

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 28, 1897.

A PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

AN IMPRESSIVE DEPARTURE FROM LIBBY WITHOUT LEAVE.

An Officer got the Quondam Tailor to Make him a Full Dress Military Suit and the Latter After it was Finished Used it as a Means of Escape from Prison.

When Gen. John Morgan, the famous Confederate raider, visited Libby Prison, early in 1864, he said: 'There is no undertaking in the world that you have not men in the prison qualified for; that's why it is strange that more of you fellows don't try to get away.'

In Libby Prison, at the time of Morgan's visit, there were about 1,400 officers, from beardless second lieutenants, in their teens, to grizzled leaders of brigades and divisions. These men came not only from every State and Territory in our own land but they represented the armies of nearly every European nation. We had lawyers, doctors, clergymen, college professors, engineers, editors, and every variety of skilled mechanic. Among the craftsmen was Capt. Cooper of Connecticut, who had learned the trade of tailor in his youth, and was conducting a clothing store at Hartford, when patriotism dominated profit and sent him to the army.

Where every man "felt sick and mean," to use an expression common at the time, only the very sick and helpless were sent to the prison hospital, the eastern ground floor room of Libby. Dr. Sabal, the Confederate surgeon in charge of the prison hospital, was as generous and sympathetic as he was handsome and able, and that is saying much. This gentleman kept the hospital full, and the fact that it was much warmer than the other quarters made it a desirable place.

There is one ailment which, at the front or in prison, 'old soldiers' could assume without immediate fear of detection, and that is rheumatism. Rheumatism of the affected character has kept many a man, with more cunning than courage, out of the range of the enemy's rifles. I was myself in hospital, recovering from typhoid pneumonia, when Capt. Cooper was brought down from the lower east room. Rheumatism in the legs had so crippled the Captain that he could hardly crawl, but his arms appeared to be all right. The nurses in the hospital were detailed Union soldiers who had been confined in the Pemberton building, a warehouse lower down and across the street from Libby. Capt. Cooper proved to be a jolly good fellow; but it was noticed that when the Confederate authorities were about his rheumatism did not seem to interfere with agile locomotion. Where Cooper got his needles and thread I cannot imagine, but he had those coveted appliances, and he used them to repair the damages in the old uniforms of his comrades.

One day while Cooper was sitting cross-legged on his cot repairing the rents in Capt. Bohannon's trousers, La Touche, the prison Adjutant, came in and watched the flying needle with unusual interest. La Touche was a stout man, whose thin neck and florid face bespoke a love for good living. He was very neat in his person, a bachelor, and no end of a gallant, as we afterward learned.

'See here, Captain,' called out Adjutant La Touche, after he had watched Cooper for some time, 'are you a regular tailor?'

'That is my trade,' replied Cooper.

'Think you could make me a full-dress uniform if I furnished you the material?' was the next question.

'If I had your measure and a plate to go by.'

'O, we have no plates, but I can give you the details; I know all about 'em.'

Then the Confederate Adjutant went on to say that he had secured all the materials, but that tailoring had become so expensive in the Confederate capital as to preclude the making up of the clothes.

'You see,' continued La Touche, 'there is to be a ball at the State House in two weeks, and if I could have the suit made up at a reasonable price in time for that event it would take a great load off my mind.'

Confederate money had depreciated very much at this time, so that the prices of articles, ordinarily plentiful, were fabulous. Knowing this, the cautious Yankee said:

'What would you have to pay a Richmond tailor for making such a uniform?'

'About \$400,' blurted out La Touche.

'If I quaranted you satisfaction and charged one-half, would you give me the job?'

'Gladly,' said the delighted adjutant, and

the contract was closed. La Touche must have thought the transaction irregular, for there was much secrecy in his manner when the next day he came in alone, carrying a large bundle, in which was the material to be made up.

Cooper examined the goods after taking his customer's measure (the customer brought a tape line with him). When La Touche turned to leave, Cooper called out: 'I don't want a deposit, Adjutant, because I'm afraid you'll clear out and not come back to my shop for the goods; but, as you know, a hard-working man needs more and better feed than one who's doing nothing. So if you could let me have a little on account from time to time it would give me nerve for the work.'

La Touche took the hint and left \$100. As there were no dangerous cases in the hospital at this time, the visits of Dr. Sabal and his assistants were confined to the morning and evening. On such occasions Cooper had his work hidden away under his blanket, and his rheumatism was invariably 'No better, sir.'

With nothing to read, and only the old home or the present situation to think of, time hung like an ever-crushing weight on the hands of the prisoners. But as soon as Cooper started into work in the hospital every man who could crawl from his blanket gathered about to watch.

Every day, soon after noon, La Touche danced silently into the hospital to be fitted and to see how the work of art was proceeding. At each visit he grew more delighted. 'I'll have it ready the day before the ball,' said Cooper.

The night before this creation in gray, blue, and gold was completed—it had already been paid for—Capt. Singer of the Thirty-third Ohio, who had about recovered from a gunshot wound in the thigh, received at Chickamauga, drew me to one side and said:

'I have a plan for escape, and I want you to help me.'

'Of course, I'll do it,' I said. 'But why not let me in?'

'I can't.'

'Why not?'

'Because, confound it, there is only one suit!'

Singer then went on to explain that he had planned to take La Touche's uniform from under Cooper's head, and, after putting it on, pass out, when the guards were changed at daylight the next morning. Now ever since the cloth began to assume form, this idea had taken shape in my mind, and so I told Singer. We draw lots to see which should try it, and my companion won. In my anxiety to see how Singer made out I kept awake all night. On larceny intent he left my side about an hour before daylight. I watched him moving to where Cooper lay, about fifty feet away. Then followed a long silence. A half hour passed, and I was wondering at Singer's slowness, when Cooper's angry voice broke into the stillness.

'A man who'll try to steal from a fellow soldier in prison is no man at all!' he said; but he did not raise his voice so as to be heard by the guards outside.

'But the stuff isn't yours; it belongs to the enemy,' Singer protested hotly.

'Belongs to the enemy, eh? Not by a long sight it doesn't. That uniform's mine. Why, confound you, ever since La Touche left this afternoon I've been at work reducing the girth so that it'll fit myself.'

'You are going to try it yourself?'

'I am, Captain,' chuckled Cooper. 'Now old fellow, go back to your blanket; and if you keep your mouth closed and your eyes open you'll soon see one of the best-dressed Confederate officers in Richmond walking out of this prison, with \$100 in graybacks in his pocket.' Singer came back, but there was no need to report as I had overheard all.

Cooper's purpose was soon known to all the men in the hospital. It was also known that the doctors came in at 9 in the morning, and that La Touche would be on hand for his uniform at 12, and between these hours Cooper must make his attempt. The doctors went at 9.30 and the guards about the prison were changed at 10. As soon as the doctors went out Cooper, who kept on his old clothes, for he was a thin man—we were all thin then—slipped on the uniform, which included a gray cap with a perfect maze of gold lace on the crown. We had never seen such a transformation.

The new guard had been on about five minutes when Cooper laid his hand on the door. He took no leave and made no fuss. He reasoned very properly that the new guard, seeing he was an officer, would suppose he had entered the hospital while the other guard was on, and had just completed his mission.

At this instant Cooper's coolness was superb. His eyes were clear and steady, and there was not the twitch of a muscle to betray the nervousness he must have felt.

I sleep like a babe
Since taking Short's Dyspepticure.

It is quite an ordinary remark, for many nervous, sleepless sufferers have found out that "Short's Dyspepticure" causes sweet natural sleep. This remedy contains no narcotics whatever, but quiets the nerves and gives sleep by soothing the irritated coatings of that great nerve centre—the stomach. 86c. and \$1.00.

Patent Hair Fastener.

Instantly
Adjusted
or Removed

After a few months' use the hair will grow sufficiently long to be taken up by the fastener, with this result.



Made in Shades
to Match
the Hair

The [result of "tying strings" and elastic, which breaks the hair.

This simple and most effective Fastener is designed to replace tying up Ladies' Hair with cord, etc. (which is the usual custom), previously to proceeding with the coiffure.

SAVES TIME.

NO KNOTS.

NO FRICTION.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

At length, to the great relief of all he swung open the door and stepped out. Through the brief opening we saw the guard saluting and the officer returning it. Then the door closed with a bang and Cooper was free. The next we heard of him he was safe in Washington.

I have seen some apoplectic anger and have heard much fierce swearing in my time but I never saw so angry a man as Adjutant La Touche when he came in for his clothes at noon and found the tailor had carried them off on his back. The last thing La Touche said, as he bounced out of the hospital was:

'If I catch that fellow Cooper, I'll shoot him! I never heard of such a doggone Yankee trick!'—Alfred R. Calhoun.

FOOLED THE OLD MAN.

A Nery College Youth Who Saved Himself From Parental Wrath.

A graduate of Union College tell this story. There was in college with him a young man, who, being accustomed to take frequent trips to New York, on one of these excursions was embarrassed by seeing his father approaching him. In a moment he resolved to play the part of his own double. His father, looking surprised, accosted him with, 'Well, Jack, what are you doing here?'

With great dignity the culprit replied: 'I beg your pardon, sir, you have evidently mistaken the person.'

'Why, Jack, what do you mean?'

'Excuse me, sir, but I do not care to be interrupted in this manner by a stranger,' and he turned abruptly and walked quickly away.

His father stood confused for a moment, and then immediately set off for the Grand Central depot to catch the train for Schenectady and prove that Jack was an impostor. But Jack quietly guessed his object, and reaching the depot, caught the same train, but for safety settled himself in a baggage car. When the nervous ride was over and the train stopped at Schenectady the persecuted youth ran up to the college at a sprinter's gait, and bursting into his room, said to his room-mate, 'Get me in bed, quick; the old man will be here in a minute!'

Jack was soon in bed with a wet cloth around his head, his face powdered, a teacup with broken saucer and a spoon for medicine, while his room-mate was sitting at his bedside with a Shakespeare in his hand.

Soon the old gentleman came upstairs, and, with a noisy knock, thundered out as soon as the door was opened. 'Where's Jack?'

'Hush! Did you get my telegram?'

'Telegram! What telegram?'

'Why, about Jack's sickness. He has been very ill.'

Just then Jack opened his eyes and said faintly, 'Is that you, father?' and then a moment later, 'This young man has been very kind to me father.' With a look of bewilderment the old man said: 'Is there anything I can do for you, my poor boy?' and, taking out his cheek book, he left something to cover the expenses of sickness. He then retired to pick up the thread of business dropped in the city, feeling that he had met Jack's double.—New York Mail and Express.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The Story of How a Fortune Got Away From a Man.

A little group of men were talking the other evening in the gloaming time, when people seem to think more about what they might have been than they do at any hour of the day, and the subject was lost opportunities.

'I hate to refer to the matter at all,' remarked the colonel, who fought through the late war at the head of a Michigan regiment, 'because it only makes me renew my contempt for myself, but I've had chances in the millionaire list

that nobody but a confirmed yap would think of neglecting. After the war I was a 'land-looker,' as they are called, and I knew the whole country from Detroit clean through to the far corner of Minnesota, and right where there are big buildings and beautiful city squares to-day I could have bought land at any price I might name. One man wanted me to buy in Duluth, a few lots at \$50 apiece, and I laughed at him. They are worth \$5 a square foot to-day and upwards. I picked up one piece of land at Agate Harbor for a hundred dollars and sold it for a thousand, that is worth \$50,000 now, and I wouldn't give a man \$250 for a tract that is worth as many thousands this very minute.

'But those are small potatoes and few in a hill to the biggest piece of lost opportunity I was ever guilty of,' and the colonel sighed profoundly. 'You know that famous Mesaba iron mine country, up there, on Lake Superior, where they are taking out thousands of tons every year of the richest ore on earth, and any quantity of men are enjoying princely incomes from their royalties? Well, before anybody ever heard of the Mesaba iron ore I was up there running a line north from the Cloquet river, and one day I began to have all sorts of trouble with my compass.

Ordinarily it was a very tractable and reliable instrument, but here for some reason it acted strangely, or rather refused to act at all, and I could hardly get any sense out of it. I kept going ahead, however, and for ten miles trouble continued. Then it was over, and I never was quite so glad of anything as when that compass began to work again, and I did not have to lay my course by sun.

'I knew before I finished what the matter was, but what did that iron under the ground that swerved my needle out of its course mean to me? Nothing. That's all. I was a plain, every-day chump. What I was after was timber, and the timber all along there was not of sufficient quality to justify my giving the land a second thought, and I didn't. Think of it, men and children,' sighed the colonel again, 'There I was walking over and standing on millions and millions of dollars, and I could have had all of it I wanted for the mere having sense enough to take it up, and I didn't have the sense.'—Washington Star.

Uncrowned Rulers.

There are many reigning sovereigns at the present time who have never taken the trouble to be crowned. Among them may be mentioned the German Emperor, the King of Italy, the King of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony.

DIED IN A WORKHOUSE.

A Woman Who was Once the Wife of a European King.

The romances of the London workhouse would form a thrilling and pathetic record, and, for sad vicissitudes and ill luck, few cases could surpass that of an inmate of one of our poor houses who has very recently passed away, says a London paper. A lady visiting the institution was struck by the evident refinement of an elderly woman in the infirmary who was a Norwegian by birth, but who spoke English and other languages fluently. She had all the attractions of a very lovely woman, which years of poverty and ill health could not destroy. She was very reticent as regarded her past, but was so evidently a gentlewoman that the sympathetic visitor exerted herself to obtain admission for the invalid into a home for the dying, in which she might pass her last days in peace and amid congenial surroundings. Before her death the stranger told her story, and a strange and romantic one it proved to be. At 17 she was informed by her parents that she was to be married, and although she had no voice in the matter, nothing could have been more satisfactory. Her husband was handsome, cultured and devoted. They lived in a charming country house, surrounded by every luxury, and four children were born to the couple. The only drawback to the perfect happiness of the young wife were the long and frequent absences of her husband, which he attributed to business, but would explain no further.

At last there came a day when the man returned no more from his accustomed journey but sent his lawyer instead, from whom the bewildered and heartbroken wife learned that her husband was the King of—, and that, owing to pressing reasons, the liaison should terminate. A large sum was settled on her and the children, and, wishing to break entirely with the past, she came to live in London. After some years she married an Englishman, and shortly after the king died, leaving a lump sum to her. This money the husband got from her to invest, and ran off with the entire amount, leaving his unfortunate wife penniless. She had never been trained to any sort of work and things went from bad to worse, until, utterly destitute and dying, she became an inmate of the workhouse.

Bubbles or Medals.

'Best sarsaparilla.' When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? . . . There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair, pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.