



ON AN ARMORED TRAIN.

A South Dakota Lad's Outing in South Africa.

(Sioux Falls Correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

An interesting letter descriptive of the armored trains utilized by the British in South Africa, the work of the men detailed for duty on them, and other matters which do not find place in the press despatches, has been received from Percy W. Tinnan, who, so far as known, enjoys the distinction of being the only South Dakotan who is serving in the British army in the land of the Boers.

Claire R. Tinnan, one of the best known newspaper men of the state. The young man, a pupil of his letter will show, possesses the true newspaper instinct in securing facts heretofore not of general knowledge. Young Tinnan, after putting in a couple of years at an eastern university, thought it not worth \$3,900 a year to pull an oar in a racing shell, and left with a college chum in search of adventure in South Africa. As the result of his keen observation he throws a new light on many features of the South African situation. With him on the armored train is a young Chicagoan named Richardson Young. Tinnan has had exceptional facilities for securing information, for since going to South Africa he has been with several branches of the British service—first with the mounted coast patrol, then with a bicycle corps doing scout duty, and lately with the armored train. His letter is in part as follows:

"Our captain of the armored train is a brick, and he doesn't seem to care whether we do any work or not. He is a young fellow, and not such a crank as most of the imperial officers. There are two of us now—another Yank besides myself, a young fellow from Chicago by the name of Richardson—and he is Chicago from his head to his heels. He is the best fellow I have struck since leaving home, totally unlike most of those one meets out here from the States, who are usually professional hooses. . . . We are, at the time I write this, over on the east coast, and only ninety miles from East London.

"First in the train is a truck, or car, containing a searchlight and Maxim gun; second, the captain's truck; third, gun carriage truck containing two 12-pounders; fourth, troops; fifth, engine; sixth, water truck; seventh, cook-house truck; eighth, dynamo truck; ninth, construction truck; tenth, telegraph truck; eleventh, searchlight and Maxim gun truck. There are fifty-eight men with the train, scattered throughout the different trucks. The entire train is sheathed with 5-8 inch armor with loopholes and so on. The train guards the frontier, and is used for general purposes of that nature. Most men with armored trains have a hard time of it. They have to do both night and day patrol duty. With the train we have a cycle machine for patrol and scout duty. It is a four-wheeled machine used on the track and constructed on the same principle as a bicycle. Great speed can be made with it. I do most of the work with it.

"We were called out one night by a report that the Boers had rushed a farmhouse about twelve miles out and about a mile from the railway line. Away we went, with our ammunition beside us, ready to stick a muzzle of a Krag-Jorgensen through a loophole at the first sight of a Boer. As we drew near the house the train slowed down and a reconnoitering squad was sent out. In a few minutes they were greeted with a hail of bullets, many of which flattened on our train. Our scouting party stayed where they were, and by skillful maneuvering gradually drew back toward the train, and with them the Boers. "Like a flash the searchlight was turned on the Boers and the house. Bang! went one of the 12-pounders, and such a scampering you never saw. The shell from the 12-pounder knocked out four men and two horses; the rest of them got away. As the ranch belonged to a rank rebel with our army, we are to be aiding the Boers on the quiet, the major in command, who happened to be on the train, gave orders to destroy the house. The searchlight made it a beautiful target, and the gunners with our 12-pounder soon knocked it to kindling wood. Then we steamed back to town, rolled up our blankets and slept.

"A few days after the bombardment of the farmhouse we were called out one night by the report that the Boer leader in the vicinity was making north for the frontier. He had been having a hard time in the colony and decided to try and get out. Away we went once more, and after passing about fifteen blocks by the Boer news, we at last came to the hunting ground.

"In a cloudy, moonlight night, we could see the whisksers of the advance guard, coming over the veldt, a mile away. We were lying with our armored train in a cut out of sight. When the Boers were a little less than a mile from the line each man dropped and began to make a sneak. Orders were sent by phone to the blockhouses in the vicinity to hold fire until we opened.

"Finally four Boers started on a run for the fence. They knew that the line was protected by barbed wire networks, but I guess they did not know the strength of the fences. They began slashing and cutting with their wire cutters, and after five minutes' work, signalled the command in the rear to come on and make a dash for it. They came—and so did we. Our cut was half a mile from the attempted place of crossing.

"To go back a little, you may think it strange that they did not put out outposts. It would have been useless because the blockhouses are so near together, and the sentries have orders to fire on any one approaching the line. Twenty men were sent out from our train and the nearest blockhouses to hold the pass. Imagine twenty men attempting to hold a pass against 275 desperate Boers, caught like rats in a trap—as that is the number we afterwards learned made the rush. Our train started on to hold the pass at the same moment the Boers started to make it.

"My God! What a scene followed. Our searchlight was turned on, the

two Maxims firing between them 800 rounds a minute, and one 12-pounder dropping shrapnel shells with 800 bullets in each, started in to do business. To see that bunch of Boers come on was something grand. "The first rattle of the Maxims took them completely by surprise, and naturally checked them for a moment—and then on they came until they reached the wires. Instead of heading for the opening, they made for the solid fence, and failing to jump that or break through, landed in all shapes, a confused mass of straggling, desperate, fighting men.

"About twenty-five of them, as soon as they struck the fence, wheeled and started to encircle the train. Alas, more than half rolled over dead the first quarter of a mile, and the rest scampered over the veldt. Only ten succeeded in getting across both lines, and of these but three were mounted. The remainder went back over the veldt in all directions.

"Our casualties were three wounded, one of which was a gunshot wound of the 12-pounders, while the Boers left forty dead on the field, eight wounded, and lost 150 horses, the latter of which were either killed outright or had to be shot afterward.

"When nothing is doing we occasionally have concerts. Nearly every Tommy has a song he can sing in public, which, together with the musicians among them, always makes something doing. There are two mandolins, a banjo, an autoharp and two accordions in the outfit. All but two of the men who have these are fine musicians. "As I finish my letter the Tommies are all out on the grass on the shady side of the train playing cards, chess and checkers. The veldt is covered with the most beautiful growth of grass. The thornbush about here is green now and covered with flowers. There is a species of red cap that is also very pretty. The temperature where we now are is about 90 by day; the evenings are cool and delightful."

GIRL IN THE CASE

Assassin of the Russian Minister the Interior Was Aided by His Sweetheart.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 21.—It is now certain that the earlier reports of the identity of the assassin of M. Sipiaguine, the minister of the interior, who was shot and killed April 15, were incorrect. Instead of living nine days in St. Petersburg just previous to committing the crime, he spent nine days in a deserted barn at Terki, just across the Finnish frontier. The aide-de-camp's uniform which the man wore in order to gain access to the ministry was ordered by his sweetheart at a military tailor's establishment where she was cashier. The form was delivered at Terki and the murderer entered St. Petersburg disguised. The girl in the case has been arrested.

It is now even doubted whether the assassin, who has been known as Balshaneff, was really a student. It is hinted that he bears an aristocratic name. M. Von Plehwe (formerly secretary of state for Finland), the successor of M. Sipiaguine, has sent Governor General Bobrikoff and Cherkoff back to Heisingford and Warsaw, and Prince Galitzin to the Caucasus.

HISTORY IMBIBED IN INDIA.

The St. James' Gazette has received a copy of an historical essay published in the monthly magazine of a high school in India. It is pretty near the "record." The following is an extract from this sample of stored up youthful lore:

"King Henry 8, was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, beside children. The list was belated the 2d was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' was to be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was surnamed the Boy Bechelon. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried. Henry 8, was succeeded on the throne by his great Grand Mother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the last Minstrel."

ENGAGED.

Marriage is very largely an accident. In few cases do men or women set up a standard of manly or womanly excellence and choose by it. In many cases people become engaged as the result of proquinity rather than because of any deep rooted preference. And so it often happens that the wife enters upon the obligations of marriage just as thoughtlessly as she entered on the marriage relation, because no one has warned her of the dangers she faces.

Thousands of women become invalids for lack of knowledge of themselves. It is to this large body of women that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes as a priceless boon, because it cures the womanly ills. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"As my first child was born," writes Mrs. Jordan Stott, of Swanton, Frederick Co., Va., "my health was very poor for a long time, but after I was so laid down in bed I could hardly move without great suffering. My husband got me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and a trial of his Pleasant Pellets, which I used as directed. In four days I was greatly relieved, and now, after using the medicine three months, I seem to be getting well again. I wish to state that there are so many suffering women when there is such an easy way to be cured. I know your medicines are the best in the world."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the favorite family laxative. One 'Pellet' a laxative, two 'Pellets' a cathartic dose.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

No. 2 Company, 3rd Regiment Canadian Artillery, First in General Efficiency.

Thought They Had Lost the Prize, But Now Come Out All Right.

When in the fall of 1900 it was announced that No. 2 company, 3rd Regiment, Canadian Artillery, had won the second prize for general efficiency there were three disappointed officers and fifty disappointed men in the regiment. Never in its history had the company worked harder or more hopefully for first place, and the disappointment was all the greater because their marks earned, 216, were exactly the same as those of their successful competitors, No. 1 Co. of P. E. Island regiment. The St. John company lost one point because of the absence of an officer at muster parade. This officer had done all his work with the company, and for good reasons was granted absence at a time when there remained nothing to be done. However, under a supposed rule of the Dominion Artillery Association, one point was deducted, and there was nothing to do but accept second place. The loss was all the more keenly felt because that year the 3rd Regiment was inspected by Lieut. Col. Wilson of Quebec, the best Garrison artillery officer in the Dominion, while the P. E. I. regiment was inspected by an infantry officer who could not be expected to be as conversant with artillery work. No. 2 company, however, did not get the second prize which they supposed they had won, and when Capt. Baxter was in Ottawa recently he enquired about it. Previous letters had started Lt. Col. Donaldson, the secretary of the association, looking into the matter, and he informed Capt. Baxter, to the great delight of the latter, that the rule as to absentees did not apply to officers, so that no point should have been deducted, and the two companies were tie. The matter had gone before the council of the association, and nothing further was heard of it until yesterday, when Capt. Baxter received by express a beautiful sterling silver cup, gilt lined, about eight inches in diameter. It is inscribed: Dominion of Canada Artillery Association. General Efficiency—Garrison Artillery. Lower Establishment. 1900-1901.

1st Prize—

No. 2 Co., 3rd Regiment—Equal. No. 1 Co., 4th Regiment—"

The points which won this cup are phenomenally high, being 216 out of a possible 220. The gun drill obtained 80 points, or perfect marks, and the manual drill in infantry drill and manual drill and firing exercises which were 18 each out of possible 20.

No. 2 once before won the first prize, in 1896, then tying with No. 1 Co. of the St. John regiment. The pleasant fact of the competition is that between the Island regiment, No. 1 company, which will receive a similar splendid cup and our own regiment the rivalry which exists is generous, not selfish. None will be more pleased than the Island men that our No. 2 has won with them, and No. 2 will share as heartily in the joy of the Island over their own success.

A YANKEE ENGINEER

Lectures London on Anglo-American Unity.

Tells Britons They Have Done Nothing to Meet Boer Influence in World—Gives Public Opinion in the United States.

LONDON, April 22.—"I must advise you not to pay too much attention to the extravagant expressions of friendship of a certain well meaning but discredited class called, in America, 'Anglo-maniacs.' That was the keynote of a speech made by John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, tonight, before a notable gathering, including Lord Grey and other interested in Anglo-American and South African matters, at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Hammond's return to England.

With pungent sentences Mr. Hammond explained to his English audience the depth of his reason for American sympathy with the Boer cause. He candidly thought a genuine friend of Anglo-Saxon friendship, he impressed his hearers with Great Britain's total lack of effort to counteract the pro-Boer sentiment in the United States. "Whether British, German or whatever nationality," he said, "I am sure that Great Britain be generous in her demands. 'Your American friends' he declared, 'most earnestly hope that in arranging terms of peace, wise liberality will be shown to the Boers.'"

Such a statement, coming from one who, in the same speech referred to his imprisonment at Pretoria on account of his anti-Boer tendencies, produced a rather striking effect. The American anglophobes came in for equal criticism with the Anglo-maniacs in Mr. Hammond's remarks.

"Both of these classes," said Mr. Hammond, "include the greatest and best of the American population. The citizens who compose the important body of our population are the exponents of Americanism in its highest form. They are the true Americans, whether of British, German or whatever nationality. It is a title, not nevertheless an almost irresistible argument, that our nation's sentiment, on any notable occasion, is against the Boer cause. "But we must be prepared henceforward to urge our claims for conjoint action respecting the Boer question, and to insist that a racial but a moral base, namely, that our claim is a just one." For I believe that the Boer cause is the corner stone of their international structure."

To this conservative and unbiased section of the audience Mr. Hammond's remarks were met with the greatest interest. The speaker pointed out that American impressions of the Boer war were derived from the writings and speeches of the British pro-Boer, under which circumstances, he said, was not surprising that "corrupt Transvaal oligarchy, masquerading under the name of 'Little Bitter Republic,' has secured the aid and sympathy of America. However much we English and American

"Out of Sorts."

How frequently at this season of the year you hear the expression "I'm feeling a little out of sorts." That's the Spring feeling. The long winter months, with close in-door confinement, have left you feeling tired and jaded. The appetite is poor; there is a feeling of "laziness" in the morning; perhaps occasional headaches, or may be twinges of rheumatism. The weather is changeable and you take cold easily. You are not sick, but you do feel dull, languid and run down. What you need to put you right—to brighten you up—is a tonic, and the world over there is no tonic that can equal



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

These pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world, simply because no other medicine has made so many tired and despondent people feel bright, active and strong. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have derived from this medicine—the greatest of all recommendations.

Mr. Robert Lee, New Westminster, B.C., writes:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result pimples, which were very itchy, broke out on my body. To make my condition even worse, I was attacked with rheumatism in the knee joints, which at times gave me great pain. I tried several medicines but they did not help me, and then my wife insisted that I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am now very glad that I followed her advice, for after using a half dozen boxes I was fully cured, and not only had the rheumatism disappear, but also the pimples that had been such a source of annoyance. You may be sure I am grateful for what the pills have done for me, and always speak a good word for them when opportunity offers."

It's a waste of money to experiment with other so-called tonics—weak, catch-penny imitations of this sterling medicine. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIX PERISHED.

As Result of Their House Being Struck by Lightning.

OTTAWA, April 22.—Thomas Hill, 35 years; Mrs. Hill, 32 years; Pearl Hill, 11 years; Robbie Hill, 9 years; Maggie Hill, 6 years—husband, wife and three children—and John Watson, aged 50, were all burned to a crisp in Hull early this morning. Hill had a livery stable at the corner of Bridge and Wellington streets. It was a frame building, erected since the great fire that swept the city of Hull. Watson was the livery stable. The building, valued at about \$3,000, was struck by lightning this morning and caught fire. The flames spread so quickly that Hill and his family were unable to escape, and Watson, who slept in the stable, shared a similar fate. Four horses were also burned. The building was covered by insurance.

MINISTERS ATTACKED.

Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado Tells Them They Don't Dare Speak the Truth. (New York Sun.) A furious attack upon the church was recently made before the Ministers' Alliance of Denver. The speaker, by invitation, was D. C. Coates, lieutenant-governor of Colorado and formerly president of the State Federation of Labor. His subject was The Workingman of the Church. He was constantly interrupted by hisses, cries of "No, no," "stop," "Untrue," and finally left the platform, flinging back the remark, "Ministers, like the rest, cannot bear the truth." A discussion followed, in which many of the ministers countered heavily on the labor unions.

Among the remarks by which Mr. Coates aroused the anger of his listeners were the following: "Where is the voice of the church while the poor are trying to get away from the Sabbath day manual work, which you preach is damning thousands of souls to perdition? You preach for the men who own the shops and smelters in which

these poor men are compelled to work, while the owner sits in his pew listening to you. "The workingman believes in bettering his happiness here for a heaven of earth. He labors to be saved from hell on earth and gives less attention to a hell and heaven somewhere else that nobody knows anything about. "Few men will speak the truth when it hurts the man who pays their salary. The same thing besets you that besets every other wage earner, you know that you lose your jobs; will be turned out of the church for heresy, if you dare speak the truth."

TURNING DOWN THE DOCTORS.

The marvelous cures of Catarrhisms are being much talked about. Thousands are daily recognizing the exceptional merit of this simple inhaler treatment, and instead of running to the doctor with their winter ills they protect themselves by Catarrhism; it kills colds in the head in ten minutes, quickly relieves Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubles, and cures even though all other remedies have failed. Catarrhism is very pleasant, safe and convenient to use. Its best recommendation is its enormous sale; try it today. Price \$1.00, small size 50c. at Druggists.