

MR. DUGGLEBY

probably have seen me, had it not been for the fact that I was standing in line. For the eye treats a long file of men, waiting as we were, with a common object, not as a series of individuals at all, but simply as a thing which will require a given time to pass a certain point.

The moment his glance had traveled over us without lighting on me, I regained my nerve again; turned quickly and held my place in the line.

Dr. Berry walked straight to the window and spoke to the agent, over the head of the man who was buying a ticket.

"Has that special train come in yet?" he demanded.

I could not hear the agent's reply, but evidently it was to the effect that it had not.

The doctor turned away from the window with the air of one who, after a great hurry, finds that he has arrived on time. He still showed traces of excitement, however, and instead of settling down to wait quietly, paced impatiently back and forth the length of the waiting room.

He passed within an arm's length of me a dozen times, I suppose, and his eye must have run over me in my place in line fully as many times as that, but his thoughts were elsewhere, and he never looked.