TWO BATTLES DESCRIBED---DIARY OF BESIEGED MAFEKING.

GREAT BATTLE AT THE MODDER.

Boer Formation Compared to a Three-Mile Jaw Full of Sunken Teeth—Charged That Boers Fired on Ambulances.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, Jan. 5—(Copyright, 1900, by James Gordon Bennett.)—Writing under date of Modder River, November 1, 1899, Mr. Julian Ralph thus describes the battle of that name in the Daily Mail:

"On the morning of Tuesday, November 28, we got in marching form at the leisurely hour of half-past 4, and even then halted a great deal. Brigadier General Pole-Carew had advanced, and rode about the field, being introduced to the commanders of the battalions of the Ninth Brigade, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, Fifth Northumberlands, Lord Northamptonshires, the Mounted Infantry, Ninth Lancers, the Royal Artillerymen and the rest. The other brigade of the two Coldstreams, the Scots Guards, the Grenadiers and the freshly arrived Argyll and Sutherland regiments, were forming the right of the advance.

"We marched four miles or more, and were able to see a long, thin fringe of trees, which we were certain marked the course of the unseen Modder, flowing in a stream only 20 or 30 yards wide at the bottom of the deep sluice it had cut in the level prairie—a huge canal, yet one that was as invisible until you came to its edge as were the Boers who lined that edge, down on their knees, Mausers in hands, like a three-mile jaw full of sunken teeth.

Three Miles of Boers.

"Three miles of Boers were there, and behind them in the hills and on the farther shore they had taken up a six-mile artillery line. Straight toward them we marched. The flames scampered from before us, a flock of bustards rose clumsily at our approach, the little 'chickheads' shot up, cried 'Hut' and fell into the sage, but otherwise all was calm and peaceful—a glorious, brilliant summer morning on the veldt.

"Far over on the right a body of perhaps 500 horsemen rode in full view, launched together, halted and then rode on again, the theatrical cavalry making across a stage. They were Boers, showing themselves to the British openly, for the first time in our experience with Lord Methuen's column. They rode on rapidly to the left, and our mounted infantry gave them chase. A concealed gun beside a little mud house opened fire on the mounted men. Our Eighteenth Battery reported, and thus began this battle.

"This was at about 7 o'clock in the morning. The Boers who had revealed themselves were shelled out of a little hanger on the extreme right, and chased ineffectually by the mounted infantry. Boer guns belched flame and thin blue smoke from several positions across the hidden river. Our Eighteenth and Seventy-fifth Field Batteries replied with spirit, and the Lancers rode far to the right, to be within hail of the vanishing mounted infantry. Our batteries all along our four or five mile line came into action as the larger number of Boer guns disclosed their positions, and our infantry, long halted, began a slow advance, feeling its way. The Guards' brigade went straight ahead toward the river, forming the right wing. The Ninth Brigade moved diagonally across to the left, toward the part of the river beyond the broken railway bridge, where they found a field battery and the naval guns covering them with hot fire.

"When the guards advanced the plain inclined downward from the river like a theater stage. On the other side of the railway, on the left, there was a well-defined ridge between our soldiers and the river and this concealed their advance.

"On the right, the hidden Boers, in their trenches on our side of the Modder, could see the body of a man at any point before them for three miles. On the left, the Boers, on the further shore, could only see our forces after they reached the ridge.

"It was nearly 10 o'clock when the Boers on the right opened up on our advancing guards an unprecedented rifle-fire—unprecedented in severity and duration, for it ceased at only two brief intervals between 10 o'clock in the morning and twenty minutes past 6 o'clock in the evening, when the sun sank. Like a ripping of the air, like a tearing of some part of nature, this hell's vomit began, and was immediately answered by the guards.

"Our soldiers started out with 150 to 170 rounds, and many boys and boxes of cartridges were sent creeping to them during the afternoon. The Boers had more ammunition than we.

Boer Forces' Deadly Work.

"Lord Methuen, in the course of the morning led a movement of the guards to flank the Boers. He realized the need of some bold and gallant, even grand action to shorten this duel between a foe that was unseen, yet could see, and his weaker force, which could not do else than lie still or suffer useless damage. The General's purpose was valiantly attempted, but the fire was too hot, and the river too deep, so that his plan laid to be abandoned so far as the right of the field was concerned.

"I saw and heard of many who, being crippled, lay flat for hours, not daring to go back for succor. If one asked a comrade for a drink of water, he saw the bottle or the hand that was passing it pierced by a dumdum or with a one-pounder. Nordenfelt shell. Or if he raised his head to writhe in his pain he felt his helmet shot away.

"From the rear ammunition and stretcher bearers walked boldly forward until the moment they were within range, when a sheet, a torrent, of bullets and small shells raked the air. At this, down upon their bellies dropped the stretcher bearers and cartridge carriers, and there they lay for hours, never rising or attempting to rise without loosening this torrent anew. Once a poor Coldstream private, with one foot shot away, lay in this leaden rain crying for help. I gave him my water bottle, and Mr. Knox, the Reuter correspondent, ran to some stretcher bearers to beg them to carry the man to the ambulance train.

"'We would be killed if we went to him,' one said.

"'Come with me,' said Knox. 'I'll lead if you will follow.' Thus relief came to one poor sufferer.

"This was the state of affairs on the right, and thus it remained for more than eight hours, but the extraordinary fact about it is that nothing was being effected by this awful and unparalleled fire. A few hundreds were hit on both sides, but our front was not advanced—did not progress materially—the whole day long.

Ambulance Fired On.

"The little lot of Boers who had been so audacious earlier in the day returned in the afternoon, after the mounted infantry had given up trying to capture them. And now they flanked us and poured a tremendous volley or two into our ambulance and ammunition train, frightening the Kaffir drivers and their mules into a panic, and yet not profiting by their success, for they retired as suddenly as they had appeared. This firing on the ambulances, with their loads of wounded, was not a sensational incident. Earlier in the day I had three times seen the terrible new Maxim-Nordenfelt one-pound quick-firer trained on our ambulances as they were sent forward to be nearer the wounded and to gather them in.

"It was on the right that I say nothing was being effected. We were more active and successful on the left.

"Lord Methuen had gone over to that side in the afternoon, and had found the Yorkshire Light Infantry in the van and at the slight ridge which in a measure commanded the Boers. Some of those were in a small house on our side of the river and these had been routed by a rush of the Yorkshires. Captain Bond and his men were in advance, and these Lord Methuen took with him in an attempt to ford the stream. It was not within human possibility for this to be done at this point, so hot was the fire from behind walls and earthworks beyond, and so unfordable was the river at that point. It was in retiring under this blistering fire that the General was wounded—a flesh wound, entailing terrible suffering, but less of danger.

"The brave example he set was followed by Colonel Barker of the Yorkshires, who, with twenty men or more, rushed for a shallow, stony spot in the river and got across, while a battery and the rifle fire of his men behind drove the Boers out of the angle of the wall and the trenches that had covered the ford. Other men rushed after them, notably some of the Argyll and Sutherland regiments, who behaved most gallantly.

Boers Exhausted.

"Colonel Barker and his little force of 300 at its largest now advanced to the right, toward the Boer stronghold, through gardens and over walls. But they were so confused with the enemy, whose position they had taken, that they received the fire of our own troops, and even a shell from one of our batteries. Therefore they rested where this fire halted them, on the enemy's side. Their success and the unceasing and accurate fire of our guns all day long, exhausted the stamina of the Boers. They held to their trenches until dusk, then retired, sinking some of their dead in the river, it is said, carrying off what wounded they could and spiriting away their guns in the almost magical manner in which they have performed these feats after each of their battles.

"They had twenty guns to our nineteen, and, while none of ours were better than twelve-pounders, they had at least one very heavy gun. They massed eleven thousand men, and we had less than ten thousand. They fought in a position of which they had boasted as their best. We believe 300 were slain, and we took nearly as many prisoners, while of wounded they must have had nearly as many as we. Taken at such a tremendous disadvantage, it was certain that we must suffer great damage. Our own losses were 87 killed, 350 wounded, 15 missing. Of the killed, four were officers, and there were nineteen officers wounded."

TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES.

M. Labori, Dreyfus's Defender, Expects to Come.

SPECIAL BY CABLE.

Paris, Jan. 13.—Copyright, 1900, by W. R. Hearst.—Laborl, the famous lawyer who defended Zola and Dreyfus, is to visit the United States and deliver a series of lectures, E. A. Stevens has seen Labori in behalf of well-known Americans, and the lawyer will speak at the chief cities, if amnesty is granted, as seems now very likely in those cases arising out of the Dreyfus trial.

The American Bar Association has expressed a wish that its illustrious French confrere should visit the United States. Labori is anxious to do so, as he believes such a visit would be beneficial to France.

Laborl will teach upon phases of the famous trial and international aspects of the same. He will also utilize his visit for the purpose of publishing his book in New York. Mme. Labori will accompany him. He speaks English well.

MR. SPRAGUE SAYS

Delicatessen Lunchrooms sell thousands of oysters daily at popular prices.

"A BOX OF MONKEYS."

Skit Cleverly Produced by Columbian Club Talent.

The dramatic adjunct of the Columbian Club gave a clever representation of "A Box of Monkeys," in the large hall of the club last night. A brilliant audience assembled to witness the dramatic efforts of the club's pet amateur Thespians. The auditorium was not entirely filled and not as large a crowd as was expected appeared, but what was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm and hearty applause.

After the dramatic part of the entertainment the decks were cleared for dancing. All chairs and vestiges of the play were borne away, and the floor left smooth and glassy for the terpsichorean exercise. They were many beautiful and artistic toilets seen upon the floor during the dances. The Vogel Orchestra furnished music both for the dancing and the dramatic portion of the entertainment. Later in the night an elaborate supper was served in the banquet hall.

The actors in the farce acquitted themselves in a manner which would have done credit to professionals of years of experience. They were trained and schooled in their several parts by H. A. Dalmant, who had been drilling them the last two weeks. The hit of the evening was made by Miss Fanny Ross, who acted in a lively and sprightly manner the role of Ondego Jhones, who in the piece was supposed to be an uncut diamond from the Far West, whose father had shipped him East to be developed in the polite set.

Every member of the cast obtained frequent applause and really did some clever acting, as was attested by the frequent bursts of laughter of the audience. The cast was as follows: Edward Ralston, a promising young American, half owner in the Sierra gold mine, Mr. David R. Alee; Chauncey Oglethorpe, his partner, second son of Lord Doncaster, Mr. Alfred Frank; Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, an admirer of rank, Miss Fanny Ross; Sierra-Bengaline, her niece, a prairie flower, Miss Rosalie Gillenberg; Lady Gloweevre Lashpoore, an English primrose, daughter of the Earl of Paynaught, Miss Daisy Bauman.

VALUABLE DOG KILLED.

Owner Blames a Motorman for the Accident.

Joseph O'Reilly of No. 4438 Forest Park boulevard is indignant at the loss of a fine dog by what he believes to be carelessness of a motorman on the Washington avenue division of the St. Louis Transit Company. Yesterday afternoon about 5:20 o'clock he was driving in his run-about along Washington avenue. In the vehicle with him was a valuable fox terrier. When he reached the corner of Garrison avenue the dog jumped from the rig to the street and attempted to run to the sidewalk. It did not observe an eastbound car which was bearing down Garrison avenue, and before Mr. O'Reilly could warn the dog the fender has struck it and carried it for several yards.

The owner of the dog says that the animal did not move after it had been picked up by the fender, and that if the motorman had stopped his car it could have been easily saved. Instead of stopping the man turned on additional power and sent the car flying ahead at such a rate that the fox terrier was jolted off and crushed under the wheels. The dog is valuable. Mr. O'Reilly paid $75 for it only a few weeks ago. He did not learn the number of the car and is anxious to communicate with persons who saw the accident. The dog was instantly killed.

When you have written your answers to want ads in to-day's Republic, take them to any drug store. The druggist will send them to The Republic free of charge. Spend no money for postage stamps.

Mrs. Margaretha Schuele.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Highland, Ill., Jan. 13.—Mrs. Margaretha Schuele, 75 years old, died to-day.

LORD METHUEN'S FIERCE ONSLAUGHT.

Expected to Surprise the Boers at Magersfontein, but Was Surprised.

BOERS' TERRIFIC BROADSIDE.

Withering Cross Fire Wrought Havoc Among the Disconcerted British Forces—Terrible Effect of Lyddite.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, Jan. 5—(Copyright, James Gordon Bennett, 1900.)—The Daily Telegraph publishes the following, under date of Cape Town, December 25:

"By far the heaviest fighting of the present campaign was that which took place on Sunday, the 10th, and Monday, the 11th, at Magersfontein, presumably the site of the fend stand which the Boers will make in resisting the advance of the Kimberley relief column. The enemy's force was estimated at 12,000 men and ours was probably not much inferior.

"In numbers only was there any equality, for the Boers occupied a marvelously strong position. Some six miles to the north of Modder River runs for several miles in a northerly direction a whole forest of kopjes where the enemy for the last six or seven weeks have been laboriously cutting trenches, raising embankments and generally fortifying, after their manner, a strong natural bulwark. The first of these hills is some six miles to the north of the river and the last of the range ends at Spytfontein, near Kimberley.

Methuen's Attack.

"Lord Methuen began the attack on Sunday morning, remained on the ground during Monday night, and on Tuesday, about noon, the first assault having failed to carry the position, returned to his camp on the Modder River.

"At 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the naval contingent, with the Boers gun, which the bluejackets christened the 'Joe Chamberlain,' took up a position some three miles north of the river, and 6,000 or 7,000 yards in front of the nearest kopjes. The object of the movement was to locate the Boer position, and while the 4.7-inch gun was making practice in front, a strong body of artillery, cavalry and infantry moved out on the right, or northeastward, the Howitzers and field guns shelling the hills. Significantly enough, this evoked no reply from the enemy, whose object clearly was to conceal both position and strength. About 7 o'clock our forces were withdrawn toward the camp.

"Drizzling rain had been falling during the afternoon and all night it fell heavily. In the midst of the heavy rain, some time before midnight, the Highland Brigade moved out of camp in the direction of the eastern spur of the range of hills, supported by the Guards in the right and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, near the Modder. In dense darkness the Highlanders advanced to the foot of the kopje, and, without fully knowing it, they faced a position of extreme strength. Deep rifle pits and trenches hid the Boer marksmen, while in front of these, but invisible at the time, were barbed wire fences.

Boers Not Trapped.

"Our movement was meant to be a surprise, but it was not. The enemy had probably judged that the shelling of the previous afternoon was intended as a prelude to serious action next day. At any rate, they were on the alert.

"Unfortunately, the Highlanders were advancing in close order of quarter-column, nearly the worst formation in which to be caught in front and rear, to a position held by a strong body of musketry. It was meant, of course, only for the first part of the advance, but was continued too long.

"They were not more than two or three hundred yards away from the trenches when the enemy poured a terrific broadside of bullets into the column. The leading companies had just begun to extend into open order, but it was too late. Bayonets were not fixed, and the order was given to lie down and seek cover.

"A withering cross-fire from the front and right flank was kept up on the gallant Highlanders, whose positions were revealed by a Boer signalman flashing the light of a lantern on their faces, a circumstance which shows how thoroughly they had prepared for the assault. Though it was still dark, the whole hillside was lit up with flashes of musketry.

"In this terrible onslaught the Black Watch suffered most, the Seaforths, and Light Infantry coming next; General Wauchope received his mortal wound and at the close of the day it was computed that as many as thirty-seven officers of the brigade were either killed, wounded or missing.

"The Gordon Highlanders, who had been held in reserve, advanced in open order to within 200 yards of the enemy, taking advantage of every bit of cover, and the Highland Light Infantry actually reached one of the trenches and brought out six prisoners, but anything like a general charging of the position, kept after a long-continued shelling, now that the surprise had failed, was out of the question.

"As daylight increased the artillery and Howitzers got readily into position. By 4:30 the naval "Joe" fired its first lyddite shell, and from that hour onward the bombardment of lyddite, shrapnel and common shell went on increasing, until from eight and thirty pieces there poured forth such a cannonade as never before was heard in South Africa.

Effect of Lyddite Shells.

"The Boer prisoners confessed that the effects of the lyddite shells had been terrible. In one instance as many as seventy men had been killed by a single explosion. In another two shells, fired beyond the main ridge on which the enemy was posted, annihilated a train of bullocks drawing a gun. A more remarkable case was one where a shell on Sunday, is reported to have fallen into the middle of an open-air prayer meeting, called to pray for the success of the Boers. The worthy burgher dares not say what the effect was in these circumstances.

"The Boer leader is reported to have brought a command, 4000 strong, from Mafeking. Some prisoners state that he expected Lord Methuen to devote his strength to the attack of the spur on the east of the British front and, while doing so, the Boer leader hoped to creep through the bushes and attack us in the rear. An attack on any level part of the country by the Boers would have introduced a novel feature into the enemy's tactics.

"The presence of the Guards, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, and later the Eighteenth Field Battery and Royal Horse Artillery, spoiled the plan. Creuje had placed a picket, composed, it is understood, of Scandinavians, to watch our movements, and this patrol was completely destroyed. Some Northmen, who were made prisoners, complained bitterly that the Boer General always placed them in positions of the greatest danger. That is the Boer method. The Germans and other foreigners at Elandslaagte were given the honor of bearing the brunt of the day, while brave burghers were making for the rear.

"The quietude of the Boer guns until late in the day is difficult to account for, unless it arose from the fear of attracting lyddite shells. It is said that word was passed along the Boer lines to prepare to retreat at eightfold, and that they were surprised when Lord Methuen withdrew his forces to Modder River.

"I need not repeat the list of our losses, they were heavy, including the count of those killed, the brave General Wauchope, commanding the Highland Brigade, one of the finest soldiers in the army, the gallant Marquis of Winchester, and the dauntless Major Wilton. One premier Marquis owed his death to excessive courage. He refused to lie down with his troops, but walked about giving orders, and thus became the objective for Boer marksmen.

"In the two days' assault on wonderfully strong positions, we have had killed born de combat, it is computed, 1,500 men. But the failure to storm Marmelstein stands on a totally different foundation from the Stormberg reverse. The latter, on military ground, has been the most discreditable, and, politically, the most disastrous event of the war. In military circles the general opinion is that Lord Methuen would have done well to continue his reconnoissances and keep up the bombardment for some days, if necessary, delaying the general attack until the enemy had been completely disheartened."

STIRRING SCENES AT MAFEKING.

Citizens Terrified by Daily Shelling From Boer Cannon—How Missiles From Big Gun Are Dodged—Cronje Threatens to Shoot Boers Guilty of Firing On Ambulances.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, Jan. 5—(Copyright, 1900, by James Gordon Bennett.)—Some idea of the courage and vicissitudes of the siege of Mafeking may be had from a diary of it.

Throughout the diary there breathes a spirit of the most devoted admiration for Colonel Baden-Powell, the man who organized and is conducting its defense.

Extracts from the diary follow:

"October 12. On this day a curious incident occurred. It would appear that the military authorities discovered at the last moment that two truck loads of dynamite were stored in the station yard and concluded that they would be safer outside the town. An engine was accordingly dispatched to push the trucks into a distant siding, where they might more conveniently explode without danger to our inhabitants. The engine driver, Perry, when a mile or two out, ran into a number of the enemy, who opened fire upon him, and he very wisely uncoupled his engine and, leaving the trucks of dynamite to their fate, ran back at full speed toward the town.

Dynamite Exploded.

"He was little more than a mile and a half distant when the trucks exploded, lifting his engine from the rails and flinging him against the sides of the cab with considerable force.

"As the Boers had been firing on the truck it is easily understood that one of their Mauser bullets penetrated a case of dynamite and caused the explosion, which wrought havoc in their ranks, as they were already closing in under the impression that they had secured another armored train.

After Captain Fitzclarence's fight of the 14th inst., the ambulance was sent out to recover two bodies left in the field and was fired upon by the enemy. Curiously enough that same afternoon a letter arrived from Cronje in which he suggested that arrangements should be entered into for the observance of the laws of civilized warfare with regard to wounded men. He regretted the war, he said, but if we would not surrender the town he would be forced to shell it. His note was answered with all due courtesy, and it was pointed out to him by Colonel Baden-Powell that his men had already fired upon our ambulance that night.

"Throughout Sunday the town was quiet and in the afternoon Doctor Plow of Cronje's medical staff arrived on the scene in a landau, drawn by a spanking pair of grays and flying the Red Cross flag. He lunched with the staff and was, of course, received with every courtesy. He carried a dispatch from Cronje inquiring into the question of firing into the ambulance, in which the Boer General went so far as to say that if any one had been hurt by the fire he would have the man who instigated it shot.

"At 9:15 a. m. on Monday, October 16, the enemy opened artillery fire upon the fort commanded by Colonel Gould-Adams, about 100 yards above us. His guns consist of two seven-pounders and a fifteen-centimeter Krupp. By 1 o'clock sixty-three shells had been fired, and only one dog hit. The convent, I regret to say, though surmounted by a large Red Cross flag, was struck three times.

"A feature in this siege has been the part played in it by many plucky women and by boys who may not justly be termed children. In our own fort we have a boy named Cheldy, who arrived with a rifle and a bandolier, and proved himself able to shoot at a man's loophole with the best of us. He amuses himself during the bombardment by recording the number of shells that pass over and asking any war correspondent who may be about embarrassing questions. At another fort, where they have a machine gun, a boy of 13 is employed in feeding the machine belts, while another youth of the same age manipulates the telephone.

"In the house round which our breastwork is built, all through the shelling of Monday, the 16th, were three ladies, who showed the utmost pluck, and one of them, while the shells were whistling overhead, endeavored to play "God Save the Queen" on the drawing-room piano. It was a little wavery and shaky in places, but the men heard and cheered her, and the spirit of the thing was good.

Boers Control Water Supply.

"The Boers are still in possession of our water supply, though up to the present we have enough to drink, something to wash in and no one is seriously incommoded.

"On Thursday night Riesle's Hotel was the scene of an impromptu concert. Could a stranger land in the midst of a party of ladies neatly dressed and ladies always are) and a number of men clothed in the arthodox flap-boots, breeches and shirts, joining enthusiastically in the chorus of "A little tin Gee Gee" or singing snatches from "The Geisha" and "The Safety Girl," he would hardly have imagined he was in the midst of a besieged town around which the guns of the enemy were lying ready, at a moment's warning, to resume the bombardment.

"On Saturday, the 21st, very little of importance occurred, and Sunday was observed as a day of truce. A letter from Cronje was received, in which he confessed his inability to carry the town by storm. He warned us that he was expecting a siege gun to arrive by Monday, and that he would resume the bombardment of the town at 6 o'clock next morning, thus giving us an opportunity of removing the women and children to a place of safety. Cronje complained of the number of Red Cross flags displayed upon various buildings. In reply to this Colonel Baden-Powell wrote a characteristic epistle. So far as the Red Cross flags were concerned, he said, he wished General Cronje to respect only those upon the hospital and convent.

"The other flags were only displayed over intermediate stations for the reception of the wounded, and these he might respect or not as he saw fit. In return for his courtesy in giving notice of his intention to bombard the town, the Colonel informed General Cronje that the town was surrounded by mines. Some are arranged to explode automatically and others are connected with headquarters. The jail, he further said, was chiefly occupied by the General's own countrymen, and over this he had placed a yellow flag, which would enable the General to avoid firing on it if he thought fit.

Attack on Mafeking.

"Tuesday, the 24th, was an eventful day for Mafeking, for upon that afternoon Cronje's siege guns got into position and opened fire upon the town. At daylight every one was standing to arms, and shortly after sunrise the Boers attempted to shell the town from the northeast with their field guns.

"Our guns, which had taken up a position during the night, returned the fire and silenced them for some time. The town was quiet, and we had almost begun to disbelieve in the existence of Cronje's boasting. However, shortly after 2 o'clock, a huge 96-pounder came shrieking into the market square. The gun was apparently not able to give more than five shells per hour, but the intervals between the large shells were appropriately filled up by the fire of twelve-pounder Maxims, Nordenfeldts, Hotchkiss, Krupps and other unpleasant instruments of destruction.

"At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Boers advanced from the east in skirmish order, and the forts on that side of the town were warned in expectation of an attack. In order to do this it was necessary for the men to abandon their bomb-proof shelter and stand at the breastworks—no pleasant task with the scream of heavy shells overhead and the bursting of shrapnel and segment in the air.

"At No. 2 fort we were able to see the lookout placed on the roof of a neighboring house. This lookout shouted vigorously whenever he perceived the smoke of the big gun. We were able to take cover in the lee of a house in our rear before the shells, fired at 5,000 or 6,000 yards, could reach us. This, of course, enabled us to obtain some protection from the flying fragments, but had the shell struck the house itself the shelter would have been of little use to us.

Dodging Shells.

"Shell firing is said to be more alarming than damaging, and this I can well understand. I must confess to never having met anything more alarming. During the attack a 96-pound shell struck the ground within ten yards of our works. Had it been ten yards to the right, scarcely any of us would have lived to tell the tale. As it was, great lumps of earth, thrown up by the impact of the shell, fell upon us. At the end of about four hours, dodging backward and forward between the works and the sheltering-house, one began to get remarkably tired of this novel and undesirable experience. The Boers' infantry advances are infinitely less to be feared than their shelling.

"They contented themselves with intrenching at about 2,000 yards distance. On Sunday, the 29th, the Colonel commanding expressed his opinion that the defenses of Mafeking were now so secure as to render it impossible for the Boers to carry the place by storm. He thought, further, that the enemy's shell would continue ineffective as long as the inhabitants were careful to keep under cover.

"The following is a curious extract from the orders:

"'As the enemy's form of bombardment sometimes consists in shelling at long and irregular intervals, it is proposed to keep a watch on the big gun, and as soon as she is laid to fire in the direction of the town or women's danger, a horn will be blown from Wellsyard, or the Western Heights, respectively, so as to warn every one to take cover. Immediately the warning is heard it must be obeyed, as the enemy directs its gun on one point or another. The warning is to announce to the people of the town, or of the danger, respectively, that the big gun has been laid and is pointing in their direction.'

Bomb-Proof Shelters.

"We live for the most part in bomb-proof shelters under ground, because it is unsafe above. They are noisome and stuffy, and there can be no question that as the wet season approaches and the enemy draws his cordon nearer and nearer around us the situation will become more serious.

"The enemy is unable to do much more than wreck our buildings and tear up our street with his big gun at 5,000 yards, but when he shall have brought it to within 2,000 yards and sapped us until his trenches command our rifle pits at five to six hundred yards, he will be able to great damage to life and limb. The town guard has fought well and manfully. It requires more courage to sit tight under a bombardment than to go out in the open and tackle the enemy in a battle that lasts perhaps two or three hours.

"Our battle has lasted a month, and we have been under fire every day. We have not been able to eat our meals in peace, and sometimes we have not eaten them at all. We cannot move about in our own town, and every now and then someone is hurt. However, there is no question of surrender in Mafeking to-day. Our water supply, thanks to Captain Hepworth, is sufficient. As to food, we have also sufficient.

"Commanding me we have a man than whom we could have none better. The Colonel is a lost in himself. To see "B.-P.," as he is affectionately termed, go whistling down the street, deep in thought, pleasing of countenance, cheerful and confident, is cheering and heartening, far more cheering and heartening than a pint of dry champagne.

"Had any man, in whom the town placed less confidence, been in command, disaster might have befallen Mafeking, and if we are able to place the name of Mafeking upon the roll of the Empire's outposts, which have fought for the honor and glory of Britain, it will be chiefly because Baden-Powell has commanded us."

TWO GIRLS ARRESTED.

Are Charged With Shoplifting in Downtown Stores.

Two girls, Freda Sarcander, 18 years old, who also goes by the name of Schaefer, and Gertrude Schaefer, 16 years old, were arrested last night at Broadway and Barry streets, charged with shoplifting. In their possession was found property claimed by H. Nugent & Bro., Broadway and Washington avenue; the Grand-Leader Dry Goods Company, Broadway and Washington avenue, and the Max Schultz Dry Goods Company, Broadway and Hickory street.

In the office of Chief Pickel, the girls broke down and confessed. They wept bitterly over the disgrace they had brought on their parents, John Schaefer, a piano tuner, the father of the little girl, was notified. The elder girl admitted that she had been arrested three years ago on a charge of shoplifting. The little one also admits having stolen goods from different stores during the last two years. Both were placed in the matron's detention-room for the night. A charge of petit larceny was placed against them.

East St. Louisan Killed by Cars.

John Lawrence, a laborer, living in East St. Louis, was instantly killed by a Big Four passenger train at East Alton early yesterday evening. Lawrence had been working at the East Alton Milling Works, and was on his way home. He saw his train approaching and ran to catch it. In attempting to jump on the platform his foot slipped, and he fell heading under the wheels. Lawrence leaves a widow and children.

Dickerson—Wells.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Butler, Mo., Jan. 13.—Mr. Albert Dickerson and Miss Fannie Wells were married here to-day.

Two Deaths at Mattoon.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Mattoon, Ill., Jan. 13.—Mrs. G. L. Matthews and Mrs. Adam Coons died to-day.

Mrs. Sarah Cloud.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Elderado, Ill., Jan. 13.—Mrs. Sarah Cloud, living near here, died to-day, aged 73 years.

John Mills.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Butler, Mo., Jan. 13.—John Mills died to-day.

The Supreme Council of the Royal Arcanum filed suit yesterday against Martin V. Kaiser, as administrator of the estate of Florence L. Yocum, Nettie S. Stannard and Gertrude M. Harris, asking to be allowed to pay into court $4000 insurance on the life of Florence Yocum, to be interpleaded for by those claiming her estate. Florence Yocum was lost with her father, Harry Yocum, on the yacht Paul Jones, in the Gulf of Mexico, some time ago.

Judge Zachritz heard arguments yesterday in the injunction proceedings between the Garrison and Rex branches of the Columbia Incandescent Lamp Company, and took the matter under advisement. W. O. Garrison, D. E. Garrison and A. C. Garrison are seeking to have W. S. Rex, George E. Rex and Mrs. Ann Rotelanel restrained from interfering with the affairs of the company.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

Send Name and Address To-Day---You Can Have It Free and be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1886 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity:

"Dear Sir—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

PORCH CLIMBER ON MISSOURI AVENUE.

Obtains Jewels and Money to the Amount of $1,500 at Charles W. Ohm's Residence.

MRS. VOGEL'S LOSS IS GREAT.

Burglar Takes Many Diamonds Belonging to Mrs. Ohm's Aunt —Clever Work—Confederate in a Buggy.

A burglar entered the home of Charles W. Ohm at No. 1515 Missouri avenue between 6:15 and 6:25 o'clock Friday evening and carried away money and jewels to the amount of $1,500. The greater portion of the loss fell upon Mrs. Sophie Vogel, who lives with the Ohms. The burglar entered through a second-story window, climbing up on the pillars of the front porch.

The skill and daring with which the theft was effected astonished the members of the family, and indicated to the police that it was the work of the professional porch climber who has been operating so successfully in the best residence districts for two months.

At the time of the burglary Mrs. Ohm was at home with her two young daughters and her aunt, Mrs. Vogel. Until shortly after 5 o'clock the children romped about on the second floor, where the burglar got his booty, while their mother and aunt were downstairs attending to household duties. As it began to grow dark they went downstairs and played.

About 6 o'clock Mrs. Ohm had occasion to go to her apartment on the second floor and found everything intact. She did not return downstairs until about 6:15. About ten minutes after this she returned to her apartment to dress for a function which she was to attend. As she reached her room it was dark as usual, but she felt a strangely cool draft assailing her. Immediately a premonition of something evil came to her, but she had no idea of a robbery. She turned on the lights quite nervously, and to her great consternation she saw her dressing case drawn wide open and the wardrobe door ajar. The windows of the room were raised about two feet. Mrs. Ohm hastily ran into her husband's chamber and found the windows there likewise opened and the dressing case disturbed. Now thoroughly alarmed she passed into the hall and found the hall windows raised, and in Mrs. Vogel's room, which is right across the hall from Mr. Ohm's apartment, the dressing case and wardrobe seemed to have been thoroughly ransacked.

Mrs. Ohm aroused the household. Only her young daughters, Mrs. Vogel and the servant girl were in the house, and they were on the first floor. The stableman was immediately summoned, and a thorough search of the house was made, as it was thought that the burglar might still be in the house. The search was futile.

Valuable Jewels Taken.

Martin Gelsendorfer, a relative, arrived at the house about this time and found everything in the greatest turmoil. Mr. Ohm arrived shortly afterward. As there was nothing else to do, the members of the family investigated their losses.

It was found that the burglar had found more things to his liking among the possessions of Mrs. Vogel than in the other rooms. Articles of comparatively small value were taken from the Ohms.

Mrs. Vogel's diamond earrings, valued at $850, were stolen, also a diamond breastpin valued at $500, several rings worth $300, a bracelet valued at $250, a hairbrace and an antique mourning watch. There are a number of small things which Mrs. Vogel cannot call to mind at present.

Mrs. Ohm found that her rhinestone earrings had been taken and two rings, some shirtwaist studs, cuff buttons and a number of small articles. The children's bank had been hauled from the wardrobe and the combination lock deftly pried open. The contents, $8 in gold coins, were taken, together with a number of foreign souvenir coins and a rare German silver 5 mark piece, which was struck during the short reign of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. Mrs. Ohm's purse and some valuables evaded the raid of the porch-climber.

In Mr. Ohm's room very little was obtained. The burglar even penetrated into the servant's modest chamber, where he found her purse upon the dressing case, which contained only 85 cents. Not satisfied with this he disarranged the bed in his search for the money he supposed she had. Finding nothing he made neat heaps of the quarters, dimes and nickels of the sum and placed them ostentatiously on the dressing case.

Mr. Ohm, who is well known as Chief Deputy in the Water Rates Department, immediately called the police. The detectives investigated.

Numerous matches were strewn about the rooms, where they had been dropped by the burglar. Investigation yesterday developed two faint hand prints outside of the window, as if the burglar had clambered there. On the greensward near the porch there was discovered yesterday the imprint of a small shoe, presumably a woman's, and the same imprint was found extending along the northern side of the house, pointing toward the rear.

A Confederate Outside.

Whoever this mysterious burglar is who scales porch pillars and houses, it is a fact that he is extremely clever. It is thought that the person who was on the second story threw the plunder to a confederate below. Mrs. Vogel now declares that while standing at the window in the front parlor about the time the burglary must have occurred, she noticed a package fall from the second story, but, not being particularly interested, she paid no attention to the occurrence.

There is a theory that the burglars have a buggy and this is borne out by the recent burglary at No. 4611 Lindell boulevard, the residence of Louis Brinckwirth, when the fellow who did the job was pursued by an officer and escaped in a buggy, in which a confederate was waiting for him at the curb.

Mr. Geissenderfe, who was the first to arrive at the Ohm residence, after the discovery of the burglary, says that he saw a red-centred buggy on Missouri avenue as he was approaching the house.

The Ohm residence is an old-fashioned building, of impressive exterior. The columns upon which the robber is thought to have climbed are made of polished granite, so his work was quite difficult. Right across the street from the house is Lafayette Park. On the north side the house is flanked by the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church and on the south by E. Holloway's residence.

This is the third burglary of the kind which has occurred in St. Louis within a week. All were accomplished by climbing upon the porches. In each case the burglar was not discovered in the house. At the Brinckwirths' home, on Lindell boulevard, he was seen by a policeman and fired upon, but got away in a buggy, as hereinbefore described. At the McCully residence, No. 4310 Morgan street, he escaped with incredible swiftness, when the family heard him at work. The total amount of booty obtained by this burglar since Monday is something like $2,500.

Cures Drunken Son.

Remarkable Success of a Remedy Which a Woman Used Secretly and Saved Her Son From Destruction.

Is Given in Tea, Coffee or Food and Cures the Worst Drunkard Without His Knowing the Reason.

Every woman in this broad land is given an inspiration in the words of Mrs. Howard Tarleton, whose address is Box 646, Lebanon, Ohio, that must result in the greatest temperance crusade ever started. She cured her son of drunkenness after he had become a set, a common loafer, and now he is a reformed, upright citizen, rejoicing with his mother in the wonderful result and the marvelous remedy that brought about this grand change in his life.

"Yes, I cured my son of drunkenness," said Mrs. Tarleton, when interviewed about it. "Although I am his mother and proud of him, I must say he was a wayward man for a good many years.