

We were recalled to practical matters by the imperious tooting of a horn up the road. One oncoming chauffeur naturally objected to the barricade of automobiles. Lanman and I alike dreaded the irruption of foolish curiosity-seekers. At a word from me he hustled the detectives into their respective cars, and got them straightened out. They were all ordered back to headquarters. All this happened within a few moments. I don't believe any of the detectives realised that the man was dead.

None of the engines had stopped and we quickly had the road clear. Lanman and I thought so much alike in this crisis that it was hardly necessary to talk. We got into the coupé with its ghastly burden and without touching it, sat down on the two little seats facing it. A glance at the police badge was sufficient for the chauffeur.

"Your master has had a stroke," I said to him. "Take us to his home as soon as possible."

Lanman nodded his approval.

When we got Mount's body to his rooms, we sent for his doctor, one of the most famous practitioners in town, also for the commissioner of police and for Mr. Walter Dunsany.

When the five of us were gathered together, we consulted, and finally put it up to the commissioner to decide what ought to be done in the interests of good citizenship. After listening to me, to Mr. Dunsany and to the doctor, all of whom felt the same, though for different reasons, he voted with us. We agreed that Mount had taken the best way