

## STRANGE STORIES FROM A MAGIC PEN

By  
H. G. Wells

(Continued, 198.)  
THIS again," said the bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, "is a preparation of a celebrated bacillus of cholera—the cholera germ."

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye.

"I see very little," he said.

"Touch this screw," said the bacteriologist; "perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that."

"Ah! now I see," said the visitor. "Not so very much to see, after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atoms, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!"

He stood up, and releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand toward the window.

"Scarcely visible," he said, scrutinizing the preparation.

He hesitated. "Are these—alive? Are they dangerous now?"

"Those have been stained and killed," said the bacteriologist. "I wish, for my own part, we could kill and stain every one of them in the universe."

"I suppose," the pale man said with a slight smile "that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living—in the active state?"

"On the contrary, we are obliged to," said the bacteriologist. "Here, for instance—"

He walked across the room and took up one of several sealed tubes.

"Here is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actual living disease bacteria."

He hesitated. "Bottled cholera, to speak."

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentarily in the face of the pale man.

He stopped abruptly.

He had been told rhetoric was his weakness.

"But he is quite safe here, you know—quite safe."

The pale-faced man nodded. His eyes shone. He cleared his throat, pressed. This man, who had visited him that afternoon with a note of introduction from an old friend, interested him from the very contrast of their dispositions.

The lank black hair and deep gray eyes, the haggard expression, and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic toro his visitor was looking at his patch.

"I had no idea I had wasted an hour of your time," he said. "Twelve minutes to four, I ought to have left here by half-past three. But your things were really too interesting. No, positively, I cannot take the most effective aspect of the stop a moment longer. I have an engagement at four."

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully.

"Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking water, say to these minute parts of his visitor. Certainly the man

clues of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the microscope even to see. "A morbid product, anyhow, and that one can neither smell nor am afraid," said the bacteriologist to himself. "How he gloated on these cultivations of disease germs!"

A disturbing thought struck him. "The cisterns," and Death—mysterious, untraceable Death, Death swift and terrible, Death full of pain and indignity—would be released upon this city, and go hither and thither seeking his victims.

"Here he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the

Down the street a slender man was getting into a cab. The bacteriologist, hatted, and in his carpet-slippers, was running and gesturing wildly toward this group.

One slipper came off, but he did not wait for it.

"He has gone mad!" said Minnie! "it's that horrid science of his!"

"Drive me up the road and round Havelock Crescent, and see if we can find a gentleman running about in a velvetine coat and no hat."

"Velveteen coat, ma'am, and no 'at. Very good, ma'am."

And the cabman whipped up at once in the most matter-of-fact way,

as if he drove to this address every day in his life.

Some few minutes later the little group of cabmen and loafers that collects round the cabmen's shelter at Haverstock Hill were startled by the passing of a cab with a ginger-colored screw of a horse, driven furiously.

They were silent as it went by,

end of the tube, and he drank that to make sure. It was better to make sure. At any rate, he would not fail.

Then it dawned upon him that there was no further need to escape the bacteriologist.

In Wellington Street he told the cabman to stop, and got out. He slipped on the step, and his head felt queer.

It was rapid stuff, this cholera poison. He waved his cabman out of existence, so to speak, and stood on the pavement with his arms folded upon his breast awaiting the arrival of the bacteriologist.

There was something tragic in his pose. The sense of imminent death gave him a certain dignity.

He greeted his pursuer with a defiant laugh.

"Vive l'anarchie! You are too late, my friend. I have drunk the cholera is abroad!"

The bacteriologist from his cab gazed curiously at him through his spectacles.

"You have drunk it! An anarchist! I see now."

He was about to say something more, and then checked himself. A smile hung in the corner of his mouth.

He opened the apron of his cab as if to descend, at which the anarchist waved him a dramatic farewell and strode off toward Waterloo Bridge, carefully jostling his infected body against as many people as possible.

The bacteriologist was so preoccupied with the vision of him that he scarcely manifested the slightest surprise at the appearance of Minnie upon the pavement with his hat and shoes and overcoat.

"Very good of you to bring my things," he said, and remained lost in contemplation of the receding figure of the anarchist.

"You had better get in," he said, still staring.

Minnie felt absolutely convinced now that he was mad, and directed the cabman home on her own responsibility.

"Put on my shoes? Certainly, dear," said he, as the cab began to turn and him the strutting black figure, now small in the distance, from his eyes.

Then suddenly something grotesque struck him, and he laughed. Then he remarked. "It is really very serious, though."

"You see, that man came to my house to see me, and he is an anarchist. No—don't faint, or I can't possibly tell you the rest. And I wanted to astonish him, not knowing he was an anarchist, and took up a cultivation of that new species of bacterium I was telling you of, that infest, and I think cause, the blue patches upon various monkeys; and like a fool, I said it was Asiatic cholera. And he ran away with it to poison the water of London, and he certainly might have made things look blue for this civilized city."

"And now he has swallowed it. Of course I cannot say what will happen, but you know it turned that kitten blue, and the three puppies—in patches, and the sparrow—bright blue."

"But the bother is I shall have all the trouble and expense of preparing some more."

"Put on my coat on this hot day! Why? Because we might meet Mrs. Jabber. My dear, Mrs. Jabber is not a draught. But why should I wear a coat on a hot day because of Mrs. ——"

"Oh! very well."

## THE STOLEN BACILLUS

was not a Teutonic type nor a common Latin one.

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A happy thought struck her. She hastily put her bonnet on, with her eyes ever intent on the

inimated back view of old George, who was driving her vagrant husband so incomprehensibly away from her.

The man in the foremost cab sat

crunched in the corner, his arms

rigidly folded, and the little tube

that contained such vast possibilities of destruction gripped in his hand.

His mood was a singular mixture

of fear and exultation. Chiefly he

was afraid of being caught before he

could accomplish his purpose, but

behind this was a vaguer but larger

fear of the awfulness of his crime.

But his exultation far exceeded his

fear. No anarchist before him

had ever approached this conception of his. Ravachol, Vaillant, all those

distinguished persons whose fame

he had envied dwindled into insignificance beside him.

He had only to make sure of the water supply, and break the little tube into a reservoir. How brilliantly he had planned it, forged the letter of introduction and got into the laboratory, and how brilliantly he had seized his opportunity!

The world should hear of him at last. All those people who had sneered at him, neglected him, preferred other people to him, found his company undesirable, should consider him at last. Death, death, death!

They had always treated him as a man of no importance. All the world had been in a conspiracy to keep him under. He would teach them yet what it is to isolate a man.

What was this familiar street?

Great Saint Andrew's Street, of course! How fared the chase? He craned out of the cab.

The bacteriologist was scarcely fifty yards behind. That was bad. He would be caught and stopped yet. He felt in his pocket for money, and found half a sovereign. This he thrust up through the trap in the top of the cab into the man's face.

"More," he shouted, "if only we get away."

The money was snatched out of his hand.

"Right you are," said the cabman, and the trap slammed, and the lash lay along the glistening side of the horse.

The cab swayed, and the anarchist, half standing under the trap, put the hand containing the little glass tube upon the apron to preserve his balance.

He felt the brittle thing crack, and the broken half of it rang upon the floor of the cab.

He fell back into the seat with a curse, and stared dimly at the two or three drops of moisture on the apron.

He shuddered.

"Well! I suppose I shall be the

first. Pew! Anyhow; I shall be

a martyr. That's something. But it is a filthy death, nevertheless. I wonder if it hurts as much as they say."

Presently a thought occurred to him.

She did not like it, but she felt

she was doing her duty. A little drop was still in the broken



"He has gone mad!" said Minnie.

his writing table. Then he felt last, and opening the window, would

it in his pockets, and then rushed have called after him,

to the door.

"I may have put it down on the lighting round, seemed struck with the same idea of mental derangement. He

"Minnie!" he shouted hoarsely in pointed hastily to the bacteriologist, said something to the cabman, the apron of the cab slammed, the whip swished, the horse's feet clattered, and in a moment cab, and bacteriologist hotly in pursuit, had receded

up the vista of the roadway and disappeared round the corner.

Minnie remained straining out of the window for a minute. Then she drew her head back into the room again. She was dumfounded.

"Of course he is eccentric," she meditated. "But running about London—in the height of the season, too—in his socks!"

Minnie went by in a perfect roar of applause.

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