Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

(Copyright, 1990, by F. A. Cummings.) Five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, love of adventure, baired 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 belp the desire to help my friend, George Wes his son, and refused to sell her to anyone cits Wesner became desperate. I agreed to be him steal Lucy, and went to New York to a range 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 rive as the main station and hiding-place. At hom we set up a general merchandise store to avo suspiction. Wesner makes the first venture, starers North with 10 of Correirs's slaves, it starts North with 10 of Coveriey's slaves starts North with 10 of Coveries's staves, in-cluding Lucy. The venture is successful, Wes-per 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 peddier, I see and arrange with some of the Raymond negroes for their escape. Dave, their leader, gathers TJ slaves together, and after em North by sea along with a cargo of on. Our total profits on the cargo are \$30 In the following Spring we plan a third we In the following spring we pain a tarto-ture, and the Lamman plantation is our fir-objective. We collect another lot at the re-dervous, and Wesner takes them north to Cab-over the old route. Lucy is recognized by Southerner in Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pierce was not the man to give up easily. Back at Brighton he had a friend who pastured horses, and if he had the horse he could easily borrow the harness and carriage. On his way toward Brighton, as he afterward told me, he turned the whole thing over in his mind and decided that go he must, if not with a horse then on foot, for he knew Coverly and was determined to beat the old rus-

At Brighton he succeeded not only in At Brighton he succeeded not only ingetting a horse, but he borrowed a harness and \$50 in money. With this outfit he started for Chester. The horse was not very speedy, and it was late one Saturday evening, four days after he left when Pierce drove up to the

hotel in Chester.

After eating supper, he sauntered into the barroom, and from there out on the piazza, but found no one of whom he could ask questions, and, in fact, did not know what to ask, or whom to ask for. As he was growing more cautious, he con-cluded to ack none, but wait and endeavor to ascertain if Lucy was in the place. He was told at Andover that she was to spend the Summer at a Mr. Lewis', in Chester, but did not know his Christian mame. This was a small place, however, and he had no doubt he would be able to find the man without asking. Tired with his long journey, he went to bed and to sleep. Next day (Sunday) he attended church, not exactly from devotional mo-tives, but because he was pretty well assured that Liky would be there. He pur-posely went early and walted on the steps with the rest of the early attendants, for the coming of the pastor. Pierce was a stranger, and drew the attention of the congregation, as any stranger would in a small place. He was accosted by a gcatleman, who inquired if he would stop for the service, and receiving his affirmative answer, immediately introduced him to Deacon Lewis. The last-named gende-man was the sexton and usher combined.

Now was Pierce's chance, and as he proved it, and in less than five min had the information that he (Lewis) took Summer boarders, that he had three young ladies from Andover, also four young gentiemen from Harvard, and should have had a fourth lady had she not received an invitation from one of her classmates up in Lee, and had gone there—he guessed & did not cost her anything for her board, as Walbridge's darter wanted her com-pany. Although the newsy deacon did

not know the young lady's name, he knew the others, and gave them to Pierce. Services commenced, but what the text

was, or how eloquent the discourse, Pierce never knew. He stayed until the benediction; walked slowly out with the con-gregation, hurried to his hotel, ordered his horse, ate his dinner, and, mounting the wagon seat, drove at a rapid gait to ward Berkshire. Again it was evening and he drew near the Walbridge mansion On the broad stone step sat the two girls. In the fading light Pierce could not recognize Lucy, but he knew her voice, and the words of the hymn they were singing. The tears started to his eyes, for he had once heard her sing the same hymn in a little negro cabin in Attakapas—the night before she fled to the swamp. At the sound of wheels the voice Pierce stopped his horse, alight ed and walked slowly up the path toward the door. Lucy recognized him and was the first to speak.

"Mr. Pierce, is there trouble?" "Yes; they are after you."
"I felt that it would be so," she replied

and in a few words related her encounter Pierce then told her how he had

tained the information. "Now. Lucy, I am here, and what is to be done must be done quickly. It is five days since Gerou sent that telegram, and the murshul is liable to be here at any

"Mr. Pierce, I must rely upon you. know I must leave here, but where shall I go? Not to Boston, for did not the authorities return Burns to his master? There is but one course—that is to hide Hide from the sight of man-but where? O where? Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests,' but what place has the fugitive slave, and that

Does Mr. Waibridge know who you

"I dare not, for he is so heroically pa-triotic that he would return me to the marshal and consider it his duty honorably performed. n't believe it," Pierce replied, "Has

"Then," said Pierce, "I' am going to trade horses with him, for mine is about played out. You have got to leave this place, for the officers have your location down fine, and are not going around
by Boston, but will come by the Connecticut Valley. The sooner we are on
the move the better. Introduce me to
Mr. Walbridge, and stay until I finish
with him." Without any formality he,
preceded by Lucy, entered the house and
was made acquainted with the farmer. was made acquainted with the farmer.

If not eloquent, Pierce was a forcible alker, and in a few minutes he gave Wallsridge a view of the fugitive

Walbridge, you know this

der your roof and sat in your pew at church. Do you wish to return her to her master? Do you wish to send her back into slavery, to be lacerated by the lash, to know that through your instrumental-ity and under the mistaken motive of

obeying the laws of your country, you condemn her to perpetual servitude?" "No," yelled the old man, "never!" "Then," said Pierce, dropping the heroic, "swap horses with me. I will trade back after I am through with yours. Mine is an old horse, and is just best out. We have got to run for it, Lucy and I."

yoke of oxen!" cried the old man, in his excitement. "Now don't get excited," said Pierce. "Take this easy. Can you show me the

"Take any horse I have-take my bes

Mr. Walbrige took a leaf from his nemorandum-book and made a little play of the road leading to the surrounding towns, with a heatness and extreme ac curateness that surprised Pierce. "Now," said the old man, "you had better leave just as soon as it is so dark these peekin' neighbors along the road can't tell it's my horse, and drive slow by every house for five miles, or some of 'om will know her step and speak of it the next day. They're an awful

curious people hereabout. After it was fully dark the exchange, of horses was made and the couple started. Lucy taking her handbag, containing a few articles of clothing. Pierce's idea was to convey her to Washington, the nearest railroad station, and from thence back to Andover, where, among friends and in a convenient friends and in a populous community, she would be less liable to arrest and would be more easily protected, but Lucy, well knowing that a warrant for her per son, reinforced by a requisition from the Governor of Louisiana, would be as po-tent in one place as in another, begged for concesiment until the danger was past. Then she could return to Andover, but not now, when Gerou might have a detective watching her movements. Pierce

concluded to keep on the present road to the station, then take another branch road and make a detour up through Franklin County and stop at some quiet place as far from the railroad as possible. From thence, when the search was over, she could come back to Andover. It was now near midnight, and as they

drew near the station Pierce gave Lucy instructions how to proceed in case she was captured, and also promised that he would follow and not lose track of her. His previous knowledge of similar cases instructed him to be cautious, and he also knew that they were liable to be intercepted, as there were other routes open to the kidnapers up through the Connecticut Valley from the south, by the Boston & Albany from the west, of the Boston & Albany from the west, of from Boston by the same road from the east. The train from the west was due at Washington station about 12:26, and if was just midnight as they crossed the track. The county road ran very near the station, and as Pierce drove over the rails he noticed, imperfectly outlined in the gilmmering starlight, a wagon standing near the station-house, the horse fastened to the hitching-post and the driver talking to the station agent, who was waiting with his lantern, evidently expecting the train. There was a trunk in the wagon. This meant a stop of ar instant, Washington being a flag sta-

The agent looked up as the team drove by, saying, "Good evening."

Pierce replied and drove on as if well acquainted and near home. He did not fancy the appearance of the station agent, and told Lucy so as second as the said of the station agent, and told Lucy so as second as the said of the station agent.

bill?" asked Gregs.

"Yes," she replied, "I am the girl."

The scene was over, and Lucy was the property of Richard Coverly. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning, and there was a faint glow of daylight along the narrow road as they started toward Becket's station. Pierce was silent—Lucy's grief saddened even his light heart, and out of hearing. will tell you why," said he looked at us pretty steady, and knew there were two in this buggy—a man and a woman—and I am afraid he is paid to

"Oh. Mr. Pierce, hurry!" cried Lucy.
"I don't like it," replied Pierce, and he was right. The station agent, Gilman, had been paid by Gerou to watch that particular crossing day and night until after the Marshal should have passed. A letter awaited the Marshal at New York telling him which route to New York, telling him which route to take and what station to get off at. More than this. Gliman had purposely driven by Walbridge's that very Sunday, saw Lucy sitting by the open win dow, and recognized her. He knew Wal-bridge's mare by her step as she crossed the railroad that night.

The train was about 20 minutes late and as they slowed up a man leaped from the forward passenger car, walked swiftly by the smoker and spoke to the station agent.

"Is your name Gilman?"
"Yes."

"Any news?"

"Yes; the parties crossed here less than an hour ago, bound east." "Passed-on what train?"

"No train, but with a horse and wagon."
Then we will get a team and follow

and were soon at the station and awaiting the western-bound train. Pierce asked the Marshai if he intended to handcuff "No," said Gilman, "they have Wai-bridge's mare and 10 miles' start; she will go that distance for every hour for Lucy. all night. We will go to Becket's sta-tion; that's the next but one. There the country road swings around near the railroad. The west-bound train is due ti," he replied.
"Then," reasoned Pierce, "you take the tenner at Cairo-for once I will hold my tongue, think, instead of talk, and will swallow all you say."

He turned and addressed Lucy in Acadat the station next this at 4:14. We will take a horse and wagon there and drive this way, meet them and arrest your nigger, take her to the station, board He turned and addressed Lucy in Acad-ian, saying he would keep near her, and, if no other way offered, he would shoot the Marshal before he would allow her to go back to "hell" again, or set foot on a Mississippl steamer. Lucy had dropped her vell over her face, and save an occasional shiver as she choked back the rising sobs, no one would the train, and the work is done. But if Walbridge is with her be will fight. I will show you the road, but when we hear their wheels I am off, for I must

not be known in connection with the af-fair. J. Walbridge will shoot."

The Marshal felt a contempt for the cowardice of the man, and inwardly re cowardice of the man, and inwardly re-solved if there was any lead flying that the gentleman should share in the show-er, and as the conductor sang out "All abourd!" stepped nimbly on the platform of the smoker, followed by Gi form of the smoker, followed by Gilman. There was a man with the Marshal, but he did not introduce him to Gilman. His name was Shaughnessy. He was a policeman from New York City, whom Greege had deputized and hired to accom-

An hour later they left the train at Becket's station. Gilman consumed per-haps another half hour in getting his team, and they were on the road, driv-

At this time South; one via New York & Erie railroad to Chicago, thence by the Grand Trunk line, Illinois Central to Cairo, and by steamer to New Orleans—another by the New York & Albany railroad to New York, thence to Cincinnation through to Cairo.

At this time Southern Ohio was a very subscribed by since for the kidneys. Pierce was no fool. He dropped th Gregg, finding that Pierce shed his story mitted, lowered his pistol, began fumb-ling in his pocket, brought out his war-rant, and, by the light of Gilman's lan-tern, commenced to read it, first threattold Pierce that he would not put from that route. Pierce learned that there

household, eaten at your table, slept un- tening to bore a hole through Pierce should

"What sort of a warrant have you lodged against me?" asked Pierce. "Go-in' to arrest me because I am driving

on a road after dark?"

"Nothing against you. But I have againet your companion."

Pierce eyed Gilman as the light shone upon his face. "Say, Mr. Marshal, what have you there?"

"Well." replied Gregg, "he is one of your require Yankees, who has sold.

your genuine Yankees, who has sold that girl for money. Do you want him? I am done with him."
"No," Pierce replied, "I have seen him before. It is the station agent at Washington. He is paid for his part, but I can remember him without pay."

Gregg now approached Lucy and asked her a few questions.

"Are you the girl, known as Lucy, the property of Eben Coverly, Parish St. Mary's, Louisiana?"

"It is useless to dony it, sir," she re-plied. "I am from the Parish St. Mary's, Louisiana, but I am not and never will I be the property of any man." "That's too deep a question for me to decide," replied Gregg, "but here, listen while I read this warrant. Can you read?" he asked.
"Yes," she replied.

"Then you read it"; and he handed her

the paper, holding the lantern so the light shone full upon it. Here is what she read:

Parish St. Mary's, Lou'siana, June 23, 1856.—In consideration of \$1500, the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, I have this day sold to Richard Coveriy one mulatto girl, known as Lucy. Said girl

is 18 years of age, nearly white, no marks,

he was also thinking of her rescue. Gregg gave him permission to remain with Lucy, and fell in with his own team behind him.

first informing Pierce that it would be folly for him to attempt an escape. "I know that, Mr. Mershal," said he. "I would have tried long ago were it not for the lady's entreaties, and should

have shot you at first but for the fact that a Massachusetts jury would call it murder, and the Sheriff might run me down for it. I have looked into the mus-

mle of a pistol before this night. When I threw up my hands my own shooting iron covered you from under my coat sieere. My judgment overruled my in-

clinations. Three to one are blg odds, and I was fearful that the lady might be injured in the melec that would follow-so don't think that I am a coward."

"No. I think you are a pretty level-headed man and I'll swear you are a cool one (and I believe will make trouble for our yet)"—this to the policeman in an

They drove along at a moderate pace

"No, not until we get beyond Cincinna

choked back the rising sols, he did would have noticed that the party were not legitimate travelers. As they reached the station, Gregg turned to Lucy.
"Not yet," said Pierce. "I haven't made up my mind what to do. I may take a notion to shoot you before I let the girl go."

Gregg smiled and turned away, keeping

Gregg smiled and turned away, keeping his eye, meanwhile, on Pierce, who stood beside Lucy, at one moment determined to make an outcry, and at another discouraging it, fearing that he might be arrested and not allowed upon the train if he interfered. He concluded to remain outer.

Gregg bought three tickets for Albany

Pierce bought his for the same place. Gregg noticed this, and, turning to Pierce said: "If you meddle with me it will cost

"Fools threaten," replied Pierce.

have an uncle in Albany, and am going to visit him."

At Albany there was a choice of two

outes to the South; one via New York

nhealthy place for the kidnaper, and be Underground rallroad had scouts a plenty around Cincinnati. Gregg had

until after reaching e must have intended

girl go."

four hours to wait at Albany be-the train left for New York, but close connections were made with

the Chicago express.

Pierce was off the train before it had fairly stopped. The marshal closely followed by the pollceman, escorted Lucy to the ladies' waiting room, and then went to the ticket office, leaving Lucy in charge of the latter. Pierce watched and listened: "Three tickets to Cairo via Chicago & Illinois Central." It was the marshal's voice,

Thank God, I will be there 16 hours before you," said Pierce, as he walked back to the waiting room and exchanged a few words with Lucy in Acadian.

"You go by the way of Chicago: I will

"You go by the way of Chicgo; I will be at Cairo with help before you get there—I know the ground. Don't despair keep up your strength for you will need it all. It's only another trip over the old road and we will see our friends once

The last bell struck and Lucy was hur-ried on board. Pierce, with moist eyes, watched them pull out of the depot then hurried to the office of the Western Union telegraph office, where he sent a long message to Gillott at Cairo, expiaining the situation and that he was on his way. This he signed "No. 5," his roll number when on the railroad, and added "answer to Percival Jones, train between New York and Cincinnati."

The disnatch was in cipher, known

WESTNER DASHED ACROSS THE PLATFORM WITH LUCY IN HIS ARMS.

good policy to learn their business

Neither of them knew him, and he soon ascertained they were simply watching

and was amused when he heard them

boast they could stop every runaway ne-gro that came by the way of Cairo. The day Gillott had received Pierce's dispatch Wesner had intended to leave

but there was no boat going down that he wished to take. The next morning the hotel clerk handed him a letter with the local postmark upon it. The direction was in an unknown hand, and he put it in his pocket and sauntered

he put it in his pocket and sauntered down the street. When a short dis-

tance from the house he took the letter

from his pocket and opened it. It was short, but he comprehended its purport. There was no signature attached. The

That night found him at Gillott's,

where Pierce's telegram was handed him. One moment sufficed to acquaint him

with its contents, another and he had

I know that marshal, his name is Gregg

He is a gentleman, but a fighter, and will not be frightened. If they are allowed to reach here Lucy is lost."

to reach here Lucy is jost."

Wesner then telegraphed to Pierce: "Go to Charleston, Ill., and await my coming. I have help enough here."

This he sent as directed. Pierce re-

ceived it at Cincinnati, and, following directions, arrived at Charleston in a fever of anxiety, and awaited develop-

No time could Wesner lose. He m

No time could Wesner lose. He must strike Cromwell's place. 50 miles from Calro, before morning light. There were friends there, and a half dozen of the boys could be found eager for the ad-venture, and of the reckless disposition

that laughs at danger.
One hour from the time of entering Gillott's house he and Wesner were in the saddle and riding toward Cromwell's 50 miles away. Over the wild prairie, through the dark night, they rushed. The lights

of the prairie villages shone but a moment ahead, were passed, twinkled in their rear and disappeared in the receding night. Three hundred miles to the north lay the

rails of the Illinois Central Ratiroad, Over them, straight as a bird fles, speeding at the rate of 30 miles on hour, rushed the train. On this train, helpless, shackled

and a prisoner, was the woman Wesner loved. There was one chance for the res-cue, and that was at Cromwell's station, Failing that, she must again be returned to

"For God's sake, ride on," he cried to

Gillott; "we are but walking our horses."
Gillott looked at his watch. "Keep cool,
Wesner; it is only 12:00-10 miles an hour.

We must halt and let our horses rest;

mine will be down, and that won't do. Our pace is tremendous."

Wesner threw himself from his horse,

followed by Gillott. | Both stretched them

Wesner whispered to his horse: "Now, my beauty, eight miles an hour. It is all

I ask." At that rate we will reach Crom-well's at 4 o'clock. Go!" and again through the darkness. One hour-nine miles. Well done. How her flanks heave! and her

done. How her flanks neave: and near quick breathing warns Wesner that she

"everything depends on the horses."
Two hours-17 miles. Elight miles more.
Their horses stagger as with quick heaving flanks they rush on. Four mileswill they make the distance? Far away

to the north is the swift-moving train, away to the right, but a mile distant, is the Illinois Central Railroad, its outlide still hidden by the waning night.

The stretch of woodland whose friendly

gloom promises concealment is dimly vible in the coming dawn.

One mile more—the woods are reache but three miles are left. The shades

but three miles are left. The shades of the dense wood cover them from all unfriendly eyes. Two miles more—the fences of Cromwell's clearing are on their right and left, and the rays of the rising sun you. I feel that you are not

selves at full length upon the grass, for 30 minutes their houses rested cropped the fresh green blades.

handwriting was Gillott's.
"Tonight, without fail,"
Wesner chewed the let

formed his plan.

and scattered it along the road.

had not shimmered on the neighboring prairie when they rode into the yard. Cromwell heard the sound of the hoofsalways on the alert, he was up and ready, and in a few minutes both hornes were safely hidden and all traces of their riders had vanished. Six hours before train time in which to rest and prepare for action. Enough and to spare. Cromwell's was but three miles from the station. This station was a little wooden building and platform, beside the railroad track. The engine stopped here for wood and water, making a delay of about 15 minutes. This was enough for Wesner-perhaps too much.

The friendly trees extended from Cromwell's to the station, an oasis of forest in

well's to the station, an oasts of forest in a desert of green. Their branches af-forded concealment and shelter, and the soft turf gave no echo from the hoof beats

soft turf gave no echo from the hoof beats of the horses.

The engineers, when laying out the line or railroad, impressed with the beauty of this wooded belt, avoided cutting it. Cromwell, wandering from the sterile hills of Maine, was there before the railroad. Coming from a country of forest, unlike most Eastern men, he eschewed the prairie and remembered his native woods—this little spot plensed his fancy. The woods or Maine were mere bushes beside these gi-gantic oaks and hickories, that were old when Columbus landed at San Salvador.

The old man Cromwell was of a rough exterior, but his heart was tender, and at this time of life the glamor of romains had not worn off.

train between New York and Cincinnait."

The dispatch was in cipher, known only to a few of the U. G. R. Cabal around Cairo. This done, he went to the restaurant and ordered his dinner, not having tasted food since the day before.

At 5 P. M. he took the train for New York, and was whirled out of the depot on the then famous New York & Albany railroad, broad sauge and fast.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Pierce's message was delivered to Gillott, Wesner was at Cairo, on his return from a trip to New York. He was stopping at the hotel, was not disguised and had no communication with Gillott, although the latter knew of his arrival, as he always kept run of the hotel guests. There were a couple of men there whose acquaintance Wesner wished to make, as he mistrusted they were negro-hunters, and it was very alone. Indeed, that section of the coun-

try was somewhat under their influence

these were the persons upon whom Wesner relied for assistance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gregg, preceded by Lucy and the police-man, entered the car at Albany. He saw Pierce watching him, but made no re-mark. He was too shrewd a man and too

capable an officer to be easily caught nap ping, and he anticipated that Pierce would

make an attempt at a rescue. Where that attempt was to be made he could make no

reasonable conjecture, but he argued: "Men of his stamp wait for opportunity.

and if I give him the opportunity he will surely make the attempt. My endeavor

surely make the attempt. My endeavor shall be not to give that opportunity. Once I am at Cairo I shall feel safe, as there are always enough low-down men there to help one. I am serry for the girl, though. She is all nerve, and equal to anything—a lady, if she is a nigger. I would buy her myself, if Dick would sell her. I'll ask her and see how she would like the change. If she objects, I wouldn't invest a red in her."

With this determination Mr. Gregg sat down in the seat with Lucy and began the conversation.

"Miss Lucy, this is a very disagreeable

business to me, but you know, you see, Miss Lucy-" here he nesitated and was lost for words. Lucy raised her eyes to

his face with a quiet reserve that con-fused him the more.

call me Gregg.

are too white for a nigger.

"What is disagreeable, Mr. Marshall?" "Gregg, Gregg is my name, Miss Lucy,

-call me Gregg,"
"Mr. Gregg, what is disagreeable?"
"Oh, this catching folks like you and carrying them back to their masters. I

don't care for ordinary niggers, but you

"Black people have souls, Mr. Gregg, as well as white."

are hard facts, too. Of what use is it to a nigger to have a soul and be a slave on a plantation? There is where my the-ology is way off, Miss Lucy—way off. I

have heard lots of sermons on that subject

but the preacher always comes out of the same hole he went in, and on the same side of the fence. The next Sunday I would go and see or hear some other man

go in and come out the same determining in and come out the same identical hole. Lord Miss Lucy, by and by they take the hole with them and leave me nothing, not even the hole to look atand here I am, United States marshal

'deputy, I mean), chasing niggers all over Uncle Sam's farm and running them back to their masters at so much a head, ex-penses paid. Now, would you father be-long to me than to Dick Coverty?"

interrupting.
Lucy continued: "Oh, Mr. Gregg, I will

confess I would rather be under your ownership than Richard Coverly's; but do not invest your money in me. I am an uncertain piece of property, and shall vehemently dispute any man's right to buy

I am not recognized as an individual—I am property—you couls and would hold me: I should injure you without benefit to myself, and I think you are a good man,

enstrous wrong."

"Granted, but facts are facts and some

Louisiana, and although I wish I had never undertaken this job, it is too late to retreat, so I will fight before I allow you to be taken from me. I shall do my duty, but you shall suffer no harm while in my custody."

At Buffalo the train stopped 15 minutes for land.

At Buffalo the train stopped 15 minutes for lunch. Gregg secorted Lucy to a restaurant table and politicly helped her to what she desired. No allusion was made to the situation again. Gregg's glance at every stranger who paused to look at them and a general uneasy expression of countenance showed quite pisinly that he did not feel secure. Plerce's disappearance was in itself suspicious, for he reasoned to himself that he would not leave the girl. Whenever he spoke to Lucy there was that respect in his address that did not really belong to his position. At lunch he scanned the faces of the waiting crowd, dreading to see that of Plerce. There was no doubt but his present expedition was the result of circumstances, and was not to his liking. Yet his ideas of strict duty were such that when the attempt to rescue came, he would die in his tracks before he would leave his prisoner. With Gregg official duty was prisoner. With Gregg official duty was paramount.

paramount.

The long stretch of prairie through which we were passing had no beauties to Lacy, and interested her but little. The horrible fate in store for her should Pierce horrible fate in store for her should Pierce fail, had a crushing weight upon her mind and banished all other thoughts. The ghosts of former days passed before her eyes and the black curse, whose wierd and ghastly fom had of late seemed so distant, now appeared to stretch forth its hand and gather her in among the skeletons and desolations that like a dark non hand and gather her in among the skele-tons and desolations that like a dark pan hung over the banks of the Teche. The thought seemed a presence that she could feel as reality. Her breath came with difficulty, her pulse was faint and slow. Chicago at last. After a few hours' stop the train pulled out of the great city, stretched its smoky length across the boundless prairie toward the Mississippi, it was growing dark; Gregg came to It was growing dark; Gregg came to Lucy's seat with his handkerchief in his

"Please sit over in the other end," said he. She obeyed. He stooped down and she felt her ankles clasped with firm hand. The rattle of a chain and she was shackled

The rattle of a chain and she was shackled to the seat in front.

"Precaution only," said he; "your dreas skirt will cover the ornaments. No one will know. I am not going to lose you by any carelessness or soft-hearted folly; I have too much at stake for that." Instead of being frightened, the girl was pleased. He scents danger, she thought. Welcome anything—welcome death—I am prepared. The roar and rush of the train drowned the slight noise, and not one of the passengers knew that in that car was a woman chained and manucled. CHAPTER XXIV.

At 9 o'clock Cromwell called Wesnet and Gillott. "Up, boys, up! Let us fix and be off. Bob will cut the telegraph wire five minutes before train time. Our watches are on railroad time, so there can be no mistake."

Wesner was on his fact in an instant, Gillott was also up but it was arranged that he should remain at the house. Four men were all that were required, beside Bob Cromwell, who was to cut the telegraph wire. This was an operation easily performed. The wire was simply cut with a pair of plyers, a few feet of tow string being substituted, and the thing was done. Bob knew how, for he had been there before. From Cromwell's there started a fine pair of horses attached to a spring wagon. There was a barrel and some boxes on the wagon. The occupants drove northeast until they reached the main road, and then turned toward the station. This wagon was driven by a stalwart negro, another occupied the seat beside him. About an hour later two horsemen rode out of the gate, the one a big-whiskered, red-headed fellow of about 5 feet 2 or 3 inches; the other was our friend Wesner, thoroughly made up as a Hoosier cattle-Wesner was on his feet in an instant inches; the other was our friend Wesner, thoroughly made up as a Hoosier cattle driver. His best friend would not have known him. His pistol was handy. The old man Cromwell planned the rescue, and it was he with Wesner. "Now, George," said he, "the boys (Hiram and William Cromwell) will get there first with the barrel and boxes. They are gotten up so the devil won't know them. The horses are stained and the wagon was colored are stained and the wagon was colore over last night. Those barrels are directed to some firm in Orleans, freight paid to Cairo. Do you see, my boy? They will bother the station agent. You enter the first car. Have your pistol ready. I will follow. The girl won't know you. You will know her. Tell her to break for the platform. I will take care of the marshu It's a quick marshal who gets the drop or

ner and Cromwell reached the station th train was in sight. The wagon was backed

"Keep cool, keep cool, don't hurry," cried Cromwell. They must stop here it or 15 minutes. I know the conductor; no won't hold this train an instant for al the niggers south of Mason and Dixon's

of some person 30 miles away.

"Time is up-Now!" cried the old man romwell: "Go!" Wesner sprang to the open door and entered the car. "Lucy," he shouted. Shorecognized his voice and tried to arise

to the seat."

Revolvers were out, women shrieked, men shouted, "Train robbers," and confusion reigned, no one seeming to realize the trouble. Gregg did. His revolver came from its belt, and calling to Shaugh-nessy to assist him, he sprang towards Wesner. Too late—before he could raise his hand a ball from Wesner's weapon his arm buried itself in the side of the car. Gregg dropped back, but not heeding the wound, was on his feet in an instant and again in the sisle. The old man Cromwell met him with a blow that would have felled an ox, and he sank in a heap on the floor of the car. Shaughnessy

"Does that mean you would steal me or yourself, Mr. Gregg?"
"Oh, no, no, no, no, not that. If you "Oh, no, no, no, not that. If you would like me better, and Dick's price to made a half-hearted attempt to Wesner. esner.
"Sit down or you are a dead man," cried not too high, J will buy you."
"Listen, Mr. Gregg," she replied. "I am
not, neither shall I ever be, Dick Coverly's
property. God will never permit that "There are lots of monstrous wrongs one without his permission," said Gregg.

platform to the cart, closely followed by the old man Cromwell, who paused just long snough on the way to knock down a big hoosier who thought to stop him. He brought Gregg's revolver with him, re-marking that he felt safer with it in his

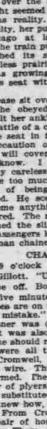
conductor's voice. The locomotive gave a should I give an outery and show the peo-ple the terrible iniquity going on in their midst. Do you wish to know why I do not? Because it would profit me nothing; you are an officer of the United States— Gregg and Shaughnessy lay where Crom

well left them.

Lucy was hurried into the cart and whirled northward at the rate of 10 miles are Cromwell. an hour, while the old man Cromwell knelt at her feet and filed away at the

(To be continued.)

with mistaken notions of duty. What if I were your sister or daughter?"
Gregg fastened his eyes upon her ex-cited countenance.
"I should be proud of you," he whis-pered, "and shoot the man who wronged



tive ...

up to the platform, unloaded and the boys were haggling with the station agent about the freight. about the freight.

"Wesner," said Cromwell, "don't hitch
your horse; get off and leave him; he will
know what to do."

Both men were on the platform. The

train slowed up. Wesner recognized Lucy's face at the window, the fourth seat from the door. "My God," he whispered, "there she

ine—wait!"
Meantime the boys had unloaded the sarrels and taken receipts in the name

but the shackles prevented her; she sank back. "Run, run to the platform," Wesner repeated.
"I cannot," she replied, "I am chained

at this moment failed Gregg, although he

"Sit down or you are a dead man," cried George. "I want this girl, and d—n you, I will shoot any man in this car that attempts to prevent it."

One wrench at the seat in front of Lucy and Wesner tore it from its fastenings. Another instant she was in his arms, with the broken castings of the foot rest dangling from her ankles, and, in full view of the passengers, Wesner dashed across the platform to the cart, closely followed by

hemently dispute any man's right to buy or seil me. Why do you talk to me so? What right have you? Look at the wom-en in this car—am I less intelligent than they-less a woman? Have I less feel-ling? Would you dare to address the humblest or the most ignorant of them as you do me? Sir, I could alarm this car, I could have you execrated and scorned should I sive an outers and show the root. "Train ready-all aboard!" It was the

"When can you be certain that restaurant eggs are fresh?" "When the walter lays them on yo



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