

CHAPTER III

THE AMBUSH

THE opium—for it was this drug I have no doubt that had been put into my food—had one effect which the doctor can hardly have anticipated. To a certain extent it acted upon my memory, as a developer acts upon an exposed plate.

My dreams, from the time when I lost consciousness over the supper tray until I awakened in bed early the next morning, were far more vivid than any I had any recollection of. They did not tell me who I was, to be sure, but they gave me two or three pictures so minutely outlined, that I am sure I shall recognize them if ever I can get the chance. The consolation of that thought, however, did not come to me till afterwards.

When, with difficulty, I had roused myself from my heavy sleep and was able intelligently to take account of my present situation, it seemed a thousandfold more desperate than it had the day before. They had come into my room, once they