



DYALFRED R. CALHOUN

CHAPTER XL
IN THE CHAIN LINES AT LAST.

I've felt that the game was up. Every death in battle after this is a murder. My old friend, Ross, got into the line and to stay there till our wounds are healed, then, as we no longer have a country, we'll make our way to Mexico and fight against the Yankees. My God! I would have sent a letter for both if I could have done so.

The certainty of final success made me forget my own sufferings and anxiety, in sympathy with these brave fellows. Each had a good supply of bread and meat in his haversack, so Bell had no trouble in getting up a fair supper. After it was over I caught a fever from a sprain near by, and, as I was somewhat vain of my surgical skill, I washed out the stiff bandages and dressed their wounds, neither of which was serious enough to draw my attention from the attention our Confederate friends were full of gratitude.

Up to this time the fugitives took to the cover of the mountains, northeast of the pass then held by our troops, though we did not know that our friends were only five miles away. This was the pass which a few weeks afterward the Yankee General Corse held with a handful of gallant fellows against the desperate assaults of the Confederate General Sherman. Now, at the risk of interfering with my direct narrative, I will say that the famous hymn, "Hold the Fort, for We are Coming," had its origin in this pass. It was written by a young man named Sherman, who was being attacked by an overwhelming force, with the nearest help twenty-two miles away. He signalled, "If you can hold out till night help will be up. Corse signalled back from the midst of his dead and dying, and with the enemy swarming about him, "I hold out till I freeze over." And he held out, though he was wounded, and the temperature had changed in the place referred to.

In our terrible anxiety we forgot our hunger and did not dare to rest. It rained every night and often in the course of the day, owing, no doubt, to the continuous firing of the enemy in the defenses of Atlanta and the hammering away of Sherman's big guns. Now, and then, when we came upon a clearing, it did not tell of a human abode near by, but rather suggested the dwelling place of a spirit of desolation. On the trees surrounding the fenceless field the scavenger crows cawed in conventions that told that they had grown fat and prosperous. They did not fly away at our approach, but rather, as if they were less or indifferent to living men. On heavy wing the loathsome buzzards hovered over the huge chimneys from which the wooden houses had been burned away, or here and there rose slowly from the carcass of a horse or a mule, only to return when we had passed on.

Frequently by the roadside between Wilton and Acworth we came upon mounds recently thrown up, sometimes the width of one man, and again long enough to hide a horse. The soil of that and is fertilized, but it needed no activity of the imagination on this occasion to force on our minds another reason for the sanguinary hue of the earth. The clearing was a field of corn, and the trees back of hastily constructed obstructions had mapped on their bullet scarred sides and blistered arms the names of the fallen heroes. The roads were now red and rutted ruts, strewn with the debris of broken wagons, splintered gunstocks and the fustian and jessons of the slain. The sky and flow of the battle's tide. There is a sublimity in the desolation of the desert, where nature erects her arid barriers against man's possession; but there is a horror in the desolation of a man who has had no hand in the destruction. On the afternoon of Aug. 3, and when nearly starved into insanity, my stout Confederate friend and comrade, Bell, who had been a soldier for six months of bacon tied up in a corn sack. We devoured some of the meat and corn raw, and it was not till our burning hunger was partially appeased that Bell recalled he had a flint and steel, and that this would be an excellent place to camp for the night.

It was now near sunset, and while my companion was making a fire, which was to be extinguished as soon as all the provisions were cooked, I went off to examine the surroundings. It was so near night when I returned that I could not see the glow of the camp through the trees far in front, yet this assurance of his safety and whereabouts did not draw me away from a caution that I should take in the advancing, as if we were pickets of the opposing armies. When within about a hundred yards of the fire I heard loud voices, and, with my hands leaping like wounded tigers, I halted and compressed my lips to get my brain and my hair under control. Preparing for flight if the situation should warrant it, I dropped on my hands and knees and "snaked" toward the fire. Two men in ragged Confederate uniforms, one with a bandage about his head and the other a younger man with his arm in a sling, were lying down and looking up at my companion, as I had often seen wounded prisoners look up at their captors. Bell moved about and kept on talking like a man who was master of the situation. He advanced at once to the fire, assured that these men were wounded deserters from Hood's army, and my surmise proved to be correct. "When I came up Bell introduced me to the strangers, of whose names I took no note. They were Confederate cavalrymen from Meridian, Miss. They had recently been routed by General Sherman's troops in the attack on Decatur, and were now trying to make their way back to their old homes. The poor fellows were thoroughly chilled. One of them, who had been at the Center college, Kentucky, when the war broke out, and who was a fine young fellow of unusual intelligence, as he pressed both hands to his wounded head, though I am sure it was not to ease the pain of the saber cut—

men led us back till we came to a point where the defenses of the Chattanooga bridge were visible. Bell and I came to a halt, and embracing each other we gave way to tears, for over the strategy we had followed, and the object of all our efforts, the glorious stars and stripes.

He was an old friend, but it was some time before we could get into the ranks that welcoming hands were extended to us till we received a royal welcome at Marietta.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARIE LONGWORTH STORER.
She is a Leader in the Art Circle of Cincinnati.

Marie Longworth Storer, wife of Congressman Bellamy Storer, is the leader of the art patrons of Cincinnati and has largely furnished her own opportunities for indulging her inherent taste and talent in this direction. Mrs. Storer is a daughter of the late Joseph Longworth, who was patron of the museum and a sister of Judge Nicholas Longworth, of the Ohio supreme court, lately deceased.

Her private estate reaches far into the million, and she lives in a beautiful home on one of the most exclusive of the suburban avenues which make the environs of Cincinnati so fascinating. Her art treasures, gathered in her journeys abroad, are worthy of long study.

The Philadelphia Centennial may be said to have given birth to decorative art in America. Mrs. Storer, who came thither to give us our object lesson in the art of decorative art, is a woman who is not only a collector of art treasures, but also a worker in the field. She has a fine collection of bronzes, and she has a fine collection of bronzes, and she has a fine collection of bronzes.

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USE OF THE MIRROR.
A PLEA FOR NEATNESS BY FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Half the Difference Between the Homely Woman and the Beautiful One is the Beauty of Care—You Need Not Lose the Beauty of Youth if You Will Not.

HE—I never look in the mirror. I must say you would be wiser and look better if you did.

Comparatively few women are alive to the benefits of personal culture.

Any thoughtful observer of the difference between the well-groomed woman and the neglected one ought to be sufficiently incensed to enter the ranks of the former.

The difference between the appearance of a woman who depends wholly on nature and that of one who makes a study of the preservation of that beauty is sufficient evidence to the results that may be wrought by care and the inevitable loss that comes through neglect.

It is a natural horror of the late-fashioned means of artificial repair and a general ignorance of the laws of natural preservation.

Some women have never had their attention called to this subject, so do not think about it at all. Some are anxious and ignorant of the means to be employed. Some are skeptical as to results.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHICAGO AND THE NEW YORK GIRL IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SWEETBERRY AND THE ORCHID.

One is a bit of nature, the other the perfection of horticulture. There's an odor and a freshness and a willful little sting about the sweetberry which are inexcessibly charming and refreshing.

There is a velvety polish, a patrician softness and a big, big price about the orchid which no other flower possesses.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—It is the world there is but one cure. It can be given in a cup of coffee without the knowledge of the party.

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