

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

Then, like a touch of the spur, rallying all my courage anew, there came the faint sound of a chuckling laugh from the other side of the door. In standing before the mirror I had again come under the observation of the man at the keyhole. The same bewildered, disappointed face which I had seen, he had seen, too.

I dropped down on the edge of my bed and buried my face in my hands. I heard footsteps tiptoeing away from my door, and then in a moment, as I half expected, returning noisily.

"Come in," said I, in answer to the knock.

It was the doctor, but this time the doctor with his manner all prepared. It was at once good-humored and patronizing.

"Well, my good man," said he, "I hope you feel no further ill effects from that warm June sun."

"No," said I, "I guess I'm right enough."

Then, by way of experiment, I shot a quick question at him.

"Is this my room, the room I have lived in right along?"

His face seemed to stiffen a little in its false mask of kindly humor.

"Of course," he said; "but you must not expect to remember anything about that. You have been, as I said before, only half conscious since