

## CHAPTER XL

### WANTED—A PENNY IN THE SLOT

**W**HEN I came to myself the moon had risen—  
risen good and high, too—for it showed well  
above the orchard wall where it was broken, and over  
the palisades with which Hobby Stennis had mended  
it with his own hand.

Elsie was seated by me. She had opened up my  
coat, and undone my waistcoat and shirt at the neck.  
There was a pleasant coolness, and she was slopping  
about with a wet handkerchief—not very big, indeed,  
being one of her own, and better adapted for dabbing  
dry girls' eyes, than for recovering a man out of a faint.

I sat up.

"How did you come here?" I said.

"How did you?" she answered, very shortly.

"lie still!"

"Shan't!"

"Still in the sulks?"

"I say, Elsie, what was *that*?"

"What?"

I was looking all about, you may be sure, and a little  
way off under the shadow of the great broken-down  
gates of the orchard, I saw a heap lie darkly, curious  
loose and stretched out, a kind of wisp in the form of  
man, something like a Guy Fawkes dragged through  
water instead of fire.