GENERAL DIRECTORY.

SOCIETIES, ETC.

TITUSVILLE BOARD OF TRADE—G. M. Robbins, president; J. M. Dixon, treasurer; J. G. Bast, secretary. Meets second Wednesday night in each month at their rooms.

F. & A.M.—Indian River lodge, No. 90, holds its meetings the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at the court house. J. R. Walker, W. M.; F. A. Morgan, Sec'y.

TOWN DIRECTORY.

TOWN OFFICERS.—J. M. Dixon, mayor; R. E. Mims, Jr., marshal and tax collector; Gregers A. Frost, clerk and treasurer; John Henry, assessor; Jno. R. Walker, G. F. Duren, J. L. Carruthers, F. A. Morgan, S. G. Vanlandingham, councilmen. The council meets first Tuesday in each month.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR.—Friendship Chapter, No. 11, holds meetings first Tuesday in each month, at 3:30 p. m., and third Tuesday in each month, at 7:30 p. m., in Masonic Lodge room. Mrs. G. M. Robbins, worthy matron; Mrs. M. A. Scrimgeour, secretary.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.—A. D. Penney, Titusville, county judge; Jas. Andrews, Titusville, prosecuting attorney; A. A. Stewart Titusville, clerk circuit court; J. F. Wooten, Cocoa, tax assessor; E. W. Hall, Titusville, tax collector; F. H. Boye, Titusville, treasurer; R. E. Mims, Bonaventure, superintendent public instruction; J. O. Fries, Titusville, county surveyor; J. P. Brown, Titusville, sheriff; T. J. Cockshutt, LaGrange, registration officer.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—J R. Walker, Titusville, chairman; John R. Miot, Indianola; R. A. Conkling, Tillman; Jno. C. Jones, Woodley; J. Frank Bell, White City. Reglar sessions are held first Monday in each month.

COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD.—J. M. Dixon, Titusville; R. N. Andrews, Cocoa; C. P. Platts, Fort Pierce.

A TALK WITH A BOER.

General DeWet's Nephew Tells of Veldt Fighting.

Special correspondence of The Florida Star.

NEW YORK, March 25.—When a boy, I lived within sight of a fort. The barracks could barely be distinguished from the green hillside on a clear day. I had never visited the fort. One day an old sailor let me peep through his telescope at the faroff hill. I saw the colors snapping from the staff, the sentry pacing the wall, a soldier raking weeds from the walk. The figures seemed to jump out from the face of that distant hill with whose outlines I was so familiar, but of whose details I knew nothing. It was a startling and impressive revelation.

Today I have had a somewhat similar experience.

South Africa seems a very long way off to most of us. For over two years a war has been in progress there. We used to hear a lot about that war, but it has become an old story. The echoes

"YOU JUST HAND OVER THAT GUN."

of that struggle which now reach us are but faint whispers. The whole affair seems vague and indefinite.

But today I looked through a telescope, as it were. I had a talk with a young man who fought all through the earlier stages of that war, who spent months in a British prison camp, who escaped by an act of reckless daring and who is soon to go back to the veldt to fight for his country.

The young man is Adolph De Wet, a nephew of the heroic Boer general who has been conducting a campaign which has no parallel in military history. Young De Wet fought until a bullet shattered his foot and left him helpless. He was captured and deported to Bermuda. For eleven months he endured a miserable existence in the prison camp on Harris bay. Then one moonless night his chance came. With one companion he dodged the guards and plunged naked into the shark infested waters.

Far out from shore were shining the lights of a steamer. It might have been an English warship. They took the chance. It was not. It was an American tramp steamer bound for New York. They climbed up the anchor chains, told their story and were given passage to this city.

Since then the young Boer has been making a desperate effort to make enough money to take him back to South Africa. A fine, manly, intelligent young fellow he is, tall, straight, broad shouldered and muscular. He can talk in four ... programme was ... is an ... Miss DaP... is an excellent reader, an... the ... art of the programme was ...

electrical engineer by profession. You might mistake him for a Yale graduate. Yet withal he is modest and unassuming.

It was at the end of a long talk that he spoke of his wounds. "Only twice," he said, "was I much hurt. Once was when I got that bullet in my foot and was caught. The other time—well, that was funny, now I come to think of it. I suppose I lost the first blood that was shed in the war. You see, we Boers were all prepared for the thing when it came. Our plans were all laid. The first thing we did, you remember, was to ship all Englishmen out of Johannesburg. We began the very day war was declared.

"My folks lived in a suburb of Johannesburg. As soon as I heard that the war was on I took my rifle and went into the city. I had no more than reached there when I met an Englishman. He had an old musket with bayonet fixed. I stopped him, and he stopped me.

"'You just hand over that gun, young fellow,' says he.

"'Not much,' I says. 'You come with me to the railroad station. We're going to send you all packing.'

"With that we had a scuffle. Of course I might have shot him or he me, but you must remember that up to that time not a blow had been struck. It would have seemed like murder to me. I suppose he looked at it the same way. So we just scuffled. In the mixup he stuck his bayonet into the calf of my leg. Then I hit him between the eyes and laid him out. I took away his old musket. What do you suppose he did then? Why, he gave me his shoulder as we walked down to the station and carried the guns. Every few minutes he would say: 'Sorry I jabbed you, young fellow. Does it hurt much?' We hadn't got used to killing each other then."

This was his story of an incident which might well find place in history—the first blood spilled in a war which has made the world shudder.

"When I went home that night," says young De Wet, "my old mother made an awful fuss. She put me to bed and bathed and bandaged my leg, crying all the time until I felt like a baby. The hole healed up in the course of a week or so, and when I started to join Joubert's commando she made another fuss. My father only said: 'Let the young whelp go. He'll have to learn it sooner or later. Go on, Adolph.'

"Six months later, when I came back for more clothes and a day or two of rest, mother drove me out of the house with a broom.

"'Why are you not fighting with the other men?' she asked. 'Go back and stay until you have driven the ruineks into the sea.'

"That was the cry of all our women after they had heard how the British were burning houses and barns. 'Drive the ruineks into the sea,' they told us. Well, we tried anyway."

Then my young Boer friend told me why the fatalities among the British officers have been so much larger than among the British privates. It was because the officers did not respect Boer womanhood. "That is why," he said, setting his jaw squarely, "we would let a dozen soldiers pass and wait for a chance to pick off an officer."

Of Tommy Atkins young De Wet spoke in almost friendly terms, with hardly a trace of animosity. "He's a good fellow, as a rule, and nine times out of ten he's half ashamed of himself for fighting us. We had some funny experiences with the soldiers. One night a small commando of us was on the fly from one range of hills to another. About midnight we ran across a camp. One of our men crawled ahead to find out what sort of a camp it was. He did not come back, so we closed in. Pretty soon we saw what had happened. We had stumbled on a squadron of British troops, and one of their sentries had caught our scout. They had taken him up to the campfire and were poking fun at him.

"'Aha! We got you that time, didn't we?' they were saying. They thought it a great joke. They were all laughing and making a lot of noise. The other sentries were craning their necks to see what was going on.

"In the meantime we had spread out until we surrounded the camp. Our commandant passed the word to sneak up and grab the sentries. One at a time—and there were six of them—we got them all, grabbing them from behind and clapping a hand over their mouths so that they could not give the alarm. Then we posted our own men in their places.

"There was a situation for you—a British camp with Boer sentries! I laughed until my sides ached. And by the campfire the soldiers were joking our man. 'We got you that time, didn't we?' they kept saying. Some one whispered around that it was time to turn the tables. They gave us the word. From the black night around them the English heard a deep chorus: 'Aha! We got you that time, didn't we?'

"They knew the game was up. Their arms were stacked, their sentries captive. They stared into the dark with open mouths. They didn't know which way to turn. Then we laughed. They saw the joke and laughed too. Then they scattered and ran for it. As they passed us in the dark we grabbed them and threw them. Some got through the line, but in half an hour we had them all, a bunch of fifty."

"And then?" I asked.

"Why," said young De Wet, "then we all went back into camp, had something to eat, smoked our pipes and told stories until daybreak. That was a

"WE GOT YOU THAT TIME, DIDN'T WE?"

jolly night. In the morning we took away their guns, their provisions and everything else we wanted, shook hands with them, and then we parted. Prisoners! Why, our nearest camp was seventy miles away, and we were wanted in another direction."

Probably I have not given you the picture with anything like the vividness with which it came to me. That would be impossible. Through the medium of cold type you cannot hear the young Boer's rich, deep tones, cannot see his brown eyes light with pleasure or glisten with hate. Perhaps, however, you may catch a glimpse here and there of what real war is like. To me it was like looking through a telescope.

SEWELL FORD.

Foreigners Are Prosperous Too.

We draw in long breaths and protrude when we talk of our billion dollar export business. It is magnificent. But we forget we are a billion dollar country and there are many millions of us. Our exports amount to $19 per head, and this is much, but the exports of Great Britain are $30 per head and the exports of France $21 per head. Even Germany follows close at our heels with yearly exports of $16 per head.—Philadelphia Record.

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If members of the "Hay Fever Association" would use Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, the club would go to pieces, for it always cures this malady, and asthma, the kind that baffles the doctors, it wholly drives from the system. Thousands of once-hopeless sufferers from consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis owe their lives and health to it. It conquers grip, saves little ones from croup and whooping cough, and is positively guaranteed for all throat and lung troubles. 50c., $1.00. Trial bottles free at J. B Screven's.

New Bank For Greenville.

Columbia, S. C., March 17.—The secretary of state has issued a commission to the Greenville Banking company, of Greenville, which proposes to do a general banking business on a capital stock of $16,000. The corporators are J. W. McLean and W. F. Henderson.

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Cures croup and whooping cough.
Cures hoarseness and bronchial troubles
Cures pneumonia and la grippe. For sale by Wilson & Son.

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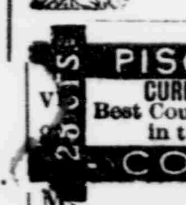

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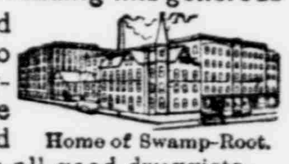

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