

23, GUNNER ROAD, WANDSWORTH 301

The professor paid no attention; or, at least, he did not get out of the way as requested.

"I play no tricks! I tell you I will cure him, and in one second! See, he is cured!"

Certainly something surprising had happened to the "chap of the name of Smith," between the front door and the ambulance. Apparently the professor had just touched his forehead with a tiny gleaming something which he held in his right hand. A shudder went all over the supposed madman—shudder after shudder. Then he stood up straight, and looked about him—in his right mind, confusion on his face, anger in his voice.

"What am I doing out here, rigged out like this? What game are you blokes up to? You wait a bit! I'll mark you!"

"John Smith" was Mr. Johnson, late porter at the mansions in which Mr. Cyril Wentworth had his flat. The professor turned to Mr. Banner.

"We are on the track of your Cyril Wentworth. It is he who has left his mark upon our friend here!"

Johnson caught part of what the professor said.

"Cyril Wentworth! who's talking about Cyril Wentworth? I've got a word to say to him!"

While the people, disposed to talk all at once, were gathering round Johnson, John Banner was knocking at the door of No. 23. Some one in the crowd called out to him—

"It ain't no use your a-knocking, governor. There ain't no one in that 'ouse; it's empty."

"In whose occupation is it? Does any one know?"