



BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN

CHAPTER II. WE MARK A BREAK FOR LIBERTY, AIDED BY NIGHT AND DARK.

Like every railroad within the Confederate lines in the summer of 1864, that leading west from Savannah was in a very bad state and the rolling stock was quite in keeping with the road.

We left Camp Davidson in a driving rain, which poured down, almost without cessation, for twenty-four hours.

"Guards, turn out here!" The shout came from the front. The two guards, who had been sleeping, one at each end of the car, crept out through the door.

"The prisoners must get out here!" "No! It's Miller," some one asked.

"Not that I'm aware of; I reckon we can care for you here." Then, in an authoritative voice, he ordered us not to leave the car, but fortunately the hole in the bottom escaped the notice of the man with the lantern.

"How far are we to march, captain?" "It's a right smart walk for a night like this," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Tonight, if we are shot for hitting the guard," he emphasized his words by a grip on my arm.

"What's up back there?" came from the front. "A premer's done give out back here," was the reply.

state of mind on seeing us. Their eyes seemed actually to turn all white as they looked at us. At length I relieved their anxiety by calling out:

"Don't be afraid, boys, we are friends!" "What—what did you come from, an' who is yeh?" asked the man with the whip.

"I am used very often to hear the vigor with which Bell proclaimed himself a Yankee," meaning, of course, a Union man. To the negro's question he replied:

"We are prisoners and escaped from Millen last night," I replied. Then, determined to leap into their good graces at a bound, I added: "Our people will soon be along with guns, and you will all be free."

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MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE.

PORTRAIT OF THE WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

The Reception Room in Her Washington Home—Some Interesting Gossip About the Women of the Blaine Household Told by Helen M. Smith.

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In a pretty window of a gold reception room, filled with all that betokened luxury and taste, Mrs. Blaine, the wife of the secretary of state, receives her many callers.

Mrs. Blaine is tall, dignified, matronly woman, with a few signs of age, but her eyes are clear and bright.

It is needless to say that the relations between the parties were strained from that day, and presently ceased altogether.

There is no doubt that a very large part of the bitter poetry among the ladies of the Blaine household is due to this failure to deal squarely and impartially with those who can help them or who do not think it right to help them except by giving them work.

When one steps into a carriage let the foot advance which is farthest from the seat she is to take.

Mrs. Blaine has one of the most interesting faces I have ever seen.

During the first part of the summer she was traveling in Europe with the family of Don Cameron.

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