

WERE HANGED BY SPIES

BOLD BUT UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

Entered a Union Camp as Spies, Were Detected, and Both Ignominiously Perished on the Scaffold.

J. R. McBridge, Adjutant Thirty-third Indiana, in National Tribune.

After the battle of Stone river, one of the severest of the civil war, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862, General Rosecrans let six months pass before making another advance...

While thus stationed the troops of both armies were not idle. Detachments from each army were frequently sent out to attack, and possibly overwhelm some outpost, or to make raiding expeditions upon some forbidden territory in quest of forage, or to destroy or disturb railroads or other means of communication...

During the month of February General Van Dorn's (Confederate) command, consisting of cavalry and mounted infantry, was stationed at Columbia, where the general was energetically engaged in its re-equipment, both men and horses, with the full purpose of attacking Franklin in force...

The two opposing forces confronted each other unexpectedly at Thompson Station, where a terrific battle was fought, lasting about four hours, during which Colonel Coburn's brigade displayed a persistency and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of the civil war...

Later on, April 19, General Van Dorn made a direct attack upon Franklin, but was repulsed, as the garrison in the meantime had been greatly strengthened by the addition of more troops...

The daring scheme of the spies now presents itself. It is my opinion that the entrance into the Federal lines by two spies—the subject of this sketch—was the initiative movement toward the capture of Fort Granzer and the troops quartered there for its defense by deception and stealth, since it could not be taken in open battle.

Opposite Franklin, across the Harpeth river, was situated Fort Granzer, a fortification of considerable strength. It was located on the river bluff, and commanded not only Franklin, but the surrounding country. Its importance was not overestimated by friend or foe.

The morning of June 9, 1863, was the opening of a beautiful day. It was indeed one of the "rare days" of June. The verdict of the court received the silent approbation of every soldier in blue.

The gallows was constructed by a wild cherry tree not far from the depot and in the rear of the place. Two ropes hung from the beam reaching within eight feet of the ground. A little after 9 o'clock a. m. the gallows was ready for use.

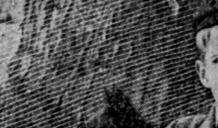
As Colonel Watkins claimed, they may have been more than "ordinary spies," but they were certainly not the kind of spies that are dangerous to the Confederacy.

PLACED UNDER ARREST. Whatever the truth may be, Colonel Baird does not hesitate to say in his report that "their ruse was nearly successful on me, as I did not know the handwriting of my commanding officer, and am much indebted to Colonel Watkins, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, for their detection...

It was then in the dusk of the evening, and Colonel Watkins mildly suggested to them that they had better remain in camp over night, as the garrison was practically invested with the enemy, and there was great danger of being captured.

It is proper to say, in this connection, that Col. John P. Baird, of the Eighty-third Indiana, under whose orders the two spies were tried and executed, was a famous lawyer from Terre Haute, Ind.—Ed. Journal.

SNAP SHOT OF KERMIT ROOSEVELT.



Kermit, President Roosevelt's second son, is a hardy youngster, and has a reputation as a wrestler among the boys of his age. The picture shown above was taken recently at Oyster Bay.

SHIVERY SNAKE STORY

HUNTER IMPRISONED IN A CABIN WITH A SWARM OF RATTLESNAKES.

Chances Looked All Against Him, but Fortune Favored Him and He Killed the Serpents.

Williamsport (Pa.) Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Big, strapping John Brungard, whose home is up along Little Pine creek, had an experience with rattlesnakes one night last week that he will never forget. It came near sunset, his camp, Brungard, who is twenty-eight years of age, and who has hunted bear and deer since he was a boy, has an inborn dread of snakes. He is a brave fellow all other times, but when his combatant is a reptile—especially a rattler. His last week's experience was enough to unnerve even one who is much less afraid of the "varmints," as the Pine Creekers call the venomous serpents.

INCENTIVE TO CRIME. Wrong Ways of Dealing With Children—Need of Summer Schools. From Address by Jacob A. Riis.

I will tell you of a little occurrence which took place yesterday in the little town I live in down on Long Island, just to show you how some people will call a policeman a thief, and how they will call a policeman a thief, and how they will call a policeman a thief.

BRUNGARD, piling the hearth high with the wood, stretched himself on the hemlock boughs and soon slept. He was awakened some time during the night by something heavy and soft striking his legs, as though somebody had thrown a dead cat or a sack of flour on him.

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that was to save him from his ugly enemies. Instead of it being a snake, as he had feared, he found that his back had touched a stout hickory cane about five feet long, which some weary hunter had stuck away there in the corner after reaching the cabin. The cane was a godsend to Brungard, for, armed with this stout stick, he began his battle with the snakes. At the combined length of arm and stick he was able to reach with telling stroke snake after snake, without the snake's being able to strike him.

And there in the fast-fading light of the pine woods he shivered, telling Brungard he conquered the day. He killed every one of the snakes. Then he piled on wood, Brungard left the cabin, and he went, hurriedly slipped on his clothes and boots, and with cane in hand he stood stock still in the corner, watching for the heads of more snakes to appear from the chimney. He did see one more, and killed it before he had time to wriggle his slimy body out of sight.

PAYING FOR BLESSINGS. Peculiar Ideas of Value of Benefits Cherished by Some People.

Rev. W. C. Martin, in Indiana Baptist Outlook.

In 187 a young lady was rescued from drowning at Ocean Grove by one of the life guards at the risk of his own life. She was an orphan, but her wealthy uncle, who looked up the man who had saved the life of his loved niece and gave him a quarter.

One of our Indiana preachers regularly supplies a western Pennsylvania church during summer vacations, and he enjoys telling how, after one preaching service there, a lady came to him to acknowledge a blessing. "Oh," she said, "I never can tell you how much you have done for my home. Last summer my husband, who had been blind and neglected of his family, was converted under one of your sermons, and the last year has been, in consequence, a happy one—the first happy year of our married life, and I want you to be paid for it."

It was dark when Brungard reached the shanty. He was lucky enough to find in the cabin a plentiful supply of split pine sticks that had been left over by the last hunting party, and with material from this he soon had a rousing fire going in the rusty stove hearth. He divested himself of his outer garments, stripping to his underclothes, so that the rain-soaked clothes could be hung by the fire to dry.

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POPE LEO'S GIFT TO THE PRESIDENT.

Above is a photographic reproduction of the beautiful mosaic sent by His Holiness the Pope to President Roosevelt. The gift is in return for a present of Mr. Roosevelt's literary work to the Pope. The mosaic picture is a scene in the Vatican gardens. It will hang in the White House.

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