THE MAFEKING MAIL SPECIAL STIP.

ISSUED DAILY, SNELLS PERMITTING

TERMS : ONE SNILLING PER WEEK, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

No. 45

The Matching Mail.

WANTED, NEWS.

of our besiegement. We are as firm as ever, we are more fit to repel on attack now than ever we were three months ago. We know that if it be necessary we can hold Mafeking for another three months or even two similar periods, but we want NEWS. We want to know what is being done by White, Clery, Gatacre, Methuen, we want to know where the forces are, and what they are doing. Whether had or taken place would not convey any more in-formation to them than they are already possessed of. The Dutch disloyalists are, possessed of. The Dutch disloyalists are, almost nightly, risking their lives in carrying messages backwards and forwards between our enemies outside and our enemies inside the garrison, but none of our people, if we except the man who came in Reuter's interests in the middle of November, has sent us a single word. The British force cannot be far away now. The British force cannot be far away now. It is impossible that many Boers remain between us. A deviation on the journey of two miles to right or left would avoid contact with them. We have scouts and money, yet the two combined cannot get us what we now desire more than anything else. News, regular and reliable, whether viotories or defeats, let us have the News without counting cost. It is particularly exasperating that we, with money and men, who know every foot of the country, are unable to get a single word through. unable to get a single word through.

"GENTLE ANNIE" TO THE

Last evening our pups set on to the enemy's boar hound and worried it con-siderably. No sconer had the brute be-gan its usual afternoon barking than our seven-pound terriers yelped. One of them bit it. "Gentle Annie" sprang at it, at first too far, then getting the distance better, took a piece out of the Boers' front works. The whole crowd were so alarmed, they evi-dently thought our men were coming at the org guillort. Impossible as trangite inter-appeared our small artillery stopped the noise of their one-pound maxim and Greitje was quiet last night and all this morning. We hear, but do not vouch for its truth, that there was a funeral by the big gun fort this morning. Whether or not, much credit is due to Major Panzera and his men for the manner in which they manipulated their guns. They have evi-

ASSESSMENT OF PROPERTY.

Thursday, January 4th, 1900.

List of names of owners whose property will probably be assessed on Sunday next,

7th instant —
Messrs. J. Weil, Mahomed Dada, R. F.
Appelbe, H. Noach, G. Riesle, E. C.
Wright, D. E. McConnell, O. Fodisch,
Rev. Hudson, Messrs. J. W. de Kock,
R. H. Martin, and Mafeking Club.

FROM THE "NATAL MERCURY."

"Nothing takes courage out of men more easily than failure. The news that the late fights with the Boers have disheartened late fights with the Boers have disheartened the enemy, and caused many of them to bitterly regret their absence from their farms, and to wish themselves back again, does not come as a surprise. They have had a taste of British metal, and British mettle, too, which has come as a great surprise to them. Doubtless the Boers have all along imagined that fighting British troops was child's play. They have learnt, to their great calamity, that this has been a grave error. Then, their crops are all rotting, and their season's work is waiting to be done. The "picnic" on which they set out has resolved itself into something farthest from their expectation."

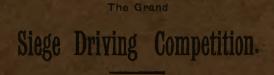
POET'S CORNER.

- There's risk on the ballasted roadway, There's death on the girdered bridge, Red ruin from sleeper to sleeper, And wreek on the bouldered ridge, No signal to herald my coming, No whistle to waken the plain; Stand clear—I am warned for patrolling ! Make way for the Armoured Train !

- I run not to time, nor to table, I'm neither an "up" nor a "down"; But "Full speed ahead" is my order, When skirting the enemy's town, My miles have a backing of cordite, My luggage is powder and shell, With smoke-stack ablazing I thunder

They have laid me a mine by a culvert, They have loosened a bolt by a curve But thrice tested still is my muscle,

Sunday, January 7th, 1900.



The race consists of driving your vehicle round a circular course while the band plays. When the halt sounds the vehicle that is nearest up to the winning post wins the race. Drivers choose their own pace, but may not stop till the halt sounds.

Any kind of vehicle, any kind of animal or team, any kind of dress is permissible, but each vehicle must be provided with some form of alarm, such as horn, or whistle, etc., which must be kept sounding

Each vehicle must carry a lady passen-

Sundays, 7th and 14th.

VARIETY

Entertainment Competition.

Amount of prize will depend on number of members of the troupe; at least £1 for every performer, 10s. each bandsman cr

Corps being :--Protectorate Regiment, B.S.A. Police, Cape Police, Town Guard, Bechuanaland Rifles, Railway Division.

Each competing team will have to pro-vide an entertainment of 6 items on Sun-day next, and 6 (different) items the fol-lowing Sunday.

They will have to give a performance at the following places during the day, either Hospital and Hidden Hollow, or Cannon Koppie and Ellitson's Kraal.

Trolleys for conveyance of troupes will be provided, also a stage at each point.

songs, minstrels, acrobat, conjurors, boxing,

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