

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

"Now, off with you," said Dr. Berry good-humoredly, when my hasty toilet was completed, and he called to the guard.

"Show him all about the place. Don't bring him back for an hour. This air will be just the thing for him."

Once outside the building with the guard at my elbow, I paused for just an instant and sent up an unspoken prayer of thanksgiving. I was clad again, and I was out under the blue sky; and on the other side of that distant wall ran a highway that led to freedom.

Up in my little cell, under the eaves, the doctor was already engrossed with my laboriously scrawled "revelations." They would keep him busy for an hour at least; for the hour that I needed.

I turned to my guard and smiled a little. He was a burly, low-browed brute, with "thug" written large all over him; but that did not distress me. It was man to man between us.

He made no objection when I set out briskly across the lawn in the direction of the wood and the place where I knew the wall was. I noticed, though, that every minute or two he cast a cautious glance behind him. I dared not look, but looking was unnecessary. It could not have been apprehension that made him look back. After a