JAPANESE MASSACRE AND HOR-RID ATROCITIES

Cruel Barbarities of Three Days' Duration .-- Over 2.000 Defenseless Beings Wantonly Put to Death.

James Creelman, of New York, has furnished his home papers full details the road alone there were 227 corpses of the taking of Port Arthur by the At least forty were shot down with Japanese. His account abounds in horrors upknown to the civilized and christianized world. Smarting under their continued defeat the Chinese have, no doubt, been most cruel in their treatment of what few Japanese prisoners they have taken and the brutal massacre at Port Arthur was in retaliation. The correspondent says there is no longer a Chinese army proper, and the advance of the Japanese is therefore one of wreckless abandon and a continuous march of conquest. Ashamed of their own barbarities great efforts were made to induce the war correspondents to shut their eyes to the wilful and brutal waste of life. It was the law of war to kill the soldiers of the enemy who resisted and could not be taken prisoners, it was argued. But the correspondents the neck of the prostrate man, and would not be hoodwinked, and point-ed to the murder of hundreds of unoffending inhabitants, women and children, and refused to conceal from the world the bloody work of the armed assassins. Mr. Creelman says: " Japan stands disgraced before the world. She has violated the Geneva convention, dishonored and profaned the Red Cross and banished human-

ity and mercy from her councils. Victory and, now. lust for dominion have set her mad." It is true that when the Japanese

troops poured into Port Arthur they saw the heads of their slain comrades hanging by cords, with the noses and ears gone. There was a rude arch in the main street decorated with bloody Japanese heads. A great slaughter followed. The infuriated soldiers killed-every one they saw.

No attempt to take prisoners was made. I saw a man who was kneeling to the troops and begging for mercy pinned to the ground with a bayonet, while his head was hacked off with a sword. Another Chinaman cowered in a corner while a squad of soldiers shot him to pieces. An old man on his knees in the street was cut almost in two. Another poor wretch was shot on a roof top. Still another fell in the street and was bayonetted through the back a dozen times. Just below me was a hospital flying the Red Cross flag, but the Japanese fired upon the unarmed man who came out of the doorway.

A merchant in a fur cap knelt down and raised his hands in entreaty. As the soldiers shot him he put his hands over his face. I saw his corpse the next day. It was slashed beyond

About 5 o'clock there was a sound of music on the parade ground, where all the Generals were assembled with This may be warfare, but it is the

to conceal the appalling crimes. Shame had vanished. It was heartrending to see men dodging around corners like hunted beasts and kneeling for mercy but getting none.

All through the second day the reign of murder continued. Hundreds and hundreds were killed. Out on their hands tied behind them.

Just at dawn on the morning of the third day after the battle I was awakened by the sound of rifle shots. They were still at it. I went out and saw a body of soldiers, led by an officer, chasing three men. One carried a naked infant in his arms. As he ran he dropped the baby. I found it an hour later, dead. Two of the men were shot down. The third, the father of the baby, tripped and fell. In an instant a soldier had pounced upon his back with a naked bayonet in his hand.

I ran forward and made the sign of the Red Cross on the white non combatant's bandage around my arm, but the appeal was useless. The bayonet was plunged three or tour times into then he was left to grasp his life out on the. ground.

I hurried back to my quarters and awakened Frederick Villiers, who went with me to the spot where I had left the dying man. He was dead, but his wounds were still smoking.

While we were bending over the corpse we heard shooting a few rods around a road and went forward to see what it was. We saw an old man standing in the road with his hands tied behind his back. On the ground beside him were the writhing bolhes of three other pinioned men who had been shot. As we advanced a soldier shot the old man down. He lay in the road on his back, groaning and rolling his eyes. The soldiers tore his shirt away to see the blood run from his breast and shot him a second time. His features twitched and his body was convulsed with pain. The soldiers spat in his face and jeered at him. We turned away from the place. Remember, this was the third day after the battle. Next day I went in company with Mr. Villiers to see a court-yard filled with mutilated corpses. As we entered we surprised two soldiers bending over one of the bodies. One had a knife in his hand.

They had ripped open the corpse and were cutting the heart out. When they saw us they cowered and tried to hide their faces. I am satisfied that not more than 100 Chinamen were killed in fair battle at Port Arthur, and that at least 2,000 unarmed men were put to death.

It may be called the natural result of the fury of troops who have seen the mutilated corpses of their comrades, or it may be called retaliation, recognition. Women and children but no civilized nation could be were hunted and shot at as they fled capable of the atrocities I have witto the hills with their protectors. The town was sacked from end to end and I have described I have looked upon town was sacked from end to end and the inhabitants were butchered in their own homes

WE'RE GROWING FAT.

This Seems to be the Latter-Day Tendency of Americans.

In many ways we are made aware that we live in an age when men tend to adipose tissue. The advertisement columns in our newspapers bear constant witness to the fact that anti-fat remedles are in large demand. Until with n ten years such advertisements were rarely seen. The evidence of our eyes as we walk through the busi-ness streets of any of our cities as-sures those of us who are old enough to recall the business men of the precedeing generation that the American citizen of good circumstaces is more literally "a solid man" to-day than he

used to be. A glance at the portraits of the whole line of our presidents confirms the belief that our national physical type is becoming more portly. The post-bellum presidents have been weightier men than their predecessors Abraham Lincoln was the last of our chief magistrates who in any way justifled the traditional Uncle Sam, tall, angular and spare of flesh. All who have followed him have been men of good avoirdupois, Grant and Hayes were the least corpulent of them, and they were both men of ample girth and weight. Garfield and Arthur both made formidable impressions on the scales, and Mr. Cleveland is cast in the same massive mold. Most of our cartoon'sts have taken the hint and no cartoon sis have taken the hint dat to longer present Uncle Sam as a marvel of length and leapness, but as a gen-tleman of well-rounded form whose food obviously agrees with him. So marked has the inclination to obesity become among us that we are

constantly hearing of prominent citizens who feel constrained to undergo vigorous courses of diet or training to rid themselves of superfluous flesh The normal weight of a man whose height is five feet six inches is fixed at 145 pounds, and if he is a six-footer at 178 pounds. Allow about six pounds, more or less, for every inch of increased or decreased height, and the normal weight can be ascertained. Nevertheless, many men, and probably the majority, carry more than their due allowance of tissue, and unler excess is very marked they do so h-out disconfort. It may, indeed, be doubted if the fad of "training down" is not in domes of the fad of "training down" is not in danger of being overdone. A moderate store of fat, according to excellent medical authority, tends to reduce the wear and tear of the nervous system, and acts also as a sort of savings bank of vital power, to be drawn upon in an emergency. In con-firmation of this view of the matter it is often said that athletes have fall-ed in severe competitive tests because there in a severe competitive tests because they were "trained down too fine."

He Ate Flooring Nails.

An inquest was held at the County Asylum, Lancaster, England, recently, by Mr. Holden, respecting the death of William Fitzpatrick, forty-four years of age. Dr. Gemmel, of the asylum staff,

sa'd deceased was admitted in 1877, was formerly a weaver in Osand waldtwistle. He was forty-four years of age, and had been under the care of witnesses at intervals during the past five or six years. Deceased had been an obedient and quiet patient, and he had never heard of him attempting anything of that kind before. Deceased looked pale when brought to him, and told him the same story as to the nails. He put him to bed, and found a foreign body oc-cuping the upper portion of the abdomen.

After consultation he decided to operate as there was a remote chance of saving his life. The operation was necessarily tedious and dangerous, and lasted a couple of hours. He found 192 flooring nails, varying from three inches to one and a half in length, the smallest being a tack. There was also a half-screw pail, two buttons, a piece of wire, and a mass of matted hair. The operation was completed about 7 o'clock, and the patient sank and died about 11 o'clock. He was satisfied that deceased had got the nails from a heap of old iron. The cause of death was shock, consequent on the operation. The mucous membrane of the stomach was lacerated by the nails. The other portions of the body were right. The nails weighed one pound nine and a half ounces and and must have been in the stomach twenty-four hours. The jury returned a verdict of death from shock to the system.-Ashton (Eng.) Reporter.



the Field Marshal-all save Noghi, who had gone in pursuit of the retreating enemy. What cheering and what hand-shaking! What solemn strains from the band! And all the while we could hear the rattle of rifle volleys day. in the streets, and knew that helpless people of the town were being slaughtered in cold blood and their homes pillaged.

That was the coldest night of the year. The thermometer dropped to twenty degrees above zero. While the women and children were freezing out in the mountains the work of exterminating the men went on all night.

In the morning I walked through the streets. Everywhere I saw bodies torn and mangled as if by wild beasts. The slain shopkeepers lay piled in the roadway, with tears froxen in their eyes and bloody icicles hanging from their wounds.

Dogs were whimpering over the stark corpses of their masters. Here and there the famished animals were tearing at the flesh of human bodies still warm. While in company with Mr. Cowan I came across a corpse which had been beheaded. The head lay two or three yards away and a dog was tearing the neck. A Japanese sentry looked on and laughed.

Then I saw a white haired, tooth less merchant disemboweled on the threshold of his own shop, which had been looted. Another victim had his breast ripped opened by a Japanese sword, and a pet dog lay shivering under his arms.

There was a dead woman lying under a heap of slain men in every conceivable attitude of agony and supplication. At one corner there were twenty-five corpses in a pile. The soldiers had been so close to their victims that the clothes had caught fire and partly roasted the dying men.

Twenty feet away was a white. bearded wrinkled man with his throat in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cut and his eyes and tongue torn out. Nowhere the signs of a weapon, nothat would damn the fairest nation on symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One earth The Japanese had tasted dose convinces. Sold by W. S. Rishblood, and the work went on the second day.

I saw soldiers trampling over the twitching bodies of dying men to rob their houses. There was no attempt Pitcher's Castoria.

warfare of savages. It takes more than one generation to civilize a peo-

A Lady With 2,600 Pipes.

There is a lady in Paris named Bide. She must be a strange woman, or a new woman, for she has a mania for smoking. This is not so eccentric in itself, perhaps; the eccentricity comes in when her failing inspires her with a desire to color meerschaum pipes. Arrested for theft, the police searched her flat and discovered no less than 2,600 pipes of this description, thirty-nine being well colored. To possess so many is a decided a. chievement, to color nearly forty is still more noteworthy. Mme. or Mile, Bide will have to "bide a wee' in

prison, where pipes are colored not and meerschaums are at rest.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Necklace.

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt has a diamond necklace which is considered unique even among New York jewels. It is the realization of a girlish dream, as ambitious as most of the ideas of this strong willed lady. The necklace is a string of unset diamonds, each one of perfect color, faultless shape and clear as a drop of water. As one sees them from the orchestra when their weater is seated in her box at the opera they look like a string of fire encircling her white neck. The gems are strung like beads on a fine gold wire.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothwhere the sign of war. It was a sight ering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all ton. 6-15-1y.

Children Cry for

To Make Sunlight.

Nicola Tesla, whose wonderful achievements in the line of electricity wonderful are well known, thinks that he will be able to produce sunlight on the earth at will. He says that the light of the sun is the result of electric vibrations in the 94,000,000 miles of ether that separate us from that lumminary, and does not proceed from a great central fire, as the scientists have all along held. If these vibrations can be re-produced, the light will follow. The rapidity of the vibrations in a second necessary to produce the desired re-sult is, he says, expressed by the figure 5 with fourteen ciphers annexed, and he is now trying to build a ma-chine which will produce these vibrations. It would appear from what he says that this vibration must be pro-duced in nothing, or what comes next to nothing—ether—for he asserts that if one had a solid chunk of steel as big as a house, and could communi-cate to it this vibration, it would instantly be atomized and disappear.

A Curious Employment.

Gent .-- Where were you employed last? Man Servant-At a writing master's Gent .- What were you required to Man Servant-I had to keep shaking

Man Servine a new pupil wrote the the table when a new pupil wrote the words: "This is my handwriting be-words: be table to table lessons.""fore commencing to take lessons, Tilk.

Curious Food.

A few months ago, as two men were walking along the canal banks of a Wiltshire town they met a boatman, leading along a very thin and worn-looking horse.

One of the men asked him what he fed his horse on, when he answered: "Butter-tubs, you fool; can't yo' see fh' hoops?"-London Answers.

Plotted property is in the coming business centre of the town. It includes also part of the factory district, and has no equal in desirability for residence purposes.

CHOICE LOTS are offered at values that will be doubled in a short time.

No such opportunity can be had elsewhere to make money. Lots secured on SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS-Maps of the town and of plotted property furnished on application.

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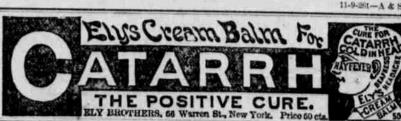
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