

## MASSACRED BY COSSACKS.

Thousands of Chinese Slain by the Russians—Scenes at the Beginning of the War in Manchuria.

When, two weeks ago, we had fairly escaped from Manchuria and were under the full protection of Russia, in her own territory, we thought our perils ended. But this was far from being the case. To our astonishment and that of every one else we have run into the very centre of the Chinese war on the borders of far-off Siberia. The general confidence prevailing was indicated by the fact that a week ago to day, while coming up the Amoor on a steamer from Ravarosk, we met six steamers with nine barges loaded with troops and their equipment, who were hurrying from this place to Harbin, on the Sungari river, for the protection of the new railway. These had left Blagovestchensk Saturday July 14.

No sooner were these troops well away than the Chinese on the opposite side of the river began firing upon Blagovestchensk, while from their forts at Aigun, twenty miles below, they fired upon passing steamers and sent soldiers over to destroy the Russian villages along the bank. All unconscious of these events we left our steamer, which was hopelessly obstructed by a sandbar eighty miles below, and drove on by tarantasses. But after having covered a little more than half the distance in the regular way we reached the village of Gulvena about sundown to find the people alarmed, though not panic stricken, by the news which was just reaching them. There was nothing for us to do but camp down in the common room of the posthouse and await developments. The excitement continued to increase, especially upon the arrival of refugees from the up river villages, which had been set afire.

Gulvena is a settlement of religious dissenters called Molokites (Milk Eaters) who drink no spirits and eat no meat. As we entered the village, large droves of cattle, which has been herded during the day in the luxurious green fields of this vicinity, came leisurely into the broad street and were distributed to the various households to which they belonged. Nothing could be more peaceful and idyllic. The village contained about 1,000 people, and trim, well-painted log houses gave evidence of the thrift accompanying such a settlement.

But at midnight everything was in confusion. Hundreds of carts loaded with the most necessary household utensils and covered with excited women and sleeping babies filled the street or stood at the gateways ready to join the procession. A few armed Cossacks remained to direct the company to places of greater security in the interior, while the most of them were stationed nearer the river for general defence of their homes. We remained in our quarters until morning.

The danger was principally from a night attack from the Chinese. With the appearance of daylight the fleeing inhabitants all came back to their homes. They did not, however, unpack their carriages, but kept them in readiness for instantaneous movement upon further approach of danger. Their fears as well as ours were deepened by frequent reports of cannon in the direction of the Chinese fort at Aigun on the opposite side of the river about ten miles away. The puffs of smoke from these guns could be clearly seen as they rose in the still air, some time in advance of the sound. Vague rumors were afloat that Blagovestchensk was besieged by the Chinese. Still we thought it possible to reach the city by a roundabout road through the back country to a station seventeen miles on our way. For a large sum (\$60) we were able to persuade three teamsters to carry us.

Our party consisted of five, Capt. Harford, the English Consul at Manila, with his travelling companion, Capt. Smith Dorrien, commander of the English gunboat Bonaventure; Mr. Wettekind, a member of the great mercantile firm of Rantz & Albert, from Vladivostok; my son and myself. Capt. Harford had seen service in the English Army in many places, having been at the siege of Sebastopol, and had lived many years in the Crimea, was very fond of the Russians and had a great confidence in their management of a campaign. Capt. Dorrien was younger and more deliberate in his calculations, and with me hesitated about running the risk. But the impetuosity of Capt. Harford and of our German companion prevailed.

We set out with two tarantasses and a droika to carry our luggage. The two Englishmen were in the rear and the rest of us in the fore. We soon found ourselves driving along at a breakneck speed over

the low rolling prairie which constitutes the country back from the flood regions of the great river. Our attention was at once attracted by columns of smoke from the vicinity of the river half way around the horizon. We could count as many as twenty of these at a time, and afterwards heard that two or three distinct fires were blended in the distance. We occasionally met small companies of mounted Cossacks, from whom we learned that the road was clear. The settlements were few and our road did not lead through any for several miles. At length, however, we reached a small hamlet which had been burned the day before. It had been inhabited by Chinese. We learned there that a plan for the wholesale destruction of the Chinese villages was in process of execution.

The horror of the situation first dawned upon us just before reaching this village, when our attention was attracted by two unarmed Chinamen hurrying along in the tall grass a few hundred feet from us. They were evidently endeavoring to escape. But our driver, without any ceremony, stopped the horses, passed his reins into the hand of our German companion, rose in his seat, took his rifle out, aimed at the nearest one and fired. The Chinaman fell and we saw him no more. Whether killed or wounded, or only hiding himself, we did not stop to ascertain, but hurried on through charred and deserted villages and hamlets until we reached our post station. This was in a lonely place beside a small circular lake or pond, but was well guarded by Cossacks and to our delight had a supply of horses, so that without delay, except for lunch, we were sent on our way soon after noon, while our former drivers hurried back to bear their part in the protection of the villages we had left in the morning.

Some miles in front of us one of the largest columns of smoke was rolling angrily up to the heavens. As we approached it we discerned what is rare on the prairie, an extensive grove of trees. The land also showed signs of high cultivation. Fields of poppies were brilliant with their flowers in full bloom. Wheat and peas and beans and potatoes had all been carefully cleared of weeds. In short, there was everywhere apparent the thrift attendant upon the careful Chinese cultivation. We were in a vast Chinese garden.

But behind the grove of trees the smoke rose fiercer and fiercer, and soon we could see sheets of flame flashing through it all. A flourishing Chinese city of 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants was in flames. Half the houses were already in ruins, while Cossacks were busy in every direction with kerosene oil and torches setting the remaining portions on fire. The inhabitants were all gone; where, no one could tell. We were twelve miles southeast of Blagovestchensk.

The burning city was on both sides of a small stream and covered a large area. Everything there bore the appearance of great thrift. The houses were large with newly thatched roofs. Temples and shrines were numerous. Large stacks of straw betokened at once abundant harvests the previous year and the frugal habits of the people. Numerous dogs and pigs, and an occasional flock of geese, looked forlorn enough as they wandered about homeless amid the ruins. The houses had been nearly burned away from the street through which our only practical road lay, but flames were leaping from several large buildings near by and cinders were flying in every direction. Besides, a little ahead of us the way was encumbered by burning timbers and a small wooden culvert was beginning to blaze. Our only hope was to get esely through this narrow passage as soon as possible.

The burning timbers were removed and the culvert found to be yet safe. The horses attached to the tarantass on which I was sitting were steadier than the others, though driven by a boy. It was resolved, therefore, that he should lead the way. Our team dashed past the others and under the stimulus of much exhortation and free use of the whip we made the charge through the narrow passage, the others following in close succession. The heated air was stifling. The cinders rained like hail, but this danger was safely passed and we breathed freely for a little while, only to learn that another similar gauntlet was before us on the other side of the stream. But then, the burning street though longer was broader, and the burning houses nearest the road were blazing in the rear, with only occasional tongues of flames darting

out from the side next to the road. This danger passed, we had no further trouble.

The banks of the Zeya River were reached late in the afternoon and we found a small steamer engaged in transferring soldiers from one side to the other, which gave us passage to the city. The anxiety to get news from us was only equalled by ours to learn what was happening there. We were the first to come down from the river in two days and therefore the first who could tell what the smoke of the burning villages meant, and give assurance of the safety of the Russian settlements beyond.

Blagovestchensk is a city of something over 30,000 inhabitants, spread out with broad streets over an extensive delta terrace, between the Zeya and the Amoor rivers. The street through which we drove to reach the Amoor front was fully three miles long and lined on both sides by pretty low log houses set well apart from one another. But we could not help observing that the blinds were all closed and that the streets had a deserted look. Our drivers also seemed to delight in back streets and alleys as we approached the hotel, and landed us at a side door.

While our luggage was being unloaded we ventured into the main street to take a look. We heard frequent rifle reports, but thought it was soldiers practising. And so it was, but they were Chinese soldiers on the other side of the river practising on us, for we soon heard the ping, ping of their bullets as they whizzed by our heads. We noticed also that everybody else stood around the corner of the cross street. These discoveries led us to join the street loaders around the corner as quick as we could. We found that the city had been in a state of siege for five days, that the Chinese had five cannon and an unknown number of troops on the opposite side of the river, that the city was defended by only 2,000 hastily recruited troops, with no cannon and a scanty supply of small arms.

At first the people were panic stricken, but trenches were speedily dug along the whole front, and occasional volleys were fired by the whole line to warn the enemy that the city was not without defenders. At the same time the troops were expected to come down the river. All this had the desired effect and the Chinese did not attempt to cross the river. Moreover, their marksmanship was so poor that their firing was ineffective. No buildings were set on fire and only a few persons were killed by bursting shells. Several bullets, however, hit the hotel while we were in it, though it was on the second street back from the river, and the river is about 2,000 feet wide. Only yesterday a shell burst a few rods away, killed one man and wounded another.

The appalling thing of all was the fate of the Chinese on the Russian side of the river, though we were prepared for it by what we had seen of the burning villages on the way. No sooner had hostilities begun than a war of extermination was declared against the Chinese. As near as we could learn, between 3,000 and 4,000 living in the city or its immediate vicinity were forced to abandon their homes and told that unless they were out of Russian territory within a set time—far too short for adequate preparation—their lives would be forfeited.

Then began a great and hideous rush for the few boats on the river. Men, women and children scrambled and struggled for the clumsy craft, and as each one put out, fearfully overloaded, shrieking refugees clung to the gunwales, only to be beaten back by those inside. Brief was the career of most of these boats. They filled and sank, the shrieks of the drowning mingling with the howls of those who had been left behind.

Still the banks were lined with the Chinese. There was but one thing to be done; build rafts. Materials were hastily collected and jumbled together. Men fought for the boards and logs which were to be the means of life. It was a mad scene of terror and ineffectual effort. Raft after raft put out, as overcrowded as the boats had been, and disintegrated before the eyes of those on shore. To add to the horrors of the situation the Chinese from the forts on the opposite side opened fire on the miserable wretches, probably thinking them Russian invaders in disguise. How many escaped out of that double slaughter no one knows, they must have been terribly few. The bodies of the dead fairly blackened the stream. Even when we arrived we could count from a single point one hundred bodies in the water.

Such war upon non-combatants probably is not countenanced by those high in authority, but is due to the fact that the Cossacks are temporarily thrown off their balance from the rage and fear naturally arising from the situation. Every Chinaman is regarded as an enemy. The color of his skin, the slant of his eyes and the cut of his hair are evidence enough, and so, as

with our frontiersmen in their dealings with the Indians, the Cossacks act on the theory that "there is no good Chinaman but a dead Chinaman." This is the more startling from the fact that heretofore the Russians and the Chinese have lived together in great peace and cordiality. But now this has suddenly changed. The evil results can scarcely be overestimated. These two peoples, thrown so close together by the extension of Russian colonies along the Amoor and by the railroad through Manchuria to Port Arthur, must now be in a state of eternal enmity to one another and both are so virile and numerous that one cannot absorb or exterminate the other.

### Chinese Match Labels.

Americans who pride themselves in their stamp collections might perhaps, if they lived in China or Japan, take an equal interest in gathering match box labels. There are thousands of varieties of the labels, most of them printed in high colors, and from the Oriental point of view, veritable works of art. Mr. C. J. H. Halcombe's book on China gives some particulars of the little pictures and the people who collect them.

One gentleman, who made a trip round the world, made a splendid collection of these match labels of all kinds and sizes. He had written a little history beneath each specimen—the day he had found it, where found, under what circumstances, and in some cases to what the design alluded. So that altogether they formed an interesting and remarkably artistic volume.

He was very enthusiastic about it, and was quite charmed with the magnificent assortment he had gathered in various parts of Japan, especially in Osaka, where the best can be got; and in China, chiefly in Hongkong. One or two somewhat rare specimens come from Chifu and Fuchau.

Another gentleman, a German consul, declared that match-label collecting was more interesting and far more exciting than the collecting of postage stamps. He has a large scrap album filled with match labels, each carefully pasted in, with a short inscription below. He could show thousands to my hundreds.

It is a wonder that match-label collecting has not become more popular among globe-trotters. I have known a resident in the 'Celestial Empire' to make a trip across to the 'Land of the Rising Sun' for the express purpose of procuring a few old or rare or exceptionally attractive specimens.

To hear him relate where (and how he found them, in all manner of unlikely and inaccessible places, was really very amusing. I myself have spent many a very pleasant afternoon and evening label hunting in various parts of Hongkong.

The box of matches usually costs three cash,—forty cash to a penny,—but the European collector is always let in for more than three times that amount, the wily Chinese easily distinguishing between the consumer, who really requires the matches, and the collector, who buys the matches only for the sake of the picture.

Indeed, an enterprising match seller in Hongkong has placed a notice in his window reading as follows:

'Klectors can bie numba one match pikur this side. Come look see.'

The designs generally represent some incident in Chinese or Japanese history or legend.

### Like Each Other's Dogs.

The likeness of certain human types to familiar animals is a matter of common observation. Caricaturists, from the days of the Greeks and Romans down, have made use of its suggestions. A notable instance in comparatively recent years was that of Louis Napoleon, whose brooding, aquiline countenance was readily converted into a bird of prey—the French eagle sometimes, at other times, and even more strikingly, a vulture preying upon France.

In our daily speech we naturally describe men as rat-faced, hoggyish or foxy in appearance, or say of a noble-looking old man that he possesses a leonine head. Still other persons we pronounce simian in their physiognomy, and although few of us would care to merit a personal application of that adjective, it need not be so uncomplimentary as one would imagine.

The dignified and venerable Charles Darwin accepted it as applied to himself with no resentment, and with a gently humorous perception of its pat coincidence with his favorite theories; while among distinguished living men, the resemblance of Oom Paul Kruger to an ancient and exceedingly sagacious gorilla has been more than once remarked.

An amusing discovery of unhuman likeness has been recently related by a friend of Sir Henry M. Stanley. When Stanley visited the Karagwas, an African tribe rather above the average in intelligence, he had with him a fine bulldog whose pugy and pugnacious countenance possessed

all the unlovely characteristics of the breed.

The Karagwas bestowed much attention upon this beast, and their chief before parting with the white men, ingenuously pointed out an odd fact which he had observed. The Karagwas men, flat-faced, snub-nosed and thick-lipped, looked, he thought, much like the English dog; while the half-wild Karagwas dogs, clean-cut, keen-eyed and long-nosed, looked much more than their masters did, like the Englishmen.

Whether Stanley, who had every right to think well of his own personal appearance, relished this comparison or not, he could not do otherwise than take it in good part; and he had sense of humor enough to pass it on for the amusement of others after he got home.

### His Amendment.

Years ago a bill entitled 'An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and Other Game' was introduced into the New York House of Assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, 'An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen and Other Game.'

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state, who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians, rose to his feet.

'I should like to move an amendment to the bill,' he said, mildly, by adding the words 'except Indians.'

### True to the Name.

The group on the front porch was discussing the merits and demerits of the house dog, a magnificent animal that lay basking in the sun.

'Have you any idea,' asked one of the guests, 'why he is called a "Great Dane?"'

'Yes,' slowly replied the owner of the dog. 'It has always seemed to me that it must be because it is such a great "deign" for him to notice any smaller animal.'

A young woman with a pug nose turned it up slightly at this explanation, but there were no other signs of dissent.

Don't experiment—buy Magnetic Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty-five years. Price 10 cents for any color.

'Won't you give a veteran something to eat, mum?' said Tired Thompson to Mrs. Whiffet. 'You a veteran,' replied Mrs. Whiffet, unbelievably. 'You were never a soldier, I'll be bound.' 'Madam,' added the tramp, 'you do me a grievous injustice. I have done nothing but soldier all my life.'

Teacher—'What do we learn from the story of Samson?' Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest)—'That it doesn't pay to have women folk cut a teller's hair.'

## Put Iron in the Blood

It Makes the Blood Red, the Cheeks Rosy, and Restores Vigor and Vitality to Every Organ of the Body.

In Other Words, Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is composed of certain elements of nature which are supplied in the food we eat. During the winter season the food is an artificial nature and not sufficiently varied to properly sustain the quality of the blood. Consequently very many people suffer in the spring from the results of thin blood.

A pale face, and more especially paleness of the lips, gums and the inside of the eyelids, tells of weak, watery blood. There are languid, worn out, despondent feelings, lack of energy and appetite weakness and irregularities, and frequently stomach disorders, headaches and nervous troubles.

To say that the blood is thin, weak and watery is to mean that it lacks iron and other elements, which are found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Put iron in the blood and you will help nature to overcome the ills of spring. Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will supply to the blood not only iron, but all the most effective elements of nature which go to make the blood rich and red.

Through the medium of the circulation of the blood, and the nervous system, re-constructs the wasted tissues, creates new nerve force, and prevents and cures diseases caused by weak blood and exhausted nerves.

Are you pale and weak? Put iron in the blood by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Do you mean a spring restorative? There is no preparation to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a blood builder and blood restorer; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates, & Co., Toronto.