

## THE CORDS TIGHTEN

you came here. It would be altogether extraordinary if you were to recognize the room or the building or any of our faces. But does nothing come back from beyond that time; nothing that happened before your accident?"

I shook my head dully.

"What did you tell me I was?" I asked.

I dared not look at him, but I was aware that he was uneasily balancing the probability of my having forgotten his clumsy lie of the morning, and the wisdom of taking this chance to tell me a better one. He decided against it, however.

"You were a man who did odd jobs; a house painter by trade, I believe."

"I saw some men painting from my window," I commented rather vacuously, but I glanced at him quickly enough to see in his face that he recognized a blunder in having put me in a room that overlooked these operations.

"Did you tell me my name?" I asked.

He was ready with one; he did not say "Smith."

"Andrew Meiklejohn." Then he added—and I could have throttled him for the sneer which I heard underlying his friendly, solicitous words—"Does that bring nothing back?"

I simply shook my head.

"And is there nothing in your mind at all; no