

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

STILL AT IT.

The Plucky Little Japs Are Hammering Port Arthur.

The desperate onslaughts of the Japanese on Port Arthur still continue. The Japanese repeatedly capture positions which are untenable owing to their exposure to heavy fire from the Russian inner positions, but they are keeping steadily at it, hoping to wear out the defenders by incessant fighting. They have captured practically all the outside defenses and the tremendous conflict is raging before the walls of the fortress.

The Russians are gamely defending their positions, but are becoming desperate and their confidence in being able to hold out indefinitely is reported to be waning.

So accustomed has the garrison become to fighting that the soldiers are calloused and the terrible hail of shells has ceased to worry them. The dead are gathered in heaps in warehouses, awaiting a chance for the defenders to bury them.

CRUISER NOVIK SUNK BY JAPS.

Driven Ashore on Sakhalin Island by Admiral Togo's Cruisers.

After a severe engagement with the Japanese cruisers Chitose and Tashima the Russian cruiser Novik was run ashore in a sinking condition in Korsakovsk harbor on the island of Sakhalin.

Stoessel Is Profane.

The terms of surrender sent to Gen. Stoessel, Russian commander at Port Arthur, provided that the garrison should march out with the honors of war and join Gen. Kuropatkin; that all civilians be brought to a place designated by the Japanese admiral; that the Russian warships in the harbor numbering seven, namely: the battleships Tetsuzan, Sevastopol, Pobieda, Peresviet, Volaya, the armored cruiser Tayan, and the protected cruiser Palada, and 12 or more torpedo boat destroyers and four gunboats be surrendered to the Japanese.

Lieut. Gen. Stoessel is alleged to have received the terms with a burst of wonderful profanity, his habitual tactfulness deserting him. He strode the floor until he became calmer and then remarked that if the Japanese proposition was a joke it was in bad taste.

Gen. Stoessel's treatment of the Japanese major was courteous, but his reply was prompt and characteristic. The Japanese major then asked for a three days' truce in which to bury the dead. This was refused. The battle was renewed at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 17th and as the junk left it was being waged furiously on all sides.

Defy the Japs.

Gen. Stoessel, in command at Port Arthur, has refused to surrender and has declined the offer made by the Japanese of the removal of non-combatants there. Reasons for this latter action are not given, but it is probable that the non-combatants are unwilling to accept a favor at the hands of the Japanese. They confess, however, that necessity for their removal exists. It is expected the Japanese attack will be resumed immediately; it now enters upon its final stage.

Twenty Thousand Killed.

A battle of huge proportions raged around Port Arthur August 14 and 15 and was resumed August 17. The Japanese, it is reported, sacrificed 20,000 more men but gained important advantages in the matter of position.

Unprecedented Visit.

The archbishop of Canterbury sailed from England Saturday on the Celtic for a visit of two months to the United States, where he will attend the great conference of the Episcopal church in Boston in October, and will spend the remainder of the time in traveling and visiting the homes of bishops of the American church. The visit of the archbishop, the head of the church of England, is really a courteous return of the visit of American bishops to the decennial Lambeth conference. The visit is an unprecedented event, and has aroused much interest in the church. It was announced in London that he may possibly make occasion to repeat his visit later. He comes by special permission of King Edward.

Governess Suicides.

Miss Ethel K. Pardee, governess for the children of Thomas A. Edison, committed suicide at Orange, N. J., by inhaling illuminating gas. Friends of Miss Pardee say she worried much in the discharge of her duties as governess owing to anonymous letters received by the Edisons for two years, containing threats to kidnap the children. Miss Pardee was the daughter of a Canadian clergyman, and her home is said to have been at Nohet, Ont.

CONDENSED.

The Educational Alliance has organized a children's theater in New York. The season will begin in November and end in May.

S. W. Greenleaf, the third man to enter the winter of the attempt to swim the Straits of Dover, who started Sunday morning, gave up the trial after an hour and a half, owing to the extreme low temperature of the water.

By Monday's declaration of a 5 per cent quarterly dividend on the stock of the Standard Oil Co., of New Jersey, the cash income of the Rockefeller and their associates from that stock alone for the first three-quarters of the calendar year is increased to \$28,000,000.

Albert E. Herpin, the sleepless wonder of Trenton, N. J., who has not slept for over ten years, still refuses offers from all parts of the world to exhibit himself, and only within the past few days has he refused a \$10,000 offer from a scientific association in Vienna to undergo a thirty days' test of his ability to live without sleep.

BURNED ALIVE.

Horrible Scene at a Georgia Lynching Described.

With clothing saturated with kerosene, writhing and twisting in their agony, screaming to heaven for mercy that the mob would not show, Paul Reed and Will Cato, negroes, two of the principals in the murder and burning of Henry Hodges and wife and three of their children, six miles from Statesboro, Ga., three weeks ago, were burned at the stake on Tuesday.

A photographer was present and the crowd was cleared back that he might get several views of the men bound to the stake and ready for the burning. Then followed an awful scene. The match was applied and frenzied cheers rent the air as men, almost crazed with hatred of the men being punished, saw the cruel flames drinking up the life blood.

Just as the match was applied to the pyre one of those in front asked Reed if he wanted to tell the truth before he died. "Yes, sir; I killed Mr. and Mrs. Hodges," he replied.

"Who killed the children?" he was asked.

"Handy Bell," came the response, as the flames leaped upward, and further questioning was impossible in the wild tumult. As the flames touched Reed's naked skin he twisted his head around in an endeavor to choke himself and avoid the fearful torture. Only once did he complain. He said:

"Lord, have mercy."

Cato screamed in agony and begged that he be shot. His heavy head of hair, which was oiled, was almost the first thing the flames fastened on, and screaming with agony while the hemp rope became a collar of fire around his neck, a thrill of horror ran through the spectators. Before the flames had quenched Cato's life the rope was burned in two, and his head swung from side to side as he endeavored to avoid the fiery tongue. By almost superhuman effort he writhed under the close-locked chains. For only about three minutes was he visible to the crowd before the great pile of fagots made a wall of flame which the wind swept around Cato's body and hid him from view. He was the first to exhibit unconsciousness and perhaps the first dead.

Strikers Are Hungry.

Packing house employees and hungry strikers vied with each other in a steer hunt that extended throughout the night, following a riot precipitated by the appearance of 11 runaway heaves from Morris & Co.'s plant at the stockyards Thursday evening. Friday the carcasses of four were accounted for. Little beyond the hoofs and horns remained to tell the story, and there was an ample beef supply in many a home to which such a luxury has long been a stranger.

The fate of five of the remainder is still in doubt, as only two have been rounded up and driven back to the yards. Scouting parties representing both the big packing firm and the hungry throng that battled with the police scoured the prairies south and west of the yards all night, and when the latter located its prey the creature was slain and disappeared as though by magic. The herd was valued at upwards of \$1,000.

The mob numbered 4,000 persons, and the streets were cleared only after 120 policemen, in five squads, had charged the rioters on four sides.

Shots were fired and scores of rioters were clubbed. A bullet grazed the cheek of Police Lieut. George Prim, and a police sergeant was stripped of his star and clubbed by a woman rioter. One man was so severely battered that he was sent to the Englewood Union hospital. Few arrests were made.

G. A. R. Officers.

Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar, of Massachusetts, was elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. Thursday by acclamation.

John R. King, of Washington, D. C., former commander of the department of Maryland, was chosen senior vice commander-in-chief. George W. Patten, of Chattanooga, past commander of the department of Tennessee, was elected junior vice commander-in-chief by acclamation.

Dr. Warren R. King, of Indiana, was elected surgeon-general, and Rev. J. H. Bradford, of Washington, D. C., was chosen chaplain-in-chief.

Denver, Col., was unanimously chosen as the place for holding the next national encampment.

The Wheat Pit.

Another wild day in wheat is Saturday's record. Frosts generally kill, but a suggestion of killing frosts in Canada and the Dakotas only influenced the bulls and sent September option up to \$1.11 1/2 in Chicago.

Prices soared upward in Minneapolis, the September option touching \$1.21 within thirty minutes of the opening.

Later it touched \$1.23. December advanced to \$1.17 and May to \$1.18. There was a lot of profit-taking in Saturday's market in New York by some of the big people who thought values about high enough for the present, but it was so well absorbed by new buyers that prices established fresh high records again, September selling at \$1.14 3/4 against \$1.13 7/8 the previous night.

Accusing Prince George of Greece of all kinds of misrule, the inhabitants of the island of Crete ask that he be removed and the island formally annexed to Greece.

Emilus Pierre Treachery, aged 91, for half a century known as one of the foremost blind musicians and educators in America, is dead in Alton, Ill. He was a native of France.

Dr. R. G. Lightle, who was supposed to have been burned in his barn at Searcy, Ark., May 22, and on whose death insurance companies paid \$10,000 on policies, returned to Searcy and surrendered to a deputy sheriff.

IS A TREACHEROUS ANIMAL.

Black Panther of Africa More Ferocious than the Bengal Tiger.

Of all the big, dangerous cats, none is more unapproachable and more treacherous than the black panther, treading from the heart of the deepest African jungle, lithe and supple of body, alert and nervous, this stealthy marauder exceeds in ferocity even a Bengal tiger. He is the only big feline that the lion trainer does not venture to train; and he is the only cat so absolutely distrustful that he shuns even the light of day.

Often he will lie all day long in a dusky corner of his cage, his yellow slit eyes shifting and gleaming restlessly. Even the feeding hour, when pandemonium breaks loose among the big cages, when hungry roars and squeals mingle with impatient snarls and impacts of heavy bodies against steel bars, is apt to have no effect on him. He may lie eyeing his chunk of raw beef suspiciously, and not venture forth until day has waned and the last visitor has left; to tear meat from bones with his long, white fangs.

In fact, so ugly and vicious is this beast, that frequently he turns on his own kind, and in many instances it is impossible to cage him, even with a mate.—McClure's Magazine.

The Departed.

The departed! the departed! They visit us in dreams, And they glide above our memories, Like shadows over streams; But where the cheerful lights of home In constant hither burn, The departed, the departed, Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful, How dreamless is their sleep, Where rolls the dirgelike music Of the ever-tossing deep! Or where the surging night winds Pale winter's robes have spread Above the narrow palaces In the cities of the dead!

I look around, and feel the awe Of one who walks alone, Among the wrecks of former days, In mournful rain stream; I start to hear the striding sounds Among the cypress-trees, For the voice of the departed Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! It mingles with Each fear and careless strain; I scarce can think early mornstrelsy Will cheer my heart again. The melody of summer waves, The thrilling notes of birds, Can never be so dear to me As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles Still on me sweetly fall, Their tones of love I faintly hear My name in sadness call. I know that they are happy, With their angel plumage on, But my heart is very desolate To think that they are gone. —Park Benjamin.

A Fund of Humor.

William Winter, the dramatic critic, is thought by some to write the worst hand of any man living. There may have been giants in the past, men like Horace Greeley, who surpassed him, but no one his equal remains.

Some years ago Mr. Winter was traveling in Scotland, and having had many amusing experiences, wrote an account of them to R. H. Stoddard, in New York. Mr. Stoddard received the letter at breakfast and, combining familiarity with the intentions of the poet, managed to make it out, and enjoyed several good laughs. He glanced up at Mrs. Stoddard and said:

"It's from William Winter. Very funny. Want to read it?" "You know I can never read a word of his writing," answered Mrs. Stoddard.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied Mr. Stoddard, tossing the letter over; "it's just as funny to look at!"

Immense Coil of Rope.

The largest coil of rope ever seen in this city has been made for a tow-line for the big raft of piling collected by the Oregon Rafting company, which is to be towed to San Francisco by the steamer Francis Leggett, now taking in her cargo of lumber at Inman & Poulson's mills. The huge coil contains 150 fathoms of cable four and three-quarter inches in diameter, weighs a little over three tons and costs in the neighborhood of \$1,000. It needs to be stout and strong and perfect in every fiber, for the raft to be towed contains 650,000 linear feet of piling, equal to 6,500,000 feet, lumber measure.—Portland Oregonian.

Shoes for a Giant.

A Calumet shoemaker has just finished a pair of shoes for Louis Mollenen, known as the "Quincy Hill giant." Mollenen is 19 years old, stands seven feet eight inches in height and tips the scales at 300 pounds. The shoes are sixteen and a quarter inches in length, six inches in width and weigh five pounds each. Mollenen will use them while at work in the Quincy mine, where he is employed. A number of offers to exhibit the young giant have been made by showmen, but all have been refused.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crusade Against Wearing Hats.

In England a crusade against the wearing of hats is being waged on the ground that this custom will cause the hair to grow and serve as an aid against premature grayness. This physical culture fad excites considerable derision in London circles, where it seems to be looked upon as a direct blow aimed at the Englishman's dearest privilege. From the members of the house of commons down the Britisher deems it his right to wear his hat on every possible occasion and to sleep in it if so disposed.

Has Commercial Instinct.

D'Annunzio, who is pestered by autograph hunters, refuses to comply unless it is written on a copy of one of his books. The fiends do not always take the hint and supply the book, but the author's commercial idea is to benefit his publisher and incidentally himself.

LONDON: A PAGAN CITY.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

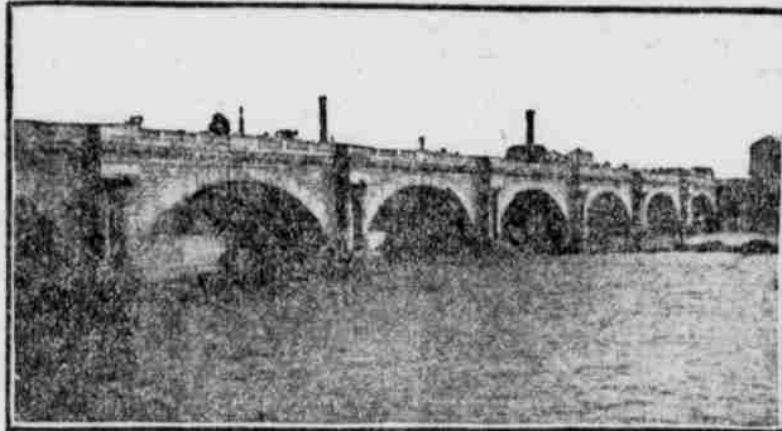
It was an old subject for discussion, this pagan London, long before Archdeacon Sinclair revived the problem at St. Sepulchre's church recently. "Church or chapel," he said, "are only attended by about 18 per cent of London's population. That means that four-fifths of the people do not worship God at all."

Many clergymen ascribe the decline in London's church-going to a weakening of religious belief. But there is no reason to take so pessimistic a view. There are many other causes which affect Sunday attendance, causes which directly arise from the growth of our vast city, from the strenuous competition in modern business, from

existence by leaving shattered nerves as a legacy for those who serve it faithfully.

Sunday! What a blessed name it is to London. It is a day of rest, but not in its religious significance. To rest from labor is to leave the smoky old town and fly to the country for a breath of fresh air that can give stamina and endurance to the body for another week of toil.

And thus it is that Sunday trains pour forth their golfers, that Sunday roads throb with motors by the hundreds and cycles by the thousands. Those who cannot afford such trips do the best they can for their tired bodies by staying in bed until noon.



Waterloo Bridge.

the nerve rag and brain rag of the workers, and from alterations in the manners and customs of all classes of society.

The village church was the center of the village life a half century ago; and in many parts of the country it remains in this respect unchanged. The chapel shared, and still shares, its position. The children are taught their religion in the Sunday schools by whatever branch of the Christian creed these establishments are conducted and maintained. They grow up to associate Sunday with the old place of worship, to reverence those who lead and conduct its services. Few, even of the youngest, are absent, for the parents, should they stay at home themselves, like to get the children away for the morning.

As in youth, so in the riper middle age. The church and chapel become the meeting ground of the villagers, separated by scattered farms and lonely cottages during the working week. They gather before the doors after service, greeting each other and saluting those above them in station. Should a well-known figure be absent, it is understood that he is ill, and inquiries are made concerning him.

The squire and his family regularly attend. They may be modern enough in their views, careless enough in their religious observances when in London for the season. But on their own land, among their own people, they fill the great pews under the ancestral coat-of-arms just as their forebears filled it, for an example, if for nothing else.

Are there sports to be held, the clergyman is on the committee. There are suppers for the bellringers, excursions for the choir, treats for the Sunday school; there are mothers' meetings and clothing clubs. The Non-conformists hold their social gatherings and concerts. Church and chapel still remain the hub of the social wheel in rural England.

Are they so in town? The question would be laughable were not the answer a subject for regret to many of us.

London is a mass of humanity pitched together by a careless fate. To speak unpalatable truth, there is no city in the world that possesses less of a corporate entity. What percent-



Fountain, Trafalgar Square.

age of its people record their vote in a county council election? It is absurdly small. There are thousands on thousands who do not know what parish they live in, nor do they trouble to inquire.

As competition grows keener so do working hours lengthen and leisure hours decrease for all classes. To the professional and commercial men has come a new disease—brain fog. Society, apparently inspired by the custom of the times, endeavors to emulate the rush and whirl of a workday

old associations are broken, when no one knows his next-door neighbor or troubles to inquire, when gold is the supreme desire of our frank civilization to acquire wealth for display, it is not strange that the steeple among the chimneys has lost the influence of the old tower that rose above the apple blossoms in a cleaner, sweeter life.

When we discuss the religious aspect of this great question, let these facts be also remembered.

TORTURING PAIN.

Half This Man's Sufferings Would Have Killed Many a Person, But Doan's Cured Him.



A. C. Sprague, stock dealer, of Normal, Ill., writes: "For two whole years I was doing nothing but buying medicines to cure my kidneys. I do not think that any man ever suffered as I did and lived. The pain in my back was so bad that I could not sleep at night. I could not ride a horse, and sometimes was unable even to ride in a car. My condition was critical when I sent for Doan's Kidney Pills. I used three boxes and they cured me. Now I can go anywhere and do as much as anybody. I sleep well and feel no discomfort at all."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50c.

Grilled Lion Steaks Delicious.

An explorer who has often by compulsion eaten the flesh of animals not generally used as human food says that grilled lion steaks are delicious and much superior to those of the tiger; that the flesh of the rhinoceros, properly prepared, has all the good qualities of pork; that the trunk and feet of young elephants resemble veal, and that stewed box constrictor is a splendid substitute for rabbit.

For Your Perfect Comfort.

At St. Louis Exposition, which is very severe upon the feet, remember to take along a box or two of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, a powder for Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Sweating Feet. 30,000 testimonials of cures. Sold by all Druggists, etc. DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

BABY BORN TO FORTUNE.

John Nicholas Brown, 4 Years Old, Worth \$10,000,000.

John Nicholas Brown of Rhode Island is only 4 years old, but he is rated worth \$10,000,000. His fortune came from his father and an uncle. In equal amounts, before he was 3 months old. Young Brown has three palatial residences, a yacht, is always attended by a physician and has a retinue of ten servants. He lives on sterilized milk chiefly and has more care bestowed upon him than a royal prince. He is weighed morning and night on special scales and is groomed in the most luxurious manner. The youngster's fortune consists in stock in great cotton mills in New England. His mother was a Miss Dresser, sister of Mrs. George Vanderbilt.

Lives a Primitive Life.

Paterson, N. J., has brought to view at various times no small number of eccentric persons. The latest freak in that community makes his breakfast of a cucumber, his luncheon of a carrot, a turnip or a raw potato, and eats a few nuts for supper. He never touches flesh or fish, wears very little clothing, and sleeps out of doors, except when rain is falling. He looks strong and well, and asserts that he never feels an ache or a pain. The possibilities of human perversity are unaccountable.

It Banishes Flies.

Place in every room this mixture: Half a teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one of cream, well mixed together. If cream is not available, use strong green tea well sweetened.

Couldn't.

Said he: "You're a peach. Fly with me?" She replied as she dashed his hope: "You're mistaken. A 'peach,' did you say? Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."

AS EASY

Needs Only a Little Thinking.

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start. A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four year old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid."

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The sweet of Grape-Nuts is the Nature-sweet known as Post Sugar, not digested in the liver like ordinary sugar, but pre-digested. Feed the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when Nature demands sweet and prompts them to call for sugar.

There's a reason. Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.