

The Path Beyond the Levee.

By F.A. CUMMINGS.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Flow down before the outbreak of the civil war love of adventure, hatred of slavery and the desire to help my friend, George Wesner, to help my friend, George Wesner, to help my friend, George Wesner...

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CHAPTER XVII (Continued). We kept in the swamp until midnight and then leisurely rode home. About 3 p. m. the next Tuesday an old man, seated in a dogbox, was paddling slowly by Lanman's place...

CHAPTER XVIII. George felt somewhat cast down, as I was in no shape to render him assistance. I felt that once on the way anxiety and excitement would counteract the feeding of despondency.

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

CHAPTER XX. "You're right, then, and what's left of you may as well travel," was the answer. "Stranger, we're off; this hand's throxyed up," cried the spokesman of the party.

CHAPTER XXI. June, in Massachusetts, 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 coast are dissipated by the soft south wind...

CHAPTER XXII. "Who is your other friend?" she asked. "Ed Lane—born in Arkansas, near Little Rock, and he is a fine fellow. We did not want Gerou to come, but he really surprised himself upon us. Do you remember how you used to sing plantation songs to the children, when you were small?"

CHAPTER XXIII. Louis Pierce was a friend of Wesner's, had been an employe upon the New Orleans & Opelousas railroad, was acquainted with Lucy, knew of her escape and had a strong suspicion that Wesner was engaged in the affair.



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

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

CHAPTER XXV. "You're right, then, and what's left of you may as well travel," was the answer. "Stranger, we're off; this hand's throxyed up," cried the spokesman of the party.

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