What The Defender Sees

The Tale of Nan Shan

It was in the Japanese hospital camp near Pit Se Wo that I came across Ivan Ivanovitch. He was pointed out to me by the Japanese as a man who had killed three and wounded two in the trenches at Nan Shan before he himself was wounded and captured. I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw sitting on a bench in front of one of the Chinese cottages, now a Japanese hospital, a tall, dark bearded corporal of the Russian Frontier Guards, with his leg bandaged up. I went up and spoke to him, gave him a drink of whisky from my flask, and finally offered him ten dollars if he would tell me all he had seen and done at Nan Shan. This is what he said:—

AN IMPREGNABLE POSITION.

"We were ordered out of Port Arthur to Nan Shan. There were already some fortifications there, and guns mounted, but we worked for four days digging intrenchments and putting up entanglements, while the Engineers laid down mines and built the emplacements for the big guns. Hundreds of Chinese coolies were at work as well. On the fifth day after our arrival, instead of being called to work, we were told to rest, as the trenches were finished. I was nearly on the top of Nan Shan, in the third trench, and had therefore an excellent view. At the very top, some forty feet up, was a bomb-proof lookout station, and here were General Bragowitch and his staff. Below me, half-way down the hill, were more trenches, all filled with men; between us the whole ground, some fifty yards, was mined and closed by barbed wire entanglements. At the foot of the hill were another trench and more entanglements; to the left Nan Shan Shan sloped down to the bay where the gunboat Bogyr lay. To the right Nan Shan extended into smaller hills, all crowned with trenches, barbed wire entanglements and mines. On every hill and in every good position were guns in bomb-proof emplacements, in bastions and in gun pits. There were eighty guns in all, from the huge fortress gun to the little machine gun. In front, as far as the eye could see, were small hills and bare fields, with here and there a Chinese village. The railway ran straight north, a long, thin, black line, disappearing in the skies, and over the fields curved away two roads, one to Mukden, the other to the Yalu. Far away to the right across the hills, I could see a little smoke in the sky from the Japanese ships at Pit Se Wo. It was a bright and beautiful morning. In the fields in front were no signs of war, except here and there a Cossack patrol coming or going. Signallers also could be seen semaphoring, and in the distance a heliio or two was winking. We were pleased at being nothing to do, and some of us lay on the grass and slept, others gathered into groups and sang and smoked. I and some others looked out over the hills to Pit Se Wo and, looking at all the trenches and entanglements, we said to ourselves: It will need more men than there are in the whole Japanese army to take Nan Shan, so we shall not see them for a long time yet.

THE CANNON'S OPENING ROAR.

"As if in answer to us, we saw a heliio some three miles away begin winking rapidly, and a patrol came galloping into sight out of the distance. The officers near by, where a large telescope was, began to get excited and talk quickly. I looked and looked, but could see nothing except the heliio and the patrol. I listened for a long time but could see nothing either. Now another heliio began winking excitedly, then another and another; two or three more the Cossacks appeared galloping down the road from Pit Se Wo; and still I could see nothing in the distance beyond. Now three sotnias of Cossacks and a battery appeared on the left and galloped up the road to Pit Se Wo. I strained my eyes looking, but could see nothing, nothing, except those winking heliios. At eleven o'clock I was half asleep when a comrade shook me and said, 'Listen.' I sat up and listened. Far away to the north there was a faint boom, and, nearer still an answering boom. The wind was coming our way, and now and then we could hear a faint patter, patter, mixed up with the booming. We were all up now listening and looking, but we could see nothing. The heliios out on the hills in front were still winking away, and another sotnia of Cossacks was going up the road. Then suddenly the Pit Se Wo Road, which had been empty before, except for an occasional messenger became crowded. From the hills to the north came twenty or thirty carts, all with the Red Cross flying. In front and behind came horsemen and men on foot, all wending their way slowly back. Now and then a man left the road and lay down beside it. Now and then a messenger pushed his way through and galloped on towards us. But the road was no longer bare; a continual stream of men and carts came down it. Soon they passed round the hill to our left and got to safety behind us, and yet more came. It made us thoughtful, that long, continuous stream of wounded and others coming back from meeting the Japanese. But, Pah! what could the Japanese, what could anybody do against Nan Shan, against trenches like ours and guns like ours? And all the time the booming went on in the distance. Surely we should see something now; but, no, beyond those heliios and the wounded there was nothing.

A DISHEARTENING SIGHT.

"Suddenly, about 2 p.m., I saw a gleam or two in the distance, and, borrowing some glasses from a sergeant, I saw mounted figures about three and a half miles away, but whether Cossacks or Japanese I could no tell. Now the patter, patter got louder; the booming sounded nearer. The heliios on the right near the shore, stopped working, and soon we saw the signallers galloping back. Then suddenly, just where they had been, a cloud of dust went up as a shell struck the ground. A suppressed 'Ah!' went all along the trench. Then another shell followed and then another. The other heliios stopped, and all along these hills in front we saw the white blotches of smoke as shell after shell burst. One burst on the road in the middle of a group of wounded. Some Cossacks came back, then the battery, but no longer eight guns, only six, and only half the horses. The stream of men on the road became thicker, more Cossacks came galloping back, now from this side, now from that; and all the time the shells were bursting all over the front. We were all expecting to see the Japanese appear, when suddenly, with a jar that shook the ground, bang went the great gun just above us; bang, bang other guns all along Nan Shan followed suit. We had to shout to hear each other, and then could hardly hear. The ground shook with the thunder of the guns, as all the big guns and many of the field guns roared out at the enemy beyond those hills. Now and then we saw a shell burst, but mostly they fell out of sight. The Japanese, however, did not appear. No more Cossacks came over the hills, and some of them who had reformed were posted as picquets on the low hills in front. A watering them. The stream of wounded too, had dwindled down to a few men now and then. A group of Cossacks with three prisoners passed quite close. Then suddenly the gunboat in the bay joined in the firing, and we saw the smoke of some Japanese ships out in the bay. There was nothing to be seen except the shells bursting on the hills in front, and the flashes of our big guns. Far away to the north a great column of dust was in the air, and on each side other columns of dust were going up as well. Then, suddenly, as is the way out here, it became dark, and as suddenly the guns were still, and absolute silence reigned.

THE EVE OF THE ATTACK.

"It was a terrible night, bitterly cold, and no fires were allowed. As we sat and ate our meal we were a silent and rather thoughtful party. It makes one think to see our Cossacks coming back in disorder, and wounded men streaming along the road to the rear for five long hours. To see our battery go out full of life, and come back a battered, helpless crowd, minus half their horses and two guns. We did not see the losses the Japanese had suffered; we all saw our men going out full of life and energy, and then coming back a broken crowd of wounded and beaten men, driven back by some irresistible force that we could not see. The evening hymn was sung very low and quietly that night. Many men doubtless prayed to God, as I did, that the entanglements, the mines and trenches, and the great guns on the hills would stop those Japanese on the morrow, and as my prayers meandered off into thoughts of that stream of wounded comrades coming back, and the Cossacks ever retiring, I gradually fell asleep. About 1, or may be 2, a. m., I awoke cramped and stiff, and, seeing my comrade Ignatieff standing near me, I joined him, and together we gazed into the darkness to the north. Far away to the north a cottage was burning, and the red glare seemed to stand out in the darkness. Nearer still were some moving lights. Field searchlights I think they must have been, evidently the Japs searching for their wounded. There and there signal lamps shone out, hard at work. Most of them we only caught a glimpse now and then, but on the road near the picquet line was a lamp which shone full at us, and was working hard.

WHAT THE SEARCHLIGHT SHOWED.

"From Kinchau Fort a searchlight swept the hills continuously with a great white beam of light. Far away out at sea other searchlights were signalling and flashing in the sky. Twice we heard the report of a rifle, but otherwise all was still. After about half an hour I was just going to lie down again, when I saw a flash; it looked really like a spark. In an instant there were a hundred sparks leaping around where I knew a picquet was; then we heard a crash of musketry, more sparks, and a sound of cheering came to our ears. Then the searchlight from Kinchau turned in that direction, and exactly as you see shadows on a white screen, so I saw a lot of running men, and others pouring over the top of the hill after them. The searchlight turned away at once and continued to flash over the hills. Everywhere there seemed to be black, running figures. Now we could see the sparks again, and from far away to the right, down to the seashore on the left, there seemed to be sparks everywhere, and the crack, crack of rifle fire. Now bugles began to blow in the distance and in our rear, and for an hour we all stood to arms in the trenches. A battery on the left joined in, and the flashes of the guns showed up well against the darkness. The cheering and the rifle fire seemed to roll from right to left, and back again; then suddenly as quickly as it had begun, it died away again, and, except for an occasional shot and the rumble of ambulance wagons on the road, all was silent.

"A short time before dawn we were all awakened and filed silently out of the trenches to the sap carts behind the hill, where we got our good hot soup and some black bread each. In half an hour we were ordered back, and it rapidly grew light. Suddenly it became quite light, and the sun began to show above the horizon. For nearly ten minutes there was absolute silence, and we looked anxiously across to those distant hills, but not a living thing was visible. Our Cossacks had gone and the only things to be seen were some dead horses and a broken cart or two on the road. I looked at our guns, and they didn't look as if they were about to reopen fire; the hills where the enemy were seemed deserted and bare.

THE SEARCHING SHRAPNEL

"Suddenly I saw a small gunboat come in, into the bay, and the Bogyr began firing; in two hours she fled, being driven away by the Japanese and some hours afterwards struck a mine further down the coast and sank with all hands. No sooner did the sound of the Bogyr's guns reach our ears than with a deafening crash our guns opened. From the bay to Kinchau gun after gun joined in, and all along those hills, three miles away, where yesterday our picquets stood, our own shells were bursting. Great columns of earth and dust went up. The shrapnel made little white blobs, like cotton-wool flakes in the sky over the hills as they burst. But no answer came. What were we firing at? There were no men that we could see on those hills. Would the Japanese never fire, were our gunners panic-stricken, or what had happened? And then suddenly half-a-dozen of us gave an exclamation, for there, no 2,000 yards to our front, we had clearly seen a figure. Still nearer was another, and behind him a third; on the left another and another. The enemy's scouts, no doubt, looking for our guns and inspecting the position, for none, or very few, of our men were out there. Soon we saw one of them in front of us signalling back, and then another. But where were our scouts, our Cossacks; why did they not stop them? Ah, here they come, and into view swept a hundred or so Cossacks, riding straight out; another patrol was further to the left. In an instant not a Japanese was to be seen. Below us the downs and fields were stretched out in a sort of panorama, with two or three parties of Cossacks galloping on. But not a Japanese was visible. Then suddenly a Cossack went down. We heard no report, saw no smoke, only the man fall; then another and another. Now a Japanese gun speaks, and there is a white blob in the air over the nearest Cossack patrol. There is another flash, a little black smoke, and another white blob hangs in the air just in front of them; now six white puffs are there, seven, twelve, and the Cossacks have disappeared. Spread over some 300 yards, in men and horses, almost half those Cossacks are lying mangled on the grass, and the remainder scattered over the country, come galloping back; those white blobs seem to continually hover over them. Shrapnel is indeed a dreadful thing!

A TERRIBLE BOMBARDMENT.

"The instant the Cossacks turn, the Japanese scouts appear again, and now they seem to be nearer. The Japanese guns are silent again. Why do they cart and the soup carts went out to not fire? I look along the line of our trenches, and see the reason. I can see a small flash from the guns and a slight haze, but the Japanese so far away cannot see anything, so they await their scout's information, and soon they get it, for the earth thrown up in our gun-pits and emplacements is very dry, and as it is shaken by each discharge a small cloud of dust rises up around each gun, especially the big ones. Surely the scouts have marked these clouds by now? Ah! there they go! There is a scream in the air and a shell flies over our head. We hear the faint boom of a gun a second or two later. As it bursts behind Nan Shan, the whole hill seems shaken by the concussion. Boom, boom go the Japanese guns, but we can hardly hear them in the noise of our own guns. Bang, bang go shells all along Nan Shan, great columns of earth and stone go up, and huge pits and holes begin to show in the hill-side, while the others crouch still lower, and obediently we lie down in the bottom. Bang goes a shrapnel just over us, and patter, patter come the bullets all around. My God! what was that? and half of us spring to our feet to see, while the others crouch still lower, and almost hold their breath with horror, an awful roar has just sounded, stones were blown into our trench, and the loose earth from the parapet has covered us all with a fine dust. A shell has struck one of our mines, and between them they have blown a great rent in the hill. The wire entanglement is blown clear away, torn and twisted; the lower trench has a great gap rent in it. Thank God! the earth has covered it up, and what lies there cannot be seen, but we hear a scream or two, and a great bearded fellow, who must have barely escaped, is standing up at the edge of the gap rocking himself to and fro and weeping helplessly.

WRECK AND RUIN.

"Bang goes a shrapnel overhead, and 'Down!' shouts the captain again, beating a man down with his sword. Too late; three or four men have been hit, and lie groaning in the trench. Most of wounds are bound up as best they can be, but there is no time to take them away and nobody to do it, for the Japanese are advancing. I get up and look through my loophole, and there on those hills far away I can see long lines of black figures coming steadily forward. Overhead the white blobs made by our shrapnel, but it does not stop them. I look to see where the enemy's scouts are, and there, 1,500 yards away, I see them, no longer single scouts, but long lines steadily advancing; behind is another and another, and the whole country seems covered by little black dots, coming on and on. I also catch a glimpse of a heliio winking, and then winking again. There is a crash behind us, and the great gun in the bastion topples over, a cloud of dust goes up, a mangled body falls half-way down the slope and rolls into our trench, and the gun is no more. Then the order comes, '1,600 yards' volleys,' and we ram the loopholes and commence firing. It seems useless, however, for never do the Japanese pause; on and on come those long thin lines. Now and then I see a dot lie still and not move again, but it makes no difference. The same number always seem to be there, and always advancing. I can see that some signals are being made, and now the shrapnel fire increases. Bang, bang the shells burst all over the trenches. The trench below is half empty, and we are losing fast. It is impossible to aim straight, and several men crouch down again without orders. Gradually we cease firing, and all are crouching in the trench again. The captain is dead and nobody rebukes us. We simply lie there wondering when the Japanese will come. The roar of our guns and the bang of the Japanese shells exploding go on; two or three shells have pitched in or near our trench, and the trench is beginning to look wrecked indeed. Wounded men are crawling or staggering away, others crying and moaning.

THE ADVANCE TO THE ASSAULT

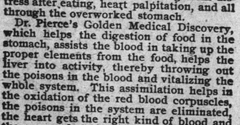
"There were four of our big guns near us, and only one is working; the others all look drunken wrecks. Half-a-dozen wild eyed men suddenly tumble over the parapet into the trench. They have come from the lower trench, and swear that not another man is left alive there. All around the quick-firers and machine guns are rat-tat-tatting away. From the flank out at sea shells begin to arrive and to take us in flank, and nearly 400 yards of trench is deserted, the men crowding into the covered portion. For another hour this went on, and then the gunboats had to retire on account of the tide. The fire from our front slackened too, and we began to have time to breathe. Our water we had finished long ago, but luckily it was not very hot. Then gradually a new note entered into the firing; instead of only boom, bang, and the pattering of shrapnel bullets, a sharp ping, ping began to be heard, and the thud of little bullets in the earth. Somehow this made us wake up, and as we answered the Japanese fire, and when two or three hundred men came in from the reserves to reinforce us, every loophole was manned, and we began a steady fire on the advancing foe. But what a change! Instead of a few men far away they were no more than 800 yards away, and line upon line were advancing behind the firing line. Every stone, every mound and tree seemed to have a man behind it. And our fire did nothing. We were cursing and swearing. I fired furiously. 'Can't I hit them; won't they stop?' We cursed our rifles, our bullets, everything, but what was the use? Japanese fell right and left, but ever they were advancing. Nobody was at that tree a few minutes ago, now there is a Japanese behind a rock fifty yards nearer than the tree, and behind him are lines upon lines of Japanese, thousands and thousands of them all advancing, advancing. It made me feel so helpless. I fired and fired, others fired, our guns roared in impotent anger, and yet there they were, the Japanese advancing, never stopping, always coming on.

THE ASSAULT.

"Now they are collecting in swarms at the foot of our hill, behind every stone and rock, every tree has a Japanese behind it. In every fold of the earth, wherever there is cover, they gather; now creeping forward, then drawing back, like the waves of the sea, they surge about below. The bullets come faster and faster; we fire furiously. Men are falling right and left in the trench; the shrapnel bursts in showers overhead. Suddenly the shrapnel ceases, on the instant a bugle rings out, then another and another, then a mighty roar that blood of Japanese surges forward and up the hill. Bayonets gleaming, men with set faces, snarling, shouting, roaring, on they come. In front are their officers waving them on; down goes one, up goes another in his place. We fire as hard as we can load, hardly aiming, simply jamming in the cartridges and firing point blank from the hip, shoulder, resting our rifles on the parapet, anyhow. The guns roar out, our machine guns clatter. Great lines seem to be cut out of the advancing Japanese, and yet on they come. Wherever the wire entanglement has been blown away, they press through. Some carry axes and knives and cut through the entanglements, and, like the tide, they surge through and up. In the lower trenches a few of our men left there are instantly overwhelmed, and on surges the flood of Japanese. Now our reserves come pouring into the trenches. We redouble our fire and the second entanglement checks the Japanese. Although they break through in places where openings have been blown, they can stand no more. Fifty yards from our trenches they stop, and while some fling themselves flat or behind their dead comrades, others seek shelter in the lower capaured trenches, and the remainder melt away down the hill to whatever cover they can find. It is an awful sight. Wherever the wire entanglement is intact it is fairly clear, but at all the gaps lie masses of Japanese dead piled one on the other. Almost at once the shrapnel begins again, and now those Japanese who are under cover near begin firing. We lose heavily, and the wounded and dead have to be passed out of the trenches to make room for the reserves.

THE END.

"As more lines come up, the Japanese gather strength, and again they surge up the hill, only to melt away again. Five times they came up that hill, and five times we sent them back. I saw an officer cheering on his men, blood streaming from two or more wounds, his right arm useless. He died within twenty yards of our trenches. But now there is a change. Although the Japanese are still coming on over the plain, a large number, a brigade, I think, have come along by the beach, and as the tide goes down they wade out into the water, and wading out to the left, began to envelop our flank. We have no quick-firers facing the beach, and the trenches are few. The water shimmers and gleams, and aiming is almost impossible. With very slight losses they reach the beach below Nan Shan, and begin to gather for the assault in the shallow water there. Suddenly I hear our bugles blowing, and, looking to the right, I see a reserve battalion charging down hill into the water to drive the Japanese back. I saw little of the fight as now the shrapnel came faster than ever. Men fell right and left, many of the wounded Japanese must have been hit. The Japanese below us were swarming up again. The shrapnel did not cease this time and we lost more and more. On the right the fight was swaying. They say the bay was red with blood along the shore by Nan Shan. Our men were driven back, and after them came the victorious Japanese. We fired and fired, and still Japanese were swarming everywhere and shrapnel bursting. Now they swarmed through the entanglement; the whole ground was covered with them. Suddenly the shrapnel ceased, and then, as we sprang down to see better, the Japanese came pouring in. Here, there, everywhere were Japanese, their bayonets gleaming, their faces awful with the lust of killing. I sprang on to the parapet and leapt at them with my bayonett. Five men they say I killed before I was bayonetted in front and rear at the same time. I sank down with the shouts of the victorious Japanese ringing in my ears, and two hours later was picked up, and here I am a prisoner of war. The Japanese are very good, and I only hope I may stay until the war is over, for I do not want to see another Nan Shan. You are very good, Mr. Englishman. Some whisky? Ah! it is good, but vodka is better."



There is no disputing the fact that when the heart is often reached through the stomach. Happy the housewife who can please her husband's appetite with well cooked food for the table. Many a man is grouchy, ugly, nervous, suffering from distress after eating, heart palpitation, and all through the overworked stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which helps the digestion of food in the stomach, assists the blood in taking up the proper elements from the food, helps the liver into action, thereby throwing out the poisons in the blood and vitalizing the whole system. This assimilation helps in the oxidation of the red blood corpuscles, the poisons in the system are eliminated, the heart gets the right kind of blood and the person feels invigorated and stronger in consequence. As a tissue builder it is far preferable to cod liver oil or any alcoholic compounds or tonics, because it gives the blood and the tissues the food elements they require and maintains a person's nutrition by enabling him to eat, retain, digest and assimilate nutritious food. It overcomes the gastric irritability and symptoms of indigestion. Because of the good effects from using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery upon nutrition and the building up of the tissues, catarrh, consumption, weakness or debility and symptoms of fever, night-sweats, headaches, etc., disappear.

"I believe that it is generally conceded that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for a man to take suffering from indigestion, kidney trouble, or any of the afflictions resulting from overwork or neglecting a cold," writes J. Russell Hill, of 32 Barrie Street, Kingston, Ontario, Recording Secretary Imperial Knights' Federation League of Kingston. "I have used it several times during the past few years and have always found that it gave me immediate relief. It expels excessive uric acid in the system, due to improper digestion, relieves the kidneys from congestion, drives headache and backache away, induces appetite and tones up the general system. I consider it the best remedy for young or old men, sure to build up a run-down condition of the system."

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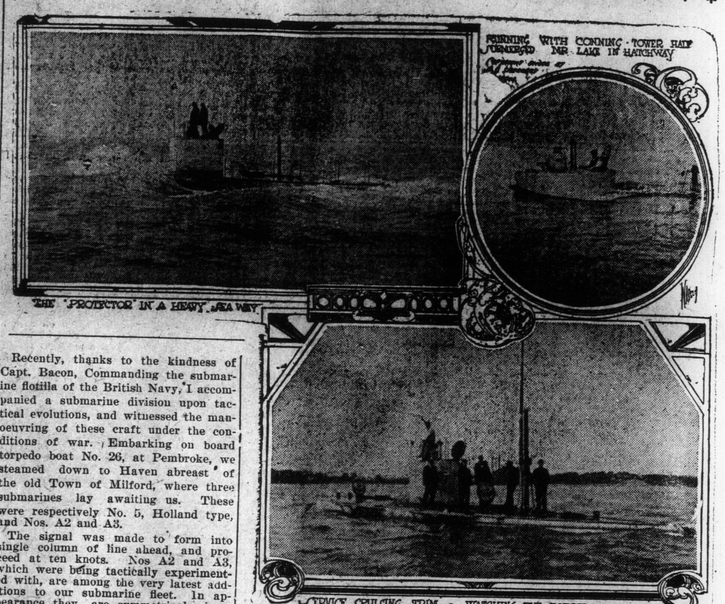
How Submarines do Their Work

Description of Manoeuvres of The British Flotilla.



Recently, thanks to the kindness of Capt. Bacon, Commanding the submarine flotilla of the British Navy, I accompanied a submarine division upon tactical evolutions, and witnessed the manoeuvring of these craft under the conditions of war. Embarking on board torpedo boat No. 26, at Pembroke, we steamed down to Haven abreast of the old Town of Milford, where three submarines lay awaiting us. These were respectively No. 5, Holland type, and Nos. A2 and A3.

The signal was made to form into single column of line ahead, and proceed at ten knots. Nos A2 and A3, which were being tactically experimented with, are among the very latest additions to our submarine fleet. In appearance they are symmetrical, cigar-shaped craft of 100 feet in length, with a conning tower amidships, some 4 feet in height, from which rises a collapsible bridge and a periscope. Forward, a stanchion carries a single life-line the length of the narrow deck, while aft, a stout horseshoe-shaped pipe carries off the exhaust vapor of the petrol engine.

These boats are painted a very light French grey, which blends admirably with the surrounding water. Their contract surface speed is fifteen knots, but their sea speed is about eleven knots on the top, and from seven to eight knots submerged. They have a displacement of 200 tons and a radius of action of 350 miles.

AMONG THE BOATS.

A point that especially took my eye as we steamed down between the head of this singular looking little procession was the remarkably clean appearance of these new submarines. They raised scarcely any wash. Remarkable steadiness is another feature of these craft. They make a curious thrashing noise, above which throbbed the deep and rapid pulsation of their engines as they sheared through the water. At times I noticed a dense black wake break from one or another of them which I was told was caused by the escape of the lubricating oil that has to be freely used.

When running buoyant most of the crew are outside. The commanding officer sits perched on top of the little bridge, beneath which is the conning tower hatch that affords the sole means of entry and exit into the interior, and the remainder of the men sprawl around the conning tower or stand upon the deck gripping the life line. They are all clothed in white woolen sweaters and knee boots.

The boats had thus far been running with their conning towers open. But now the two new submarines struck collapsible bridges. The men all vanished into an enclosed upper decks were shut down, which is the technical expression for closing the tops of the conning towers.

No. A2 was then directed by flag signals to prepare to dive.

As No. A2 settled into diving trim a big jet of steam-like spray was blown up from abaft her conning tower, a feature all the world like the white plume thrown by a whale. This was caused by the inrush of water.

UNDER THE WATER.

When she had settled down, we steamed ahead again keeping well abeam of her at a distance of about a hundred fathoms. Presently the captain ordered the D signal to be made, which meant that she was to dive, to which she responded with a curious gasping blast from a compressed air hooter. The process of evanishment was very prompt; in less than a minute there remained above the surface but the merest tip of the periscope tube, which caused a tiny spurt of spray. The boat remained under about five minutes, and then the signal was made to come out, upon which she rapidly waved into view again amid a faint vaporous haze.

A great red pennant flaming from the masthead of our torpedo boat warned ships that submarines were manoeuvring within the immediate zone. Our signalmen were busy with hand flags imparting the captain's orders as he spoke them to the watchful eye within the conning tower.

I asked many questions from officers who had many times been down in submarines, and I was told that there is practically no limit outside of strategic exigencies, to the depth to which these boats can dive.

Another point that I was assured, in complete contradiction of all that has been written upon the subject, is that the length of the depth of submergence causes no inconvenience to the occupants of a submarine. It is impossible to give further information regarding the fighting north of Liaoyang. Your correspondent has found it necessary, so soon as the town had been occupied, to leave for China in order to be able to send an account of this great battle. Your correspondent has already sent you thorough estimates of the losses and is convinced they must have exceeded 20,000 in the left army's five divisions alone, that is, the Tenth and Fifth divisions with General Nodzu, and the Third, Fourth and Sixth, with General Oku.

There is no need to tell again the story of the horrible spectacles which met one on the Liaoyang plain. Mention should be mentioned, however, that in the fighting on the plain, the Russians were unable to remove their dead though they succeeded in transporting them from the field the majority of the wounded. Nor is it possible to correctly estimate the strength of General Kuropatkin's army, but your correspondent is inclined to think that the main Russian concentration was directed against General Kuroki and the Tenth division, and that opposed to Oku 90,000 or 100,000 men about 60,000, and eighty guns to our 220.

The Russians had the advantage of position during the first two days, and it is safe to estimate their losses on our front 50 per cent below those of the Japanese, but this estimate is more or less speculative.

Now we come to the more delicate question of criticism. Information relative to such an enormous operation must necessarily be incomplete, and as the authorities have increased a hundred fold the difficulties of obtaining information, your correspondent will not attempt more than broadly to state one or two of the opinions which are prevalent.

After what has been printed of the excellent tactics and the brilliant strategy of the Japanese, your correspondent must state that what has come under his personal observation did not come up to expectations. It is the honest opinion of your correspondent that there was nothing strategically excellent about the handling of either army. If any strategical success has been attained by either of the belligerents, the laurels rest with General Kuropatkin, who can claim to have defeated the main object of the Japanese operations. As to the tactics of the Russians, they obviously cling to the error of over-manning their defensive positions, while the sole spirit of the Japanese tactics, as illustrated by the operations of the divisions under General Oku, was sledge-hammer frontal attacks.

Your correspondent is satisfied that General Oku's corps commands are the finest infantry in the world, and nobody who has had the opportunity to observe its work can believe that there is any other army which in five consecutive days could have delivered eight unsuccessful infantry attacks upon intrenchments; they did, and still persevere.

Nothing can be said at this time about the cavalry of either belligerent, there being no evidence that the mounted branches accomplished anything anywhere during the Liaoyang campaign.

As to the future course of operations it is conjectured that General Kuropatkin is falling back upon reinforcements from Europe and will probably take his position somewhere on the road to Harbin. The Japanese army, when it reaches Mukden, will have to rest there for a time after the terrible severity of the last fortnight's operations. It is also necessary for them to get their railway into working order, and if the reports which have reached us of General Linevitch's advance are true, it may be necessary for General Kuroki to base himself on the same communications with Generals Oku and Nodzu. Even when the railway is in full working order, there will be a considerable strain on every part of the Japanese army, though the situation has been improved by the occupation of Yingkau and the use of the Liau river as far as New Chwang city as a subsidiary line of communication.

After witnessing the occupation on

THE APACHES' WEIRD TALE OF A MOUNTAIN MONSTER

Chief's Love for Fish Caused Monster to Break Forth and Since Then the Braves Have Tasted No Fish.

Among the many traditions and legends of the Apaches, the following is the one most often repeated by the old men, again and again, to the listening youngsters. It is connected with the well-known national bridge in Arizona, which spans Pine Creek, a mountain tributary of the Salt river, and in an air line is about sixty miles from Phoenix, the direction being northeast. The scenic beauty of this natural wonder is unsurpassed on the Pacific coast. The bridge spans the precipitous walls of the mountain torrent, 170 feet above the water; it is eighty feet in length across, and varies in width up and down the stream from 300 to 400 feet. The limestone walls rise from the water's edge in architectural symmetry to the span above, forming a perfect arch, festooned with stalactites of varying sizes and fantastic shapes.

"This bridge," the Apaches say, "once formed the lower barrier of a crystal mountain lake, the water of which broke gently over it and formed a magnificent waterfall. The lake was inhabited by a monster of great size and power, whom only a few of the Apaches ever saw in its mountain home, but while they feared, they also reverenced this mountain monarch, to whom they attributed their immunity from invasion by the Commanches and other warlike tribes to the north and east. It lived upon deer, antelope and other animals, which, appearance of no danger, came to the lake to drink; it was also fed with large quantities of fish brought by the hawks whom it commanded, and caught and carried from the creek below to satisfy

ITS DELICATE TASTE.

"Large numbers of these fish hawks were constantly employed in this duty, and their weird shrieks and exulting outcries contributed in a great degree to repelling the superstitious Indians from making any very close investigations of the lake, while the surrounding mountains were given up entirely to the control and uses of this enormous animal. This latter is described by the medicine man of the tribe whose crude drawings assist in giving a faint idea of the alleged form of the monster, as having been over 200 feet in length, with the head and neck of a serpent, the pectoral fins of a very huge fish, the legs and body of an immense Gila monster, terminating in a double tail, jointed and flexible like that of a scorpion, but having affixed to the two ends very large and sharp-pointed arrowheads.

"The head of this monster was flat like that of a rattlesnake, but the jaws were not so heavy, and a sharp-pointed crown projected above the intersection of the neck, as on the horned toad of Arizona. In addition to the two eyes of the snake, which allow only an oblique forward vision, a larger eye was in the middle of the forehead, and added ferocity to the appearance of the monster. Its head was about fourteen feet long and ten feet wide, while the neck, the fore part of which was covered with long reddish-brown hair, extended fully thirty feet from the body proper, which had a length of about sixty feet, while the tails measured seventy feet each, being independent of each other. With these the animal, when excited, kept churning the waters into foam by the hour. The lower part of the neck, the entire body, legs and tails, were covered with heavy scales.

AN IMPENETRABLE ARMOR.

"The Apaches deny having been exclusively a mountain tribe at that remote period, and deny that they occupied their whole time in hunting and fighting; but claim that they occupied all the valleys of Southern Arizona and tilled the soil. The products of the chase were exchanged for the game brought to them by the highland men, and all were as one family, living in harmony. Quan-i-wah-le, the ruling chief of the Apaches, had his camp on the banks of Salt river, a short distance above its junction with the Gila. According to the tradition he was very fond of fish, and, being ingenious, had band of warriors to determine whether or not the monster was indeed in the neighborhood; but the search proved unnecessary. That night a stampede of horses and the unearthly cries of those in pain, mingled with the horrifying angry snorts of the monster, left no doubt and the Apaches fled to the mountains.

"When a place of safety was reached, a meeting of the sub-chiefs was held, and it being found that old Quan-i-wah-le had endangered the entire race by his gluttonous desire to capture and eat all the fish in Salt river, depriving the Great Water Serpent of his share, and causing him to break forth from his mountain prison in anger and revenge, it was decreed that he be deposed. Yah-kni-yel, being supposed to be in the good graces of the monster, from the proximity he had long occupied the lake, was selected to succeed the fallen chieftain, and he immediately ordered that no Apache tribe should thereafter reside in the valleys, under penalty of a war of extermination. Obedience to this order is the reason, the medicine men allege, why the Apache Indians never afterward made their homes anywhere else than in the mountains, although, as the legend runs, the water serpent lived in the Salt river valley but one year longer, when, finding it too warm, and the water too shallow, he went down into the Gila, thence into the Colorado river and finally into the Gulf of California."

It may as well be stated here that under no circumstances or conditions can the Apache Indians be induced to catch, handle or taste fish in any form whatever, while these are highly relished as food by all the other tribes of Arizona.—John A. Spring, in Los Angeles Times.

IN EARLY DAYS.

Capt. Kidd had just lowered a chest of treasure into the sea, after carefully charting the spot.

"I suppose," he mused as he watched the bubbles rise and float upon the water, "I suppose that some of those corporation pirates would call that my sinking fund."

Those who heard him afterwards claimed that the Captain was one of the pioneers in the watered capital game.

FOR THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS

Statements Which Show the Confidence People Have in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. John Miller, South Salt Spring, B. C., Writes: "My mother has kept Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house as long as I can remember, and as a result we are well acquainted with their merits. We have used them for kidney and liver disorders and they always helped me."

Mr. John Lewis, Surrey Centre, B. C., states: "I have been troubled with kidney disease and terrible pains in the back for over a year. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have taken the pains away, and are curing me. They are good pills for the kidneys.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, of all dealers, or Edmandson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt-book author, are on every box.