

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

back, by the way?—sent you here to be under our observation so that we might decide whether an operation were necessary or not. Do you remember it at all now? Does nothing come back to you?"

My first impulse was to laugh in his face. The man was not only lying, he was lying clumsily, desperately; for a second I was very near betraying the fact that I knew it.

Then, as suddenly as though a warning finger had been laid on my lips, I realized a little of the true peril of my position, realized that I could not afford to waste a single card in the game I found myself called upon to play.

"This sun is a little hot," I said vaguely. "I don't think I want to talk any more now. May I go to my room?"