

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, love of adventure, hatred of slavery and the desire to help my friend, George Wesnor, led me, Charies Bradley, a civil engineer of Attakapas County, Lonislama, to become an agent of the underground railroad. Wesner had been nursed through the smallpox by a young slave, Lucy, belonging to the Coverley plantation. He discovered facts which proved that Lucy was white and of good family. A secret love match followed, which progressed well until Coverley proposed to sell Lucy to his son, and refused to sell her to anyone class. Wesner became desperate. I agreed to help him steal Lucy, and went to New York to arrange with the anti-slavery society for the care of any slaves we could bring North. Heturning home, I secure a boat and supplies, locate a refuge station at my wood camp, several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river, lay out a safe and several miles up the river. War, love of adventure, hatred of slavery and eral miles up the river, lay out a sufe and se-cret route from the mouth of the White Hiver cret route from the mouth of the White liver to our yard. Wesner and I put up a store building at home, where, to avoid all suspicion, we carry on a general merchandise business. In a few days Wesner starts the first batch of Coverley's slaves, including Lucy, for the North, and immediately a searching party is sent out. Under clever disguises Wesner evades the pursuers. Lucy renders great assistance. The venture is successful. Weaner delivers the slaves to the agents of the undersistance. The venture is successful. Wealier delivers the slaves to the agents of the under-ground railroad in New York, and places Lucy in school at Andover. Emourraged by our success, we plan a second raid. Disguised as a peddler, I arrange with the Raymond negroes for their exercises.

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CHAPTER XV.

For two hours or more we waited impatiently before our ears, sharpened by danger, detected the deadened sound of quick tramping of feet on the soft soil as they passed over it.

they passed over it.
"Here they come," cried George; "I will creep up nearer to the Bayou road and see how the thing looks," for it was a veritable column. We were astonished and alarmed. It looked as if Dave had gath-ered the entire colored population of the four parishes, and was taking them en masse, as Moses took the children of Is-rael to the promised land. I could not see distinctly enough to count them, but George came back as soon as the last one

"Brad, for heaven's sake hurry up and let's get these people into the bush; here are 75 men, women and children all in one drove! There'll be walling and gnushing of teeth in Artakapas tomorrow."

of teeth in Attakapas tomorrow. We made all hance toward the Bayou road, and ran down that a few rods until we met the column. They were huddled together in the bushes. Dave came out cautiously as soon as he heard our footsteps-indeed most of them did the same but had we been strangers the whole movement would have been discovered. George darted into the woods on the lower mide of the read.

ride of the read.
"Out of this, Brad," he cried; "out of this; see the last man in, will you?"

I spoke quick and low to Dave: "After him, boy! after him! I'll see to the peo-

Recognising my voice, he cried, "It's the peddier; it's all right." I spoke two or three words of the west coast idiom to

"We're all safe," cried he, and followed George. One by one, at intervals of a few feet, they entered the woods, and in a very short time were wading ankle deep In swamp mud and water, where no dog

In swamp mud and water, where no dog could track them, certainly no hunter.

About 1:30 o'clock we were, perhaps, a mile and a half into the swamp, when George, halting the column, came back.

"Well, Brad, I must leave you," said he. "I think it best that I take your horse back with me. Both of us ought to be at the store in the morning. I do not think these people can be tracked; the sun has hardened every here snot and sun has hardened every bare spot, and their feet leave no impression except where it is dusty. I do wish, though, that

We were standing a few yards fom our party. As George ceased, my ears detected the sound of approaching foot-steps. Wesner cocked his rifle. "No, George; too much noise; get

In a moment Dave was with us. A litthe to our right we could hear footsteps A bright flash shot through the gloom, "A dark lantern," cried George, "It's Muson and Obed. This is the night they e to arrive. I don't believe there is ther dark lantern in Attakapas."

The strangers had certainly heard out movements, for they stopped, and were eagerly peering into the darkness. Again they moved forward, and the lantern flashed. This time I recognized the ebony features of Obed.

"Ho, Obed," cried George, but no answer came back. The water splashed close by, the light from the lantern shone full in my face, and the ominous click, click of a gunlock was anything but welcome to my ears.

George spoke. "Obed, is that you?"
"This is me, but who are you?"

George replied: "I am the man who knocked you on the head with the paddle the night you ran away from Lannon's. This is the strange nigger with me."
"Good," cried Obed. "I know you

voice, but that strange nigger is white tonight. If you were any one else you would bot been dead before now, for we has been watching you."

obed and Mason came up. "Now, boys," said George, as he presented Dave, "take these people to the rendezvous and lay one attempts to run away, kill n. We will come for you when ready: od-bye"—and we were on our way

Braff," said George, "Dave tells me that, save one or two, perhaps three, hands too old for work, Coverly has not a field hand left; and he has also lost one or two of his house servants. I dread the morning, for I shall have to enact hypocrite until I fairly loathe my

Leaving our prospective emigrants in charge of Obed, we hastened to the high road, and were but a short time reacha 10-mile galt, and at 3 o'clock arrived

A few minutes sufficed to rub down ou

nimals and retire for the rest of the night, or rather morning. George slept at the store and I at home.

Next morning business opened as usual. I had no fear of evil results from our night's transactions. Weener was a bit

country up north of us brought rumous that Coverly had lost more negroes. Plying reports came of Raymond's losses,

but no one from either place put in an appearance. The next day the rumors were confirmed. The Wills brothers were on the warpath. We heard from them before noon; they had all the men and dogs they could raise, scouring the country about their places. Rumor said they had lost 50 negroes, but of course as had lost 50 negroes, but of course, as

usual, rumor was mistaken.

I knew weil enough that, falling to find traces of them near home, they would start for the Yankee brig at Franklin. Thursday afternoon came, and with it men and dogs. Wesber and myself were both at the store when there arrived George Wills, Dick Coverly, Mr. James end's overseer) and two or three

left the week before, but no great exer-tion had been made to recover them, as it was no unusual occurrence. The stam-bit.

was no unusual occurrence. The stampede at Haymond's brought the planters together and opened their eyes, and with a malediction against the Abolitionist, it was agreed to search the brig, if she had not already sailed.

Wills, a rough, pugnacious and quarrelsome man, was spokesman of the party. Dick Coverly dropped into insignificance and made no attempt to lead. Wild with excitement and some of them pretty well alarmed, the crowd filled the store. They did not know where this would end.

"In't that vessel at Franklin loaded?"

"To Franklin to search the Yankee yested."

"To Franklin to search the Yankee yested."

"Isn't that vessel at Franklin losses."
"No." said I. "What is it? Have you anything to ship on her?" he shouted. "Not unside are no niggers there."
"Ship on her?" he shouted. "Not unside are no niggers there."
"What next, then?" I asked George, whe was the most eager one of the crowd. It is not of thing can't go on very long, five of them skipped somewhere, and we are going to search the vessel!"

"This was the most eager one of the crowd. Now was my time. I went back to my destitute, and I did not remain the complete are no niggers there."
"All right," said he, and off they was my time. I went back to my destitute, and I did not remain the complete are going to search the vessel!"

"Well, said Ed. Harrison, "we better moved through the still woods, and in less brig. Capt Harris was as impatient as I."

these proceedings legal, for the owners of the vessels will hold us responsible for any delay or damage."

Wills immediately sent for the constable, and upon his arrival we were off for Franklin.

Arriving there, I asked Wills if he did not think it best that he and Dick Cov-erly, together with the Constable and myerly, together with the Constable and myself, should constitute the searching party.
He immediately agreed to this, and,
explaining to the rest, we left them to
enjoy themselves, while we searched the
brig for negroes who were at least 60
miles away. On board the brig we found
the captain busy with his cargo. I introduced him to Messrs, Wells, Coverly
and James—the Constable introduced himself and started his business.

self and stated his business.

The bluff old sea dog roared with laughter. "Well, well! Well, well!" he cried,
"This is nice! Captain Harris accused of stealing negroes! Say, Mr. Wells," he continued, "I have stolen them"—Wells looked ugiy—"on the coast of Africa, many a cargo, but none in Louisiana."
"Go ahead! Search away!"

We called to the crowd and they swarmed on board. The search was made, but nothing was found more closely resembling a negro than a few bottles of West India rum. Captain Harris owned these. Safe to say the rum accompanied the searching party ashore—the bottles remained with the brig.

Various were the suggestions given and the opinions volunteered. Dick Coverly took the same view as before—the swamp, Everything was swamp to Dick. Wells was furious, and swore that he would flog every nigger left on the plantation, James said nothing, except that the Yankee cap-tain was no Yankee, and that he kept good rum.

With the information derived from the search we started homeward, the rest of the party swearing vengeance against the unknown scoundrel who had stolen those

Dick Coverly could not reconcile him elf to the loss-his father was old, Dick nimself lacked energy, and their plantaon was left practically without hands. George said he looked carefully, but there was no trace of blood upon Coverly's door-posts. Old Eben could eat no bread of

the passover.

As the discouraged troopers udged their tired horses homeward, Dick, who always came to me in his troubles, rode along be-"Mr. Bradley, this looks curious," said

he. "Lightning has struck our place twice, sure. What clever scoundrel is at the head of these doings? It is evi-dently a well-organized scheme and backed by money."

The good had been done, the evil as a

followed: so, satisfying myself with this fallacy, I responded with the outrageous lie, "that I did not know." utrageous lie, "that I did not know."
"No," said Dick; "how should you? Now here is but one place for them to go, and hat is the ewamps, and I do not believe hat is the swamps, and I do not believe hat they are there. I think they have made their escape into the Indian Terriory, or that they are scattered among

he free niggers.
"They dare not do that, for the free ggers would betray them at the first ffer of reward. There is some smart niger at the bottom of all this. I wish there ouid be a law passed to kill every free ligger in the States, or to sell them to he highest bidder!"
"That would be pleasing to you, Dick:

out how about old Jeffrey, who owns for dayes? He is as black as Erebus." "D-m old Jeffrey!" he replied. "I would like to own him for just one week.

He wouldn't bring much money the next."

I did not doubt this declaration.

Dick inested that "Lem Mason, the yeller fellow," was the gullty one, and said if he caught him he would burn him. He was sure that Lem and Obed had gone to the Indian Territory taken the rest with them. I did sken the rest with them. I did not ear much from such threats, and im-nediately coincided with the opinion.

Next he changed his commentaries to the first exodus, and moralized upon Lucy's disappearance. I listened eagerly to him, and found that he had learned she could rend. She had been reading a French paper, and one of the servants

rener paper, and one of the servants and found a lot of paper written over, sicked between the jeaves of a book, and rought the book to him.
"I'll be shot!" he exclaimed, "If the ook wan't a school edition of Xenophon's Anabasis, and the writing was a half-lozen pages of the translation from the original. Good straight work," he added. 'Now, Brad, you don't suppose that Weener could have taught her to translate Greek, when she nursed him through the smallpox, do you?" At this I laughed.

"Dick, could you go from A B C to Xenophon in six weeks?" I replied. Well, no, he could not. "I don't know who gould." said he, "but there is one of the old man's niggers who can translate Xeno-

"More than likely the translation was left by some of your schoolmates when visiting you," I replied.
"Possibly, but not probably: for if one

of them had had that translation the store and I at home.

Next morning business opened as usual, had no fear of evil results from our hight's transactions. Weener was a bit servous.

By and by people dropping in from the bottney up north of us brought rumors.

I succeeded in changing the subject, for I did not want too many falsehoods to answere the subject of the s

wer for.

Dick was not very dangerous, but the
Wells brothers were energetic, and if on
the right scent would push through and
make a thorough search.

Their firm belief was that the captair

of the brig was in the scheme.

James was really glad the Oboe mar was gone, and I think his pleasure at Dave's disappearance more than compensated for the chagrin he felt at the loss of the other pegroes.

Raymond was in New Orleans and knew nothing about the affair.

We were jogging along slowly, when

we met more negro-hunters on their way to Franklin. I should not be surted from the rate of 15 miles an hour. Foremest among them, was George Wesner, his horse covered with foam and dust.

"Whoa," they yelled in concert, and

"Why, Brad!" said he, "I am on patrol. I agreed to take this road from here to the bridge for my share tonight." "Ed Harrison meets me here and goes the other way to Clark's, three miles fur-

ther. You must bring the people up and lie low, until we are well separated. Ed will be here about 10, and by 10:20 you must be in the road, and trot for the bridge when I give the signal to move. Listen I believe, upon my soul, this is he

coming now."

I rode hastily a few rods into the woods,
Ed saw George's outline (as it was not
then very dark) and halloed.

"Ho! Wesner! Halloe!" cried George.

"All right," and Ed came up.

"Any news?" "None," both asked and
realled.

"Ed," said George, "as it is early and you have just come over your route and I have, too, lot's ride to the bridge. I will

final start, and at 8 P. M. were at the base of the high ground, where I silently gathered my band together. We were not two miles from the main road and about five from our half-way place. We had one bridge, about 200 feet long, to cross. This I did not consider dangerous, as the road was seldom traveled at night. One thing did trouble me very badly, though. We were pretty well aware that the Copeland road, as this was called would be probably patroled by mounted horsemen, for the country around was aroused.

George was to meet me at 3 o'clock that evening, in the edge of the woods, at a spot previously agreed upon. From thence we were to start about midnight, giving us about three hours to accomplish the five miles. At 3 precisely George arrived. He was not disguised. I cautioned him about it.

CHAPTER XVI.

The time passed very quickly, but we were anxious to get our refugees away. There was no place known to us where they would be as safe as where they would be as safe as where they were. One day we received a note from Capt Harris, saying that he should be delayed a day or two longer.

This was bad. The people were almost destitute, and I did not feel easy about them. That afternoon I rode down to the brig. Capt Harris was as impatient as I.

"So, captain, you don't know your old friends?"

"Your voice sounds familiar but really "Your voice soun

about the sailing of the versel, I came to believe that she was all right. The search and patrol continued a few days longer, and then dwindled down to the particular planters interested. Wesner and myself concluded that for a few months we would give the emancipation

business a rest.

Our supply of goods was running quite low, and as we could purchase to bettet advantage in New York than New Or-leans, I thought I could do no better than to visit the former place. When the brig had been gone a couple

for I had taken the precaution to tie a handkerchief over his eyes.

All that day, we lay by and the next morning, before daylight, were along side the Fillmore. Capt Harris knew of the adventure from Weaner. My prisoner was hustled into a stateroom, we split the dug-out into kindling wood, and poor Obed, for once, had a soft couch, for there was no other place to hide him except in the captain's cabin.

The interruption delayed us one day. This was unfortunate, as there was more or less danger of some stranger running across the party. Capt Harris had satisfied himself that the Fillmore would be watched day and night. For this reason he was determined to take them from Grand Lake. Wesner knew the shore of the lake and was well acquainted with the country lying between the bayous. I was not, therefore it fell upon him to take them through. Meanwhile we must wait the was manned by three men all belong-

Lake. Wesner knew the bayous. I was country lying between the bayous. I was not, therefore it fell upon him to take them through. Meanwhile we must wait the tig and went down to meet her. This true was ready.

The bris, as

Your voice sounds familiar, but really I don't recognize your countenance,

piled he. I had to tell him who I was, and raise my false whiskers, before he was con-

"I owe you one," said he. We went below and took a look at our cargo. They were closely stowed, but were all there and well. ere all there and well. Entwissle looked grave as he came on

deck.

"It will never do to land all that crowd in Jersey," said he. "The whole country would be in arms. No, sir! When these lads land, Johnnie Buil's soil must hold

I inquired of the captain, in the after-noon, for the prisoner, and learned that he was still on board. A stateroom in the cabin had been assigned him, and he never been allowed to leave it so did not even know the name of the vessel. That night the captain filled him full of whisky, put \$50 in his pocket and left him senseless on board a Stonington steamer. We heard no more of him until Wesner met him, long afterwards, at a landing on the Mississippi. The most difficult problem was now to

land our cargo without the knowledge of the authorities; we did not know but we were watched at this end of the route, and the idea of landing 190 plantation negroes and turning them loose in New York was not entitled to a moment's consider

At Philadelphia, arrangements could be made for their reception, as there was and the officers of the Underground Rall-road had a building for that purpose. That night a tugboat dropped alongside of the Fillmore, the negroes were transferred to her, and the next night but one were landed in Philadelphia. My connection with the negroes censed when the Anti-Slavery Society tok possession.

I had examined the registers at the hotels to a second to the control of the control

I had examined the registers at the bo-tels to find, if possible, the name of some acquaintance from Teche County that knew of the Fillmore being at Franklin. I found two young fellows, brothers, by the name of Lacroix. I told them that the brig was expected at the wharf that morning, and had a lot of cotton in her belonging to us. As anything from At-takapas was good in their eyes, they went down with me to see her; we three stood form with me to see her; we three stood down with me to see her; we three stood on the pier as she was hauled in. The captain gave me a greeting as though he had not seen me for years, wanted to know when I left, how Wesner

Was, etc. Shortly after hauling in her hatches were removed, and the longshoremen com-menced unloading the cargo. I introduced the Lacroix boys to Captain Harris, who

"There," said Captain Harris, "there go two men who will swear that the Fill-more brought no negroes to New York. Bradley, you have a couple of alibis."
"Captain," I asked, "why did you change your plans so suddenly from Grand Lake to the Teche, and how did you get the negroes on this vessel so silently and

"Mr. Bradley," he replied, "the thing was easy; the captain of the tug was an old shipmate of mine, and a friend as well. I bought him. Five hundred dollars was the price. You and your part-ner were in a bad box, and only a fool's, luck saved you from the noses. You are getting almost too bold. Look out, young

CHAPTER XVII. One bright Autumn day I walked into Bradley & Wesner's store. "Back again, ah!" cried George. "Wel-come to Attakapas! I am right glad to see you. How are our friends in New York?"

My story was short. We had realized about \$9000 on the Fillmore cargo, including the negroes. ing the negroes.

Time jogged along, and the big stampede was almost forgotten except by the owners of the stolen negroes and the negroes themselves. The latter were scat-

ered far and wide. All he could keep track of were Obed and Lemuel Mason. George, of course, corresponded regularity with Lucy. She was still in Massachuetts. Lemuel Muson and Obed were both in Cincinnati, at work, and walting developments. Lanman's Jim was at Chicago. George had promised him some day that he would bring his wife and deliver her to Gilot's.

Our next venture, we determined should include about 15 or 20. Lanman could spare a few, and we kept our eyes open for all the scattering ones we could pick up easily, with a little help from Obed. About the middle of January I was in New Orleans, and while there I wrote to Obed and Lemuel to be at the ren-

dervous March 1.

It will be remembered that we never had been seen by these two men except when we were disguised, and neither of them knew our names. To them I was Massa Edwards, and George was known as Captain Williams. I did not think that either of us in our own characters were ever very well known to Lem; Obed certainly knew neither before the eventful night when George cracked his skull with he paddle.

We made a trip to our swamp but, and

found everything as we had left it, but moldy and rather wet. We carried in a few provisions and spent a day or two ar-ranging things to our own satisfaction. We also left a note telling the two men to clear up the premises.

Our canoes were at Bradley's yard, I wrote Moore to send them, securely packed, to Bradley and Wesner, per teamer. They arrived about the last of February, and were transported to the camp. We set them up and gave them a fresh coat of varnies, so that by the time Obed and Lemuel should arrive we would be ready for business.

The night of March 3 we started for the camp. It was a bright, starlight even-ing, and we rode at a pretty good pace until we left the main road, then rattled down the old logging road and left our horses in the swamp, not two miles from camp. It was wet work, swashing through the swamp, but as we came in sight of the camp a light, streaming through the cracks, told us that the boys were awaiting us.

I was eager to see them and ask about

the emigrants, questions that I did not dare to write, and it was with satisfaction that I pulled the latchistring. There was a click of a revolver and a shout; "Halt! Who's there?" From the inside the door opened about three inches or less, and was stopped by a chain across it. It was Obed's dogged voice that balled, and I answered him. He did not recognize me, and it took some parleying before he would let us in. We had no code of signals or countersign, and it no code of eignais or countereign, and it was extremely difficult to get inside unless they were convinced that we were all right. After five minutes' questions and answers Lemuel took down the chain and we walked in.
(To be continued.)

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Among this crowd were Ed Harrison, Henry Chapman, George Wesner and a Frenchman by name Dubois, a careless young fellow, ripe for any sort of fun, who had joined the party out of good will, and who would not go two roos into a swamp for 500 negroes. He was pretty quick and a good partner in a frolle, but not a very reliable companion on a negro hunt. Dubois was only is years old and had little reverence for the "peculiar institution," although he owned a few negroes, but he was guch a kind master that they could not be driven away, and again, ecapegrace as he was, he had free papers recorded for every one of them, valid, in case he should die. He rode up by my side:

"Mr. Bradley," said he, "if these peo-

"Mr. Bradley," said he, "If these peo-ple would use their negroes better they wouldn't run off. I can pick more coton and make more sugar to the hand than any man in this section of the country and none of my negroes run off; why do theirs? I will help them find their property, for I do not think the example would be a good one to inaugu-rate, but it will not be many years before the whole system will be blown to atoms, if they do not use their slaves better; the Northern people are ugly."

Again the crowd halted and began an-

ther heated argument. Some were for

ontinuing on to the vessel, and others or returning. George did not express his opinion, or join in the clamor, The corn juice had circulated freely, and, to use Jack Forrester's expression, they "argered the pint explicitly and explositely"; finally they turned their horses toward home, and, with another juare drink all around, gave a Co

yell for a prelude, and driving their spurs into their mustangs, broke into a wild race for the store, CHAPTER XVI.

Every road, lane and path leading to the ressel would be patrolled, and well we new it. The magnitude of this unparalleled robbery, and the astounding assurance of its authors, had aroused the whole

ance of its authors, had aroused the whole country, so our original intentions must be abandoned. Sunday I visited the brig and talked the Captain.
"You must get them to the Chafalaya then: I came for them niggers," said he, "and I am going to have 'em, Can't you cross the Teche and hide them somewhere around the Grand Lake? Fil lay the brig down the hay and run a best in the brig down the bay and run a boat up

"Captain," said I, "go ashore and ride ack with me."
The Captain hired a pony and rode back I to the store with me. appeared. Mason had his directions and Our original plan had been the take the knew where to go-no fear of trouble regroes to the brig by boat or to take them by night down some of the by roads, and

ross one of the numerous bridges that panned the Teche. We now saw that this project was destined to be a miserable failure and would undoubtedly hang us both, if even attempted. The Captain heard our plans and im-The Captain heard our plans and immediately pronounced them Quixotle in the extreme. "I am afraid, gentlemen, you are in a bad fix but we won't despair until the noose is around our necks. Have "Hait! Throw up your hands,

ou a chart or map of this country?" We did have one, and George brought it out, pointing out the locations. "Can you make a course from here and up around, then across the Teche, and make the Atchafalaya waters at Grand

Lake, tell me?"
George, who had followed the sweep of the Captain's pencil, thought we could, and that it would take about 10 days, or rather nights to make the circuit.

"Dare you try it?"
"It is all we can do," I replied,
"Now," said Captain Harris, "I have some repairs to make on my vessel, and will lie here as long as possible. If I can-not stick here long enough, I will drop down to Berwicks and lie there. Tomorow night do you start. Don't fear mewon't leave you; and you can understand clearly that it is no person's husiness, ex-cept her owner's, how long the Fillmore lies at Franklin. I should not be sur-

"Brad," he cried, "what did you shoot

go back and start fair." They turned than two hours from my parting with but very cool. He had engaged a tug and back with us.

Among this crowd were Ed Harrison, the highway. I stood within 10 feet of Harrison, when he and George rode by. Said he: "I mean to make that tug,

HE TOLD ME THE STORY IN THE HOPELESS TONE PECULIAR TO A BROKEN-SPIRITED MAN.

to let you know if I am coming. It was three miles to the bridge-I knew, for I had traveled this road be-fore, but not at the head of a lot of runaway negroes. On the east side of the bayou was a thicket; the river banks were high generally, but here they were low and swampy. This thicket was our haven, here we could rest. Heavyears be ens! How we rushed through the n blown to I can remember the wind, the lowing of the frogs from the low marshes. the glow of the fireflies as they darted out and flashed above our heads, the shrick of the steamer's whistle away down the distant bayou. It is all before me now, and I can hear the heavy breathing and panting of the excited negroes as

they fied onward. Twenty rods from the bridge. Above the dull sound of the tramping feet I heard the sound of rushing hoofs. Dave had heard it also; a low murmur ran through the column, and it disappeared in the woods. I was alone. Frantically I urged my unwiling pony through the thick brush that lined the roadside. The bushes were still quivering from the shock, when Wesner dashed by and the of his horse's hoofs resounded igh the woods, as he crossed the bridge. Presently he returned at the same pace. I could hear another horse coming oth at a slower pace rode back to the

bridge. Five minutes passed, and they re-turned, walking their horses. I could hear hem talking as they passed us. Waiting a suitable time, I called the efugees from their hiding place, quick y we crossed the bridge and were safe ly enseenced among the rank growth that lined the east bank of the bayou. I breathed freely as the last man disappeared. Mason had his directions and

with him.
I turned my horse and walked hi leisurely down the road on the east side, intending to cross at one of the lower

As I entered the shadow of the trees a man sprang from his concealment and stood in the road before me. Men who are in constant danger think and quickly; my hand was on the butt of my

are a dead man!" he cried, and brought his gun to his shoulder, the muzzle not 29 feet from my face. As I obeyed him, my right hand brought up my 44-caliber Colt's navy, my finger pressed the trig-ger, and the crack of the pistol mingled with the report of his shotgun, his builet whizzing disagreeably near my ear. My aim was close, for he dropped in his track, his gun rattling on the ground as

bushes toward us: "For God's sake, go back," cried I, "or you will have the whole crowd stampeded. The man is dead." Mason turned back; I could hear a orse rapidly approaching, evidently urged to his best gait. Again I secreted my self. I had a good view of the bridge from my hiding place and recognized the

Mason, hearing the firing, ran out of the

"I have killed a man!" I replied,
"I hope not," he replied, and dismounting
examined the man.
"He's only stunned, your bullet glanced

rider; it was Wesner!

would start the following morning, calk-ing his decks, while he lay at Atchafalaya, Said he: "I mean to make that tug, bring the niggers alongside; \$500 will do it, and, once done, a million will not purchase the secret from the man who is fool enough to risk his life for the money.
"Are you or your partner going with
the niggers?" he asked.

"My partner," I answered. "Tell him he need not take them to the lake. I wal have them on board this brig within 10 miles from Franklin."

within 10 miles from Frankiin."

"Let us take the yawi and visit them. It is too dark to be seen by any one."

We took the boat, quietly dropped down the bayou and sculled across. It was some distance below Franklin, and out of the way of patrols where we landed. As "There" said Captain Harris "there are "There "there are "There" said Captain Harris "There are "There " e way of patrois w we went up over the benk I stopped the Captain, for I was rather suspicious that my colored friends might be inclined to shoot or run, although I had confidence that Mason would be cool enough in an emer-

'Who's dat?" came in a hoarse whisper not 10 feet from me. I gave the countersign and called for Mason. He came for-

"Well, Lem, how is everything?" "All smooth, sah."
I told him we could not take them until the next night. He was a little disap-pointed, but there was no remedy. We landed a quantity of hard bread and pork we had brought, and then left them for the night. Everything was as still as death at the camp; the fireflies were flashing over the bayou and the owls booting shrill and unconcerned, as

within as many yards of the shore of I went on board the brig again, the boat was dropped into her accustomed place, and Capt Harris and myself retired to the cabin to talk and speculate on the affair.

if there was not a hundred negroes lying

No man knew negro character better than the Captain of the Fillmore, Edwin Harris. He was about 45 years of age, 30 years had he spent at sea, and 10 years as an African scaver. He assured me, and I have no reason to doubt his word, that he had helped run 15 cargoes of negroes into the United States, and had been five years master of a slaver. How many cargoes he had landed in the West Indies he did not know, nor could he tell without consulting his journal-certainty more than 20. Many times had he been chased by a man-of-war, once captured, twice tried, once sent to prison and made his escape; he had been in two or three fights with boats from men-ofwar, and wounded both by knife and bullet. As for fear, he had none, and was therefore just the man to engage in such an expedition as this; if his piratical notions did not impel him to run his cargo into Havana and sell I did not think he would do that, al-

hard to prevent him; yet be had a dogged sense of honor toward his employers, and, although a slaver, and perhaps a pirate, he would always be true to his trust. "Mr. Bradley, this is a difficult place for a man to be in," he said, "I can't fight, neither can I run. Them planters will make short work of me if I am caught. In this little stream, flight is im-possible. A mistake on my part will cost us our vessel and cargo, besides the lives of all hands. But, str. I shall fight if found out, and mark my words—the Fili-more will make those Frenchmen howi before the Captain and crew go aloft on

conscience would not struggle very

"Captain," I replied, "this affair calls for strategy, and I have sufficient confidence in your tact to believe that you will succeed. If the worst comes, take to the bush and make for my place. I can hide you so all the detectives south of Washington would not find you."
Captain Harris assented, as he replied: "Trust me, and tomorrow morning return to your store. I will sign the bills of lad-ing in blank, leave them at the store and trust you to fill them out correctly,

any of these live oaks."

I thought this excellent advice, and did leave for home. Two days after I went and forward mine." leave for home. Two days after I went to Franklin on other busins w. The brig was gone. I heard nothing from the ne groes, and as there was no excite