



DYALL FREDRICK CALHOUN

CHAPTER III
ANXIOUS DAYS AND NIGHTS.

Ben Wilkins, who acted as our guide from the Lamar place, was a tall, athletic man of about thirty. He kept us moving through the woods, but the smoothness of the ground and the certainty and quickness of his stride as he went on silently in front, told that he was leading us over a beaten path which he was perfectly familiar with. It never occurred to me that he was in the night time work of a dog bark in the distance on one bright to mind some scene or incident of this fight. There was seldom a night when we were not startled by hearing from some direction the barking of a dog, and, like the ringing of a bell buoy to a sailor, we always regarded it as a signal that told of danger near by.

We were to walk to keep up the swift pace set by our guide, so that frequently we had to call on him to halt while we threw ourselves on the ground, panting from the unusual exertion. An occasional glimpse of the stars told that we were moving through the woods, and I seemed to me that we must have been marching for eight or ten hours, when Wilkins, after leading us along a wagon road for a mile or two, turned into a clearing and stopped before one of a cluster of cabins whose outlines we could make out. Knocking at the door, with a pause between each rap that suggested a pre-arranged signal, a voice called out from within:

"Who's dah?"
"It's me—Ben," replied the guide.
"What Ben?"
"Ben Wilkins, from ovah Ogeechee way."
"Oh shuah?"
"Sartin a dead shuah, Abe. It's me an' one else."

"But who's yeh got long wid yeh?" This was asked after the bolt on the inside was pulled and the door opened again, as if the man had suddenly discovered our presence.
"I got two frien's long"—
"Write men, Ben? I done told yeh it's all right? Think I'd ave remain on yeh out of 'twan't all right? Hurry up an' let me an' de Yankee in 'o' we're nigh done zasted," said our guide, and he emphasized his impatience by another series of raps on the door.

The word "Yankees" appeared to have the same effect on the man inside that the "open sesame" did on the door at the entrance to the robbers' cave. The story of the "Forty Thieves," for it at once swung open and we entered.
"Hyar's two Yankee gemmen ez is scaped from Millen. De Lamar he met up wid dem yestay, an' he got me to set all de cash hyar. You ain't got no wite folks nigh de place, an' you ken keer an' an' an' an' 'bout 'bout right. Now, I'll soon be sun up, an' I must be a-eggin it back, so ez de yeh ez gettin' to set handly I would'n't mind tryin it, an' I reckon dese gemmen's in de same fix," said Ben Wilkins, with his back to the door.

The man who had let us in raked the ashes off the coals where they had been buried, placed on some pine knots, and very soon the interior of the cabin was illuminated. A bed, a few stools, and a pot and an iron pan, and a little cupboard, in which were some cracked dishes, constituted the furniture of the place. Abe, the owner of the cabin—that is, if a man could be said to own anything who did not own himself—hastily pulled on his much patched clothing, eyeing Bell and myself the while as if he had serious doubts as to our being genuine "Yankees." Bell must have surmised what was passing through the man's mind, for to set all doubts at rest he pointed to my ragged jacket with its yellow facings and said: "You see that 'ar coat; ain't it blue?"

"With commendable caution the man replied, 'It 'pears to be blue."
"Waal," continued Bell, with the assurance of one communicating valuable information, "I had a blue coat yesterday, but I swapped it off back at the Lamar place 'o' this 'ar doggone gray rag, jes' cos hit's a safer color 'n' gray. But we uns true blue Yankees. Help us through, Uncle, and by de rouin thunder and Gint'ral Jackson, you'll see these 'ar men ez we're mesamed with Yankees afah de year's out, and you un'll be free to light out 'o' freedom!"

Bell's words were more prophetic than he imagined, for within a few months Sherman's left wing swept over this country on its triumphant march to the sea.
"Abe's doubts seemed to vanish, for he made us sit down; then he hurried from the cabin to get us something to eat. While he was gone Ben Wilkins told us that Abe was a powerful leader in prayer," of which we had subsequent proof, and that he was the overseer in some charge of the "branch place" and "bout forty han's." The owner of the plantation had gone to the war and his family was living at Augusta, wholly dependent for their support on the "goodly and fidelity of this slave." Yet from first to last he had been true to his trust. This was not due to ignorance of his natural rights, his treatment of Bell and myself clearly showed that.

In less than half an hour Abe returned and led us to another and a larger cabin. The place was half full of wondering men and women, who continued to devour us with their eyes from the moment of our entrance. Two women were busy before a blazing fire, the one frying bacon and the other baking corn pone. We were placed on stools, and while we were eating a young man came in with a wooden bucket full of freshly drawn milk. Gourds were handed us, and we dipped into the delicious fluid in a way that induced the woman cooking the pone to say:

to the feet like snow. Scared by our coming, an owl flew out of the loft, into which our guide had clambered, and began circling about the ruin in a blind and aimless way. By means of a rickety ladder we followed the boy up, and pointing to the blankets he whispered: "I reckon you ken go on a-sleepin' heah till Abe he comes long."
"But when will that be?" he was asked.
"Dunno, sah," was the reply.
"Is it safe heah?" from Bell.
"Dunno, sah."
"But you reckon hit safe?"
"Yes, sah."
"Waal, why can't we uns stay down on the ground? If them sarchers chases in heah, won't they find we uns kinder treed and handy?"

"He boy could not answer this question. He had carried out Abe's instructions. He had never done any original thinking, and it was too much to expect of him now. I pointed out that there was nothing to prevent our getting down if we wanted to, and I suggested that we should detain the boy on our hearing this gave a sign of relief and started off at a run.
We had had enough sleep for twenty-four hours, but even if exhausted, this was not the time nor place for repose. We tried to account for the coming of white men. Abe had told us that men from Augusta and Savannah were searching the woods for deserters, and no doubt they were. We had to be ready to run, but we were right in our surmise, we knew only too well that they would much rather capture escaping Yankees than deserting conscripts.

"The owl found a resting place on a beam a few feet away from us, and with a solemn stupidity that was at first amusing, but finally it made us nervous, and Bell, who firmly believed that the presence of the bird was a sartin, sure sign of death in the family, uttered a word to the floor and I followed.
We spoke in whispers, and did not dare to move. Not a sound escaped us. Now and then we were sure that we heard approaching voices, but it always turned out to be the whirr of the cicada or the sighing of the wind in the trees. It was this constant anxiety and mental strain that told on us far more than the night marches and frequent alarms. The assurance of twenty-four hours of safety would have brought us rest and relief, but once in our sleep the waking thoughts asserted themselves, and we were still flying over the woods at the still of our friend Abe did not put in an appearance.

We had made up our minds to take our chances and go on, depending on "darkness and dumb luck," as Bell put it, when we heard the sound of a gun firing in the distance, and we were all looking towards the sound. The sound was a single shot, and we were all looking towards the sound. The sound was a single shot, and we were all looking towards the sound.

The tree tops were growing dim, and a film of gray mist began to rise from the field. The air, that had been stifling hot all day, grew chilly, and still our friend Abe did not put in an appearance. We had made up our minds to take our chances and go on, depending on "darkness and dumb luck," as Bell put it, when we heard the sound of a gun firing in the distance, and we were all looking towards the sound.

He was evidently much excited, and with reason. The searchers from Savannah had dogs with them and they were hunting Yankees that had escaped from Millen as well as deserters. They had been over the ground for some time, and were going to search the woods to the east and south that night, hoping to come on the fire of the men known to be hiding. Abe regretted that he could not guide us that night, but he hoped to do so, he brought us a bag containing bread and meat and two heavy knives made out of files, which he thought might be useful if the dogs came on us. He advised us to keep on, keeping the north star in front, and as soon as we reached Clear run, to make a mile to the north, to wade along it, as far as to throw off the dogs if they came on us. He advised us to keep on, keeping the north star in front, and as soon as we reached Clear run, to make a mile to the north, to wade along it, as far as to throw off the dogs if they came on us.

We bade Abe goodbye, and at once started across the abandoned field and entered the woods at the other side. The murmur of water in front told us that we were near the stream which Abe called "Clear run." It was only a few yards in width, and the bottom was hard. It flowed toward the south, and we inferred that it was a tributary of the Savannah, as the streams of the day before, which flowed toward the south, were branches of the Ogeechee. We walked down the stream for about two miles, the water usually to our knees, but sometimes waist high, and frequently we had to clamber over trees that had fallen across the stream.

We might have continued longer in the water, for it was warmer than the air, but suddenly the woods fell away on either hand and we found ourselves at a bridge with a clearing in front. The bridge suggested a road, and as we had not walked five miles since our escape, and this appeared to lead in the right direction, we determined to try it. As our feet were sore we took off our boots and stockings, and throwing them over our shoulders started off with some comfort. The road was clay and the track was cool and pleasant to our feet. The road was clay and the track was cool and pleasant to our feet.

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was more than a year ago, that he was falling from the infirmity of his youthfulness and reliability I withdrew from him my friendship and indorsement. I made him a present of a sum of money he asked me to lend him, and expressed my surprise and disappointment at his continuing to support himself in luxurious idleness by borrowing money which he had no sort of resources to repay. "I no more suspected him of crime and debauchery than I suspected his pure minded and child faced friend, Tommy Russell. Yet, when the worst came and Hope was in prison in Philadelphia, I came across his residence. I forgave him the offense he had committed against me in using my name for the purpose of inducing loans, and the forged check upon my bankers which he had then had upon my person, and offered to help him by effecting a compromise with the Philadelphia bank upon whose charge he was then under arrest. Before these negotiations could be effected it was my unpleasant duty to see the execution of a writ which had been issued for Tommy Russell, and which was in the hands of the authorities. Though touched by his grateful references to myself and his every advantage that England and the Continent of Europe can give. John Thomas, harpist to Queen Victoria, was one of her instructors. Last year she was paid the honor of being invited to play before her majesty, but owing to the critical condition of her father's health at the time she refused.

Miss Shaw comes of a talented family, both in literature and art. Her brother, to whose work has been given a prominent place in the Paris salon, is that rare combination, a business man and an artist. During his father's failing health she managed the father's business work. Miss Shaw's charm lies in her entire self unconsciousness, her frank, unaffected manner and her generous, kindly nature. There is that in the very clasp of her hand which impresses one with the depth of her character. She is devoted to her art and to her brother. She cares little for other masculine society and admires his circle, she has comparatively few intimate friends. To those few she is loyal and true. Her hand is ever stretched forth in sympathy and aid to those less fortunate than herself. She is rather cynical.

"I see so much," she has said, "of deceit and meanness, of unfaithfulness and ingratitude, that were it not for Fritz I would hate all men. I am grateful to Fritz just for being a man. I know him to be true, and it reminds me that there may be other men as true, though they have not come into my life."
HELEN M. SMITH.

A War Incident.
Among the many who obtain their livelihood out of the oyster industry of Annapolis is the well known John Jackson, who, during the war, received a gold medal, which he afterward lost, for gallant services performed. Jackson had been a sailor on the mortar schooner C. Williams, one of the fleet which blockaded the entrance to the city of Charleston during the war, of the French character, and it remains to this day a monument to his bravery and his devotion to his country. He was killed in the attack on the city of Charleston, and his body was found in the water. He was killed in the attack on the city of Charleston, and his body was found in the water.

Death of the Wasp Waist.
The popularity of certain styles of dress and of the fashioning has been recently ascribed, and correctly, too, to the influence of the stage, and a fitting example to it is the death of the "wasp waist." It is said that in society the admiration for the small waists has declined, and that the fashion of the "wasp waist" is now a thing of the past. It is said that in society the admiration for the small waists has declined, and that the fashion of the "wasp waist" is now a thing of the past.

Neutral Ground.
Said an old farmer whose lands lay in the disputed region around Culpepper: "I ain't took no sides in this yer rebellion, but I'll be doggoned if both sides ain't took me."

War with Chili!
IS POSSIBLE.
C. GRISSEN

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SUMMONS.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Yamhill, ROSA GRISSEN, ARON G. GRISSEN, MILLS GRISSEN, RHODA MILLS, PLAINTIFFS, vs. JAMES GRISSEN, Defendant.

Notified and required to be and appear in the above entitled suit, in the above named court, by the 29th day of March, A. D. 1907, that being the first day of the term of said court, to answer the complaint of the plaintiffs, and to show cause why the said complaint should not be granted, and to answer the complaint of the plaintiffs, and to show cause why the said complaint should not be granted.

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