

THE CORDS TIGHTEN

pointed, for though only half conscious of the reason why, I wanted to know what time that train came in. Suddenly an expedient occurred to me. The sun was slanting through my window at an acute angle with the casement. With my thumb nail I scratched on the sill the outline of the shadow.

Some one was standing outside my door, watching me, no doubt, through the keyhole. An involuntary movement of his feet betrayed so much to me, and a moment later, restless of espionage, I crossed over to the farther corner of the room.

In doing so I caught a glimpse of another movement, and looking up I saw what I wonder I had not thought of looking for earlier—a mirror. The sight of it made my heart beat quickly.

"Of course," I thought, "that is all it needs. A glance at myself will bring my memory back to me."

I walked around and stood before the glass. But the face I saw was absolutely strange to me, as strange as the doctor's face or the guard's had been. It was bewildering, uncanny, almost enough indeed to drive a man mad, to see the haggard look of pain and disappointment and something not far from terror in that stranger's face; and to realize that it was only the irrepressible emotion of my own soul that I saw reflected there.