

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

free, and in no momentary danger of pursuit, I should have prophesied, on my part, that my soul would have been singing with joy as I walked along.

The truth was, however, that my case never had seemed so hopeless as at that moment. The very appearance of freedom that I had, seemed to mock me. So long as I had remained inside that wall, the other side of it had meant liberty to me. Now that I had succeeded in scrambling over, the whole affair seemed absurdly easy, while my present difficulties loomed mountain high.

After all, I was as completely a prisoner as before. I was as far from knowing who or where I was as I had been when I asked the question of the man at the other end of the bench. Of what lay at either end of the broad ribbon of the highway where I stood, I was as ignorant as a child of three. I was certain to be pursued, and for all I knew, the pursuit might at this moment be upon my heels.

In addition to all that, there came for the first time to my mind the thought—faint, remote, like the long-drawn baying note of a distant hound—that possibly, after all, I was mad! I, a man without a memory, a man who believed himself to be some one else, he knew not who! It might be that in climbing that wall and setting off