

# The WANTED MAN by Harris Dickson

## THE STORY THUS FAR

On opposite sides of Lake Marmon, Mississippi, are two estates—Bennington, owned by Maj. Kenneth Stark, and Marmon, property of Gen. Bob Clayton, who fled to Salamanca, Central America, following a duel with Maj. Stark. As the story opens federal detectives are hunting Stuart, Gen. Clayton's son, who has returned on a mysterious mission. Uncle Nat, Maj. Stark's aged servant, owns Stuart, but is granted so cordially he suspects the youth is an impostor. Uncle Nat tells his suspicions to Barbara, beautiful daughter of Maj. Stark, and her guest, Adelaide, wife of Florian Raszily, a jealous creole. The girls had met Stuart, whom they know as "the mysterious horseman," in the woods. He is in love with Barbara, who has told him she is "Adelaide." Indignant at his supposed imposture, Barbara grants Stuart custody when the two girls keep a tryst at the Lone Oak, and he clings her in his arms. To escape him she tells him she is married. Stuart gives Uncle Nat a note for "Adelaide" and by mistake it falls into Florian's hands. Raszily swears revenge. Uncle Nat hears Stuart has been arrested by the federal men, but later finds him hiding near Bennington. Stuart refuses to flee.

## SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

### STUART CLAYTON UNDER ARREST.

During his jealous excitement Raszily had forgotten, but now remembered, that he meant to give information which would secure the apprehension of Clayton, and he cunningly reasoned that by keeping the woman in sight he might also see the man.

For a while Raszily saw nothing except that bundle of obstinacy under the wisteria. Had he lifted a single glance to the left, he must have caught a glimpse of Uncle Nat hurrying home along the driveway, full of his great news, "that the President of the United States had come all the way from Washington city and grabbed Mister Stuart Clayton." Already he had selected Dr. Humphreys as a first line of communication, and was calculating the exact spot from which he would shout, about loudly enough for Mr. Raszily to hear and quickly enough to forestall hostilities. Three steps farther and Nat had begun unlimbering his mouth to holler, when he stopped and stuck up his head, like a mud turtle, at something that he spied in the pasture.

The Cherokee hedge does not grow regularly and continuously like a well trimmed privet hedge, but in a succession of billowy mounds, similar to a line of low, green haystacks. Between two of these mounds old Nat had glimpsed a wide brimmed hat. The man beneath the hat was standing near his broken panel.

"Lawd, Gawd!" he groaned. "Der's Mister Stuart, done 'scaped away from de constables." Sending one swift glance toward Dr. Humphreys, who gave no sign of attention, old Nat plunged through the hedge, when Clayton heard the rending of bushes and whirled to meet his enemy.

"Of it's you! Nat!" he exclaimed guardedly. "Did you bring my answer?"

The terrified go-between made no reply, but rushed up and jerked at Clayton's sleeve.

"Far Gawd's sake git away from dis plantation! Git away!"

"No." The white man stood fast. "Did you deliver my note?"

"Never got nary chance. 'Scape away! 'Scape away!"

Clayton was not to be chased off, but tried to reassure the Negro, "I am leaving soon, perhaps tonight."

"Better leave right now. Mr. Raszily's gone to seekin' 'spicious. Don't you try to speak wid dat lady. If you're blessed to do some speakin', talk wid Miss Barbara, den separate yo' self from dis plantation. An' Mister Stuart, look out for dem constables. Day'll be at de magnolia tree in jes about a munit."

Nat's tongue never stopped, neither did his legs; he kept talking as he rushed along behind the hedge, and scrambled over a fence into the stable lot, where he stopped to listen for the fireworks.

Quality folks have such a peculiar fashion of settling their squabbles without making a fuss that Uncle Nat stretched both ears and never heard so much as the popping of a cap. The silence made him fidgety.

He couldn't figure how any man could be rambling around loose after the President of the United States had grabbed him. Had Mister Stuart escaped away from the constables, or had he and the President patched up a gentleman's agreement? Of course, when the President needed a man, he reached down from Washington City and grabbed him; then the man had to come. On the other hand, old Nat didn't believe that anybody would dare grab a Clayton until Mr. Josh Walker mentioned that it was the President himself. Which made the transaction proper and regular. But why did the President let him go? Official laxity put a spoke in

Nat's private wheel. Now he could never pacify a crazy Frenchman with details of the note under being dragged away, when Mr. Raszily was liable to catch that man talking with his wife. And if Raszily did catch him, then something was bound to blow up.

From his position in the stable lot Uncle Nat couldn't see a thing, and he hated to get caught alone when the explosion came. Then Nat thought of Dr. Humphreys on the front gallery and toiled his skittishness around the north side of the house, where he sat down nigh the doctor.

This change of base occupied that brief interval during which Clayton debated with himself behind the hedge. He knew the southern spirit and approved its condemnation of a man who pursued another's wife. There might be wisdom in Uncle Nat's suggestion that he talk with Miss Stark, who had been present at the lakeside meetings and could attest their innocence. Yet Clayton wanted to see Adelaide herself, just once more before he left the states forever, ached to see her with such unreasoning desire that he would accept any hazard. The extent of peril to which he might expose the lady, Clayton had considered; but he did not suspect that his note had fallen into Raszily's hands or that the husband himself glared from a parlor window.

He stood facing the big house with its south door opening on a porch and steps leading down to the side yard. To his right, on the front gallery, he still saw Dr. Humphreys smoking alone, until Uncle Nat slipped around and took his seat. Unconsciously Clayton felt heartened by the presence of a man who had always been his father's friend and could be relied on in a pinch. Then he parted the Cherokee roses and pressed through the broken panel.

Upon his unannounced entrance to Bennington yard, where no Clayton had set foot since his father's duel, the trespasser's eyes fell upon Mrs. Raszily, where she sat beneath the wisteria, digging holes in the turf with the heel of a tiny slipper. He thought of the coolness that his black horse Lady of the Lake could be none other than Miss Stark, and seized his chance to find "Adelaide," or to send her a farewell message. So he stepped forward, hat in hand, and appeared with a quiet "Good evening," when the lady disconcerted him by springing up and starting wildly.

"You! You here!" she exclaimed, smothering her voice and running to him. "Get away! Get away! Mr. Raszily will kill you! These were her exact words as Adelaide for many years remembered them. And when her exasperated husband rushed through the side doorway, paused on the porch, and came leaping down the steps he caught his wife pressing both hands against Clayton's shoulder, showing him backward toward the hedge, and heard her cry out that Mr. Raszily would kill him.

Then Adelaide recoiled and stiffened with horror as her dilated eyes fell upon Florian himself. The creole came so swiftly that Clayton had not seen him. As he turned and also faced Raszily the three stood like stone, two men confronting each other in that narrow yard, which yet was broad enough to stage the world's most ancient tragedy. With a slight inclination of the head Clayton spoke first.

"Mr. Raszily?"

The sound of his voice roused the rigid Adelaide, who stepped quickly between them and laid a hand upon Florian's arm. Ten minutes before she had not quailed before his vehemence, but this menacing stillness was far more terrifying. Her beseeching eyes appealed to Clayton. Why did he not go? Why did he stand and bow so stiffly as he repeated, "Mr. Raszily, I believe?"

"Wait, sir." The Frenchman lifted a hand for silence and took his wife's arm. "Not a word, sir, until this lady has withdrawn. You will await me here."

Then Clayton remained utterly still as Raszily whirled and escorted his wife into the house. So low had been their words that old Nat failed to catch a syllable of what one had said to the other. If these were two negroes wrangling over a woman the entire county could have heard them. Everything took place in a minute, and after all of Mr. Raszily's threats, Uncle Nat could not believe that he had actually done no more than lead his wife inside, without a solitary cuss word. Nat also wondered why Mr. Stuart didn't escape through the hedge when he had such a good chance.

Nothing now prevented the intruder from leaving, yet he continued staring against the blank walls of the house. For Clayton had need to think. He was unarmed, his weapon being left at home to avoid the possibility of harming a man who protected his own wife. By every honorable law Raszily might well exact atonement, and the offender must accord it. Otherwise the country would sizzle with gossip of an irate husband chasing the rous from Bennington, with brave men branding him as a potrover and women dithering at Adelaide from behind their fans. The thought was unendurable; yet, that being his personal affair, he must not jeopardize the secret business which had brought him to the states and had not even been confided to Adelaide. He must not forget a white haired friend now held prisoner by the Vulture of Salamanca, and counting the days in his dungeon until Clayton should

release him. Nor could he break faith with comrades that were watching from their rocky coast for El Senor Clayton to land his gringo machine guns and overthrow the Vulture.

His life was not his own to be trifled with, and that alternative flashed before him when Raszily said, "You will await me here." In a few moments the husband would rush out again, and Clayton felt compelled to go. But Adelaide must not be left in ignorance to despise him for a coward. Somebody must tell her. Whom could he trust? Dr. Humphreys? Yes. Swiftly he thought, and even more swiftly he decided. Almost upon the instant that Raszily vanished through the doorway, Clayton turned in the opposite direction, then hesitated, and halted; for the high minded physician would never carry messages to a married woman, unless Clayton told him only half the truth.

As old Nat saw him coming he sprang up with finger pointing to the road, and almost shouted in the hope of warning Clayton.

"Look yonder, doctor! Ain't dat de same automobile what fetch dem constables? Mister Stuart better git away—quick. Lawd, Lawd!" he gasped as the headstrong younger advanced to the steps, saying: "I beg your pardon, sir, but isn't this Dr. Humphreys?"

"Yes, my name is Humphreys." The old gentleman rose and smiled.

"I am Stuart Clayton." "Stuart Clayton!" With both hands he welcomed the son of General Bob. "Bless my soul, boy, I'm proud to see you. Look Stuart, here's Uncle Nat. You remember him?"

"I've just been talking to Uncle Nat," he answered. "Doctor, can you spare me a moment, privately, at once?" "Sure! Make it a week."

"Then please come to the road. Nat, you stay here and watch."

The broad, gray back of Dr. Humphreys followed a slim drab figure through the rose garden, and he naturally supposed that Nat was left behind to guard against a visit from the officers. But wise old Nat knew better. "Twarn't the constables, it was Mr. Raszily who aimed to raise a ruckus. Major Stark wouldn't show up. This being the time for his bath, the major would sloop around in the tub for half an hour, if the house burned over his head. Nat could see Miss Barbara questioning Neener at the wharf, while Mr. Raszily in his room talked to Mrs. Raszily loud enough for anybody to hear. Things looked reasonably safe, but old Nat squinted every which way as Clayton led Dr. Humphreys through the bushes towards the public road.

The two men had scarcely disappeared when Raszily opened his door, slammed it behind him, ran across the hallway, and entered Major Stark's room.

"Dere now!" Nat grumbled, "He's gone tattlin' to major 'bout dat little ole note." At the identical panel where Mr. Foxyjaw had halted his car to question old Nat by the roadside, Stuart Clayton now climbed the Bennington fence.

"No, doctor," he turned and said; "you needn't get over. But I'd better stay on the outside, in case of accident."

His caution seemed to confirm Nat's tale that the constables were fixing to grab him, and Dr. Humphreys wondered why. Across the road lay the dry bed of a slough, so grown up in jungle vines that a man familiar with the country must surely escape from any pursuing stranger. The doctor observed that Clayton eyed this slough, and also looked both ways along the road before moving back to the fence. Yet the physician betrayed no curiosity as he rested his elbow on top of the whitewashed plank, smoking a pipe, and outwardly serene.

"Well, Stuart," he remarked, "I'm mighty glad you've come home. Wish we could sit down and talk for a month."

"Haven't got time." He spoke almost curtly. "Doctor, I'm going away tonight, and leave my reputation in your hands."

"In my hands?"

"Yes. When I'm gone people may condemn me for hiding from the federal officers."

"Wouldn't it be madder not to hide? Better give yourself up!"

"I can't, doctor! I can't!"

"Your father would do just what I am doing—break every neutrality law on earth and go back to Salamanca."

This failed to convince the straightforward old physician. His gray head continued to shake as young Clayton said, with a jerky gesture towards Bennington House:

"They are not my friends up there, and I want them to know—especially Miss Stark—I do dare not say 'Mrs. Raszily.'"

"Oh! that's it!" the doctor whistled softly. "No, not that. I don't want any American girl to think of me as skulking about these woods like a horse thief."

His excuse was desperately thin, and Clayton searched the kind old face to note how far it served.

"Yes," Humphreys stroked his gray beard, and half agreed. "Yes. But, my dear boy, it looks bad for you to be—"

"Wait, doctor!" the dear boy had no leisure to discuss ethics when he wanted to send a grapevine telegram to Adelaide through Dr. Humphreys and Miss Stark.

"Wait, doctor! Colonel Thomas B. Yandell is your friend?"

"Yes, we soldiered together. Stark and I were talking about him this morning. How is old Tom?"

"He's rotting in prison."

"What?" Humphreys dropped his pipe as he grappled Clayton's shoulders and demanded, "Tom Yandell? In prison?"

"Yes. That's why I came to the states."

"To keep out of jail yourself?"

"No. To buy machine guns and get him out. We must drive the Vulture from El Jucaro."

"The Vulture? What's that?"

"He's the Dictator, General Tartarilla—the Vulture of Salamanca."

"Look at me, Stuart Clayton," Dr. Humphreys gripped the top plank of the fence, and his gray eyes glittered like bayonets. "Has one of those infernal politicians dared to lay hands on Tom Yandell?"

"Yes, sir; and he may never come out of prison alive."

"Then why the devil did you run away? Why didn't you do something to help him?"

"That's exactly what I am doing."

No man could doubt the boy's sincerity as he crowded the story of years into five minutes of time—telling how Yandell had settled in Salamanca and devoted his great genius to its development. Unlike most Americans the people loved him; he became rich and a power in the land. He set General Clayton on his feet, and had always befriended the son. But Yandell spoke his mind too freely, the Vulture coveted his possessions, and kidnaped him.

The fighting blood of generations flowed through Dr. Humphreys' face as he listened to Clayton's plan of rescue. The boy's eyes sparkled and his voice trembled, for he was telling of the man he loved, so that the woman he loved might hear of it, and understand.

"Doctor," he finished. "We can only get Colonel Yandell out by force, a thunderstroke of force. We have plenty of men. I came here for rifles and machine guns. Never mind how I got them, but I got the best."

"Then what are you doing here?" his friend gave him a shove. "Why are you loafing around Marmon?"

At this Clayton smiled and confessed, "Strategy, doctor, strategy. The Vulture suspected my hurried visit, and notified this government to prevent a filibustering expedition. Detectives trailed me about New Orleans, thinking I would lead them to our ship. So I came home instead, and let somebody else do the loading. Now my vessel is ready to sail, and I must go."

"Go on! Go on! Start right now."

The physician had become less patient than himself, ready to do anything, when Clayton broached the more delicate subject.

"Doctor," he questioned earnestly; "you understand why I'm hiding?"

"Bound to hide. Quick right."

"And a private affair should not detain me?"

"No, sirree; not a minute."

"Very well. Then I want you to do something for me." It had required a devious diplomacy to reach this point, but Clayton finally steered around to it. "Doctor, there's a difference between Mr. Raszily and myself—"

"Between you and Florian? What about?"

"It's too long a story. Please say to Mr. Raszily that I shall notify him of the day when I can come to New Orleans and place myself at his service. Will you remember that?"

"Certainly. I'll tell Florian at supper."

"No, doctor; wait for about ten days."

"And let folks be spreading lies on you? Not by a jug full!"

"But, doctor, for Colonel Yandell's sake we must keep this quiet. After I reach Salamanca you can give out my reasons for coming home, and why I left in such a hurry."

"Rely on me, boy, rely on me. I'll preach your gospel. But come to the house yourself and tell that part of it to Major Stark."

The eager physician felt that now was the time to let bygones be bygones, and kept insisting, "Come on, Stuart; come on."

Young Clayton still held back, held back against the seductive hope that he might get a chance to speak with Adelaide.

"Come along, Stuart. Make friends. That's what your father would do."

"Yes, I know." While the son gazed towards Bennington and thought of a girl in her light tan riding habit, the memory of Dr. Humphreys raced backward to this boy's father when he wore a suit of confederate gray.

"Stuart," he pleaded, "it would make me happy."

"But I've got to ride like the devil to Vicksburg."

"Twarn't take two minutes."

Before Clayton realized it he had clambered over the fence, and stood once more within the Bennington enclosure.

"We'd better not go together," he suggested as the physician took his arm, "Nobody must see me. You go in by the front door, and let me come around to the side."

"Good! I'll bring Stark to my room."

The doctor turned and hurried towards the front, where it seemed quite safe for Clayton also to enter; but he preferred to tread the garden route, alone and free to talk with Adelaide if he could find her. For years the boy had looked back upon this rose garden as a boundless domain of paths and mysteries, peopled with fairies and Indians and giants. Now it jarred upon his childish recollection that the place should seem so small, a mere miniature, yet all unchanged. Nobody need point the path by which he could reach Dr. Humphreys' room at the northeast corner. It would be easy to dodge from the garden to the myrtles, stoop behind a clump of Spanish daggers, thence to the crimson rambler, and gain the little steps

that led to the doctor's room. And before starting Clayton peered around him, searching amongst the shrubbery where he hoped, by the favor of providence, to catch the flutter of her skirt. But providence intended that events should happen in another way.

It always gave Uncle Nat the jimmies not to know what was occurring in his immediate vicinity. Of course, Mr. Clayton must have something powerful important to tell, or he would not have taken Dr. Humphreys plumb down to the fence, and stayed and stayed, while Nat wriggled on the front steps with curiosity stewing his innards, until he saw Dr. Humphreys returning from the road. Up sprang the Negro with the anxious question, "Is he gone, doctor? Is he got away?"

But Dr. Humphreys did not answer; he only brought his lips close to Nat's ear and whispered:

"Where's the major?"

"Major's mighty nigh through wid his bath."

"Where's Miss Barbara? and Mrs. Raszily?"

"Mrs. Raszily's in her room. Yonder's Miss Barbara nigh de wharf, argu'fin' wid Mr. Raszily."

All four of the white people being definitely located, the doctor said, "That's good! Go and ask Major Stark to please come to my room at once."

"Yes, suh, I'll fetch him."

Such unusual secrecy on the part of Dr. Humphreys set Uncle Nat on fire. He wondered why the doctor should be so particular to find out where everybody was, why he marched into his room and locked the door, he being a man who always left things wide open. And the major nearly snapped Nat's head off when he poked it into his room and said, "Dr. Humphreys' tres to see you, suh."

Everybody had got mixed up in a tangle, and the Negro hopped to discover what it was all about. But he couldn't even get a peep into Dr. Humphreys' room, for the blinds were drawn. So Uncle Nat sat down on the steps and brooded over the curious behavior of white folks until he forgot everything else, and paid no attention to an auto which was then turning in at Bennington gate. Had he looked he could have recognized Mr. Fatface at the wheel. But Nat wasn't studying about Mr. Fatface, when he could hardly sit still for wanting to know what might be happening behind Dr. Humphreys' blinds. Maybe the doctor had forgotten to shut his north window, as nobody ever passed along that all of the gallery; and Nat went sneaking around the house to take a look.

The door was closed, but the window beside it stood open. Huh! they warn't nigh smart enough to hide things from him, and company had no legal right to shut themselves in like that. Soft footed as a cat he crept up the steps. Not a board creaked as he eased along by the door, and had almost reached the window when Dr. Humphreys suddenly flung open his door, and shouted:

"Nat! O, Nat!"

"Yes, suh. Yes, suh." The startled negro whirled, and began fumbling with some fishing tackle in the corner, while Dr. Humphreys seemed even more surprised as he said:

"Ah! There you are."

"Suttinly, doctor, dis is me. I was seekin' fer dat little pole o' your'n. You tole me to put on a new sinker."

"Never mind the pole. Never mind the pole. Run and get Major Stark—quickly."

"Suttinly, suh; goin' suh."

A strong shove gave Nat a running start, yet even with the doctor looking at him he squinted through the window as he passed, and saw nothing. Then Dr. Humphreys called after him in a low voice, "Oh, Nat, Mr. Clayton will be in here; but don't say a word about him to the major."

"Lawd Gawd! Mister Stuart in de house? No, suh, I won't speak his name to de major. Not me."

That's what Dr. Humphreys had up his sleeve, and the miracle of it filled the Negro's mind as he went shuffling along the gallery and turned the corner. He was so busy pondering over Mr. Stuart and the major coming together that he didn't look where he was going, and never even saw an automobile that had halted at their steps. Mumbling to himself, Nat got mighty nigh to the front door, when he stopped and squatted and gasped, for Mr. Foxyjaw sprang from his car and landed on Major Stark's gallery. Nat broke into a run, but the marshal halted him with an abrupt order:

"Come here!"

"Meanin' me, suh? Suttinly, suh, suttinly."

"Oh—" snapped Foxyjaw, his mustache bristling and his gimlet eyes boring the Negro through. "Oh! You're the same man who got my five dollars."

"Yes, suh, dat's me, suh."

Bad luck had dogged Nat's heels ever since he first glimpsed those constables in their automobile. No matter how hard he tried to do right, everything turned out wrong. After taking so much trouble to keep away from the detectives, and withstanding a temptation to collect twenty dollars at the magnolia tree, here came Mr. Foxyjaw himself jumping right on top of him. Nat wasn't thinking about that white man, and never had a dog's chance to think of anything when Foxyjaw opened on him with hot shot:

"You got my five dollars!"

Then, of course, Nat had to say:

"Eggsactly, suh, eggsactly. I'm on my way right now, suh, to see of Mr. Clayton's done lammed back home. Lemme git my hat, suh; lemme git my hat."

"Stop! Foxyjaw cut him short. 'We've

caught our man without your valuable assistance."

"Caught Mister Stuart agin? Huh?"

"Sure." The detective made no concealment of triumph as he nodded towards his car.

Up to this moment old Nat had been so keen in watching for his opportunity to dodge that he hadn't looked at anybody except Mr. Foxyjaw. Now he glanced in the car, glanced and gazed with eyes and mouth popping open wider at what he saw. On the rear seat, between two silent officers, sat a third man wearing the familiar riding breeches, the gray coat and the top brimmed hat pulled low above his eyes, but not low enough to hide his funny little mustache and goatee.

"Mister Stuart!" Nat groaned.

"That's him," said the detective. "Step lively now and tell Major Stark that the United States marshal asks permission to use his telephone."

"Unity States? Eggsactly, suh, eggsactly." The bewildered Negro wharred and stared again at the prisoner, who sat all humped up as if he didn't want folks to be looking at him. Then Nat turned and went shuffling through the hallway as he proclaimed:

"O, major! O, doctor! Run here quick! De Unity States constables is done grabbed Mister Stuart! I tole you so! I tole you so!"

The clamor of Nat's excitement brought Barbara running through the rear door, just as her father stalked from his room and came hobbling to the front, where Mr. Foxyjaw grimly introduced himself. One squint at his badge convinced old Nat that he must be an extremely high constable.

"What can I do for you, sir?" the major inquired.

"I must call up New Orleans—in a hurry."

"Help yourself, sir. Nat, bring a light."

With a wave of his hand Major Stark indicated the phone, upon a table outside of Dr. Humphreys' door, which was a slatted door like those used on steamboats for ventilation.

A blind man could see that Major Stark was mightily provoked, and Nat guessed Mr. Raszily had been telling tales about the note. So the Negro's hand trembled and the lamp chimney jingled as Nat placed a light on the table, showing the tense face of Miss Barbara, who listened while Mr. Foxyjaw exulted in the capture of Stuart Clayton.

"But what has Mr. Clayton done?" she demanded, then hushed for fear of rousing her father, and the major himself blurted out:

"For what crime is this fellow arrested?"

"We are not permitted to answer questions," said Mr. Foxyjaw, smiling like a wise little weasel, who knew plenty of things that he was keeping to himself. Then he volunteered that certain charges against the defendant would be investigated before the federal court at New Orleans.

"Is it a serious offense?" Barbara persisted, and her voice wavered as she asked.

"Must be pretty bad, miss, or the government wouldn't be searching four states to catch him."

"Where is he now?"

"Out there in my car."

"May I speak to him?"

"You? Certainly not!" Her father wheeled upon her, thumping his cane upon the floor, and adding, "Barbara, this is no affair of ours."

Having laid down the law, and, although he was bursting to hear it, was characteristic of the obstinate Major Stark to pay no tribute of a glance in the direction of the automobile. And Uncle Nat considered that he hated to look towards a Clayton, or have anything to do with a Clayton. By holding his mouth tight sealed and letting off no steam, the major stood swelling with wrath as Mr. Foxyjaw put in his call for New Orleans.

In the equally determined Barbara these family traits found wholly different expression. She did not argue or contradict, which could only result in looking horns with her father, and getting nowhere. She meant to do something, and her jaw set firmly like the major's as she drifted to the doorway and looked out upon the car.

Through the gathering dusk she could not see the prisoner's face, only the lower part of his body, the well remembered leggings, the riding breeches of Bedford cord. These, and his present attitude of dejection, recalled the enigma over which she had puzzled since their first meeting beside the lake.