

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

conversation. Evidently the place was a sanitarium rather than an asylum in the strict sense of the word.

The guard led me up the stairs. At the head of the first flight, obedient to an instinct of which I was perfectly unconscious, I hesitated, almost stopped, in fact, before a doorway.

"Not there," the guard said sharply; "that ain't where you go."

In a flash I realized that my instinct had been a true one. I had stopped at the door of what had been, up to this time, my room. Affecting not to hear the guard, I opened the door, entered, and blundered into the nearest chair. I knew, of course, that I should not be allowed to stay there, but I was curious to see in what sort of style I had lived before the doctor had converted me, on the spur of the moment, into a house painter and odd-job man on a near-by estate.

The room was spacious, luxurious in its appointments, and I caught a glimpse of a white-tiled bathroom opening from it. That was all I had time to see, for the guard pulled me abruptly to my feet.

"Didn't you hear me tell you not to go in there?" he demanded.

I only wagged my head stupidly, and went with him quietly enough. He conducted me up two