

not contradicted by his evident self-consciousness. His mouth—clean-shaven—gave him strength of character, and his eyes a sense of humour and high daring.

The electric globes lit his face with the fierce intensity of theatre footlights, revealing in it not one mean line. But it was not only the good looks of the driver that attracted attention; it was his extraordinary behaviour.

He sharply scanned each passer-by, as if searching the crowd for some lost friend; and whenever he caught the eye of a well-dressed man who might, from his appearance, have a good bank account and a correspondingly good position in society, up went the gloved hand of the motor-driver in evident invitation. At the same time he smiled and slightly lifted his eyebrows, so that his whole face seemed to ask a question.

Those who were thus appealed to took the invitation in varying ways. Some stared, some nodded and smiled nervously, as if wondering where they could have met the brown young man. Others frowned as though vexed with a stranger who dared to play a practical joke. A few half paused, then hurried on again, turning their heads ostentatiously away. A few more grinned foolishly, and continued to take in every detail of the fine automobile, from the fat tyres, which were noticeably new and unsoiled, to the unusually large, luxurious tonneau, with its glassed-in body, and the glittering bonnet which hid no fewer than six cylinders of latest pattern. But all were equally puzzled by the man's beckoning hand, which must mean either a mistake in identity or a doubtful taste in jokes; and those who saw the car twice, as it passed up Regent Street and down again, probably decided that the driver amused himself while he waited for someone who did not come.

But the scarlet mystery did not repeat its late