

This was nothing like a fox-hunt, of course. The excitement of companionship and rivalry, and the thrill of the restless and eager-moving pack were lacking, but the enthusiasm of the colonel was mingled with pride as he rode after the dog that was guiding him so swiftly and unerringly. The enthusiasm was as persistent as the pride. But Jeff had no room for such emotions. The path of duty, straight or crooked, lay before him, and he followed it up as nimbly as he could.

The colonel was puzzled by the route they were taking. He had heard a good deal of runaway negroes, and had seen some after they were caught, but he had always imagined that they went into the deep woods or into the dim swamps for shelter and safety. But here was old Shade going poling down the public road where every passer-by could see him. Or was the dog at fault? Was it some visiting negro who had called in to see the negroes at the home place, and had then gone home by the road?

While the colonel was nursing these suspicions, Jeff paused and ran back toward him. At a low place in the fence, the dog hesitated