

“Fire!” Let ‘er go!” shrieked Hillstrom, mockingly. He was plainly grinning a horrible death grin. It seemed to the witnesses. Corless cried: “Fire!” Five rifles spoke. Hillstrom’s body sagged down in the chair, then steel hit and stiffly, as his head snapped back on his shoulders. Physicists stepped quickly to the body, and one side and snatched a stethoscope.