

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

the paper from the drawer, drew up a chair and settled down to write. It was a mere tissue of nonsense with which I covered sheet after sheet of that soiled, perfumed paper. I worked slowly, apparently with the greatest labor, for I meant not to finish until the sun was within an hour of where it had been yesterday when I had outlined the shadow of the casement on the sill with my thumb nail.

The excitement mounted higher and higher in my veins as the time passed. It was hard to wait; hard not to risk throwing my great chance away, out of sheer impatience, by putting my plan to the test too soon.

My greatest fear was lest the doctor should leave his post of observation, but I had calculated rightly. He had too much at stake to take any chances.

At last the hour had come. I rose from the table, looked suspiciously all about and listened. Then rolling my precious manuscript into the smallest compass possible, I went over to the bed with it. I turned up the mattress. The ticking was none too strong and my fingers were not to be denied. I had no difficulty in tearing a small hole in the underside of the mattress. Then, as if in a panic of fear lest I be interrupted too soon, I thrust the manuscript through the hole, put the bed