warranted my intrusion. Something I shall broach to you at another time perhaps. Perhaps I'll be in, and see you sometime again soon."

"Do so," I replied, shaking his hand.

He stood hesitantly a moment, seemed about to add

HERE is another story by Samuel M. Sargent, Jr., who comes rapidly ahead as an authority in scientific fiction. The thoughts contained in this story are certainly not only most unusual, but the science is extraordinarily good. You will not know until the final ending just what happened, and you will find the ending bizarre and amazing enough. A most excellent story throughout.



Then I stared in amazement. A man, lagging of step, was circling the room. His hands were manacled behind him. He was apparently worn out, and now and again he sighed in agony. His head was drooping, his face lined with fatigue . . . I saw that he was held up by a harness that was strapped to his shoulders, and that this harness was fastened to a motor on a high track on the wall. . . . The man, pulled on ward by it, was forced to walk continuously.

something, then abruptly turned away, and let himself out of the side door. I stared thoughtfully at the translucent pane as his shadow left it, and I felt somewhat baffled and curious at his visit. Then other matters swept away speculation on the incident.

It came to my mind several days later, when I was called upon to treat one of my oldest, and certainly wealthiest, patients, James Hart, the packer. Mr Hart had, for the past year, been suffering from digestive disorders, and I had repeatedly advised him to go to a sanatorium, but without effect. He had never been inclined to accept advice. Indeed, he had forged through to his great monetary success on his quality of flouting it. But whereas in the financial world he had been rewarded for his independence, in this case he paid dearly.

I HAD a call from the Hart home. I found Hart in bed, his face rather anemic, his eyes droopy. He smiled up at me feebly, and there was a depondent note to his voice.

Although Hart's social sphere was removed from mine by some millions of dollars, we were close friends, and had been since the years-ago time when I had been a student of medicine, and he had earned his living as a clerk in the packing house he now owned.

"Hello, Tom," he said. "It's got me down good this time. Same old trouble. I'm afraid the Lord didn't give me a very good stomach."

"Not at all," I returned severely. "Your stomach's all right, or would be if you gave it any chance at all. You wouldn't have had this attack, if you had taken my advice. Your whole system needs toning up, Jim. A couple of months at a sanatorium would set you up as fit as a fiddle. All you need are regular hours, regular meals, and a proper diet."

"And if I don't go?"

"Well, if you don't go—I'm afraid you'll be a pretty sick man, Jim."

He considered a moment.

"That's what Doc Brittlestone said," he returned.

"I was talking to him yesterday. He told me he was a friend of yours, Tom. Fine man, isn't he? I only met him a week ago, but we're good friends already. Met him out at the Benvo Club. He's an excellent golf player. He gave me an examination yesterday—not in a professional capacity—but just when he heard I was sick, you know. He agrees that unless I go to a sanatorium, I'll be in bad shape. He suggested that I come to his place. That's one reason I called you, Tom. I wanted you to take another look at me, and if you still thought I needed the treatment, I wanted to ask you what you think of Brittlestone's sanatorium."

"To the best of my knowledge, it is all right, if you wish to go there," I replied, a trifle stiffly. "I have never heard anything against it, and I have heard some good reports upon it. You know, Jim—I've named it often enough—that I always advise East Lake Sanatorium. I've recommended it for years, and have never had a complaint on it. I know that it is excellent in every respect. I still advise it to you, Jim. But if you prefer Dr. Brittlestone's, why, as I said, I know nothing against it. But the main thing, man, is to go

to one of them immediately. I'll guarantee that a couple of months will work wonders with you."

Hart shifted his position, and laid his head back wearily on his pillow.

"Well, I'll sleep on it. In the morning, I'll make arrangements to go to one of them."

Content with this promise, I left. I was somewhat chagrined at Hart's having accepted the services of another physician, even though it had been only in a "friendly" way. While he naturally had the right to gain all the medical advice he wished, and to go to any sanatorium he desired, still my long connection with him as family physician and friend gave me, I felt, a right to more consideration than I had been shown. I might, at least, have been apprised beforehand.

Toward Brittlestone I felt an increasing dislike. He had, in a way, abruptly shouldered me aside, and taken a case away under the artifice of a friendly call. I had no doubt that he had deliberately cultivated Hart's acquaintance for the purpose of obtaining another wealthy patient for his sanatorium. I remembered his strange call upon me, and wondered what connection it might have with Hart. Possibly Brittlestone had intended to broach the subject of sending Hart to his own sanatorium, but had felt at a loss how to open the matter with me. I felt quite bitter toward Brittlestone, and vastly displeased with Hart, as I drove back to my office.

The next morning I received a message from Hart saying that he had decided upon Happy Lane Sanatorium, and would leave town that afternoon. What displeasure I felt at his choice was displaced by satisfaction that he had at last been prevailed upon to take proper treatment. After all, Happy Lane Sanatorium was fully as good as East Lake.

In the following several months I received regular letters from him, each cheerier than the one preceding. Four months after he had entered Happy Lane, I received the following:

Dear Tom:

I thought I would drop you a line to let you know that I shall be back in the city in two weeks at most. I am feeling better than I have for ten years. It is all due to Dr. Brittlestone. He is really a wonderful physician, Tom. And he is a wonderful man in every way. His kindness is unbounded. He has twenty charity patients here, and he attends them all personally. He seems more interested in them than in the paying patients even. His ambition is to turn Happy Lane entirely into a charitable institution, and he intends to do so as soon as he has money enough. Then he may build another place for paying cases. He is a dreamer and idealist of the highest type, and a wonderful man in every way. Besides my gratitude to him for saving me—and he assures me I would have been dead in a few months—I admire him and like him for his noble qualities.

The sanatorium is situated in a paradise. The scenery itself is an incentive to health and happiness. I have been—

It was a long rambling letter, with a care-free note that was remarkable in Hart. He described his activities with a zest and buoyancy that made me think longingly of vacation. He had been hunting and fishing, and swimming during the past week. He had been on long tramps in the mountains. He was a little complaining about the food. Brittlestone would not allow him enough, he said, and he was always hungry. His letter was filled with such things, but the excerpt I have quoted was that which most interested me. I felt no enthusiasm at his eulogy of Brittlestone. While my aversion may have been due in some degree to professional jealousy, I like to think that it was divination on my part of his true character. Whatever the cause, I read that paragraph of Hart's letter with distinct displeasure. Evidently, Brittlestone had over-emphasized the seriousness of Hart's condition, and played upon the hypochondriac instinct that is in all of us. Certainly he had not saved the millionaire's life. I began to see why Brittlestone's patients were so loud in praise of the sanatorium. Brittlestone appeared to me more and more as a wily money grabber, and possibly even a quack and scoundrel.

I WAS totally unprepared for the shock of the letter I received ten days later:

Dear Tom:

Probably you expected me to be home by this time. But I have suffered a setback in health. The day before yesterday when I rose, I felt very tired, although I had had a good night's sleep. All that day I felt as tired as though I had been without sleep for a week. Yesterday I felt worse fatigued than ever, so much so that I refused to get up. I slept all day, and night—steadily, only waking once or twice—but this morning I am no better. It is nothing serious according to Dr. Brittlestone. He says that I have auto-intoxication from wrong eating. But I have eaten only the prescribed diet. I am worried over my condition. I would like to have you come up, and give your opinion, as I think Dr. Brittlestone is mistaken in his diagnosis, and that I may be taking some virulent disease. Are these the symptoms of sleeping sickness? I wish you would come right up. I suggested this to Dr. Brittlestone, and he promised to notify you by letter, as the telephone here is out of order. But I thought I would write you myself to be sure you would come. I am having Brand mail this, as Dr. Brittlestone has forbidden my writing any letters or receiving visitors for the next few days. He fears that any excitement or exertion would be harmful. I hope you will come up, Tom, as soon as you can get started.

Hart.

Hart's letter alarmed me greatly. Such a sudden lassitude is often the prodrome of some serious disease. At Brittlestone's diagnosis I scoffed. At best it was no tribute to the efficiency of his institution. I started immediately for Happy Lane.

It is a good sixty mile drive, and I was the better

part of the day reaching the little mountain town of Harkinsville. Then a two hour climb up a winding canyon road brought me to Happy Lane Sanatorium, huge, towering, and white, with great green lawns, and many white out-buildings. Enclosing the extensive grounds was a high and ornate iron fence.

Within, the building was entirely of white tile, with spacious, gleaming halls that carried the very atmosphere of sanitation. But, as in all things Brittlestone did, this whiteness was more an appeal to impressionability than a factor toward health. White is known to have a harsh effect on the convalescent system. Much more beneficial is some restful color, preferably one liked by the patient. The office was magnificently but tastefully furnished, with really beautiful tapestries and rugs. Behind a mahogany desk sat a tall, lean, remarkably hard-faced woman. She glanced up at my entrance, and gave me a searching look.

As I approached the desk, she informed me with utter finality that visitors were allowed only upon Thursdays. Then she returned to her work. This reception incensed me greatly, inasmuch as she had not yet learned my object in calling, and since my medicine case must have told her that I was a physician.

"This is a professional visit," I said with severity. "I have a patient here, and have received a hurry call." "Oh, that is different," she returned. She paused. "Whom do you wish to see?"

"Mr. Hart. Will you kindly direct me to his room?" "You will have to see Dr. Brittlestone first. He is in his laboratory, Room 105. I will show you to it."

At that moment, Brittlestone appeared in the doorway. Upon seeing me, he started slightly, and a fleeting look of what might have been alarm, or annoyance, crossed his face. Then he advanced smilingly.

"Well, doctor," he said. "This is indeed a surprise. I had hardly expected you so soon. You received my message, then?"

Recalling that Hart had sent his letter surreptitiously, I nodded.

"Yes. Naturally I came at once. Have you any theory as to the cause of Mr. Hart's relapse?"

Brittlestone seemed nonplussed for a moment. He studied me sharply.

"I must confess, no," he returned slowly. "However, I think collapse would be the better word. Mr. Hart seems to be suffering from an excessive lassitude. Of course, I suspected immediately that he had had an acute attack of indigestion, and later I feared he might have developed some malignant disease. But I have given him a thorough examination, and can say that he is perfectly sound. So I am forced to believe that he is suffering from over-exertion. He did rather overdo it, too, doctor. Against my advice, you may be sure. The first day he rose from bed, he took a tramp of many miles. I am in error, of course, in having allowed him to over-ride me. But," Brittlestone smiled deprecatively, "he is a rather difficult man to oppose. Come, and I will take you to him."

Apparently perfectly friendly, Brittlestone chatted away as he led me down the wide, white hall. I gained the decided impression that he was neither puzzled nor alarmed over Hart, that he regarded his ailment as

merely fatigue. He was more interested in describing the sanatorium, which he promised to show to me as soon as I had seen Hart. Before the open door of a right wing room, he paused.

"He is in here, doctor."

I entered first, and as I crossed the threshold, I knew Hart lay on his back, his face in repose, his eyes closed. There was a weariness to his face that was already slowly fading. I had been in the presence of death too often not to sense it. Brittlestone seemed to realize it, too. There was surprise and alarm on his features. I crossed to the bed, and took up Hart's hand. There was no indication of pulse in his wrist, and the flesh was cold.

"What—what—" began Brittlestone in an excited voice. "Is he—"

"He is dead," I returned, facing him with an indignation that was perhaps not justified. "Where is Mr. Brand?"

"Why—" Brittlestone stepped to the bedside, and seized the dead man's hand. Then he let it fall. "Why, he must be around. I'll find him."

He left the room hurriedly. His odd behavior and great agitation struck me as exceedingly strange, and more in keeping with the reaction of a close relative than with a physician. He returned shortly with John Brand, Hart's secretary-lawyer. In the meantime I had examined the dead man carefully, and found no clue as to the cause of his death. As Brittlestone and Brand entered, I was examining the left arm of the corpse. I had found it dotted with the marks of a hypodermic needle. With a brief nod to Brand, I pointed these out to Brittlestone.

"Was morphine administered to the patient with your sanction, doctor?"

"Why, yes," returned Brittlestone hastily. "He was in frequent pain during the last week. He was utterly unable to sleep at night. I was forced to give him a quieting dose."

"I was not aware of that," I said, gazing sternly at the physician. "Nor did you mention it to me, doctor. What was the cause of this pain?"

BRITTLESTONE licked his lips nervously.

"I had failed to mention it because I thought you understood Mr. Hart's condition thoroughly. He was subject to violent headaches, a symptom of his frequent attacks of acute indigestion."

I gazed thoughtfully at Brittlestone, and he avoided my glance. I realized, of course, that he had lied. It was a clumsy lie, too, evidently spun on the spur of the moment. But I could see no reason for his falsehood.

"You say he was in pain?" I returned. "That you thought he was suffering from headache? Did you make no attempt to determine what was wrong? Do you administer drugs here merely upon request? There are a dozen hypodermic marks upon his arm. Had he not died as he did, you were in a fair way to make an addict of him, for you admit that you administered the drug only this last week."

"A dozen?" Brittlestone, evidently surprised, stepped forward, and examined the dead man's arm. "I administered it to him but three times."

"The nurse?" I asked. "Where is she?"

"Why," Brittlestone hesitated. "She left yesterday. That is, the one who has been in attendance the last month. I granted her a two months' vacation. The new one—she is around somewhere. Shall I call her?"

"No. She would be of no aid," I replied.

That there was something seriously wrong was evident. But each moment I became more puzzled. Brittlestone's attitude was certainly suspicious, and I began to suspect him of criminal activity, and even murder. It left me stunned for a moment, the possibility that Hart had been murdered. I dismissed the idea immediately. For if it was murder, what motive could there be? A physician does not kill his patients. Yet Hart's death had been suspiciously sudden, and his illness suspiciously unnatural. And Brittlestone said he had suffered intense pain, while in his letter to me he had described himself as only terribly fatigued. Another strange circumstance was the absence of any one in attendance on Hart.

As to the hypodermic marks, there was no evidence of death from morphine, nor indeed from any drug. Neither was death from any known disease indicated. Brittlestone's confusion concerning the hypodermic marks was suspicious. Also, thought I, he had lied about them. But his astonishment and dismay when we had found Hart dead had seemed genuine.

I was in an absolute quandary. The thought came that it might be suicide. Perhaps Brittlestone had told the truth, and Hart had simulated pain in order to gain the drug. But he had not died from morphine. And there were nine more marks on the arm than Brittlestone admitted. Perhaps Hart had bribed the nurse for the additional doses. Still, what was it that had killed him? I could think, at the moment, only that he might have committed suicide by injecting an air bubble into his blood stream, though this, of course, did not explain his lassitude. I faced my companions.

"Mr. Hart seems to have succumbed to an excessive fatigue caused by over-exertion," I declared. "But these extra ministrations of a drug of some kind raises a doubt that will justify an inquest. Will you kindly notify the coroner, doctor?"

Brittlestone's eyes flickered oddly.

"Certainly," he replied, and there was an eagerness to his tone. "I dislike, of course, having any question raised that will reflect on Happy Lane, but in this case I feel that it is necessary. I am sure that Mr. Hart must have bribed his nurse for added amounts of morphine, but it is evident that this did not cause his death. An inquest will establish that he died from natural causes."

With this formal speech, he left the room. I took advantage of his absence to question Hart's lawyer-secretary. Brand informed me that he had been with his employer constantly during the daytime, though he slept several rooms away.

"Were Mr. Hart's affairs in good shape?" I asked. "Did he have any troubles, financial or otherwise, that you know of? Any serious enough to have preyed on his mind?"

"No indeed, doctor. In fact, he was more free of entanglements than he had been at any time I handled

his affairs. There was not even a lawsuit pending against him."

"You had noticed no change in him mentally?"

"No—well, he did one thing I, personally, thought odd."

"And that?"

"Well, two weeks ago he drew a will leaving half of his estate to this sanatorium. But it was because of his gratitude at having recovered his health here. That was before his relapse, you know. He told me that Dr. Brittlestone was working wonders both with his sanatorium work, and in research. You know the doctor has a laboratory here, and he spends most of his spare time in it."

I WAS too overwhelmed for speech. Without a word to Brand, I stepped into the long hallway of the sanatorium, and walked slowly down it. I realized that Hart had been the victim of an infernally clever scoundrel, that this Brittlestone was as dangerous a man as had ever walked the earth. He had made Hart die a "natural death," a death due to some mysterious substance—some poison utterly unknown. I thought of Brittlestone's laboratory. I walked to Room 105. The door was unlocked. Quickly entering, I found myself in a well-appointed laboratory, replete with apparatus for physiological research. As I stood there, inspecting the room, fearful of Brittlestone's coming, I heard a sound. It was the faint footsteps of someone, methodical, weary, unvarying. It came from the left of me, evidently in the room next. I listened for several moments. The person in that room was stepping with a measured tread, never slowing up, never increasing his pace. I noted that there was a door opening into that chamber, and I stepped to it. It was locked, with the key in the lock. I drew back the bolt, and cautiously opened the door. Then I stared in amazement. A man, lagging of step, was circling the room. His hands were manacled behind him. He was apparently worn out, and now and again he sighed in agony. His head was drooping, his face lined with fatigue. Often he half stumbled as though about to fall. I saw that he was held up by a harness that was strapped to his shoulders, and that this harness was fastened to a motor on a high track on the wall. Evidently operated by electricity, the car made an endless round of the chamber. The man, pulled onward by it, was forced to walk continuously.

I leaped forward, and removed the straps from his shoulders. With a moan, he collapsed into my arms. The bolt continued to traverse the room, dragging the harness after it.

There came a sound from the doorway. Glancing up, I saw the huge form of Brittlestone, and farther back, Brand. Without a word, Brittlestone stepped back, slammed the door, and locked it. I heard a mumble of voices, a scuffling sound, and the crash of glass. A

moment later the door opened again. Brand came in, holding a revolver. His face was red, and he was breathing heavily.

"What's all this, doctor?" he panted. "Dr. Brittlestone acted like a madman. He tried to shoot me. I had a time getting the gun. Then he jumped through the window. I guess he's killed. He's lying out there on the cement."

Brittlestone, we found, was dead, his skull fractured. In his laboratory we found memoranda that fully cleared up the mystery of Hart's death. Hart had indeed died from fatigue.

Brittlestone had made discoveries in physiology that would have been much to his credit had he not turned them to the nefarious end he did. He had long studied the katabolism of muscular activity, and had succeeded in preparing a serum containing muscle fatigue stuffs, or rather, I gathered from his notes, the actual poisonous principle that induces fatigue. Among his memoranda were several pages torn from a work by Angelo Moss, the Italian physiologist. Certain passages, which were marked, I shall quote:

"I have now given a rapid glance at the toxic substances which are produced in the organism." "If these waste products accumulate in the blood, we feel fatigued; when their amount passes the physiological limit, we become ill." * * * and so long ago as 1887 I found that the blood of a fatigued animal is toxic, for if injected into another animal, it produces the phenomena characteristic of fatigue." * * * The idea that fatigue is a kind of poisoning resulting from products derived from chemical changes in the cells is not new. The physiologists, Pflüger, Preyer, and Zuntz especially did much to establish the basis for this opinion. But we are still at the beginning of our researches, and can say nothing as to the nature of these substances, and the question is so complex and so controversial that I shall certainly not attempt to indicate our present position with regard to it."

The man I had found a prisoner was one of the charity patients and from him Brittlestone had gained the supply of blood for his experiments. He had kept the man eternally walking, allowing him no rest more than was necessary to keep him alive. Recently Brittlestone had gone farther than the isolation of his poison from the blood of the wearied man. He had learned to synthesize the poison from organic substances.

Money mad, Brittlestone had made a business of playing upon the gratitude of his wealthy patients, gaining mention in their wills, and then murdering them with his serum. At least five, we learned, had met the same fate as Hart, but in their cases no question had been raised.

Had Brittlestone not killed himself, he would surely have hanged. As it was, three of his staff were convicted as accomplices, and sentenced to life imprisonment.