

The Power Invincible

Magnetism applied by human hands and directed by human thought is by far the most invincible cure of disease known in this age. Men are laying aside the old, stale

to Omaha to stay. Prof. and Mrs. Bell and a corps of assistants were quite busy treating patients; nevertheless, the professor took time to show the following testimonials:

Mrs. F. M. Robinson of St. Michaels, Neb., suffered for four years with female trouble and could get no permanent relief by the use of medicine. Was cured in three weeks.

Rev. David Rain of Ravenna, Neb., who was afflicted for 25 years with organic headache, which rendered him unfit for his duties, often for 48 hours, was cured in one week.

Prof. and Mrs. Bell, Omaha, Neb.

Dear Friends:
I can say after suffering ten years with rheumatism I have been cured by your treatment in three weeks. I cannot express my thanks in words for your kindness.
ELIZABETH OESCHTER,
Valparaiso, Neb.

Mrs. Mary Darnell, 913 N. 25th Ave., Omaha, was cured in one week after having tried almost every other remedy. Her trouble was female weakness and nervous prostration.

Mr. T. E. Clark of St. Michaels, Neb., suffered for years with catarrh of the worst form. Was cured in two weeks.

Little Mable Metz of Seward, Neb., who suffered for three years with bowel trouble, was cured in a short time by absent treatment.

Mr. S. W. Dunbaugh of Seward, Neb., was afflicted for years with head trouble and lumbago. He could not get relief from medicine. He came to Prof. Bell and was cured in one week.

These testimonials speak volumes and any one afflicted with acute or chronic disease can't afford to forego investigating this institution and consulting Prof. or Mrs. Bell on the subject of magnetic healing. The Bell method is very popular, judging from the number of patients who are now at the institute, and the many letters which are being received daily from persons who have been cured at the institute and are desirous of expressing

gratitude, or from patients desiring treatment, or else those contemplating taking a course at the school.

A Paying Profession

Professor and Mrs. Bell teach their method of healing to others. Students have come to this institute from all over the state of Nebraska and Iowa to take a course in



PROF. BELL.



MRS. BELL.



GREAT WESTERN INSTITUTE OF MAGNETIC HEALING AND BELL INFIRMARY,
1623 DOUGLAS STREET, OMAHA.

remedies and unscientific thought, and are taking hold upon tangible and vital remedies for body and mind. Proper thought and proper application will save this world to health and happiness. The Great Western Institute of Magnetic Healing stands as a mighty evidence of this fact. Men and women all over the country are turning their eyes towards this institution for help. Many have gone from this place with thankful hearts and healthy bodies, who were, previous to their coming, physical wrecks.

A Bee representative was invited to visit this institution, and found the commodious quarters to be finely equipped and conveniently arranged. In conversation with Professor Bell, he asserted that he had come

magnetic healing, and speak in positive commendable terms of its high standing and merit. Professor Bell will be glad to refer any one interested in learning this noble profession to those who have taken his course. Positions are guaranteed to graduates of this institute. The institute is in correspondence with prominent persons at different points who want a magnetic healer to locate with them. Professor Bell will insure your success. You have the power to cure disease, if you only know how to use it. You can learn in ten days. Do not fail to investigate. Prof. Bell will give you terms by addressing him at 1623 Douglas street, Omaha, Neb.

Patients coming from a distance are especially cared for and terms made easy.

American Soldiers Butchered by Moros

(Copyrighted, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

POLLOCK, Island of Mindanao, April 19, 1900.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)

—I despair of giving you an adequate idea of the Moros of this part of the world. They are more barbarous and savage than anything you can imagine and they act very much as though they thought we were the same. There is, I believe, bound to be trouble with them sooner or later and we should have trouble here now were not the soldiers very careful in their treatment of them. When I wrote from Parang-Parang the Moros were in possession of the Spanish fort there. Captain Gillenwater, who was the first officer to command that station, had but one company, and as Baqui, the datto, who had possession of the fort, claimed to have 4,000 fighting men, Gillenwater did not risk forcing the issue. Since then, however, Captain Reynolds has come with a second company and he and Lieutenant Colonel Hayes recently counseled together and decided that the Moros must be gotten out of the fort, as in case of trouble the place would be of great advantage to us. They sent word to Datto Baqui that he must vacate and take his soldiers and wives to other quarters.

The great datto grumbled. He said he had no place to go and asked if the Americans would not allow him to take up his quarters in the church. He was told no and he grumbled the more. All this happened the night he was told he must leave.

Pass a Sleepless Night.

Our soldiers, including the officers, did not sleep much that night. They were not sure what the datto would do. If he refused it meant war, and, with his superior numbers, there was no surety how the war would turn out. A great commotion was observed in and about the fort all night, and when the troops marched up to the fort the next morning they fully expected a fight.

When they arrived, however, they found the datto moving out bag and baggage. He told them he would go, but at the same time he pointed out to the bay.

The Americans looked and saw that it was covered with Moro boats. From every quarter the Moros were coming toward Parang-Parang. Some of the boats had flags flying in them, all were filled with men armed with lances, guns and kris, and it looked as though the Mohammedans of all Mindanao were coming to wipe out the Americans.

The Datto Baqui pretended that he did not understand it, and a guard of soldiers was sent down to the pier to intercept the crowd upon landing and to learn what was really the matter. The officers went with them, taking the big army wagon which had recently arrived and the four-mule team.

At the wharf they found that the invading Moros were the forces of old Datto Utto and of several other chiefs, who,

learning that one of the higher officials of our army was present, had come to hold a conference with him. Thereupon, much relieved that there was to be no fighting, the Americans asked the dattos to get in the army wagon and ride up to the town. As none of them had ever seen a wagon or mules before, they were delighted. They crawled in, stumbling over their weapons as they did so. The mules were whipped up and they were carried on the gallop over the stones to the town.

Datto Utto's Bloody Proposition.
They were taken to the gate of the fort, but not admitted inside, as treachery was feared. Chairs were brought out for the dattos, and with armed soldiers around, nominally as a matter of honor, but really as a guard against attack, a council was held.

The chief datto of the party did not speak. He was too old to do so. I refer to Datto Utto, who, next to his hated rival, Datto Plang, is the strongest Moro of Mindanao island. He has for many years had a large army and waged war with all about him. At one time he said he would drive the Spaniards off the face of the earth. He swore they should never enter his territory and organized the chiefs of the other Moro tribes to resist them. They put up forts and dug pits for ambushes, but were defeated and Utto submitted. Since then he has fought again and again, and of late, although he is now almost 90, he has been waging war with Datto Plang, the datto of this region who was the first to come to the support of the Americans.

Datto Plang is a thrifty chief. He is the son of a Chinese slave, who by his own ability has made himself a datto, and who by the commercial strain of Chinese blood which he has in him has amassed lands, houses and gold galore.

As the council proceeded it was seen that

the Moros present were all enemies of Datto Plang and that they had come to hatch up a scheme to conquer him. One of Datto Utto's men, a fierce, dark-skinned fellow with a big kris at his waist, presented the case. This man was an orator. He first dilated on the greatness of their tribe and then spoke of the outrages which this son of a slave, Plang, had perpetrated upon them, stealing their lands and growing rich by plundering them. After a long preamble he came to the purpose of the visit and bluntly proposed to the American commander that he should unite his forces with those of Datto Utto and march against Major Brett and the American soldiers at Cottabato and Datto Plang. He said he believed that by such a union they could wipe out Plang and the Moros, as well as the American troops, and they would then be supreme in this part of Mindanao. As he spoke Datto Utto and the other Moros present applauded and assented, and they evidently all held to the idea that Reynolds and Brett were little independent dattos, each of whom would gladly wipe out the other. Our officers in reply stated that such a combination was impossible, that all the Americans were as brothers, and that they wanted peace, not war, although they were always ready to fight when necessary.

Shortly after this the big mule wagon was brought around and the dattos were told that the troops hoped to have the honor of driving them again to their boats. To this, however, old Datto Utto decidedly objected and the others made signs that they would rather walk than be so shaken up again. There was one of our war ships in the harbor, and as they left this gave them the honor of a parting salute.

How Our Soldiers Were Butchered.

It is impossible for me to describe the barbarity of our Moro fellow citizens. They are in many respects as savage as any tribe of the African wilds and I prophesy that Uncle Sam will lose many good American soldiers before he has brought them within the pale of his civilization. Since the first part of this letter was written the report of the first butchery has come to hand. The event happened the other day on the island

of Bongao. This island is at the southwestern end of the Sulu archipelago, within about forty miles of Borneo. It is so small you will need a large map to find it, but look for the island of Tawi Tawi and you may know that it is just off the western end of it.

We have a company stationed at Bongao, the soldiers living in an old fort and barracks there which were occupied by the Spaniards. The Moros were supposed to be very friendly and the soldiers thought nothing of going off into the woods in small parties to fish and hunt. They mixed with the Moros and treated them kindly. The other day a party of five of our soldiers had gone some miles away from the camp on a hunt. They stopped near a Moro village, and while one of the men took a bath in the stream the other four sat down on the bank and played cards.

Assault the Soldiers with Krises.

They stacked their guns near them and were having a pleasant game when ten Moros armed with kris and barongs came up. The soldiers greeted them and pointed to their cards, explaining what they were playing. As they did so one of the Moros gave a signal and several of the others grabbed the guns and ran, while the rest assaulted the soldiers with their kris. In less than two minutes they had cut them almost to pieces. They then ran away, taking the guns with them.

How they came to leave the man in the water I do not know, but they did not molest him. As soon as they had left he came out. He found that one of the soldiers had been cut into five pieces by as many strokes of a barong. Another, who was cut almost as bad, died as he came up, and a third had been so cut through the neck that nearly every cord but the jugular vein had been severed, and the man was living only by holding his head on by his hand. The fourth man was terribly wounded. The soldier managed to get the living and dead into the boat and rowed them back to Bongao. When he arrived there one of the wounded men had died and only one of the five besides himself was alive. This was the man who held his head on. The boat was half full of blood.

The soldier told his awful story and a force of men at once started after the murderers. When they arrived at the village the datto at first hesitated about giving them up, but he finally did so. The guns were also found and upon a stern demand they were handed over. The soldiers took the murderers and camped with them that night near the village, intending to take them back in the morning. They made them go after wood and water for the camp, but as soon as the Moros neared the woods they tried to escape, and every one of the ten was shot dead by the guards. I am told that this attempt to escape was a genuine one, but I doubt not the soldiers were glad of the chance it gave them to avenge the death of their comrades.

Where Life is Cheap.

Life is in fact the cheapest thing in this part of the world and death can be had on slight provocation. I have not yet heard of the Moros having prisons or jails, though



ONE OF OUR MORO VILLAGES.

WHOSE OX IS GORED NOW?

Every Western Man Interested in Western Institutions Rejoices.

BANKERS RESERVE LIFE FAR AHEAD

Wrote More Business in April and May Than Any Other Insurance Company Doing Business in Nebraska.

The Bovine which seems to have been interfered with is not the Bankers Reserve Life Association of Omaha, for it wrote more business in Nebraska alone in April and May than any other life insurance company in the state. If the iron of fact is distressing other vitals, it is because other companies cannot keep up with the pace set by the

BANKERS RESERVE LIFE.

The most delightful other truth in connection with this growth of business is in the character of the risks written by its solicitors. Bankers, professional men, farmers and merchants of the best class both as to local standing and physical health are the people who are enrolling their names upon the policy list of the Bankers Reserve. They are not novices in life insurance swept into the company by persuasive agents. They are thinking men, familiar with business methods and experienced in dealing with solicitors of every character. They

BECOME POLICY HOLDERS solely because they recognize a meritorious home company and approve of a business-like, unequivocal, simple and complete insurance contract. They know from the face of the policy and its terms and conditions, precisely what they are buying, and need no interpreter to elaborate details. They know

THE POLICY IS MODERN, progressive, liberal and businesslike. Therefore, they are loyally rallying to the support of the Bankers Reserve Life Association. They will constitute its advisory boards throughout the state to guard its honor from malevolent competitors, its revenues from frauds and its good name from malicious assault.

THE BEST TIME to take life insurance is in a new, progressive, up-to-date, successful life company is in the inception of its prosperity. Policies written now will enjoy the benefits of the low death rate of earlier years, in dividends returned to them, and as the company grows older their position grows stronger and their policy profits or dividends grow better. Remember, too, that this Nebraska company offers its policy holders a **POLICY UNEXCELLED IN THE WORLD.**

The U. S. Govt. Naval Hospitals use **Green Liver** Exclusively.
M. Wollstein & Co., Distributors.

(Continued on Seventh Page.)