

SAVED BY A BADGE.

A STORY THAT WILL INTEREST ALL COLLEGE MEN.

There Was a Hope Round the Gamma Beta Man's Neck, and He Was About to Be Strung Up When His College Society Emblem Was Seen by One Who Knew It.

The sixtieth annual dinner of Gamma Beta was certainly a great success. At the long table sat 150 guests, of all ages and from all parts of the land. The feast was ended when the captain arose from his place near the head of the board. Straight of figure and alert of eye, he bore his 60 years lightly. "Boys," says the captain, "I haven't been to a Gamma Beta dinner for 40 years. The last time I went I was a boy in college. As I look around me I am glad I am not the oldest alumnus here, for I feel as young as any freshman. But I came here tonight to tell you a story, and if you have patience to hear me I may as well begin. Remember, we old ones are garrulous at times and stop me when you have had enough."

His audience was all attention, and the captain lighted a fresh cigar, blew out a puff of smoke and began. "I was the first northern man to plant cotton in Arkansas after the war. The state had declared for the Union early in 1864, but there was plenty of lawless secessionism about, and a northerner's life and property were none too safe. Before I had been long at my planting I got a notice from some of my secessionist friends that I must stop operations or leave the district if I had any regard for my life—in short, they gave me to understand that if they caught me they would string me up to the nearest tree as sure as my name was Jim Roberts. Now, I didn't intend to stop planting, and I didn't intend to be hanged, so I went ahead and told them they could hang me—if they could catch me.

"About a month after that I was riding across country one afternoon to get a little business done in the nearest town. As I entered a lonely piece of road a dozen men jumped out of the woods, pointed their guns at my head and ordered me to halt and dismount. I saw I could do nothing but surrender at discretion, so I came down from my horse and was marched off in silence. In a few minutes we turned into a lane that led deeper into the woods and kept on until we came to a little clearing. One of my friends brought out a rope, slung one end of it over the limb of a convenient tree and had the other end slipped around my neck in a jiffy.

"Probably none of you has ever felt a hangman's rope around his neck, so you can't appreciate the state of my feelings at that time. I'll tell you, I felt pretty serious and thought my lease of life had run out for certain. But a man clings to life at such times, and all at once I had a happy thought. I remembered that I had a package of excellent cigars in my pocket, and I drew it out.

"Gentlemen," I said, with as much coolness as I could muster. "I know that I have but a few minutes more to live. I want to ask one favor. Give me time to smoke out a cigar before you swing me into eternity. Will you join me?" You will find them most excellent."

"My captors grimly assented, and we lighted our 'weeds' together. No one said a word. Well, boys, I made that cigar hold out, you may depend. But it would burn. Little by little the ash began to get longer and drop off until there was just so much left." And the captain held up his smoking stump, measuring its small remainder critically with his finger.

"Well," thought I to myself, "here goes for a few more puffs anyway," and I was just getting the very last of them when I heard a horse coming through the trees. A fine looking fellow rode up, who seemed to be a sort of commander of the company. "Hello, boys!" he called out, "who've you got here?" "We've got Roberts, and we're going to hang him," said they. "All right," said the officer and came over to have a look at me.

"Now, I had on my watch chain this little badge here," and the captain touched a jeweled monogram of gold that hung to his breast. "I have always worn it there and expect to as long as I live. My coat was open, and as the Confederate came up his eye caught the badge. Well, sir, he turned all sorts of colors, and leaning close to my ear whispered the name of our fraternity. At the same time grasping my hand with the good old Gamma grip, given with the strength of a giant. Then he turned to the men. 'Boys,' said he, 'this man is my friend. You must let him go.' And in an instant he took the rope from my neck, led up my horse, pulled a pair of pistols from his pocket and headed me to go. 'Now, boys,' said he, 'I'll defend myself and get away as best you can. I had no time in following his advice and made my escape. And here I am today, and that is all.'"

"There was a storm of applause when the captain had finished and had taken his seat.

"Well, captain," cried some of the men, "it has to be that way. Why do you mean that you got free, and did not ever see him again?"

"The captain again smiling, answered: 'He was not with me. He belonged to one of our southern chapters. And did I ever see him again? No, I did not.'"

"The captain laid his hand on the shoulder of an elderly man in the next seat to him. 'Yes, I can see him this minute. Now, tell the boys some more of your stories.'—New York Tribune.

A different opinion.

"I have been an article in the paper about the man who was saved by a badge. That would interest me. Can you give me an authentic account of what the man has said about his escape during the past few months? I would willingly pay you \$100 for it."—Pink Me Up.

SELECTIONS

A SAD ROMANCE.

Marriage With His Sweetheart Delayed Until Death Came to the Injured Man.

There was an interesting romance connected at Lakeside hospital, and it ended with the death of one, a young woman's broken heart and a mother's satisfaction in preventing a marriage which was the last wish of her dying son.

Willis Hizer, the fireman of No. 1 hook and ladder, who was thrown from the top of the truck, was taken to the hospital. The rear wheels of the truck, that weighs five tons, passed over his breast and caused fatal injuries. Five years ago Hizer's wife died and left him to care for a little boy who was then 5 years old. During the past one or two years Hizer had kept company with a pleasing young woman of the name of Annie McGintie, who makes her home with a family on Hoyt avenue. The couple were engaged to be married, and the date for the ceremony was fixed for three weeks hence.

When the wounded and dying man was placed on a bed in a hospital, he asked for Annie. She was sent for, and so was his mother. They both arrived about the same time, and when they approached the deathbed the dying man asked Annie if she would marry him under such circumstances. He said: "I know I will never get up. I am going to die right here, and then my little lad will be left alone."

The heartbroken young woman promised to do all and vowed to be a mother to the boy, who was then standing by the bedside. Both parties being of one mind, they called a Catholic priest. Father Vahey of St. John's cathedral responded, and upon his appearance the dying man's mother created a scene in the ward and became so loud in protesting against the marriage that the wedding was postponed. The knot would have been tied, but there was no license, and the priest would not pronounce the ceremony without it. Giving the dying man words of comfort, he departed from the hospital. The couple then asked one of the firemen who stood by telephone Captain Grant Gairns of truck No. 1, and have him come to the hospital. He got to the hospital as quickly as possible and met Annie standing by his injured comrade's bed. Hizer looked up at him and said:

"Grant, can you get us a marriage license?"

"I can," said the big captain, and off he went in search of Clerk Sehwab of the court, and at about 8:30 o'clock the document was secured and Gairns hurried with it to the hospital.

When the fireman's mother saw the paper in Captain Gairns' hands, she became frantic and attempted to take it from the captain's grasp, but failed. Then Father Vahey was sent for again, but he did not arrive until about 9:30. At that time the injured man was growing weak. His pulse was feeble, his limbs and arms were cold as in death, and at times he was delirious. When the priest arrived, he talked with Miss McGintie and advised her to obey the wishes of the dying man's mother and not marry Hizer, but she begged of him to pronounce the ceremony. He then said he would do it if two physicians would testify that the dying man was capable of a legal act. But Dr. Herrick, the hospital house physician, and the other physicians present were not willing to testify to Hizer's rational condition, and the priest departed.

Miss McGintie was broken hearted. With tears running from her eyes she returned to the bedside of the man near death's door. At 10:45 o'clock, after more than six hours of intense agony, Hizer died.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Bullet Proof Shield.

The bullet proof cuirass has had a very brief career, but the invention by Captain Boynton of a bullet proof shield for infantry seems destined to a better fate. This cuirass can be attached to a rifle, while giving that weapon full play and protecting the soldier's vital parts. The shield can be locked together so as to form a rampart, a device which recalls the tactics of the ancient Greeks, who massed their shields in a similar way. It is calculated that, skillfully used, the new shield would enable infantry to withstand the fire of the machine gun and even to make the work of that deadly implement impossible. It would supersede rifle pits and give troops in the square formation a peculiar advantage. The inventor of guns will now be put on their notice for their carelessness in seriously threatening.—Pall Mall Budget.

Quaint Restless Straggle.

Scattered everywhere within a radius of 50 miles of Philadelphia are ruins which the Indians using bow and arrow formerly designated the stumps of the city of Cecropia. They were there used for a many years. On the peninsula about Reading and along some streams in different parts of the state they are used as camping places, while along the New Jersey coast, from Cape May to Long Branch, they are found piled up as numerous mounds by the waves. Originally built upon piles, these stumps of the city were built of stone ranging from 8 to 12 feet in length, and were set in the city.—Philadelphia Record.

Made Two Miles of a Street.

A few days since a full grown pig was spotted following in the street of New York. It was a black pig, with a large piglet, and it had been seen near by several persons. It was taken away from the street and with the assistance of the police was taken into the city. It was a very fat pig, and it had been seen in the city.—New York Tribune.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Baroness Emma Sporr of Norway is said to be the best known woman painter in northern Europe.

The favorite daughter of the late Professor Helmholtz of Berlin is the wife of the eminent Dr. von Siemens.

Prince Francois de Paul von Liechtenstein, a near relative of the emperor of Austria, contemplates passing the winter in New York.

President Hill of the Great Northern railroad has donated 5,000 acres of land to families rendered homeless by the destruction of Hinckley.

The Princess of Wales has a great fondness for having her picture taken in "groups." The prince dislikes the ceremony as much as his spouse enjoys it.

Dr. James R. Cooke, a successful Boston physician, is perhaps the only man in the country who, though blind from infancy, took up the study of medicine and excelled in its practice.

The widow of Stoneval Jackson says that when he was courting her he made it a rule never to read one of her letters on Sunday or to send one to her so that it would be likely to be carried through the mails on that day.

The Rothschilds, by mutual consent, insist on keeping up a very charming custom. They own five beautiful chateaux at Ferrieres, a French town some 15 miles south of Paris, and here all the members of the family meet together once a year.

The title of the Duke of Buckingham is said to have brought disaster to all the families that have borne it. In the family that owned the ducal seat at Stowe the dukedom ended in misfortune and is now extinct, but the property is still owned by the daughter of the late duke.

Empress Eugenie is not going to Scotland this year, so she has declined Queen Victoria's offer of Aberfeldy castle, and as that place will not be required by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught it has been "lent" by her majesty to Lord and Lady Carrington for six weeks.

Miss Ellen Triantifilo of Boston and Stillman Billies of Springfield, Mass., were married the other evening in the latter city by Rev. Agathodorus A. Pappageorgopoulos of New York. After the ceremony the Greek national dance was footed, and everybody kissed the groom instead of the bride.

STAGE GLINTS.

Owing to the illness of W. T. Carleton the Carleton Opera company will not go out this season.

Courtesy Thorpe is a member of Emily Baucker's company, playing in "Our Flat." He is "featured."

Pretty Annie Irish has been engaged to appear with Olga Netherole during that actress' tour in this country.

Mario D. Shotwell has been engaged by Manager Rose for the production of "Paul Jones" at the Castle Square theater, Boston.

Amy Whaley of Pomeroy, O., was graduated recently from a school of music in Cincinnati. She is going abroad to prepare for a lyric career.

Margaret Fealy's manager says that she will resume her interrupted tour in December, but not with "May Blossom." A new piece is being arranged for.

De Wolf Hopper has withdrawn from the position of financial backer of the tour of Tim Murphy. George Richards and Eugene Casfield have joined Mr. Murphy's company.

Julia Arthur before she sailed for London said: "I have no definite plans. I may accept an engagement in London if I am offered one I like. It is probable, however, that I shall not return to America this season."

A clever Californian, Stella Alexander, has taken Eva Davison's place as Olive in "The Little Trooper." When "A Way to Win a Woman" has run its course at the Lyceum, New York, E. H. Botwin will be seen in a revival of one of his earlier pieces.

ODDS AND ENDS.

From one to four miles to the windward of a fog signal there is often a "dead space" where the signal cannot be heard.

Smokers' cramp is reported to be the disease of the moment in France and Spain and is caused by incessantly rolling cigarettes between the fingers.

England's penal colony in the Andaman islands contains 12,000 persons banished from British India. Of this number 8,000 were murderers, 4,000 policemen, 1,000 soldiers and 200 laborers.

There is in Paris a Russian born man, each hour being capable of producing a single note only. He perfects in the training that the hand produces the effect of one equipped with ordinary instruments.

The Russian factory which has been reported from Alaska is a brick building containing 100,000 pounds of dynamite, and is located in the mountains of the Yukon, Alaska. The government intends to publish all the documents at its own expense.

A proposed law that any new building erected in London shall have its front not less than 20 feet from the sidewalk of the street has brought out the fact that there are in the heart of the city 24 miles of streets less than 20 feet broad.

The first book made of ground wood paper has been placed in the British museum for examination recently. It is said to be in good condition. As it was printed in 1804, very nearly half a century ago, the experiment that wood paper has no greater qualities appears to be seriously shaken.

Judge Saunders

Says that For Rheumatism Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best.



Judge T. H. Saunders of Osceola, Neb., senior vice-commander and present commander of J. F. Reynolds Post, No. 26, G. A. R., voluntarily writes: "I was in the army four years, was wounded and contracted sciatica and rheumatism. I have suffered ever since. I lost the use of my left leg and side, and have tried almost every medicine known, and I think I have had the best physicians in the country, but failed to get any relief. Every spring I was flat on my back, and must say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best medicine I have ever taken. It has done me the most good. It was recommended to me for rheumatism, and I am satisfied and know that it will do all that you claim for it. I do not want to say that it will raise a fellow from the dead, but it will cause the nearest to doing it if any medicine I have ever known." T. H. SAUNDERS, Osceola, Nebraska.

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