

SISTER YSABEL'S SACRIFICE.



MIDNIGHT. The time the summer of 1879. Panic reigned in the little city on the gulf coast. Stampede more wild and terrible than that of frightened cattle possessed the people. A stampede more desperate than that of some thirteen years before when the citizens fled madly away to the forests and cities of the East to escape the rush of the conquering Yankees. From down the coast had come the dread tidings of the invasion of "Yellow Jack." Here was an enemy which they knew from horrid experience spared not. Neither man, woman nor child could hope to escape from his iron grasp if once he secured a firm hold on the town.

For several days there had been subdued terror pervading the community. Away at Mobile, Scranton, Pensacola and other coast towns they knew the flag of pestilence was hanging against the flagstaff. They knew that it was but a question of a few short hours when the yellow death would be among them. Patiently, with the fatalism of the natives of that clime, the Creoles had awaited its coming. They had suffered before and they would suffer again, if it pleased the Divine Master to visit them with his wrath. But they were but a small portion of the populace. Even before the coming of the plague the people had been hastily preparing for that fearful exodus from home and kindred even, if by leaving relatives behind personal safety could be won.

It had come at last. The day before a schooner put into the little harbor. A sick seaman was taken ashore. He was infected as the doctors believed. All that day and until late at night men walked about the streets furtively watching each other, fearful of being stricken by the scourge by mere contact. The next morning men abandoned their usual occupations and marched in broken and irresolute columns toward the city hall. Would the fearful bulletin announce their doom? They gazed at each other in the same furtive, uneasy way which had marked the intercourse of neighbors and friends for more than a week. They feared to look and were yet drawn by the irresistible fascination of him who must learn the worst if death itself be the result. At last one man lifted his head and fear-worn eyes to the bulletin board. With a wild shriek he turned and fled toward his home. It had come. Over on the little blackboard was a signal all knew. It was in the terse and significant language familiar to all who had faced the yellow death. It said:

"Seaman landed yesterday died of yellow fever at midnight. Two more deaths from the same cause have occurred since. Quarantine will be established at midnight. All who wish to leave will take notice."
GOODRICH, M. D.
WRIGHT, M. D.

climated yet and will fall as certainly as the sun will rise to blister and wither the fever-stricken people.

"Oh, do come with us," pleaded the girl, whose frightened eyes grew blacker with the greater fear aroused by her father's stern words. "Come to the pier where out of the city and away from this fearful heat, I implore you to come."

"I have nothing to fear, Ysabel," was the father's reply. "If it is as bad as you say, then help will be needed. Do you go, sir? Well, if you stay, I will also. I may be needed. Who can tell?"

"I have nothing to fear, Ysabel," was the father's answer. "Come and guard my child until this is over. I must stay to help maintain the quarantine which will be in force in a few hours. Remain until midnight and if you were the deity himself, stay you must."

Reluctantly the young man joined the stampede. He took the maiden's other arm and with her father made rapid strides to the hall. There they stood on the doorstep and watched the hurrying mob of battling, terrorized human beings, almost devoid now of all semblance to humanity. Butler's influence made it possible for them to hope to wait until the last train should leave. Then he determined that his child and her lover should race with death to a more northern city, where relatives would receive the girl and she and Kendrick might be safe from the epidemic.

All day long and until nearly the hour for the establishment of the quarantine the people rushed madly to the depot or out into the gulf. Every conveyance was impressed into service to remove loved ones from under the dreadful shadow. Calmly the natives waited the inevitable.



"FATHER!" SHE CRIED, FALLING TO HER KNEES.

There was a nature to wait and pray and keep strict watch and ward that the hovering pestilence might be limited to their own town and not rush unchallenged into the interior or even invade the States north of Dixie. Up to this time yellow jack had been an affliction of Dixieland. It was soon to show its horrid front north of the Ohio and in cities where its presence was never thought possible.

As the mob grew in numbers with every train, men, long, lank but sinewy, types of the coast Southron, dropped from the incoming train. Rifles and shot-guns were in their hands. Silently and steadily they strode over to the city hall, where they conferred with the Mayor.

They were joined by others of the city itself. They would keep all within who remained and bar all out who were out after the big bell in the clock chimed the midnight hour.

At midnight now not far off the shot-gun would rule. That was the law made by these stern men. It would place the little city under a martial law more terrible than any framed or enforced by the Yankee conqueror. Death might be the portion of all who were left behind. The gaunt ghost of pestilence stalked about the streets sparing none. But the death inside was no swift nor so sure as that which awaited him who essayed to break that rigid line extending in a wide semi-circular sweep back from the water front around the city to the other beach from each to west. On the docks and in the railroad yards the guards stalked. Their tense faces and steely eyes were set with a determination which nothing human would shake.

As the time drew nigh when escape would be barred George Kendrick plunged into that seething, boiling mass of battling humanity. He held his sweetheart's arm closely and fought with the skill and desperation learned on many a hotly contested field. He needed all his great strength for ties made by him were rudely broken in that fierce scramble for advantage. He rushed into the yards still holding the panting and almost exhausted girl in a firm grasp. He fought his way blindly to the platform of the last car of the last train and by main strength landed his love thereon. As he was about to follow he was attacked from the flank and pushed momentarily from his position by a wild, desperate fellow, who sprang to the car, leaving a walling and deserted wife behind.

Kendrick saw the woman's peril. He lifted her in his brawny arms, swung her around and made her the means of clearing a space. Then he sprang forward and deposited her on the platform just as the bell tolled and the train slowly started to

move. He rushed forward and was halted by a stalwart guard, who ordered him back. He remonstrated and struggled, telling the man that an unprotected girl was in that train and he must go to her aid.

"Can't help that. You don't go. Nobody leaves this place until the quarantine is lifted. Damn you, Yank, I'll break your head if you don't let up."

"Try it on, Johnnie," yelled Kendrick, infuriated by the resistance. He rushed on his foe and gamely struggled with him while the train was still in the yards. He tossed the big man to one side and toppled him over with a hard punch as he was falling. Then he rushed like a startled deer along that platform to rejoin the girl, whose white face appealed to him from the platform. As he made that desperate rush another guard sprang forward in the mass and struck him with a clubbed rifle. He fell like a log as the train with increasing speed pulled out of the yards. On the rear platform lay the white, rigid form of the girl in a deadly swoon as she saw her lover struck down.

Out into the night rushed the train. Huddled for the North, the people on board gazed fearfully behind them and hopefully to the front. Miles were eaten up before another town was neared. As the engine was rushing and shrieking along there was a sudden grinding of the wheels, a few panting snorts and the long train came to a standstill. All along the sides were armed men peering fearfully at the frightened people in the cars.

"You can't stop here," said their leader. "Just you run through as fast as steam will let you. Nobody gets off."

"Is that you, Hank?" said a man, joyfully, as he stepped to the platform and was about to descend to the ground.

"Glad it's you. I want to come to your house. The wife and children are with me."

"Get back there. Didn't you hear me say nobody sleeps. Don't care if you are my brother. Stay on that train or I'll fill you with buckshot," was the grim reply, as the man covered his shrinking brother with his ready rifle.

Then on again rushed the train, the occupants filled with an even greater terror. Where could they go? Who would receive them? All the country was

aroused. On all sides gleamed the guns which held them at bay. Death might be on the train. It was certainly out of it. On the rear platform a distracted girl struggled to a sitting posture as the train resumed its rapid flight. Two men standing huddled with the crowd near by saw her. She was ill. She might be suffering with the dread scourge. Must others suffer? No!

With a common impulse they rushed to where Mamie Butler lay half-extended on the platform, lifted her suddenly in their arms and shot the fragile form out into the wilderness, recking little of the almost certain death their cowardly and brutal act would entail.

Fortunately another swoon followed the first wild cry as the girl felt herself lifted in the arms of those brutes. She fell limp and helpless into a friendly clump of wayside bushes. Her fall was broken so that little injury resulted. But she was left in the swampy regions, miles from any human habitation, the prey of the elements, barred from intercourse with her kind by the rigid law of the "shotgun patrol," now fully organized all over the State. Slowly her senses returned. Slowly her desperate situation dawned upon her. Out in the wilderness without food, poorly clad in the hurry of the flight from Magnolia, and reared in a home of luxury, she was little fitted for any kind of fight. Her situation was such as to appall the most determined and steeled man. What could a frail girl do?

Slowly and painfully with badly bruised ankle she took up her way on the tracks. Where should she go? Home, of course. Her father was at the lines. He would admit his child, even if to the dangers of infection and death. Death from the plague at home with her loved ones was preferable and not more certain than out in that swamp. Home she would go. Bravely for the girl had her father's rugged, forceful nature—she started to walk back to home and safety.

How that frightful journey was accomplished the half-delirious girl never knew. Three days and nights she wandered, driven away from every camp she approached by the same iron rule. Food she had none but wild berries and acacia buds. But she struggled under the blistering heat or the cooler shades of night until at last she saw the tall tower of the city hall in the distance. Gaiterless she sank in the sand and thanked heaven for her deliverance. Home was near and a loving father and sweetheart—if, indeed, he had not been stricken down by his death—were there to welcome and comfort her.

The thought of George's peril served her to greater exertion. She rose to her feet and once more bent her weary way toward home. As she reached the clump of pines which marks the outer boundary of the town a man suddenly stalked from their shade and ordered her back.

"Father," she cried, falling to her knees and then stumbling on again. "Don't you know me, father? I'm Mamie. I have come back to stay with you and George. Take me home," and the wasted

arms were stretched imploringly toward her parent.

"Mamie," gasped Butler, hoarsely, "how did you come here? I thought you were in Memphis by this time."

"I was thrown from the train because a pair of brutes feared I had the fever. I have wandered in the woods for three days and am dying for lack of food. Take me home."

"Stand back, girl," was the stern reply. "You know the law. My God, why did you come here to tempt me. No, I cannot let you in. You know the law. Get back. Go over to the camp yonder and they will take you in."

The girl yielded in vain. The inexorable law of Yellow Jack held her father powerless. With a shriek of despair she turned and ran away into the swamp to die.

Kendrick lingered unconsciously for four or five days before his physique and fine condition won the battle of life. Then he slowly regained health under the careful ministrations of Dr. Wright, a young friend who took as much time as his manifold duties would permit in winning health again for the "Yank." Then with strength restored George sought work among the ailing. He feared no contagion and was soon looked up to and loved by the people of the stricken city. Death cars were the only conveyances seen in the deserted streets as the long, terrible summer passed slowly away, cortices with the bodies of victims in plain boxes followed by the men who were to lay them in the earth the only assemblies seen. Hot, fetid air, never cooled by the breeze of the gulf, added to the horrors of the lazaretto.

One night as Kendrick, worn out with his labors, sat in what had been his office, Dr. Wright entered, tossed his hat aside and began smoking in silence. Kendrick knew from his friend's manner that something of more than passing interest had marked the day. He waited for a time and then said: "Well, Doc?"

"George," slowly replied the physician, "I have a very peculiar case. It is a young man who came in when Old Dr. Stefano reached here from New Orleans. You remember my speaking of Sister Ysabel? Well, it is she. You know how she has slaved among the poor devils in this horrible hole. You can never know the devotion of this gentle maiden to her self-sacrificial duties. Evidently a woman of culture and refinement, she was loved for those of her blacker caste. Now she is ill-sick unto death. I have tried to learn who and what she is, but without success. To-night as she fell into delirium she muttered the word 'George' a couple of times. My God, man, what is the matter with you? I have feared it, you have the fever."

"No, doctor. No fever but that of terror. Feel my pulse, take my temperature and you will see the plague has exempted me so far. But you say she muttered my name?"

"Certainly, your name. But—God in heaven, can it be possible? Quick, man, come with me."

Out into the night rushed the two men, one torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. He knew the resolute temper of his sweetheart and fearing she had seen his downfall and had returned in spite of all, he felt a fear tugging at his heart which stifled him. Yet he ran blindly after the doctor until they reached a small house where a dim light could be seen near the open window. Here Dr. Wright halted and cautioned the excited man to exercise care.

"Care! Who should be more tender than I? If it is my love I will nurse her back into life," hoarsely said the young Northerner. "Let me in. Don't you see this suspense is killing me? (God, it is she)" and he fell on his knees beside the pallet on which the form of a young woman in the gray garb of the sisters lay extended. His voice roused the sick girl from her stupor. She glanced around the room with frightened eyes and then suddenly started up.

"George," she said feebly, "you here? Oh, go away. You will take the fever and die. Don't stay. Take him away, doctor, for my sake."

"No. Here I stay. Tell me how you came here and what does this dress mean?"

"This dress?" replied Mamie. "Oh, this belonged to a young man who lost her life out in the camp. I was thrown from the train, dear, and when I came back home my father—" and here the poor, emaciated form writhed in agony.

"It was the law, George. He could not help it. But he turned me back. I saw you fall. I went to this camp, then a fearful place of contagion and terror. I slipped in during the night, when the guard did not see me, and begged for food. The nun had died during the night. I prevailed on Dr. Stefano, who had just come, to permit me to assume the garb. I thought you were dead. I did not care what became of me. They told me you never regained consciousness. I was driven from home by the plague and forced to wander an outcast by my only parent. I wore the garb out there. Then the good doctor came here. Again I succeeded in prevailing on him to take me with him. He said I had helped him out there, why should I not do so in here? Besides, it was home, and I longed for it. I came and worked until this morning. Then I fell ill. Now I'm dying. Yes, I dearest, I'm dying. No skill can save me. I have worn the infected clothing too long and was too much broken down when I put them on for any hope of life to remain. We must part now. Oh, the pain of the parting! But, when I am gone, tell my father I forgive him. Yes, it is real now. Meet me above the stars."

Fainter and fainter the struggling breath came and went. As the day dawned, another day of horror, with its merciless sun to bake and scorch the doomed populace, the gentle spirit took flight. Conscious to the last, in the arms of her despairing lover she sank to her eternal rest with a peaceful smile on her wasted features.—Chicago Chronicle.

Average of Human Life.
The average of human life, according to Prof. Warren, is about thirty-three years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years, one half before reaching 17, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to the rest of the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life, to every 100, only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 25,328,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, and sixty every minute, or every second.

INVENTION OF SCHOONERS.
Interesting History of New England Fishing Boats.

The schooner was invented at Gloucester by a builder of fishing-vessels. History records that "Captain Robinson built and rigged a ketch, as they were then called, masted and rigged it in a peculiar manner; when launched the peculiar motion she made as she glided into the water from the stocks caused one of the bystanders to exclaim: 'Oh, how she scoons!' Robinson instantly dashed a bottle of rum against her bow and exclaimed, 'A schooner let her be!' And thus the schooner originated." This event happened in 1713, and three years later mention is made of the employment of a "schooner" in the fisheries off Cape Sable, Nova Scotia.

The invention of the schooner was an important event in the New England fisheries, for its rig has been found, after nearly two centuries of trial, well adapted to fishing-vessels employed in the Western Atlantic. It has been materially improved, however, since its adoption, and the lofty, yachtlike fishing-clipper of to-day bears little resemblance to its ancient prototype, even though the rig remains the same in principle.

Immediately after the revolutionary war the adoption of the "Chebecoat boat" became quite general, especially along the north shore of Massachusetts. These diminutive craft, at first ranging from about five to ten tons, derived their specific name from Chebeco, now a part of the town of Essex, Mass., where they originated. Cat-rigged, with two masts, they were "handy" boats, and became so popular that they could be met with on almost all of the inshore grounds. In later years, when some were so large as from fifteen to twenty tons, they grew more venturesome, and their cruises extended to the offshore islands.

Indeed, tradition tells of some going as far as the West Indies during the embargo period, carrying out cargoes of fish and returning with rum, sugar or molasses. The difficulty of intercourse at that time often made these ventures profitable, and apparently less risk was taken in these diminutive vessels than in larger craft.

As early as 1820 the pinky began to supersede the Chebecoat boat. This was similar in form to the latter, being a sharp-stemmed craft, but it was larger, and carried a bowsprit and jib, thus having a full schooner rig. It was most generally in use north of Cape Cod until about 1840. Meantime, square-sterned schooners, usually with low quarter-decks (thus distinguished from the old-fashioned high-quarter-deck craft of the Marblehead type), were built, and for some years after the last-mentioned date they were generally preferred to all others. Prosperity led to continued improvement, and about the middle of the century a material change was made in the introduction of the modern clipper schooners.—Harper's.

Resources of Genius.
At a suburban church social not long ago each person was required to wear conspicuously upon his or her clothing some pictorial or other device that should represent in "trebus" form the title of any well-known book, and all the others were to guess at the book intended. A prize was to be given for the most ingenious of these devices.

"Paradise Lost," represented by a card upon which five dice had been pasted, and from which two had evidently dropped or been removed, was easily guessed. "Hard Cash" was no puzzle. Neither was it hard to recognize "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Innocents Abroad," "Vanity Fair" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in spite of their pictorial disguises.

One of the guests, however, had a poser. Attached to one of the buttons of his coat was a card bearing simply the inscription:

TON.

Every one at last gave it up, and asked for the solution.

"Why, that's easy," he said. "It means 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

"Explain."

"Boston and Washington. Last syllable of both. See?"

"That's not fair!" said the others.

"It's the last syllable of 'Charleston,' 'Wilmington,' 'Coshocton,' 'Kingston' and 'Yanckton.' We protest!"

"Well," he said, "I won't insist. Try this one."

He turned the card over. It was inscribed on the other side with these three letters:

ANS.

After a severe mental struggle, everybody gave this up, also.

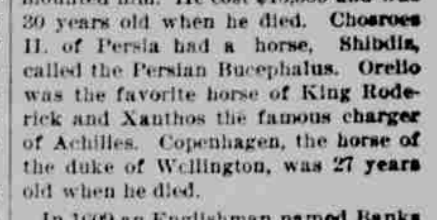
"That ought not to puzzle you," he said. "It's the 'Last of the Mohicans.' He got the prize."

Iron from Ireland.
An experiment of an enterprising kind is shortly to be made in one of the congested districts of the Irish western highlands, says the Pall Mall Gazette. In the neighborhood of Drunkerin, County Leitrim, bordering the shores of Lough Allen, a furnace is now in course of erection for smelting the native ore, and so far as the preliminary trials have gone the results have been reasonably satisfactory.

The district is rich in minerals—that is, as compared with other parts of the island. The coal strata are the uppermost of the secondary deposits in the district, and are bedded in carboniferous limestone, which has for a base a tract of the old red sandstone. The coal is the black bituminous species, and it has been estimated that 30,000,000 tons lie within the limits of the four counties of Leitrim, Roscommon, Sligo and Mayo. Beds of ironstone are numerous; limestone for smelting has been quarried here before, and charcoal is obtained from the neighboring woods.

Nearly half a century ago ironworks were in operation here, but owing to

the scarcity and unsuitability of fuel the smelting was discontinued, although the last iron made was of a high quality. To cope with this drawback and to utilize turf fuel, a peat-drying and pressing plant has been laid down. The success of the works will be productive of incalculable good to the peasantry in the vicinity, to whom regular and remunerative employment will be very welcome.



The Sandwich-Islanders believe that the souls of their deceased monarchs reside in the ravens and they entreat Europeans not to molest them.

The calf, the white cow of Siam, the hawk, the ape, the ibis, the cat, the ape, the crocodile, dogs, beetles, frogs, mice and rats have all been held in reverence in different sections of the globe.

Swine were adored in Crete, weasels at Aheba, rats and mice in Trous, porcupines in Persia, the lapwing in New Mexico, bulls in Benares, serpents in Greece and many of the African countries. The Hindus never molest snakes; they call them fat'ra, brothers, friends and other endearing names. On the coast of Guinea a hog happens to kill a snake, the king gave orders that all the swine should be destroyed.

Horses have played no inconspicuous part in history, in some instances even being deified. "Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow," cried Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth Field. Black Agnes was the favorite horse of Mary Queen of Scots. Bucephalus, the favorite charger of Alexander the Great, used to kneel when the king mounted him. He cost \$10,500 and was 30 years old when he died. Chiroos II. of Persia had a horse, Shirdis, called the Persian Bucephalus. Orello was the favorite horse of King Roderick and Xanthos the famous charger of Achilles. Copenhagen, the horse of the duke of Wellington, was 27 years old when he died.

In 1690 an Englishman named Banks had a horse which he had trained to follow him wherever he went, over fences and to the roofs of buildings. He and his horse went to the top of that immensely high structure, St. Paul's church. After many wonderful exploits at home the horse and his master went to Rome, where they performed feats equally astonishing. The result was that both Banks and his horse were burned, by order of the Pope, as enchanters.

Designs in Currency.
Secretary Gage has presented the question of the advisability of a reform in the designs of United States paper money. There are at present in current use three classes of Government paper money—silver certificates, treasury notes of 1890, and United States notes, or greenbacks. In each of these classes there are nine denominations, making twenty-seven in all, each being represented by a special design entirely dissimilar from the others.

Secretary Gage's plan is to have practically one design for the three \$1 notes, another for the twos, and so on up to \$1,000 the highest. The reading necessarily would be different on each denomination. In order that the three classes of paper money may be readily distinguished the seals and numbers in each class will be printed in distinctive colors. The numerals on each note will be made very prominent. The Secretary argued that the new designs would in a great measure prevent the raising of notes, as the design would at once identify the denomination independent of the numerals.

The Secretary had with him at the last cabinet meeting samples of the new designs, and all of the members present expressed themselves as highly pleased with the scheme. Unless something unforeseen occurs to prevent this plan it will be carried out as soon as the plates can be prepared.—Washington Post.

Procuring Tortoise Shell.
The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the tortoise; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are thirteen in number, eight of them being flat and the other five somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as twelve inches long and seven inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark-brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.—New York Evening Post.

A Monument From Bismark.
A young English woman once petitioned Bismark most pathetically for his autograph, declaring that a few lines of his handwriting would make her happy for life. So the chancellor wrote on the front of the book: "Beware, my child, of building castles in the air, for they are buildings which we erect so easily, yet they are the most difficult to demolish."

Mennonite Colony for Texas.
The Mennonites are to found a colony near Houston, Texas, purchasing an immense farm, to be colonized by all the Mennonites now scattered through the West.

When a woman is said to be "lucky," it is a sign that she neglects to do her share of the work, and nobody complains.