

## Would Put His Dreams to the Proof 315

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is very quick work. I mailed the note only twelve days ago," he said.

"What note? and what are you talking about?" asked his bewildered hearer.

"The note to you."

"I did not get any note."

"Then what the devil brought you here?"

"That is my own business, sir," retorted Hemming, angrily.

"Easy, easy, Herbert," cried the old man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for speaking to you like that," replied Hemming, "but I am in a nasty temper to-night, and I really can't make out what you are driving at."

"Granted, my dear boy; granted with a heart and a half," exclaimed Pollin. "But tell me," he asked, "do you mean to say that my note, advising you to come to London, never reached you?"

"That is what I mean to say," Hemming assured him. Suddenly his face brightened, and he leaned forward. "Why did you advise me to come to London?" he asked.

Mr. Pollin surveyed him critically. "We'll just sit down and have a drink," he said, "and then maybe I will tell you."

Hemming's curiosity was sufficiently excited to prompt him to comply with this suggestion. He