ESCAPED FROM THE BULL PEN

Probably the Most Thrilling Incident of Prison Life During the War.

EXPERIENCE OF A SOUTHERN CONSCRIPT

He Joined the Northern Army, Was Captured and Sentenced to Be Shot—Leaped the Stockade and Disappeared.

James Walker was born near Knoxville, in east Tennessee, about the year 1833, so that he was in his 28th year when our civil war began. He had a fair common school education and learned the trade of a machinist, at which he was an expert. When 26 years of age Walker was offered the position of master mechanic in the railroad machine shops in Atlanta, Ga. Being a single man, he accepted the offer, though, like all east Tennesseeans, his devotion to the mountains of his native state was one of the strongest impulses of his life.

Walker was a strong union man, as were all his mountain kinsmen, but when Georgia seceded he found it would be dangerous to express his views, so he kept them to himself, resolving in the meantime to escape to the north and join the union forces at the first opportunity. The conscript laws were early enforced in the south. Planters with large estates, professional men and mechanics, although forced into the service, where they did not volunteer—as most of them gallantly did—were exempted, under the impression that their services would be more valuable to the confederacy if they were permitted to remain back at their usual vocations. In this way Walker, although sworn into the service of the confederacy, was detailed to remain in charge of the same shop.

ESCAPED FROM ATLANTA.

The war had been going on for eight months when Walker, who had carefully prepared his plans, escaped from Atlanta one Saturday night, and before his flight was discovered he had reached friends in the Cumberland mountains. Within a month, for the man was a born leader, Walker had recruited 127 mountaineers, and, without any warrant, swore them into the union service. With these men, dressed in butternut and armed with old-fashioned hunting rifles, Walker traveled by night through the lines of Kirby Smith and succeeded in reaching the union forces under Nelson, in central Kentucky.

Walker received a captain's commission and he and his men were regularly mustered into the service, but instead of being consolidated into one of the many east Tennessee union regiments they remained a separate command, known at "Walker's Scouts." Because of their great familiarity with the country over which the army of east Tennessee and of the Cumberland were then operating Walker and his men were of the greatest service; and, it may be added, that it would be impossible to find in either army a hardier, handsomer or a more desperate body of mounted men.

I first met Walker at Chattanooga, a few weeks before the effective battles of Lookout and Missionary Ridge. He had come through the enemy's lines alone, with a message for help from Burnside, then starving in Knoxville.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Walker stood about six feet two. His hair and beard were light brown, and his were the only gray eyes I ever saw—the only eyes of any color, indeed—that seemed to flash fire when he became earnest. Although his voice was low and his manner almost effeminate, the veriest tyro in physiognomy could not be in Walker's company ten minutes without feeling the magnetism of his unflinching courage and superb manhood. Walker and I became decidedly chummy during the short time he spent at Chattanooga. Three weeks after he had started back to Burnside we had had our big fights and in the hot pursuit of Bragg that followed I was captured, with some sixty men. All the union prisoners were sent on to "the bull pen," an unroofed enclosure in Atlanta, from which point the officers were forwarded to Libby prison and the enlisted men to Belle Isle, in the James river.

It was a cold, sleety evening in early December when we were marched from the cars at Atlanta to the Bull Pen at the edge of the town. The enclosure was more than ankle deep in mud. In less than the space of half an acre 4,000 shivering men were packed. About the center of the enclosure there were two brick piles, remnants of the chimnies of a house that had been burned down. As I was stiff, my horse having fallen on me when he was shot, my comrades helped me to the chimnies, and made me a seat of some of the bricks.

CHAINED TO A HUNDRED-POUND SHOT.

I sat down and had just uttered a groan, caused by mental rather than physical suffering, when my attention was attracted by the clanking of a chain near by. Looking quickly up I was surprised and shocked to see the tall form of Captain Walker bending over me. About his right ankle there was a heavy iron ring, and fastened to this a log chain, at the other end of which was an iron ball that looked like a 100-pound shot. This ball the captain carried on his shoulder with the greatest ease, but he dropped it beside me and made a seat of it, when he took my hand in both of his and whispered as he wrung it:

"My cap, but I am glad to see you har."

"Glad to see me here, Walker?" I repeated.

"That's what I said, old fellow."

"Well, I don't think I hate any man so much that I'd like to see him in this pen," and I waved my hands at the guards on the high platform about the stockade, and the poor fellows trudging through the mud to keep warm. Bending nearer and sinking his voice to the low, soft pitch that seemed so out of keeping with his character, Walker said:

"God knows I'm not glad to see you a prezner, old fellow, and you know it, too. But, as you see," here he shook the chain, "I am in a bad fix, and I'm here waiting for some man to show up that I know has the interest in me to see me through."

"You can count on me and my boys, Walker," I responded. "But what does this ball and chain mean on a prisoner of war and an officer?"

"That is just it," he hastened to say. "I am not regarded as a federal soldier, as they call our people."

"How then do they regard you?" I asked, though knowing much of his past I half guessed at the truth. In his habitually quiet way Walker went on to explain his former position in Atlanta, and how he had been conscripted, and then detailed to work in the railroad shops. After his escape to the union lines he had been set down as a deserter, and as he had retained his own name and had become a conspicuous figure in the war, a reward was offered for his capture.

Ten days before our meeting in the prison pen Walker had been captured in a cavalry fight at Campbell's station in East Tennessee. As soon as he reached the depot in Atlanta he was recognized. He was tried the Monday before our meeting, which was on Thursday evening, and he was condemned to be shot for desertion on Friday morning, now about twelve hours off.

"Now the ball and chain is explained," said the condemned man in conclusion, and he quietly proceeded to light his pipe. The pen was fenced in by logs set on end in the ground. On the outside and four feet lower than the top of the stockade there was a platform on which guards walked every ten paces. Inside the stockade and fifteen feet away there was a little ditch known as "the dead line," which prisoners could not cross under pain of death. This line was indicated at night by rows of dim lamps. These lamps were being lit while I talked with Walker. The chances for escape were practically nil, and with that ball and chain attached any attempt meant death from the guards, yet I could not help saying:

A PLAN FOR ESCAPE.

"If you must die, Walker, go right up to the dead line and fall under the rifles of the Home Guards; better that than to be led out and shot down like a dog."

"I can slip the ball and chain off," said Walker, and he demonstrated that this could be done by removing his boot and stocking, then he straightened out his long foot and with a slight effort freed himself from the ring.

"With the help of yourself and other friends," he went on to say, "I believe I can get over the stockade and make my escape, though there is a veteran brigade in camp about the place."

Near where we sat there was a stretcher, the body and handles of which were about ten feet in length. A belt fastened across the ends would make a step or resting place fully eight feet from the ground if the stretcher were set on end. Walker, as has been said, was a very tall man, and without interference he could reach the top of the stockade and drop to the other side. But there were the lights on the dead line and the watchful and retiquitous guards. Walker went on to say that the guards were old men and boys, Home Guards, and easily demoralized.

"If," he continued, "you could get a dozen or so of our friends to load up with these bricks, and at a given signal heave them at the guards off there to the east, the men from the south side would think the prisoners were trying to break through there, and they would run from their posts and leave me a clear track for long enough to get over. At the worst, I can only be shot making a break for liberty. Will you help?" I gave Walker my hand in proof of my willingness, but it was he and not I who spoke of the danger to the other prisoners from the wild firing of the guards. Great though the danger was every man with whom I spoke about the venture was willing to risk being shot in order to help Walker.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

After 9 o'clock the guards called out the half hours and the number of their posts. When the man at post No. 10 announced 12 o'clock Walker was to rush with the stretcher for the southern wall. As the hour approached the men with the bricks crawled as close to the deadline as was safe. The night was very dark, with a cold, driving rain from the northeast. About five minutes before the signal, which was to come from the enemy, Walker crept to my side, clasped me in his arms and whispered:

"God bless you, old fellow! Another hour and I'll be a free man or a dead one."

In the indistinct light from the deadlines I saw the tall form bending over the stretcher. The minutes were cruelly long to Walker's friends; what must they have been to him? At length the cry began. "Twelve o'clock; Post No. 1, and all's well!"

The men with the bricks sat there and their breathing came hard.

"Twelve o'clock; post No. 10, and all's well!"

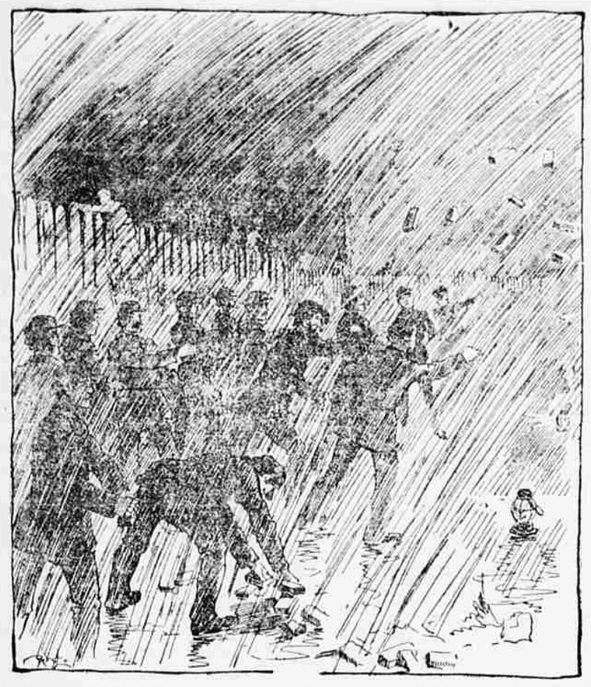
The last word had not died on the lips of the guard when thirty men leaped from the ground and the fusillade began. I threw one brick in a wild way, then turned to watch Walker.

THE ESCAPE.

With a rapidity that cannot be described he dashed over the deadline to the south, from which, as he saw, the guards had fled. In an instant the stretcher was against the stockade and Walker had seized the top. I saw his face for a moment, as with a mighty bound he swung himself over. There was firing into the prison pen, and firing in the camp outside, through which the fugitive fled. Then far off we heard a yell of triumph. It was Walker's signal to us that he had cleared the camp. Although fully forty shots were fired into the prison pen a slight wound to Captain Singer of the Thirty-third Ohio was the only damage done.

The confederate officials made an examination at once. They discovered that Walker was gone, but they could not learn "who heaved the bricks." The last time I saw Walker was in the parade of Sherman's men in Washington at the close of the war.

ALFRED S. CARROLL.



IN AN INSTANT THE STRETCHER WAS AGAINST THE STOCKADE AND WALKER HAD SEIZED THE TOP.

Way He Was Welcome.

Cleveland Leader: "Here, Harry, is a dime for you," said Mr. Harper to the little brother of the one he loves. "Have you ever heard Miss Bessie say anything about me when I wasn't here?"

"Oh, lots of times," replied the sweet child.

"And what does she say, Harry?"

"She says she's always glad to have you come here when she's feelin' all wore out and tired."

"And," continued the delighted young man, "does she ever explain why she likes to have me come at such times?"

"Yes, she says you're so easy she can go to sleep and still keep you guessing."

FANCY PRICES FOR HOGS

Annual Sales Bring Together Many Noted Swine Breeders.

GROWTH OF POLAND-CHINA ASSOCIATION

Breeders in Seventeen States and Territories Now Enjoy Membership in the Standard—Record Makes a Big Book.

MARYVILLE, Mo., Oct. 26.—(Special.)—The Poland-China hog has within the last few years come to be recognized as one of the leaders of swine, and no organization in the country has contributed more toward his development than the Standard Poland-China Record association, whose headquarters are in Maryville. There are only four Poland-China associations in the country, the three beside the one whose headquarters are here being the American, with headquarters at West Liberty, Ia.; the Central, with headquarters at Indianapolis, Ind., and the Ohio, with headquarters at Dayton, O. Of these the Standard is the youngest and it is second in size, the Central only having a larger membership.

The Standard Poland-China Record association was preceded in this section of the country by the Northwest Missouri Poland-China Breeders' association, which was organized in February, 1884, pursuant to a call by W. P. Hayzlett of Bolckow, Mo. Of this organizatiton W. P. Hayzlett was elected president and George L. Drennan of Maryville secretary and ex-officio treasurer. The twelve men who first formed the organization were: W. P. Hayzlett of Bolckow, E. F. Carver of Guilford, I. V. LaTourette of Skidmore, D. D. Ballinger of Hopkins, B. F. Gilmore of Gaynor City, S. Cummings, Dr. John W. Dean, Frank Billows, William T. Garrett, Ira K. Alderman, Lyman Parcher and George L. Drennan.

The association had a successful career, but was not broadly enough conceived, and in 1885, at the suggestion of one of the association's members, and after considerable discussion a committee "to inquire into and report on the feasibility and practicability of organizing a new association" was appointed. This committee's report was received and accepted in February, 1886, and the standard association, with 100 shares and including members from Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois and Indiana was organized. The first officers were: President, D. F. Risk, Weston, Mo.; vice presidents, J. W. Dean, Maryville, Mo.; W. H. Harris, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. A. Edson, Lancaster, Kan.; H. E. Heath, Republican City, Neb.; secretary, Ira K. Alderman, Maryville, Mo.; treasurer, W. T. Garrett, Maryville. In May, 1887, the new organization was incorporated under the laws of Missouri, and since then its growth has been rapid. Now it has 480 members, in eighteen states and territories—Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, New York, Nebraska, Texas, Colorado, California, Oregon, Kentucky, Mississippi, Ohio, Indiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Arizona and South Dakota.

OBJECT OF ASSOCIATION.

The object and purpose for which the association was formed are said in the constitution to be "The establishment of an improved system of recording and tracing pure-bred Poland-China swine and the publication of a record." That its object and purpose have been attained is demonstrated by the record which is issued annually. From a volume of 564 pages in 1886 it grew to one of 1,422 pages in 1896.

Meetings of the association are held annually in Maryville on the first Wednesday in February. They are attended by members from all the states and territories represented in its membership and the annual banquet, when hundreds of the hog men meet around the festal board, is one of the events of the year in northwest Missouri.

The members of the association are among the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of their respective localities, for to deal very extensively in Poland-Chinas nowadays a man must have considerable money and be willing to take chances on heavy losses. The fact that Maryville is the headquarters of the Standard association draws many big sales here, and to those not interested in such stock the prices sometimes paid for a fine boar or sow appears almost fabulous. Last Wednesday, at the sale of Frank Dunning of Bedford and W. A. Jones of Van Meter, Ia., which was held in Maryville and which was attended by many hog fanciers from Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana and Kansas, one sow sold for $255, a boar for $250, another boar for $105, and another for $175. George W. Null of Maryville paid $1,600 for his great hog, "Odessa Missouri;" Liggett & Judd of Stanberry $1,000 for "Iowa Chief," and for the great hog, "Look-Me-Over," a syndicate composed of Liggett & Judd of Stanberry, Lachner Brothers of Maryville, J. West Jones of Lenox, Ia., and a few others, paid $3,600 last spring. The animal was bought, of course, for breeding purposes, and his pigs will, as they have heretofore, bring big prices. There are dozens of hogs owned by members of the association which are valued at from $500 to $1,000.

To most people these prices appear very large, but the hog fanciers have a serene confidence that the bottom will not "drop out," contrary to the expectations of outsiders.

The hog sales never fail to draw men from all over the middle west and are events of considerable interest. They are always auction sales, and James W. Sparks of Marshall, Mo., J. West Jones of Lenox, Ia., and F. M. Woods of Lincoln, Neb., are the best known swine auctioneers in this section.

The fine hogs are driven into the ring one at a time and cried off like any other article of merchandise. The greatest sales are those which are properly called the "standard breeders' sales," and which occur every February at the annual meeting in Maryville. Only members of the association are eligible to enter stock in these sales, and some of the finest porkers of the world have been disposed of at them. At the annual meeting of 1896 Klaas & Son of Conception sold forty head of Poland-Chinas at an average price per head of $77.66, and at the annual meeting of 1897 fifty-four head were sold by Lachner Brothers at an average price of $69 per head.

THE TIGER JUGGLER.

Fliegende Blaetter.

The Standard Poland-China Record association is now only eleven years old while the only rival organization which exceeds it in membership is twenty-two years old. The younger organization is still enjoying a steady growth, and is every year extending itself into states before new to it, and unless something happens to the Poland-China hog market it will no doubt in a few years become the greatest organization of its kind in the world. Already it has contributed very much toward developing the Poland-China hog, as much at least as any of its rivals.

The present officers of the Standard association are Grant Hornaday, Ft. Scott, Kan., president; E. E. Apline, Missouri, vice president; Z. S. Bronson, Nebraska, vice president; H. H. Wing, New York, vice president; James Johnson, Arizona, vice president; D. B. Garriott, Kentucky, vice president; J. W. Pfander, Iowa, vice president; Bruce Findley, Indiana, vice president; D. E. Miller, South Dakota, vice president; James Q. Boyer, Colorado, vice president; C. M. Irwin, Kansas, vice president; J. B. Bell, Ohio, vice president; S. W. Myers, Illinois, vice president; W. A. Paxton, California, vice president; executive committee, Alex John, Bedford, Ia.; J. C. Leggett, Stanberry, Mo.; Samuel McKelvie, Fairfield, Neb.; board of directors, president, W. T. Garrett, Maryville; vice president, E. E. Axline, Oak Grove; secretary, George F. Woodworth, treasurer, O. S. Hotchin, Maryville; D. F. Risk and W. H. Gabbert, Weston, Mo.; J Wes Jones, Lenox; C. F. Hutchinson, Bellaire, Kan., and H. Woodford, Burr, Neb.

A Pertinent Question.

During the last political campaign, relates the San Francisco Argonaut, an ardent populist, with the proverbial long flowing beard, was delivering a speech somewhere in the wilds of Kansas. During the course of his remarks he said: "Fellow citizens, it is necessary for the welfare of our country that silver should be kept at its face value. If the government marks a dollar a dollar it follows that it must be worth one hundred cents." A voice coming from the rear of the crowd interrupted him, saying: "Excuse me, Mr. Speaker; may I ask a question?" "Certainly, sir," replied the populist, "a dozen if you like." "Then, Mr. Speaker, I should like to know if the government marked your whiskers hay, would a mule eat them?"

Seek to Indict Ringers.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 26.—Before leaving for San Francisco, Joseph Murphy, secretary of the St. Louis Fair association, presented the case of the association against the alleged Little-I-Am-Wang rinkers to the grand jury, which is now in session. Indictments of all connected with the conspiracy have been asked for, and the result of the grand jury's action in the matter will be known when its forthcoming report is made public. B. J. Johnson of Chicago, the original owner of Little-I-Am, will be here to testify in the case when it comes to trial.

Indict Building and Loan Official.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 26.—An indictment charging embezzlement has been returned by the grand jury against John C. Obert, formerly secretary of the North End and the North St. Louis Building and Loan association, for which are pending petitions for the appointment of receivers. The amount of the shortage, which is supposed to be in the thousands, is not given. A warrant has been issued for Obert, who has turned over all his property and disappeared.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

A New York hat factory will move its business to Atlanta.

The tin plate workers at Elwood, Ind., after a twelve days' strike, were granted an increase of 15 to 20 per cent.

Japan has a trades union of upwards of 1,000 cotton spinners, modeled strictly on the American organization, though named the Rodo-Kumiai Kiset Kwai.

An English soap factory is to be established in Pittsburg of sufficient magnitude to give employment to 1,000 people.

Five thousand spindles and one hundred looms will be added to the cotton mill of the Victor Manufacturing company, Greer Depot, S. C.

On October 1 the Newton, N. C., cotton mills, containing 7,000 spindles, commenced to run day and night. The Talladega, Ala., mill is also operating 3,000 spindles double time on hosiery yarns.

President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor is making a tour through the New England states in the interests of organized labor.

The owners of the National Wool Mills at Olneyville, R. I., have determined to restore the scale of wages paid their weavers before the reduction of 1893.

Martin Irons, the most prominent man in the great 1886 strike has come forth from his retirement to take hold of the Social Democracy craze. He is organizing clubs in Texas and other southern states.

A cotton mill to be established at Columbia, S. C., will be owned largely by Columbia negroes, who have already subscribed for nearly three-fourth of the $100,000 capital. The money is to be paid in on the building and loan plan, or in monthly payments. There will be 600 negroes employed in the day and night forces.

In connection with New Bedford's late celebration appears the fact that the whale fisheries employ 12,714 tons, compared with the maximum 198,554 tons in 1858. About 10,000 men are employed in deep sea fisheries, of whom 9,500 are citizens of the United States.

In Germany it is said that there are three women employed as chimney-sweeps, thirty-five as slaters, seven as gun-smiths, nineteen as brass and bell founders, fifty as paviors, 147 as coppersmiths, 379 as farriers and nailers, 399 (including girls) as masons, eight as stonecutters, and 2,000 in marble, stone and slate quarries. Even in sewers and playing-houses women are employed.

Not long since a girl 13 years old, working in a factory in England with a machine much too complicated for her young intelligence, had her hand permanently maimed by a die. The employer urged contributory negligence, but the judge laid down the law that, though a man could not have succeeded in the suit, with a young girl it was different, and that the employer must take the consequences of trying to economize by employing children too young to manage the machines.