

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

getting my eyes focused to the distance, I made out in a gap between the trees what I was sure was the boundary wall of the property. It was hard to judge its height from the distance, but I had no doubt it was high enough to make scaling it a difficult or, perhaps, impossible feat, except for an athlete.

I caught myself smiling there over the question in my mind, whether I was an athlete or not. When I went to bed to-night I would know more about that.

The wall had not yet lost its interest for me, however. Looking at it closely, I was sure that I made out a fine veil of dust rising above it, which was accounted for on the next favoring slant of the wind by the steady thrum of a motor car. On the other side of the wall, then, lay a highway. That discovery might possibly prove important.

I was to find out one thing more before I left that window. It came the next moment, and again it was the breeze that brought it to me—the long-drawn, melodious cl of the sort of whistle that is carried by our great racing passenger locomotives. The train was whistling for a stop, and was going to stop not more than a mile or two away.

Instinctively I felt for my watch, but there was nothing of the sort in my pocket. I was disap-