DESERET EVENING NEWS

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1; postpaid or delivered by carrier.

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IN NO MAN'S LAND.

Two shapes were walking on the strand
One earth sight to no man's land;

Two shapes idle during earthly life
Gave hate for love in deadly strife.

They met. Both rush their fiendish foes;
Each pierced the other through and through;

Yet neither fell. Again they drove
For mastery, and nearly drove

To right and left their fiendish bright,
Nor sound nor cry profaned the night.

Through comfort, energy and vim, too,
As through the air their work blades flew

Until amazed, they stood asunder,
And on the sands their weapons rent.

Then laughed they both at mortal strife,
The passing dream of earthly life.

And clasping each the other's hand,
They sank the shades of night to land.

—James Clarence Harvey in Anonymous.

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY ALFRED H. CALHOUN.

The Daring Escape of a Union Officer Captured in the Chattanooga Campaign in November, 1863—A Story of the Civil War.

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A Union officer captured in the Chattanooga campaign in November, 1863, recalls the following as among his most thrilling prison experiences:

It was dark, cold and raining when we reached the stockade or prison pen at Atlanta. The inclosure comprised about half an acre, but there was neither tent nor other shelter, the prisoners being kept here but a few days before being sent on to Richmond. The surrounding wall, about fourteen feet high, was composed of logs set solidly in the earth, and while, from the top on the outer side was a platform on which the home guards walked, inside and fifteen feet from the stockade was the dead line, indicated by a chain of little iron lamps.

SPEAKS TO THE TOP.

In the center of the inclosure there stood a large brick chimney, the house to which it had been attached having been burned down. Wet, stiff and hungry, I sat down with my back to the chimney, and I had been there but a few minutes when I heard the rattle of a chain, and looking up I saw in the moonlight right the tall, lithe form of a young man dressed in a well fitting traveling suit, but what particularly attracted my attention was the fact that there was a heavy iron ring about his right ankle. To this ring a chain was attached, and at the other end of the chain there was a 100-pound ball, which the man carried on his shoulder, resting his ball on the ground near me the man sat down on it, and reaching out his hand he said, with the unmistakable accent of an east Tennessee:

"Cap, I'm blarsted glad to see you h'ar!"

"Then you cannot be a friend," I growled.

"You can just bet I'm a friend, d'ye through and through; but don't ye see how you've forgot Cap Walker," and the man took over that I might the better see his bronzed, clean-cut face.

I shook hands with him again, for I recalled him as a brave, patriotic soldier and one of the best guides and scouts in the west. He was at this time about twenty-five years of age, and one of the handsomest men I had ever seen in the middle. He had been captured by Whaley in the Sequatchie valley some weeks before, and the integrity of the ball and chain he proceeded to explain as follows:

When the war broke out he was following his trade as machinist in the railroad shops at Atlanta. Like all the other mechanics, he was sworn against his will into the service of the Confederacy, and he decided to continue to with his work. Being a strong Union man, and having no ties to hold him to the city, he escaped to his home near Knoxville, and subsequently "refugeed" to Kentucky and was mustered into the Federal service.

On his being brought to Atlanta as a prisoner he was recognized at the railroad station by some of his former associates, and was at once tried for desertion and sentenced to be shot. This explained the ball and chain, and he told me, with surprising coolness, that he was to be executed on Friday morning—it was now Wednesday night.

While he was speaking I could feel "goose flesh" rising all over my body, and when he had concluded I asked, "My God, Walker! is there no help for this?"

He bent forward till his brown mustache touched my cheek, and whispered:

"If they shoot me, by heaven! they'll be on the wing, and that's why I did me so much good to see an old friend h'ar."

He then outlined his plan of escape. He had made a saw of a knife he got from one of the prisoners and had cut the rivet, so that with a little effort he could free himself from the ball and chain. Resting against the chimney there was a stretcher, and by placing this against the stockade he could get hold of the top, and so swing himself over.

"But there are the guards," I interposed, "and outside the stockade there is a ditch full of water."

"That's what yer talkin' about I'm to come to," he said. "They're only home guards, and if you can get a lot of the logs just as it brought to every near the dead line and leave holes at the ground—up at the north end, they'll all run down that and leave the south end st'ar for me."

He then told me that he had made a rope of a bath to get