Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

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Five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, love of adventure, hatred of slavery and the desire to help my friend, George Wesner, led me, Charles Bradley, a civil engineer, of Attakapas County, Louisiana, 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 else. 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 slave we could bring North. We arranged our end of the underground railway, with my woodyard, several miles up the river, as the main station and hiding-place. At home we set up a general merchandise store to avoid suspicion. Wesner makes the first venture, and starts North with 10 of Coverley's slaves, including Lucy. The venture is successful. Wesner delivers the slaves to the agents in New York, and places Lucy in school at Andover. I take charge of the second raid. Disguised as a peddler, I see and arrange with some of the Raymond negroes for their escape. Dave, their leader, gathers 78 slaves together, and after great trouble and many narrow escapes we ship them North by sea along with a cargo of cotton. Our total profits on the cargo are $3000. In the following Spring we plan a third venture, and the Lanman plantation is our first objective.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

In the farther end of the room stood Obed, revolver in hand. As soon as he saw us he dropped it and spoke: "All right, gentlemen!" We shook hands heartily.

This was Saturday night, and we had concluded to spend Sunday with the boys, to make arrangements for our next venture, for after the excitement and flurry caused by the other stampedes, we felt that this, to be successful, must be managed with as much skill and prudence as boldness.

Sunday morning after breakfast we discussed our plans. George was determined first to go to Lanman's plantation and there make such arrangements as were necessary to secure Jim's wife's escape. This he had promised Jim, and he felt obliged to make his word good. We also thought perhaps quite a number might be obtained there; 20 were as many as we dared to take, and Lanman could spare 10 of them.

We kept in the swamp until nightfall and then leisurely rode home. About 2 P. M. the next Tuesday, an old man, seated in a dugout, was paddling slowly by Lanman's place. The old fellow's hair was long, the corners of his mouth had the characteristic tobacco stain of the poor whites. Altogether he was a perfect specimen of the clayeaters. That he was fishing, a few catfish in his canoe bore witness.

Nearing the shore, the old fellow prepared to paddle his canoe to the landing and haul her up a few paces. Just then a white man came lounging toward the shore—one of those long-limbed, lantern-jawed, fierce-looking chaps, who had strayed down to Louisiana from the Upper Mississippi, and picked up the congenial employment of driving niggers. Attakapas was full of such cattle; one scarcely knew from whence they came or whither they went. This man had been a long time resident at Lanman's, and was well known to our fishermen. He was too sharp and shrewd to be easily duped. He was Lanman's overseer, and answered to the name of Prentice. If George Wesner had feared any man living, when he landed at Lanman's, disguised as a fisherman, he would have shunned Prentice; but he did not; reposed supreme confidence in his disguise, and trusted implicitly in its perfect appointments, a mistake that proved fatal to one man and came very near involving our little scheme in ruin. I will let George tell his own story:

"I did not contemplate landing just then, but as I saw Prentice walking on the levee, I thought that hesitation on my part might arouse his suspicions. I felt confident of being able to deceive him; but, in my opinion of Prentice I was mistaken. He had in his younger days been a river pirate, and was an adept at all disguises. When I landed I had sprung lightly from the canoe—a great mistake, and out of keeping with my make-up. Like a flash his cold gray eye covered me. I knew at the same instant that my case was desperate, and I was suspected, but did not think that he saw George Wesner in the disguised fisherman.

"I hauled the canoe out a bit, to keep her from drifting away, and sauntered up to him, like a bayou fisherman. His appearance was far from affable, and I glanced around to see if any persons were observing us. Luckily there was no one within hearing—the field was clear. 'Might I sell you a few fish?' said I.

"'I want no fish,' he replied with a growl. 'What d—d impudence brings you here?' Looking as unconcerned and ignorant as possible, I replied, 'To sell fish.'

"All this time I was moving quietly toward the quarters, which were back of the levee, and a little to the rear and left of the great house where Lanman himself resided. Lanman was at New Orleans, this I knew, and decided to kill Prentice should he recognize me, unless some stroke of good fortune should intervene. I knew in event of a trial of strength he must go to the wall. I dared not turn my back to him, for I knew he always carried a six-shooter.

"As we entered a thicket of oak near the quarters, Prentice spoke: 'Wesner, d—n you, I know you; the game is up; the coon is treed; you've stolen your last nigger!'

"I appeared not to hear him, but I did hear the ominous click of his revolver as he drew back the hammer.

"'Stop!' he imperatively ordered. 'You are worth more to me alive than dead; throw up your hands!'

"I did stop. In an instant I faced him, together we fired, his bullet grazed my shoulder. I shot to kill, and at the discharge of my pistol he lay dead in the road. I felt no sting of conscience, but dragged him into the bushes and left him until I had made my arrangements with Jim's wife.

"I went straight to the quarters and found her. In 10 minutes we had made all the talk necessary. Tomorrow night there will be five of them waiting for us at the mouth of the creek, just above Smith's landing—Jim's wife and sister and three other girls—five women.

"Brad, it's the devil's own load, but I think we will go through all right, though we are not quite ready. We must start before Prentice's body is discovered."

"George," said I, "we are in a tight place. Tonight we must take Prentice's body and bury it or sink it in the creek. We must also bring the women to the rendezvous. If Prentice is found, shot through the heart, and the girls gone, there will be a hobbery kicked up in this section that will last a year; if he is not found, their disappearance will be associated with his, and the hunt will be made now. I am sorry you were obliged to shoot him, but he would have died with his boots on, anyway. The scoundrel has killed three men to my knowledge—niggers, it is true—neither you nor I know how many white men have gone down by his hand, before he came to Attakapas. Don't shed tears over him. I wish there were two of him; we'll bury him first, then moralize afterward."

That night we took our canoe, went to Lanman's, found Prentice's body and before midnight had him decently buried. Thence we proceeded to Smith's Creek, got the girls, and at 10 o'clock the next day they were at the rendezvous, and Bradley and Wesner were at their usual place of business.

Sunday, at church, the people were terribly excited; Prentice had gone and taken five women belonging to his employer. It must have been he who stole Coverly's people, and had done all this mischief. Lanman offered $500 reward for him, dead or alive, other planters added to it until, when the bills were put up, there was $20,000 offered for the apprehension of James Prentice or for the production of his body, dead or alive.

An additional reward for Marie, Jane, Susan, Violet, Lewiselette and Sarah—mulatto girls, aged respectively 21, 19, 22, 40 and 15. Violet was Jim's wife, aged 19.

Here was sure and good news for us, as it turned suspicion into an entirely new channel. It was discussed at church, talked of at home, and retailed abroad. Every busybody was eager to tell the news. Sheriffs were ordered to intercept the steamers; letters were written to New Orleans, and every effort made to find James Prentice and the five mulatto women; little did poor Prentice care, for he lay safe under three feet of swamp earth back from Smith's landing, and the girls were one step toward freedom.

We were anxious. I grew 'd fast; nights when I lay down, my revolver was by my side, and my horse ready to saddle. Night and day the gibbet arose before me; perhaps others besides Prentice had suspected us. Prentice knew Wesner at sight. So far our enterprise had cost us the life of but one man. I was hardened, so was Wesner, and I do not think that even Boston itself could produce two more violent abolitionists than George Wesner and myself.

After two weeks had flown George began to grow uneasy, and, to add to his uneasiness, I had my arm broken by a refractory mule. This effectively barred my usefulness, as an agent for the U. G. R. R., for a time, for what few limbs a man owned he had use for if he traveled on that road.

Now we were set back in reality. George must leave, and I must keep the store open; hence was obliged to employ some one to assist me. This I disliked to do, but it was necessary, as our business was large and increasing every day.

We hired a free negro boy, about 17, named Winter, which we shortened to Win.

Win was about three-fourths white, but the negro blood was ever to the front. He was strictly honest, excepting, of course, as to the inborn appetite for chickens.

Sunday morning, April 2, George started for the camp. There were 18 fugitives gathered there, all of whom had been picked up by Lem and Obed, except Lanman's five women and three whom I enticed from Franklin. It was all night work. It was not our intention to trust to Lem or Obed, but my accident made it necessary.

CHAPTER XVIII.

George left somewhat cast down as I was in no shape to render him assistance. I felt that once on the way anxiety would counteract the feeling of despondency.

Through the swamp and bayou the fugitives, struggled, one day very much like another. One Saturday night the party had dragged their canoes across the carry and launched them into the waters of a little creek that flowed into the Arkansas. Wesner would have crossed, but it rained hard all day, and the whole party was tired, hungry, and wet through, so he gave orders to build a fire, dry their clothing and rest till the next day. The river had been rising and he wished to look at it by daylight before attempting its passage.

The next morning was bright, the rising sun shone on the wet bushes, and the raindrops sparkled and glistened.

The women were making coffee. Hark! Borne on the morning air came the dread sound that sends terror to the heart of the fugitive of the swamp—the baying of hounds!

"God have mercy," said Violet; "the dogs!"

All the fugitives were on their feet. The baying continued, but came no nearer.

The frightened negroes huddled together; Obed and Lemuel were cool. Obed spoke first:

"We are followed."

"Yes!" cried Lem, "and must fight."

Wesner realized that his actions and decisions must be prompt and instantly given, if he would save his party from capture, and his neck from the noose.

One moment's reflection convinced him that if they were indeed pursued it must be by people in boats, who had dogs with them, and were encamped beside the creek, getting their breakfast. The dogs were probably baying at some wild animal. Who were these persons? Where from? He did not care.

"Can I make these people save themselves?" was his anxious thought.

If he sent part of them off in the canoes and kept some of them to beat off their pursuers and failed, all was lost. Neither Obed nor Lemuel could pilot the boats to Bradley's yard, and on them he must rely for his support in the coming contest. The rest were good workers, but a generation of abject slavery had extinguished every particle of manly courage in their breasts. They would obey him because he was white; they would obey the next man for the same reason.

Wesner decided quickly. "Boys," said he, turning to the fugitives, "we must fight. Obed, you and Lemuel know how; I want two more, and I will take you, Jake, and you, Bill. Now do as I tell you or I will shoot you dead in your tracks. Take your rifles and come here."

They brought their rifles to him; he loaded both and capped the nipples.

"Now, boys," said he, "you can both shoot, for I have seen you, but this time you must shoot white men. Can you?"

"Yas, massa."

"Yas, massa," repeated Wesner, sneeringly.

"That's encouraging. Obed; we'll take them along, but there are only three of us—they can't fight."

Jim's wife spoke up: "I can shoot a white man or a black coward either; try me and see," and she picked up a rifle and loaded it, showing a practiced hand. "I used to clean old Massa Lanman's guns, when he went hunting, and have fired them many a time."

"Good for you, Vio; you shall be captain of the reserves. Now the rest of you load the canoes, take them to the mouth of the bayou and remain in them until we return."

Wesner saw that places in the canoe for himself and his men were left vacant, and the paddles ready to grasp in an instant. Taking Violet aside he explained to her what to do in case he was killed, "for I shall not be captured," he said. "Violet, if you could read, I would let you have my plan."

"But I can read," she replied.

Wesner looked astonished, and thrust his plans into her hands.

"Come, boys," said he to the negroes, and closely followed by the four, proceeded up the creek. The water was ankle deep most of the way. In Wesner's estimation it must be about two miles to where their pursuers were encamped. After traveling nearly that distance, he halted his men and went forward alone. He could smell smoke and the odor of broiling meat. "I must be very near the encampment," he reasoned, and crept stealthily forward. There they were, eight of them, and a pack of at least 20 dogs. The men had finished their breakfast except one, who was giving the last turn to a bit of venison.

"Come, Jake," said the leader of the crowd, "ain't you most filled up? I should think you had had time enough to crawl outside a whole deer carcass, hide and all. We must be off in a moment, if we want to catch them niggers. It can't be more than 300 miles to the end of this d—d bayou, and they are not a great way ahead. Come on, an' leave the hounds to foller."

"O, don't be in a hurry," cried Jake; "can't you let a feller have his breakfast?"

Wesner did not stop to hear more. In ten minutes he had joined his companions.

"Now, boys," said he, in his usual tone of voice, "there is to be trouble and some of us perhaps will get hurt. I cannot shoot them down in cold blood, although they're eight to five. Lay behind this log," and he pointed to a cottonwood that had fallen beside the bayou.

They dropped quickly, and listened to the sound of the voices of the party as it slowly approached, pushing along the surface of the sluggish stream.

"Now, boys, level your rifles and cover your men, let me do the talking, don't fire until I give the order, unless they do. This fight must be to the death. Is my face all right?"

"Yes," said Obed, "you are nigger enough now, sure."

They could now hear the conversation of their pursuers as they drew near. Wesner, cocking his rifle, stepped quietly behind a tree out of range of his own men, and a trifle nearer the water. The first canoe, containing five men, was in sight, 10 rods from him; the other was about three rods astern, and held three men, their baggage and guns. There was but one man armed in the leading canoe. He sat in the stern paddling, with his rifle at his feet.

"Good," thought Wesner, and then "Halt!" in a voice that made the woods ring. With a force that nearly overset her, the oarsmen brought the canoe to the bank.

"Who are you?" cried the leader.

By this time the other canoe had drawn nearly up to the leading one, so that the occupants could see Wesner, as he stood partially concealed.

"I am," said the latter, as he stepped fully into view, "a runaway nigger, one of the 20 you are chasing. I am not to be taken alive; neither are my companions. You had better return now; in five minutes it will be too late for some of you."

"See here, my boy," cried the leader, "don't move your hand toward that rifle; if you do, you are a dead man!"

Wesner replied: "I'm none of your boys; your whole party are covered by my men in the woods; you cannot move one yard forward unless I say so."

Just then there came the distant baying of the dogs. They had finished their breakfast and were off for their masters. One of the men in the canoe raised a tin horn to his lips and blew a shrill blast.

"Bow! wow! wow!" came from the dogs.

The Arkansas Pikes in their canoes smiled significantly. A nigger dreads a dog always.

"Say, you—you'll make good dog meat!" yelled the jaundiced-looking man in the near canoe. As he said this he drew a single-barreled rifle-pistol from his belt and fired at Wesner.

The aim was hasty and the shot wild; nevertheless the bullet sang too near his ear, for the distance was less than 10 rods.

Wesner's rifle cracked, and with a shriek the poor devil fell dead in the canoe. This was a signal, and the simultaneous reports of the negroes' rifles mingled with that of Wesner—two more of the pursuers fell—five left, yes, and 20 dogs.

Wesner feared the dogs more than the men, for their loud howls were demoralizing to the negroes. The pursuing party now pulled their canoes over to the opposite side of the creek. As they struck the shore, Wesner fired, and again sprang behind the log. He had the satisfaction of seeing but four men spring from the canoes and take to the bushes.

"Now, Obed," said he, "take Jake and go meet those dogs; leave Lem with me. Get out of the way of those devils' guns, Lem and I will watch them. Kill the dogs, remember this—kill the dogs."

He shouted this in a voice plainly to be heard on the other side of the stream.

In a few minutes he could hear the guns of the men, followed by yells of the dogs, and knew that there was a sharp battle going on.

In a moment or two came the report of another gun.

"They are all right, Lem; they have taken to a tree."

"Yes, sir," said that individual; "Obed will take care of them dogs and we must take care ob them ones ober there."

"Lemuel, you are about right," replied Wesner; "do you hear them? No? Then watch the canoes! Yes, that's their only hold; don't show yourself! (as Lem raised his head and a bullet whizzed close to his ear). They mean mischief; they are four to our three now, for I do not count on the new men—they may shoot a few dogs."

"No," sadly replied Lem; "them boys have said 'Massa' too many times to forget it in two months."

"They are no older than you are, Lem; and you were born a slave."

"No, not a born slave; I have been one a long time; I think the white blood I have makes me ugly. My father owned 500 niggers. Boh! how I pitied them and laughed at them as they worked. That was long ago, long ago! I was but a baby. Look out, they are trying to steal off with a canoe." His rifle cracked and its sharp tones resounded through the forest. Wesner was conscious that he had one the less enemy to contend with, for another lay dead on the shore of the creek.

Wesner and Lem lay in silence until the former began to grow impatient. The crack of Obed's and his companion's rifles, regularly answered by the sharp ki-yi and prolonged howl of the stricken dogs, satisfied the fugitives that there was no further danger to be feared from them.

Emboldened by success, Wesner called across the stream to the ambushed enemies: "Gentlemen, you are in our power; now, if you wish to continue this fight, you can, until not one of you is left alive, or you can take one canoe and your wounded comrades, return to your homes, boast of your bravery and tell your neighbors that a nigger can't fight. Your dogs we shall kill if they are not already dead. Choose quickly, for we are getting impatient."

WE FOUND PRENTICE'S BODY AND BEFORE MIDNIGHT HAD HIM DECENTLY BURIED.

"That's a white man's voice," said one.

"You're right there, and what's left of you may as well travel," was the answer.

"Stranger, we're off; this hand's throwed up," cried the spokesman of the party. "Don't shoot!" and, stepping in sight, he stood on the bank looking across to catch a glimpse of his unseen foe.

"Come," cried Wesner, "move."

At that two more downcast looking chaps poked their heads out of the bush. Turning toward his dead comrades, one of them asked permission to take the bodies with them. To this, Wesner readily consented, and Obed, having returned from the dog slaughter volunteered to assist them, and coolly walked to the creek and helped to lay the bodies in one of the canoes. Taking this one in tow, the survivors embarked in the other, and the melancholy cortege passed out of sight. As they left one of them arose in the canoe and, waving his hand, cried: Good bye, boys; good bye. I hope every one of you will see the free states. I am done chasing runaway niggers!" In a few moments the sound of their paddles was lost in the distance.

The remainder of the forenoon was passed in watching for the return of the pursuers, but they were evidently satisfied that there was an easier and more lucrative business than catching negroes, so had returned home to report that eight white men and 20 dogs had been beaten back, half their number and all their dogs killed, by four runaway negroes.

There was a joyful greeting when Wesner and his men returned—not unharmed, for Lem had a bullet through his arm, but said nothing at the time.

That afternoon the party remained on the banks of the creek to rest before trying the passage of the Arkansas.

CHAPTER XIX.

That night after supper, Wesner pressed Lem to finish his story, he had begun in the morning before the fight.

"Captain," Lem replied, "no man living knows it. I have toiled for years with nothing to live for but revenge; it was all I did live for; but since you and Mr. Edwards have given me my freedom and risked your lives for me, I will tell you all.

"I had just told you about my father. Five hundred niggers—sounds like a big brag for me, a slave. I can remember his patting me on the head and calling me his mulatto baby. I must have been 4 or 5 years old then; I was only 7 when he was brought into the house with a bullet in his brain. That I remember well. My mother, you ask if she were black. Yes, she was a Felah, born in Africa; my father bought her of a Congo chief, who was about to behead her to satisfy some god or other that he fancied he was angry with or was angry with him. She was his property and lived with him in Africa, where he had been for many years and was getting homesick. He left, came to Louisiana, bought a plantation and sent for her. She came with my brother and myself. My father had taught her to read and write. She was a black lady, her father was a great chief.

"I do not think my father had many friends among his neighbors; he had been long in the African slave trade, and was a wild devil at best, but was always good to my mother. I remember once she was very sick, he rode 30 miles for a physician, and never left her bedside until she was out of danger. He sat with her hand in his while the doctor was there. I know what a shock it must have been to that physician, reared in a Louisiana atmosphere, to witness a wealthy planter caressing the ebony hand of a black woman, but the whole Pelican state could not have influenced him. The physician made some light remark regarding it. My! how the old man's eyes snapped!

"'Doctor,' said he, 'I put in 15 years on the coast of Senegambia; I am a graduate of Yale College; I have seen white ladies in my younger days, but that woman is dearer to me than all else in America. Save her if you can, and name your price—but this plantation is mine, my domestic relations are mine only; my neighbors may come here if they choose, or give me the cold shoulder; I do not wan their friendship, neither do I fear them. I have probably in my day shot 20 men, and can shoot 20 more if necessary, but I am to be left alone. That woman was my wife in Africa; she is so here, as near as Louisiana law will allow. She has free papers recorded, and her children are free; that's the best I can do with them here.'

"No man ever came to see my father except by accident. He kept open house for travelers. If they were respectable he took them to his own table, if they were not, they were given accommodations in the servants' quarters. As my mother always sat at my father's table, and was waited upon as a lady, you can judge of the wry faces that were often seen, but no man ever dared to show her disrespect. The old Captain was too ready with his pistol for that.

"One bright day he was brought home dead, shot by some unknown assassin. He had a brother whom I always mistrusted as being the instigator of the deed. This man, who had recently come on a visit to my father, was the only heir, and came into possession of the property."

"What became of your mother?"

"My mother was a heathen, a believer in Voodoo; she drove a knife into her heart and died on my father's grave."

"My uncle sold me and the other two children in 24 hours after the estate was in his hands."

"Where is he now?"

"Captain, I never forgot him. I shot him dead before we started on this expedition. I was afraid I might not come back, and did not want to leave any unpaid bills in the South."

Poor Lemuel's story ended here; of brothers or sisters he knew nothing, except that, if living, they were wearing their lives out in some cotton or cane field. The uncle from Connecticut, he had located where he would remain safe until the resurrection day.

The next morning early they were across the Arkansas and up the White River chute, and in two weeks, without further adventure, were resting their tired limbs at Bradley's yard, from hence to Cairo and safe at Gilott's. Here Mr. Entwisle took charge of them, paid over the money and Wesner departed for New York.

CHAPTER XX.

June, in Massachusetts, is the loveliest of the summer months. The fierce heat of the sun is tempered by the southern breeze and the heavy fogs that hang low on the seacoast, are dissipated by the soft south wind before reaching the interior counties. The sterile hillsides are kept green by numerous showers, and nature for a brief period shows that she can make even rugged New England beautiful.

At a wayside farmhouse, thrown among the granite bowlders of Berkshire County, and nearly lost to sight in their surrounding gray, Lucy came to pass the summer vacation. The month was but half gone, and the few weeks she had been there had been to her a season of quiet enjoyment.

Wesner was feverish with anxiety to be at work clearing up the mystery of her birth, but for the present he could make absolutely no move. To do so would have been to call down death upon him, for, of course, his interest would have pointed to Lucy's liberator. It would have been singular and opprobrious enough any time.

The farm where Lucy made her home was owned and occupied by Stephen A. Walbridge, a man some 60 years of age, of the common type of New England farmer, hard working, honest, shrewd and keen, not very well versed in the ways of the world, a little suspicious and perhaps for that reason easily deceived by outside appearances. He believed that the Government of the United States could do no wrong; hated everything British with a thorough Yankee hatred, for his grandfather had fought at Lexington, and in the low-ceiled kitchen, on the very same hooks where the old man put it 80 years before, hung the old flintlock he carried at the Concord fight, still able to throw a charge of birdshot, though the flint needed a deal of picking.

Mrs. Walbridge was a pattern New England farmer's wife, smart, neat and capable, a good housekeeper, and in her household she reigned supreme. Of their children, one—Mary—a girl of 20, was at home. The rest had gone out into the world to fight their own battles.

Stephen Walbridge beat his living out of his sterile farm, and was in fair circumstances. His daughter, a very intelligent girl, attending the same school with Lucy, had her parents' consent to invite her home for the vacation. Of Lucy's previous history she was ignorant, except that she was a Southern girl, received remittances from the South, and had plenty of money.

It was the 20th of June, a bright, sunny morning. The young ladies had left the house, and were enjoying a horseback ride over the grassy country roads. Together they cantered along, enjoying the fresh morning air. The day was beautiful, and reminded Lucy of far off, and, strange to say, beloved Attakapas. Overhead, seen through the vista of trees, were the soft, white clouds floating in the warm, blue sky; the glad, green earth and the budding trees told no tale of the snow and ice of the past Winter. "If," said Lucy, "I could but see a buzzard circling over my head and shut my eyes to these enormous bowlders, it would not be difficult to fancy myself in the South." Mary Walbridge, who had but little of the romantic in her composition, dearly loved riding, and was rather proud of her accomplishments in that line. An active life, passed amid the rugged Berkshire hills, had so hardened and strengthened her muscles that she felt herself equal to the control of the most spirited horse. The prairies of Attakapas had been Lucy's riding school, and her early lessons had been taken on the back of an Indian pony, guiltless of saddle or bridle. Together the two girls cantered along, laughing and talking by snatches.

"Lucy," said Mary, "where did you learn to ride?"

"Oh, I did not have to learn. It came to me when a child, and I have not forgotten. The prairie where I was 'raised' was well-stocked with ponies."

Lucy here turned the conversation, for she wished to avoid all reference to her former life; her plantation education had taught her self-reliance, and Wesner had cautioned her to be discreet and silent.

In all Massachusetts lived but one man who knew her true story and the history of her romantic escape from slavery—he was a friend of Wesner, and to him, luckily for Lucy, Wesner had trusted the secret, not, however, divulging his own agency in the affair.

The rough ride had loosened its fastenings, and the wealth of Lucy's black, wavy hair, glistening with drops of dew brushed from the overhanging bushes, flowed in its glossy brightness unconfined over her shoulders. Framed in this setting, the dark cheek tinged with the red glow of exercise and shaded by the long lashes of her soft, dark eyes, she made a picture so beautiful that Mary Walbridge thought—"she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and as good as beautiful. What is her life's story?—I would not ask. As a woman, I can love her. Were I a man, I would risk my life to win her."

Lucy, unconscious of the admiration she had excited, rode quietly beside her companion, chatting and admiring the scenery, through which the road wound its tortuous way.

Unluckily, another party was moving upon the same road, in the opposite direction. Three young men, students from Harvard, on a pedestrian tour. The woods resounded with their shouts and laughter. The road was narrow, and the bushes that lined the sides were still wet with dew. Lucy was in advance. At her first appearance, doffing their hats, the students had drawn up beside the road to give the ladies the center. At sight of the third, the road seemed to swim, and it was with difficulty that Lucy kept her seat. There, standing hat in hand, his brown, curly hair thrown back from his forehead, was one whose frank, boyish face she well remembered. He looked up at her with a bright smile, and his puzzled face wore an air of intense astonishment. Lucy felt the blood rush to her cheeks as she recognized Lucien Michaud, a young French lad, who had often visited at Coverly's and had known her from childhood, and had seen her but a short time previous to her escape. With his native French impulsiveness, he ejaculated: "Coverly's Lucy, here on these Berkshire hills!"

(To be continued.)

"SHAKING QUAKERS."

Peculiar Sect Concerning Which Few People Are Informed.

Everybody has heard of the Shakers, but not one in a thousand otherwise well-informed Christians could tell off-hand what is their origin, belief or aim. They are the oldest of our communistic societies, and were founded by "Mother Ann," who was born in Manchester, England, in 1736, and died in this country in 1784. She was one of the most erratic of the Quakers in their most erratic days. Her followers learned to regard her as a second incarnation of Christ.

The particular tenet which, says the Interior, came to be considered their distinctive characteristic was the belief that only by living the life of a celibate could one be restored to the proper relation Godward. Those who joined "Mother Ann" in her belief and joined in her peculiar modes of worship were noted for "unusual and violent manifestations of religious fervor." As her converts were at first wholly from the ranks of the Friends, or Quakers, they came to be called "the Shaking Quakers." This was popularly abbreviated to simply "the Shakers." They call themselves "The Millenial Church, or United Society of Believers." Besides accepting the strictest celibacy, they practice the community of goods, holding all their possessions in common.

Their first family home was built in 1785, and four or five years later they had 11 communities in operation. New Lebanon, N. Y., has been their best-known establishment, and from it have gone forth their chief articles of trade, garden seeds and family remedies. The world has taken little interest in the strange medley of mysticism they have taught, but has been curiously attracted by their peculiar method of worship, which reminds one of the old Pyrrhic dance of the Greeks, or the more modern rhythmical movements of an Indian corn festival.

Origin of the Japanese.

The origin of the natives of the Mikado's Empire is not known. There exists, however, strong proofs that their forbears emigrated to Japan some centuries before the birth of Christ. The investigations of Gowland strengthen this belief. This explorer has examined the still existing ancient stone quarries of Japan, and concludes that they were the work of the present race.

Long ago the whole island empire was populated by "Ainos," of whom a few still live in the northern part of the island Yesso and in the northern part of the island Saghalin, having been forced northward by a stronger race. Their origin can be learned only by their customs, their stone-quarrying and the building of huge stone monuments. These stone monuments are found also in Northern and Western Europe, and are known as domes, and it is noteworthy that these old emblems of Europe and Japan are similar. There is none in China, and those found in Corea are dissimilar to those of Japan.

From this the conclusion is drawn that the Japanese were descended from a race that wandered from the western part of Asia until they reached the islands of Japan, and there settled. According to Gowland these stone works were begun in 200 B. C. and finished about 600 or 700 A. D.

None in the House.

"Bridget, I told you five times to have muffins for breakfast. Haven't you any intellect?"

"No, mum; there's none in the house."—Brooklyn Life.

Achilles was invulnerable in every part of the body save his heel. The myth runs that he was rendered invulnerable by being dipped in the river Styx in infancy, the heel by which he was held being the only part not submerged and therefore retaining its mortal weakness. Everyone has some weak spot in his physical organism, and that weak spot is the invariable attacking point of disease. No man is stronger than that weakest spot in him. We see great robust looking men go down like ninepins, at a touch of disease, and wonder at it. It is simply the wound in the weak spot, the vulnerable heel of Achilles.

It is the office of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to build up the weak places, to strengthen the weak organs of the body. It does this on Nature's own plan of nourishment. Proper food properly assimilated makes a weak man strong. But the man is only an aggregation of parts, so that the strong man means strength of all parts, heart, lungs, liver, nerves, etc. "Golden Medical Discovery" puts into Nature's hands the material by which the stomach is strengthened, the blood purified, the nerves nourished, the lungs vitalized. It makes the weak strong and the sick well. It contains no alcohol or other intoxicant.

Mr. R. J. McKnight, of Cades, Williamsburg Co., S. C., writes: "I had been troubled with rheumatism for twelve years, so bad at times I could not leave my bed. I was badly crippled. Tried many doctors and two of them gave me up to die. None of them did me much good. The pains in my back, hips and legs (and at times in my head), would nearly kill me. My appetite was very bad. I took five bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four vials of 'Pellets,' and to-day my health is good."

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