



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, Seranton, Pensacola and other coast towns they knew the flag of pestilence was hanging against the flag-staff. 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 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 with 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 fateful 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 hollow 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."

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That was all. But what a pregnant all to that people. Eighteen hours remained to leave or remain. Who should get away first? Certainly long expected gave wings to fear. Stampede, panic more terrible than that of animals walled in by fire succeeded to the silence and inaction of mere foreboding. Vehicles of all kinds rushed from the most unexpected places. Household goods hastily caught up borne along in the arms of family and servant added to the crowding of the already congested streets. Men fought and snarled like angry dogs to win a few feet farther from the infected city. Women dragging toddling babies unwillingly by the arms rushed frantically along in the vain endeavor to keep pace with the rapid strides of husband and father.

In the group of men who first stood about that bulletin board was George Kendrick, lumberman. Kendrick had faced death on many a stricken field and was a stranger to fear. He was a Yankee who had followed in the wake of the men who settled in the South after the war. Still a young man, he had brought his push and energy into the stronghold of the rebel and won fame, fortune and respect, if not genuine love. Tall, athletic and accomplished, he made his way with the tact of his shrewd, canny Scottish ancestry. He had been in Magnolia for several years, and, while he had never faced an epidemic, he had heard strange stories of the doings of the people when the yellow flag was hoisted on the city hall.

As he stood there in wonder and amazement at that fearful rush he was accosted by old Jim Butler, one of the leaders of the native element. Butler was a gaunt, sinewy "Johnnie" who had seen hot times in the war. He led his pretty daughter Mamie as he struggled with that crowd in the effort to reach the city hall for a temporary refuge. George loved Mamie with all the force of his strong, tactful nature. He was loved in return, but the fateful words had not been spoken. The old man saw the mutual love and, while he did not relish a "Yank" for a son-in-law, was too good a father to bring sorrow to his only child.

"What are you doing there?" he called to the younger man. "Yellow Jack has come. Get away, man. Off to the woods

or the North you came from. You won't last a day in this plague-ridden spot."

"Is it so bad as that?" was the careless reply. "Where do you go and why? I shall not leave until I know I must."

"Bad?" snorted Butler, in vast disgust. "You never fought a battle with Yellow Jack, I can readily see that. You see that sun up there? Well, it will blaze that way until November. No hope can come. The dreadful scourge will rule this town until all are dead or Jack Frost seizes him in his frozen grip and strangles him to innocence. This is what you stay to meet. Come away, for God's sake, and don't trifle with death. You are not acclimated 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 pinceries out of the city and away from this fearful heat. I implore you to come."

"Mebbe I might be of use here," was the Yankee'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. You all," was Butler'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



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

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. 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 Southern, dropped from the incoming train. Rifles and shotguns 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 not so 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 bench from each to west. On the docks and in the railroad yards the quails stalked. Their tense faces and stocky 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 topped 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 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. Headed for the North, the people on board glanced 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 alights. 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 swamp 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 appal the most determined and stoical 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 of 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 on 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. Gratefully 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 to his death—were there to welcome and comfort her.

The thought of George's peril nerved 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 pleaded 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 unconscious 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 carts were the only conveyances seen in the deserted streets as the long, terrible summer passed slowly away; corteges 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 breezes 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 nun 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 has slaved for the poor blacks as earnestly as for those of higher 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, she

belonged to a young nun 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, exhausted form writhed in agony.

"Yes, yes."

"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. Then I fell ill. Now I'm dying. Yes, 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 rest 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.

FEET AND CHARACTER.

What the Pedal Extremities Reveal to One Who Knows.

The person who has his character read by the palmist must now go to the first cousin of the chiropodist in order to learn whether the markings on the foot agree with the prognostications of the hand.

According to the adepts, a small instep denotes religious temperament, while, if it is high, it suggests self-consciousness. If arched, it indicates a love of luxury, while, if it is thin in addition, it not only demonstrates the desire for approbation and applause, but the possession of honor and lofty ideals. A thick, heavy instep, which the bootmaker would describe as rather high, is the mark of the individual who is capable of great exertion continued over a long time, the instep, in fact, of the worker.

The heel is another of the great diagnostic points. If it is smooth and round, and without any prominent outlines, it declares the individual to be long to that common-place order, which never achieves any distinction, and who, though pleasant enough in his other way to live with, is yet devoid of any special talent. If it is small it shows that the owner is capable of going heart and soul into any work which he undertakes.

Long toes suggest artistic capacity, just as do long fingers of a certain shape, while short toes indicate selfishness. If they are crooked as well as long, they demonstrate the possession of good common sense and no little business capacity, while toes separated by a distinct interval, in spite of the compression to which fashionable boots compel them, are indicative of emotion. If they curve downwards, they indicate an amiable turn of mind, and different portions of them denote different characteristics, as do the so-called "mountains" and "valleys" of the palm.

In addition to all these characteristics, the markings on the sole must be carefully considered, for they may modify certain other peculiarities. It is impossible, however, to lay down any laws for self-guidance in the minutiae, but the broad facts will doubt furnish a sufficient stimulus to further investigation at the hands of the wise women of the world; for the must be indeed wise who can read, in an open book, character which may be formed by the constrictions of a fashionable boot.

Whatever else may be done, however, it is safe to say that great toes which are pressed out of the straight line, which are, therefore, in hideous contrast with the beautiful feet of Titian bespeak an egotistical vanity in the possessor, and proclaim a belief in proverb, which states that "to be beautiful one must suffer." This, however, was the old-fashioned idea which hoped the vogue of Mr. Du Maurier's heroine will have done a good deal to counteract.

Average of Human Life.

The average of human life, according to Prof. Warren, is about three years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years, one-half before reaching 17, and those who at this age enjoy a felicity refused to the rest of the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 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 humans, and of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,750 every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second.

A boy who goes to a private school has great contempt for a boy who goes to "the public."