

## GENERAL LAWTON'S MODESTY.

## PITH AND POINT.

**Being Hunted Was Worse to Him Than Facing the Gun of the Enemy.**

The late Gen. Lawton, admittedly the greatest Indian fighter of the army, with all his energy, perseverance and natural military genius, was conspicuously modest as Gen. Grant. On public occasions, says a writer in the New York Tribune, he was a bashful as a girl, and as his great height made him the center of attention in a crowd, there were many occasions when his bashfulness was evidently painful. Admiral Bradford, who is one of the giants of the navy, first met Gen. Lawton just after the famous 1,600 mile chase for Geronimo, wherein he had displayed that genius for moving his men which was so conspicuous throughout the Philippine campaign.

"I went to the white house reception in 1896 for the first time," says Admiral Bradford, "and when I got into the jar of the east room I could see nothing but a sea of heads, until I found myself looking above the crowd at a handsome young man, whose whole head stood above the general level. He was the hero of the hour, just back from his capture of Geronimo's band, and apparently was suffering agonies from the attentions showered upon him."

Gen. Lawton came home from Cuba last year, it was found that he had gained no more self-possession than he exhibited when unwillingly honored ten years before. The president insisted upon his going to Alabama with him when Tuskegee was visited. At Montgomery the president and Gen. Wheeler spoke, and there was eloquence on all sides. Finally the governor of Alabama introduced Gen. Lawton as "the hero of Santiago."

Lawton was forced to say something. It is said to be the single speech of his life. He stood for a long time, bowing to the wildly cheering crowd, and after several attempts to hide himself, only to be lifted to his feet again, he was finally induced by the president to make some response to the applause. He advanced to the front, and when he could be heard, said simply:

"I am not a hero. I am just a regular. I can't make a speech. Thank you."

Then he succeeded in hiding himself for the rest of the tour.

His last appearance in Washington was at a great Gridiron club dinner to the army and navy. Gen. Shaffer unrolled a manuscript and read a few remarks; Schley, with his ready wit and ease, charmed everybody; Sigel talked well amid cheers; Gen. Breckinridge was as eloquent as usual; but when Lawton was called, he rose, trembling, and after bowing in silence took his seat.

No greater ovation was ever given a man than he received when his name was uttered. There was cheering and waving of napkins for several minutes. The guests all rose to their feet, while he alone remained seated. Afterward he declared that it was a hundred times as bad as the assault on El Caney.

**BOUGHT A FEW STOCKS, TOO.**

**That Is How a Loving Wife Showed Her Husband the Error of His Ways.**

He was a business man making a nice little sum every year for nest egg purposes besides extending his business and slowly but surely moving along toward East street. Yet he was not content, and in the hope of forcing the hand of fortune, was doing some trading in the stock market. His wife said it was gambling, pleading with him to stop. He insisted that it was perfectly legitimate and regular, and she finally admitted that he was right and gave up the contest, says the Detroit Free Press.

His wife gave him no further trouble until one Sunday morning she appeared ready for church in a handsome new cloak. He wanted to know where she got it, and she told him that he would learn by and by. He went to church with her, feeling uncomfortable. He kept his peace, however, and said no more until the next Sunday, when she appeared in a rich black silk gown. He asked questions, but got no answers that were satisfying. All that week he worried so over that cloak and the silk that he lost his grip on the market and fell short seriously. Sunday came again, and this time she had a pair of diamonds in her ears that fairly dazzled his eyes.

He hadn't a spark of jealousy in his nature and he believed implicitly in his wife, but this was really too much.

She calmly took from her desk a lot of blanks with which he was quite familiar, and handed them to him.

"They are the records of my transactions in stocks recently," she said, with an air of triumph. "I borrowed \$30 on the diamond ring you gave me when we were married, and handed it over to brother Charlie to invest for me. I told him you said it was all right, and he did as I told him to do. I didn't know anything in the world about it, of course, but I was lucky and I have made \$1,800, and if the luck doesn't go against me, I'll make another thousand next week. It is too easy for anything, and you know, dear, you showed me so clearly that there was nothing wrong in it. I have paid our share of the preacher's salary, too, for the next year, and I'm thinking of organizing a Daughters of the Stock Market in the church. Won't it be lovely?"

"Mary, my dear," he said, solemnly, "if you'll quit I will," and Mary, after the manner of women, began to cry, she was so glad that it had turned out just as it did.

**How Thoughtful.**

Mrs. Storm — I noticed that you pinned a pink on your coat before he carried for the office.

**Mrs. Tempest—Yes, I covered the spot where a button has been off for a week.—Chicago Daily News.**

## BIRD LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Tameless of Some of the Ocean Birds Is Remarkable—A Graceful Haiku-Poem.

During the winter the little harbors of southern California take on an especial interest, on account of the birds which flock there. They are filled with pelicans, gulls and divers, while in the flocks the cormorants, or shags, fairly cover the water in places, says the New York Evening Post. At San Pedro the steamer starts for Avalon, Santa Catalina, and drifts a number of white-headed, yellow-billed, laughing gulls accompany her the entire distance of nearly 30 miles. They soar along the greater part of the time, and vary the monotony by battling with one another for a point of vantage on the girdle which surmounts the masts of the rolling steamer.

"What kind of a man is he?" "Oh, he's the kind of a man that's always coming into your office when you are hurrying out to catch a train."—Ohio State Journal.

He—"Ah, my darling, so you will really marry me?" My love, I would willingly die for you if—" She—"Yes, Harry, just before you do you'll work for me just a little. It would be awful to be a poor widow, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

In the roar of battle the commanding general was heard to exclaim: "Cover that retreat!" Therewith, the press censor, ever alert, hastened quickly to push the blue pencil through the articles written by the war correspondents.—Indianapolis Sun.

"Were you ever crossed in love?" "Yes, once. There was a beautiful girl whose father was rich and she loved me. I called her up by telephone to arrange the details of our elopement, but wires were crossed that morning and the old gentleman heard what we said."—Boston Traveler.

## A PROFITABLE MEETING.

**There Were Only Two in the Audience, But Much Good Came from It.**

It costs more in the way of strict morality to become a Metakahita Indian than to become a citizen of the United States. Before a man can be admitted to the Arcadian band of civilized Indians, he must pledge himself not only to obey the powers that be, but also to keep the Sabbath, to attend divine service on that day, and, in a word, to follow the golden rule in all his dealings with those about him. The first step in the civilization of these most happy and prosperous Indians is the white-headed gull which hover about the pelican's capture. It now alights on the latter's back, and at the supreme moment snatches the fish and is away, with a victorious "ha-ha," while the patient pelican, without a protest, continues its search. The Californian pelicans move south in large flocks in winter. The summer destination of the birds was something of a mystery to the writer until he visited their roost on Anacapa island, the most southerly of the Santa Barbara group. The rocky plateau on the south point of the barren island was fairly black with pelicans, which rose in a vast cloud when the yacht's gun was fired. They soared about for a few moments and then settled again.

The tamelessness of some of the ocean birds at Santa Catalina is remarkable, as well as interesting. Every day a fisherman in his Venetian boat, with lanterns, brings in his fish and cleans them on the beach and this is an open invitation for the gulls, which approach within a few feet of the fisherman and fight for the rejects of the catch. Beautiful birds they are, with harsh and discordant notes. At night they roost on the wharf and boats and are extremely tame; in fact, so tame are some of the diving birds here that they at times interfere with the fishermen—this being especially true of the loons. They float gracefully upon the water, occasionally thrusting the long snake-like head beneath it to note the location of the food supply; then disappear to be seen again darting here and there; now rushing into a school of sardines, snapping up the small fry or turning from it to course along the sandy bottom, 30 feet or so below.

One night in December, 1856, a missionary meeting was appointed to be held in London. "Is it worth while to have the service on such an evening?" asked one of those intrusted with the management. "Perhaps not," replied the missionary who was to speak, "but I don't like to shirk my work, and as it was announced some one might come."

The meeting was held, although the night was black as ink and rain fell heavily. A gentleman passing the brightly lighted chapel in Covent garden, went in to take refuge from the storm. He composed half the audience that listened to a powerful plea in behalf of the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"That was labor thrown away," grumbled the Londoner who objected to holding the meeting.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's work."

That night one-half of the audience which had listened to the appeal was asleep. The gentleman who had dropped in by accident had never before heard the story of the horrors of heathenism. He could not rest.

In a month he had sold his business and was on his way to engage in mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church-Missionary Society.

Thirty-five years later we find that London business man surrounded by his children, as he loves to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast. He is known as William Duncan, missionary to the Metakahita Indians.

Of these Indians Mr. J. Wallace, of Metakahita, Alaska, says: "They are the farthest advanced in civilization of all the Alaskan Indians, having renounced all heathen rites about 35 years ago. Like the Pilgrim Fathers they left their homes in old Metakahita in order to be able to worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. Their religion cost them something for they sacrificed property of the value of \$50,000 to make the move."

## Calaveras Pines.

California has several groves of mammoth pine trees, the most celebrated of which is located in Calaveras county. Some of them reach a height of 320 feet and are 30 feet in girth. Their age is computed to be 2,300 years, and they are a great object of interest to tourists. Congress donated this great grove to the state of California, the stipulation being that it should be retained as a public domain. The state accepted the grant, and a board of commissioners now has charge of it. Mariposa county has a similar grove, which is also visited by many tourists.

## Flags of Europe.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1786. The French tricolor was first used in 1795; the red English ensign, with the present union jack in the upper canton, in 1801; the present Italian flag in 1848; the present Austro-Hungarian flag in 1867; and the German flag in 1871.

**Haven't Any to Stand On.**

No wonder some men object to standing on their merits. They haven't any.

—Chicago Evening News.

## Bulletin Financier.

Mardi, 28 aout 1900.

JOURNAL D'ECHANGES (CLEARING HOUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Journal des ventes... \$6,791,323.00 \$406,455.00

Marché temporaire... 2,763,480.00 209,450.00

Marché régulier... 2,763,480.00 209,450.00

MARCHÉ MONÉTAIRE.

Nouvelle-Orléans—

Pièces bancaires... 7 per cent

do... 1%... 8

Prêts sur garanties collatérales... 4%

do... 1%... 5

do... 1%... 6

Prêts sur garanties collatérales... 4%

do... 1%... 6

Papier hypothécaire... 6%

do... 1%... 6

Marché régulier... 10%

do... 1%... 6