

As this seemed to dispose of the matter, neither Blandford nor Deomateri made any response. The clerks in the office were busy writing out reports and filling out blanks of various kinds, and to these for a time the officer in charge devoted his attention.

The room in which Danny Lemmons had been placed was the provost-marshal's private office. On his desk was a rough map of the inner defenses of Atlanta. In the pigeon-holes were a number of papers of more or less importance. In the farther end of the room was a door. It was locked, and the key gone, but in one of the pigeon-holes was a large brass key. Danny Lemmons noted all these things with inward satisfaction. He took the key, unlocked the door, and saw that it led into an alley-way. Then he replaced the key in the pigeon-hole, leaving the door unlocked. He waited five or ten minutes, and then stuck his head into the outer office, exclaiming : —

“Don't you all run off an' leave me by myse'f, bekaze I hain't usen to it.”

The clerks laughed, and even Mr. Blandford smiled sadly, but there was no other response. Danny Lemmons shut the door,