

and then flung himself over, striking into a footpath. This began to look like business. The path led to a ravine, and the ravine must naturally lead to a swamp. But the path really led to a spring, and before the colonel could throw a few rails from the fence and remount his horse, Jeff had reached the spring and was clicking up the hill beyond in the path that led back to the road.

It appeared that Uncle Shade had rested at the spring a while, for the dog went forward more rapidly. The spring was six miles from the colonel's house, and he began to have grave doubts as to the sagacity of Jeff. What could have possessed old Shade to run away by this public route? But if the colonel had doubts, Jeff had none. He pressed forward vigorously, splashing through the streams that crossed the road and going as rapidly up hill as he went down.

The colonel's horse was a good one, but the colonel himself was a heavy weight, and the pace began to tell on the animal. Nevertheless, the colonel kept him steadily at his work. Four or five miles farther they went, and then Jeff, after casting about for a while, struck off through an old sedge field.