PRISON LIFE IN TEXAS.

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

CHAPTER VI.

We traveled until about nine o'clock when we heard the tapping of a drum directly in front of us. Fearing that we were running into a rebel camp we passed off to the left in order to evade the guards. There was no settlement, only now and then a vacated hut and a small patch of ground that had been cultivated years before. There were no wagon roads, but every once in awhile we would see what we thought was a toe path or cattle trail. We traveled until three o'clock when we came to another slow, sluggish stream. We were timid about swimming it, knowing it was just the place for alligators, so we lay till daylight, when we constructrd another raft and got across without unlucky accidents.

Now as there were no signs of a settlement we resolved to try traveling for awhile by daylight. We plodded along until two o'clock when we came to a log house in a small field. Now we thought we were in Arkansas, about 125 miles from Red river. We had note of a union man in that vicinity and we thought we could find out something about him at this place. So Jewett went to the house while Packard and I stayed in the rear. In a short time Jewett came back bringing word that it was an Indian family living there. Now we knew that we had gone north too far and we remembered the Indian we had seen the day before and were now satisfied that we were in the Indian country, and felt ourselves in a bad shape, knowing the Indians to be hostile to the union cause. This was one of our great fears of getting among the Indians but we found ourselves there and no mistake. If we got out with our scalpes we considered ourselves fortunate. We now turned our course to the southeast determined not to stop until we got out of the scrape if possible. We went a half mile and came to another hut, but there was no one at home. Here we had a chance to steal a gun and some ammunition, but after studying the matter over, we thought honesty would be the best policy, knowing that if theIndians found us with their guns they would use us roughly.

Shortly after this we struck another stream that appeared to be quite thickly settled. We saw no Indians. To get across was the next question, in our minds. Time just then was too precious to stop to make a raft. The stream was very wide and swift, but we thought it not very deep. We now took off our clothing which we placed on our head and shoulders and started across, holding hands so that we might brace against the current and thus we succeeded in wading across. We put on our clothes and started on our way which was through a low botton, the most of the time in a swamp until we reached the bluff. Here we found quite a number of Indian houses along our line of travel—no men at home; but women and children who seemed to be very shy. The children would run off and hide like quails. Thus we passed along until just as the sun was going down we came to a couple of small log huts. Here we learned that we had just crossed the Arkansas line.

Now we knew we were in Arkansas at last, and safe from the Indians. At this place we found that there was an Indian council being held and it happened to be on those very two days that we were there, or in all probability we would have been burned as many others had, for they had but lately massacreed some of the whites. They had killed women and children and burned their feet off. Their excuse for this was that the rebs had run in and stolen their ponies. We now remembered the tapping of the drum we had heard the night before and made up our minds that it was where they were holding their war council as they were at war the same as the north and the south—a part being in favor with the union cause and a part with the session.

I always thought that providence directed us in our escape out of their country.

At those log huts we found two women and some children. After some conversation with them we concluded that one of them was union. She said her husband had gone to Red river after meal and she expected him home that night. She also said that she had the last meal baking but that she had a part of a loaf left from dinner and this she gave us and we went our way determined not to stop that night although we were very tired and hungry. We ate our bacon, and after resting awhile we started on through the woods making as good time as possible. We were so very tired that it was a difficult matter to make any speed but we worried along until the after part of the night when we ran into a swamp and it got so very dark that we could not travel any farther. We hunted as dry a place as possible and layed down until nearly daylight. When we could see our way out of the swamp we started and traveled about a half mile when we came to high land where we found a small house and determined to enter and get some breakfast, but we found no one at home. Looking around for something to eat, we found half of a corn cake which we appropriated to our own use. The one solitary bed was tumbled up as though someone had just got up. After getting the corn-bread we hid in the brush to eat it and consider what to do, as we were now in the vicinity of the first union man that we had note of before leaving the prison. After consultation we concluded to take the road, travel on our furloughs and inquire for Mr. Whistle, (I used a fictitious name). We boldly took the road and at the first house Packard went in and made inquiry. They did not know such a man, but yet it was a long way to Paraclifta; they did not know how far.

We traveled about seven or eight miles, keeping in the timber most of the time. Finally we came out upon a road that led through a lane between two fields. Here we were in sight of another house. It now being Jewett's turn to make inquiry he thought it best for Packard and me to pass around the field through the timber and he would join us on the other side. We did as directed and had barely seated ourselves at the road when Jewett came in sight and with him a rebel soldier. We hastily decided not to say anything to Jewett unless he first spoke to us as the rebel might have him under arrest. As Jewett came up he gave us the wink and said:

"Good morning, boys; are you traveling?"

We replied, "yes sir," and he passed on as though he had never met us, before.

In accordance with our arrangment, we selected a spot close by the road to wait his appearance if not captured. We layed down until about three o'clock. When we decided that he had plenty of time to return to us if he was free. After some consultation, Packard and I resolved to start on, not knowing what else to do, we hated to leave him—hated to part with him for he was a good soldier and a brave boy, but such was our fate; we were separated. Packard and I resolved to come out and travel on our furloughs At the first house we made inquiry for Mr. Whistle but they were not acquainted with him but said it was about seven miles to Paraclifta. Jogging along, we caught up with a small boy, about twelve years old. He said he knew where Mr. Whistle lived and said he was going in sight of his house which was just one half a mile north of Paraclifta. On questioning the boy farther we found there was a body of soldiers at Paraclifta and that they had a pack of blood hounds for catching negroes and deserters. I am particular in telling this to let my readers know what kind of a trap we got into.

When we got to within less than a mile of the town, we came to where the road forked, there we took the left hand road and soon came to Mr. Whistle's house, we walked up to the door and inquired if Mr. Whistle lived there,

"Yes."

"Is the gentleman at home?"

"He is not" was the reply. "Do you wish to see Mr. Whistle on business?" she asked.

"I do" I replied.

The lady asked us in and gave us a seat. We could see that she was suspicious of us. I asked her if she was acquainted with a Mr. Walstrom.

"Yes, he is a brother-in-law of mine" she said.

Then I asked "Where is Mr. Walstrom?"

She said she did not know, but his wife lived some where in the country, some distance from that place. I then told her that I was also acquainted with Mr. Walstrom and that he was taken prisoner by the southern army, and that he finally made his escape from Tyler Prison, and I thought that he was either dead or he had got through to the union lines. I then told her that "I am a union soldier, and that he had represented her husband to us as a union man and as you lived directly on our route we might get some help as we are greatly in need just now." At this information the lady seemed to be bewildered or scared.

Her reply was: "I don't see why Mr. Walstrom sent you here as we are just as good southern people as there is in the South."

It was our time to be scared, and now what to do we did not know as were within a mile of the rebel army and had given ourselves away so nicely but the lady finally said:

"I hope you wont tell anyone that you have been here."

I told her that I would make a bargain with her, that if you will not report me I will say nothing about being here." To this she assented, and we took our leave, bidding them good bye. Now we took to the road and, passing some distance from the house, we stopped to talk the matter over and decide what we had better do. In fact this was the bitterest pill in the box. If those folks reported us to the rebs there was no use of us running for the dogs could come up to us in a very short time, since there was no stream of water near that we could baffle the hounds. After considering awhile we settled it in this way—we would stop at the first house we came to and call for lodging during the night as it was possible that we might baffle the hounds in that way. It was about a mile to the first house and now sundown. Here we called for lodging which was granted at once, we walked in and found supper just ready and so were we. We ate with a relish. After supper the man of the house wanted to let us know that he was a soldier, or had been in the fore part of the war. He was large, and very rough in all his ways. He had lots to say about how many yanks he had killed and from his talk I took him to be a bush-whacker. He boasted of shooting prisoners. He said it was no harm to violate a parole when it was given to the yankees. He thought that the southern confederacy was above paying any attention to the United States, therefore he would take up his gun regardless of any parole. This was the run of the conversation until bedtime, when we were escorted to the loom-house to sleep where we had a nice feather bed. We thought it much better than laying in the swamp. Thus we passed the night. In the morning we ate breakfast and started out on the road, resolving to risk being captured, for we had our furloughs in our pockets and thought ourselves pretty safe.

It was eighteen miles to where we had any note of another union man where we expected to stop for the night. We passed on all right, seeing many rebel soldiers but was not suspected. When we got in the vicinity of this union man, on making inquiry we learned that he was very sick and not expected to live, so we did not stop, but passed on until late in the afternoon, when we found ourselves in plain view of a rebel camp. Knowing that we had been discovered we dared not turn back or attemp to run. We must put on a bold front and face the music. We first thought that we would pass right on and say nothing, then we made up our minds to go to them as though everything was all right. This we did and well for us that we did, for afterward we found that they were the worst kind of bushwhackers in the country. They were a band of out-laws from the Ozark mountains who made it a business of robbing all who had anything that they could convert to their own use, they were more hostile to those who were suspected of union sentiments though they would plunder all parties both union and rebel. In many cases they were guilty of the most henious crimes, we saw many places where they had burned houses and killed some of the family, either father or son, took all the property and left the women and children destitute. When we approached them we called for a drink of water, a dozen of them escorted us to the spring which was near by. They at once commenced to question us. They wanted to know where we were from and what regiment we belonged to, what raids and battles we were in. All these qustions we answered promptly, but to keep them from asking too many, we would commence a train of questions ourselves. After this we kept them busy answering all we appeared to want to know.

After we had stayed there a proper length of time we asked them if they knew where a certain man lived, to this they answered that they did. We told them that we wanted to see Mr. Walton, and stay over night with him, they told us that it was two miles to his house and that he was very sick and not expected to live. This information was very sad news for us as he was a union man or so represented by a friend before leaving the prison. We then took leave of the lawless band and started off, taking the main road It was then getting late, I think near sundown, but we were feeling very fortunate that we had got rid of our rebel hosts.

In a very short time after we started on our way the wind commenced to blow in a desperate way making the tall pine timber bend and twist in a frightful manner, With heaving timber and lurid lightning the rain began to fall. At this sudden change in the weather, we thought it best not to lay out over night, and seeing a small log house standing off some forty rods from the road we made our way to it. There we called for lodging for the night. To this request the lady answered that she was alone with her two children; that her husband and son were off in the war, but, said she. "I take you to be gentlemen. I would hate to turn you out in the storm."

We told her that we tried to be gentlemen at home and abroad. At this she consented to let us stay—she invited us in and after some conversation, she made it known that she had but little to eat and that she had to work all kinds of ways to make a living, but she could give us some corn bread with a little milk. Now the milk was a rarity to us of late After eating our supper we were shown to the loom house where we found a comfortable bed. We had a good night's rest and in the morning we brought out some of the bacon that we had with us, which we divided with the lady, she gave us breakfast. Then taking leave, we started on our way taking the main traveled road.

As there was another union man that we had note of who lived on the Little river whose name was Eperson and we must find him at all hazards. We knew that he was well acquainted with the country and we wanted advice from him. To accomplish this we were obligded to travel in day light. We learned that it was eighteen miles to the Little river and ten miles to the first house. The road was seldom traveled and we saw no one until we came into the settlement where we found rebel soldiers who were at home on furlough. We paid no more attention to them than we could help until we were getting in the vicinity of the river. Here we met with three women. We inquired of them if they were acquainted with a Mr. Eperson, they said they were well acquainted with him and his family and that it was but two miles to his house. We passed on, and was about to pass a house when a man who saw us came running out and hailed us. We stopped to see what he wanted. He had in his hand a newspaper which seemed to delight him so greatly that he wanted to incourage us rebel soldiers, so we heard him try to read it. Well he stammered over the thing the best he could. It was about some great victory that Genersl Lee had won but we knew it was all a lie and so we soon left him. In a short time we came to the river and found Mr. Eperson's family. Here we decided to be a little more careful about letting the folks know who we were until we knew more about them. Mr. Eperson was not at home and the son was plowing corn in the field so that the lady and her two daughters was all there were in the house. To them we put many questions.

The first question was "are you acquainted with a Mr. ——, calling the name of the prisoner who had given us the names of the union people on the line of our march. When we called his name it seemed to frighten the woman and she hesitated about answering. But finally said that she was acquainted with him." Then we asked "is his wife in this neighborhood?"

To this she answered, "it is thirty miles to where she lives."

I said "if we could see the lady we could tell her something about her husband as we were in the same place with him and he gave us Mr. Eperson's name; that he had represented them as union people."

I then said "we are escaped prisoners."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

F. M. HEIDEL'S LIST OF LANDS NOW ON THE MARKET.

77 acres, 6 miles from McMinville, Yamhill county, Oregon; 15 acers cleared 40 acres slashed and seeded; balance easy cleared. One thousand bearing fruit trees. All fenced, running water &c. A good portion of this is river bottom land. Handy to school, church and postoffice. Cheap house and barn. This is offered very cheap for cash or would trade for some good business. Bakery and confectionary preferred.

10 acres just outside city limits; about 7 acres of this is high ground, fine for building sight and the best of fruit land. 3 acres beaverdam. A fine little stream runs across one corner, fed by numerous springs some of which are on this tract. None of this is yet in cultivation, but is all slashed and seeded also fenced. This could be made a model suburban home. This costs the owner allready in cash, (not counting the clearing of it), about $1400.00 but I am authorised, for a short time, to sell it for very much less.

5 acres, all fenced, slashed and seeded. Fine building sight, would make home Very cheap and on easy terms

6 room house, in Hillsboro, in good repair, 4 blocks from business center, (electric light and water maines on this street) one large lot all planted to fruit and shrubbery. Barn and other outbuildings. Will sell on easy payments.

3 and one half acres of land in heart of Hillsboro. All platted. This is a real sharp.

Will trade the four tracts last above described for a good improved farm in the Willamette Valley.

A nice and profitable business for sale. In good town. Anvoice about $1100. Part cash, ballance time.

A good 4 room house, good woodshead, large lot in Hillsboro for sale. Price $250.00, $100.00 cash. Ballance on time.

Two lots in Center of Hillsboro on which are a well finished 6 room house barn and other outbuildings. Fruit trees and shrubery. Very desireable property and we are going to let some one have for about half its actual value. $650 takes it.

Ten and one-half acres, inside city limits, a fair house, good bearing orchard of about 150 trees, springs, &c. This would be a good site for a creamery, being close to railroad track. I have a surprise for you in the price of this property. If you are looking for a real soft "snap," then don't fail to investigate this.

If you wish to get into a good, substantial business in a good town in the Willamette Valley, then don't fail to investigate this. The stock consists of about $4000 worth of hardware, tinware, tools, groceries, provisions, &c., and is just the place where one could profitably add a full line of impements and farm machinery, as there is nothing of the kind in the town. Will sell on easy payments, or might consider a trade for a good, improved farm in the Willamette Valley.

The above is only a partial list of property I have on my books.

Should you fail to find what you want, write me or call, and you will very likely find what you want. F. M. HEIDEL, Hillsboro, Oregon.

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.

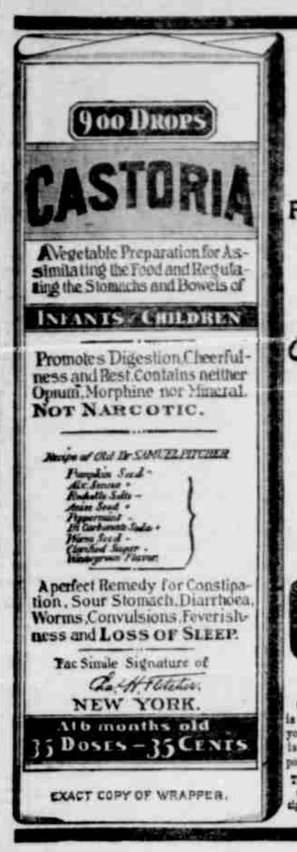
JAMES A. IMBRIE,
Executor of the last will and Testament of Robert Imbrie, deceased.

Dated at Hillsboro Oregon, this 24th day of January 1897. 26-40.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BY REQUEST OF THE MORTGAGEE, I will, at the Hillsboro Harness Shop, in Hillsboro, on Main street thereof on Saturday, the 30th day of January, 1897, sell all of the stock owned by W D Phinney, and all of his tools and aparatus contained in the Hillsboro Harness Shop for cash in hand to satisfy the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and interest from Mar 19 th 1896, at ten per cent per annum and $15 attorneys fees and the costs and expenses of this sale

Witness my hand this 20th day of January, 1897. W. D. BRADFORD, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

EXECUTOR ALE 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 Hardweiger, deceased, the undersigned was authorized and directed to sell at private sale a certain real estate belonging to aforesaid estate and in said order and hereinafter particular described, I will on and after the 19th day of February 1897 offer at private sale on the premises, all of the interest of aforsaid Alois Hardweiger, 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, Chris. 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 described 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 bound, ded and described thus: Commencing at a point n 1° 30' e 43-28 chs and 4.11 chs e from the s w corner of the n ½ of said donation land claim thence n 12.12 chs thence e to s line of railroad thence s 81° 40' e to the s w corner of land now owned by Hansen in said claim thence s 1° 30' w 9.30 chs to n 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 e line of the s ½ of said claim said point being 25.80 chs s of the e line of said claim thence running s 1° 30' w 8.80 chs thence s 87° 15' w to the west line of said claim, thence on said w line to the n w corner of said south half of said donation claim thence on said s line of said s ½ to the place of beginning containing 13.2 acres more or less should not be made as prayed for in the petition of Thos. Humphries Executor of the last will and testament of Sarah J. Mull deceased filed in this court and cause.

Witness, the Hon. B. P. Cornelius, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, with the seal of said Court affixed this 20th day of January 1897.

Attest: J. A. IMBRIE Clerk.
[SEAL]
25-29 By W. W. McKinney, Deputy

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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

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6.15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv	8.00 A M

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12.15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1.35 P M

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4.45 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8.35 A M
6.05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7.13 A M
7.25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5.50 A M

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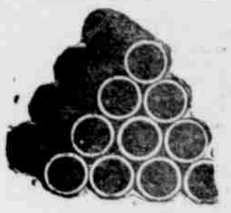

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