"BOBBY MEALSACKS and the SHAMROCKS"

A SAINT PATRICK'S DAY STORY.

BY GERALD BRENAN.

I.

Big Pat Mulcahey had been wrestling for life in the dread clutches of African fever.

He lay in the little wooden hut which the Mashonaland Railway company had dignified with the title of "New Tipperary station." Already the twin steel rails which marked the progress of the track to Salisbury had passed far into the interior, bringing with them the army of engineers, laborers and native helpers. Big Pat Mulcahey, who, just a short week before, had been as strong a toiler as any of these pioneers, was now left behind, sick to the verge of death, and with no one to care for him, save only "Bobby Mealsacks."

Now, "Bobby Mealsacks" was a Kaffir boy brought from the coast under Mulcahey's especial protection. He earned his peculiar name from the fact that, having no clothing to speak of, he had managed with considerable ingenuity to make unto himself a sort of bloomer costume out of two small Indian meal sacks found on the platform at Beira. The officious representative of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in this section of Africa had recognized the sacks and demanded immediate restitution. Bobby, utterly guiltless of intentional larceny from the British South African company, prayed with tears to be allowed to keep his garments. But the official (an assistant deputy substorekeeper or something of that sort) was adamant. For the first time in his life he had a chance of bullying somebody, so he bullied poor Bobby with all his might. Indeed, he was in the act of trouncing the child, when big Pat Mulcahey came swaggering along the newly-laid rails.

"What's the matter here, I don't know?" remarked Big Pat, as he wedged his giant form between the angry official and the cowering boy.

"Wot's the matter?" cried the assistant deputy substorekeeper. "Wot's the matter? W'y this 'ere little blubbering nigger 'as jolly well prigged two of the comp'ny's meal sacks, and sewed 'em up into jacket and trowsers. That's wot's the matter, Hirish."

Big Pat Mulcahey surveyed first the meal sacks and then the cockney official.

"An' is that all ye're makin' such a fuss about?" quoth he. "Well, you know that those same bits of canvas are no value to the comp'ny. Why all the boys are usin' them to patch their clothes. It seems to me, my Whitechapel friend, that you're exceedin' your ordhers. This little darky goes an' elevates himself above the level of his race. He puts on dacint clothing, an' give civilization a hoist. Considerin' the crayture's opportunities he has done mighty well; an' 'tis myself that thinks he ought to be encouraged. So be off with you, an' leave the child alone. Come along, Bobby Mealsacks. Come along, ma bouchaleen dhu. On behalf of the right honorable Cecil Rhodes, I give you leave to keep your new suit."

The cockney official, overawed by Big Pat's size, slunk away, and from that time forth Bobby Mealsacks regarded Mulcahey as the greatest of men. Indeed, when the rail trucks moved westward, Bobby managed to move with them; and the pioneers looked upon his as Pat Mulcahey's protege and servant.

This was why, when Big Pat lay groaning on the cocoanut matting in "New Tipperary station," Bobby Mealsacks alone remained to nurse him.

Pat Mulcahey, the fever having in some degree departed, sat up and took a look at the almanac on the station wall.

"Thanaman dhia!" he exclaimed, "I must have been powerful sick, Bobby. Tomorrow'll be Saint Patrick's day, an' me with'n an ace o' missin' it. Faith, but 'twas lucky I woke up. Go over there in the corner, ye little haythen, an' hand me down the box o' clay with the shamrock in it."

But when the obedient Bobby Mealsacks went to the corner shelf he found no box of clay. Alas and alack! The treasured shamrocks which Big Pat had brought out with infinite trouble from his native parish, and which he had managed to keep green and fresh even in blistering Mashonaland, were there no longer. Someboly had taken them away during Mulcahey's delirium.

"Box not dere, Baas," said the little Kaffir; "box gone, al' Bobby Mealsacks berry sorry."

With a yell of anger Big Pat sprang to his feet, only to fall weakly back upon the matting.

"My shamrocks gone!" he cried. "The shamrocks I reared myself! * * * An' tomorrow St. Patrick's day! O, wirrasthrue! Wirrasthrue! What thief was mean enough to steal my box o' shamrocks?"

Bobby Mealsacks' beady eyes grew dim with tears. He hurried from side to side of the little station hut, examining every nook and cranny for some trace of the missing box. But never a shamrock could he find. The Irishman's humble little souvenir of his far-distant home had indeed been taken.

Pat Mulcahey tossed and tumbled on the matting like one demented. The loss of the shamrocks on the very eve of St. Patrick's day was a terrible blow to the simple-hearted giant, particularly in his then condition of weakness. When the railroad doctor came along in his special engine during the afternoon he shook his head over Pat's incoherent ravings about Patrick's day and the stolen box.

"BOBBY MEALSACKS," CRIED THE DOCTOR.

"He'll worry himself into a worse fever than ever if he doesn't find those shamrocks or something like them," said the physician. But there were other cases along the line beside Mulcahey's, and there was no time to look through the Mashonaland marshes for something resembling a shamrock. Still shaking his head gloomily the doctor stepped into the cab of his engine and gave the signal to start.

"I'm sorry for Mulcahey," he muttered; "he is a mighty fine fellow. * * Hullo! where did you come from?"

The last exclamation was caused by the apparition from the engine coal box of a little Kaffir boy, with a sad, serious face, and two grimy sacks in lieu of clothing.

"Me Bobby Mealsacks," said the small Kaffir. "Me go Salisbury, find Baas 'Cahey's s'mrocks."

"To Salisbury?" exclaimed the doctor, who by this time had recognized Mulcahey's faithful little servant; "how d'you know the shamrocks are in Salisbury?"

"You know Baas 'Arris?"

"O, you mean Harris, the little English deputy storekeeper? That fellow that wanted to thrash you for taking those meal sacks?"

Bobby nodded.

"Yah!" he said. "Dat Baas 'Arris." (Bobby pronounced the Cockney's name as that individual himself pronounced it.) "Bobby saw Baas 'Arris in Baas 'Cahey's kraal. Me saw him—" and the boy held up two fingers.

"Two days ago?" queried the doctor.

Again Bobby Mealsacks nodded. "Two days," he said. "Me go fetch water, an' Baas 'Arris he come out. As he come out he try kick me. Den he go puff-puff train to Salisbury. Bobby see him laugh mighty hard."

"And you think he took poor Mulcahey's shamrocks, by way of revenge, eh?"

"Baas 'Arris he want get even, so he took Baas 'Cahey's s'mrocks," answered the little Kaffir. "Me go find Baas 'Arris."

"But, arent you afraid, Bobby?" exclaimed the doctor. "Harris may hurt you."

"Me no want Baas 'Cahey to die. Me no 'fraid," said Bobby Mealsacks.

II.

Now it came to pass that during the night preceding St. Patrick's day Assistant Dupty Sub-storekeeper Harris sat in the newly-built storerooms at Salisbury. With him were two or three of his pet cronies—seedy gentlemen, who had left England and America for reasons which they might not care to mention, half-casts from India, raucous-voiced Londoners, and the like. Harris had evidently been telling an amusing story, for his hearers were grinning at his words.

"And so boys," he continued, "I got quits with the Hirish bully. Tomorrow will be 'is bloomin' old St. Patrick's day; but 'e'll 'ave no shamrocks to celebrate with. Crikey my, 'ow jolly mad 'e'll be, when 'e finds out that I've taken the box."

FROM THE SMOKE HOLE IN THE ROOF CAME SQUIRMING A STRANGE FIGURE

Here Harris drew from a locker by his side poor Pat Mulcahey's lost box of shamrocks—already beginning to droop and fade for want of water.

"'Ere they are," he said. "All ablowing and agrowing! And now I'm about to make a shamrock salad and send it to the big Hirishman. Maybe 'twill teach 'im not to hinterfere with the comp'ny's agents."

But the shamrocks were destined for a better fate! Hardly had Harris seized the first tiny plant to pull it from the clay when an unearthly scream rung out through the storehouse. Then from the smokehole in the roof came squirming a strange figure, clad in eerie garments of gray—a figure, black-visaged and appalling—which dropped like an arrow into the very midst of the astounded group.

Next moment the box had been snatched out of Harris' hands and a little Kaffir boy, arrayed in mealsacks, was dashing across the storehouse bales and boxes, through the open door, and into the sultry night.

"It's the Kaffir brat," cried Harris, leaping wildly from his seat. "After 'im, lads! Half my month's salary for whoever brings back the box."

Away went the motley crew—helterskelter down the track of the Mashonaland railway. Far ahead they saw Bobby Mealsacks speeling like a gemsbok, with the box hugged to his breast. And after him they went, like hounds after a quarry.

One sturdy runner led the pursuit. He was an outcast of the outcasts; and the promise of half Harris' pay urged him on. Bobby was swift of foot, but he could not cope with this man who had been a famous athlete before disgrace drove him from civilization.

Little by little the others dropped away, leaving the leader to finish out the race Bobby Mealsacks, glancing over his shoulder, saw that the lone pursuer gained at every step. He left the hard tracks and took to the short grass of the plain. But there, too, the man behind him gained. Escape seemed hopeless. Yet the Kaffir boy ran on, although his breath was labored, and the level velat seemed to waver before his eyes. At last he toppled and fell senseless in the short grass by the railroad.

Quick as a flash the man behind had pounced upon the box of shamrocks.

III.

The company's doctor was paying his morning visit to big Pat Mulcahey. He found the Irishman hysterical, and on the brink of a relapse.

"Och, doctor, dear, this is the sorrowful Patrick's day!" cried Pat, writhing in impotent grief and anger upon the matting. "My shamrocks—my fine Irish shamrocks stolen, and now Bobby Mealsacks goes and deserts me. D'ye think 'twas Bobby stole the shamrocks, doctor?"

Just at that moment the door flew unceremoniously open and a tall, bearded man strode into the hut. Perched on his shoulder he carried a small Kaffir urchin; and in the Kaffir urchin's arms there was a square box.

"Bobby Mealsacks!" cried the doctor.

"The shamrocks!" roared big Pat Mulcahey, his eyes fixed upon the box.

"Aye, gentlemen—both Bobby and the box," said the unkempt stranger; "I've brought them both back where they belong."

And then, in a few words, he told what had occurred. Despite his none too savory past he had some good feeling left, and the courage and devotion of Bobby Mealsacks had outweighed in his mind the hope of gaining Harris' proffered bribe.

"Besides," he added, rather shamefacedly, "I saw the shamrocks. I was Irish once myself—before I went to the bad."

Very gently he sat down Bobby Mealsacks from his broad shouder and turned toward the door.

"Hould hard!" sang out big Pat. "Where are you going?"

"Back to Salisbury," replied the nameless outcast; "I've been promised work under Harris."

"Then 'tisn't one foot you'll stir to work for that blackguard," cried the sick man, rising to his feet with a mighty effort, and clutching the other's arm. "You're Masther Jack Dillon—my ould landlord's son. Arrah, didn't I know you the minute you said you were an Irishman? Besides, you brought me back the shamrocks, and you brought me back Bobby Mealsacks. I don't care how wild you've been, Masther Jack; I'm going to keep you straight. So sit down like a dacint Irishman, and spend Patrick's day at New Tipperary."

"Ah, yaas," exclaimed Bobby; "white baas stay wid Baas 'Cahey an' Bobby Mealsacks."

When the doctor returned to Salisbury it was to report that the notorious frontier desperado, Jack Dillon, had been spending a happy and hopeful St. Patrick's day in the little station hut.

"So, you see," he remarked, "even Dilon found a good angel."

"Yes," said the world-famous chief of the railway; "a little black Kaffir angel. It was Bobby Mealsacks that did it."

FIVE GENERATIONS.

Mrs. Sarah P. Lindly and Her 120 Descendants.

Mrs. Sarah P. Lindly, grandmother of Hon. Cicero J. Lindly of the Illinois Board of Railroad and Warehouse commissioners and grand master of the Odd Fellows of Illinois, celebrated her 99th birthday anniversary last week at her home in Upper Alton, Ill.

In her family, relates the Globe-Democrat, is found an instance of remarkable longevity, she being a representative of the first of five living generations in a direct line. She is the maternal ancestor of 120 living descendants. She is one of the few remaining widows of veterans of the war of 1812, and as such she draws a pension. Her husband, John Lindly, did three years' valiant service as "ranger," by which term the soldiers of that period were called who were organized for protection against Indians incited to hostilities by British agents as a means of harassing the country along the borders of western civilization. These rangers gathered their families into blockhouses for protection while they, continually armed, sought by hunting, trapping and crude farming to provide a subsistence. Such blockhouses were located in St. Clair county at Alma, at Lebanon (where traces of the old building may yet be seen), at New Athens and Mascoutah, and were part of the frontier line of forts extending from a point opposite the mouth of the Missouri river for sixty miles to the Kaskaskia, east of New Design—in all twenty-two forts. Such was the service of her husband, John Lindly, a sturdy pioneer, who figured prominently in the settlement and development of Madison county. Mr. Lindly boasted a lineage that traced back to a Plymouth colonist who came over in the historic Mayflower, one of two brothers who came over together and who were the progenitors of the Lindly family in America. John Lindly died in Madison county in 1863.

Mrs. Sarah P. Lindly was the daughter Jacob Gonterman, who was a native of New Jersey, and related to Caleb Ball, the once great financier of New York. Her mother was a member of the Stark family, six representatives of which served in the war of Independence in capacities ranging from ensign to colonel, and, as the name of Molly Stark is connected with the story of revolutionary incidents, even so is the family name indissolubly linked with those of New Hampshire revolutionary heroes. She was born near Hopkinsville, Ky., February 24, 1799, not seven years after "the dark and bloody ground" was admitted to the union, and when Daniel Boone, its pioneer pathfinder and hero, had scarcely passed the prime of life. She came to Illinois in 1816 and settled near Edwardsville, in Madison county. She was married to John Lindly in 1818, the year the state gained admission into the union.

As an evidence of the pioneer character of these settlers there is now in the possession of their son, John J. Lindly, at Lebanon, a valuable historic instrument in the form of a government patent to one-fourth section of land made to Mr. Lindly and signed personally by President James Monroe, before the establishment of the general land office, and while the Illinois land office was still located at Kaskaskia, although at Edwardsville was established one of the earliest land offices in the state. Various other land patents granted Mr. Lindly, signed by President Martin Van Buren, are in possession of this son. Mrs. Lindly was the mother of eight children, six of whom still live—Anna M., wife of Jefferson Virgin of St. Jacob; Hannah P., wife of Aaron Van Hooser; Elizabeth J., wife of A. W. Brasher, and Ellen P. Lindly, all of Upper Alton; John J. Lindly (father of Judge Cicero J. Lindly), of Lebanon, Ill., and Mary K. McCoy of Belleville, Ill., who, together with thirty-one grandchildren, seventy-five great-grandchildren and eight great-great-grandchildren, comprise the 120 living descendants.

Her youth knew all the hardships of frontier life and the danger from savages and wild beasts. Her foot has plied the spindle and her hands the loom in the making of homespun. She was a lass of 13 at the beginning of the war of 1812, a matron of mature years at the outbreak of the Black Hawk and Mexican wars and 62 years of age when Fort Sumpter was fired upon. In her lifetime all the presidents but Washington have been inaugurated and almost the entire drama of the history of the republic since the adoption of the constitution has been enacted. Born in another century, her life embraces the almost completed nineteenth, like a great parenthesis, and her memory, still active, comprehends the best period of America's marvelous development, in which time she has seen this immediate section transformed from the primeval forest and virgin prairie to one of the most fertile garden spots of the world on the outskirts of St. Louis, the coming metropolis of the nation. And if her life be spared but one more year she will have passed the century mark and if three years longer she will have seen the light of three different centuries.

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Building a Monument to Colfax.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., March 16.—General Lew Wallace spoke here last night under the auspices of the Commercial Athletic club, inaugurating a movement to erect a statue in South Bend to Schuyler Colfax, vice president with Grant. Colfax was an ardent Odd Fellow and the founder of the Daughters of Rebekah. It is expected those orders will lend assistance, each lodge in the country contributing such sums as the members see fit. The entertainment last night, at which General Wallace paid a high tribute to the worth of Colfax, brought in considerable money with which to form the nucleus of a fund of $10,000, which it is hoped to raise.

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NEW YORK FEARS NO FOE

Defenses of the Metropolis Impregnable to Attack by Sea.

FACTS ABOUT THE FORTIFICATIONS

More Guns Mounted at the Sea Entrance to the Harbor Than the Entire Spanish Navy Possesses—What Has Been Done.

The oft-repeated assertion that New York City would be at the mercy of any modern navy which might attack it is emphatically scouted by New York papers, and they claim to know what's what in war armaments and other things. Regarding the condition of the defenses of the harbor the Sun furnishes the following details:

New York has got a chip one her shoulder and in case of war she invites any foreign fleet that's looking for trouble to trot along with its biggest guns and biggest boats and try to knock it off; and there isn't any bluster or brag about this, either. Since the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor New York has been pictured as a defenseless city. Her big buildings have been pointed out as shining targets and a species of idiocy has been developed that has encouraged the drawing and painting of imaginative pictures showing how New York would look after ten, fifteen or twenty minutes of firing by a hostile fleet. The officers of the United States army and navy, have not thought it necessary to make any statement in reply to these fool stories and fool pictures.

The facts are that New York is practically impregnable. So long as her defenses hold out no vessel, no fleet of vessels afloat, could get within range of the city. No gun on any man-of-war that floats could throw a shell any nearer to the city than New Utrecht, and if a shell got as close as that the boat that fired the shot would be at the bottom of the bay before she could throw a second shell. As to the length of time the defenses of New York could hold out against a foreign fleet, no matter what its size, there need be no apprehension on that score. New York's defenses could not be successfully assaulted from the sea. They could not be got at; and there is not one chance in ten millions that they would ever have to be defended from land attack except in case of a civil war.

SUPERIOR GUNS.

The officers of the United States army who have in charge the defenses of New York are not talking at all about their plans of defense and are not telling anything in detail about the means of defense that they have at hand. The Sun, however, can speak with knowledge of the facts when it tells something of the defenses. To begin with, New York City is admirably located for defensive purposes. From the entrance of the harbor to the Battery the distance is more than twenty-one miles. No gun that has ever been made can shoot that distance, no matter what the elevation may be. Next, at this entrance to the harbor there are more ten and twelve-inch rifled guns ready for business than there are big guns in the entire Spanish navy. If the whole Spanish navy should attack New York at the same instant the defense guns would outnumber the Spanish guns, and in point of effectiveness each defense gun would be better than any three guns that the Spanish navy possesses.

There are four entrances to New York harbor. They are the Gedney channel, the main ship channel, the south channel, which runs into the Swash channel, and the East channel. Any ship wanting to get into New York harbor must come through one of these channels. The nearest point to New York City that any vessel entering one of these channels is off Coney Island and Manhattan beach. Ships could find deep water off Rockaway beach but that would be too far away.

Now as to the means of attack. The biggest guns carried by any Spanish man-of-war are ten-inch rifles. A ten-inch gun in a barbette has an effective range of five or six miles. The range is so short because the gun cannot be elevated to a sufficient height to make it longer. An inprotected ten-inch gun, that is, a gun not in a barbette or turret, has a range perhaps two miles greater on shipboard. This longer range would require the extreme elevation that can be given to a gun afloat. Now, from the entrance to the harbor, within a radius of eight miles, there is hardly anything that can be damaged. From the point mentioned nearest New York, off Coney Island and Manhattan beach, eight miles would include Flatbush, Flatlands, New Utrecht and Canarsie. It might include some parts of Brooklyn south of Greenwood cemetery. This is the longest range possible for any gun in the Spanish Navy on a vessel lying outside the harbor.

THE DEFENSES.

Now for the defenses. They are located at Sandy Hook, Fort Wadsworth, Fort Hamilton and Plum Island, which is in Sheepshead bay between Coney Island and Gravesend. At Sandy Hook and Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton there are fortifications with modern guns. At Sandy Hook alone there are between forty and fifty modern ten and twelve-inch rifled cannon. These guns are capable of an elevation that gives them a range of twelve miles. Shooting in a straight line, of course, they could not throw a projectile anything like that distance; bit elevated they can drop tremendous projectiles loaded with explosives on a given object twelve miles away. The aim would not be so accurate as it would be at shorter ranges, but it would be accurate enough to hit a ship anywhere within the distance. Twelve miles from Sandy Hook would include Flatbush, Flatlands, Canarsie, Coney Island, Gravesend, Rockaway beach and New Utrecht. The point nearest New York outside the harbor where hostile ships could lie is within eight miles of these big guns at Sandy Hook. So it will be seen that ships would not lie there longer than a few minutes if they succeeded in reaching the spot at all.

All four entrances to the harbor are under the guns of Sandy Hook. These guns alone, so long as they are active, would sink any ship that attempted to enter the harbor, no matter how heavily armored she might be. But these big guns are not all. There are mortar batteries at Sandy Hook. These batteries are arranged four mortars to a battery, and they are effective at a distance of between four and five miles. The tests with these batteries show that they can be aimed with great accuracy and that each battery can hit an object as big as a ship within a square of 200 yards. There are four batteries. Each mortar throws a steel projectile twelve inches in diameter loaded with seventy or eighty pounds of explosives and weighing about 800 pounds. These projectiles are hurled up in the air and fall on the deck of a ship. The heaviest deck armor is four and one-half inches thick. It would not withstand a projectile of this size falling from a distance, and just one of them striking the deck of a ship would blow things to kingdom come.

INVISIBLE FORTS.

It has been said that these guns and mortar batteries could not be successfully assaulted from the sea. The reason is this: The ten and twelve inch guns are mounted on forty feet of solid concrete protected by tremendous banks of sand. The guns are on disappearing carriages. They are aimed before they are seen by the enemy. For instance, a fleet or a ship of a hostile nation is approaching. The range finders locate the vessel exactly and the officer who fires the gun aims for a spot that will be reached by the boat and the shot at the same moment. The speed of the boat, the length of time it takes to raise the gun, and the length of time it takes the shot to travel the distance are, of course, calculated. The gun being aimed, it bobs up. In an instant it is fired, and the recoil sends it back and down out of sight again. A bomb-proof cover closes over the hole out of which it rose. It is all over in a few seconds, and before a gun aboard ship could be sighted the big gun is gone. The chances of a gunner on any boat even hitting one of these guns are not two in a thousand, even if the ship's guns are within range. It must not be forgotten that a ship would be within range of the forty or fifty guns at Sandy Hook for four miles at least before she could fire a shot that would even reach the fortifications, let alone hit a gun.

The mortar batteries are in pits inland from the fortifications in which the big guns are. They cannot be seen from the surrounding country even, let alone from the sea. The pits are deep, and for a shot to get into one and reach the bottom where the guns are placed it would have to be fired almost straight up into the air. Fired at a very slight angle, it would enter the side of the pit and would not reach the bottom. To hit one of these mortar batteries, except by chance, is utterly out of the question.

Just these two means of defense would seem to be sufficient to protect the entrance to the harbor of New York, but they are only a small part of the whole system of defense. The torpedo system is fully as important. Every one of the four channels is laid with torpedoes. The torpedo lines extend clear across the channel. Nothing could pass them. They can be exploded one at a time or twenty or forty at a time. Each torpedo is capable of being operated separately if desirable. Each of the four channels that afford entrances to the harbor is small. One or two canal boats sunk across any one of them would block it absolutely. They are so narrow that three boats cannot pass abreast. Their ways are so tortuous that shifting the buoys and the range lights in the harbor would result inevitably in a vessel's going ashore. There is not a pilot who could bring a big boat into the harbor safely if the buoys were out of place or the range lights changed even a few feet.

WHAT NEXT?

Now, assume that all these impregnable fortifications and channels full of torpedoes and with buoys and range lights displaced, should be passed in safety by hostile vessels bound to bombard New York. The moment those boats got inside the Hook and long before they got to Romer Shoals they would be the targets for batteries scarcely less formidable than those at Sandy Hook. Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton would open on them. Take Fort Wadsworth first. Fort Wadsworth is a natural defense. It is on land 120 feet higher than the surrounding country. The earthworks alone could not be penetrated by any projectile fired from any gun that is made. Fort Wadsworth has a full equipment of modern 10-inch guns. The range of these guns is the same as the range of the guns at Sandy Hook. The terraces enable batteries to be placed one on top of the other. Supplementing the guns of Fort Wadsworth there are the big guns of Fort Hamilton directly across the Narrows. The guns at Fort Hamilton have just been put in place. They include five 10-inch rifles of the latest type mounted on disappearing carriages. The range of these guns is beyond Coney Island and away out to the point of Rockaway Beach. The battery at Fort Wadsworth consists of six 8-inch guns and eight 10-inch guns.

Suppose, now, that instead of trying to get into the harbor the hostile fleet goes off Coney Island to the point already described as the nearest to New York that is approachable. It has been shown that the fleet would be in close range of the forty or fifty guns of Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton. The boat or boats that tried to shell the city from that place would be pegged away at by from sixty to seventy of the greatest guns there are in the world. But if the gunners in these three forts were the worst gunners that ever lived instead of the best, if they couldn't hit the side of a barn half a mile away, there is still another defense—Plum Island.

Plum Island is less than a mile and a half from this particular point. There is nothing on Plum Island for a hostile fleet to shoot at. There are no fortifications, but there is no end of torpedoes there. Torpedoes from Plum Island would do whatever there was to do after the big guns got through, or before, or while the big guns were at work.

SUBMARINE IMPLEMENTS.

In addition to all these things that have been told about, there is not an anchorage in the lower bay that is not underlaid with torpedoes, and any boat that attempted to come to anchor, once it got in, would be blown sky high by them. Torpedoes, while they are loaded with dynamite, are harmless until they are actually fired from the shore. This is an interesting point in connection with the disaster to the Maine. If a boat bumped against twenty of them at the same time they would not explode. It requires an electric current to make them active and dangerous, and the current is managed entirely from the shore. The operator sits with a glass watching an approaching boat. When she is over a torpedo he presses a button, and the torpedo does the rest. In time of peace, if the torpedoes are laid ready for business, the keys that explode them are guarded with more care than the vaults of a bank. There is no such thing as their being touched off accidentally or without the full knowledge of the officials in charge.

All the sea approaches to the city being disposed of, there remains the possibility of bombardment from the sound. That possibility is a great deal more remote even than the other. The approach to the city from Long Island sound is narrow, and the defenses are such that the entrance to the East river is absolutely locked. Assuming that a foreign fleet should get past the various fortifications further up the sound and approach the city, the first defense it would strike would be Davids Island. Davids Island, men who know, say, is well named, for, though small, it would be able to smash any Goliath that came along. It has the same wicked modern guns as Sandy Hook and Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton. If Long Island sound was deep enough all the way across for the biggest man-of-war to pass in any part, she would not escape. The guns of Davids Island reach clear across and beyond. Like the other guns, they are mounted on disappearing carriages, and they offer no target at all. There are not so many of them at Davids Island as there are at Sandy Hook. That is because they are not needed. Suppose, however, that Davids Island was passed and the fleet sailed on.

IMPASSABLE BARRIERS.

Willets Point and Fort Schuyler, which lie at the lower end of the sound opposite each other, and as close as Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton are impassable barriers. They have modern guns in plenty, with four miles greater range than any floating gun. Willets Point, too, is known as the home of the torpedo. There is nothing in the way of a torpedo or submarine mine ever thought of that cannot be found at Willets Point. The big modern guns, mighty as they are, might almost be said to be secondary, compared to the torpedo system. There is nothing too small and nothing too big to be blown up by the torpedoes operated from Willets Point.

Besides Willets Point, Hewletts Point and Sands Point would be taken by the government the moment hostilities began, and before a boat could come the length of the sound devilish contrivances that are already prepared would be in operation from each of them.

So no matter what anybody tells you about the defenselessness of New York, don't give it a moment's thought. There is no more possibility of New York being made the victim of a hostile fleet than there is of an earthquake turning Manhattan upside down, and any nation looking for trouble may find it in large quantities by trying to cut up shin-digs in this neighborhood. For, besides all these things that have been told about, there would be the navy to be handled, and one of the best fighting boats in the world is here now to help the land defenses out. That boat is the Terror. She carries ten-inch guns and can sail in fourteen feet of water, which is less than the depth required by any foreign fighting ship. She could lie in shallow water anywhere safe from harm herself and capable with her ten-inch guns of doing awful work.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great pile remedy.

California Crops Need Rain.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 16.—Reports from all sections of California show that the crop conditions throughout the country are critical. A heavy rain within the next few days would save the grain on thousands of acres of wheat and barley and insure good crops in many places, where, otherwise, there would be scant harvests. The Sacramento valley seems to be the most favored portion of the northern part of the state and the outlook for large yields of fruit and grain is good. Recent showers in the San Joaquin valley and southern counties have improved conditions greatly. The damage to fruit by the frost of last Sunday is less than was feared.

Don't annoy others by your coughing and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and all throat and lung troubles.

Marshal Shot by a Burglar.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., March 16.—A special to the Daily News says: George H. Leonard, city marshal of Cameron, Mo., was murdered by a negro burglar whom he had arrested at 3:30 o'clock this morning. Leonard was searching the prisoner when the negro wrested his revolver from him and shot him twice. Posses are in pursuit of the murderer.

See That Stamp!

It is the Government Internal Revenue Stamp over the Cork and Capsule of every bottle of

OLD CROW and HERMITAGE WHISKIES.

Certifying to the Age and Purity of the Whisky.

NOTE.—It is the Government's *Guarantee* that goes with this bottling. See that the name W. A. GAINES & CO. is printed on the stamp.

ALL DEALERS SELL IT

BAR-BEN

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE.

Never has anything been so justly praised as Bar-Ben for the nerves, body and brain. It replaces the essentials of life that have been exhausted by high living, overwork, worry, brain fatigue, indigestion, excesses and abuse. It creates solid flesh, muscle and strength, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich and causes a general feeling of health, strength and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. Bar-Ben is the result of over 20 years' experience in the treatment of the nervous disorders of man and woman and is endorsed by physicians all over the world as a most excellent

NERVE FOOD.

It is purely an animal and vegetable extract, contains no poisonous substances, and is prepared in sugar-coated tablets, easy to take. Bar-Ben is for sale at all drug stores, a 60-dose box for 50 cents, enough for one to two months' treatment. In case of premature lost vitality, Bar-Ben is a prompt, absolute and permanent specific, producing results without a parallel in the history of medicine. As a special offer if you will write to us, remitting $1.00, we will forward a 90-dose box of our remedy and will give your case any special attention needed. We answer all letters in plain envelope and hold all correspondence strictly confidential.

DRS. HARTON AND HENSON,
Suite 91, 28 Public Sq.,
Cleveland, O.

Insist on getting the genuine BAR-BEN A 60-dose box for 50 cents Per sale by

Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douglas; J. A. Fuller & Co., 1402 Douglas St., and Graham Drug Co., 15th and Farnam; King's Pharmacy, 27th and Leavenworth; Peyton's Pharmacy, 24th and Leavenworth; E. J. Seykora, S. Omaha, and all other druggists in Omaha, S. Omaha, Council Bluffs and vicinity.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

IT WAS BEFORE THE DAY OF
SAPOLIO
THEY USED TO SAY: "WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

WINE OF CARDUI

Relieves Them All.

APPLETON, Ark., Nov. 18th, 1897.
I have used Thedford's Black-Draught and McElree's Wine of Cardui for a long time. There are no better medicines made. I am never without them. MRS. MITTIE BRUTON.

STANLEY, Ind., Jan'y 10th.
I have used your McElree's Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and found them to be a great relief to suffering women.
MRS. WILLARD BARTON.

SLATER, Mo., March 13th.
My husband and I have both taken your Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught, and experienced good effects from it.
MRS. W. W. CUMMINGS.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

is good for every woman. Every woman needs Wine of Cardui. From the time she approaches womanhood until she has entirely recovered from the effects of the change of life no other medicine will do so much for her. It is a medicine that fits a woman for every duty of wifehood and motherhood. By acting directly upon the delicate menstrual organs it stops all those pains and drains and weaknesses that make so many lives miserable. For whites, falling of the womb, suppression, flooding, monthly pains in the head, back and abdomen, this is the medicine to take. Following child-birth and miscarriage Wine of Cardui is very useful. It has brought healthy babies to many barren homes. For nervousness, a languid feeling and general run-down conditions it is equally efficient. Wine of Cardui is as harmless as water to any woman in any condition.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT. For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, *Ladies' Advisory Department*, The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Chattanooga, Tenn.

It is Sold in Every Drug Store.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

WINE OF CARDUI