



Raising "Old Glory" at Fort Santa Cruz, Ladrones Islands. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila."

ON TO MANILA

an illustrated, true and concise history of the

Philippine Campaign

91

Illustrations taken at the time by Douglas White, the war correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner.



The Old Bell at Sumaya, Ladrones Islands. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila."

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A MILLION-DOLLAR CHECK

Story of a Race Between a Locomotive and a Trolley Car.

By CY WARMAN.

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Two prospectors had three claims in a new camp in British Columbia, but they had not the \$7,500 to pay for having them recorded. They told their story to Colonel Topping, author of "The Yellowstone Park," and the colonel advanced the necessary amount. In time the prospectors returned \$5 of the loan and gave the colonel one of the claims for the balance, but more for his kindness to them, for they reckoned it a bully good prospect. Because they considered it the best claim in the camp they called it Le Roi. Subsequently the colonel sold this "King" claim that had cost him \$2,500 for \$30,000.

The new owners of Le Roi stocked the claim and for the following two or three years when a man owed a debt that he was unwilling to pay he paid it in Le Roi stock. If he felt like backing a doubtful horse he put up a handful of mining stock to punish the winner. There is in the history of this interesting mine a story of a man swapping a lot of Le Roi stock for a burro. The former owner of the donkey took the stock and the man it came from into court, declaring that the paper was worthless and that he had been deceived. As late as 1894 a man who ran a restaurant offered 40,000 shares of Le Roi stock for four barrels of Canadian whisky, but the whisky man would not trade that way.

In the meantime, however, men were working in the mine and now they began to ship ore. It was worth \$27 a ton and the stock became valuable. Scattered over the northwest were 500,000 shares that were worth \$500,000. Nearly all the men who had put money into the enterprise were Yankees—mining men from Spokane, just over the border. These men began now to pick up all the stray shares that could be found and in a little while eight-tenths of the shares were held by men living south of the line. At Northport, in Washington, they built one of the finest smelters in the northwest, hauled their ore over there and smelted it. The ore was rich in gold and copper. They put in a 300-horse power hoisting engine and a forty-drill air compressor, the largest in Canada, taking all the money for these improvements out of the mine. The thing was a success and news of it ran down to Chicago. A party of men with money started for the new gold fields, but as they were buying tickets three men rushed in and took tickets for Seattle. These were mining men and those who had bought only to British Columbia cashed in, asked for transportation to the coast and followed the crowd to the Klondike.

In that way Le Roi for the moment was forgotten.

man who was paying for the entertainment.

"Let her go, then." All this was in a low whisper, and now the dispatcher climbed up on the fireman's side and pressed a bit of crumpled tissue paper into the driver's hand.

"Pull out over the switches slowly, and when you are clear of the yards read your orders an' fly."

The driver opened the throttle gently, the big wheels began to revolve, and the next moment the sheriff and one of his deputies boarded the engine. They demanded to know where that train was bound for.

"The train," said the driver, tugging at the throttle, "is back there at the station. I'm goin' to the roundhouse."

When the sheriff, glancing back, saw that the coach had been cut off he swung himself down.

"They've got it up," said the deputy. "I reckon—what's that?" said the sheriff. It was the wild, long whistle of the lone black engine just leaving the yards.

The two officers faced each other and stood listening to the flutter of the straight stack of the black racer as it responded to the touch of the erstwhile drowsy driver, who was at that moment laughing at the high sheriff, and who would return to tell of it, and gloat in the streets of Spokane.

The sheriff knew that three of the men for whom he held warrants were at Hillier, seven miles on the way to Canada. This, then, had been sent to pick them up and bear them away over the border. An electric line paralleled the steam way to Hillier, and now the sheriff boarded a trolley and set sail to capture the engine, leaving one deputy to guard the special car.

By the time the engineer got the water worked out of his cylinders the trolley was creeping up beside his tank. He saw the flash from the wire above as the car, nodding and dipping like a light boat in the wake of a ferry, shot beneath the cross wires, and knew instantly that it was after him.

driver had got the sand running and now as the wheels held the rail the big engine bounded forward, almost shaking the sheriff loose. With each turn of the wheels the speed was increasing. The sheriff held on in three or four seconds he was taking only about two steps between telegraph poles, and then—he let go.

III. While the locomotive and the trolley were racing across the country the governor, who was engineering it all, invested another thousand. He ordered another engine and when it backed onto the coach the deputy sheriff told the driver that he must not leave the station. The engineer held his torch high above his head, looked the deputy over and then went on oiling his engine.

In the meantime the governor had stored his friends away in the dark coach, including the secretary, with the company's great seal. Now the deputy became uneasy.

He dare not leave the train to send a wire to his chief at Hillier, for the sheriff had said: "Keep your eye on the car."

The dispatcher, whose only interest in the matter was to run the trains and earn money for his employer, having given written and verbal orders to the engineer, watched his chance and when the sheriff was pounding on the rear door dodged in at the front, signaling with the bell rope to the driver to go.

Practically now the deputy beat upon the rear door of the car, but the men within only laughed as the wheels rattled over the hot switch and left the lights of Spokane far behind.

Away they went over a new and crooked track, the sand and cinders sucking in round the fall of the train to torment the luckless deputy. Away over hills and rills, past Hillier, where the sheriff still stood staring down the darkness after the vanishing engine; over the switches and through the Seven Devils, while the unhappy deputy hung to the rear railing with one hand and crossed himself.

Each passing moment brought the racing train still nearer the border—to that invisible line that marks the end of Yankee-land and the beginning of the British possessions. The sheriff knew this and beat loudly upon the car's door with an iron gun. The governor let the ash fall at the top of the door and spoke, or rather yelled, to the deputy.

To the governor's amazement the sheriff pushed the bottle aside. Dry and dusty as he was he would not drink. He was too mad to swallow. He poked his head into the dark coach and ordered the whole party to surrender.

"Let go, now," said the governor, and a moment later the deputy picked himself up and limped back over the border.

That day in Roseland the sale was ratified by the directors, the transfer of stock made and the now famous Le Roi mine, the richest perhaps in Canada, passed over to the British-American corporation. Here now the governor issued the million-dollar check. It was O. K'd by Mr. Fraser, the boy banker of Roseland, and paid in a bank that stood where there had been a wilderness but forty months ago.

The men who paid 10 to 60 cents a share for their holdings and sold for \$7 or more went home happy, and would probably have remained so ever after, if the mine had plucked out. But it did not. While these notes were being taken down the shares were selling at \$40 in London, and some of the former owners were taking to drink. But let them be patient. Perhaps some of these speculators who are buying at \$40 may sell for \$7. Le Roi is all right, but the British-American corporation is said to possess mines in Australia that are all wrong. Mining is no less a lottery than matrimony.

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A GOLD BRICK ALSO.



Tramp—Gosh, Bill, whar ye'er goin' with all them gold bricks? Bunk O. Stearer—We're goin' to form a gold-brick trust.

"HEAP BIG INJUN."

A Modern Brave Elected Chief of the Winnebagos.

Big Indian Thomas Richard Roddy, newly elected chief of the Winnebago tribe as successor to Black Hawk, is a brave of a distinctly modern type. His supremacy is due not to his warlike instincts, but to his ability in the peaceful fields of commerce, and especially in that part of them known as Indian trading.

Mr. Roddy began life by selling goods to the Indians, relates the Chicago Times-Herald. His father before him had been an Indian trader and the youngster, as he wandered around among the followers of the other Black Hawk, the fighter who made the government so much trouble in his day, found many opportunities to grow in skill, until he was able to trade calico or cheaper firewater for things of much positive value.

When he grew older Mr. Roddy, or Chief White Buffalo, as he is to be known in the future, found a further field for his abilities in providing Indian bands for spectacular purposes. He was one of the first men to contract for a supply of braves to take part in Buffalo Bill's show. He takes Indians to exhibitions and carnivals and is even planning to take a few hundred to the Paris exposition next year. He wanted to bring some to Chicago for the fall festival, but his proposal was not favorably received. Chief Roddy has one more object in life, and that is the fruitful one of pushing Indian claims to lands which white men have made valuable. For the Winnebago tribe he is

advancing a claim to the Fort Dearborn site and that has occupied much of his time during the six months he has lived in Chicago.

If the Winnebago Indians had any of their old spirit the new chief might find his hands full of trouble before long. A certain brave named Green Cloud, who is now in seclusion in Nebraska, claims to hold the real right of succession to the chieftainship. He is a bad Indian. Mrs. Roddy says he drinks whisky. Tribal war might possibly result, but Mr. Roddy is now on his way to Nebraska, where he hopes to convert Green Cloud to his support. It is Green Cloud who is credited with having killed old Black Hawk's only son three years ago.

The United States government pays \$28,000 a year to the support of the Winnebago Indians. Mr. Roddy has been their business agent for some time and as chief will have even greater authority. When he is invested with his rank at a medicine pow-wow before long he will become the possessor of the many valuable wampum belts which the Winnebagos won and which pass from chief to chief. His private collection of wampum now is said by his wife to be bigger and more valuable than any in the United States, where he will prepare an Indian exhibit at the exposition. Then he will go to Nebraska and from there he will probably go to a reservation near Black River Falls, Wis.

Mr. Roddy was doubtful whether the family would leave their nicely furnished flat at 6226 Ingleside avenue and seek a wigwam under the trees on the reservation or not. She thought not. At any rate the Winnebagos will have the benefits of Chief White Buffalo's smiling countenance and good advice many times each year, as he will take pains to look after their interests whenever his private ventures leave him time.

A SOLDIER'S VICTORY.

The Old Guy Surrenders to the Blunders of the New.

"I tell you," shouted the old gentleman, reports the Detroit Free Press, "I'll not give my consent. I'm not the man to buy a pig in a poke or decide a case after hearing but one side of it. I don't believe he was over a soldier or ever saw a battle in his life. I don't care so much for that, but it's the false pretense. I'm a veteran and I know a soldier when I see him. I'll give him marching orders the next time he calls."

"But, papa, see how straight he walks and what a trim figure he has. And he has told me about lots of battles."

"Boss! There haven't been lots of battles since he was big enough to fight. I tell you that he's a false alarm. I'll trap him yet. I'll hit a house and lot that he can't go through the manual of arms."

"But he can. He took a cane and showed me the whole thing. It was just grand."

"What in creation do you know about it? You couldn't tell the difference between a 'right shoulder, shift' and a 'double quick.' Did he enlist from Detroit?"

"No, Chicago."

"O, of course, some big city where it would take time to look him up. He's a fraud."

"Do listen, papa. He knows all about you Grand Army people and says that you're the finest, bravest, most intelligent military men that ever kept step to fife and drum. He likes beans and coffee for cold lunch and every night he was here he turned the lights out at 10 just from force of habit."

"No! And he said that about us veterans, hey? Well, I'll have a talk with your mother."

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