

THE ROMANCE OF A EPIDEMIC.

The North German liner Kaiser Wilhelm II. was three days out. Fine weather, for the depth of winter, had been experienced, and on Christmas eve the celebrations on board were very enthusiastic. The saloon was effectively decorated, and two Christmas trees had been creditably manufactured.

Surgeon Colonel Hedford had not been prominent in the amusements of the voyage, and the taciturn person who accompanied him in most of his deck rambles had been conspicuous by his absence. But on Christmas eve all recreations had been beaten up, and every available man had been requested to contribute something to the sum of the general happiness. After a dance on deck—the dancers well wrapped—had been successfully accomplished, a concert was given in the saloon. "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" was well received, but by the time it was sung Hedford and his friend thought they had done enough, and were slipping away, when the doctor met them with an invitation from the captain to adjourn to his room. Capt. Stein had only invited Hedford, but the doctor could not well avoid including his friend, more especially as he had no need of the pair so constantly together. When they came on deck they found that a sudden change had taken place in the weather. A fine snow was falling. The masts, ropes, boats and deck houses were white. The whole vessel had been metamorphosed into a speckled ship gliding with even motion over a jet-black sea. Capt. Stein had already a guest when they entered his room. This man, a Hungarian named Abdrossy, had, after a long residence in Chicago, become plain Anderson. He was a musical enthusiast and a cultivator of the emotions generally. He was therefore a contrast to Hedford himself and an exact antithesis to Hedford's friend.

"Bad weather ahead?" Anderson asked with a trace of anxiety.
 "Well, pretty bad. We'll have a rough spell for a couple of days at any rate. We are more likely to be battered down to-morrow than dancing on deck. I can tell you."
 Hedford and his friend puffed leisurely at their cigars. The doctor was equally placid.
 "By the way," the captain said to Hedford, "I did not quite catch your friend's name when you introduced him."
 "Pardon me," Hedford replied. "Mr. — then with a jerk—"Mr. Smith."
 Mr. Smith did not assist the conversation much. He was a wet blanket of the worst description. Stein vainly tried a few anecdotes, but they fell flat.
 "Come, come, Hedford," the captain said at last. "This is Christmas eve. Tell us a good story."
 "Yes, them about Henrik Ibbetsen."



What a Fiendish Joke.

said the silent Smith. "That's a proper yarn for a Christmas eve. Give 'em the shivers if they want 'em." Hedford took his head, but Smith's proposal was unanimously passed. The surgeon colonel gave way in consequence, and prepared to commence his story. His preparation was somewhat curious. He first opened the cabin door and looked out. Then he locked it on the inside and turning to his audience said seriously:

"Gentlemen, I must ask you upon your honor to keep a secret which I am about to tell you."
 They assured him that he might depend upon them, so he began in a quiet, impressive voice:
 "It might do good to publish this story far and wide. On the other hand, its publication might do incalculable injury to humanity."
 "That's a good start," the emotional man interjected, as he settled himself more comfortably in his seat.
 "It's a cholera story."

"I shall like this," the doctor grunted, crumpling a handful of tobacco into the immense bowl of his meerschaum.
 "I had seen some cholera service in India," Hedford continued, "and as when the dreadful epidemic broke out in Biedenburg I was not surprised to receive an urgent letter from an old friend, Dr. Muller, then at the head of the Biedenburg board of health. I joined him at his own request and that of the board. He had been winning golden opinions ever since the disease had broken out, and from the time of my arrival if ever a man fought an epidemic to the end with every weapon known to science that man was Muller. My own work, however, did not differ much in line with Muller's, for while he and the other doctors were doing all that men could to stamp out the epidemic my business was to inquire into the origin. You remember that one curious phase was noticed—the type was pure Asiatic cholera, but the connecting link by which it had been introduced never had been found. In some cases whole families had been exterminated without any proper record having been kept. The task before me answered Muller's idea."
 At Muller's request I made the acquaintance of the girl to whom he was engaged. She was English, a Miss Brentwich. Muller would not go near the house in which she lived, dreading the possibility of bringing the contagion. This extreme caution I set down to nervous strain from overwork; for surely Muller should have been aware that it is almost impossible to transmit cholera in such a manner. He took no risks. Indeed he only wrote to Miss Brentwich when absolutely necessary, and he had given her elaborate instructions as to disinfecting every object, great or small, that reached the house

from without. Miss Brentwich was a handsome girl, and I have no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances I should have found her society agreeable. But she was much depressed, and it was too evident that she only tolerated me on account of the news I brought from the pestilential seat of war. There was a romantic story regarding her engagement. She had, owing to her pretty face, splendid figure, perfect manner and admirable banking account—to mention her attractions in the cumulative climax to which the average man is amenable—a large circle of admirers. In the process of selection these had been eventually reduced to three, George Morrison, English; Henrik Ibbetsen, Dutch; and Wilhelm Muller, Gorman. Muller, when he found that he had only secured third

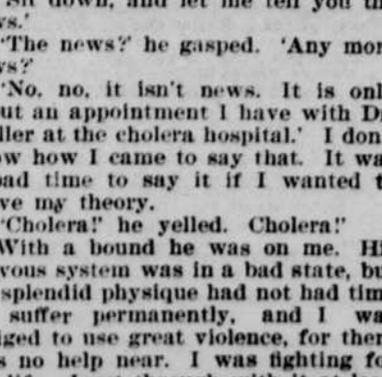


"He is down at last," she gasped, place, quietly withdrew, and devoted himself to his profession. But Ibbetsen, a well known pathologist and a rising man, did not yield so readily to a mere English gentleman. Up to this time no actual proposal had been made, but every one knew that Morrison had only to ask and he would be accepted. George Morrison was in the first batch of cholera victims. He was skillfully and chivalrously attended to the last by Muller. Ibbetsen had shut himself up in the house and saw no one. His conduct was considered strange and cowardly. Miss Brentwich knew of this, and although in great grief, accepted Muller out of gratitude. As to marriage, Muller had no time to think of that. His hands were full.

"The behavior of Ibbetsen struck me as very strange. A man like him was badly wanted in the hospitals and in the huts. He had been a fearless practitioner, and had never counted his own life when science or humanity demanded his services. And the strangest part was that the change in Ibbetsen's whole nature was exactly contemporaneous with the outbreak of the cholera. On that I formed a theory, and acted on it. I determined to interview the man, and, after much difficulty, I did so. Ibbetsen's appearance was startling. I had heard of him as a man of iron nerve and abstemious habits. I found him not only a hopeless drunkard but a drugged drunkard. It is bad enough to be in the company of a man who is merely drunk. It is much worse to be in the company of a man who is in delirium for want of stimulants after prolonged drinking. But Ibbetsen was practically in delirium tremens and deadly drunk as well. The combination is an ugly one."

"I got him to bed, and finally asleep, and, considering his condition, I felt rather proud of my prescription. I then sent a message to my hotel to say that I would not return that night. This dispatched, I rang for Ibbetsen's servant and directed him to sit in his master's bedroom and call me if any change took place. On that I lay down on a couch and fell asleep. I was awakened soon by a touch on the shoulder. It was Ibbetsen, himself, who called me, wide-awake and partly rational. He talked incessantly. My business, of course, was to get him to sleep again, but when the powerful medicine I gave him failed so soon I was puzzled how to act. Trying to occupy his mind and draw it away from exciting fancies, I said, soothingly:

"Sit down, and let me tell you the news."
 "The news?" he gasped. "Any more news?"
 "No, no, it isn't news. It is only about an appointment I have with Dr. Muller at the cholera hospital. I don't know how I came to say that. It was a bad time to say it if I wanted to prove my theory."
 "Cholera!" he yelled. Cholera!
 "With a bound he was on me. His nervous system was in a bad state, but his splendid physique had not had time to suffer permanently, and I was obliged to use great violence, for there was no help near. I was fighting for my life. I got through with it at last, and Ibbetsen lay back on the couch exhausted and crying childishly.
 "Cholera! Cholera!" he sobbed.
 "All dead, all dead! The Englisher, Morrison, was a fine man. But he was the first to go." Then, with a burst of fury, he shouted:
 "Where is the damned spy?"
 "I slipped behind a screen."
 "Hoch! Hoch!" he mandered on.
 "That was a fine dinner party. Gott in



Heid. I had gone through. The film took shape—the shape of a face.
 "It is the face of the Englisher," Ibbetsen said, in a low, steady voice. Then he drank off the brandy. Whirling his right hand suddenly round he dashed the bottle at the mirror. It struck the glass in the center and smashed it to atoms.
 "Good night, Morrison," he said, in the same low voice, and fell back on the couch.
 "The next day he was permanently insane."
 Anderson was now livid. Capt. Stein had risen from his seat and stood bolt upright, with his head shot forward—a habit of his on the bridge when steaming full speed through a fog. The doctor hardly breathed.
 Hedford continued: "Ibbetsen's laboratory was a wonderful place. I did not covet the man's position, but I envied him his laboratory. I was a long time searching for what I wanted. I found it at last. It was a thick glass jar, with a well gelatinous stopper, and labeled—but that would anticipate."
 "A few minutes with a microscope proved what I expected."
 "I left the house and went to my hotel. The gray dawn was brightening into day when I arrived. Notwithstanding the hour Miss Brentwich was waiting for me. Her face, always wan and white as I had seen it, wore a new horror.
 "He is down at last," she gasped.
 "Muller?"
 "Yes, human nature who could no longer stand the strain. You will go to him. You will save the brave fellow. I cannot bear more. I wish I was dead."
 "She said this without a tear. Her tears had all been shed.
 "Muller was not past hope when I found him. But he thought he was. I believed I could have saved his life."
 Omnes: "Which, of course, you did?"
 "Not I. I allowed him to die, as I might say, without benefit of clergy—that is, without even the alleviation of pain which science can in the last extremity provide." Wait!" said Hedford, again, sharply, for the faces of his hearers (except the imperturbable Mr. Smith) were frowning furiously.
 "In the terror of death Muller told me the secret of the epidemic."
 "Which you have told us?"
 "Not yet."
 "Great Scotland Yard!" Capt Stein interjected; "what's next?"
 "This," Ibbetsen had given a dinner party to his friends, including Muller and Morrison. The host had a special wine in his cellar which Muller knew that none of the guests drank save himself and the Englishman. Muller also knew all about the cholera bacilli farm in the laboratory. He dosed the special wine, and at the last moment left to look after a pretended urgent case."
 "What a fiendish joke!" cried the captain and his officer. Neither Smith nor Anderson spoke.
 "No," said Hedford, "that's the worst of it. It was not a joke; nor even an accident, as poor Ibbetsen thought till the thinking of it drove him mad."
 "Muller believed," Hedford went on, "that he could confine the disease to

one man, Morrison. But it happened that owing to some banter at the table all the guests had drunk the fatal wine. Ibbetsen would have done the same, only that owing to a slight indisposition he avoided stimulants that evening. Eleven of the thirteen—a number that served for many a merry jest at table—developed Asiatic cholera within two days; some of them within a few hours. Their residences were widely scattered, and so the epidemic got ahead of Muller."

A message was here delivered to the captain. He apologized hoarsely and left the cabin. The others followed. When Stein returned from the bridge he found his friends listening to the singing of an English anthem, which could be faintly heard from the saloon.
 Hedford concluded quietly:
 "Muller indirectly killed many thousands whom he vainly tried to save—but he did directly kill, and he meant to kill one man—George Morrison."
 Very softly from the saloon floated up the last line of the anthem.
 "On earth, peace! Good will among men!"—Globe Democrat.

The Relative Weight of the Human Brain.

Prof. Ranke has submitted to the German Anthropological Society the results of his investigations into the relative weights of the brain and spinal cord in man and the monkey. The elephant and the whale have heavier brains than man; the mole and certain small apes and singing birds have heavier brains in proportion to the weight of the body than man. According, however, to Prof. Ranke, the weight of the spinal cord is greater in man than in any other animal.

The State of the Case.

"Manna," inquired the small New Yorker, "is papa in politics?"
 "Yes."
 "What is he, a Republican or a Democrat?"
 "Neither, my child; he is what they call a 'Gos-tick'."
 "Why, mamma," ejaculated the kid, "that isn't politics; it's religion."—New York Sun.

A Benefactor of His Species.

"That yonder is Mr. X—, who has contributed to wipe many a tear."
 "Wipe his kind heart."
 "What for? He only deals in pocket handkerchiefs."—Le Spirito Folletto.

He Had Heard Her Say So.

That it was only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well illustrated by the following amusing incident that happened a few Sabbaths ago in a well-known church, and caused no little merriment among the teachers. The superintendent was telling the wee small folks of the custom in certain countries of chaining the prisoners' hands and feet together. "And," she asked, "don't you suppose that if some one came and released them they would be happy and grateful?"
 It was unanimously agreed that they would.
 "And," continued the superintendent, coming to her point, "Jesus was sent to the world to release people from their sins. Are any of you here bound with the chains of sin?" "No," piped the 4-year-old of the minister, "I'm not, but my grandmother is."—Louisville Post.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
 FRANK J. CHENEY,
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
 A. W. GLEASON,
 Notary Public.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Supreme Court Will.

The grave and reverend justices of the supreme court sometimes—oftener, indeed, than might be suspected—descend from the dignity that marks their official and public life, and do not scorn to indulge in little pleasantries and frivolities that ordinary mortals enjoy. The other day Mr. Justice Gray was in a reminiscent mood and began the narration of an incident with the sentence, "When I was a little boy." Mr. Justice Shiras broke in with the incredulous remark, "You don't mean to say you were ever a little boy?"—Washington Star.

I believe Pisco's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Nye's Favorite Story.

Bill Nye's pet story was the one as to how he was charged \$4 for a sandwich in a village in New Jersey. He told the man who sold it that it was a high price for a sandwich, and said that he had frequently gotten a ten-course dinner with four kinds of wine for just making a speech, and finally asked the man why he charged \$4 for a ham sandwich.
 "Well, I'll tell you," said the sandwich man, "the fact is, by gad, I need the money."—Detroit Free Press.

Some People Live Just for Meanness.

"I have half a notion to end my existence," said the dejected youth. "I have nothing on earth to live for."
 "Better wait a while," said the Cumminsville sage. "After you get a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coe's Cough Balsam

A Double Punishment.

A man was in the dock charged with theft. He pleaded "Guilty," but the jury's verdict was "Not Guilty." The judge was not at all satisfied with the result of the trial and remarked to the prisoner, "You do not leave this court without a stain upon your character, for by your own confession you are a thief, and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Pick Me Up.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

Des Moines, March 25.—Patents have been allowed, but not yet issued, as follows: To M. Macy, of Adel, Iowa, for a gauge for flouring mill rollers. The device is very simple, strong and durable and well adapted to show whether or not the rollers are trammed or parallel while in motion. Rollers are often parallel when stationary and yet out of tram when rotating, and the device for detecting such defect is very important in milling. To C. F. Murray, of Des Moines, a practical railroad man, for a block signal system that will operate automatically to protect a train in front and rear when going in either direction. It is designed to be used at stations and on dangerous curves, etc., and is positively actuated by the passing trains. Six United States patents were issued to Iowa inventors on the 17th. Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information for inventors about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

Another Penalty of Greatness.

The gifted but impetuous literary genius wrote an impassioned letter to a personal friend, asking him in the name of sweet charity to lend him \$10 to keep him from starving.
 "I may not get the \$10," he soliloquized bitterly as he sealed it, "but some day a mercenary grandchild of his will get \$100 for this letter."—Chicago Tribune.

Half Fare Excursions via the Wabash.

National Republican Convention at St. Louis.

National Educational Association at Buffalo.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Chicago.

N. W. Fass, Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Some Georgia Philosophy.

An Idle Scavenger.

Getting Ready for the Show.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

There is pleasure and profit

Castiron pennies are in circulation in Birmingham.

Such ills as

SORENESS, STIFFNESS, and the like,

ST. JACOBS OIL WIPES OUT Promptly and Effectually.

It's Pure

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

No wonder poor Dinnie's so tired, carrying all day that great big piece of

Battle Ax

PLUG

No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.

When Traveling.

Large quantities of fish are being shipped from Maine to Cuba.

Poets Break Out...

in the Springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

\$25.00 IN GOLD

Patents, Trade-Marks.

CRIPPLE CREEK

It's Pure

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals.

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