

The Escape

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

By FRANK A. HUBBELL, Late Private 1st Penn. Vol. and Capt. Co. D 67th Penn. Portage, Wash.

I was scarcely 18, when all through the North the wild news came. We heard the boom of the gun on the hilltop, the signal gun, calling together those who were willing to give up home, friends and occupation and march towards the southland to fight for the preservation of the Union.

The drums sounded through the streets, as the captain called out "fall in." And away we marched to the time-worn school house, where were assembled our friends, parents, and sweethearts. With a newly-made silken emblem of our country to present us. With a hearty cheer for the flag of the free, we reached the railway station and boarded the cars. With a big Harper's Ferry musket, bayonet sticking in our button hole, forty rounds of cartridges in our coat tail pocket, we arrived at our first scene of conflict, Cockeysville, near Baltimore.

Could we have drawn aside the screen that hides from our ken the picture of the future, I wonder if we would have had the courage to go. There was a part of that four years' service for my country, that had the perils, hardships and sufferings that we were to endure been cast before me, I am afraid it would have weakened my nerves, and lessened my courage.

I could stand the life in camp, the sometimes long and severe marches, the tread of the sentinel upon the picket post, the line of battle, the scream of shot and shell, the groans and cries of the wounded and the dying, but my very soul recoils at the horrors of the prison pen. The mighty procession of years, creeping on down to the end, can never obliterate the remembrance of the deeds done there; where thousands perished; whose walls were heard through the fair Savannahs to the far-off regions of the frozen north.

It is the eve of the battle of Winchester. The long roll has sounded over the tented field. The lines are quickly formed for action. The quick touch of the elbow, man to man, the bayonet glistening in the sunlight down along that swerving line, the ricochet of flying shells scream through the air, the thousands of muskets add smoke and fury with the blazing cannon. The lines waver forward, then back, over the dying rush the living, friend and foe together fall.

Later—the smoke clears itself away towards the burnished sepulchers of sunset. The faded leaf falls to soften their last earthly bed. The blood-stained grass marks the last resting place of many comrades, while the nightingales sing a requiem to their souls as we bury their silent forms under a moon-lit sky, to rest in the sweet sleep of peace for all eternity.

The morning dawns. The red crested sky reflects the rising sun as we make our last charge on a Louisiana battery. Hemmed in on all sides under an enfilading fire of shot and shell, this morning of the third day's fight, a part of the 6th Maryland, 18th Connecticut, 87th and 67th regiments of Pennsylvania succumb, and away to Libby prison we are marched. I am thankful I have not that story of eleven months' confinement to tell over again.

After eleven months confinement in Libby, we were removed to Danville, then to Salisbury, and soon to Macon, Georgia, where a prison pen was erected, with upright logs.

If you are traveling on the Flyer or the Indianapolis between Seattle and Tacoma, one-half mile west of the lighthouse near Maury dock, you will observe great white platforms built from the shore over the water and back of them many houses of up right logs, similar in design. This is my home, but there is no deadline within the enclosure.

At this prison my friend and comrade, Lieut. J. A. Rockwell, of Columbia Station, Seattle, arranged and for the first time presented his famous song, "Sherman's March to the Sea."

It was in this pen we held our Fourth of July celebration in 1864, when Col. Northcott (if I remember right), of the Twelfth Virginia Loyal Infantry, pulled from his bosom a miniature flag, six inches square, placed it on a stick and lifted it to the gaze of 1,700 prisoners. You should have seen the hollow eye grow bright and the poor heart almost gay, when Gen. Shaler of a New York command started "O Say can you see 'by the dawns early light."

Six hundred of us were removed to Charleston, S. C., and placed in the Charleston jail yard under fire of the Union guns from Morris Island six weeks in July and August, 1864. Our government finally demanded our removal and we were taken to Columbia, S. C.

One dark, stormy night in November the lightning's flash lit up that loathsome prison. A comrade of the 6th Maryland and myself watched our opportunity from near the dead line and as the guards separated up on their beat, swift as the bolt from the heavens, while its blinding effects darkened the eyes of our vigilant watchers, away we flew across the dead line beyond the guard. Our light footsteps were muffled by the loud thunder, and we reached the forest close by. Then on over logs, through brush, we flew as fast as our emaciated limbs would permit, buoyed and strengthened by the knowledge that for the first time in so many months the glistening bayonets no longer arrested our lives and our movements. We had cast from our fettered limbs the shackles of captivity and with a new and beautiful hope pushed our way through the tangled woods. Nor did we pause until we were far away in the close-grown forest, where the magnolias grow and the moss-bearded live oaks

stand sentinels in the fever-haunted swamp, and then only in consultation of which course to pursue and how we should subsist, for at that hour no one can imagine our hunger.

The first we had to eat we received from a darkey—hoe cake—and were directed by him to travel in the direction of a loyal woman's home; reaching there, we received a bountiful supper and were induced by the seemingly good woman to remain over night. The bed on the kitchen floor at the back part of the house was enchanting, as it was the first covering, under or over, that we had had for months and months, and brought to our weary frames rest and oh what comfort. But we did not close our ever wary ears, and as the knocks sounded on the front door of the house, carefully we shoved the sliding kitchen window, and out on the wings of freedom we silently stole away, reaching the suburbs of Newbury court house. Over the fence into the cemetery, among the graves of the eternal sleepers, we found a hiding place from our would-be captors but being injured to moments of danger we were not liable to suffer from a sudden surprise. Long before morning we could hear their horses galloping by up the road, while we nestled there secure around those ghostly tombstones. Leaving that chilly spot and taking to the woods, we followed in a northerly direction, guided by the large limbs on the south and the moss that invariably grows the heaviest on the north side of the tree.

(To Be Continued.)

HOW TO PREVENT HARD TIMES.

Writing in "The Levathan," Thos. Tapper places the cause of hard times upon the individual, and says: It is in your power to prevent Hard Times. Speaking to me? Yes, to you. You can prevent Hard Times by doing your share every day toward making Good Times.

If every laborer, boss, clerk, merchant and banker would do this there could be no bad times. When every man is tending to his job and spreading cheerfulness, he is making good times. If you do not believe this—laborer, boss or clerk—then stay away from your job two or three days, look gloomy, make others feel gloomy, and you will find, Hard Times sitting at the table with you and your family, shadowing your footsteps around the house and creeping silently to bed with you. This is the way to make Hard Times at home—privately, so to speak.

Sometimes a few men get together and declare that money is tight, credit is gone, securities are of no value. They look gloomy, spread gloom and talk gloom. This is the way to make Hard Times, publicly, so to speak.

Now, what are the facts back of Hard Times?

The first fact is that no money has been destroyed. All the money that existed just before the Hard Times came on is still in the world.

The second fact is that everybody is scared nearly to death about something. Men are like a group of savages in the presence of an eclipse. They do not realize that an eclipse is a shadow, a shadow that is passing.

Hence, the second fact of Hard Times is Fear.

Fear is a mental state or condition. So are Hard Times.

It seems clear, then, that every one of us is in duty bound to contribute to our associates, every day, all the optimism we can. Optimism is the opposite of Pessimism. The one means a belief and confidence in good things; the other a belief in everything that is bad. Optimism is a belief in the Sun. Pessimism is a belief that the shadow on the Sun has destroyed it.

If everybody would contract the habit of optimism, there could be no Hard Times.

But, you say, Hard Times are on us. There is no doubt about it. The situation is serious.

All right. This is the time, then, to apply the rules; and here they are: Keep on talking Good Times. Do your share in the way of optimism.

If your neighbor is frightened, count ten before you let go of your optimism. If you count ten slowly you won't let go at all.

Then remember that when a man laughs he expands his blood vessels and his circulation is fine.

But when he is frightened, every part of his system contracts and his heart fails to work properly.

When business is good everything expands and the circulation of money is fine. But when men are frightened about business, money stops circulating and the heart of the business world fails to work.

Therefore, the best thing to do in this work-a-day world of business is to laugh and spread optimism.

"The school mistress is interested in you, dad."

"How's that?"

"Why, today after she'd told me six times to sit down and behave myself she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Judge.

"After all, success is a disgusting thing."

"Why do you say that?"

"It always involves such a lot of hard work."—Chicago Record-Herald.

VETERAN STILL CHEWS "REBEL" TOBACCO.

Allentown Man Has Some Captured During the War.

Joseph S. Trumbauer, a war veteran of Allentown, Pa., still chews tobacco captured from the Confederates. The cargo is of the old fashioned navy cigar brand, and Trumbauer declares there is none like it.

Although he will be seventy-three years old on April 23, Trumbauer still has the life of many a man of forty. His walk is erect, his step vigorous and his talk brisk.

He talked for the front in response to Lincoln's first call for troops as a member of the First Pennsylvania Regiment. After his service in that regiment he enlisted in the Two Hundred and Second Pennsylvania volunteers in 1862, remaining in that command until the close of the civil war.

While his regiment was part of General Sheridan's army Comrade Trumbauer was with a detail sent to guard property along the Manassas Gap railroad at Sharpsburg, Va.

In company with another young soldier he seized 200 pounds of rebel tobacco. What they could not carry along of this loot was securely hidden until he was mustered out of service, when the tobacco was shipped north.

Trumbauer still has about twenty pounds of the tobacco.

INVENTIONS SHOW.

Novel Exhibition Will Be Held in New York in April.

A novel exposition, to be known as the inventions show, is to be held in New York in April. The show will continue for a whole week, and inventors of all degrees, from the highest standard to the veriest "bug," will exhibit. The purpose is stated as the enlightenment of the public.

Everything shown must be new and unique, and the result is expected to be the greatest exhibition of inventive genius ever gathered together.

Among the novelties scheduled for exhibition are an aeroplane sleigh, a device that locates oil and minerals and an apparatus for registering unspoken thought. The method used in extracting gold from sea water will be shown in public for the first time.

Tesla and Augustine will show their rival rotary steam engines, which generate hundreds of horsepower in machines the size of a coffeepot.

TABOO ON "CIVIL WAR."

President Taft Prefers Designation of War Between the States.

That President Taft favors "the war between the states" instead of "the civil war" as part of an inscription of a soldiers' memorial at Yale is a fact brought out by the details of the plans of the Yale soldiers' memorial committee. The title "the civil war" will, however, probably be chosen by the committee.

The plan favored by the committee is a series of tablets with artistic adornments at the inner entrance of Memorial hall.

All military titles of the fallen Yale soldiers will be rejected, and only the full names and classes of the men who fell on both sides used. Deaths before the end of the year 1865 will limit the names on the tablets. The committee will report to the Yale corporation next June. In the war 115 Yale men died in the Union army and 49 in the Confederate army.

UNION FOR COLLEGE MEN.

Suggested as Means to Insure Good Wages For Graduates.

The organization of all college graduates into unions, the prescribing of modes of employment, minimum compensation and the enforcement of demands by calling strikes was the solution offered recently by Professor Vladimir Karapetoff of Cornell university as a means of preventing the average salaries of college graduates from going down to the level of common workers, a condition which, he said, is confirmed by European experience.

Professor Karapetoff spoke at the annual banquet of the Cornell Association of Eastern New York. He said that new college graduates produce the same effect upon incomes as low grade immigrants from southern Europe produce upon the wages of the native workingman and that unionism is quite essential to protection.

FOUR NATIONS CHALLENGE.

England, France, Holland and Belgium to Send Aviators Here.

Challenges have been received at the Aero Club of America from both the Aero clubs of Holland and England for the international aviation cup race to be held in this country next September. The entries closed with four foreign entries, the two others being France and Belgium. Each country will be represented by three contestants.

This is the first time that either Belgium or Holland has sent a challenge. Only France, England and the United States have been represented in the former contests.

Stable in Solid Rock.

To comply with the new state law requiring fireproof underground buildings the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company will have a mule stable hewn out of solid rock in its No. 4 slope at Audenried, Pa. The stable will be 150 feet long, 22 feet wide and 12 feet high, the only one of its kind in the anthracite field.

JERRY SOUTH AND THE DESPERADO.

House Disbursing Clerk Has a Way of Doing Things.

Jerry South, disbursing clerk of the house of representatives, added another big scalp to his belt when he fed up Andrew Carnegie's witness fees for a few days. This is a habit of Jerry's and recalls one of his exploits several years ago.

At that time a couple of citizens named Taylor terrorized parts of Missouri to the point where a large reward was offered for their capture "dead or alive." Mr. South was the riding habit of a sheriff's office and had a habit of rounding up criminals that were hard to take.

One day he was riding along the road when he spied one of the Taylor boys. He "took" him. The desperado was peevish about it and shocked when Mr. South told him his program. South explained that he was on his way to attend a convention at Little Rock, Ark., when his mind was diverted by the sight of the aforesaid Taylor. He explained that he had to go to that convention and there was no way out of it except for the desperado to go along, as he (Jerry South) needed that \$2,000 reward.

Mr. South and his prisoner proceeded to Little Rock. They put up at a hotel and ate and drank together that night. The next day the desperado occupied a seat beside Jerry in the convention, and the day following he was an attendant on the Democratic meeting.

On the fourth day Mr. South delivered his prisoner at Joplin, Mo., and got the \$2,000. The bad man told the sheriff he had had a good time and that South was a "darned good fellow."

A Sad Event.

The late Tody Hamilton, who was held to know as much about ciruses as any human being could, once told of the misfortune of an Ohio man who was attempting to pilot a "one tent show" through the middle west.

This owner lost a number of valuable animals by accident and otherwise, so that it was with considerable sympathy that one of his keepers undertook the task of "breaking gently to the old man" the news of further disaster. The keeper accomplished this with much tact, as follows:

"Mr. Morgan, you remember that luffin' hyena in cage No. 8?"

"Remember the laughing hyena?" repeated the owner. "What the deuce are you driving at?"

"Simply this, Mr. Morgan: he ain't got nothin' to luff at this mornin'!" —Lippincott's.

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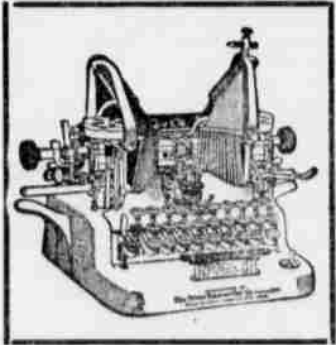
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