

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

"Good morning," said I, and then I smiled a little, "or should I say 'good afternoon'? I have no idea which it is. You are a doctor?"

He bowed in assent. "Berry is my name," he said.

"I seem to have astonished your guard somewhat by asking him where I was," I went on, "for he ran off post haste to find you, without stopping to answer me."

After my first glance at him I had allowed my eyes to wander from his face to the attractive stretch of well-kept lawn which lay behind him, and I did not meet his eye again till I had finished speaking. When I did, I found a look there which concentrated all my faculties at once upon the man himself.

It was gone in a second, but while it lasted it expressed more plainly than my words can express it, the state of mind of a man alarmed and casting about, desperately, for means to meet an utterly unforeseen contingency; but his face was composed into a look of mere solicitude for my welfare before he spoke.

"I would not trouble about that, if I were you," said he. "There is nothing in the world for you to worry about. Look at the sky instead, and see what a day it is. Did you ever see anything finer than the young green on those trees yonder?"