

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

The change in my pocket amounted to fifty-six cents. My destination was decided. I did not yet know where it was, but the man just in front of me was going there, and the cost of going lay just within the limit of my worldly wealth. Whatever he said to the agent, I would echo when my turn came at the window.

There were, perhaps, twenty men between me and the window when I stepped into line. It was moving very slowly for some reason, and I had not got more than a quarter of the way, when the door by which I had entered opened with a bang from the propelling thrust of some one in a hurry. We all looked to see who the newcomer was.

The rest of the men in the line turned back again after a mere glance. The person who had come in meant nothing to them, one way or the other, I suppose. But as for me, I stood rooted in my place like a man in a nightmare, unable even to turn my face away under the numb paralysis of fear.

The man was Dr. Berry!

How he missed seeing my pale, terror-stricken face, which stared straight at him, I do not know. Of course I had no other idea at the time than that he had come in pursuit of me. The event soon proved me wrong; proved that he had no idea that I had escaped. Even at that I think he would