

THE AWAKENING

one of a group arranged in quadrangular form, and of a homelike architecture. If it were an asylum, and so much my guard seemed to have admitted, it was clearly no public institution, but a private affair, and I might be sure that the maintenance of every one of the inmates was handsomely paid for.

That conclusion might well have given me grounds for uneasiness, for the moment it did not. My mind was taken with the fact that I had no idea who had been doing for me. In that moment I made my first attempt to recover, out of the past, my own identity. My failure did not, just then, greatly alarm me. I was perfectly sane again; of that I felt sure; and the recovery of my memory could only be a matter of hours, possibly moments.

My reflections were interrupted by the return of the guard, evidently in disgrace for having left me to myself, even for so short a time, and vastly relieved to find me standing there before him.

He was accompanied by another man, an authoritative-looking person whom I took to be the doctor he had gone to seek.

His face, like the guard's, was totally unfamiliar to me, though he had very likely been in constant attendance on me for a long while. I bowed to him.