HAVERSACK.

I often think of that old haversack,
Which I carried so long in the war:
And of the sweet delicious hardtack,
With age turned grey, then mildewed black,
All stored away in that haversack,
Then strung across the soldier's back,
To be carried, O, ever so far.

For space that haversack could not be beat,
A gallon or more it would hold:
Yes, three to seven days rations of meat,
Rice and coffee and sugar so sweet,
Condensed vegetables, pickled pigs' feet,
And whatever else a soldier could eat
Which by the sutler was sold.

It also would hold our whole tea set,
Tin cup, knife and fork, pan and spoon
Whenever it rained our grub got wet,
The sight would cause the soldier to fret,
And declare he could eat the whole on a bet,
And such an effort I'll never forget,
As it took to eat dinner at noon.

But the haversack was not to blame,
With it we put down the rebellion:
It was ever ready to hold any game,
It never once stopped to ask the name
Of the place from whence the turkey came,
Or if the thing was fat or lame,
It would even take in a K— 'mellion.

Of the very best cloth it was made,
And weeks without washing could go;
Of course it did not work without aid,
It was foremost in every great raid,
And always on picket it stayed,
If you lost it you then for it paid,
As many a poor soldier doth k . . .

Then to the old haversack—"hail"
Its name I will ever defend
There are many who would go on its bail
If indicted for carrying a quail.
It was head of war and not tail,
Then let the old haversack sail,
In honor until time shall end.

—American Tribune

Isora's Bridal Vow.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

"Come in, Tim, do," she said, shivering, as she felt the rushing of the wind and rain outside. "Just like your mother, for all the world, to start you away from Hampshire, so you would get here at this time of night. She never did have the sense of a goose, and never will have, I suppose, till you are robbed and murdered on some of your night bird expeditions. There, the door is locked again, thank goodness. It's one woman's work to put up all these bolts and chains, but thieves are as plenty in London as blackberries in a country field, and one has to take a little care of one's self, or else—but put down the bundle, Tim, or, here, perhaps you had better bring it into the saloon and then it is done with for to night."

She led the way as she spoke into a large square room, furnished with tables, chairs, and a long sideboard, covered over with a pile of plates, dishes, trays, knives and forks, and clusters of tankards fitted into each other like sets of children's toys.

Placing the light on the sideboard, she turned to help her supposed nephew.

The next moment she turned as pale as ashes.

"Thieves! murder! fire! police! Where's the police?"

"Hush! ma'am pray hush;" said the boy, when he could speak without laughing. "I'm no thief, I assure you. I wouldn't hurt you or any one for the world. Pray don't arouse the house at this time of night, but hear what I have to say."

The woman backed slowly against the wall, but her look of apprehension was already fading away, and she seemed inclined to hear the story he had to tell.

"I wouldn't have asked for myself, ma'am, though goodness knows it is hard to be out in the cold and rain such a night as this."

"How came you out there?"

"I have no home ma'am."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dead—years ago," and the boy's lips quivered, and his bright blue eyes grew dim.

"And your father?"

The fair, honest face flushed now, and the blue eyes fell.

"I never knew him ma'am—never knew even his name."

"Your mother, poor thing, must have been sorry enough to leave you."

"Don't speak of it, ma'am, don't! I can't bear to think of it even now, though it was years ago. I worked for her while I could."

"Well, never mind, my lad; I've no doubt you were a good son to her. But how comes it that you are wandering about like this? A great, stout lad like you might find a place and work in London, I should think."

"So I mean to do, ma'am. But I only came here to-night. I have been at sea since she died, and I was coming to London to get work, and some one stole my money in the train. I've wandered about all the evening, but as I said before, I would not make bold to ask for shelter, except for this little one."

"Little one? Why, you never mean to say that you have a baby with you?" almost screamed the good woman, as a movement and a cry from the bundle drew her attention that way.

"I picked it up beneath Temple Bar." And he told the story of its discovery, while the worthy mistress of the shop listened with open mouth and eyes.

"Well, I never—no I never did hear the like of that in all my born days," she exclaimed, when he finished the tale. "And this lady, or woman, or whatever she was, drove off and left the child like that?"

"She was a lady," said the boy, "I am sure of that, by her face. I shall know her if I ever see her again. And you should have seen the look she gave the child as she drove away."

"She is a bad, wicked, unnatural woman, whoever she may be," was his companion's reply. "Let me see the child, my lad."

He threw back the folds of the warm woolen blanket in which the infant was wrapped, and a tiny fairy princess sat up straightway on his arm and looked around her with those large, blue, observing and unsmiling eyes.

"What a pretty creature! And to think its own mother could go and desert it like that! Will it come to its own aunty, like a cherub as it is! So it will, bless it, and it was the sweetest little dear that ever lived in this wicked world of ours—a pet!"

It was no wonder that though childless herself the good woman possessed the key to an infant's loving heart. No wonder that after a moment or two the child clung to her warm breast and refused to go back to the lad when he held his arms for her.

The little thing's desertion pained him more than he could say. His face grew dark, and Mrs. Trotter looking at him guessed the reason, with a woman's quick instinctive wit.

"Never mind, my lad," she said, kindly. "It's only natural for her to take to me—she remembers her nurse, I suppose, or her good-for-nothing mother, or whoever may have had charge of her. She likes you all the same, but it is natural for a baby to cling to a woman before a man, so don't you fret, my dear. And how about your staying here?"

"I will go, if my staying will put you to any inconvenience," he said, looking at her wistfully, and then at the child.

"You're not going out into the wind and rain again to-night, while Hester Trotter has a roof over her head," was her prompt reply. "No, lad, you'll stay here to-night, and in the morning we'll see. Perhaps I can find something for you to do if you're not above work."

"I shall be so glad, so thankful for anything, ma'am," he said, and his handsome face lit up eagerly. "I have a certificate of good character from the captain of my ship, and I'll do anything in the world, ma'am—anything in the world—and be glad to do it, so it is honest work that will keep me and the child."

"Why, you never mean to say that you are going to saddle yourself with her," said Mrs. Trotter, with a glance of astonishment.

"She is mine—my little sister," was his firm reply. "I have adopted her, she is all I have in the world, and I will work for her gladly."

"Well; you are a brave, good boy, and if I can help you, I will with all my heart. What is your name?"

"Rudolph Bergen. It was my mother's name, as I told you before. I don't know my father's."

"Poor child! Well, make a name for yourself, my boy. And now, you are tired and hungry, and wet and cold."

She turned to the sideboard as she spoke, unlocked the cupboard beneath it, and after a moment's pause came back (with the child yet in her arms,) carrying a plate of cold meat and bread.

"That is the best I can do for you to-night, as it is so late, Rudolph. Take these and a knife and fork and go up stairs. You can warm yourself as you eat your supper beside my fire, and you shall sleep in the little garret shed where Tim sleeps when he comes here, and I will dry your clothes all ready for you in the morning."

The lad preceded her upstairs, bearing his supper in one hand and the light in the other. At the top of the first landing they turned through a half open door into a large room, bright with the mingled light of fire and lamp combined. A bed stood in a recess against the wall, and before the fire were drawn up a small supper table, and a large, easy chair.

"I had just finished supper when you came," she said, bustling about with a small saucepan of new milk, into which she crumbled a fresh roll, laying the baby on the bed the while. "Sit down and be as comfortable as you can, Rudolph, and I'll give the little one her supper at the same time. Come, aunty's pet and darling, and eat its bread and milk like a little lady."

The small damsel thus adjured, allowed herself to be taken up again and brought toward the fire. Both Mrs. Trotter and her guest uttered an exclamation of surprise when, as the enveloping blanket fell entirely away, they saw the richness and elegance of her dress.

The small "slip" she wore, though high in the neck and long in the sleeves, was made of the softest and finest of white cashmere, beautifully embroidered with a design of rose buds and fuchias in green and crimson silk. A necklace of coral fastened with a clasp of rubies and tiny bracelets of the same material, added to the effect of the tasteful dress. A locket, set with rubies and containing a braid of dark and light hair, was suspended by a strong though slender chain from her neck, and though the stockings that encased her chubby feet and legs were of lambswool, rather than of silk, the little boots she wore were made of crimson kid, beautifully stitched, and buttoned up the front with little gilded stars.

On further examination her underclothing was found to be of the richest material and the most delicate workmanship, while to the breast of the little frock was stitched an envelope, addressed in a feignedly awkward and unfeminine hand:

"To the Child's Preserver."

"Open it, Rudolph, since you found her and are going to care for her," said Mrs. Trotter, who was looking quite overcome with awe and wonder at the unexpected discovery. The boy broke the seal. A bank note of fifty pounds and a folded paper fluttered to his feet together. On the paper, in the same hand, were traced these words:

"Call the child Verona. Be kind to her and you will be rewarded in time. Do not try to trace out her parentage; it is a secret never to be discovered. The enclosed sum will, for the present, be paid yearly for her support if she lives."

That was all. But it was quite enough to build a romance of several volumes upon, as they sat looking at the unconscious child, who ate her supper contentedly from the tin porringer, and then fell asleep in Mrs. Trotter's lap, never waking even when she was laid in bed, wrapped in one of that good lady's night dresses, which swathed her like a mummy, from head to foot.

"Can you read?"

"O yes, indeed."

"And keep accounts?"

"Yes."

"Then you're the very lad for my place, if it will suit you."

"Any place will suit me, ma'am, where I can get an honest living and be near her."

"Well, you can do both things here, if you're not afraid of work. The fact is, the man I had to help me turned dishonest, and I was obliged to give him in charge and appear against him only day before yesterday. I hated to do it, but then he had been robbing me ever so long; and when I found it out I couldn't quite let him go clear, and say thank you, too—don't you see?"

"I see," said the boy smiling.

"And so I have been left all alone here for two mortal days; and if that isn't enough to drive any one out of their seven senses, I don't know what is. And I sent for Tim, my sister's boy, down in Hampshire. But if he had been coming he would have been here to-night; and I expect that I shall get a letter from there to-morrow, saying that the pigs' pettitoes I ordered can come up by express, but that Tim must stay at home to be a comfort to his lonely old mother—some such nonsense. The way my sister does spoil that boy is perfectly outrageous. And I suppose I should have had an awful time with him and with her if I had taken him, so it is just as well on the whole, that you have come."

"And a great deal better for me, ma'am."

"Yes, poor boy, you need a home more than Tim does, that is very sure. And I only hope you will be as good and honest as you look, and you will find me ready to be a mother to you in the place of her you have lost."

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and he took her honest, brown hand in his and kissed it.

"And now about your bed. You won't be afraid to sleep up in the attic, will you?"

"A sailor lad afraid!"

"To be sure. A fine bold spirit you have of your own, my dear. Well, take the light, and mind you blow it out carefully. The door of your room is right at the head of the stairs, and you'll find a nice little bed in the room. Sleep well, my lad, and try to be up early to help me in the morning."

"I will," said the boy. And going up to the bed very softly, he kissed the sleeping child; then came beside Mrs. Trotter's chair, put his arm around her neck, and kissed her, too. The tears sprang at once to the good woman's eyes.

"Lord love the boy, what a grateful heart it is. Now Tim never kissed me of his own accord in his whole life. Take care of your light, child, and pleasant dreams to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHESTNUTS.

How They Are Prepared for Food by the Italians.

In the Appenines there are three ways of preparing fresh chestnuts—ballotti, (the boiled;) arrostite, (the roasted,) and tegliate, which as yet I fail to appreciate! The nuts are first shelled, then boiled with a quantity of caraway seeds, to give them flavor, the consequence being that the chestnut flavor is wanting.

After the nuts are thoroughly dried—and it takes some weeks of piling on of wood at the metato to accomplish this—they are ground at the mill, and the flour supplies the main food of the poor peasantry all winter. Necci are simply flat cakes made of this flour, mixed with water—no salt; it is dear in Italy, the tax being heavy—and baked between heated flat stones, with chestnut leaves next the cakes to prevent their sticking to the stones.

The leaves, gathered by thousands fresh from the trees in September, are soaked before using, says Chamber's Journal. It gives the village grandams—of which rather shrunken and diminutive creature there seems to be a fair supply here—a rest from spinning to string the leaves when gathered and hang them up to dry. To my unenlightened idea these lengthy festoons, which for some days adorned the cottage doorways, appeared something of the nature of a Christmas decoration.

Biddy Sitting on Five Kittens.

An attendant at the Rome State Custodial asylum a day or two ago found a hen with singular maternal tastes. The hen had shown a great predilection to set and was finally found on a nest in the barn. The attendant took her out of the nest and was amazed to find that she had been setting on five wee kittens. The hen evinced so strong an affection for her queer family that it was almost impossible to keep her away from the nest. In spite of the pains taken she was back on the nest again the next day, but all except one of the kittens had been taken away. It is supposed she came across the kittens in their home and, after driving the mother away, adopted them as her own, and that when she was taken off the nest the old cat carried all but one of her kittens away.—Rome, N. Y., Sentinel.

How a Snail Breathes.

The breathing operation in a snail is one of the queerest processes imaginable, and is carried on without the least semblance of lungs. The orifice through which he takes his supply of "the breath of life" is, of course, called the mouth, notwithstanding that it is situated in the side of his great sucker-like foot. The process of breathing is not carried on with anything like regularity, as it is in most creatures, the mouth simply opening occasionally to let in a supply of fresh air, which is expelled by the same opening as soon as the oxygen has been exhausted. The snail's peculiar mouth is provided with a tongue set with hundreds of fine teeth.

Bengalese Courtesy.

A Bengalese magistrate, having been informed of the whereabouts of a mad dog, armed himself and went to the place where the rabid animal lay by a house door. He learned upon inquiry that two women were in the house and sent word to them that he was about to shoot the dog and—therefore they should not be alarmed at the report, and that, as he might not inflict a fatal wound at the first fire, and, in fact, might miss, they should remain within until notified. Such supreme courtesy is in marked contrast with that of Western civilization.

Old World Theaters.

There is a theater in Paris for every 32,000 inhabitants, one in Berlin for 81,000, one in Bordeaux for 84,000, one in Buda-Pesth for 85,000, one in Hamburg for 113,000, one in Vienna for 138,000 and one in London for 145,000. There are more theaters, proportionately to the population, in Italy than in any other country, there being one to 9,800 inhabitants in Catania, one to 15,000 in Florence, one to 20,000 in Bologna, one to 24,000 in Venice, one to 30,000 in Milan and Turin and one to 31,000 in Rome.

How He Knew.

The Major—So the Gubbington girls are back again.

The Captain—Oh; and you have seen them?

The Major—No—not as yet.

The Captain—Then how do you know?

The Major, crimsoning—Well—a—I noticed the clothesline the other day.

A Grateful Citizen.

Citizen, to country editor—That was a very handsome notice you gave me in this week's paper, and I called in to—to—

Country Editor—Er—to subscribe for a year?

Citizen—N—no, to see if you had an odd copy lying about anywhere.—Texas Siftings.

Misplaced Dignity.

At a recent ball a gentleman was accosted by a lady. Drawing himself up he said, with a patronizing air: "I beg your pardon, but I do not think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Probably not," was the answer, "as I am your hostess."—London Truth.

Suicidal Despair.

"Theah's Harwy!" said Cholly.

"Wheah?" asked Chappie.

"At the soda fountain. He just took a whole lot of cwushed ice."

"Cwushed ice! Gweat heavens. Ethel has refused him again."

A SHIP TO BE PROUD OF.

The Mammoth American Liner St. Louis Launched—Christened by Mrs. Cleveland

The magnificent steamship St. Louis of the American line, was successfully launched at Cramps' shipyards at Philadelphia. The affair was witnessed by fully 50,000 people. Mrs. Cleveland broke the traditional bottle of champagne on the bow of the noble ship as it glided down the ways, at the same time saying: "I christen thee St. Louis." In this instance and for the first time since the ceremony was observed at Cramps' shipyard the champagne was of American manufacture. After the launch the invited guests to the number of 400 were entertained at a lunch in the office of the superintendent, where President Cleveland made a short address.

The St. Louis is chiefly remarkable in that she is the first modern merchant-marine structure of anything approaching her dimensions built in the United States. She will also be the pioneer in what promises to become in time a spirited contest between the present English built ocean greyhounds and those which will be turned out from American shipyards. When completed she will take her place among the vessels owned by the International Navigation company, which include the Paris, New York and St. Paul. More than 8,000 tons of steel have already been worked into the mammoth steamer, which, when completed, will exceed in length and tonnage both the New York and Paris and equal that of the other great transatlantic liners. Her length over all is 554 feet; length between perpendiculars, 535 feet; extreme breadth, 63 feet; depth molded, 42 feet; number of decks, 5; depth of water bottom, 4 feet; number of principal watertight compartments, 15; distance of collision bulkheads abaft of stem, 33 feet.

Aged 84 but Wants to Marry a Girl of 15

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, aged 84 years, is having a vast amount trouble at Richmond, Ky., in trying to be married to Dora Richardson, aged 15. His son, Brutus, is a very influential man in that county, and has persuaded the ministers and civil officers against performing the ceremony. The old general being unable to get any clerical or civil authority to officiate at any price announces that he and his protege will go elsewhere to be married.

Gen. Cassius Clay is known throughout the country as "the old war horse of ante-bellum days." He has been the hero of many duels. He was one of the few influential southern Abolitionists, and owing to his outspoken views was for years in constant danger of his life, and in fact killed three men in duels with bowie knives, because of his pro-slavery speeches. He was one of Lincoln's staunchest supporters and served as minister to Russia two terms. He was for the man in politics, as he supported Lincoln, Greeley and Blaine, but opposed Grant. He is today very erect, strong and active, but takes no part in politics.

Steamer Wetmore Wrecked.

The steamer W. L. Wetmore, coal laden for Milwaukee, was driven ashore in the gale near Cleveland, Wis. The Two Rivers life-saving crew arrived by special train to try to save the crew. The schooner Brunette, which the Wetmore had in tow, was sighted off Manitowoc and the tug Arctic went and brought her in. The Wetmore is owned by J. H. Palmer, of Cleveland, was built in 1871, measures 819 tons, and is valued at $15,000. The bottom where she lies is supposed to be rocky, and she is in great danger of going to pieces if the storm continues.

LATER.—The life-saving crews of Two Rivers and Sheboygan bravely went out to the wreck and safely brought to shore the entire crew of the Wetmore—13 people.

France May Have a War Yet.

Fort Louis, Mauritius: Advices from Tamatave, of date November 3, are to the effect that the government of Madagascar has refused to grant the French demands. M. Le Myre de Villiers, the French special envoy, and all the French residents of Antananaivo, have arrived at Tamatave. The warship Hugon has gone along the coast to pick up refugees. All the British residents of the capital remain, the government promising them full protection.

By a cave-in of a ditch north of Wabash, Ind., a man named Conn was instantly killed and J. W. Porter, of Huntington, was fatally injured. Two others escaped with slight injuries.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo.		
Wheat—No 2 spot	[illegible]	[illegible]
No 2 December	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn—No 2 mixed	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats—No 2 white	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buffalo—Live Stock.		
Cattle—Mixed shipments	2 65	@ 3 65
Sheep	2 00	@ 3 25
Lambs	3 00	@ 4 25
Hogs—Choice weights	4 80	@ 4 85
Common and rough	4 00	@ 4 30
Cleveland.		
Cattle—Best	4 50	@ 5 25
Other grades	3 00	@ 4 00
Hogs	4 25	@ 4 70
Wheat—No 2 red	54	@ 55
Corn—No 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Oats—No 2 white	34½	@ 35
Pittsburg.		
Cattle	4 50	@ 5 25
Hogs	4 25	@ 5 00
Sheep and lambs	1 75	@ 3 75
Wheat—No 2 red	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Corn—No 2	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Oats—No 2 white	35	@ 35
Cincinnati.		
Cattle—Good to prime	4 00	@ 4 50
Lower grades	2 00	@ 3 90
Hogs	4 00	@ 4 [illegible]
Sheep and lambs	1 00	@ 3 50
Wheat—No 2 red	52	@ [illegible]
Corn—No 2 mixed	42	@ [illegible]
Oats—No 2 mixed	32	@ [illegible]
New York.		
Cattle—Natives	$3 90	@ $5 00
Hogs	4 90	@ 5 25
Sheep—Good to choice	2 50	@ 3 30
Lambs	3 50	@ 4 50
Wheat—No 2 red	58	@ [illegible]
Corn—No 2	56	@ [illegible]
Oats—No 2 white	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Chicago.		
Cattle—Best steers	4 75	@ 6 00
Common	1 75	@ 3 50
Sheep	1 25	@ 3 40
Lambs	2 00	@ 4 25
Hogs	4 30	@ 4 81
Wheat—No 2 red	54	@ 55
Corn—No 2	51	@ 51
Oats—No 2 white	31	@ 31
Mess Pork, per bbl	12 15	@ 12 25
Lard, per cwt	7 00	@ 7 05
Detroit.		
Cattle—Good to choice	3 25	@ 3 75
Lower grades	2 00	@ 3 25
Hogs	4 25	@ 4 40
Sheep	1 25	@ 2 00
Lambs	2 00	@ 3 00
Wheat—No 2 red	54	@ 54
No 1 white	53	@ 56
Corn—No 2 mixed	51	@ 51
Oats—No 2 white	[illegible]	@ [illegible]
Hay—No 1 Timothy	9 00	@ 9 75
Potatoes, per bu	45	@ 50
Butter—Dairy	15	@ 18
Creamery	22	@ 23
Eggs—Fresh	16	@ 18
Live Poultry—Chickens	6	@ 7
Fowl	6	@ 6
Ducks	[illegible]	@ 7
Turkeys	[illegible]	@ 7

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK.—Bradstreet's review says: The interest in the elections naturally tended to restrict the volume of trade, particularly in the south, where it interfered with mercantile collections. But within the influence of more seasonable weather west and northwest, together with the emphasis with which political questions have apparently been settled, have increased the confidence of many merchants and manufacturers in a prospect for an increased rate of improvement in general trade in the near future. Chicago and St. Louis manufacturers and business men already report evidence of a tendency on the part of interior buyers to purchase for future delivery. Foreign competition with domestic plain woolen dress goods is noticeable; free orders have been placed for delivery after January 1, and American fleece wools feel the effects of the competition with Australian and quotations continue easier. Prices for iron and steel shapes for Bessemer pig and steel billets are steady; there is not advance this week in prices for wheat and lard; coffee and sugar have advanced fractionally also; there has been a further recession in quotations for corn and for oats; the general commercial conditions at the south continue to struggle, with another decline of ⅛c on cotton.

NEW YORK.—Dun's review says: Business has been good the greater part of the past week and elections are expected to give it a sharp stimulus. Whether men are right or wrong in expecting better things, the fact that they expect them does tend to make things better. In the speculative markets there has been scarcely any movement and nothing favorable to holders. Wheat is 2c higher, but there is little encouragement, because stocks in sight are far beyond all previous records, but there is scarcely any confidence that present prices, low as they are, will be maintained. Corn has fallen about 2c. Cotton has declined an eighth, which is again the lowest price ever recorded. There is a decided improvement in the tone of the iron and steel market and a general confidence that the business will now improve. Scarcely anything is doing in woolen goods for spring delivery, and the demand for fall and winter goods has nearly disappeared. The failures have been 281 in the United States, against 355 last year, and 42 in Canada, against 37 last year.

NEWS OF ALL KINDS.

EVENTS OF GENERAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE.

The Japanese Capture Port Arthur and Two Other Chinese Strongholds—The United States Offers Her Services as a Mediator for Peace.

Port Arthur Surrenders.

London: A dispatch received from Shanghai says that the Japanese captured Port Arthur after meeting with a feeble resistance on the part of the Chinese. Port Arthur was bombarded previous to its surrender. The Chinese laid down their arms and yielded themselves prisoners of war. The Chinese commanding officers abandoned Port Arthur during the night of November 6.

Washington: The Japanese legation had not received official confirmation of the capture of Port Arthur. They say, however, that if Port Arthur has in truth fallen it will be the most disastrous blow that China could have received. Port Arthur has been pronounced impregnable by the first naval experts of Germany. Li Hung Chang has built there modern gun factories which rivaled those of the Krupps. It is a city given over to the assembling and making of modern war materials. It is in some respects similar to the Brooklyn navy yards, although 10 times greater in extent and strength. Moreover, Li Hung Chang had centered there the pick of the Chinese army. In any event, it is said that great quantities of war material and implements for making them must necessarily follow the capture of Port Arthur. It is pointed out, however, that the capture if effected is mainly important in giving the Japanese a fortification inside China from which they cannot hereafter be dislodged. The Japanese soldiers would undoubtedly make the place a depot of operations, and it would also afford a protected shelter for the Japanese fleet. The gun factories which have been the chief reliance of Li Hung Chang would henceforth be at the service of Japan.

Oriental War News.

Yokohama: Advices from the armies commanded by Field Marshal Count Oyama, now operating on the Listung peninsula, confirm the reports of Japanese victories at Chinchiu (Kinchau) and Talienwan. The Chinese forces at Kinchau numbered 1,000 infantry and 100 cavalry, and at Talienwan 3,000 infantry and 180 cavalry. The Chinese made little resistance at either place. They retreated toward Port Arthur. The Japanese lost only 10 men in capturing both places. The Chinese losses were also slight.

London: A dispatch from Tien Tsin says that the emperor and his court are preparing to leave Pekin for Sing Janfu (Tsing Kiang Pu), in the province of Kiangsu, about 125 miles northwest of Shanghai. It is reported that the emperor is suffering with a fever and is confined to his bed. The correspondent of the Times at Chefoo says Taotai Kung, with several military leaders, abandoned Port Arthur on November 6. This indicates an intention to surrender. There was an ample defending force both at Talienwan and Port Arthur, but no general direction of affairs. Chaos prevailed everywhere. A panic prevails at New-Chang. Military deserters and refugees are fighting for passages on outgoing steamers.

Shanghai: The Chinese army of the north has retreated to the mountains where the soldiers are reported to be starving and suffering severely from cold and exposure. The Japanese army is reported to be encamped at Feng Whang Cheng. The Japanese are pursuing 15,000 Chinese, mostly raw recruits. Admiral Sir E. R. Freemantle considers that Port Arthur will probably be the scene of the last engagement of importance between the Japanese and Chinese. The latter are not expected to make much resistance.

Prospects of Peace.

Tokio, Japan: United States Minister Dun has communicated to the ministry the substance of an important cable proposition received from Secretary Gresham at Washington. It suggests that if Japan will join China in requesting the President of the United States to act as mediator in settling the war he will exercise his good offices in that capacity. A similar proposition has been sent to China. The proposition presents a grave question to the ministry. They are urged on one hand by the popular sentiment to continue the war and crush China. On the other hand European powers are threatening to intervene. As between these conflicting influences the ministry find great difficulty in reaching a decision on the American proposition but the prospect is that it will be accepted.

Washington: The United States has not offered herself as arbitrator, but has suggested that if both China and Japan join in requesting her services as a mediator they will be given. It is the belief here that China will readily accept the mediation of the United States and that Japan will do so after she is assured of the indemnity China will yield. China has already gone so far as to notify this government that it will join Japan in recognizing the complete independence of Korea, which would result in the Japanese evacuation of Korea and the re-establishment of the former reigning powers. China has also made known to this government that it was willing to pay a cash indemnity to Japan. It has not stated how much the indemnity will be and this promises to be a serious problem. Japan has expended nearly $150,000,000. The situation now presents an interesting game of international diplomacy. On one hand the great powers of Europe are threatening to forcibly come between China and Japan, while on the other hand the United States offers to come between them as a peacemaker. As between the two propositions it is not doubted that the two contending powers will look to the United States.

SIX WERE KILLED.

An Express Train Runs Past a Waiting Place and Crashes Into a Cattle Train.

Train No. 7, Baltimore & Ohio limited, coming west, ran into the first section of a fast cattle train at Rosensteel siding, two miles east of Rockwood, Pa. Six men were killed in the collision and several others badly hurt. All were trainmen. Both trains were going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and came together while rounding a curve. Neither crew had time to jump or sound a warning.

The meeting place of the trains was Pine Grove, five miles east of the point of collision, where the express should have taken siding for the freight. For some reason the engineer of the passenger train ran past the meeting place. The express and mail cars on the limited were telescoped and reduced to kindling wood. Only the heavy vestibules of the passenger cars saved them from a similar fate. Fully a dozen cattle cars were piled up in the wreck, killing and maiming many of the dumb brutes.

Japan's Demand for Peace.

The Japanese government, in reply to the request of China for the mediation of the powers in the interests of peace, demands as her recompense the independence of Korea, the cessation of the Island of Formosa to Japan and a money indemnity of 30 to 40 million pounds.

Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, the senior officer on the active list of the United States navy, has hauled down his flag at the Brooklyn navy yard, of which he has been in command for the past six months, and is now on the retired list.

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Chautauqua lake was named by the Indians. The word means "The Foggy Place."

Greene river, Kentucky, was named after General Nathaniel Greene of the revolution.

The Kentucky river was first named the Louisa, in honor of the duchess of Cumberland.

The translation of Potomac is "Place of Burning Pine," an allusion to a grand council.

The Atchafalaya river, in Louisiana, was so named from two Indian words meaning long river.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Commencing Sunday, December 2, 1894, the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE will inaugurate a Fast Mail train between St. Louis and points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and the Southwest. This train which will be a veritable "flyer" will leave St. Louis 3:00 a. m. after the arrival of the Fast Mail from the east and in addition to its Mail complement will carry Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleeping Cars destined to California points. This new schedule will hasten the mails into the southwest by from eight to fifteen hours over the present time, and keep fully abreast with the passenger service of the day. The through California cars will be placed at some quiet spot in the yards at St. Louis and will be opened for occupancy as early as 9 o'clock in the evening. For full particulars address Company's Agents or H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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But ride inside of the electric lighted, steam heated, vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago, Ill.

Texas, Mexico and California.

THE WABASH RAILROAD, in connection with the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railway, Texas & Pacific railway, International & Great Northern railroad, the Southern Pacific railway, known as the Only True Southern Route, has placed in service a Through First-Class Sleeping Car and Tourist Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 a. m., via St. Louis to Little Rock, Malvern (Hot Springs), Austin, San Antonio, Laredo (where a direct connection is made with through sleeping car for the City of Mexico), El Paso, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

This is the only line from Chicago which can offer this excellent service. Call or write to any ticket agent of the Wabash or connecting lines for printed matter showing time, route, rates, description of cars, etc., or

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Hypochondrical, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, *mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope*, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands, have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

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