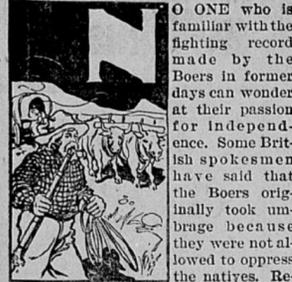


BOERS AND ZULUS.

FIRST BOER BATTLES FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY.

Massacres of the Cruel Zulu Dingaan Punished—Victory of "Dingaan's Daag"—Hand to Hand Struggle Between Pretorius and a Zulu.

[Copyright, 1900, by G. L. Kilmer.]



ONE who is familiar with the fighting record made by the Boers in former days can wonder at their passion for independence. Some British spokesmen have said that the Boers originally took umbrage because they were not allowed to oppress the natives. Recently documentary evidence has been unearthed to show that the oppression was on the other side; that the Kaffirs and Zulus ravaged their farms and the government would not allow them to take reparation. To save their remnant of a nation they sought the wilderness further up the east coast.

At that time the trekkers had in view a settlement on Delagoa bay, but were repelled by the deadliness of the climate and pitched their camps in what is now known as Natal. That region offered attractions in good pasturage and had been depopulated of natives by the frightful massacres of Chaka, the Zulu despot. The Tugela river between Colenso and Estcourt was the scene of the first Boer settlement. The land was a paradise in peace and productivity, and before setting their stakes too deep the immigrants made efforts to secure a title from the ruling Zulu. Dingaan, the successor of Chaka.

From among their leaders the Boers selected Piet Retief to visit Dingaan in the capacity of an envoy. Knowing that he had to deal with a monster, he was accompanied by a party of armed mounted men. On the march to Dingaan's kraal the Boers rescued from a tribe at enmity with Dingaan 7,000 head of cattle that had been run off from the pasturages of his people. Dingaan seemed very gracious and readily promised to grant the Dutch the land they asked for along the Tugela to the sea and north and south of that stream.

Retief and his party visited the English at the nearest seaport and some of the lesser native tribes and returned to Dingaan's kraal to receive the written document of cession. This was delivered into Retief's hands, and the king begged the Boers to tarry a few days and receive the hospitality of the Zulus, then go and fetch their people to possess the fair land he had given them. On the day fixed for departure all assembled in the kraal to drink a parting cup of native beer. The kraal was crowded with troops, ostensibly to amuse the "farmers" by wild songs and dances. Suddenly the king called out, "Seize them!" At this signal the troops rushed upon the Boers, several laying hold of a single man and dragging him from the inclosure, while the king cried, "Kill the witches!" It was a favorite ruse with Dingaan, as it had been with Chaka, to denounce as witches the enemies he wished destroyed in order to inflame his warriors.

Retief was held and compelled to witness the butchery of his comrades and then was himself clubbed to death. This accomplished, the impi set out with orders to massacre all the Boers left on the Tugela. Heedless, or, rather, unsuspecting, of danger, the families had scattered themselves in quiet and isolated camps to await the return of Retief. As 60 men had perished with him, every family had some male adult absent. The families were in little bivouacs of three or four wagons each. The first attacks were on the camps on Bushman river. The Zulus crept up stealthily and began stabbing right and left with their assegais. Not all were killed, for some survived countless stabs. In the third camp attacked there was a Botha, ancestor of the present Boer commandant, Louis Botha.

This massacre, which has been commemorated by naming the scene of it "Weenen," the "Place of Weeping," carried off 200 children, 95 women and 30 men. The horrors of it are indescribable, but yet Dingaan's thirst for blood was not satisfied. Some months later he sent a horde of Zulus to wipe out the remnant, but the Boers had, the semblance of an army under two field commandants and two field cornets. They also had a cannonade, which fired nails and bullets, and with this and their rifles they broke the Zulu charge when they attempted, with linked hands, to force the passage of Bushman river.

After this second attack the Boer farmers all along the Tugela saw that it must be Boer or black, for there was not room for the two races in the same territory. They at once organized for war and determined to wipe out Dingaan or be wiped out themselves, just as they have elected to die fighting rather than be ruled by England. When mustered, the fighting expedition numbered 450 men. They were provided with 57 wagons, covered with ox hide, to furnish shelter and serve as field forts. Andries Pretorius was chosen commandant, and this little force set out to find Dingaan and fight him wherever found.

As usual, the war was undertaken with the deepest religious enthusiasm and trust in God. Invocations for divine help were as constant on the lips of the Boer fighting trekker as on those of the Round Head or Crusader. Pretorius was zealous in exhorting his

men to undertake nothing without God, to submit every morning their duties and deeds to God, to keep the Sabbath holy and not take the Lord's name in vain. There were no wagon tracks or trails in those days, and the Boers had to pick their way in an unbroken wilderness, wary of the Zulus, who were scattered over the country. Some Zulus were captured and sent to Dingaan with messages to the effect that if he would return the guns and horses he had taken from the victims of his massacres as a peace offering the Boers would enter into negotiations. But the haughty Dingaan spurned this ultimatum. He remained in his kraal until Pretorius, at the head of 200 mounted men, appeared in sight to reconnoiter. Pretorius said that he thought it unadvisable to attack Dingaan on his mountain with a force so small and returned to the main camp. The day following was Sunday, and the Boers prepared to rest and worship God in the wilderness, but at daybreak the whole Zulu nation swarmed about the laager. The Zulus opened the battle by hurling their spears from a distance and firing with the few guns taken from their enemies. Gradually they grew bolder and tried to storm the wagons, but each time were repulsed. Finally Dingaan mustered his whole strength for a finishing dash. It is believed that his warriors that day numbered over 10,000. Pretorius said that it required some nerve on his part not to betray uneasiness in his countenance. The rush of the Zulus was checked by the fire at first, and in desperation Pretorius opened the gates of the laager and launched forth with his 200 mounted men, charging and firing into the solid mass of blacks. For a time the Zulus withstood the onslaught, but they had already lost enormously and at last gave way in a panic. The Boers pursued to a safe distance, completely routing Dingaan's army. It is said that 3,000 Zulus fell that day.

In Pretorius' narrative there is a description of his own encounter with a Zulu chief. He tried to enter into a parley with the Zulu, but he says: "He closed with me and attempted to stab me through the breast. I averted this by grasping at the weapon (assagai) with my left hand, but in doing so received it through the hand. Before he could extricate it I threw him to the ground, but as the assagai remained pierced through my hand, which was under me as I lay upon him, I had but one hand to hold him and use my dagger, while he attempted to strangle me. At this crisis one of my men came to my assistance, pulled the assagai out of my hand and stabbed the Zulu."

Only two Boers besides Pretorius were wounded; not one was killed. This was the victory celebrated on Dingaan's daag. The very next day after the battle the Boers set out for Dingaan's kraal, but he burned it and fled. The bones of Retief and his comrades and the "treaty" of cession executed by Dingaan were found.

Dingaan finally established his kraal again in the mountains, and Pretorius, re-enforced by 10,000 Zulu warriors under the king's brother, Panda, marched against him and again routed his warriors. Dingaan was assassinated, and the Boers had peace with the Zulus.

Having paid for their country twice over in blood and in service to the Zulu king, the Dutch naturally believed that their rights were paramount. But the British had meanwhile taken possession and issued a manifesto that the Boers should be treated as a conquered race and their arms and ammunition taken from them. On learning of this Pretorius marched a small band of his people to Durban and encamped near the British garrison. The British forces numbered several hundred, but Pretorius boldly demanded their surrender. The reply was a night attack by 150 British on the Boer camp. The



"HE CLOSED WITH ME." Boers came out victors and held the British under close siege for 26 days. At the end of that time the garrison was re-enforced by troops from Cape Colony, and Pretorius was compelled to abandon the effort to control by force of arms the country he had cleared of savages.

Pretorius then trekked northward and ultimately joined the other Dutch farmers who had driven the Matabels out of the region north of the Vaal. Four great trekking parties settled in fertile regions and established the villages of Utrecht, Lydenburg, Potchefstroom and Zoutspanburg. Republics were formed, but the outlying territory gave shelter to lawless blacks and whites, and for self preservation the four little republics united to form the Transvaal republic, with Pretorius as president and Paul Kruger commandant general of the army. This union took place in 1854, and since then the Boers have held that they were the discoverers, conquerors and rightful lords of the domain they call their own. GEORGE L. KILMER.

Des Moines Wins the Trophy. MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., May 25.—Yesterday was the final day of the annual tournament of the Iowa Sportsmen's association. The chief center of interest was in the state team trophy shoot won last year by Sheldon and Grimm of Mason City. The event was 20 live birds to each team. C. W. Budd and W. R. Milner of Des Moines and W. B. Kibbey and J. A. Lane of Marshalltown tied with 19 each. In the shoot-off Lane missed his sixth bird and the Des Moines team won the trophy.

Search for Missing Youth. FORT DODGE, Ia., May 25.—A warrant was lately issued to search the premises of Charles Conling, a farmer living four miles west of Rockwell City. The information was filed for the purpose of discovering if possible the whereabouts of his 18-year-old son, who mysteriously disappeared about a year ago, since which time nothing has been heard of him. The warrant was placed in the hands of an officer, who made a careful and thorough search of the place, but found nothing to throw any light upon the mystery.

Iowa Postmasters Elect. MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., May 25.—The second annual convention of the Iowa postmasters came to a close in this city yesterday with the election of officers and the selection of Ottumwa as the place of holding the next convention. The officers follow: President, A. W. Lee, Ottumwa; vice president, J. Q. Saint, Marshalltown; secretary and treasurer, C. M. Junkin, Fairfield. Among the resolutions adopted was one urging extension of the rural mail delivery over Iowa and indorsing the street car collection system in cities.

O'MALLEY WILL BE DEFEATED. Sisters of the Dubuque Man Will Receive a Larger Share.

DUBUQUE, May 23.—A jury in the district court returned a verdict that the instrument offered for probate was not the last will and testament of Arthur O'Malley, deceased. This was the legal form of a verdict that O'Malley was mentally incapable when he made a will giving each of his five sisters \$500 and making Tom Lottus residuary legatee. It was a sympathy verdict. The preponderance of testimony was that O'Malley was of a disposing mind, but the popular opinion was that he had not treated his sisters right. Their real purpose in making the contest was to discover the whereabouts of their father's estate, supposed to have included \$40,000 in bonds and to have passed to young Arthur O'Malley on his father's death. In this they were unsuccessful.

Disabled Steamer Arrives. NEW YORK, May 23.—The American line steamer New York, which was due at this port Saturday, arrived yesterday. The delay in the arrival of the steamer was due to the breaking of a shaft of the port engine May 23.

Irish National Convention. LONDON, May 29.—John Redmond, chairman of the United Irish parliamentary party, has started for Dublin to arrange for the Irish national convention, which is to take place on June 19.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

EXCURSION RATES.

HALF RATES to Philadelphia, Pa., via the Northwestern line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, June 14, 15 and 16, limited to June 29, on account of Republican National Convention. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern R'y. 43-9-16. HALF RATES to Des Moines, via the Northwestern line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip from all stations in Iowa, May 31 and June 1, also for trains arriving in Des Moines before noon on June 2, limited to June 4, on account of United Commercial Traders Meeting and picnic. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern R'y. VERY LOW RATES to Sioux Falls, S. D., via the Northwestern line. Excursion tickets will be sold June 2 to 5, inclusive, limited to June 30, on account of Women's Clubs Meeting. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern R'y. 44-2-9. BIENNIAL Meeting General Federation of Women's Clubs, Milwaukee, Wis., June 1 to 8, via Illinois R. R., one fare for the round trip tickets on sale June 2 to 15th inclusive. Final return limit June 11, excepting that by deposit with joint agent at Milwaukee on or before June 11 will be extended to leave Milwaukee not later than June 30, 1900.

A DUEL THAT FAILED

HONOR WAS SAVED WITHOUT THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD.

Colonel Bunker Tells How the Code Was Outraged in the Preliminaries and How a Sanguinary Outcome Was Happily Averted.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]

"I had gone to a small town in Mississippi to rest and recuperate, suh," said the colonel as he restored his glass to the table, "to rest and recuperate after my hard work in the state senate. I hadn't been there a day when I met up with a person who called himself General Blum. He didn't have the look of a general, suh, but I didn't start in asking questions. I accepted his word that he had been a general—accepted his word as a gentleman does, and he invited me into the nearest barroom to imbibe a cocktail. We didn't imbibe. When the general called for drinks for two, his order was not taken. In other words, suh, as he didn't put down his money the cocktails remained unmixd. The general looked at me appealingly, but I turned away. I would not hurt his feelings by offering to pay for the drinks. "Had General Blum stopped there all would have been well, but he did not stop. Next day he called on me to talk over the late wah. It wasn't ten minutes, suh, before I began to doubt him. I found that he didn't know the

difference between a charge of cavalry and a drove of mews. When he had related how he led his division at Gettysburg, dashed forward at Spottsylvania and received three wounds at Petersburg, I rose up—I rose up to my full height, suh—and, looking him straight between the eyes, I said: "General Blum, yo' will excuse me, suh, but where can I find yo' wah record?" "Nowhere," he replied. "They were so jealous of me that it has never been written up."

"We had a few other words, suh, and I felt that it was due to my dignity to challenge him. He received the challenge coolly and sent his friend to arrange matters. Claiming to be a soldier and a gentleman, he selected pick-axes as weapons. Think of it, suh—think of a gentleman taking such a course! I refused, of co'se. Then he turned to plantation hoes, to cotton hooks, to ball clubs and to long handled shovels. It was my duty under the circumstances to preserve my dignity, and it has gone down in history that I preserved it. I insisted that we fight with sword or pistol, and I refused to dignify him by debating his proposals. Then General Blum himself called to see me. He found me frigid and determined. 'Colonel Bunker,' says he, 'yo' have doubted my veracity, and I desire to shed yo' blood. I desire to shed it by the quart and the gallon. If yo' are not a coward, yo' will meet me at sunrise across the river—across the river, suh! As the challenged party I have the choice of weapons. I will name scythes, suh—scythes—at two paces! The scythe is an emblem of time, Colonel Bunker, and it was with a scythe I mowed down scores of the enemy at Appomattox.' "I stood on my dignity, suh—stood on my dignity and rejected the weapons. No gentleman had ever fought a duel with a scythe in his hands. It would degrade the code—degrade the code, suh, and make me a public laughing stock. I stormed at that man, suh. I begged and entreated and even sought to bribe him to meet me with pistols or swords. But he was firm. He was settled on scythes and would not budge. I showed him out and appealed to the public. And on my honor, suh, on the honor of the man who led the desperate charge at Cedar Mountain, the public agreed with General Blum! Yes, suh, the public contended that it was my duty as a gentleman to engage in a duel with scythes! I brought forward the code for 300 years past, but it made no difference.

"A duel with scythes, suh—a meeting on the field of honor with farming implements! No gentleman's dignity would permit of it. I argued and protested and disputed, but General Blum and the public were firm. In standing to my guns I lost prestige. At the end of three days scarcely a man in town would nod to me, and the newspapers were asking if Colonel Bunker was afraid. It was then, suh, and only then, that I resolved to fight the general with his own weapons. I must do it to save my prestige. The public was with me at once. I had my pick of 20 different scythes, and I was determined from the first that I would begin at the general's heels and gradually cut him down to his neck. No mercy should be shown in such a case. Public excitement ran as high as if a state election was being held, and when the morning of the duel came there were hundreds on the ground to see. I set fo'th with my



"I SET FO'TH WITH MY SCYTHE."

scythe on my shoulder and was first on the ground, but the general was only a few minutes behind me. I had planned to begin at his heels, but his plan was to begin at my head. I saw it in his eyes as we stood there. Yes, suh, he went to decapitate me at the first sweep. Mo' than that, he had sent to New Orleans for a special scythe, and he had secured one about two rods long.

"By and by we were ready. I felt my loss of dignity, but I had to save my honor. The word was about to be given, and in another moment the emblems of time would have been swishing through the air, when a mewl who was chased by a nigger came galloping that way. He busted through the people, suh—he busted his way right along—and he struck the general and knocked him into a ditch and then planted both heels on my stomach and rendered me unconscious for half an hour. The duel didn't go on. When I got my breath again, I offered to proceed from a sitting position, and, although the general was telescoped by the collision, it is due to him to say that he would have stood on one leg and fought it out. But it was not to be. The public decided that all parties, including the mewl, had wiped away any stains on their reputations, and we were escorted to town by our partisans."

"And of course you and the general drank together and made up?" I asked. "Of co'se, suh, of co'se—that is, the general didn't invite me, and I didn't invite him, but when a third party proposed cocktails—a party whose credit was good at the bar—we accompanied him. And as to the making up, suh, we had imbibed and replaced our glasses when I looked at my late antagonist and said: "General Blum, I cannot doubt your valor, suh."

"And he looked at me with eyes which were moist and replied: "Colonel Bunker, the man who questions your chivalry is my enemy." "Then our hands met, our friend called for three more, and the loving cup restored peace and good will."

M. QUAD.

THE DEATH OF THE WORLD.

Scientists Fail to Agree as to How the End Will Come.

Scientists seem to agree that the earth some day is to be destroyed by a gigantic cataclysm, but fail to agree upon the "how." Dr. Henry Smith Williams, in writing in Harper's Monthly on "Some Unsolved Scientific Problems," says: "If so much uncertainty attends these fundamental questions as to the earth's past and present, it is not strange that open problems as to her future are still more numerous. We have seen how, according to Professor Darwin's computations, the earth threatens to come back to earth with destructive force some day. Yet Professor Darwin himself urges that there are elements of fallibility in the data involved that rob the computation of all certainty.

"Much the same thing is true of perhaps all the estimates that have been made as to the earth's ultimate fate. Thus it has been suggested that, even should the sun's heat not forsake us, our day will become month long and then year long; that all the water of the globe must ultimately filter into its depths and all the air fly off into space, leaving our earth as dry and as devoid of atmosphere as the moon, and, finally, that ether friction, if it exists, or, in default of that, meteoric friction, must ultimately bring the earth back to the sun.

"But in all these prognostications there are possible compensating factors that vitiate the estimates and leave the exact results in doubt. The last word of the cosmic science of our century is a prophecy of evil—if annihilation be an evil. But it is left for the science of another generation to point out more clearly the exact terms in which the prophecy is most likely to be fulfilled."

Found the Ends. An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship. "Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of the rope and, showing it to the captain, said, "That's one end, your honor." Then he took hold of the other end and, showing it to the captain as before, said, "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying, "And faith there's another end to it, your honor."

He was immediately engaged.—London King.

A Whistler Story.

"A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who was getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac," says Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to The Saturday Evening Post. "He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—symphonies in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green. "How much for the lot?" he asked with the confidence of one who owns gold mines. "Four millions," said Whistler. "What?" "My posthumous prices." And the painter added, "Good morning!"

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De Candolle, the distinguished French savant, says that the sons of ministers have contributed to science more eminent men than has any other class. He might have added, too, that they have also swelled the ranks of the poets, theologians and not a few of the military heroes of the past.—Saturday Evening Post.

THE FIRST BABY.

Its Coming is Looked Forward to With Both Joy and Fear and its Safe Arrival is Hailed With Pride and Delight by All.

The arrival of the first baby in the household is the happiest and most important event of married life. The young wife who is to become a mother delights to think of the happiness in store for her when the little one shall nestle upon her breast and lazily she shall hear it hiss the sweet and holy name, "mother." But her happy anticipation quickly vanishes when she realizes the terrible pain and suffering through which she must pass while bringing the little one into the world. An indescribable fear of the danger attendant upon the ordeal soon dissipates her joyfulness.

Thousands of women have learned by experience that there is absolutely no necessity for the sufferings which attend child-birth; they know that by the use of "Mother's Friend"—a scientific liniment—for a few weeks before the trying hour, expectant mothers can so prepare themselves for the final hour that the pain and suffering of the dreaded event are entirely obviated and it is safely passed through with comparatively little discomfort.

All women are interested, and especially expectant mothers who for the first time have to undergo this trial, in such a remedy; for they know the pain and suffering, to say nothing of the danger, which is in store for them. "Mother's Friend" is woman's greatest blessing, for it takes her safely through the severest ordeal of her life. Every woman should be glad to read the little book "Before Baby is Born," which contains information of great value to all. It will be sent free to any one who sends their address to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

County Physician's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the Auditors office up to noon of the 5th day of June 1900, for the letting of the contract for county physician for one year from July 1st, 1900. The terms and conditions of said contract are now on file in the auditor's office for inspection by all concerned. Bids must be accompanied by a bond of fifteen hundred (1500) dollars with approved securities. The county has a right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the board of supervisors. JOHN T. CAREY Auditor.

No ice.

Notice is hereby given, that the proposals for the erection of a new school house in district No. 8 township of Milford, Crawford county, will be received by the undersigned at his home at Milford, a center where plans and specifications may be seen until June 3, a. m. at which time the board will meet at district No. 8 at 1 o'clock p. m. and award the contract to the lowest responsible bidder. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. 38 4w Jonathan Miller, Secretary.

Advertisement for Des Moines Hosiery Mills. "Poor dye rots yarn! The dyes used by The Des Moines Hosiery Mills preserves the fabric. That's why their hosiery wears 1/2 longer than most others. Look for this label. FAST HAWK-KNIT COLOR. Ask for it. DES MOINES HOSEY MILLS. DES MOINES IOWA."

Advertisement for Howell's Anti-Kawf. "Is especially beneficial to speakers and singers and all voice workers. It relieves husky voices promptly."

Advertisement for H. D. Lorentzen, Prop. LEADING BARBER SHOP. Under First National Bank. Four Chairs All Work First-Class.

Advertisement for DENISON BRICK WORKS. C. GREEN, PROP. High Grade Building Brick. Repress Brick on Hand. The use of latest improved machinery makes our brick of the best durable quality. For rates inquire or write to C. GREEN DENISON, IA.