

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing This Fatal Disease.



Of all the diseases known, with which women are afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for women's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so-called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women, and thousands have been cured of serious kidney derangements by it. Derangements of the feminine organs quickly affect the kidneys, and when a woman has such symptoms as pain or weight in the loins, backache, bearing down pains, urine too frequent, scanty or high colored, producing scalding or burning, or deposits like brick dust in it; unusual thirst, swelling of hands and feet, swelling under the eyes or sharp pains in the back running down the inside of her groin, she may be sure her kidneys are affected and should lose no time in combating the disease with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the woman's remedy for woman's ills.

The following letters show how marvelously successful it is.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

LETTERS FROM A RUSSIAN SOLDIER TO HIS WIFE.

Telling of the Trip Across Siberia and the First Meeting With the Men of Japan.

(Edited by Dr. Samuel Rabinowitz.)

NOVOGOROD, March 1. Dearest Anna—For the last few weeks it has been rumored persistently in our camp that we are on the eve of war with a little country, the name of which you have never heard of. I have heard before. At first we took it only as idle gossip, considering that no sane government of such an insignificant country as the one in question would dare to launch out on such a suicidal attempt as to lock horns with invincible Russia. Curious to say, however, a few days ago our regiment suddenly received orders to be prepared to get aboard the military transport cars of the Siberian line at a day's notice. It is understood (although not yet officially announced) that our destination is to be Manchuria, and that the foes we are about to meet are not the terrible Turks, but the tiny people of Japan, a country about as big as the drilling-grounds of our regiment, and famous for nothing else but the bamboo sticks which are used in Siberian prisons to flog criminals with. Our colonel says that we will have small orders for rifles and bayonets in this war; we will simply gather the little fellows in, give them a good spanking and send them home to mind their bamboo toys. The most intelligent soldiers, however, knowing as they do the worm-eaten state of the Russian army, are a little skeptical about it. Besides, there is a feeling of sadness and half-heartedness among the ranks and file, caused by the thought that it is not land the Russian people want, but liberty. It seems, however, to be part of the home government's policy to drag down the small still voice at the front as they are sometimes forced to go for days without food, and he was fully determined to ward off any calamity from himself at all hazards. Yesterday while our regiment was on drill, the captain noticed that Arekka had grown pale and nervous, and during the last few days, and suggesting a case of drowsy or something worse, he went up to him and began to feel his clothes. Think of his surprise when he discovered under his uniform a quantity of bread crusts and raw herring, which poor Arekka was laying away for a rainy day since the first rumors of war reached his ears. He was desperately before his hoarded treasure was taken away from him.

recently burned out of his palace, and he regards it as a direct violation of divine wrath, not because he caused too many wives to be beheaded, but because the sacred edicts, who has his headquarters in the royal palace, had his great toe bitten by a dog. On the other side of the Yalu are the tiny Japanese who look more like a jolly than an army of figures. Colonel Grommel says that during the engagement we shall have to take great care that we don't step on them. The sentinels who walk them through telescopes report that all day long the yellow Lilliputians are engaged in nothing else but fitting out bamboo sticks with long strings as if preparing to fight us with whips instead of fir-arms. As it appears to us now, this war will be not much more than a pleasant hunting expedition, and the spirits of our troops were rising every day. Tonight our colonel promised to give a banquet to the rank and file, and we expect to make a jolly time of it.

KIN-CHAW, May 5. Whewww! Dear me! Where am I? Mercy on us! I'm in a bad way. Anna, I must catch my breath, my hand trembles as I write. What do you suppose has happened. Tell it not to Gath, please! It is not in Ashikito! We went to Toulou, and then to the ally lost and fled in terror from the yellow monkeys to whom we were about to deliver a spanking, and we were only driving westward as fast as our weary legs can carry us. It was at the supper which our colonel gave to the rank and file that night that the first intimation of an attack was conveyed to us. "Don't allow yourselves to be disturbed, boys," said our colonel, laughing, "let them come a little nearer so that we may catch sight of them, they are so small. In the meantime, here are the boots of our gracious autocrat, the Tsar of all the Russias!" (Autocrat is the chief title by which the Tsar is addressed). Hardly was the last word out of his mouth when a tongue of fire burst from the pavilion in which we had been assembled and threw everything into confusion. When we grasped our arms and rushed out into the open we saw a sight which will never be effaced from my memory as long as a breath of life shall be left in my body. The wide sweep of the horizon as far as my eyes could reach was painted a lurid red and gave one the impression of our whole planet was on fire. The very air vibrated and pulsed as if breathing heavily at the constant rattling of our rifles, and the booming of heavy cannon. Huge rocks were shattered into splinters, the ground at our feet was raked as if with Jupiter's thunder bolts, and dense columns of smoke curled up from all directions. It seemed as if Dante's inferno had suddenly been reproduced with a content for a stage and ourselves for actors in it. Not a human being was to be seen in any direction, and the clang seemed to swell and draw nearer with every moment, and the sky seemed to be transforming itself into a very canopy of fire. It was evident that if we stood our ground much longer we should be engulfed in this fiery furnace like the inhabitants of old Pompeii. "Advance!" ordered the colonel. "Advance!" against whom? Against the Prince of Darkness? That is no mortal in sight. "Retreat!" ordered the colonel. Retreat where? Is there a direction which does not send out tongues of fire and columns of death? "Fix bayonets and cut your way through!" ordered the colonel. Bayonets were accordingly fixed and a double-quick gallop started in a northerly direction. It was a long and before we reached the first line of Japanese trenches and began cutting our way through. And even then the cutting was not all done by us. The yellow men took a hand in the fun, and themselves, and so deadly was their work that only about twenty per cent. of our regiment escaped to tell the tale. We discovered who it was who fired that long whizz which was always so late in the hands of our ally's foes were nothing else than portable telegraph lines which served them to establish instant and most communication between the different whigs of their extended front, and thus helped in no small measure to accomplish our overthrow. It has now come to heated acrimony in our minds, and the general idea of the officers as to who is responsible for this disgraceful rout. The captain says it was the major, and the colonel says it was the general. Maxim Serchoff says it was neither of them but the Japanese themselves who did the job.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Sept. 26, 1886, says: "If I were asked what single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful in the treatment of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. Never travel without it, and its general applicability in the various acute number of single ailments forms its best recommendation."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera.

CAUTION—Genuine Chlorodyne. Every bottle of this well known remedy for COLIC, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DIARRHOEA, etc., bears on the Government Stamp the name of the inventor—

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1/4d. in 1/2d. and 4s. 6d. Sole manufacturers—

J. T. DAVENPORT, Limited LONDON.

Wholesale Agents: Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

NEW ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM Fredericton Business College.

A complete new outfit of typewriters. Seating capacity increased by one-third. Largest attendance yet in history of College. Offer by the United Typewriter Co. of a handsome GOLD WATCH, to the Shortland Students making highest marks. YOU may enter at any time. Send for Catalogue. Address

W. J. OSBORNE, Fredericton, N. B.

NEW CATALOGUE For 1904-5

Is just out. It gives our terms, courses of study and general information regarding the college. Send name and address today for free copy.

S. KERR & SON Oddfellows' Hall

DR. McCAHEY'S Hoave Guro

DR. McCAHEY'S Hoave Guro is a powerful medicine for the cure of all kinds of Hoave Guro, including the most obstinate cases. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe for all ages. It is sold by S. Kerr & Son, Oddfellows' Hall, Fredericton, N.B.

JUDGE STEVENS HONORED.

WOODSTOCK, March 14.—At the session of the county court today true bills were found by the grand jury against George W. Dickson, for obtaining money under false pretences, and Almon Canon, perjury.

When the grand jury had found their verdicts, on motion of A. B. Connell, K. C., the further proceedings in the court were suspended while the pleasant function of unveiling a portrait of Judge Stevens, who sat upon the bench with Judge Carleton, was taken up. Mr. Connell referred to Judge Stevens' long and honorable record. Judge Carleton referred to Judge Stevens' past career and paid a fitting eulogy to his learning, judicial ability and high character. At the conclusion of his remarks he unveiled the portrait of the late Judge Stevens.

DR. McLeod's Vinous, who was largely instrumental in the purchase of the picture, next made a few apt remarks followed by Judge Carleton, who in a very eloquent and earnest speech touched upon Judge Stevens' past career and the great esteem in which he was held by the people. Speeches were also made by Warden C. E. Gallagher, Acting Mayor H. T. Stevens, the solicitor general, Wm. Connell, M. P., and J. C. Hartley.

When Judge Stevens rose to speak he was quite overcome and could scarcely proceed, but he soon gained his voice and made a most masterly reply to the kindly words that had been said. He said that he had simply done his duty, but did not disguise that he warmly appreciated the sentiment that led to the placing of his portrait in the court house. He spoke at some length, most eloquently giving advice to those young men at the bar who had grown up under him. The large audience remained standing as his honor addressed them in his most earnest and touching manner, and when he had finished the thunder of applause was equal to that of a nomination day proceeding. Many ladies graced the gallery during the proceedings.

The case of the King against Charles W. Dickinson, false pretences, was then taken up, the solicitor general for the crown and T. C. L. Ketchum for the prisoner. The crown had not finished the case when the court adjourned. After this case is completed a civil case of Dr. Brown v. the Overseers of the Poor of Kent Parish will be tried. Dr. Brown's bill is for an operation performed on Millie Gee about a year ago. She was the girl who George Gee killed and for which crime he was executed. B. B. Connell, K. C., is for the plaintiff, and F. B. Carroll for defendant.

"Throw yourself on their bayonets, honorable comrades. Those behind will do the rest," a London correspondent says a Japanese colonel cried as his men came to close quarters with Russians in a trench. The order was at once obeyed.

PUGSLEY GETS \$5,800 For His Services and Expenses in His Representation Case.

FREDERICTON, March 14.—The amount so far reported as paid to Attorney General Pugsley for services and expenses in the representation case is about \$5,800.

ON THE BANKS OF THE HUN RIVER, Sept. 14th.

Dearest Anna.—This week we have again been defeated by the Japanese, as usual. The fact of the matter is that the novelty of the thing has almost worn off and we are getting weary of it. An unbroken chain of defeats from the Yalu river to Liao Yang is not a very encouraging ordeal for an army to pass through. But the Russian soldiers are receiving an excellent course of training in the art of dying for one's country. There is one soldier especially in our regiment who has actually died and died for his country. I dined with him today, and he gave me the following account of how the thing came about. I will give you to him in his own words: "During one of the long hand-to-hand engagements which took place around Bagtury I became faint and fell in a death-like swoon. Fortunately I was not trampled to death, and at the end of the engagement I was picked up along with a number of corpses and laid out in the military morgue to await the inspection of the physicians. It was the custom of our examining physician at the termination of a heavy engagement, where the carnage was great, to pass through the rows of lifeless forms, examine every one hurriedly and tie a white ribbon to the wrists of those in whom life was not yet extinct, for a sign that they were to be taken to the hospital, and a black ribbon to those who were found to be dead. In my case it seems that he examined me hastily, took me for dead, and tied a black ribbon to my wrist. The next moment two soldiers took me up on a stretcher, carried me to the place of burial, and placed me on the ground among a heap of other dead, while they themselves set out to dig a large pit to house them. When they were through with their labors they took up the ghastly crew from the ground one by one and deposited them side by side in their common resting place. When my turn came it seems that the shaking which I received

Frost Wire Fence Co. Limited

Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont. Limited Cleveland, Ohio.

—that gives strength where soft wire, bending and crimping, make weakness.

It holds both stays and running wires so they can't slip or bend—prevents the fence from sagging or bending.

Put live stock inside a FROST WIRE FENCE, and they'll stay there until you let them out. They can't break it down. FROST FENCES last a lifetime.

Write for catalogue about the Frost Fence. It's free.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

NINETEEN BURNED ALIVE IN N. Y. TEEMENT.

Many Were Roasted to Death on Packed Fire Escapes in View of Thousands—Fearful Fight for Life.

NEW YORK, March 14.—Nineteen persons dead, two severely injured, so seriously that they may die, and nearly two hundred persons temporarily homeless, is the story of the latest fire horror. The victims of today's disaster were typical east side people, the building a typical tenement crowded with the scenes attending it were in many ways peculiar to that cosmopolitan quarter.

To the apparently relentless displays of heroism shown by firemen, policemen and volunteer rescuers alone is due the fact that the list of dead is not far greater.

The scenes near the building after the fire was over and the search for the dead was begun was heart-rending. Nothing so pitiable of such proportions has been seen in New York since the Boston disaster.

The fire started in the basement, occupied by Isaac Davis, wife and three children. Davis had been out last night and returning to his home early this morning, went into his store on the same floor just in time to see a kerosene lamp in the rear explode. A young man passing the house at the time saw the flames and gave the alarm. A policeman who heard the cries rushed to the scene and every effort was made to rouse the sleeping inmates.

The flames had spread with startling rapidity and when the persons who had been asleep on the upper floors awoke, they found themselves confronted by a wall of flames on nearly every side. Scenes of the wildest description followed when the panic-stricken scores fighting for their lives, rushed for the fire escapes only to find them littered with rubbish of all description, and almost impassable. Down through this cluttered narrow passageway flowed a stream of humanity. On some of the escapes the rubbish was so closely packed that it became impossible to pass certain points and men, women and children stood literally roasting to death as the flames roared through windows around them.

In the meantime the firemen had run up ladders at other points around the building and dozens of people were being taken from the crowded fire escapes and upper windows. By this time the building was a furnace and the rescue were effected in many cases only after the greatest show of bravery on the part of the firemen.

The position of those who had taken refuge on the rubbish-choked fire escapes became more desperate every minute as the flames crept through the windows on every floor. They feared to jump and they could not wait until the scalding ladders reached them, so intense was the heat. Now and then one would spring to the ground with a scream. A baby flung into the arms of a policeman on the ground was immediately followed by the fear-stricken mother, who threw herself headlong.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.

Dearest Anna.—Today I went out for the far east to spank the Japanese (as our colonel puts it). Before going aboard the transport cars the scum of our division spread over the town and indulged in the Jewish pastime of plundering Jewish shops and shops. The net result of this frolic is over two hundred Jewish shops and dwellings wrecked and plundered. A bulk of my fellow soldiers, and fifty persons (mostly of the attacking party) killed and wounded. It seems that the Jews of this town profited by the bitter experience of their brethren in other places (where repeated during the last few weeks) and so were well prepared to defend themselves. Their action was quite an unpleasant surprise to the military mob. Maxim Serchoff says that he has a premonition that the over-confidence of our officers may be shattered at the front in the same way as that of the military mob has been shattered today in the Jewish market place. It is a sad thing to contemplate, but when I reflect on the ignorance and blood-thirstiness of our masses, I doubt whether the autocrats of St. Petersburg are right when they say that the Russian people are not ripe for self-government. However, of this horrible episode you will likely read enough in the daily papers. I will rather give the remaining space of this letter to things which are not likely to appear in the columns of Russian newspapers. If you see a farmer taking a crate of geese to market you may think of a military transport car ready to start on the Siberian line, and the cackling is not lacking either. The train on which I find myself, has twelve cars coupled to it, but only nine are given to the rank and file. The other three are reserved for the officers, the officers' wives (in some cases, harem), the officers' wives' maids, the officers' wives' maids' bundles and hand boxes, etc. The nine cars (as Maxim Serchoff calls them, cigar boxes) which are given to the rank and file, contain a hundred soldiers each. The packing is so well done that I am afraid if the train were to stop, our destination we shall find our bodies pressed into square blocks. Maxim Serchoff says he is sure that if some one should take hold of our car and turn it bottom up the contents of it would not be spilled out. (This is some consolation as we are now embarked on a war expedition and one cannot tell what may happen.) At this very moment there is a fly playing some pranks on the tip of Maxim Serchoff's nose, he is frying hard, but he cannot get his hands out to chase it.

NOVOGOROD, March 5th.