

## The Battle of Tien Tsin.

The first mail letters from China to the English press since the commencement of hostilities have appeared this week. Writing from Taku on June 17 the correspondent of the Times says that, although it is difficult to know exactly, the garrison of the forts there when the attack began was probably made up of 3,000 regular troops, the greater part of whom were entire strangers to the place, having been marched in only a few days before. They were good men as Chinese soldiers go, and came principally from the same province—Hunan—as their General Liu.

The correspondent describes the position of the allied fleet as follows on the day before the battle: The British Fame, first class destroyer, took up a station near the four Chinese destroyers at the Taku Naval Yard. The British Algerine lay about one third of a mile from the inner north fort. About one quarter of a mile above the Algerine lay the Russians—Bobr, Koreetch and Gilyak—moored in line, the latter too close to the lower end of Taku village, a closely-built town of mud houses. In the Tongku reach, the next bend of the river, lay the German Illis moored to one of the railway wharves, with her head down river. A little lower down the French Lion lay anchored in the stream. At another wharf higher up lay the Japanese Atago, and above her the United States steamer Monocacy, a paddle-wheel river steamer. The Atago had landing parties, but other wise she was not engaged. The Monocacy took no part in the affair, as her captain was ordered to maintain a strict neutrality, but she did some excellent Red Cross work and gave shelter to a number of foreign women and children, who there found sure protection and a generous hospitality.

Shortly after midnight the action began. The inner north fort opened fire on the Algerine. In a few minutes the Algerine replied, and shortly afterward the Bobr, Gilyak, and then the Koreetch returned the fire. The Illis at the railway wharf at the same time put in a few shells and the Lion also fired three or four rounds.

Looking down toward the forts from the Tongku Reach the spectacle was a really fine one, as most of the forts and all the ships in the Taku Reach were exchanging a rapid cannonade. But it was a grander sight still, and one that will never be forgotten, when in a few minutes, and without hardly a word being spoken, the Illis cast off from the wharf and quickly gathering way steamed rapidly down the stream. Without a single light or sign of life about her, and in absolute silence she sped swiftly toward the foe. As she rounded the bend opened up the Taku Beach and the vessels below saw the gallant German coming to their aid, cheer after cheer rose first from the Gilyak, then the Koreetch and Bobr, and there was no mistaking the ringing welcome that went up from the Algerine. The Lion, lying at anchor in the stream, had fire to weigh and then turn upon the ebb tide, but at the bend she was only half a mile from the Illis, and as the brave Frenchman hove in sight he too met with a grand reception. The Illis took station close to the Algerine, and the Lion brought up near the Koreetch, both vessels getting into close action before they swung to their anchors. The whole of the forts were now delivering a heavy cannonade from their western faces at the six gunboats with ranges that would barely average one mile.

At the commencement of the battle the Fame was detached to join the Whiting in an attack on the four Stettin destroyers lying alongside the naval yard. As they approached, the Chinese crews jumped up on the wharf and bolted. The Fame grappled one and towed it round to Tongku, then the Fatu, a towboat belonging to the Taku Tug and Lighter Company, under the command of Mr. Macrae, grappled the next another towboat, the Fahwans under Mr. Blanchard, made fast to the third, and the Whiting brought up the rear with the fourth. As the latter was mooring her prize she got holed in the aft stokehold with a small shell and she at once beached till the shot stopper was fixed. These four beautiful 32 knot destroyers, abandoned without a blow being struck or a shot fired in their defence, are worth more than £100,000. Here were four most perfect and modern destroyers, and, given a couple of hours of a dark, rainy night and manned by resolute crews they could easily have accounted for most if not all of their enemies' fleet in the river.

Brave and gallant as the Chinese undoubtedly were, there could not have been

a single well trained artilleryman among them. Their projectiles were badly driven, with powder charges sometimes far too heavy, at other times so light that it just tumbled the shot a short distance. The guns were laid badly in line, and the elevation worse. Many of the guns had to be fired with extreme depression from the high redoubts. But where the Chinese gunners lost the day was in the shells failing to explode. Most of them either had no bursters or the fuses were too defective to fire the charges. That six small gunboats should receive the fire from two miles of fortified lines for six hours and escape destruction can only be accounted for in this way. The same gun would deliver a shot first on the port side of the Algerine and then on the starboard side a few feet off the beam; the next shot would go clean over her masts.

Between 4 a. m. and 5 a. m. daylight broke, and, with the flood tide to make, the gunboats, with the exception of the Gilyak, got under way. It was now evident that the Chinese had kept their best fire in reserve till daylight. The north fort poured out a much more vigorous fire than before, while the fire from the great south fort and the new fort was many times more severe. The Gilyak received a heavy projectile on her starboard beam at the water line; she made water and listed heavily, but she still kept up a lively fire. A collision mat was passed, and the ship being pumped out she remained at her moorings. For some time she was really in distress, and the waspish nest of snipers in the village pestered her worse than ever. The situation at this time was very serious for the allies, they steamed about boldly into the fort reach to get closer to the forts in a perfect storm of shot and shell.

Here and there in the smoke and spray a glimpse would be had of a gallant little gunboat—the Algerine, her decks alive with men stripped to the waist and working desperately, upon the bridge over the quarter deck a little group of Englishmen stood as calmly as if they were steaming up the Solent, though four big ventilators close to the bridge were badly pierced with light projectiles. The Illis close to her and fighting just as hard; the Bobr and Koreetch steaming up and down the reach, their heavy cannonade never silent; the distressed Gilyak now getting into full swing again; and, above all, the brave little Lion, with her four large tricolors flying, steaming to any point where she could be of use, no matter what the risk. The Illis moving downward toward the south fort was struck on her starboard bow by a heavy shot, which, passing inboard, cut into the forward boiler. She was at once a mass of steam, her captain was badly injured, and she was beached on the Taku side of the fort reach. As the light strengthened the storming parties could be seen about the north forts, the Orlandos and the Japanese close together, and the Russians on the other side. All cheered and waved their arms in mutual encouragement.

At 4.54 a. m. came one of the turning points of the battle when a magazine in the northern end of the south fort blew up, and this checked the Chinese fire for a time but soon they showed themselves more determined than ever, and between 5 and 6 o'clock it certainly looked as if the attack had failed. Some of the heavy case-mated guns on the north bastion of the south fort were eluded so far round as to send their blast up the reach. At this time also a greater proportion of the Chinese shells exploded. But at 6.18 a. m. the main magazine in the south fort blew up and rose about one thousand feet into the air a dense black mountain of smoke and debris and burning powder, the concussion being terrible. Every gunboat stopped firing and the forts also, and every eye was turned upon the appalling sight. Then after a few moments of comparative silence broken only by the echoes of the explosion and the former gun reports, a glorious cheer rose from the gunboats, the Russian, Japanese and British storming parties, the destroyer crews and the merchant steamers all united in one victorious shout which must have struck despair in the hearts of the Chinese garrison. It did so, for their fire gradually slackened and ceased at 6.43 a. m.

Shortly after 6 o'clock the storming parties advanced into position, and at about 6.20 a. m. the British flag was hoisted on the north fort and afterward the Japanese. All resistance had now ceased, and the garrison tried to get away. From the south port a dense mass of fugitives es-

caped across the plain and mixed with the village inhabitants flying from their homes. During the morning the forts were completely occupied by the allies. A large number of Chinese prisoners were employed in throwing the dead into the river. The garrison was 3,000 men, and they had about 1,000 casualties. Most of the guns were in good order and several had never been fired.

Writing from Tientsin on June 29 the Standard's correspondent says: 'Shell and fire have combined to wreck property and what these have spared the Crossacks have destroyed. The wanton destruction worked by the Russian troops has been indescribable. The residents have been compelled to leave their homes for some allotted shelter from the bombs, or because they have been doing home guard and volunteer duty. Yet, during their absence even when it has lasted only a few hours, their houses have been broken open, and their private property, business papers, and valuables simply torn to pieces. And this not in isolated residences apart from the beaten track, but right in the heart of the settlements, which are so small that they can be walked all over in ten minutes. Many persons have lost everything but the clothes they stand in simply in this way, and it is causing very bitter feeling. Other nationalities have had some share in this disgraceful business, I regret to say, even our own men not coming out quite clean handed; but the Crossacks are the worst and most continual offenders. Yet we owe our lives to the presence of the Russian force, and people bear this in mind as a credit balance on the Russian behalf.'

On July 4th the same correspondent writes: 'A great mistake was made at the outset in fancying this was a case of the Yang-tee riots over again and a potting picnic against an ignorant, unarmed rabble. The unarmed rabble are fairly cute in their tactics and it is only a very happy chance that their 4.7 inch shells have been of second rate quality. Not quite as up to the mark as their sim, or Tientsin would have been in ruins long since. It is commonly supposed that the Chinese will do nothing in the rain and under ordinary circumstances this is true enough. It is equally true that heavy rain put an end to the Tientsin massacre twenty years ago, and I believe there are other records of the course of events being favorably influenced by the weather. But in this case more than one attack has actually been commenced in a downpour, and it has now rained heavily for two hours without affecting the battle in the least. This may seem a small matter, but it is one of the many indications that we are meeting the Chinese under abnormal conditions, and shall have to take the situation seriously.'

### What You Liked, Too.

An old maid came across these hints amongst some of her youthful scribbles: When you are married and have daughters of your own remember that once up on a time you liked—

To giggle at the choir boys.

To kneel on the street car seat and look out of the window.

To lick all pans, kettles and dishes which held any sweet substance, also the egg beater when it was covered with frosting.

To play guessing games with the children after you were in bed at night.

To eat the scum from boiling jelly.

To play shinny and ball with the boys.

To wear your best clothes sometimes when it wasn't Sunday.

### A Quiet Affair.

'You might just say, as you usually do, that it was a quiet wedding and let it go at that,' said a moss grown but shrewd Arkansas citizen, who had dropped into the sanctum of the able editor of the 'Tumlinville Banner' with a bit of news. 'You see everybody went thru with the expectation of participatin' in a fight and prepared accordin', and found that everybody else had come with the same expectation and similar preparation, and the result was just about the peaceablest weddin' I ever had the pleasure of witnessin'.'

### More Effective.

'I suppose,' remarked the seeker after knowledge, 'we will pursue the same policy in China as in the Philippines—the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other.'

'Not exactly,' replied the War Department official. 'The regulation uniform for Chinese service will have a large pocket for the Bible, leaving the other hand free to operate a machine gun.'

### Brother Dickey and the Boxers.

'Well sub!' exclaimed Brother Dickey, after earnest attention to the reading of the morning paper. 'Dem Chinamen is wusser dan de Spaniels fer fightin'. Dey sho' is! De Nuinted States order step in

dar, take 'em two by two, tie dey pigtaile tergether, th'ow 'em fight it out lak' cate—dat's what! De church whar' I preaches at sent two missionaries over dar, en what you reckon dey done wid 'em? W'y, dey sot one ter ketobin' rats fer 'em, en n'er one ter b'illin' rice! Yes, sub! En one er dem wuz rough on rats—fer sho! En ter show de workin' er Providence, de sperit moved de one what wuz in de rice b'illin' business ter p'zen de whole fambly after which he made his escape en preach de gospill in peace! De only way to convert dem Chinamen is ter kill 'em lust en preach dey funeral afterwards!'

### FISH-POINTING DOGS.

One Sad Effect of the Scarcity of Game About Greenwood Lake.

'I just see a pinter pup p'intin' a pickerel down by the boat,' said young native near the upper end of the east arm of Greenwood Lake one day last month.

There were several guests sitting on the porch of the hotel and one of them jumped up and said: 'That's my dog, I'll bet.'

Then four of the party hurried down to the shore to find the boathouse keeper and a boy and girl watching a pointer who was standing belly-deep in the water with one paw raised and his body rigid.

'Guess he's got a fit or uthin',' said the boatman. 'He's been standing there as if turned to a stone for the better part of an hour, and we can't call him out.'

The owner of the dog remarked: 'That is a good kind of a fit to have,' and walking out upon a float he looked steadily into the water and finally saw a big pickerel facing the dog and about five feet from his nose. 'Wait a moment,' he shouted, and running back to the house he got his gun and returned to the float. 'Steady, Dick,' he said to the dog, and aiming low at the pickerel he turned it up with the first shot. 'Fetch!' he said, and the dog leaped forward and swam to the float with the stunned fish, which was taken from his jaws uninjured. It was found to weigh one and one-half pounds, which is good weight for 'bat' lake.

On the following day one of the party was out fishing with Ryerson and related the incident.

'Nothin' strange about that,' said the guide. 'Fact is that game's so scarce around the lake that the dogs have most all taken to p'intin' fish. I've got a pup to my house that's in the water most all the time p'intin' young bass, pickerel, perch and sich, but I ain't lowering myself to shootin' no fish. You fish up the arm by my house and I'll bet you'll find the pup in the water on a stand p'int on a minnow or something.'

Sure enough the dog was there and on a stiff point, which he did not break until the boat scared away the fish which he was pointing. Jim said that the dog had to be tied up a great part of the time to prevent his getting stiff from steadily pointing fish in the water but that there was little else to train a dog on in the region around the upper end of the lake.

### Humility in Slavery.

A clergyman finds that the black man is worse off as a free man than he was as a slave, and therefore seriously proposes a revival of slavery. Shortly after the issue of the emancipation proclamation a Northern gentleman made the same discovery, and said to a begging black man who had come North, 'Wouldn't you like it better to be back in your own home with a master to take care of you?' 'Sah,' said the wandering sufferer, 'I don't know what you think of freedom, but the place I left am still open.'

### Unprevaricated Proverbs.

When a man feels doubt of his own argument he talks loud; when a woman has the same feeling she cries.

The proper study of mankind is man, but mankind is always fond of improper studies.

Before we can love right we must find the right one to love.

Only a woman can use up an hour saying no, but a man who is in love can easily dispose of half an hour saying good by.

### An Unconscious Disciple.

Trotter—'It's a favorite amusement among the Eastern fakirs to twist themselves into some muscle straining, nerve-racking, bone cracking posture, and—'

Miss Rivalton—'Isn't it funny how those odd Oriental ideas find disciples here?'

Trotter—'Why, what do you mean?'

Miss Rivalton—'Really, haven't you ever saw Maud Wayuppe play golf?'

### How It Looked to Him.

Summer hotel Clerk—'Here is your bill, sir.'

Guest—'You've made a mistake, I guess. This seems to be a bill-of-sale of the hotel and fixtures, golf links, tennis-courts, iron pier, bathing houses, dancing-pavilion, toboggan-slide, merry-go-round, electric fountain, and livery stable. I don't want

to pay for nothing but one room for two days.'

### Rather Fight a Chinaman.

McGowan (astonished)—'An' plwly is it yer cyin'. Mac? Sture, yez gave th' coon a toine batin.'

McManus—'Yis, Oi gave him to toine black eyes; but Oi'd rather foight a Chinyman, fer I'm to be chafed av the honor. Shure, he's so black they'd never show on him.'

'What is your reason, inquired the sum-m'er tou-ist, 'for wantin' something done to stop the young people of other cities from coming here to be married?'

'There are too many of them,' responded the esthetic cit'z-n of St. Joe, who w's not in any kind of business. 'They interfere with our view of the sunset.'

A Safe Promise.—He: 'Your father does not withhold his consent to our marriage because I am his employe, I hope?'

She: 'Oh, no! He says he'll give his consent as soon as you get your salary raised.'

Fred: 'They tell me at your office that you are only one of the clerks. And you said you were a director.'

Charles: 'S! I am. I address the envelopes.'



## Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again

in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the life of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

### THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

'I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets,"' says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. 'Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets" and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief, it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thanks, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce.'

### NOTHING IS SURER

'Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.'

### WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to do something in any emergency in the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or disease, the answer will be found in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work contains 1008 large pages, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper or 50 stamps for the volume in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.