

CHAPTER V

THE WOMAN IN THE CAB

THE crowd in the waiting room had forced me so close, that either the doctor or Mr. Duggleby could have touched me with his hands. Luckily neither dreamed that I was anywhere but in the safe-keeping of the two bruisers to whose tender mercies I had been turned over. But I had a monopoly of their thoughts; there could be no doubt of that.

"It was utterly unexpected," the doctor was saying, "his coming back to consciousness that way. I really got a fright when the guard brought me the news. I didn't entirely get over it until I learned from him that, by some queer freak, his memory had got left behind. That *would* have been serious, and even as things stood, I thought it well to send for you. He is extraordinarily shrewd in a way. His mind seems to work all the quicker for not having any memory to ballast it."

Mr. Duggleby frowned, and cast a quick glance