

# WEEKLY GROSS REPORTER.

By WHITE & WILLIAMS.

## WHEELERS GROVE, ILLINOIS.

Underwood is to get \$250,000 for 100 horses. He ought to save enough out of it to get a hair-cut.

Some unscrupulous rascal stole the horse of the Minneapolis mayor the other night. That's one on him.

At last there is something fresh in the line of monopolistic combination. A rock salt trust has been formed.

Times may be pretty hard, but last year one man in Philadelphia made \$50,715,549—Director of the Mint Preston.

Bert's new play is to be, as it is advertised, a "triumph of realism," it will never do to give the star a striking part in it.

Speaking of international yachting, there's many a slip betwixt the cup on this side of the Atlantic and the lip on the other.

A Milwaukee man choked to death on a Limburger cheese sandwich. This is certainly one of the most dreadful accidents that possibly could have a cure.

The large number of "messiahs" who are hobbing up all over the country furnishes a sad commentary on the lax censorial methods in vogue in the provinces.

The governor of Georgia has eighty-four colonels on his staff. There are only twenty staff members, but several of them are colonels in different organizations.

A 70-year-old Kentuckian blew out his brains because a 14-year-old girl wouldn't marry him. The young woman's judgment was triumphantly vindicated.

Last week twenty-two young college men earned \$28,000 net in two hours on the football field in New York. They will not earn so much in two years after graduation.

President Diaz of Mexico has done well to stop bull fighting for a time. He would do better if he would take the bull by the horns and stop such amusements altogether.

A New York paper devotes two columns to explaining how a modern millionaire prepared his daughter for society. The first and most essential preparation is to get the million.

A New York editor says that "Tom Wood's mustache has gone." That fellow evidently is after some appointment and wants to flatter Reed or he never would have noticed a little thing like that.

President Smith Low, of Columbia college, in his address at Atlanta, remarked: "Count nothing valueless in the world about you or in the population in your midst." How about that population?

Kansas directs Secretary Carlisle's anxious attention to a new way to increase the amount of money in circulation. Some fellow out there has been hoodling the state with \$10 bills raised from \$1 bills.

The coinage by the mints during 1904 was: Gold, \$43,932,475; silver dollars, \$2,564,611; subsidiary silver coins, \$5,113,499; minor coins, \$712,594; a total coinage of \$53,715,549. In addition to the coinage executed by the mints during the year, gold bars were manufactured of the value of \$43,153,370 and silver bars of the value of \$10,341,545. The average London price of silver bullion during the year was 29 pence, equivalent to 63.5 cents. The highest price of silver during the year was 68 cents; the lowest price, 59.8 cents. At the average price of silver bullion during the fiscal year the ratio of gold to silver was 1 to 32.5, and the bullion value of a United States silver dollar was \$1.03168.

An English exchange says: "One of the most gratifying signs of the times, from a political, no less than from a commercial, point of view, is the steady progress which is being made with the work of opening up the long-neglected regions of Northern Russia. It is stated that at the present moment the Russian finance minister is engaged in the consideration of various schemes of railway enterprise proposed by a group of capitalists at Moscow and by the municipalities of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The fact that the regions to be opened up are populous and rich in natural and agricultural wealth seems to point to possibilities of very profitable results resulting from the new lines. Whether that be so or not, any money expended which finds employment for the hands and heads of the people of Russia and draws their attention from foreign intrigues will be well laid out."

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## SMOKING HORSES.

The Strange Way in Which Indians Obtain Their Mounts.

A curious method of obtaining horses is practiced by some of the Indian tribes. It is called on the plains "smoking horses." If a tribe decides to send out a war-party, the first thing to be thought of is whether there are enough horses at hand to mount the warriors. If, as is often the case, the horses of the tribe have been stolen by other Indians, they decide to "smoke" enough horses for present needs and to steal a supply from their enemies at the first opportunity.

When this decision is reached, a runner is dispatched to the nearest friendly tribe with the message that on a certain day they will be visited by a number of young men, forming a war-party from his tribe, who require horses. On the appointed day the warriors appear, stripped to the waist. They march silently to the village of their friends, seat themselves in a circle, light their pipes and begin to smoke, at the same time making their wishes known in a sort of droning chant.

Presently there is seen, far out on the plain, a band of horsemen riding gayly—caparisoned steeds fully equipped for war. These horsemen dash up to the village and wheel about the band of beggars sitting on the ground, in circles which constantly grow smaller, until, at last, they are as close as they can get to the smokers without riding over them. Then each rider selects the man to whom he intends to present his pony, and as he rides around, singing and yelling, he lashes the bare back of the man he has selected with the heavy rawhide whip until the blood is seen to trickle down. If one of the smokers should flinch under the blows, he would not get his horse, but would be sent home on foot and in disgrace. At last, when the horsemen think their friends have been made to pay enough in suffering for their ponies, each dismounts, places the bridle in the hand of the smoker he has selected, and at the same time hands him the whip saying:

"Here, beggar, is a pony for you to ride, for which I have left my mark." After all the ponies have been presented the "beggars" are invited to a grand feast, during which they are treated with every consideration by their hosts, who also load them with food sufficient for their homeward journey. The braves depart with full stomachs and aching backs, but happy in the possession of their ponies and in anticipation of the time when their friends shall be in distress and shall come to smoke horses with them. J. W. L.

## A PRINCESS' DAIRY.

Said to Be the Most Ideal of Its Kind in Existence.

Probably the most ideal dairy in existence is that of the princess of Wales, in which not only she, but her daughters, have learned to make the most perfect of butter. The walls are covered with tiles presented to the prince of Wales, who placed them as a surprise to the royal dairymaids. They were made in Bombay, and are of a deep peacock blue, the rose, shamrock and thistle being intertwined, with the motto, "Ich dien." A white marble counter running around the room holds silver pans of milk from the Alderneys grazing without. Above this, on broad bracket shelves of marble, is a collection, in every imaginable material, of cows, bullocks and calves—Italian and Parian marble, alabaster, porcelain, terra cotta and silver—all gifts. A long milk can, painted by the Princess Louise to match the Indian tiling, stands in one corner, and opposite is the head of the princess' pet Alderney, with a silver plate recording her virtues. Here the princess sometimes churns in a silver churn, and in the next room the butter for morning when they are in London. The day's supply is made up into little pats and scrolls all ready for the table, and the prince requires a special order of pats. Not a grain of salt is allowed in them, and they are made the size of half a dollar, and the thickness of three, with either the crown, the coat of arms or the three feathers stamped on each.

## The Bicycle Habit.

The "bicycle craze" is causing a genuine gabfest. The scientific men are attacking the bicycle in the interest of morality and declaring it the greatest "matrimonial promoter" of the age, and the political economists see in it a source of revenue to the government. The tobacco men say it destroying the sale of cigars, and the saloon men say it curtailing the sale of liquor. If the two latter contentions are correct, then it is a blessing; if the contention of men of science in the medical world that it is an excitant of dormant and hitherto unknown passions in the pure young girl be correct, then it had better go. There seems to be good grounds for the assertions of physicians as to its baneful influence upon the young girl, which are accentuated by the extreme democracy of bicycle riders. In this case, then, the political economists had better be allowed to have their way, and the bicycle taxed so heavily that it will be taxed out of existence. Morality seems to be going out of fashion as it is, and this nation wants nothing that will help it along. Instead of encouraging any fad that will accelerate the exit of chastity in woman from the world, we want all the brakes possible put upon the immediate jewel of woman's soul, to hold it where it belongs. If the bicycle be to her a danger, smash it!

"I wonder what makes those buttons burst off so?" Dora pertinently exclaimed. David looked at her right eye. "One green," "Poets of habit, probably," he said after a thoughtful pause.—Boston Herald Tribune.

## MANY RICH NEGROES.

LIVE IN CHICAGO, WHERE THEY OWN MILLIONS.

Remarkable Careers of Colored People, Who Have Escaped from Slavery to Affluence Since the War—Lewis Bates' Romantic Life.

(Chicago Correspondence.)

FOR several years after Abraham Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, a colored man who was worth \$1,000 was a rarity. Now the colored people pay taxes on millions of dollars' worth of property in the United States, and in Chicago alone there are several colored people who are worth over \$250,000. Lewis Bates, an ex-expressman, who lives all alone in one plain little room at 400 Dearborn street, is probably the wealthiest colored person in Chicago. He is worth nearly \$500,000. He owns the large four-story brick in which he lives, and his name is carved in a gray stone center-piece over the door. Bates has an-



LEWIS BATES.

other house just like it on Plymouth place. Both are within a stone's throw of Polk street depot, and including the lots on which they stand, are each valued at \$75,000. But this is only a small part of Mr. Bates' possessions. Out on State street near Thirty-sixth, he has just completed a seven-story and basement pressed brick and terra cotta apartment-house worth over \$100,000, which he rents entirely to white tenants. Besides, he is said to be interested in several commercial schemes and to carry a large, inviting bank book in his inside pocket.

Bates is a peculiar character. There is a touch of pathos and a romance in the story of his life. Born a slave in North Carolina, he was sold away from his parents when a babe. After being sold into nearly every state in the South he was finally purchased by a trader, who brought him to St. Louis, where he was again offered for sale in common with a miscellaneous lot of slaves. Bates was then a young man. An old "auntie" who had been let out to a wealthy St. Louis family on trial, told him that where she had worked there was a colored woman named "Aunt Fannie" who resembled him enough to be his mother.

"Does you know where yo' mother is?" the old "auntie" asked.

"No," replied Bates. "I had some parents once, I guess, but that was so long ago I wouldn't know 'em now."

"Well, honey, dat woman is yo' mother, sho, 'an' de good Lord dun fetch you here to meet her," returned the good old soul.

Bates told the trader what he had heard, and upon investigation it was found that both his father and mother were owned by a wealthy St. Louis man, who, becoming interested, very humanely purchased the son also, and thus the little slave family, after twenty years of separation, was again united. At the outbreak of the war Bates es-

caped from slavery. One morning before daybreak he crossed the Mississippi in a small boat amid a fusillade of bullets, boarded a Chicago & Alton train and in twelve hours was in Chicago looking for a job. He found work in P. W. Gates' foundry on the West Side, and in three months had saved \$150. Then he bought a horse and went into the expressing business. Soon afterward he married, sent for his mother and cared for her while she lived. Bates often made \$50 a week with his wagon. He bought a lot for \$2,000 and paid for it in one year. The night of the first big Chicago fire he made \$60 moving trunks and furniture.

"And I would have made more," he says, "if I hadn't taken pity on some poor colored folks an' moved 'em for nothin'."

Bates is small, gray-bearded and almost black. He dresses so poorly that he would not attract attention anywhere. His money has been made by honest saving and shrewd investments in Chicago real estate. He is very economical, always busy and never gets lonely. He belongs to no church, takes no interest in politics, and, save a few distant relatives, has no heirs to inherit his wealth.

Next in wealth among the colored citizens of Chicago comes Mrs. John Jones, widow of Commissioner John Jones, who was a life-long friend of the late Frederick Douglass. Mrs. Jones is worth \$300,000. She owns a four-story brick building at 119 Dearborn street, has property in various parts of the city and resides in her own tastefully furnished home, amid the most refined environments, at 43 Ray street.

Mrs. Jones is a good-looking, motherly old lady. Her fortune was left her by her husband, with whom some thirty years ago she came to Chicago. She is progressive and refined, a leader among colored women and is interested in everything pertaining to the colored race. Her granddaughter, Miss Theodora Lea, is an accomplished girl and is one of the most popular singers among her people in Chicago. Mrs. Jones keeps a coachman and a servant girl. Her household consists of her daughter, Mrs. Lea, her granddaughter and herself.

A young white woman recently got a verdict of \$22,500 against Mrs. Jones for injuries sustained in the elevator at 119 Dearborn street. When asked what action would be taken on the verdict, Mrs. Jones replied: "Oh, the money will be paid, I guess, if the courts order it."

C. H. Smiley, the colored caterer, is probably the possessor of nearly \$200,000 in cash and real estate. Ten years ago he came here from Philadelphia without a dollar in his pocket. For a time he worked for Kinsley, but soon



MRS. JOHN JONES.

opened up a place for himself. When his place was furnished he had just 50 cents left. He was not long in building up a fine business. Now he is generally regarded as one of the leading caterers in the country. His hall room at 76 Twenty-second street is one of the finest in Chicago. He employs over 100 men, is charitable, and wears the same sized hat which he wore when he came to Chicago.

Daniel and Andrew Scott, brothers, are among the wealthy colored people

of Chicago. Daniel is perhaps the better off. He is easily worth \$100,000. He owns several restaurants and a great deal of choice real estate in Chicago, besides a splendid stock farm in Michigan. Mr. Scott has lived in Chicago a great many years and is familiar known as "Uncle Dan" among his acquaintances. Andrew Scott has an apartment house on Dearborn street valued at \$50,000. He also owns other Chicago property, and, like his brother, the Scotts are widowers.

Ex-State Representative J. W. E. Thomas, the colored lawyer, who resides at 3308 Indiana avenue, pays taxes on \$25,000 worth of Chicago real estate, and is worth \$75,000. Like the Scott brothers, he owns a farm in Southern Michigan. Mr. Thomas was born in Alabama forty-eight years ago. He came to Chicago in 1869, taught a school for a time, then went into the grocery business, and was fast accumulating property, when he lost \$15,000 in the big fire.

After the fire he began the practice of law and was three times elected to the state legislature, being the first colored man to enjoy the distinction in Illinois or in the whole Northwest. Thomas was one of the 103 members of the gen-



J. E. W. THOMAS.

eral assembly that elected John A. Logan to the United States senate when Logan won by a majority of one—that one being Mr. Thomas. He is the father of the civil rights bill in Illinois, his wife writing the bill at his dictation. In 1881 Mr. Thomas held a clerical position in the second auditor's office at Washington, and in 1887 was elected south town clerk in this city as a Republican. Mr. Thomas' family consists of a wife and four children, two girls and two boys. He has been married three times, and was only 17 when he led his first bride to the altar. He is a tall, splendidly built man, with massive head and impressive features, and would be pointed out in a crowd as a man of consequence.

**With Others' Molars.**

A Boston dentist who was troubled with non-paying customers has hit upon an idea which made at least one debtor come to time. After reminding his debtor of the antiquity of the account and in the regulation manner he finally wrote a letter in these words: "I don't intend to ask you again for the sum you owe me, but there is one thing I want to tell you: every time you cut off a piece of steak and pass it to your wife I want you to remember she is not chewing that beef with your teeth or hers, but with mine." The pungency of these words had the desired effect and a check was the result. The husband was obliged to succumb to the mastication of those doubly false teeth.

**Rather Difficult.**

A soldier leaving barracks is stopped by the corporal of the guard.

"You can not go out without leave."

"I have the verbal permission of the captain."

"Show me the verbal permission."

Oakland Times.

## THE MORMON CHURCH.

ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION.

Joseph Smith—The Book of Mormon—The Mormon Creed—Polygamy Still Practiced—Beauty of the city in the Desert.

JUST ninety years ago, two days before Christmas, there was born in a little Vermont village a boy named Joseph Smith. When he was about 14 his thoughts turned toward religious matters. He went from one denomination to another in search of something satisfying, but reports that he found only "a great clash of religious sentiment." Then he retired into secret places, spending hours in meditation and prayer. He declared that on one of these occasions an angel of God appeared to him, announcing to him that he had been chosen as an instrument to bring about the second coming of the Messiah. He was also informed where some plates were deposited containing the records of the ancient prophets who had lived on the American continent. These were to be found on a hill, not far from the top, about four miles from Palmyra, N. Y., to which place his parents had removed when he was 10 years of age. He was advised to go and view them, but he was not considered holy enough to touch them until 1827, when he was 22 years old. At that time, he asserts, the angel of the Lord placed in his hands the wonderful records. They were graven on metal plates about eight inches square, a little thinner than tin, and held together by three rings running through the whole, forming a book about six inches in thickness. The language of these hieroglyphics was called the "Reformed Egyptian." They gave the history of America, peopled by a colony that came from the tower of Babel, to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. A prophet called Mormon had been commissioned by God to prepare the record and hide it in the earth until it was time to be brought forth. This is the famous Book of Mormon, beloved by the Mormons to be of equal authority with the Scriptures, and to form an essential supplement to them.

A farmer supplied Smith with the funds necessary for the printing of the plates, and the book was issued in 1830, the names of three men appearing as witnesses that an angel from God had shown them the original plates.

A fierce controversy immediately sprang up regarding the authorship, but in spite of great ridicule and bitter opposition, Smith and his associates persisted in preaching what they termed "the doctrine," which declared that the millennium was at hand, the final gathering of the saints to be somewhere in the heart of North America.

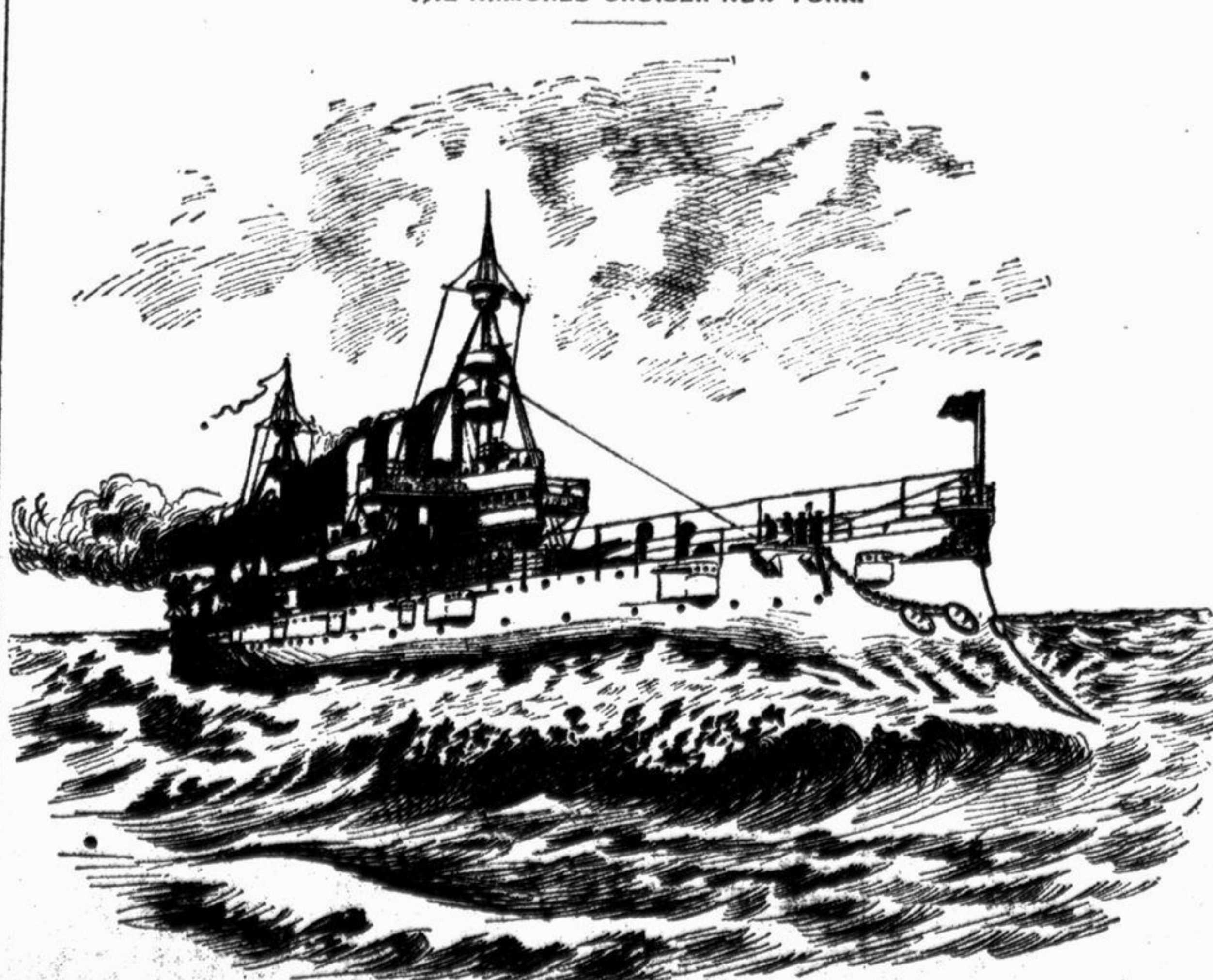
Joseph Smith died by violence at the hands of his enemies in 1844, and Brigham Young was elected to succeed him by the Council of the Twelve Apostles. Under his leadership the Mormons endeavored to find some place where they could live in peace. The Great Salt Lake Valley was finally selected. Settlers poured into it from all parts of America and Europe. President Fillmore appointed Brigham Young governor of Utah, which was admitted as a territory. But collisions were frequent between the "saints" and the officers of the United States, these last being forced to flee from the territory, and for years hostilities were kept up on both sides, the government being, in the end, of course, victorious. Brigham Young died in 1877, and his office is now filled by George Q. Cannon, an Englishman, a Congressman, and one of the ablest men in the sect, but the power is not so individual as in Young's time. It is divided among a large number of church dignitaries. Few have any adequate idea of the strength of this great organization. It is constantly receiving vast numbers of foreigners, as, for years, the Mormon missionaries have been busy in winning adherents all over Europe. One million dollars a year is received from the "tithes," or church tax, one-tenth of each man's earnings, which he is compelled to pay.

The main article of belief in the Mormon creed is that any man, by faith, obedience, and holiness, may rise into a deity and acquire the power of making, peopling, and ruling a world. The Mormons have strong faith in prophecies, visions, and revelations, inspirations and miraculous gifts, and believe also in the literal resurrection of the body. The fourteenth and last article of their creed might profitably meet with universal acceptance: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright, and in doing good to all men."

Polygamy is still practiced, though with a little more secrecy. Mr. Geo. Q. Cannon has at present seven wives. Brigham Young left seventeen widows and forty-four children, but not every "saint" is in a financial position to care for so large a family. It is, moreover, true that Mormonism and polygamy are not synonymous terms, though generally considered so. Many do not believe in its practice. But there are no bachelors in Salt Lake City. Every young man marries as soon as he can support a home. The late Henry Ward Beecher asserted that the Mormons were trying to solve a great social and moral problem, and he hoped that they would be allowed to solve it.

ELEANOR KIRK.

## THE ARMORED CRUISER NEW YORK.



The above is one of the new additions to the United States navy. The New York is not designed for active service on the high seas. She is a commerce destroyer pure and simple, and in

that respect will be capable of great service in case of war with England. The New York has a speed rate of 22 knots per hour, and could keep out of effective range of any battle ship in the

British navy. The officers number 40, men 400. Displacement 3,000 tons. Draft 24 feet. Beam 62 feet. Built in Brooklyn navy yard. Commissioned in 1894.

The oldest flute in the world is made of the thigh bone of a sheep, and was found in a tomb on the Nile.