

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

I realized that my danger would be much greater after I had bought my ticket and had become a detached individual again in the crowd that was waiting for the gateman to open the door and let us out on the station platform. Well, there was nothing to do but to chance it. I had taken longer chances during the past twenty-four hours, when it came to that.

The man in front of me had reached the window. He laid down three dollars and a half, and said, "New York."

The sound of those two words gave me an immediate feeling of something near to joy. It was a place that I knew; I was sure of that. I had had no conscious knowledge of that name a moment before, but the mere sound of it lifted a little of the blank from off my past.

I shoved my own money under the grill, and was in the act of repeating the words myself, when the agent, without a glance at me, craning his neck to see beyond me, called aloud:

"Dr. Berry."

I swayed where I stood. Had I been able to command the mere physical strength for such an effort, I should no doubt have bolted; but, with my knees giving way under me, such a thing was clearly out of the question.

"Yes?" said the doctor interrogatively.