

to expect a call for it until sometime tomorrow morning; but when I got there, he was already wanting me on the telephone. He said there'd been an accident, and told me to find Mr. Arlington first and then you, and ask you to come immediately."

"But why me?" Matthias asked, more of himself than of the driver.

"He did n't say, sir."

"Did he state what sort of an accident?"

"No, sir."

"You found Mr. Arlington?"

"No, sir; he was n't in when I asked at his hotel. But I left a message before coming on for you."

Matthias sat up with a start. Instead of turning up Broadway the man was steering his ear straight across Longacre Square. Before he had time to comment on this fact they were speeding on toward Sixth Avenue.

"Look here," he cried, "you're not taking me to Mr. Marbridge's home!"

"No, sir."

"But —"

"Mr. Marbridge had n't gone home when he telephoned me, sir."

"Where is he, then?"

"We'll be there in a minute, sir — an apartment house on Madison Avenue."

"Oh!" said Matthias thoughtfully. "Was Mr. Marbridge — ah — alone when you left him tonight?"

"I'd rather not say, sir, if you don't mind."

Troubled by an inkling of the disaster, Matthias composed himself to patience.

Turning south on Fifth Avenue, the ear passed Thirty-fourth Street before swinging eastward again. It stopped, eventually, in the side street, just short of the corner of Madison Avenue, before a private entrance to a ground-floor apartment, such as physicians prefer. But Matthias could discern no physician's name-plate upon the door at