

THE MAN UPON THE PAVEMENT 315

"My name—at least, the half of it."

"Mr. Alban Kennedy, shall we say? I have been looking for you for three days, sir. It is not often that I search three days for anybody when his house is known. Forgive me, it is not my fault that there has been a delay."

Alban knew no more than the man in the moon what he was driving at, and he thought it must be all a mistake.

"What's it all about, old chap?" he exclaimed, falling into the manners of the street. "Why have you been hurrying yourself on my account?"

"To give you this letter, sir, and to ask you to accompany me."

Alban whistled, but took the note, nevertheless, and tore it open with trembling fingers. He thought that he recognized the handwriting, but was not sure. When he had read the letter through, he turned to the man and said that he would go with him.

"Then I will call a hansom, sir."

The detective blew a shrill whistle, and a hansom immediately tried to cannon an omnibus, and, succeeding, came skidding to the pavement. The two men entered without a word to each other; but to the driver the direction was Hampstead Heath. He, wise merchant, demurred, with chosen phrase of weight, until a fare was named, and then lashed his horse triumphantly.

"My luck's in!" he cried to a friend upon another box. "It's a quid, if I ain't bilked!"

Alban meanwhile took a cigarette from a paper packet and asked his companion for a light. When