

manœuvres. It hovered as if undecided at Piccadilly Circus; then almost noiselessly threaded through the netted cross-traffic to spin on towards Pall Mall.

The white electric light was full now of silhouettes of men in evening-dress, who darted here and there alertly like small, dark fish in a great globe of sparkling water. Twice in the minute the motorist's hand was raised in invitation to someone whose eyes reached his across the chasm of roadway, but always with disappointing results. No one responded to his agreeable signals, and he arrived at the corner of Charles Street without stopping once.

In this quiet thoroughfare of respectable private hotels and better-class lodging-houses was drawn up an automobile, handsome enough to rival the red car. It was dark green in colour, and it stood silent and sad before a discreet-looking doorway—silent because the motor had ceased to throb; sad because, apparently, there was some malign reason for its silence.

The chauffeur, dressed in a smart but inconspicuous bottle-green livery with brown leather collar, had left his seat, opened one of the side doors of the bonnet, and was anxiously "tickling" the carburetter with his hand.

Christopher Race had not meant to enter quiet Charles Street, which, apparently, had nothing to offer him; but at sight of the car in distress he paused and gently swung round the corner from Regent Street. As he slowed down to pass the green car, the discreet door opened and a gentleman came out on the pavement.

He was dressed as an English gentleman should be when he is going to dinner on a winter evening in London; but, though he looked above all things a gentleman, he did not look like an English gentleman.