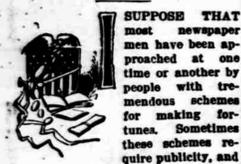


## ONE ROAD TO FORTUNE



**SUPPOSE THAT** most newspaper men have approached at one time or another by people with tremendous schemes for making fortunes. Sometimes these schemes require publicity, and so the owner of a world-revolutionizing patent selects a newspaper man in the hope of getting that publicity which the inventor thinks is all that is really needed to bring it to success.

London has always been the happy hunting ground for men who wish to get capital for their projects. The smoking-rooms in the big hotels on Northumberland avenue are usually very full of Americans who have come to see the city and to see the schemes which require small fortunes to get them going. There was a time almost anything American could be floated on the London market, but that time is past, and I doubt if it will ever return.

There is a general belief that most prominent American financiers, so far as my own experience goes I find generally that the men believe in the schemes they have come across the Atlantic to promote. The investing part of the British public have been so duped by the whole-sale railway schemes of America, and the whole Atlantic schemes for robbing them of their money, that for the past few years, it has become increasingly difficult to capitalize anything from the United States. The present crisis between the two countries has effectively killed any remnant of confidence that the British capitalist had in American investments, and now if the man with a business to sell is wise he will endeavor to sell it at home, and not spend his time and substance upon London hotels.

Sometimes these schemes are not what they appear to be on the surface. Some years ago three young men from Chicago called upon me wanting some information about the ways and the haunts of the British capitalist, although they thought I knew anything about him. They were all lawyers, and as far as I could see had not yet succeeded in building a remunerative practice for themselves in the well-known city of Chicago. They had a plan, however, of making a fortune for themselves in a short time, and when this ambition had been attained, they intended to go in for name and fame in the law business. They claimed that there was a great deal of money to be made in seal fishing. They therefore came over to England for the purpose of raising money enough to fit out ten small vessels and send them from British Columbia to engage in the sealing trade.

I pointed out to the young men that it was rather strange for three citizens of the United States to come to a foreign country for the purpose of getting money together with the object of disobeying the mandate of their own government; but the young men replied that they had gone deeply into international law, that the United States was wrong in its contention that sealers could be driven from the Bering Sea; that the United States would undoubtedly lose its case if it went to arbitration, and that when the decision of the international court was given against the United States, there would be a tremendous rush into the sealing business, and so they wanted to get organized thoroughly before the traffic began, and before the cream of the business was divided among too many.

I intended to give still another instance of a gigantic scheme for making a fortune, but to that I shall devote a separate article.

## LAND WITHOUT ODORS.

Some of the peculiarities of the "Great American Desert."

"In that country once known as the 'Great American Desert,' embracing a portion of Texas, Arizona, there are no odors," said a citizen of Dallas to a reporter. "There are luciferous grapes and many other fruits grow, especially near the cross-timber country, but there is no perfume; wild flowers have no smell and carcasses of dead animals, which in dry seasons are very plentiful, emit no odor."

"It was always supposed to be a treeless plain, upon which no plant could grow or breathing thing could live, but a large part of it is now successfully cultivated, and but for the rarity of the atmosphere, causing the peculiarity I have named, and the mirages, which are even more perfect than in the desert of Sahara, no one would look upon it as a barren country now."

"Another singular feature common to the desert land is that objects at a great distance appear greatly magnified. A few scraggy mesquite bushes will look like a noble forest. Stakes driven into the ground will seem like telegraph poles."

The Montana Onion Club. The nutritious and wholesome onion occasionally finds its vindicators. At the thriving Montana city of Anaconda there is a dining club called the Anaconda Onion society. Its first feast was recently given with distinguished success. The members of the club were seated at long tables with covers for all the guests. At each plate was a large and juicy onion; in the middle of the table were an array of meats, bread, fruit, crackers, cheese and other things. At one end of the hall floated the standard of the club in a proud and conspicuous manner. It consisted of a pole surmounted by a string of the vegetables from which the society takes its name. On the wall hung the motto, beautifully wrought, "In Onion There is Strength." Each member wore a pretty boush of little onions. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all the participants and the society hopes to do much to restore the onion to the honor and esteem of the world.

A memorial tablet has been placed on Lawn Bank, the Hampstead villa, where Keats wrote his "Ode to a Nightingale."

## CAREFUL THAT YOU KEEP WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE LAW, AND IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD MAKE NO MOVE WITHOUT THE ADVICE OF A COMPETENT ENGLISH SOLICITOR.

There was some alarm in his face as he looked quickly up at me.

"Why do you say that?" he asked. "Because yesterday a man dropped in here to make inquiries about you and I suspect, without being absolutely certain, that he is a detective of some sort."

"Did you tell him anything about our business over here?" asked the young man.

"No, I did not, but I should judge from my visitor's talk that he knows a good deal about your business already."

"Well," said the young man, "I know considerable about the law on both sides of the Atlantic, and we have been doing nothing illegal."

"The young man left and that was the last I ever saw of the Chicago trio. About a week later the same gentleman came in again with a smile on his face, and he was smiling 'keg.'"

"Oh, have they?" I asked; "I don't know, I haven't seen any of them for some weeks."

"Yes," he continued, "they took the hint you gave them, and concluded they would be safer on the other side. Of course you told them that I had been here?"

"I told one of them you had been here."

"That was why I came. We don't want to have any trouble with these young fellows, and I think they will enjoy themselves better on the other side of the ocean."

"What have they been doing?" I asked. "Their business seemed straight enough. They haven't been breaking the law, have they?"

"Well, not exactly, and yet they have been sailing rather close to the wind. What did they tell you they were doing here?"

"They said they wanted to get up capital to fit out ten small sealing vessels to sail from British Columbia."

"Exactly! Did they add that they had no intention of capturing any seals?"

"No. Why should they want to fit out a sailing fleet if they caught nothing?"

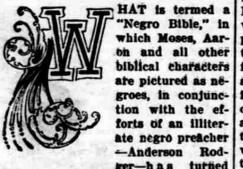
"Their object," replied the man, "was not to catch, but to be caught. Their vessels were to be fitted out for no other purpose but to be caught and brought in by the United States cruisers; then when the case came to arbitration, and when the United States failed to win (as probably they will fail), heavy suits for damages would be brought against the United States government by the nominal owners of these vessels. The three young men were not to appear in any way in the company, but they were to extract whatever damages would be extracted from the United States government. They were also to appear as the legal advisers of the nominal owners of the vessels in the United States courts, if the matter went to the courts. This, they claimed, would give them a certain legal standing in Chicago, and with the money they were to have received, they might not after all have turned out a bad speculation. Their design came to the ear of the authorities over here, who were very anxious that nothing should be done to complicate affairs. There were hardly sufficient grounds to justify the arrest of the young men, and if they had been arrested there would probably have been an outcry on the other side, that innocent young men were being tyrannized over by the brutal British. However, they seemed to know very well that they were not in legitimate business, and I was very glad they took their departure as quietly as they did."

I intended to give still another instance of a gigantic scheme for making a fortune, but to that I shall devote a separate article.

## NEGROES IMPOSED ON.

A "BLACK BIBLE" IS BEING SOLD IN THE SOUTH.

The Bible Characters All Colored—Black Angels Ascend Jacob's Ladder—Separation Negroes Prepared to Leave This World—Lost Their Minds.



**W**HAT IS termed a "Negro Bible," in which Moses, Aaron and all other biblical characters are pictured as negroes, in conjunction with the efforts of an illiterate negro preacher—Anderson Rodgers—a tourist at the heads of about 400 superstitious negroes in Atlanta, Ga. Rodgers told the "400" that the world would come to an end recently, consequently the negroes made all the necessary preparations to go heavenward. They disposed of all their properties and household furnishings, so that they would have money enough to pay all expenses in connection with the trip. The day set for judgement is past, but the negroes are yet on terra firma—crazy and in destitute circumstances. Many of them have been arrested and will be sent to asylums, while others have left Atlanta.

The illustrated Bible is colored with a great sale among the colored people in the black belt of Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama. A specimen illustration, that of Jacob's dream of the



FRONTISPIECE OF THE "BLACK BIBLE."

ladder reaching to heaven, upon which were angels ascending and descending, is herewith reproduced. The original plate is in gaudy colors—red, blue and yellow; and the shrewd agents have deftly hand-painted about half of the angelic host until they represent negro cherubs, cherubim and seraphim.

The idea has taken like hot cakes among the pious black folks, who are flocking to the white man's store to buy the new Bible. The young man, being without funds, was in a dilemma, and the worst of it was he could not see his way clear to procure the necessary amount to pay for the certificates and ceremony. His home was in a western state, and he received an allowance from his father only once in six months. It was not due for nearly two months. He concluded that his only course was to try the method referred to above. The clerk, being a fellow of the same color as the young man, he would perform the ceremony and trust him for the pay, providing the lady in question was of age. The next day the couple put in an appearance, and were married. Upon the arrival of the next allowance from his parent, the youth walked into the office one day, made himself known and gave the clerk a \$10 bill.

What to Cultivate. "If a girl is anxious to marry—"

"If she is anxious to marry and marry well, from the point of view of society, I suppose she should prepare herself as she would for a profession."

There are some things that she should cultivate assiduously, and others to which she need devote little attention.

"There are."

"Well, what would you advise her to cultivate particularly?"

## GOT MARRIED ON CREDIT.

Lack of Money No Impediment to the Student and His Bride.

The city registrar's office in the old court house is the scene of one or two marriages daily, and at the present time business is booming, says the Boston Herald. Amusing incidents frequently occur. Perhaps the most peculiar case that has come up recently, an account of which was related to a reporter a few days ago, is that of a Harvard student who is in love and without funds. The love conquered his pride, and he concluded to investigate the matter with a view of getting married. He made his appearance at the desk of the registrar's office and inquired if that was the place where he could procure a marriage certificate and also get married. He was informed that it was, and a blank application was handed to him, which he proceeded to fill out.

After this proceeding was gone through with he looked up and, in a hesitating manner, asked the clerk if he could have a few moments' private conversation with him. He was taken into his ante-room, and this is the tale unfolded. He said he was deeply in love with a young lady, and that she was also very much in love with him. But her parents had serious objections to the match, and did all that was in their power to break it off. They had closed their doors to him, but, notwithstanding this, he succeeded in arranging meetings with his heart's choice, and during one of these he proposed marriage to her and was accepted, he arguing that if they were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony nothing, not even her stern parents, could separate them. He had arranged the details and concluded that the only thing to be

For a moment there was a painful hush. The crowd drew back involuntarily, and a gasp of surprise which struck the blasphemer, a middle-sized, athletic fellow, with black beard, thick waving hair, and flashing brown eyes. His white teeth were showing now in a snarl like a dog's, his cap was on the ground, his hair was tumbled, his hands were twitching with passion, his feet were kicking furiously, and every time it struck the ground a little silver bell rang at his knee, a pretty sylvan sound, in no keeping with the scene. It heightened the distress of the fellow's blasphemy and ungodly anger. For a man to curse his baptism was a fearful thing; but the other call was more for human ears, and horror held the crowd motionless for a moment.

Then, as suddenly as the stillness came, a low, threatening murmur of voices rose, and a movement to close in on the man was made; but a figure pushed through the crowd, and, standing in front of the man, he held up the people back. It was the cure, the beloved M. Fabre, whose life had been spent among them, whom they obeyed as well as they could; for they were but frail humanity, after all, simply crude folk, touched with imagination.

"Lac Pomfrette, why have you done this? What provocation had you?"

The cure's voice was stern and cold, his usually gentle face had become severe, his soft eyes were piercing and determined.

The foot of the man still beat the ground angrily, and the little bell kept tinkling. He was gnawing with passion, and he did not answer yet.

"Lac Pomfrette, what have you to say?" asked the cure again. He motioned back Ardene, the constable of the parish, who had suddenly appeared with a rusty rifle and a more rusty pair of handcuffs.

Still the voyager did not answer.

"The blasphemy is horrible, a shame and stigma upon Pontiac forever." He looked Pomfrette in the face. "Foul-mouthed and wicked man, it is two years since you took the blessed sacrament. Last Easter day you were in a bad way. He was gnawing with passion, and he did not answer yet.

"You have a bad heart," he answered, "and you give us an evil name. I command you to come to mass next Sunday to repent and to hear your penance given from the altar. For until—"

"I'll go to no mass till I'm carried to it," was the sullen, malevolent interruption.

The cure turned upon the people. "This is a blasphemer, an evil-hearted, shameless man," he said furiously. "He repents humbly, and bows his head to the mercy of God, and his heart to the mercy of God, I command you to avoid him as you would a plague. I command that no door be open to him; that no one offer him comfort or friendship; that no one give him a job or a bonjour pass between you. He has blasphemed against our Father in heaven; he is a leper." He turned to Pomfrette. "I pray God that you have no peace in mind or body till your evil life is changed, and your black heart is broken by sorrow and repentance."

Then to the people he said again: "I have commanded you to go to your soul's sake; see that you obey. Go to your homes. Let us leave the leper alone." He waved the awed crowd back.—From "The Little Bell of Honor," by Gilbert Parker, in the Century.

## IN FRENCH CANADA.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER ON CANADIAN FRONTIER.

A Rough Voyager Utters the Worst of His Profanity, and the Parish Cure Hears Him from the Altar—A Sketch from "The Little Bell of Honor."

**ACREZ** mon baptême! "What did he say?" asked the little chemist, stepping from his doorway. "He cursed his baptism," answered tall Medallion, the English tinner, pushing his way farther into the crowd.

"Ah, the pitiful valet!" said the little chemist's wife, shuddering; for that was an oath not to be endured by any one who called the church mother.

The crowd that had gathered at the Four Corners were greatly disturbed for they also felt the repulsion that possessed the little chemist's wife. They babbled, shook their heads, and waved their hands excitedly, and swayed and craned their necks to see the offender.

All at once his voice, mad with rage, was heard above the rest, shouting furiously a curse which was a horribly grotesque blasphemy upon the name of God. Men who had used that oath in their insane anger had been known to commit suicide out of remorse afterwards.

For a moment there was a painful hush. The crowd drew back involuntarily, and a gasp of surprise which struck the blasphemer, a middle-sized, athletic fellow, with black beard, thick waving hair, and flashing brown eyes. His white teeth were showing now in a snarl like a dog's, his cap was on the ground, his hair was tumbled, his hands were twitching with passion, his feet were kicking furiously, and every time it struck the ground a little silver bell rang at his knee, a pretty sylvan sound, in no keeping with the scene. It heightened the distress of the fellow's blasphemy and ungodly anger. For a man to curse his baptism was a fearful thing; but the other call was more for human ears, and horror held the crowd motionless for a moment.

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## A PROFITLESS LESSON.

A Commanding Officer's Order Who Had Idea.

In one of our infantry regiments quartered at Alderhot some time ago, one of the men was detailed for commanding officer's orderly. It was a miserable day, rain coming down in torrents, and one of the duties of the orderly being to tramp to the far end of the camp, our son of Mars thought it was just as well, as, being a wet day, his comrades would have no parade.

Thus it was in no good humor that he repaired to the orderly room. Walking straight to the colonel he said, in an abrupt and surly tone: "I'm your orderly."

The colonel was too astonished to reply, and the man repeated: "I'm your orderly."

The colonel rose from his chair and said: "Come here, my man. Sit down in my place and fancy you are the colonel and I the orderly, and I will show you what you ought to do and how to do it."

He went outside, and knocking at the door, he opened it, and walking straight to the man, saluted and said: "I've come to report myself as your orderly, sir."

"Very well, remain outside, I will call you when I want you."

He did so, and, waiting a few minutes, he heard the man call "Orderly."

What was his astonishment on going in to see the man leaning back in the chair with his feet on the table, smoking a cigarette, and to hear him say in a drawing voice: "I won't want you any more, orderly. You may go to Halifax for the rest of the day."

It is needless to say the colonel did not avail himself of the permission.—Spare Moments.

**Evolution.** We are all evolutionists, but not all of us are radical evolutionists. The radical evolutionist believes that all the processes of God are growth, and that all forms of life have sprung from primordial types. Man, he believes, is no exception to the rule. As he sees the individual of the race develop from the embryo, so does he believe the race has developed. I am a radical evolutionist.—Rev. Lyman Abbott.

**Could Hear.** Hans had climbed up into the cherry tree to gather cherries. Meantime a storm came on and the father called out to the lad: "Come down, Hans, it is beginning to thunder."

"There's no need, father," shouted the boy. "I can hear it where I am!"—Illustrate Chron.

**They Make Wooden Toothpicks.** The peculiar industry which keeps up the village of Strong, Me., is the manufacture of wooden toothpicks. There is always a demand for this kind of toothpicks, for only very economical persons ever think of using the same one twice.

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.** In the United States there are over 37,000 female telegraph operators. Weather bureaus are now in existence in every civilized nation in the world, including China and Japan. The sum of \$60,000 is annually paid by the gambling institution at Monte Carlo, for the support of the clergy of Monaco. Antelopes are becoming quite scarce in Texas. Only a few years ago they could be seen on the prairies in vast herds. Mrs. Annie Merrifield, of Limington, Me., is still industrious, at the age of ninety-four. She spends most of her time in knitting socks, which are sold in Portland. Miss Ella Ewing, of Price, Mo., weighs 250 pounds, and is said to be seven feet two inches in height. She attends church regularly, and takes up the collection every Sunday. A big turkey was being dressed, by Henry D. Long, a cook in a Bridgeport (Conn.) restaurant. In the gizzard he saw something glittering, and it proved to be a diamond worth \$200. A household curiosity is the asbestos towel, which never needs washing. When soiled, it is cleaned by throwing it in the fire, and in a few minutes it may be taken out fresh and clean. Health officers want \$300,000 with which to fight tuberculosis in New York state. They claim that the disease is the one most prevalent among human beings and animals in the state. The first prize in the freshman oratorical contest, some days ago, at Earlham college, Richmond, Ind., was carried by a full-blooded Indian girl, Miss Gertrude Simmons, of Deadwood, S. D. Corsets have been worn since the earliest ages. The mummy of an Egyptian princess, that had been entombed for two thousand years before the Christian era, was lately found incased in a laced corset. **FEMININE CONCEITS.** A long-suffering woman wrote recently in her plea for pocket in the feminine gown: "Birds have claws, beasts ante-topics and the opossum require something to serve the purpose of a pocket."

## HUMOROUS.

The wife: "Isn't that your eye doctor?" The husband: "I thought so until he sent in his bill. He's a skin specialist."—Harper's Weekly.

Her effort to be agreeable—Clergyman: "Some people think I preach long sermons. Do you think so?" She: "Oh, no! They only seem long."—Puck.

Visitor: "But this portrait of the order being to tramp to the far end of the camp, our son of Mars thought it was just as well, as, being a wet day, his comrades would have no parade."

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## THE OLD RELIABLE

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COLUMBUS

THE COUNTY OF PLATTE,

The State of Nebraska

AND THE REST OF MANKIND

\$1.50 A YEAR,

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER!