

for the men of Nippon, Kuroki could not make his movement cutting the rear off the Russians, as was planned, he being contained, and well contained, by five divisions, a force greatly outnum-bering his own. And, instead of being worsted at Laioyang in the manner of the French at Sedan, Kouropatkin was able to retire in order defeated, but not broken in the manner of Japanese ex-pectations.

The rearguard had fought a good but disastrous fight as it ran, galloping away its guns, from hill to hill, and the away its guns, from hill to hill, and the Japanese guns fought briskly as they followed. For two days we rode hard, following these guns, and at the Saho river we found them, abandoned and broken. On the road they had passed there was a trail which reminded one of those ghastly pictures of Verstchagin, who died on the Petropaulovsk at Port Arthur. Corpses were strewn about, with carrion ravens picking at the car-cases, pariah dogs were dragging at them; broken camp kitchens, wrecked and abandoned, were left by the road-side; and mired fast in the mud of the Saho was the battery which had been shelling our advance. No more would the gunners hurl shrapnel from the helpless guns; no longer would the air be thickened with the little white clouds that followed the flash of their noisy shells; they were now numbered among the casualties. the casualties. At the Saho we halted. The tired correspondents tethered their Chinese ponies to the verandahs of the Russiau houses in the railway village, and slept amid a myriad of flies; nothing bothers a tired man. The transport came up. Miles and miles of rough-built lumber-ing bullock carts of China, little hand-wagons which soldiers hauled with loads of ammunition, one-horse wagons that wagons which soldiers hauled with loads of ammunition, one-horse wagons that were like toys alongside the great Chi-nesse carts of China, each capable of carrying a ton. The army took up a position, quietly spreading its battalions into place under the cover of the tall kowliang, the giant millet which grows to a height of twelve and fifteen feet. The guns went up, and battery after The guns went up, and battery after battery unlimbered in the stillness of the night in scattered points throughout that great plain of grain bounded by the hills on which the enemy was eu-trenched. the hills on which the enemy was en-trenched. While those guns went up, and the outposts scurried about seeking to locate their enemies, I sat, with a looted Rus-sian candle flickering, and wrote of the rear guard action, that the dispatch rider might take the road, and ere I could sleep word came that the battle was about to open. Even then one hundred and fifty brave men were creep-ing up under fire in a desperate effort to cut the _eavy wire entanglements which, with the pits and the cruel stakes in them, formed part of the de-dences before the heights where the Russians waited in their trenches. Of those brave men of Kuanamoto only twenty-two came back. The others had given their lives for their Emperor and homeland. Day had not dawned. There were streaks of grey breaking from beyond the hills, though, as we saddled up and made reavy to start; and ere we, the fourteen who had come to tell of the doings of these days of bloody fighting for a world's newspaper read-ers, had ridden far the day broke. It was a glorious sunrise, red and blue and pold, a sight for a Turuer. But it soon passed. The sky became grey, and the Turner gave place to Verstchagin. In the dull grey of the early morning the guns began their roat. How excited we were as we galloped on past the transport carts, past the reserves, past the waiting supports, past How excited we were as we galloped on past the transport carts, past the reserves, past the waiting supports, past the pack trains of reserve ammunition and waiting caisson carts with their cases of ammunition ready to replenisis the limbers of the batteries. The hills seemed to have become volcanoes. Smoke and fire belched from them, and all along their face, a front of four miles, there were clouds that broke from a flash of flame that looked like a giant firefly before the dull smoke clouded about it: the distance hid the missiles that broke from it. It

SOME GINGER TEA

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