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"Let her go, then."

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 \$7.50 to pay for having them recorded. stranger's ear. To all letters of inquiry They told their story to Colonel Topping, author of "The Yellowstone Park," and the from men who wanted to be told where colonel advanced the necessary amount. In to dig for gold, he answered, "Klondiketime the prospectors returned \$5 of the loan and gave the colonel one of the claims for again. The mine, of which he owned not the balance, but more for his kindness to a single share of stock, was still producthem, for they reckoned it a bully good ing. When he left Rossland he knew all prospect. Because they considered it the about the lower workings, the value and best claim in the camp they called it Le Roi. extent of the ore body. Subsequently the colonel sold this "King" that had cost him \$2.50 for \$30,000.

hat had cost him \$2.50 for \$30,000. Were held by Spokane people. The gov-The new owners of Le Roi stocked the ernor, having arranged with a wealthy claim and for the following two or three English syndicate, was in a position to buy years when a man owed a debt that he was the mine, but the owners did not seem unwilling to pay he paid it in Le Roi stock. anxious to sell. Eventually, however, when If he felt like backing a doubtful horse he be was able to offer them an average of put up a handful of mining stock to punish \$7.50 for shares that had cost the holders the winner. There is in the history of this but from 10 to 60 cents a share about half interesting mine a story of a man swapping of them were willing to sell; the balance a lot of Le Roi stock for a burro. The were not. Now the governor cared noth-former owner of the donkey took the stock ing for this "balance" so long as he could and the man it came from into court, de- secure a majority-a controlling interest in a man who ran a restaurant offered 40,000 shares he had already picked up and now, shares of Le Roi stock for four barrels of from the faction who were willing to sell, Canadian whisky, but the whisky man would he secured an option on 242,000 shares, not trade that way.

In the meantime, however, men were ready secured, would put his friends in working in the mine and now they began to control of the property. ship ore. It was worth \$27 a ton and the As news of the proposed sale got out the stock became valuable. Scattered over the gorge that was yawning between the two 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 those all the stray shares that could be found and the moving of the seal of the company to in a little while eight-tenths of the shares Canada; in short, to stop the sale. They 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 Scattle. 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

In that way Le Roi for the moment was forgotten.

The lieutenant governor of the north- got up and explained that the cab of his silly yelp. west territories, who had been a jour-nalist and had a nose for news, heard of his right foot. the new camp. All the while men were ture of a man to go from home for a thing he might secure under his own vine. The governor visited the new camp. A violent foot up again the crown-sheet o' man named Ross Thompson had staked out your trousers if you don't jump." a town at the foot of Le Rol dump and called it Ressland. The governor put men Now the chief dispatcher came from the leaped to the ground and came running for to work, quietly, in the mine and then station, stole along the shadow side of the the engine. The wheels slipped and each went back to his plank palace at Regina, capital of the northwest territories—to a the train, capital that looked for all the world like A deput

months he waited, watching the "Imperial ear,

himRed" cross the prairie, receiving dele-

All this was in a low whisper, and now

gations of half breeds and an occasional

By and by the governor went to Rossland

By this time nearly all the Le Roi shares

factions grew wider.

who

he was goin'.

"Goin' to sleep."

an officer of the law?"

The man jumped

"No," said the engineer, "but I'll lay

A deputy sheriff climbed up on the rear

"Pull out over the switches slowly, and poles, and then-he let go. when you are clear of the yards read your The driver opened the throttle gently,

the big wheels began to revolve, and the report from one of the common miners in next moment the sheriff and one of his deputies boarded the engine. They de-Le Roi. If a capitalist came seeking a soft manded to know where that train was bound place to invest the governor pointed to the

westbound limited and whispered in the "The train," said the driver, tugging at the throttle, "is back there at the station. coming from Ottawa or England, letters 'm goin' to the roundhouse."

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

"They've gi'n it up," said the deputy. "I reckon-what's that?" said the sheriff. It was the wild, dong whistle of the lone black engine just leaving the yards. The two officers faced each other and stood lis tening 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 engine, then, had been sent to pick them up and bear them away over the border. claring that the paper was worthless and the mine—for the English would have it in An electric line paralleled the steam way that be had been buncoed. As late as 1894 no other way. A few thousand scattering 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 which, togother with the odd shares alworked out of his cylinders the trolley was

creeping up beside his tank. He saw the hash from the wire above as the car, nodding and dipping like a light boat in the wake of a ferry, shot beneath the cross

rushing to the Klondike, for it is the na- that you are about to lay violent hands upon Le Roi had been warned by wire and were waiting, ready to board the engine.

The big wheels had scarcely stopped revolving when the men began to get on. vice you'll fall off. They had barely begun to turn again when the trolley dashed into Hillier. The sheriff pace. The whistle sounded, one long, wild Now the chief dispatcher came from the leaped to the ground and came running for scream, and the speed of the train slackened. car and spoke to the man who had ordered passing second brought the mighty hand of the sheriff stood on the lower step. the law, now outstretched, still nearer to a Kansas frontier town that had just end of the special, tried the door, shaded but the sheriff was doing better. Ten feet panions, coased to be the county seat. Here for his eyes and endeavored to look into the separated the pursued and pursuer. It "I are slipped again and the sheriff caught the of you." "Have you the running orders?" asked the corner of the engine tank. By this time the

loose. With each turn of the wheels the the dispatcher climbed up on the fireman's speed was increasing. The sheriff held on side and pressed a bit of crumpled tissue and in three or four seconds he was taking only about two steps between telegraph

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

He dare not leave the train to send 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. Frantically now the deputy beat upon the rear door of the car, but the men within only laughed as the wheels rattled over the hist 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 tail 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

"Now we're going to slow down at the line to about twenty miles an hour, more or less, and if you'll take a little friendly ad-The train was still running at a furious

"Here you are," the governor called, and The door opened and the governor stepped the tail of the tank. It was moving now, out on the platform, followed by his com-

"I arrest you," the sheriff shouted, "all "But you can't-you're in British Colum

moment later the deputy picked himself up

and limped back over the border. That day in Rossland 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 Britsh-American corporation. Here now the governor issued the million-dollar check. It was O K'd by Mr. Fraser, the boy banker of Rossland, and paid in a bank that stood where had been a wilderness but forty moons

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 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 British-American corporation is said to possess mines in Australia that are all wrong. Mining is no less a lottery than

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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 Brack Hawk, the fighter who pinched out. But it did not. While these his day, found many opportunities to grow made the government so much trouble in in skill, until he was able to trade calico or cheaper firewater for things of much

these speculators who are buying at \$40 may White Buffalo, as he is to be known in the When he grew older Mr. Roddy, or Chief sell for \$7. Le Roi is all right, but 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 expositions 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 siting 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 now-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 Mr. Roddy is now on his way to St. Louis, the exposition. Then he will go to Nebraska and from there he will probably go to the reservation near Black River Falls, Wis. Mr. Roddy was doubtful whether the family would leave their nicely furnished flat at 6026 Ingleeide 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 One Surrenders to the Blandishments 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 ever a soldier or ever saw a battle in his life. I don't care so much for that, but it's the false pretenses. 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." "Bosh! 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 bet 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?"

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

"No, Chicago."

"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, Well, I'll have a talk with your

It Saved His Baby. "I take great pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy to the people of this vicinity." says Mr. J. H. Doak, Williams, Oregon. "When my baby was terribly sick with the diarrhoea we were unable to cure him with the decrease we were unable to cure him with the dector's assistance. As a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy, and I am happy to say received immediate relief and a complete



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

crossed himself. wires, and knew instantly that it was after Each passing moment brought the rac Finally, when the day arrived for the ing train still nearer the border-to that transfer to be made, the faction opposed An electric car would not be plowing invisible line that marks the end of Yankeeto the sale prepared to make trouble for through the gloom at that rate without a land and the beginning of the British poswere selling, to prevent ray of light merely for the fun of the thing. sessions. The cheriff knew this and beat A smile of contempt curled the lip of the loudly upon the car's door with an iron gun. driver as he cut the reverse lever back to The governor let the sash fall at the top did not go with guns to the secretary and the first notch, put on the injector and of the door and spoke, or rather yelled, to keeper of the seal and say "Bide where you be," but they went into court and opened the throttle yet a little wider. the deputy. The two machines were running almost To the governor's amazement the sheriff swore out warrants for the arrest of the secretary and those of the directors who neck and neck now. The trolley cried, hissed pushed the bottle aside. Dry and dusty as he was he would not drink. He was too and spit fire in its mad effort to pass the favored the sale, charging them with conlocomotive. A few stray sparks went out of mad to swallow. He poked his head into It was midnight in Spokane. the engine stack and fell upon the roof of the dark coach and ordered the whole party the racing car. At intervals of half a to surrender. A black locomotive, hitched to a dark day ceach, stood in front of the Great Northern "Just say what you want," said a voice minute the fireman opened the furpace door station. The dim light of the gauge lamp and by the flare of light from the white, hot | in the gloom, "and we'll pass it out to you." showed two nodding figures in the cab. Out firebox the engine driver could see the men The sheriff became busy with some curves on the platform a man wafked up and down, on the teetering trolley—the motorman, the and reverse curves now, and made no reply. conductor, the sheriff and his deputy. keeping an eye on the engine, that was to Presently the governor came to the Slowly now the black fiver began to slip cost him a cool thousand for a 100-mile window in the rear door again and called run. Presently a man with his coat collar away from the electric machine. up the sheriff. about his ears stepped up into the gang-The driver, smiling across the glare of the "We are now nearing the border," he said furnace door at his silent, sooty companion, to the man on the platform. "They won't way, shook the driver and asked him where touched the throttle again and the great know you over there. Here you stand for engine drew away from the trolley, as a law and order, and I respect you, though I The man would not be denied, however, jack rabbit who has been fooilng with a don't care to meet you personally, but over and when he became too pressing the driver | Yellow dog passes swiftly out of reach of his | the border you'll only stand for your sentence -two years for carrying a cannon on your Now the men on the trolley heard the hip-and then they'll take you away to wild, triumphant scream of the iron horse, prison." "Hold," cried his tormentor, "do you know | whistling for Hiller. The three directors of The sheriff made no answer.