PRISON LIFE IN TEXAS.

Capture, Imprisonment and Escape of J. N. Howard, Co. "E," 32 Iowa Volunteers.

CHAPTER IV.

We were all on the outside and it would not do to violate the parole of honor so there was nothing else to do but to go back in the prison to accomplish this, there were two boys that came out with Packard and we left them on the outside to answer to our names and Jewett and I went inside with Packard. The rest of the day was spent getting ready to start on our perilous journey. Our comrads tried to persuade us not to risk it. They said to us, "the guard only wants a chance to shoot you, they are only leading you into a trap and they will kill you," well, I thought of all these things. I knew the danger, and indeed it did look like running the gauntlet. When the boys admonished me so earnestly, my heart almost failed me, but when I thought of staying there another hot summer I could not bear to think of it. When I looked toward the grave yard which was situated in plain sight of the prison, it seemed that one half of the prisoners were layed there. I wanted to see the old regiment and the stars and stripes instead of the flag that bore the seven stars. There were my friends at home and above all the girl that lived on the hill with whom I expected to spend a happy life although I had never told her so. Those I loved prompted me to go. We waited till the time appointed, then we found that the time for the guard to come on duty had been changed and it would be two o'clock before he would be on guard. But at two we found him at his post. We watchen the guards on both sides as they walked their beat which was twenty feet long.

The guards walked down facing each other; there they both turned and walked back to the other end of the beat. While their backs were turned we all started at once. When I reached the stockade I could just lay my fingers on top of the posts but I gave a spring and struck with my breast on top, at the same time I threw my leg straight with the stockade. I rolled over and let myself down on the outside. Now there was an oak tree just opposite me only two rods away and I stepped very cautiously under the shade of that tree. I stood there for some time before the other boys made their appearance, I thought for a second that I would have to go alone, but just then they came and without saying a word I turned and walked away the boys following me. Our fear now was thet the guard would see us as we left the tree. We quietly made our way to the north about a quarter of a mile, when we came to a halt and consulted each other as to the proper course to persue. It was a question in our minds whether we had better start right out for God's country, or remain in the vicinity of the prison, we decided to go to the hospital and remain there untill after the rebs had made their search knowing that if they made any discovery they would have the blood hounds on our track immediately. The hospital being on the south side of the prison and we on the north, we were compelled to make a circuitous route to evade the rebel camp. We passed off to the west and succeeded in getting to the hospital without being discovered. I went into my shanty where I had stayed for four weeks. My bunkmate, Amos Doan, said to me "for God's sake get out of here for the rebel guard has been here and called the roll," It was a question in our minds again what to do. The rebels were liable to come back at any time and call the roll again.

We went about forty rods from the hospital and lay down behind a big log where we remained untill after roll call next morning. It seemed to be a difficult matter for them to call the roll that morning as they came three times to the hospital to count It was twelve o'clock before they quit counting in the prison. It was said that about thirty made their escape the same night, but we were ignorant of the fact at the time. They must have seen that we were successful and followed us. The rebs were now satisfied that some of the Yanks were gone. Some shouted "hurrah boys get out the hounds and we will soon catch those yanks." We stood and watched them as they started to catch us, we were talking with the rebs at the time. We lounged around the hospital all day. Along in the afternoon they began to bring back our comrads who had made their escape that night, they caught fifteen in all.

As soon as it was fairly dark we bade our comrads at the hospital good by and with a "God speed" and "I hope you'll have good luck boys" we started for yankee land. Our object in remaining at the hospital so long was to evade the hounds. We guided our course by the north star, traveling very fast so as to get as far as possible from the stockade the first night. We wanted to reach Sabine River before morning, but one of our party gave out and we were compelled to stop five miles from the river where we remained till morning. We crawled into some thick brush for concealment and laid our weary limbs down to rest. We had only got fairly settled when we heard a rooster crow so startling near as to make us jump to our feet in a hurry and seek more distant quarters We remained there through the day without being disturbed. This morning the sun rose in the east for the first time since my capture. The sky was clear; the weather calm and the sun shone bright, the songs of the birds were so sweet and charming it seemed the happiest day I had ever spent.

We resumed our march at early dusk, as we were compelled to travel at night to evade discovery. About midnight we came to the Sabine river which was very high. I being a very poor swimmer and not used to deep water, the boys had agreed to help me over the stream. We hunted for something to make a raft and finding nothing suitable we concluded to wait for day light. Our idea was to find a skiff and go down the river and reach Sabine bay in about one hundred and fifty miles. We knew that Uncle Sam's fleet lay about two miles from land. This would have been the easiest and best way but we could not find a boat, so we abandoned the idea.

The next morning a fine large turkey came down on the opposite bank to get his breakfast. I suppose we thought we could relish a breakfast of him if we could only catch him, but that was out of the question as we had no gun. We resumed our search for material to make a raft, after hunting along the bank for a mile we found some plank apparently from some bridge. We constructed a raft and were about to cross when the baying of the hounds so familiar to us of late was wafted to our ears from the rear, soon we were satisfied that they were on our trail. I leaped into the water and struck for the opposite shore. I did so well that the boys made up their minds that I was a pretty good swimmer. Jewitt told Packard to follow me and help me if I needed any assistance, and he would bring the raft with our clothes. Need help! I guess not. Packard was an extra swimmer and he had all he could do to keep up with me, in fact I beat him across. I tell you the loud mouthings of those hounds was a pretty good spur. I shall always remember my landing as I swam into a cluster of briers which were entirely covered with water, they scratched me from a to izard so that the blood ran from my head to heels. The scar from that scratching remained for several years afterward.

We got across alright, turned our raft adrift and laid in the brush to see if the hounds crossed the river, intending if they did to take to the river. Fortunately for us they did not and we were safe for the time being. We made our way for about seven miles across the bottom and lodged in the edge of a large swamp intending to rush out in the swamp in case we were persued by the hounds, where we intended to put an end to them if they came. Here we stayed until four o'clock when we started out, thinking to travel awhile before night. There being no settlement we traveled until dusk when we came to a beaten path. Just then a negro who was passing, admonished us by saying "boys all of Quantrel's army is right there." Looking off to the right a short distance we saw that we were almost in their camp. It has always been a question in my mind how the negro knew that we wanted to evade the rebels but we hastened forward and as we crossed the wagon road two rebel officers came riding down the road some ten rods from us. We tried to pay no attention to them but marched straight forward as though we were rebel guards. Here just to the left there was a party of reb loading up corn. It now being just dark we passed on without detection. Here we struck an open field which was a half mile across.

When we got within thirty rods of the fence we heared some one talking directly in front of us. Supposing that we were running into the guard we came to a halt and concealed ourselves under the bank of a small stream, where we remained until we found it was only some one passing. Here was the first fun we had had since we left the prison and the boys had quite a laugh at my expense. In consequence of my sore eyes I had my ears pierced and a coarse thread drawn through and tied It left quite a loop and when we went to raise up to start on, this loop caught on a root and held me fast, while the other boys went on. I was afraid to speak to them for fear of being heard. This made me mad and I gave a sudden jerk which caused me pain but I got loose all the same. I began to look around to see where my comrads were but they had got out of sight, I took my course and caught up to them near the fence.

We traveled nights, resting days without any thing more worthy of note occurring until the fifth day out when it behooved us to look for some grub as we were very hungry and faint for we had not eaten as much in the five days as a hungry man would eat at one meal. We camped that morning in the brush by the side of a large plantation. Jewett said when the negroes go to work I will see if we cannot get some food of them. After the negroes went to work he crossed over the fence and accosting the boy plowing corn asked him if he could get some food of him telling him that we were escaped prisoners. The boy after thinking a moment said that he would like to give us "suffin to eat awful well massa but I don't see how I git it. Dar am bout one hundred and fifty black folks on dis place and dey gits der grub every day, some of dem hab a little ahead but de most ob dem eatsit as fast as dey gets it." To cut the conversation short he said there was danger of our being captured if he tried to get us any food, so we gave it up for that time. We had now, one little cracker (hard tack) left, per man, that we ate for supper That night we traveled as usual and stopped for the day by the side of a wheat field with an old cotton gin in the center. At sunrise, negroes came out to work in the field adjoining about a half mile away. It was my turn now to get something to eat, and our only show was to get it from the negroes. In order to see those negroes, I was compelled to crawl into a ravine diagonally across the field from where we were to the opposite side where the negroes were plowing corn. Four women and three men came out to the end. I hailed them asking if there were any white folks near, they told me that the overseer was at the other end of the field. I told them who I was and that I was their friend and that they were now free and all that they had to do was to go to our forces. I now told them all to go to work except one man, charging them not to speak to the overseer about me. They said "oh no massa for if dey find you they will kill you." They bade me good by and went on except one man.

I told him I was nearly starved; that I had not eaten anything but grapevines and basswood sprouts for seven days and I want you to get me something to eat if possible. He told me that it would be impossible that the overseer or someone would see him, but he would bring me something that night. He said come to that cotton gin over in the wheat field after dark and he would have some food. I told him to bring all that he could spare for there was three of us and we did not want to show our selves again until we had crossed Red river. He said that we should have it, earned by his own hands. I now made my way back to the boys, who were glad enough at the prospect of having something to eat once more.

We spent the day thinking and wondering whether they would betray us or not. It was a very hot day and we could hardly keep ourselves comfortable in the shade. As we had to stay in the thick brush no air could get in to us and the woodticks. Oh, the woodticks! we would spread our blankets down on the ground and see them coming from all direction. I carried scars for years where those rebel ticks bit me.

Night came on and we made our way to the cotton gin where we stayed till nine o'clock waiting for supper. The moon arose and ascended upwards and still our sable friends failed to make their appearance. We were beginning to displar of getting anything to eat that night, when the welcome sound of a whistle greeted our ears. They soon appeared carrying a jug of buttermilk, corn bread, boiled bacon and there was some bacon that was not cooked. We fell upon the viands with a relish begotten of extreme hunger. After eating and chatting awhile they informed us that we now had a large swamp to cross and if we wished they would go with us and show us the road. We thankfully accepted their offer. Our black-skined friends accompanied us two and a half miles.

With good wishes for our ultimate escape from them and thanks from us for their service, we parted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is generally supposed that Congress has become a much more talkative and dilatory body than it used to be, but Prof. James, one of the editors of the annuals of the American academy of political and s cial science shows that this is a mistake. The First Congress made a record in that respect which has seldom been surpassed. A bill for the apportionment of representatives among the states was taken up in the House February 7, 1792, and fourteen days were devoted to its discussion, when it was passed by a close vote. The Senate took it up February 21, discussed it until March 12, and passed a substitute. Then the House debated the substitute for five days, and rejected it. A conference followed, and on March 28 the House accepted the substitute. President Washington kept the bill as long as he could and vetoed it. Subsequently, a compromise bill was passed and approved.

Whatever theories may be held concerning the labor of convicts, it is certain that the worst possible treatment is to keep them in idleness. Under the new constitution of New York the occupations of convicts are much restricted, and the men at Auburn and Sing Sing have been idle for some time. This has developed an almost desperate spirit among them, and one convict committed suicide on account of the enforced idleness. Those who are unemployed chafe at the sight of those who are busy, and the privileges of the reading room and the lessons in drawing and carving are not relished after a short time. What the great majority of convicts crave is active physical work, for in this they find a measure of mental relief. It is clear that there is a more dissatisfied spirit in the New York penitentiaries than was ever known before, and the necessity of providing the prisoners with some form of substantial and regular work is sharply realized.

Thousands of cases of consumption, asthma, coughs, colds and croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

All the different forms of skin troubles, from chapped hands to eczema and indolent ulcers can be readily cured by De Witts Witch Hazel salve, the great pile cure. W. E. Brock.

A whisper comes from South Carolina that Senator Tillman is by no means sure that he can get any further political favors in that state. He has accordingly suspened his continuous show of vituperative blackguardism and is keeping still.

Boss Crocker's journey to England with his horses is said to have cost $1,250,000. The boss boasts that the street cleaning department of New York used to cost less money than now, but it is certain that the margin left over for foreign tours has disappeared.

An exchange moralizes thus: "My son, follow not in the footsteps of the loafer, and make no example of him who was born tired, for verily I say unto you, their business is overstocked, the seats on the corners are occupied, and the wittling places are full. It is better to saw wood at two bits a cord than to whittle in a loafing match and cuss the government. My son, while thou hast left in thy skull the sense of a jaybird, break away from the cigarette habit, for your breath stinketh like a glue factory and thy appearance is less intelligent than a store dummy; yea, verily, thou art a cypher with the rim knocked of.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the will of Robert Imbrie, deceased, late of Washington County, Oregon, and appointing the undersigned executor thereof, has been duly admitted to probate in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington county, and letters testamentary thereon issued to the undersigned, and that I have duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of my duties. All persons therefore having claims against said estate of Robt. Imbrie, deceased are hereby requested and required to present them, with the proper vouchers, to me at the office of the County Clerk in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

JAMES A. IMBRIE,
Executor of the last will and Testament of Robert Imbrie, deceased.
Dated at Hillsboro Oregon, this 24th. day of January 1897. 30-40.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, made on the 11th day of January 1897, in the matter of the estate of J P Vaughn deceased, and to me as administrator thereof derected,

I will, on Saturday the 20th day of February 1897, at the south door of the Court House, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real property, to-wit:

All of lots numbered seven (7) and eight (8) of and in blk no. three (3) of and in south Park add to the town of Forest Grove, and also the undivided one-third int in and to all of lots numbered one (1) two (2) three (3) and four (4) of and in blk numbered nine (9) and all (fractional blk no ten (10) in the town of Dilley Washington County, Oregon.

J. C. CLARK,
Administrator of the estate of J. P. Vaughn deceased. 35 39

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REALITY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County made on the 11th day of January A. D 1897 in the matter of the estate of Alois Hardwiger, deceased, the undersigned was authorized and directed to sell at private sale certain real estate belonging to aforesaid estate and in said order and hereinafter particular described. I will on and after the 10th day of February 1897 offer at private sale on the premises, all of the interest of aforsaid Alois Hardwiger, deceased, at the time of his death or since acquired by his estate in the following described real estate to-wit: Situate in Washington County Oregon and being the S ½ of the N E ¼ and the N W ¼ of the S E ¼ of sec 26 T 2 N R 4 W of the will. mer., containing 160 acres. Terms of sale: Gold Coin of the United States, one-half of purchase price in hand, the balance payable on the 1st day of September. Deferred payment to be secured by note and mortgage on the premises sold. Expenses of deed and mortgage to be at the expense purchasers.

JOSEPH HARDWEIGER,
EXECUTOR.

CITATION.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, OF THE State of Oregon, for Washington County.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah J. Mull, deceased,

To Charles Henry Willoughby, John W. Masters, Mary E. Lystrop, Curin Lystrop, Elizabeth A. Jack, Calvin Jack, Laura Steeples, D P. Steeples, Sarah Curran, James Curran, Thurston L. Masters and William Masters and to all persons interested in said estate. Greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, at the Court room thereof, at Hillsboro, in the County of Washington on Saturday the 23rd day of February 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exist, why an order of sale of the following descr bed real property, situate in Washington County, Oregon, and described as follows to-wit: First tract: That part of the Donation land claim of A. J. Masters and Sarah J. Masters his wife in t 1, s r 2 w. Will Mer boun, ded and described thus: Commencing at a point n 1° 30' e 43.25 chs and 4.11 chs e from the s w corner of the n ¼ of said don. land claim thence n 12.12 chs thence e to s line of railroad thence s 81° 40 e to the n w corner of land now owned by Hansen n said claim thence s 1° 30' w 9.30 chs to s line of James Rasmussen land in said claim thence westerly on said n line of James Rasmussen land to the place of beginning containing 18¾ acres. Second tract a part of the s ½ of the donation land claim of A. J. Masters and Sarah J. Masters his wife in t 1 s r 2 w Will Mer bounded by commencing at a point on the c line of the s ½ of said claim said point being 25.80 chs w of the s line of said claim thence running s 1° 30' w 8.80 chs thence s 87° 15' w to the west line of said c aim thence n on said w line to the n w corner of said south half of said donation claim thence e on said n line of said s ½ to the place of beginning containing 13.25 acres more or less about it not be made as prayed for in the petition of Thos. Humphries Executor of the last will and tastament of Sarah J. Mull deceased filed in this court and cause.

Witness, the Hon. B. F. Cornelius, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, with the seal of said Court affixed this 29th day of January 1897.

Attest: J. A. IMBBIE
[SEAL] Clerk.
By W. W. McKinney, Deputy
35 39

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The Baptist convention which was to have been held at Denver in 1898 has been changed to meet at Chattanooga instead.

Ten lives were lost and considerable property destroyed in a cloudburst in Franklin county, Ky., on the 21st.

A gentleman of Atlanta has sent a watermelon weighing 47 pounds to Candidate Bryan. It was conveyed in a clothes basket decorated with silver.

Prince Carl of Denmark and his first cousin, Princess Maud of Wales, were married at London on the 22d.

Convicts in the San Rafael jail were detected in the act of sawing their way out of the prison.

More Truth Than Poetry.

She (gazing at the dying embers)—That fire reminds me of a man in love. It burns brightly at first, then gradually subsides, and nothing remains but ashes.

He—And yet it will be all right if you feed it regularly.—Exchange.

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11:15 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv 7:00 P M

Above trains stop at East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene, Creswell, Cottage Grove, Drain, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar 4:40 P M
5:20 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv 8:00 A M

Salem Passenger Daily:

4:00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar 10:15 A M
6:15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv 8:00 A M

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8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv 5:03 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv 1:35 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:45 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar 8:25 A M
6:35 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv 7:15 A M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv 5:50 A M

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