

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

had found me safe asleep, stripped me and put me to bed. This morning my clothes were gone. That fact alone was enough to make the hope of escape absolutely insane.

The plot was clear enough. They would keep me here in solitary confinement, persistently drugging my food, until hunger compelled me to eat it; until I had established an appetite for the drug itself; until at last I should be utterly and hopelessly mad indeed.

Well, I would fight off despair as long as I could. So much I solemnly promised myself.

A dash of cold water out of the ewer, and a few deep breaths of the young June air which came in my partly opened window, revived me. Then, more to provide myself with an occupation than in any hope of gaining anything by it, I began a most minute examination of the room. Not a corner of it escaped me. A rickety little table stood in the dormer, and I remarked what I had failed to observe on the previous afternoon; it contained a drawer. I pulled it open half-heartedly. Then seeing what it contained, I stood quickly erect.

Hope was thrilling in my veins again. I saw a way of escape opening up before me.

What was this great discovery that, in an instant, had served to change the face of the world?