

## TRUE CHIVALRY.

The Real Hero of Chapultepec, Will. M. S. Walker, and His Magnanimous Act.

The war with Mexico is a part of our martial history. Taylor and Scott and Davis and Lee came out of it immortal. The epic of that great struggle was the storming of Chapultepec. That frowning fortress was the Gibraltar of Mexico. Its massive walls seemed impregnable. But American daring halted at no obstacles, and an enterprize band of volunteers was chosen to scale and assault it, says the Chicago Journal.

Among the first of the dauntless few who braved their way through shot and shell to the fortress on that dreadful day was a young Mississippian, handsome as Alcibiades, proud, confident and thrilling with patriotic fervor. He was among the first, if not the first, to scale the wall, and, sword in hand, dashed along that storm-swept rampart in advance of all his fellows to cut down the waving flag of the enemy and reap the immortality of the deed. He was the first to reach the flag; his sword was raised, when he heard swift footsteps behind him. He paused, turned and saw his commanding officer, to whom he was tenderly attached and deeply obligated.

And then this gallant Mississippian, without a moment's hesitation, with the bow of a Chesterfield, lowered his sword and with the point at rest stood aside while his friend and commanding officer cut down the flag of Mexico and was bullet-proofed for the laurels of that splendid day.

In the history of battles there was never a more gallant, more chivalric deed than that. And the real hero of Chapultepec, maimed and gray, but glorious still, sits just before me here to-night in the person of my noble and beloved friend, Gen. William S. Walker, of Atlanta.

## UNCLAIMED BANK BALANCES.

They Amount to Nearly Half a Million Dollars in Canadian Institutions.

It may seem strange, says the Toronto Monetary Times, that there is in the banks of Canada a sum approaching \$400,000—in 1896 it reached \$27,108 and in 1897 it was \$387,668—consisting of unclaimed balances. The sums are various, ranging from one cent or a fraction of a dollar to thousands of dollars. One wonders how many of these balances arise. We have been told that many an old man or old woman will make deposits and not wishing their relatives to know of their savings, will say nothing about the fact. Should such old persons die the only way in which this deposit could probably become known would be through the list of such sums published annually. Again, there are numbers of persons who, having long had an account with a bank, will draw all their money except one or two dollars. This helps to account for many a small sum.

Naturally, the older banks have the larger accumulation of unclaimed money in this or other ways. The Bank of Montreal and the British Bank have large sums, but the city district savings bank exceeds either of them, having nearly 4,000 separate unclaimed balances, the aggregate of which is over \$80,000. It is only of late years that the government of Canada has busied itself in taking custody of these funds. Not, presumably, that they were unsafe in the hands of the banks, but perhaps that it was a paternal duty of the state to control them.

## PUZZLED BY HER OFFSPRING.

A Maternal Pigeon Sits on a Hen's Egg and the Result Considerably Amazes Her.

D. Morris Haines, of Burlington, N. J., has a pigeon which recently showed a maternal instinct, but, not having any eggs of her own, was supplied with a hen's egg. Mr. Haines says, "The Philadelphia Record," was curious to see what she would do with it. The old pigeon was tickled to death. She took the egg, carefully covered it, and immediately began the process of incubation. At the end of three weeks the inevitable happened, and a little chick hopped out of the shell. The old pigeon surveyed the result of the job in amazement. She had expected a little blue squab, and lo! a little yellow chick appeared. She seemed puzzled for awhile, but finally went about her maternal duties. Everything was all right as long as the chick remained in the nest, but as soon as it got out on the ground there was trouble. Occasionally the mother, remembering that she was a pigeon, would get up and fly, thinking the youngster would follow her, but he remained on the ground as hard and fast as though he was anchored there. The only thing he could do was to stand still, watch his mother fly and yell for her in his own peculiar way. Then he tried to imitate her, but up to now his best effort has been a six-inch jump, a flap of the wings and a squawk. The little mother is persevering, but she is nearly discouraged.

## CANADA'S HOMESTEAD LAW.

Canada has a homestead law. Farm lots of 200 acres are granted to each head of a family and 100 to each male adult on condition of their building a log house 16 by 20 feet, cultivating 15 acres in every 100 and residing six months in each year during five years on the property.

Named After the Iron Chancellor. There is a Bismarck archipelago in Melanesia, formerly the New Britain group, a Bismarck range of mountains in New Guinea, a Bismarck peninsula in the south polar lands, a Mount Bismarck in South Africa, a Bismarckburg in Togo Land, and a Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota.

## SHE ROUNDS UP HOBOES.

A Western Woman Who Is an Expert in Persuading Tramps to Work on a Railroad.

Mrs. S. J. Atwood calls herself the "Hobo Hustler of the West," and there is possibly no other woman in the world who holds a similar position. That frowning fortress was the Gibraltar of Mexico. Its massive walls seemed impregnable. But American daring halted at no obstacles, and an enterprize band of volunteers was chosen to scale and assault it, says the Chicago Journal.

Her business is to gather up all the idle laborers she can find and put them to work on the Union Pacific railroad in Colorado, Wyoming and other western sections. She has been employed by the Union Pacific in this capacity for the past 12 years, and the company finds her services indispensable.

Mrs. Atwood arrived in Kansas City the other day, and the next day she left with 50 men for Wyoming. Most of the men were negroes. Several of them had the appearance of typical hobos. Mrs. Atwood has been in the business so long that she says she can tell by looking at a man whether or not he will make a good hand. When she sees one who suits her taste she approaches him without hesitation and asks him how he would like the position she has to offer. It only requires the work of about a minute for the terms to be arranged, and the man is escorted to some corner where others who have engaged have been congregated.

Mrs. Atwood has no place she calls her home, but she usually makes Denver her headquarters. Most of the time is spent between Denver and Portland, Ore. She says she does not exactly like the style of the men she received in Kansas City, as they do not look sufficiently hardy, but that labor is very scarce in the far west just now and she can do better.

The "hobo hustler" is a little woman about 30 years of age. She has short curly hair that is as black as night. She walks with an agile step and always has a pleasing smile for even the toughest hobo.

## AMERICA'S OLDEST NUN.

She Is Colored and Said to Be One Hundred and Seven Years Old.

The oldest nun in the United States, both in point of age and in length of service, is Sister Ellen Joseph (colored), an inmate of the Convent of St. Francis, Baltimore, Md., says the New York Times.

Sister Ellen Joseph is said to be 107 years old. When she first put on the habit of her order, the Oblate Sisters of Providence, 60 years ago, she was then in the prime of life. During her 60 years of service she has been active in performing deeds of charity and goodness. Connected with the convent is an orphan asylum, in which there are about 75 little girls. Nobody has been more painstaking in the training of the children than Sister Ellen. She has been equally zealous in her deeds of charity outside the convent. For the last two years she has not left the building, and for some time before that she has not been able to take an active part in the duties of the community. The man's feet, he said, were well defined, because they were kept stationary; but he was without head or body, for these were in motion.

"To America belongs the honor of making the first photographic portrait, the artist being Prof. John Draper, the inventor of the telegraph, was in Paris when the news was published, and at once went to see Daguerre's wonderful pictures. In describing them afterward, he said that moving objects made no impression on the plate; for a picture taken of a crowded boulevard showed it almost entirely deserted, with the exception of a man having his shoes polished.

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