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The Times Covers Concord and Cabarrus Like the Dew.

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STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Shadburne's Capture and Escape, in Which a Cabarrus Man Figured.

The following sketch will appear in Col. U. R. Brooks' forthcoming publication, "Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession, 1861-1865." San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1908.

Col. U. R. Brooks, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of South Carolina:

My Dear Comrade:—You having solicited a chapter from me for your forthcoming book, which is complimentary in the extreme, and with great pleasure and considerable gratification, but mainly as a thankful tribute to our Divine Master, who delivered me from the enemy, the following is offered:

SHADBURNE'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

It was the winter of 1864, both armies, those of Lee and Grant, were resting for the final struggle soon to follow. The army of Lee was holding Richmond and Petersburg, while that of Grant beleaguered both of these cities and encompassed the army of Lee, and continuously bombarded our position from his iron monsters. Tired and weary from long years of service, the scout naturally sought a slight respite from his sorrows and struggles, hence a furlough of 15 days was accorded to Shadburne and his next friend, the gallant James M. Sloan, of North Carolina, than whom there was no braver soldier or truer friend, and on about the 5th of November they started on their pilgrimage of love and affection. Near Sinker's ford on the Rappahannock was a large two-story brick house that commanded a view of the surrounding country, and in that house dwelt the family of the widow McMuran, consisting of her son, a Presbyterian minister, and her two daughters, Misses Gertrude and Mary Virginia, and of all God's noblest and sweetest heroes and heroines of dear old Virginia, this family was among the most exalted. The young ladies were beautiful, refined and charming, and of a most lovely character, and the writer always had and still has a lingering and longing affection for them; he loved them profoundly, and, of course, loved their mother and brother. Many a happy moment of rest, almost perfect rest, he had found under their protective watchfulness when he for a few hours was "off duty." Naturally this beloved home was their destination. They took the cars to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, crossed the Rappahannock, and on foot, on the 6th, reached the hallowed spot. Their coming had not been expected, but they were none the less happily received, and their, or at least Shadburne's, cup of rosy bliss was nearly full, for as has been said the young ladies were very dear to him. No attempt will be made to portray their happiness during their stay. Suffice it to say after a period of two weeks they bade their friends adieu and trudged their way to Fredericksburg, crossed the river after dark, in a small boat, and found the city in the hands of the enemy, and in an attempt to escape therefrom were captured, and great was their chagrin, fear and trepidation, the reasons for which were these: Not long prior thereto—to-wit, September 16—all Grant's beebes, 2,486 head, had been captured, and that fact had been traced by the enemy to the chief of scouts, Shadburne, and for that and a few other feats, they had no love, but had it in for him, and now here he was in their hands—his running the blockade, his pockets full of letters for "in the lines," a diary of past events on his person and his identity sure to be discovered, and worst of all his furlough expired, the campaign about to open, his services needed and he a prisoner, doubtless to be held as a spy; all this dawned on him the moment of his capture, and really the situation seemed desperate. The difficulty was to avoid identification. Shortly after their capture, the cavalry battalion moved off up the road towards Marie's Heights, leaving their two prisoners under the guard of one man, and instantly a prospect of escape presented itself, which the writer was quick to grasp and undertake. Leaning his head upon Sloan's shoulder, he feigned sickness and whispered in Sloan's ear to "draw," believing that Sloan had done the same as himself, retained a revolver; the intention was to shoot or overpower the guard, leap into his saddle and flee, but just then back came the battalion, and that prospect was gone, but something must be done, and that quickly. Continuing the ruse of sickness, Shadburne requested leave to go down to the canal for water, but a canteen was presented him instead, and that chance of getting rid of those objectionable letters and that tell-tale diary was gone. Still being very sick and with his head upon Sloan's shoulder he suddenly fainted (?), falling close to the edge of the sidewalk, and, as quick as thought, threw

that diary under the gutter, and instantly his nerves were better, the faintness left him, and he was almost himself again, but that sickness must continue until further relief was obtained. The good-hearted (?) enemy, the generous (?) enemy, for once was imposed on, for they seemed to believe that sick man's plea, and kindly ordered him up behind one of their troopers, and thus seated, Sloan walking near, they started for the enemy's ships in the river below the city, but soon halted in front of the Presbyterian church and all dismounted and seated themselves on the sidewalk. It was now very dark; only the stars gave a twinkling of light. Presently Shadburne crawled over to Sloan and laid his head on Sloan's knees and whispered to him for his letters; then he stealthily approached a fence to an adjoining yard and began pushing letters under the fence, when a savage dog began a terrific barking from the other side of that fence, and orders came, "Get away from that fence," which were quickly obeyed, and once more that sick man was seeking comfort from his friend, Sloan; and there he, silently, beneath his overcoat, dug up a brick and buried all the remainder of those letters, and then his faintness was gone. While riding behind the guard an attempt had been made to get him to "drop back," which he willingly did, and the resolution was instantly formed to force him from the saddle, leap therein and run for life, provided he dropped far enough back, but, alas, just as the propitious moment was about to arrive, the order came, "Close up," and that prospect had vanished. Thus it is frequently in life, just as the opportunity has about presented itself, it vanishes into space and leaves the heart sick. During the rest at the church Shadburne and Sloan, in whispers, had agreed to their story, which was subsequently repeated to the enemy.

Presently the order came "to mount," and we were soon off to the enemy's boats, where we shortly arrived, and were escorted to the presence of Col. Sumner, the commanding officer, and our interrogation commenced; Sloan first. It ran about thus:

"What is your name, sir?"
"James Taylor, sir."
"What is your command?"
"Courier at General Hampton's headquarters, sir."
"Who is that other man?"
"That is Sergeant Jones, G. D. Jones, sir."
"His command?"
"Sergeant of couriers at General Hampton's headquarters, sir."
"Does he ever go scouting?"
"Yes, sir, sometimes."
"With how many men?"
"Sometimes 20; sometimes 40; sometimes 100, sir."
"What is that I see in your bosom?"
"A pistol, sir."
"Why did you not surrender that and why did you keep it?"
"Because I wished to keep it; it is mine, and I thought maybe I might need it to shoot my guard, sir."
"The hell you say."
Then the interrogation of "that other man" began.
"What is your name?"
"G. D. Jones."
"Your command?"
"Sergeant of couriers at General Hampton's headquarters."
"Do you ever go scouting, and, if so, with how many men?"
"Yes; and with sometimes 20; sometimes 40; sometimes 100 men."
"Yes, I understand, that will do." And we were remanded.
That Yankee guard behind whom "that other man" rode had promised a Yankee overcoat for that night, and great our wonder grew, and hope once more our senses knew, but we have waited these 40 years, and that Yankee and that Yankee overcoat are still a vision of the unknown; perhaps that Yankee forgot (?) his promise.

All that night and the next day our vessel steamed on towards Fortress Monroe, where we arrived the succeeding night, and all night we tossed upon our humble couch of blankets on the floor. Again and again the past and present were reviewed, and again and again we reached out for the future—the future of freedom and God's sunlight, or that other future of the dungeon, or perhaps death—ignominious death, the death of the spy. A thousand plans of escape were devised, but none seemed feasible. It would not do to spring overboard and swim for it; the chances were 1 to 1,000; that proportion was against us; so we must wait—"everything comes to him who waits." The second night, while we lay at Fortress Monroe, another chance presented itself. Calling the guard to him, Shadburne asked permission to go to the toilet, which was readily granted, the guard escorting him. When in the dark and out of hearing of the other men, Shadburne said to the guard: "Get me a little boat, set me adrift

in it, and allow me to get 100 yards away, and then give the alarm if you wish and I'll take my chances. I'll give you \$100 if you will do it." The guard agreed and disappeared in the dark, ostensibly for the coveted purpose; Shadburne returned to his blankets, and was soon summoned before the commanding officer. The guard had betrayed him. He was taken into a private room, stripped to the skin and searched, and there in his pocket was found a slip of paper, a promissory note in favor of Shadburne, and the secret was out.

"Well," said the officer, "Shadburne at last we have you. Good, good," clapping his hands in delight.

Shadburne, as cool as possible, answered: "Do you think he is fool enough to let you get him? That note, it is true, was obtained from him, but to get him is another thing."

The officer responded: "That will not do; you are identified; we know you, and you will answer to Gen. Grant." Thereupon Sloan and Shadburne were heavily manacled together and placed away down in the deepest part of the hold of the steamship Daniel Webster, and started for Grant's headquarters, near City Point, on the James river. All day that vessel went on her course, and all day our hearts were as heavy as lead. About noon, a poor Irishman brought us lunch, and lying down on our pallets beside us offered his heartfelt sympathy, and it was sweet indeed. May God reward him for that noble deed! If we could always reflect upon the good we can do our fellows by just a little sympathy, our hearts would not be so cold, and we would more readily respond to our nobler selves, and we would be much the happier in making others happy.

"Oh, friends! I pray to-night, keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow!"
The way is lonely; let me feel them now. Think gently of me; I am travel worn. My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged! forgive I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need.
The tenderness for which I long to-night."

We were taken to City Point, Grant's headquarters, and placed on board the prison barge Walkil, heavily manacled. Our berth, the lower one, faced the west, and from it we saw a small window, about two feet square, and from this we could see Grant's headquarters and much of his army. In our stateroom were two of the enemy, who had the upper berth. The first day of our stay on the Walkil was harrowing indeed. When the enemy was not in our stateroom we could go there and commune, and about our first act was to kneel in prayer and ask the assistance of God. Shadburne then and there solemnly declared that if delivered from this prison he would ever after attribute his deliverance to Almighty God, and that promise has been most faithfully kept by him. It was not long during this first day's imprisonment before Shadburne, had devised a key which he could easily detach the manacles, but this was done in strictest secrecy and when the enemy were away from that stateroom. The first night of our stay on the barge, while sitting disconsolately by the cabin fire, a swarthy, black-eyed, handsome fellow, one of the enemy, passed before us, when Shadburne called quietly to him, "Williams, come here."

He came, and, sitting down by Shadburne, said: "How in the hell do you know my name?"
Shadburne responded: "Your brother, George, is one of my men."
This was true, as was then discovered. The two brothers had become separated in their infancy—one, George, remaining in Georgia, and the other had been taken to Illinois, and thus they were arrayed against each other, and in like manner many a brother fought brother, or even father contended against son in that awful war. Williams, who we subsequently discovered was our room-mate, at once became our steadfast friend, whispered to Shadburne, "I'll take those damned things off you," and went away, spoke to the officer in command, and presently returned and removed the irons, little knowing that we could have done the same had we dared to do it. The next day the officer in command of the barge was changed to an Irish lieutenant, and he at once had us more heavily ironed than before, and our key was useless. Our first elation was over, but we were not disconsolate. Retiring to our cabin, with no fear from Williams, who had made for us a friend of his cabin-mate, or for the latter, we again prayed most earnestly, then meditated, when presently Shadburne's pen knife was plying most industriously to the steel notches that held the spring of the manacle on Sloan's wrist, and at each stroke a small glittering particle of steel fell therefrom. Sloan slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "Everlasting perseverance is the price of liberty!" We cut and cut, but it was of no avail. That spring would not let go, and Williams, not having the ear of the officer, no key could be obtained, but still we were not disconsolate; some other means would be devised. So Williams, his friend, Darden, Sloan and Shadburne held a council of war, from which and by reason of which a bar of iron was soon evolved. Williams and Darden went from the room, and the labor of breaking our ornaments began. We labored, and greater the labor grew; much greater than the other fellows knew, but they soon returned, and Darden said: "Haven't you those damned things off yet?"
Shadburne answered: "No; we need some solid something, an axe, for instance, to rest the shank of this infernal thing on before we can knock it off." Without another word, Darden sprang through the door and disappeared and after a short while returned with the coveted axe minus a helve and placing it on the floor said: "Williams, go out and tramp up and down the hall like hell," and away went Williams and tramped like—the devil, and with one huge stroke by Darden we were released from our grip of steel, and saying, "Hide it, hide it, he went forth tramping like h—well, like a horse. We hid our engines of war beneath the mattress of our bed, clasped the broken cuff, wound it with a handkerchief and went forth whistling "Dixie." The first part of our prayers—to wit, the removal of the irons—had been answered and granted, but we never ceased praying and acting and as the means of escape were presented we grasped them. We were ever on the alert.

Several days had passed in the exploit above mentioned and the greatest secrecy had to be maintained; one false step and all would be lost. Our plan of escape was soon devised. We must have a rope to let ourselves down from the upper deck, where our cabin was situated. We had a dark, tempestuous night and we must have a small boat and for all these things we devoutly prayed, long and earnestly, all the time promising that if we did escape we would ascribe all to God, and for once let it be repeated, Shadburne has never had any doubt about his deliverance being by Divine intervention. Day after day we maintained the most perfect composure, even sang Confederate songs of the enemy and related stories of the war to them. Night after night, until quite late they would group themselves around us to be thus beguiled, and all thoughts of escape were farthest from their minds, but we waited, watched and prayed, and on the 12th night our prayers were granted. That evening water was drawn from the river by a rope and bucket, and the bucket and rope were left by the water tank. We were looking on and were much pleased. The weather was then clear, but by 10 o'clock that night the heavens were overcast and there was rumbling thunder in the distance, and the wind began to rise and presently the old barge was rocking visibly with the rising tide and the restless waters, and anon great drops of rain began to fall, the storm was imminent. Now all still save the elements; the army slept so did the guard, even to our two friends in the upper berth. Then we stole forth from our cabin for a drink of water (?) but regaled ourselves with that rope and not from the bucket and, telling Sloan to return to his couch, Shadburne soon fastened the rope to a post near the cabin and cautiously joined Sloan. Then finding that all was still and quiet, our preparations began. The night was pitch dark and our manoeuvres had to be made most stealthily. We had retained our saddle pockets that we had carried with in lieu of valises, and from these after stripping ourselves to our underclothes, we took some light clothing, placing the same in the bosom of our undershirts; then Shadburne let himself through the window of the state-room and after receiving the boots of each and fastening them to the end of the rope, assisted Sloan, who was a little fellow, through that window, and there we stood ready for the descent. After scanning the surroundings and still finding that all was well, Shadburne went down hand over hand and was soon in the water beside the barge. Here he rested but a moment, when down came Sloan, and once more the twain were side by side, this time under the gunwale of the Walkil. The water was icy cold; it will be remembered it was in November but our blood was warm and we thought nothing of the cold. By this time the elements were in wild commotion, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed and the waves rolled high, but the water came only to our, or rather Shadburne's chin, but

HOW TO PREPARE A HUSBAND.

Womans' Home Companion.

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled in the cooking. Some women set them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It is not reasonable to suppose that any husband can be tender and appetizing treated in this way, but they are really delicious when properly prepared. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silly appearance as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as in picking salmon. Be sure to select him yourself. Be sure to differ. Do not go to market for him. The best are always brought to your door. But it is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him.

A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthen pickin, it will do, with care. See that the lichen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended with the required number of buttons and strings securely sewed on, tie him in the kettle by a strong comfort cord. The duty cord is breakable and apt to let him fly out of the kettle and become burnt and crusty on the edge. Of course, you know that like a crab or lobster, you have to cook him alive. Set him near a clear, steady fire of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. If he sputters and frizzles, do not be anxious. Some do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice will improve him, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir gently, watching the white test he tie too flat and too close to the kettle and so become flabby. If thus treated, you will find him digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children. He will keep as long as you like, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

Keep an Eye On Him.

Greenboro Record.

Information from Atlanta is to the effect that Jim Smith, formerly the king-bee of the blockaders in the Smithtown settlement of Stokes county, now serving a four year term in the Federal prison at Atlanta, is very active in religious work. "He teaches a Bible class in the prison Sunday school," says the report, "and in the prayer-meeting exhorts his fellow prisoners to follow the straight and narrow path." The Record hopes Jim is truly converted, but it is well enough to keep an eye on him. He comes from a county noted for its shrewd men, especially when it comes to evading the law. One thing can be said—If Jim Smith is really a changed man and will come back to Stokes and made in to convert his former friends he can do a lot of good. Let us hope he is in real earnest and will neither backslide nor fall from grace.

A law and order league has been organized in Winston-Salem to assist in the enforcement of the liquor laws. It is also the purpose to have established at Winston a medical depository for the sale of liquor on prescription only.

There may be nothing new under the sun in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but there are a lot of fresh people.

Bad books better be burned.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the clock of its freshness and the form of its fatness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is debasement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and complexion witness the fact in renewed complexion. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol, no harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mother, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthener of the system, adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of women's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, "Lewistown" Hotel, and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why He Knew.

The American in the corner of the non-smoking first-class carriage insisted on lighting his cigar. The indignant Britisher in the other corner protested, but in vain. At the next station he hailed the guard with hostile intent, but the placid American was too quick for him.

"Guard," he drawled, "I think you'll find that this gentleman is traveling with a third-class ticket on him!"

Investigation proved to be right, and the indignant Britisher was ejected. A spectator of the little scene asked the triumphant American how he knew about that ticket.

"Well," explained the imperturbable stranger, "it was sticking out of his pocket and I saw it was the same color as mine."