

**AN INCIDENT OF  
THE LADYANG BATTLE**

**Tragic Experience of Wounded  
Japanese and Russians.**

**FEARFUL SUFFERINGS ON A HILL**

How Bitter Foes, Ere Darkness Enveloped Them, Became Comrades, Shared Their Black Bread and Rice—Suffered of Two Nations Who Searched Their Lives to Alleviate Agonies of Former Enemies.

A tragic incident of the battle of Ladyang is thus described by a Manchester correspondent of the London Standard:

I tell the story as it was told to me by an officer of General Kuraki's staff. On a bare hillside, the scene of a detour of war, lay fourteen wounded soldiers. Through the long, hot day they had fought, and now the tide of battle had swung past, leaving them like wreckage cast up by an angry sea. Eight were bearded men, and six were smooth-faced Japanese. The golden mist that glowed among the giant millet was tinged with crimson. Night was about to add her terrors to the stricken field. As the shadows stole up the mountain a strange fear crept into the hearts of these men. Their eyes grew wide with dread at the sights and sounds which, while they might sleep the sleep that knows no waking, darkness could not hide the horrors that had blurred into their brains. To each in detail the agonizing light gave new and awful realism. A great fear fell upon the survivors and drew them together. It was a slow and painful muster. Shot through the legs, Sato, crawled to Tanaka, whose foot had been shattered by a shell. With one arm hanging limp, Tanaka tore a sleeve from his uniform and pressed it against a hole in his side. Nakamura had a bullet in his brain and lay on his back, his eyes fixed on the sky. The other Japanese had passed through frothing lips, shot had entered Matsumoto's right shoulder, passed through the muscles of his back, came out at the waist and lodged in his cartridge-panch. His foot slipped in a pool of blood, and he fell upon a Russian kneeling, with rifle clasped in his arms. The figure nearest to him was moaning the blood from his brow and had ejected up his trousers to dress a wound in his thigh. At last the muster was complete. Eight little groups of Japanese began to attend to one another's injuries. The Russians were less seriously hurt and assembled more quickly. Sato had taken one of his puttees and was binding them around his leg when he saw the eight bearded men. Instinctively he looked round for a rifle, but Tanaka had his hand on his arm. "Don't you see that they, too, are wounded?" Sato went on winding his puttees and looking at the head of the enemy. Having dressed their wounds, the men began to look about them, and presently the eyes of the two groups met. Long and earnest they gazed, each striving to learn the other's thoughts. Many stories they had heard of atrocities of murder and mutilation and horrors of various kinds, but they speak in whispers. The Russians were eight and the Japanese only five, for Nakamura did not count, being as a dead man. Would they fight? Would they wait until the night and stand up on them unawares? Did they see how sorely stricken were their enemies? Would they avenge the slaughter of their brothers? To these inward questions they sought answer in the faces turned toward them. "They look very fierce with their great beards, but their eyes are gentle." It was Tanaka who spoke, he who had checked the lips of his comrade. "They are gentle men," added Kimura, who had bound his leg and was winking the flies from the mouth of Nakamura. "Yesterday when we stormed the hill the Russians made a counter attack. They were led by a young officer, who fought like a lion with his whips. He fell, pierced by many wounds. Tanaka went about to hand his sword to Lieutenant Katsura, but our officer motioned to him to put back the weapon and said, 'No, I cannot take from a samurai his soul.' The Russian understood. He was of the samurai." "Let us beckon to them to come over," suggested Tanaka. "They will then know that we have no evil design."

The signal was given, and the eight bearded men came without hesitation. Gravelly saluting, they seated themselves on the ground by the side of their friends the enemy. Of one another's language they understood not a word, but speech is a habit, and it is not to be suppressed merely because it is useless. The men talked, and their voices grew louder and louder, as voices are apt to do when they produce no impression. When your words are simple and clear it is hard to distinguish between ignorance and indifference. After a time the visitors fell back upon signs, but to the Japanese signs are as unintelligible as Sanskrit. Then they began to examine one another's wounds and shook their heads over the prostrate body of Nakamura, whose breath came in sharp gasps through bubbles of foam. Kimura put his hand into the pocket of his tunic and drew forth a book. It was a manual of conversation in Russian and Japanese, a collection of formal phrases and stiff sentences such as no sane lips would ever frame. Yet they served, for presently Kimura and one of the Russians were facing one another, the pages and putting their fingers on words. Before night came these men were comrades, sharing their black bread and rice, sipping pure water,



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understanding, and though they spoke in unknown tongues, it was established beyond doubt how they had left wives and children to pray for them in distant homes. Tanaka, with much labor and many searches through the manual, located one of them if he was not glad to be wounded, seeing that he might return to his family and escape the perils of war. But Sato reproached him for suggesting that their Russian comrade was wanting in patriotism and would shelter himself behind a wound.

Thus the hours wore on and night spread her veil over the ghastly forms that lay scattered over the hilltop and in the trenches. Very soon the wounds began to grow stiff and solid, and fever ran like fire through their veins. Nakamura's sobbing had ceased, and his face was rigid in death. Kimura rammed in his talk and cried for water to quench the fires within. Sato lay back and would have groined in his agony had the presence of his comrades—the Russians. They understood, for one of them rose and, taking three wooden bottles, pointed to the valley. He would find water for his comrades—the wounded Japanese. Now, every man in that little group knew the risk of such an enterprise, for he was aware that the Russian would be shot if he was seen to help the Japanese. Now, every man in that little group knew the risk of such an enterprise, for he was aware that the Russian would be shot if he was seen to help the Japanese. Now, every man in that little group knew the risk of such an enterprise, for he was aware that the Russian would be shot if he was seen to help the Japanese.



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darkness like an arrow that quivered in their hearts. Then all was silence again. The wounded men held their breath and listened. No sound came from hill or valley, and they feared greatly for the brave man who had risked his life. Long they waited and waited, none daring to give voice to his fears. He would never return, for in the valley he lay close to the stream with a bullet through his heart.

Kimura's ravings had lapsed into unconsciousness, and Sato moaned aloud. From the little group rose another figure, stalwart and bearded. Without a word or a sign he departed. His comrades seemed unconcerned of his movement, yet they felt that he had taken upon himself the agony of their thirst. He passed from the hill and vanished in the darkness, following the steps of his comrade. Again that terrible note, sharp and clear—the note of a Russian rifle. He, too, would never return. The bullet of a comrade had dyed the stream with his blood, and the half-filled water bottles foated by. The survivors on the hill watched no more, and night hid their suffering and their sorrow. At dawn some Japanese scouts moved cautiously up the slope and from the brow of the hill saw the six Russian soldiers, two shots among their heads—three, four! The Japanese knew the sound and shouted to their comrades. The firing ceased, and the story was told. Two hundred Russian soldiers rest in one grave, and on a wooden cross is written in Japanese, "Comrades at last!"

**GOSEPL FOR BOARDERS.**

**A Presbyterian Minister's Unique Campaign in Chicago.**

The Rev. John Balcom Shaw, formerly pastor of the West End Presbyterian church, has begun his new work in Chicago as pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, the wealthiest in the city, says a special dispatch from Chicago.

Mr. Shaw, with eight assistants, will carry the gospel into hundreds of downtown boarding houses. "One of them will be called the "pastor of strangers."

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No proselyting will be done, but other churches will be notified in individual cases.

**Plan to Destroy Rats.**

An international league for the extermination of rats has been formed in Denmark. In Berlin the municipal authorities are offering a reward for every rat's tail delivered.

**The Innocent Japanese.**

(Besides food and ammunition Japanese soldiers carried a comb, a towel and a map of southern Manchuria—War Letter.)

At next Japan? Each week we hear new reasons why your boots are strong. One secret of their strength is clear—They never start dry cracking.

When buckle wears a break of day, and morning gills the eastern land, You'll find your boots are strong. To some awfully strong and wash their hands.

That done, before the cannons boom And powder and bayonets leave the sheath, A powder of ample elbow room. They kneel in files and brush their teeth.

Then crash! The sounds of war begin. To give his foe an early scare. The cannon trax, but must the din. The rifle, unobscured, comb his hair.

And last! before he hanes reply, Ere bullets, shot and shrapnel whiz, He might as well where'er it dries. And fire, exactly where he is.—Puck.

Because Russia seized Port Arthur English took Weihaiwei and Germany Kiao-chow, Japan may yet insist on a general return of stolen property.

**MARK TWAIN'S PRANKS**

Recollections of a Missourian Who Knew Him as a Bo

**TRICK PLAYED ON HIS ROOM MATE**

How the Humorist Figured in the Original Story of Jim Wolf's Tomb as Related by Captain H. Lacy, Former Printer Who Sold a Stake in Hannibal in 1830 and was a Playmate and later a fellow printer of Samuel Clemens, the famous humorist, though a few years younger, says a Brookfield (Mo.) correspondent of the Kansas City Star. Like most of "Mark Twain's" early chums Captain Lacy never saw the slightest indication of coming greatness in his friend.

"The worst trouble about Sam when he was a boy," said Captain Lacy, "was his laziness. He was a dreadful shirker. When the war came on and everybody was taking sides he joined Major Thomas A. Harris' Confederate regiment and was in a little fight at Florida, Moore county, with Colonel U. Grant's command. Harris was killed, and Sam came home. He said he believed the Confeds were wrong, because the other fellows were the strongest. "The first thing that called my attention to Sam as a writer while out west was his yarn about Jim Wolf's tomb, which was published in a San Francisco paper. I recognized the incident and knew there was nobody out there but Sam who could have told it. Jim was a printer, and he roomed with Sam, who he thought was the smartest jolt that ever lived. One night the girls of the house gave a 'sandy pull' and a lot of sticky mugs were laid out on the back porch to cool before pulling. The young folks were raising high jinks downstairs, and Jim's tomb was out on the back fence singing an accompaniment. "Sam couldn't sleep, and he told Jim to get up and make a noise as if he would have committed suicide if Sam had told him to, and without taking the trouble to put on his clothes he climbed out on the trellis, intending to make connections with the fence. But the trellis was fragile, and Jim was a good, healthy jolt. "The thing gave me a good deal of trouble, and I was precipitated like a chunk out of a meteor on that red-hot molasses candy! He gave a shriek that brought all the boys and girls out on the porch, and he landed kindly fetched a lamp. Jim was never a very pretty jolt, but at that moment everybody thought he was the sweetest thing on earth. The candy lying to his naked legs and breast like barnacles to an ocean diver. It broke up the party, and everybody blamed Sam for it. Well, he found out that yarn in a way that made it even funnier than it was, and that I know that the careless, fun-loving lad had struck his suit—that he was really good for something. "A tramp printer named Snod blew into Hannibal and sold out, and gave Jim work on the paper. He was an enormous, uncommunicative sort of fellow, but a good worker and obedient. Sam decided to help him out of his miserie and to do it borrowed a skeleton from a doctor's office and slipped it into the printer's bed. Then we got around to a window about bedtime to see what was going to happen. The print pulled off his shoes, piled his clothes over on the floor and blew out the light. The next thing we supposed would be a yell and a printer shooting out of the window in his nightgait. But there wasn't anything of the sort. There was a sleepy yawn and "Get over on your own side, darn you. "We heard the ghostly belmate of Snod fall to the floor, and then everything was quiet except for the snoring of the sleeping printer. The joke had failed, and we went up to our rooms to sleep. "Next day Snod didn't show up, and we began to feel a little hopeful that maybe the trick had worked after all. But we were wrong in our supposition. Snod was in a shirt, a bathing trunk and having the time of his life. "Killed an man dead in a red Injun," he yelled, "an' shell corpses for dollar an' shewenty-five! Wow!" "He had rolled the skeleton up in a sheet and sold it to another doctor!"

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