

LAWTON'S WIDOW.

CHARMING WOMAN TO WHOM HE WAS DEVOTED.

A Grateful Country Will See That the Object of His Affections Shall Not Want For the Comforts of Life—As Heroes Die.

"I am ready to die a soldier's death at any time. I have no fears for myself. But I am sorely troubled when I think of what would become of my wife and children in such an event."

Thus spoke Gen. Henry W. Lawton to a friend last summer. He died as heroes die—at the head of his men in a warm engagement and while aiding a wounded subordinate. He left no fortune. Forty years of his life were given to his country, but his pay was inadequate to do more than support himself and his family. But a grateful country will care for them. The fund which is to be presented to Mrs. Lawton as a testimonial of Americans' admiration for her gallant husband will probably reach \$75,000. It is growing fast.

Mrs. Lawton was Miss Craig, of Redlands, Cal., and the general's happiest days were spent on their fruit farm in California, when the great soldier was stationed at Los Angeles. The orange groves and the residence at Redlands are heavily mortgaged, but the fund will provide for this and for her future comfort. Mrs. Lawton and the children are at Manila.

The marriage of the general and Mrs. Lawton was unusual. At the Craig homestead, near Louisville, Ky., lives a favorite and invalid cousin of Mrs. Lawton, who was anxious to witness the marriage ceremony. A few days before the date set for the wedding the cousin began to fail. It was seen that she was dying. She realized it and asked that Gen. (then major) Lawton and his bride-to-be be summoned to her bedside and there (the day before the appointed date) Miss Craig became Mrs. Lawton.

AFTER THE GOLD BOOMS

Importance of Reactions in Determining Population.

The law that settlers follow the line of least resistance suffers an exception when men are seeking gold. In the natural order of things, population would have worked itself in a continuous progression toward the Rocky Mountains, crossing them only by compulsion, as the Alleghenies were crossed and the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers. But where there is gold in sight there is no law. Humanity goes into Alaska with the same blind avidity that it went into California fifty years ago, with the same fatuousness that it swept to Pike's Peak in 1858. Population forsook all its domiciles, its patronages and its prosperity, in the Argonaut period, and

into the warmer regions of California and Oregon. Where the Comstock and the Consolidated Virginia silver mines once magnetized so many settlers as to beguile congress into making a state of Nevada, there is little left now but the evidence of what has been and the promise of what may be when the immigration of the west begins to move again for less glorious promises than acres of oranges for the mere tilling of the soil and monster timber for the mere hewing of the logs. The mesas of the two southwestern territories, Arizona and New Mexico, seem to have absorbed the hosts of traders and adventurers that went into them as the sandy soil of their great areas drink in the freshets from the mountains.—Ainslee's Magazine.

AN ELOQUENT CLERGYMAN.

One of the most eloquent clergymen in New York city at the present time is Rev. Thos. R. Slicer, pastor of St. John's church. Although a comparatively newcomer in the metropolis, having removed there from Buffalo three



REV. THOMAS SLICER.

or four years ago, Mr. Slicer has already made a large place for himself in the religious, political and civic life of the city. He is one of our best after dinner speakers, and is in constant demand for functions of this kind. An excellent example of his style and trend of thought is furnished in the following paragraph from his sermon on Thanksgiving day: "The first business of every American," said Mr. Slicer, "is to be fit for America. He may regard it as a good stand for business to enrich himself, but being enriched he is the trustee of those riches, and not their owner. He may regard it as a great opportunity in which to be free, but the only purpose of freedom is to live the higher life. I believe in the sovereignty of the people in the great democracy, which is working out its salvation and the salvation of the

ANGLER AT WORK.

Fish That Fishes for Other Fish—New Arrivals at the Aquarium.

Of all the monsters of the deep, few seem more uncanny to the average observer than the "angler fish," two fine specimens of which have been received at the Aquarium. Black, moss-covered stones, or a great lump of mud anyone would call them who happened to look into the great, tiled swimming pool, where they lie motionless. Indeed, it is hard to believe that they are living creatures at all. The smaller fish even do not apparently suspect it. From the forehead of the "angler" springs a sort of tentacle, in reality a living fishing rod. From its tip dangles a bit of loose flesh, which looks very tempting, waving in the clear water. The little fish makes a rush, and is just about to close his jaws on the morsel when "snap," the angler's mouth opens and shuts, and there is the end of the little fish. The "angler's" appetite seems inexhaustible, and his mouth, half the size of his body, never makes a miss. "Pie-eaters" the Aquarium attendants call them, and, indeed, a whole round pie would not be too large a mouthful for these thirty-pound monstrosities. Arrivals during the past week have greatly increased the already large collection of trout in the Aquarium, and it is now one of the finest to be found anywhere. The most recent arrivals are some fine specimens of the Sunapee trout from the New Hampshire lakes, some Scotch Loch Leven trout, a hundred fingerling trout, and a beautiful six-pound brook trout from Hancock county, Maine. It is a peculiar fact that fresh-water trout will not thrive in Croton water. Even sea water is more healthy for them, and all trout received are put in brine at first, to remove the parasites which infest them.—New York Press.

NAMES OF WEIRD MALADIES.

Curious Nomenclature of the Various Diseases That Afflict the Body.

"I have been looking over one of the blanks for the regular monthly mortality report of the board of health," said a citizen who admits that he likes to pry and prattle, "and I was amazed at the weird diseases which I found enumerated. I had no idea that humanity had such a variety of things with eerie names to select from in the matter of shuffling off. Science has certainly made a great advance in that particular. A few years ago appendicitis was about the only fancy disease on the market, and that was beyond the reach of people of limited means. It was confined entirely to the aristocracy. Here are a few sample maladies from the last board of health catalogue: Haemetemesis, aphthous, phlegmasia, doleno, cachexia, lymphadenoma, colica-pitonon, splina-bifida and mollities-ossium. I'd like to see the man who would dare assert, after reading that little list, that medicine has been at a standstill during the last decade. Altogether there are 302 different ways of getting out of the world set down on the blank, and the chap who couldn't find something to suit him in the lot would certainly be ultra-fastidious. The document looks at first glance like the classified advertisement of a big bargain sale. It is a magnificent monument of pathological perseverance."—New Orleans Picayune.

PREACHER FAVORS CARDS.

The Methodists of Massachusetts are greatly excited over the sensational stand recently taken by Rev. Charles A. Davis in regard to card playing, dancing and theater-going. Mr. Davis is the pastor of the First Methodist church of Lynn. He declares that the rule of the church forbidding its members from taking part in these amusements is a dead letter, and only tends to keep many desirable young people out of the church. He believes that, speaking generally, the theater is rotten to the core, and he condemns both public balls and indiscriminate card



REV. CHARLES A. DAVIS.

playing. At the same time he takes the position that there are some worthy actors and improving plays and that children dancing among themselves or playing cards together at home are "every bit as innocent as they are in Sunday school." Mr. Davis' radical views will be pleased upon at the next general conference, by which body it is not expected that they will be indorsed.

Heat Way to Toast Cheese.

Cut two ounces of cheese into thin slices, put it in a saucepan, set it on the fire, and add one gill of fresh milk; simmer it till the cheese is quite dissolved, then take it from the fire and pour into a shallow dish; when cooled a little add the yolk of an egg well beaten. Then place it before the fire and brown it nicely.

A man may not have a stitch in his back and yet have one in his side.

MR. HORACE WHITE.

REACHES THE TOP AFTER MANY YEARS.

Real Success in Journalism Is Hard to Attain—A Former Westerner in the Chair of Authority on New York Post.

The practical management of the New York Evening Post has fallen into the hands of Horace White. The recent retirement, owing to ill health, of E. L. Godkin has given to Mr. White what is equivalent to supreme control of all the departments. Mr. White was born in Colebrook, Coos county, New Hampshire, Aug. 10, 1834. His father, like Dewey's, was a prominent physician, having a practice which extended far beyond the limits of the small community in which he lived. But even prominence in medical practice in those days did not bring finan-



HORACE WHITE.

cial remuneration sufficient to gratify the desires of an ambitious man. The son was scarcely three years old when the father-physician decided to seek new fortune in the opening west. Chicago, even in those days, offered many inducements to eastern men to locate there, but it is singular that southern Wisconsin then appeared to offer greater advantages. Dr. White was one of those New England men who thought southern Wisconsin a Mecca for new homeseekers. Before leaving Colebrook he excited the desires of his friends and neighbors, and organized among them a New England colony destined to settle in the west. Railroads were unknown, stages were infrequent and travel a hardship. But Dr. White, as the advance agent of this New England colony, was sent to Wisconsin to open the way and arrange for the coming of the colonists. He left Colebrook in the winter of 1836-37, making the entire journey to what is now Beloit on a one-horse sled. Beloit was not even a settlement at that time, but Dr. White chose it as the resting place for the New Englanders, and returned to bring them and his family on. He came to Beloit for permanent residence in 1837, bringing his son Horace, his wife and the remaining children with him. He died there in 1843, leaving Horace, as the eldest son, to be the aid of his mother and the younger children. At an early age Horace entered Beloit college, from which he graduated with the highest honors in 1853. Then he went to Chicago. This was the time when editorial pages of great newspapers made and unmade parties and often caused the government to change its policy. Greeley was having great influence upon the newspaper writers of the east. Medill had already begun to affect those of the west. Mr. White studied the characteristics of each, but followed neither. He became the local editor of The Evening Journal, and in 1855, the same year that Mr. Medill and Dr. Ray became so powerful in Chicago, he was made agent of the Associated Press, and resigned his position on The Journal. Just before the civil war began Mr. White was secretary of the Republican state central committee of Illinois, and held that position until 1864. During this same period he was special correspondent of The Chicago Tribune at Washington, and met and interviewed every great public man of the war period. Worldly wealth came to him and he was able to buy a heavy interest in The Tribune and become the editor-in-chief, which position he held until 1874, when he retired and made an extensive tour through Europe. On his return from Europe he became an editorial writer on The New York Evening Post.

Mongoose or Mongoosees.

There is a young man uptown with a fondness for pets that are a bit out of the ordinary. A friend traveling in the West Indies forwarded him a mongoose, and with this addition to his menagerie he was happy. Two weeks ago another arrived, and now the owner of the menagerie is miserable. He does not know whether to call the two "mongoosees," or to refer to them as "mongoose." Just now he does this sort of thing when he meets an acquaintance who is familiar with his fad: "You know that mongoose that Tom sent me last summer? Well, he has sent me another, and they are a lively pair, I assure you." "What are you going to do with them, raise 'em, eh, whatever you call 'em, for the market?" "Can't do that, you know, for both of my mon—, whatever you call 'em, are males." "Better kill one of them at once, then; a fellow'll know what to call one of them, but when it comes to referring to more than that single one, you'll have everybody crazy trying to guess which is the right thing as was between mongoose and mongoosees."—New York Times.

The winter draperies of a house convert ugliness into beauty.

BIG GRAY EAGLE

Swoops Down Upon a Group of Boys and Tries to Catch One.

The bold attack of a huge eagle upon a 6-year-old boy on the street, the valiant fight of another lad with the bird of freedom, and its subsequent capture created a great stir in Camden. A group of boys, whose ages range from 6 to 10 years, were playing with their sleds upon the sidewalk in front of the Jesse W. Starr public school, at Eighth and Line streets, just before noon. They were having fine sport, all unmindful of danger, when one of them exclaimed: "O-o-o-o—look at dat big bird!" The lads looked up and beheld a huge, dark bird hovering high in the air, just over their heads. They watched it until they grew weary, and they went on with their play, but every few minutes they cast their eyes upward, and the bird was still there. They saw it for an hour, and had almost forgotten it when suddenly there came a swish and rush through the air. "There comes the bird!" cried the now frightened lads. Sure enough, the aerial mystery was swooping down into the crowd. It had evidently singled out one boy, for it made straight for 6-year-old Willie Campbell, the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell of 776 Line street. The little fellow started to run, screaming with fright, and the bird, which proved to be a huge gray eagle, was about to sink its talons in his head when 8-year-old Morgan Wright, son of Justice of the Peace Wright, came running up with a club. The eagle's attention was diverted to the brave lad with the club, for he was using it with all the strength of his little arms. The big bird of freedom flew about to escape the club and struck the iron pickets of the schoolhouse fence. This seemed to stun the eagle, for it dropped to the ground and lay apparently helpless. In this condition it was captured by the boys and carried in triumph to the office of Justice Wright, at Eighth and Pine streets. There an improvised cage was made for it, and hundreds viewed the bird during the day. While the eagle is a large one, it is believed to be young and not fully grown. Its menacing beak and talons have so far prevented any measurement.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

RAISED \$10,000 FOR CHARITY.

Bright and clever Miss Eva Mudge has richly deserved and won popularity and success. Her sympathetic little heart early decided her career. As good as she is liberal, she has for some years past been engaged in entertaining select circles with song and impersonation. At six years of age she attracted public attention by her remarkable musical gifts, being engaged at that time to sing at a reception at the White House, Washington, D. C., by President and Mrs. Cleveland. Twice since that time she has appeared in entertainments at the White House, and has been constantly engaged in giving songs and recitals during the twelve years past. Miss Mudge has been specially noted for her warm interest in charity work, and two beautiful gold medals have been given her in commemoration of her services in this direction, one by her society and professional friends, and the other, set with diamonds, by the New York press. She enjoys the proud and enviable distinction of having given more to the poor than any other girl of her age in the country. Her latest achievement is the rendition, in a Stonewall Jackson suit and hat, of the famous poem, "Barbara Frietche," which aptly displays her accomplishments. The musical setting enables her the free use of a rich contralto voice. Miss Mudge is a lineal descend-



MISS EVA MUDGE.

ant of Zachariah Mudge, prebendary of Exeter and vicar of Plymouth, born 1680; and of Admiral Zachariah Mudge of the English navy, and is the daughter of Mr. R. C. Mudge, prominent in the Locomobile company of America.

Blew Up a Mountain with Dynamite.

The blowing up of a mountain by dynamite was witnessed by several hundred guests of the Pike's Peak Powder company. A dam was constructed across Beaver creek, near Cameron, Col., and a novel plan of reducing Vesuvius Butte to building stone was hit upon. A tunnel, 160 feet long was run into the bluff and 30,000 pounds of dynamite were planted at the terminus. The shock of the explosion shook the hills of the great gold camp. It was a novel sight.

Apparently.

From the New York World.—Teacher—What animal contents itself with the least amount of food? Pupil—The moth. Teacher—Wrong. On the contrary, the moth is a very greedy animal. Pupil—But it eats nothing but holes.

IS WITH THE BOERS.

EX-OFFICER OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

Giving His Valuable Experience in Fighting Indians to the Burger Cause—His Record at Home a Creditable One.

America has contributed a prominent soldier of fortune to the war in South Africa in the person of John Y. Fillmore Blake, a graduate of West Point and for nine years an officer in the United States army. Blake has had much experience in Indian fighting, and army officers who know him take an additional interest in the war as the cable tells of British reverses brought about by tactics similar to those employed to whip the Indians. Recent reports state that Blake, who is said to have left Johannesburg at the head of an Irish force, was with Cronje at the Modder river, north of which, at Magersfontein, the British under Methuen were defeated and hurled back. Blake's record in the United States service is a creditable one. That much-scanned, much-condensed book known as the Army Register has little to say of John Blake. Put into English that little would read something like this: "John Y. Fillmore Blake, born in Missouri; appointed to the Military Academy from Arkansas; became a cadet September 1, 1876; received his commission as second lieutenant June 12, 1880, and was assigned to the Sixth cavalry; made first lieutenant October 5, 1887, and resigned from the service August 19, 1899." But his brief record says nothing of nine years of the hardest kind of service which the "galloping" Sixth put in whipping hostile Apaches into submission. Nor is there the slightest mention of a campaign that covered Arizona, New Mexico, the panhandle, the southern portion of the Indian territory and far into the land of the Mexicans. Army officers are supposed to know all of this and the register is not intended for civilians' eyes.

Several months after Blake's graduation from West Point the White Mountain Apaches had shown signs of desiring to take the war path and Blake, who was sure of making the cavalry, prayed that he would be ordered to join the "galloping" Sixth, then in Arizona under command of Col. Eugene A. Carr. In May the Apaches, under the leadership of the medicine man and prophet Nockaydetkiline, took the war path, and there began a series of India atrocities extending over a period of nine years, which have never been approached in the history of the southwest.

To his delight, Blake was ordered to join his heart's desire, and without a thought of the three months' leave which was his he flew across the continent as fast as steam could carry him. On reaching Chicago he learned that troop M, to which he was assigned, had taken the field, but he was to report at Fort Lowell, long since abandoned, and ascertain, if possible, its whereabouts. Two weeks later "the fledgling from the Point" reported to his captain, William A. Rafferty, in the heart of the White Mountain district. The fact that a tenderfoot had ridden through a hostile country alone and found his troop was a surprise to Rafferty.

It was early in this campaign that Blake first met a man who became famous at San Juan Hill, Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, at that time captain of I troop in the "galloping" Sixth. Two years later "the man without a burden on his straps" carried a message to that beau ideal Indian fighter, the Gray Fox, which resulted in the killing of Nockaydetkiline at Cibola creek and saved a squadron of the Sixth from being massacred.

In those days the troops in the department of Arizona spent most of their time chasing Indians—Apaches, Comanches, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Navajos and Zunis—from the upper part of the Indian territory far into Old Mexico. It was rarely they saw a garrison unless sent home wounded or sick with fever. And this was the sort of existence led by Blake for nine years. When his regiment did reach "God's country" all of the fight had been knocked and licked out of the Indians in the southwest and helpless settlers, ranchers and prospectors could travel the land without fear of massacre.

Russia Wants Typewriters.

The latest Russian information received indicates that a considerable modification of the imperial Russian law affecting the use of typewriters in that country is about to take place, says the Detroit Free Press. Hitherto the use of this machine has been restricted to such individuals as could obtain special permission, as it was feared that the general use of this apparatus would greatly facilitate the machinists of the nihilistic element. Foreign business houses were almost the only ones making a liberal use of the typewriter. Of late years, however, Russian industry and commerce have extended at such rapid rate and the educated element available for the purpose of correspondence is relatively so small that the Russian government has at last admitted the necessity of conceding to the wishes of Russian merchants. Of course, this means a considerable extension of American trade.

Both Had.

From the New York World: Caller—"Oh, what dear children—and such charming manners." Father—"Yes, the children have the advantage of my wife's remarkable system of training." Little Marjorie—"So have you, papa."



MRS. MARY CRAIG LAWTON.

as if driven by some monstrous wind, surged over the uneven earth to the Pacific and to the Rockies. The whole world knows how it did so, and the suffering that ensued is as common a story as the fortunes that were won. But the thing that is not known, the matter of lasting importance that is most often overlooked, is the migratory reaction, the settling back of the big flood to the places in which, either by necessity or by the choice, it must finally rest. The character of the great west, the transmissouri, with its multiple variations, is determined by this phenomenon. A map and a book of census statistics will tell the story. It is the story of the oil from the pitcher again. Men and women touched the crest of the continent at Leadville, in Colorado, in 1858, but fell back onto the plains again before the '60s were expired. The Mormon emigration filled the valley of the Jordan in 1847, but the general tide of people either went to the lower valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin on the oriental side of the Sierra Nevadas or receded on the eastern slope of the Rockies. Successive mining discoveries enticed rushes of prospectors into northern Idaho and British Columbia, but the greater mass of the movers went back

world." Dr. Slicer is actively engaged in aiding the movement in favor of municipal reform, and is one of the closest and most confidential friends of Gov. Roosevelt.

The Twentieth Century.

It is quite time that everybody who is disposed to be eloquent over the new century should realize that it does not begin on Jan. 1, 1900. The first century began with the year 1 and ended with the year 100. Unless there has been a year inserted somewhere, there is, therefore, no escape from the conclusion that the nineteenth century does not end until the close of the year 1900. A curious fact in reference to the new century is that it will have twenty-four leap years, the greatest number that can possibly occur in a century. The same yearly calendar that did service in 1895 can be used again in 1901, and may be used again at successive intervals of six, eleven and every eleven years throughout the century.

Same Weakness.

Visitor (at prison)—Why are you here, my man? Convict—Same reason you are mum. I'm a poor, sloppy, morbid, neurotic, half-baked degenerate.—Judge.