

Here, at last, there was no room for doubt, for Jeff no longer had to put his nose to the ground. The tall sedge held the scent, and the dog plunged through it almost as rapidly as if he had been chasing a rabbit. The colonel, in his excitement, cheered the dog on lustily, and the chase from that moment went at top speed.

Uncle Shade, moving along on a bluff overlooking Little River, nearly a mile away, heard it and paused to listen. He thought he knew the voices of man and dog, but he was not sure, so he lifted a hand to his ear and frowned as he listened. There could be no doubt about it. He was caught. He looked all around the horizon and up at the glittering sky. There was no way of escape. So he took his bundle from the end of his cane, dropped it at the foot of a huge hickory-tree, and sat down.

Presently Jeff came in sight, running like a quarter-horse. Uncle Shade thought if he could manage to kill the dog, there would still be a chance for him. His master was not in sight, and it would be an easy matter to slip down the bluff and so escape. But, no; the dog was not to be trapped. His