



# Call and see our NEW SPRING STOCK

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32 FRONT STREET.

## HOME DEPARTMENT

### Wisconsin Graphite.

Graphite is found in many parts of the world, but always in combination with other minerals. In few instances does ore contain more than 10 or 15 per cent of graphite, and the quality is not always what might be desired. But the mineral lately found in Portage County, Wis. is said to be of a high grade. The deposits are extensive, and the ore itself in very rich in graphite, which, it may be remarked, is one form of carbon. A company has been formed to manufacture the Wisconsin article into lubricants, paints and crucibles.

Discussing this subject, "The American Manufacturer" refers to the value of graphite paint in the following terms: "The granular graphite, such as is mined in Wisconsin, is conceded to be the best form of graphite." As a paint for iron the article is to be commended because of its tenacity, its resistance to atmospheric action, its insolubility in acids, its fireproof qualities, its extreme flexibility (it being almost impossible to scale or crack it by bending the iron,) and its splendid wearing qualities. This applies to its use on any iron and steel surface.

A Boston lady follows the custom of her Parisian husband's family and buys turnips by the bushel and potatoes by the peck for her household. The turnips she pares and slices and boils two hours steadily in water containing a pinch of cayenne. The cayenne is so thoroughly incorporated into the turnip that the vegetable has a much better flavor than when seasoned after cooking. The cayenne also absorbs a great part of the disagreeable odor which ordinarily pervades the vessel in which it is cooked and a few minutes' airing removes all traces of that healthful, but malodorous vegetable.—*Good Housekeeping* for May.

### Aguinaldo's Capture and the Philippine Commission.

*By Marion Wilson in the May Forum*  
The cooperation of the natives, thus brought into play, made itself felt in two main directions: (1) it was the most important factor in bringing about captures and surrenders of firearms during January and February, and (2) it insured the cordial reception of the Commissioners at provincial capitols. The latter result is to be ascribed to the zeal of the Commissioner's protegee, the new Federal party, which has spread rapidly in all parts of the archipelago, "and in active and urgent in its advocacy of peace and in presenting the advantage of civil liberty under American sovereignty." During February the Commission organized five provincial governments—Panpanga, Pangasinan, Tarlac, Bulacan and Bataan—everywhere receiving the enthusiastic support of local Federalists, and having the benefit of their assistance in the attempt to prove that new privileges of great value were being offered, and to explain the difference between mil-

itary and civil government. There seems to be no doubt that the desired impression was very generally made. In Luzon in the Visayan group and also in Mindanao, which were visited in March; the Commission establishing in each province such a form of government as seemed to be adopted, to the intelligence of its inhabitants, with the understanding that some of the governments installed were to be superseded by better systems in due time. We are told that numerous reports were received from distant garrisons, conveying expressions of the confidence which the natives were beginning to feel in the Americans, and congratulations on the work of the Commission. A correspondent cabled on April 1 that Geronimo, formerly an insurgent commander, in explanation of the increasing confidence felt by the people with respect to the purposes of the Americans, asserted that "this has been caused by the action of the Philippine Commission." He declared that "wherever the Federal party plants the American banner, there the insurrection ends."

In the light of these facts; in view of the natives' deplorable misconception of the true character of our "hard-headed wearers of uniforms"—the best soldiers in the world, I think, but, by the same token, not the best diplomats—and in view of the revulsion of feeling which the pacific and tactful measures of the Taft Commission seem to have produced let us read again the long lists of surrenders, overtures to surrender, and captures. Would these cheering events have been crowded together into a few weeks, or would they, rather, have been scattered through a period of years—the distressing "years of warfare" with which we were threatened last autumn—if the distinctive work of the Civil Commission had been less wisely planned? It is beyond dispute that the chief credit for some of the surrenders belongs to the Commission and its native sympathizers; even to the most interesting capture it would appear that they must have contributed in a minor degree.

The facts are not yet at hand which will enable us to form a definite opinion upon this subject, but we may at least note the bearing of circumstances mentioned in the official and press dispatches already published. One of Aguinaldo's staff permitted important letters to fall into Gen. Funston's hands; Tagalog officers were available for service—for this particular service—against their former chief; the way lay open and unguarded for a six days' march upon Aguinaldo's camp. There was a different story to tell when the chase led through the highlands of the northwestern provinces at the beginning of 1900, before the bitterness of resistance had been drawn off and the Filipino organization itself undetermined so diplomatically.

### How General De Wet Captured a British Wagon Train.

At last a faint gray strip showed just above the eastern horizon, then broadened a bit, and tinged its upper edge with a glow of peach-blossoms; then radiated white, streaky tangents

off into the heavens, putting out the stars, and diffusing a soft light over the veldt. Then the sun came up and said it should be a glorious day. Against his red face, as he scanned the landscape, was drawn a black line. This proved to be the smoke-funnel of the Bloemfontein water-works. It rose directly in the middle of a square formation, which later revealed itself as the British camp. It was wide awake. "Tommys" could be seen, as the light grew stronger grooming their cattle and preparing breakfast. A few sentries stood about in close proximity to the camp, but there was no display of real vigilance. With broad day a shrapnel shell came from somewhere on the other side of the camp and exploded among the wagons. We then knew where Piet De Wet had gone. Bugles sounded "saddle" and "mount," and there was a rush to ispan the wagon train. That the surprise was complete was evident. In a short time, what seemed a regiment of mounted infantry deployed in extended order, facing the locality whence came the Boer shell fire. At the same time the wagon train debouched on the road to Bloemfontein and began a retreat to a safer position. These dispositions suited De Wet very well indeed, and he had anticipated them, for he and his four hundred men were crouched right across the Bloemfontein road where it descended into the spruit.

Then did De Wet, single-handed, capture that wagon train of one hundred and twenty vehicles, and four hundred prisoners as well, as follows: As the first wagon entered the spruit, he rose from behind a boulder and beckoned, with his empty hand, to the astonished soldier who was driving.

"Come in," he said. In exactly this way the entire train, with its drivers and guard, taken without the British, who had remained in camp, knowing that any harm had befallen it.—From "General Christian De Wet," by Thomas F. Millard in the *May Scribner's*.

### A Ride in a Basket.

Describing in the *May Century* "A Little Known Country of Asia," Mrs. Lockwood de Forest tells how she rode one night in a basket, in Nepal. I was trying to think that I could walk the whole way, although I had reached my limit in the morning, when a coolie suggested that he would carry me in a basket. It was shaped like a V, and he filled it with old very dirty bags, which I was careful not to examine, and my blanket was put on top. It did not look very comfortable or very safe, but there was no time to object to inconveniences, so we started off at half-past four. The path wound around the side of a mountain, the river fifty feet below. The trees were high, covered with vines, making such a dense thicket that a stone thrown could hardly have reached the ground. This was the celebrated Terai, full of elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, snakes, and fever. The road was so broken that in many places it was merely a crumbling ledge.

I at last mounted my basket. The coolie carried it on the crown of his

head, steadied by a strap passed around the basket and across his forehead. He walked with his bent down, as if he were going to butt into some one. I was perched on top of the basket, bent double, with nothing to hold on to, and my feet dangling. I could not see where he was going, whether the next step would be up a steep rock, or sliding through slimy mud to the bed of the river. I was usually wabbling on the edge of the precipice. The moonlight could not reach us; we were shut in by a thicket of vines, and seemed to be in a long, narrow cave lighted by great fireflies, which shone like the eyes of wild beasts, reminding us that we had been told not to take this march by night. It became bitterly cold, and when I was so stiff that I feared falling off the basket, I was let down; a vigorous kick was the only signal that seemed to be understood. Our lunch-basket coolie had gone astray, and we were so cold and hungry that we longed to join the groups of coolies encamped for the night, sitting about a big fire, with their great bales of cotton goods piled up in a circle around them. I wondered why my coolie did not make off, for he must have disliked it as much as I did, and yet he was always ready to have me mount again.

At midnight we reached a rest-house, but it was very dirty, and so full of animals and men that there was hardly room for us to sit, even on the cold stone steps. At last, when we were quite desperate, the lunch-basket appeared. We warmed a can of soup, and the welcome news arrived that doolies (chairs on poles) had come for us. There were six men to each dooly, who pushed and pulled us straight up a mountain, over a path, if there was one covered with loose rolling stones. We reached the bungalow at two o'clock.

\*\*\*  
**Pepto Quinine Tablets.**  
These tablets relieve and cure constipation. 25 cents.

### OUR CLUBBING LIST.

	Pubs.	Price with Record 1 yr
Anisles Magazine	\$1 00	\$1 90
Am. Amateur Photo.	2 50	3 00
Am. Field (new subs.)	4 00	4 00
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 10
Century Magazine	4 00	4 50
China Decorator	2 50	3 00
Conkey's Home Journal	50	1 30
Cosmopolitan	1 00	1 55
Current Literature	3 00	3 50
Delineator	1 00	1 90
Designer	1 00	1 90
Everywhere	50	1 30
Farm & Fireside	50	special
Free Press Detr. (s w'kly)	1 00	1 75
Free Press Detr. without year book	1 00	1 65
Gentleman	1 00	1 50
Good Housekeeping	1 00	1 80
Harpers Bazar	4 00	4 20
" Magazine	3 00	4 75
" Weekly	4 00	4 20
Hoard's Dairyman	1 00	1 90
Keramic Studio	3 50	4 00
Literary Digest	3 00	3 50
Metropolitan	2 75	3 00
Michigan Farmer	60	1 50
" combination	400	2 00
Moderen Priscilla	50	1 25
Munseys	1 00	1 00
North American Rev.	5 00	5 00
Outing	3 00	3 25
Journal Detroit Weekly	1 00	1 70
Pearson's Magazine	1 00	1 85
Pop. Sci. Monthly	3 00	3 25
Puritan	1 00	1 90
Review of Reviews	2 50	3 10
Rural New Yorker	1 00	1 90
Scientific American	3 00	3 50
Scribners	3 00	3 75
Strand	1 25	2 10
Success	1 00	ask
Tribune N. Y. Weekly	1 00	1 25
Truth	2 50	3 10
Womans Home Comp.	1 00	1 60

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REGORD OFFICE  
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CURES ECZEMA, ITCHING PILES, BURNS AND SORES OF ALL KINDS, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD, COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH AND SORE THROAT, CUTS, BRUISES, SALT RHEUM, CHILBLAINS, CORNS, ETC., ETC.

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It is for your interest to buy wall paper at RUNNER'S. 1st. He orders direct of a large factory thereby saving a jobber's profits. 2nd. He can show a larger assortment of samples at better prices than any dealer can possibly do who carries everything in stock. 3rd. Every pattern in the assortment can be had in any quantity till Jan. 1st, 1902. 4th. Any paper in the assortment can be procured without additional cost in 30 hours' time.  
Call and be convinced.  
W. F. RUNNER.

# LAXAKOLA

## THE GREAT TONIC LAXATIVE

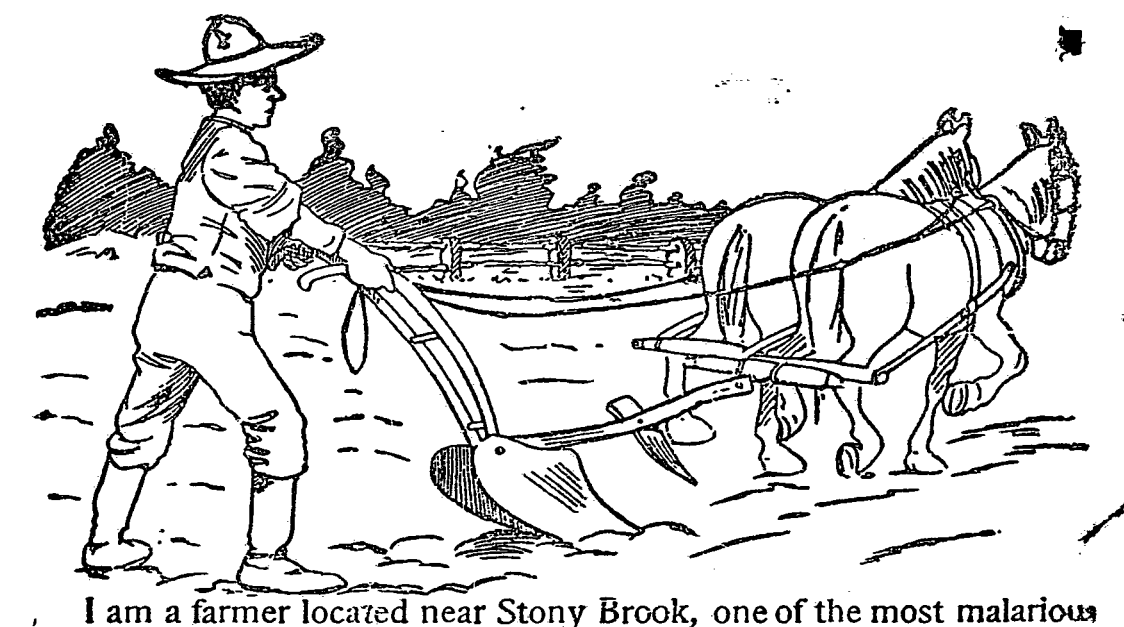
If you have sour stomach, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, bad breath, dizziness, inactive liver, heartburn, kidney troubles, backache, loss of appetite, insomnia, lack of energy, bad blood, blotched or muddy skin, or any symptoms and disorders which tell the story of bad bowels and an impaired digestive system, Laxakola Will Cure You.

It will clean out the bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys, strengthen the mucous membranes of the stomach, purify your blood and put you "on your feet" again. Your appetite will return, your bowels move regularly, your liver and kidneys cease to trouble you, your skin will clear and freshen and you will feel the old time energy and buoyancy.

Mothers seeking the proper medicine to give their little ones for constipation, diarrhea, colic and similar troubles, will find Laxakola an ideal medicine for children. It keeps their bowels regular without pain or griping, acts as a general tonic, assists nature, aids digestion, relieves restlessness, clears the coated tongue, reduces fever, causes refreshing, restful sleep and makes them well, happy and hearty. *Children like it and ask for it.*

For Sale by **Dr. E. S. Doda & Co.** and **W. M. N. Erodick.** 13

Laxakola is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz: laxative and tonic, and at one price, 25c. or 50c. At druggists. Send for free sample to THE LAXAKOLA CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y., and mention the name of your druggist. We will express to any address on receipt of 50c. in stamps or post note, all charges prepaid, a large Family size bottle of Laxakola, sufficient to last for a long time.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Sav, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

**WANTED.**—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N'S on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N'S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 45 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 230 Spruce St., New York.

## THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Published on Thursday, and known for nearly sixty years in every part of the United States as a National Family Newspaper of the highest class, for farmers, and villagers. It contains the most important general news of the "THE DAILY TRIBUNE" up to hour of going to press, an Agricultural Department of the highest order, has entertained reading for every member of the family, old and young, Market, Reports which are accepted as authority by farmers and country merchants, and is clean, up to date, interesting and instructive. Regular subscription price, \$1.00 per year. With THE RECORD for \$1.25 a year.

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Berrien Co. Abstract Office, Court House, St. Joseph, Mich. Money to loan on improved farms at fixed rate...

LOUIS DENN Clothing CLEANED, PRESSED AND REPAIRED. FRONTAL STREET Over E. R. DESENBERG & BRO

GEORGE ACHLIS Fruit and other goods. Peach TREES

COUNTY SEAT NEWS

Board of Supervisors An informal discussion of the tax question took place this morning at the session of the board of supervisors...

Supervisor Volheim asked for an expression on the subject from his co-workers on the board and supervisor Buchanan said he believed there should be some understanding in the matter.

Supervisor Rynearson believed in obeying the law as he understands it and in assessing property according to his best judgment.

Chairman John Steel stated that the townships were just as bad off as the cities and declared that the real estate in Bainbridge was last year assessed at \$800 less than the year before.

Supervisor Sheehan, of Niles, objected to the water bill for the county buildings, which amounted to \$149.61 for a little less than 9 months.

At the suggestion of County Clerk Church a book typewriter was ordered purchased for all entries in the clerks' books. The machine costs \$175 but will more than pay for itself in a short time because fewer books will be needed.

Among the bills allowed was that of Frank Glidden who was paid \$15 for a wolf bounty. Deputy sheriffs were paid as follows: P. L. Northrup, \$27.77, H. O. Pierce, \$114.40; John Detemple, \$16.05; A. E. Wilson, \$5.26; Joseph Trent, \$294.55.

On the advice of Prosecutor Riford the board allowed justices' and constables' bills at Niles amounting to about \$140 notwithstanding the resolution of Mr. Baldrey that they should be knocked out.

Thomas Lawrence was granted permission to establish a ferry across the St. Joseph River north of Berrien Springs at the place known as Richardson's landing.

The building committee were allowed \$500 to pay claims. Supervisor Baldrey moved that the proceedings be published after each session in two newspapers, one in the north and the other in the south end of the county.

The board adjourned Thursday afternoon until the fourth Monday in June. Chairman Steel named the following committees for the ensuing year: Judiciary—E. N. Matrau, J. B. Thomson, M. V. Buchanan.

Equalization—J. C. Lawrence, I. R. Stemm, H. D. Poole, T. A. Walker, C. A. Clark, S. S. Beall, Gail Handy. Finance—H. E. Hess, A. F. Howe, O. A. E. Baldwin.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS Susan V Fraser to A Canavan part of lot 1 also lots 2-3-4 blk 7 Hoyt add St. Joseph \$225.

Sydney E Miller to D A Bramer property in sec 27 Niles \$1100. Adam J Enders to Wm A Baker lot 16 blk 15 Benton Harbor Imp Asson 3rd add Benton Harbor \$1400.

Aud General to Albert A Griffin s of s w 1 1/2 sec 24 78 80 100 acres Lake \$9.27. Jno F Duncan to Lucy C Paine s of lot 281 St Joseph \$1.

Fred B Hopkins to Frank Pullen et al property in Benton Harbor \$20. Ida E Ruskat to Wm G Newland 2 acres Benton \$2933.33.

Henry W Garrett to Jno B Anderson lots 16-17 blk 4 Benton Harbor Imp Asson 1st add Benton Harbor \$950. Lydia Blakeslee to John P Reed lot 1 blk 1 G A Blakeslee add Gallen \$50.

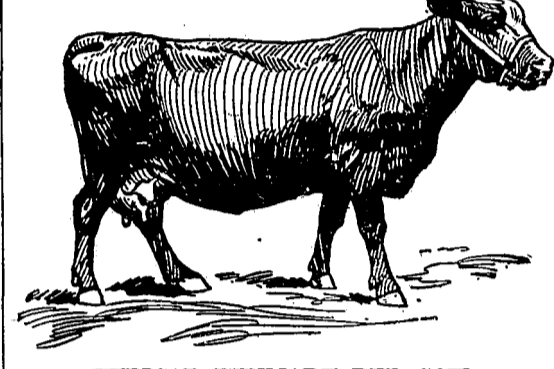
Harrison Branch Ex to E A Hill 6 acres Watervliet \$300. Sadie C Badgley to Wm W Dore lot 8 blk B Leaside 1st add Benton Harbor \$800.

Wm W Dore to Arthur Allen lot 8 blk B Leaside 1st add Benton Harbor \$800. Henrietta Lyon to Sanfrid Lundin 5 acres Benton \$1550.

Mrs Mary Sparks to Thos L Wilkin son property sec 28 Watervliet \$800. Jacob Seiber to Henry N Barnhart lot 255 St Joseph \$2000.

CATTLE OF DENMARK HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF A DAIRY BREED. Animals Are of Symmetrical Build and Are Famous Milk Producers.

The original cattle of Denmark were neglected until about the middle of the century, as grain raising was the chief occupation of the Denmark farmer.



TYPICAL DENMARK RED COW.

In 1864 there was a general uprising in favor of improved stock and with the widespread use of ice in dairying about 1870 and the introduction of co-operative creameries and centrifugal machines in 1880 Denmark took a high rank as a dairy country.

The cattle are of a marked dairy type, symmetrically built, with small horns and dark red color without any conspicuous markings.

GENERAL PURPOSE COW. A Dairyman Who Pins His Faith to the Holstein-Friesian. In an address delivered before the Kansas State Dairy association Mr. W. J. Gillette of Wisconsin said of the Holstein-Friesian:

The dairyman must bear in mind that 50 per cent of the increase of his herd will be males and must be disposed of as veal.

Touching upon this subject, W. S. Carpenter says: "In my experience of seven years in the packing house markets and from various other sources I find that the Holstein veal calf is considered one of the finest and most profitable carcasses to place upon the block."

prove for various reasons unnecessary for dairy purposes and must be consigned to the block. Now, we do not claim that we have the best beef breed, but we do claim that of the dairy breeds ours is the best for beef.

Here on the range I have Short-horns, Herefords and Holsteins, not pure breeds, but high grades, says a Montana man.

Make fat cattle as comfortable as possible in every way, and for your pains the weight of beef made will amply repay you when you sell them to the butcher.

Did it ever occur to you, that now is the time to begin your campaign for increased business this coming season, and that an adv in the RECORD will materially aid you in the effort.

Mortgage Sale Default having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage made by Gideon T. Rouse and Anna E. Rouse, his wife, of Buchanan, Michigan...

Notice is hereby given, That we will meet on Monday, the 11th day of October, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each day at the store of Wm H. Keller in the Village of Buchanan in said County, to receive and examine said claims.

Estate of Della Johnson, Deceased. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss. Probate Court of said County.

Michigan's Greatest Newspaper, The Detroit Journal, Semi-Weekly. Every Tuesday and Friday. \$1.00 Per Year.

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FOR EVERYBODY The Journal leads in News, Editorials, Stories, Cartoons, Portraits and carefully edited departments for every member of the family.

Summer Boarders If you desire to take Summer Boarders please send name at once with the number you can accommodate, price per week and particulars as to location or any special advantages to any of the following:

Estate of Geo. W. Cauffman, deceased. First publication April 4, 1901. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss. Probate Court of said County.

First publication April 11, 1901. STATE OF MICHIGAN, In the Circuit Court, for the County of Berrien in Chancery.

First publication April 11, 1901. Estate of Della Johnson, Deceased. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Berrien, ss. Probate Court of said County.

First publication May 2, 1901. The Journal leads in News, Editorials, Stories, Cartoons, Portraits and carefully edited departments for every member of the family.

RECORD--\$1.00. You get all the news.







# Short Talks on Advertising

By Charles Austin Bates.

The best paper in a community always brings ample returns to its advertisers. The best paper covers the cream of the trade in any section.

Mark Twain says: "Behold the fool saith: 'Put not all thine eggs in one basket,' which is but a manner of saying, 'Scatter your money and your attention,' but the wise man saith: 'Put all thine eggs in the one basket and—watch that basket.'"

"Which the same" applies equally to newspapers. Put your ad. in the best paper, and then watch the paper and the ad. Have a system of checking the returns received, and be very sure of this much: If the ad. doesn't pay, the fault is in the ad. or the goods, or the store—not in the paper.

It will do no good to advertise something that nobody wants. Find out what there is a demand for and advertise that. You can create a demand for an article if you have time and money enough to keep up a continual hammering. For the retail dealer this is a waste of energy, because there are dozens of things in every stock for which a demand already exists.

Don't say what everybody else in your line is saying, and never publish a general ad. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, on each of which you can talk in the newspapers. Don't try to tell all you know about the whole store every day. Talk of several items each time if you like, but say something definite about each one. Don't say "Fine shoes for men, women and children," but talk about one shoe in each line and

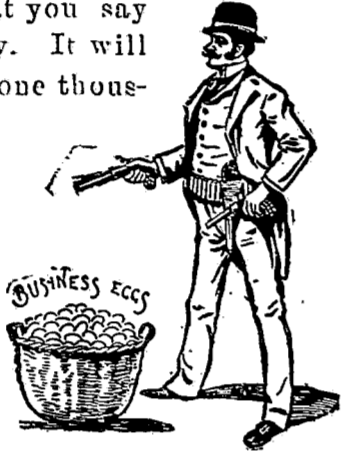
give prices. The newspapers will carry what you say right into the best homes in the community. It will give your words a thousand tongues. Out of one thousand people, probably fifteen need shoes every day. If you tell them about your stock, you will surely get your proportion of the trade. If you don't you won't get it. It's a simple proposition, and as true as it is simple.



"The best paper is the cream."



"Mark Twain says"



"When watch the basket."

## SCOUTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

### Leslie Collins' Splendid Description of a Fight With Bolo-men.

"War, war is still the cry, war even to the knife."

For my life I cannot exactly tell how long I had been on the on the Island of Negros when I encountered the Bolo-men for the first time. Perhaps my long continued exposure to the fierce and burning rays of a tropical sun has somewhat thinned my blood and made my memory sluggish. But no matter, we had been on the island long enough to "get the lay of the land," and become thoroughly acquainted with our duties as a scout, Bolo-men and knife and spear throwers. They are generally "cut-throats" of the worst type; who deem it delight to sneak upon their intended victims from behind, cutting them down in cold blood with a half demonic cry, and whom the wily Aguinardo sees fit in his wild dreams of conquest to arm only with these crude and native weapons. But these are weapons enough and we give the dark skinned, foxy general credit for his long headedness. He is decidedly "on to his job," for, had not you—had not I, much rather face the music and be shot from the front than be down from behind by a cowardly assassin?

It was some little time after our return from our first real scouting expedition, and we were becoming restless after the long protracted calm, when word reached camp that there were some two hundred Bolo-men secreted in the rice and tule swamps twenty miles to the south. Thirty men were immediately detailed to look the matter up. I had the honor of being the seventh man chosen—a lucky number, indeed. Had I been the 13th man, I honestly believe I would have bled in the quiet cocoon groves which surround most beautiful Bacolod, rather than to have gone the 13th man, for I acknowledge my superstitious propensities are largely developed.

We left camp the same evening with orders to "take no prisoners," and fully prepared, equipped and determined to tackle any thing we ran up against. Omitting myself in the matter as my experience in warfare, up to that time had been limited to scouting skirmishes only, I do not believe a squad of more determined men ever went forth to battle. But what is it to fight Bolo-men? It is this, my dear reader, if you fall into their hands, it means the horrible fate of being hacked to pieces. Then,

who would not be determined under such circumstances?

After a long cool twilight of especially fine "hiking" we arrived at the desired district the next morning—and what a morning it was! As long as my memory retains pleasant recollections of the Philippines, I shall recall its beauty. One who has never beheld a sunset characteristic of the torrid zone, where the last peaceful rays of the burning orb blands into parting smiles of purple, red, and gold; or gazed in admiring rapture at the dazzling loveliness of an ideal tropical dawn—can form no opinion of the brilliant and lovely scene. Far to our south, directly in our front, and half lost to view in the silvery sheen of sunlight, extended the melancholy marsh we had come to penetrate. We entered the bog without ceremony. Not a Bolo-man was to be seen. At that season of the year the marshes are almost dry, and the grasses are about the height of one's head. I had never been entirely in the swamps before and what a strange sight met my eyes. What a contrast from the breezy mountain peaks and verdant valleys we had long been used to; its dismal surroundings, its large and fearful lizards, its loathsome crocodiles, its monstrous slimy snakes, coiling and hissing as you passed, with their cruel eyes dilating and forked tongues protruding; the discordant croaking of unnumbered bull frogs, the weird honk of geese, the quack of ducks, and the sad shrill cry of rice birds, and many other other sights and sounds suggest the gloom and melancholy of that awful swamp. Occasional a half wild water buffalo startled us, and at times some struggling swearing soldier sank into the mire and mud. Thus the time wore wearily on, when, suddenly some one sang out:

"We are surrounded by Bolo-men." At the out-cry we all made a run back a few yards to a large clearing we had just crossed, and formed a hollow square. No sooner had we done so than fierce and half-naked Bolo-men rushed out of the tall reeds and rushee on every side at us, brandishing their knives and spears in a horrible manner. I shall never forget the sight. It was wild in the extreme. As we stood there in the clear morning sunlight, calmly watching their approach, we thought the command to fire would never be given. On, on, the black fends came, but still we stood mute and motionless. I cannot describe the sensations which came over me. It was all I could do to command my nerves.

The "niggers" were now within about one hundred yards of us and we had begun to almost regret our coming—and their's, too—when the command rang out sharp and clear!

"Ready, Aim, Fire!" And what a fire it was! Thirty Krag Jorgensens cracked simultaneously on the morning air, and kept on cracking. Our fire was terrific. We shot and tore great holes through them, as if they were nothing but paper men. They fell like weeds before the scythe, mangled and bleeding and lying on all sides. Especially do I recall one horrible and heart-rending scene. It was while I stood busily engaged in re-filling the chambers of my magazine; I did not look down at my work, but kept my eyes riveted ahead. Two Bolo-men were approaching in single file. They were coming towards me, but before I could look down the barrel of my Krag, the man at my right, a brave and gallant Michigan lad from Grand Rapids, had fired. Our rifles are supposed to carry two miles, and the two Bolo-men were so close that the ball from my friend's rifle passed entirely through the first man disemboweling him in a shocking manner, and then not satisfied with its mission, tore itself into the body of the second man, bespattering him with his companion's blood. They fell dead in each others arms. God forgive, but at the time I laughed aloud at the horrible and sickening sight. Now that I am perfectly calm, I am ashamed of myself; but then, ah! then, I was beside myself, I had lost all fear of death and danger and was desperate with the fever of battle. Perhaps you do not understand me, or know what kind of feeling that is, if you do not, I respectfully refer you to my aged and venerable friend, Col. Woodward, or to all the other warriors, young and old, who have had the battle fever. The Bolo-man could not withstand our terrible fire. They broke and ran back into the tangled reeds and rushes. We did not give them chase, as we were well pleased with our bag. Sixty-eight Bolo-men had "bit the dust," and others lay dying where they dropped. Not an American soldier was injured. After the battle I was as hungry as a "March hare," and the hurried manner in which I proceeded to get on the outside of some cold half cooked sowlbally made my companions laugh but let them laugh. You know what Shakespeare said; "He who laughs last laughs best."

LESLIE COLLINS,  
Co. B, 6th Infantry,  
U. S. A.

A powerful chapter from one of the most remarkable of human experiences, appears in *McClure's Magazine* for May—Captain Alfred Dreyfus' Own Story of his arrest, degradation and transportation to Devil's Isle. To this story is added a portion of the Diary kept by Dreyfus on the island, for his wife, and referred to so often and so mysteriously in the Rennes trial, but never made public.

A more intense and convincing expression of human agony than that found in these fragments is inconceivable. From first to last it is evident that the sufferer is bewildered and maddened by what has befallen him, and that all which keeps him from insanity or death is his determination to prove that his persecutions are powerless to overthrow what he calls the "sovereignty of the soul." These dramatic passages make it clear, too, that Dreyfus was compelled to undergo on Devil's Isle every ignominy and hardship his jailers could devise, even to close confinement in a hut, enclosed by palisades and shut out from air and light, with double irons upon his legs throughout the night.

The book from which this remarkable document is taken, containing the story of Dreyfus' entire five years of suffering and imprisonment, is to be published by McClure, Phillips & Co. in May.

## Recollections of Funston by one of his old Teachers.

During the two years of his stay, Funston did very creditable work in mathematics, botany, chemistry, Greek and Roman history, Shakespeare, German, American history, and economics. The last two subjects he carried in my department, and under my personal instruction. I well recall him in the classroom—attentive, alert, always ready to take part in a discussion, but not over-talkative; with a keen sense of humor and with no little wit; apparently mastering with ease fundamental principles, though not always careful as to details in application; with rare

good sense, holding tenaciously to his own opinion—and I always thought because he had formed it carefully—but always amenable to reason. It was entirely evident at first that he regarded my instruction with considerable distrust, and was exceedingly slow and wary in making admissions which might lead to conclusions which he was not ready to accept. However, his intense interest in both subjects, and the ease and informality of the lecture-room (the freest discussions were always permitted and welcomed), soon brought us into closer and more friendly relations; and while I may not speak for him, I may add for myself that my confidence in him and in his ultimate success has never wavered, and my interest in him has been continuous from that day to this.—From "Funston: A Kansas Product," by James H. Canfield, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for May.

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