

ing the system needs ton- the spring to be healthy you must have new blood, rees must have new sap, ds it, and without this u will feel weak and u may have twinges of or the sharp stabbing uralgia. Often there g pimples or eruptions. In other cases there is g of tiredness, and a etite. Any of these t the blood is out of the indoor life of win-upon you. What is need- u right is a tonic and there is no tonic Williams' Pink Pills, ctually make new, rich, ur greatest need, in new blood drives ut s the skin and makes tired men and women bright, active and J. C. Moses, Branton, Last spring my daught- letely ran down, she e, had no appetite, and nervous, and we were t her. We decided to Williams' Pink Pills and e began taking them e decided improvement. weight and vigor, her l, and her whole sys- have been built anew. e recommend Dr. Wil- lls to all who need a medicine dealers or by nts a box or six boxes om The Dr. Williams' Brockville, Ont.

s were the most par- etes in the care of the e bout they would with oil, with a view eir limbs more elastic. But as this oiling and on which resulted from ould have made the oth and slippery, and ble to grasp, they themselves all over. They also had an idea sand and dust pre- e perspiration, and e saved their strength, t they would scrape th a strigil, then wash it with oil. After pointing they would to the sun till it become as hard and t. We may get a their wrestling from g from Gerhard, which e holds used at e was such vigorous e wrestlers under- the splendid dif- e reproduced in those e have placed Greece in art.

nal Movement.

O'Brien's Plan.

is contain the follow- association is authoriz- t a private conference alists of all shades of id on Thursday night, r the presidency of en, M.P., to consider e National movement. ously resolved to ovement, to be called and League. Its main o write on a common ish-born men in a spl- eent celebration of dif- tion between brother- and of scrupulous re- ights and feelings of e follow-countrymen, to concentrating the Irish public opinion to obtain self-govern- ish people in Irish their purposes will e milder spirit of pa- o-operation among try rank and creed in ts for National well- ommun action may be le. These projects are primarily the com- munion of landlordism e earliest practi- e movement to the re- volution, the cultiva- g, traditions and the social elevation of our in- tural and laboring h in town and coun- d that the pro- "All for Ireland Leas- e no encroachment province of any ex- or National organiza- tional organization com- ver to add to its e appointed to make pre- ments for the inau- of the League, which Cork early in April.

itself. Mother Graves' does not require of any other medicine. It does not work. eier than fault-find- o self-denial, no actor are required to grumbling business. thy life shall come rather fear that it a beginning—Cardi-

Play With Death.

"Sandhogs" Lead Thrilling Lives in Their Necessary Work.

Nervy Exploits of Men Underground.

About a year ago the captain of a tugboat scampering down the East River along the Long Island shore saw a strange sight and had a thrilling five minutes' experience, writes William Allen Johnston in the New York Herald.

He was standing in front of the pilot-house and was halting a passing barge when suddenly his mate clutched his arm and bawled in his ear:—"Hey, Bill! Fer the love of Heaven look at that!"

The muddy water beneath them and all about them turned suddenly white and began to seethe and hiss as though some gigantic crater had suddenly opened its fiery portals down under the river bed.

The strange disturbances ran out into the river in a long, wide irregular strip. Higher and higher the water bubbled and boiled, till finally it seemed to burst its bonds and leaped man high into the air in crisp, curling combers.

The scared little tugboat was tossed over on its side, and the captain, grabbing a stanchion, rang the engine bell and backed hurriedly off. Other craft halted abruptly upon the edge of the mysterious cauldron, and turning heels, ran away with warning cries. The entire river fleet in that busy vicinity stood aghast at the sight.

Hastily, two big barges slipped from their moorings over on the Long Island shore, made fast to as many impatient tugs with a rapid casting of hawsers, and steamed bravely right into the vortex of the cauldron.

Here they halted, and in a twinkling men and wheelbarrows were swarming over the top of each barge and steam shovels at either end were dipping and groaning under heavy loads.

A gray flood of pasty muck was spilled over the sides of the barges—several thousand tons of it—and as the muck entered the water the combers sank and died away, the seething softened and stopped, the white surface slowly grew muddier again, and presently the river resumed with its customary tooting, hurrying and scurrying.

PERSONALITY OF 'PADDY RYAN'

In the meantime a great air compressor plant on the Long Island shore was blowing air into a mud tunnel under the river at the rate of 96,000 cubic feet a minute—such a volume and so fast that if the air had been sent into a foot square pipe instead the first blast of it in one hour's time would have been more than a thousand miles away from its starting point. The plant was so shaken with its burden that the engineers' teeth chattered in their heads, for the air was escaping. It should have been held in the tunnel, where its grim, necessary purpose was to hold the water out. But the then roof of the tunnel—only ten feet or so thick—was faulty and punctured and the tremendous pressure forced the air through the roof and on up through seventy feet of water, where it sprayed the surface like a terrific typhoon sweeping down from the sky.

I was inclined to hold my breath as I heard the story of my informant, a contracting official, coolly concluded with, "So we laid a clay blanket over the spot (dumped out of the barges) and that held the air. In fact, each Pennsylvania tunnel under the East River was protected by one of these clay blankets, a half mile long and twelve to fifteen feet thick. Later we dredged the clay up in compliance with orders from the War Department, which sees that the channels are kept clear."

This river instance was dramatic enough, but, like most big shows, the greater, more thrilling interest lay behind the scenes. In the first place, it was a wonderful undertaking—perhaps the chief wonder of this century—to blow that great tunnel through the mud bottom under a mighty river. In the second place, it is still more wonderful to contemplate that, while this cyclonic disturbance went on above—tipping a tugboat over, scaring the wits out of a river fleet—down below, whence the disturbance came, a company of human beings were cheerfully, fearlessly, ceaselessly swarming over sweating bodies in a pressure of three atmospheres and shovelling out the insides of that tunnel—our friends the sandhogs!

There are five miles of the new Pennsylvania tunnels in all, laid under two great rivers and the city of New York, extending from Bergen Hill, N. J., to the Long Island shore and an army of two thousand sandhogs laid them. Famous in the roll of honor of sandhogs true and tried are Paddy Fitzgerald, Jimmy Sullivan, Davy McCable, George Scott, Paddy Ryan, Jimmy Brady, Louis Cassari, an Austrian who has won renown for his ability to stay longest in compressed air, and last but by no means least, Dan Murphy, who was killed in the bottom of the Manhattan shaft.

"That was a sad loss—Murphy's," said a man higher up. "And his death was a strange one. He was bending over when a wooden plug sodden with water fell from the hands of a careless workman eighty feet above and struck him just back of the ear."

Enter Jimmy Sullivan, sandhog for twenty years, with a record extending from the beginning of the old Hudson tunnels in 1890, through the Blackwall tunnel of London, the caissons of the great Forth Bridge, in Scotland, right up to the present time.

They say that you never see a lean or an old sandhog. Jimmy Sullivan, then, belies, both assertions. He is a pallid little man, with thin hair and a most non-committal way. There may be times when he talks at length, but it seems scarcely possible. As he stood before me in the offices of the tunnel contractors, hat in hand and in mud bespattered clothes, blinking respectfully and seemingly as bewildered above ground as is a mule brought out once a year from the mines, I thought of other daring men—the diver, bridge-worker, the dynamite handler—who stare at you stolidly and uncompromisingly when you suggest that their lives are filled with thrilling moments.

TOLD BY "JIMMY" SULLIVAN.

"It's too strenuous down there to think, sir," said Jimmy, appealingly. "And so, sir, you can't remember much when you come out." He shifted his feet uneasily and looked longingly at the door.

Finally he grinned with a wry smile and looked askance at the "boss." "I could tell of a comical incident," said he. A "comical incident" was all he could recall out of twenty years' work in compressed air within a mud box beneath rolling rivers!

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"I can tell you of a more recent instance—in the Pennsylvania tunnels. It tells you something of the heroism of sandhogs, too. "This fire started early Monday morning. The Saturday just previous had been pay day, and it is our custom always to double the watchmen on the Sunday following for it is almost certain that some of the men will prove irresponsible. This time it was one of the watchmen. "STARTED BY A CIGARETTE. "His companion had gone out of the air lock and he lay down on the shield chamber with his head against a pile of hay, which we used for stuffing up crevices around the shield. He was smoking a cigarette and that tells the story. "The news came to me on swift wings—"Tunnel C, Manhattan, is on fire," and I hurried out of bed and down to the Manhattan shaft. "A crowd of men had gathered outside the last air-lock, and peeping through the bull's eye of the lock door I could see the interior dim with curling smoke and yellow with flames. "The dynamite!" said one man, and of course that was what we were all thinking of. There was a hundred or more pounds of it in the further end of the chamber. "Well, boys," said I, "we've got to get it out," and they had been thinking that too. These men are willing to go anywhere—to Hades, if need be—but they are used to waiting for orders. "I'm ready," growled a big fellow, and in a breath there was a crew of volunteers. They got a high pressure hose, made a water connection and plunged in. "In a few minutes they were back again, all of them choked and staggering and some so strangely with the heavy fumes that they had dropped in their tracks and were carried out. "It looked black now within through the bull's-eye; but there was still the danger of a stray lick of flame reaching the dynamite. It lay right alongside the dry wooden framing. There was still that danger and— "Back again, boys!" said the big fellow, and back they went into darkness and air that was now warmer than ever. This time they came back, all of them, fortunately, and they were lugging the dynamite along with them. "Now, that's what I call heroism!" concluded the "boss." "Imagine creeping along a black tunnel and feeling for dynamite, knowing all the time that a bit of flame might easily beat you to it, and that if it did you'd be blown into fine pieces as sure as day follows night!"

"That was in 1890, sir. Previous to that time I had been working on the Forth bridge caissons under Mr. Moir. He brought me over with a number of other miners (Paddy styles himself a "miner," not a sandhog). "We found the tunnels in very bad shape. You see, a number of years previous they had tried running them with a pilot tunnel and brick walls. One day there was a blow-out, and some twenty men were drowned. They gave up after that, and the big hole filled up at the fore with muck. "We brought over a new shield, the parts of which were forged and constructed by Sir Benjamin Baker in Glasgow. To set it up and make it fit we were forced to enlarge the shield chamber, and a terrible time we had of it. One day there was a blow-out, the bulkhead was swept away, and we had a narrow escape getting out. "The river speared in and jammed tight the airlock door behind us. We tried every way to jack it open but the pressure was too great for us; and then Mr. Moir hit upon a fine scheme. "We built a ball out of esparto grass, not a little one, but as big as a house, for it was nearly forty feet in diameter. We loaded the bottom of it with iron rails to sink it, floated it out on pontoons and dumped it directly in front of the tunnel opening. It was sucked tight and made a fine new bulkhead, you see, with a barrel full of clay dumped down on the top of it. "Then we opened the airlock and continued the tunnel through the ball of grass. So, you see when you haven't anything solid to tunnel through you must put it down in front of you. Just so it isn't only water and you have compressed air to keep the walls up and the water out you can run a tunnel anywhere nowadays. "You may know what the water pressure was on that ball of grass, for when we went through it we had to cut our way with axes. "Well, we ran the tunnel over two thousand feet and left it there for fourteen years. "Not our fault," understood," interrupted the "boss." We stopped only because the syndicate failed and our pay ceased. We could have finished the Hudson tunnels ten years ago as well as to-day. In fact, they were afterwards rushed to completion

with the very same shield which we left in the face of them."

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