

How One Family Eluded The Yellow Jack.

A STORY OF THE FEVER.



How air ye, Bob? I leave Yeller Jack hee cotched ye share.

THE house had fought a good fight. The town is reeking with the fumes of carbolic acid, and the gutters are white with lime. For days the preparations to resist the incoming of yellow fever have been in progress. All the time it has been creeping nearer, nearer. The papers told of the quarantining of the many towns, one against the other. At first, train loads of wildly frightened people rushed by with closed doors and windows. At last the trains ceased to run. Nowhere could an asylum of refuge be found. Every door was closed, and the wretched wanderers, and every man's hand was against them. The lines were drawn tighter and tighter. The trains were discontinued. With them ceased news from the outside world.

There had been no mail for several days. Then came a paper—and it bore the news that the elusive disease had gradually been spreading and was coming closer. The strain was beginning to tell upon the people. The quarantined guards were doubled and no person was allowed to enter. In the town the inhabitants congregated upon the corners and talked fearfully. Each tried to be brave and to show his companions that he was not afraid, but each knew what the other was thinking.

The town was strangely quiet. People spoke in awed tones of voice. A few of the stores were open—the majority of them were locked. There was no place to which the fever might go. On every side were determined men guarding the roads, and they were armed with shotguns, which they would use without hesitation should one attempt to pass the lines. Every person viewed the other with suspicion. They were afraid of each other—of themselves. It was worth as much as a man's life for him to say he felt badly. He would be hustled off to the pesthouse to die like a stricken dog.

The weekly paper, in a spirit of enterprise, had undertaken to get out a daily issue during the excitement. It was a "yellow journal," for the fever was its sole topic. It got one or two short telegrams a day from more or less authentic sources, and these were industriously padded out.

One morning a telegraph boy emerged from the depot office and ran down the middle of the street toward the Gazette office. He had a message for the paper. As he passed the crowd of men congregated on the street corner he held the large envelope conspicuously. The men shuddered as they caught sight of it.

The Mayor came up and joined the crowd. He was the leading citizen and had the largest store in the place. He began to joke with them in a jovial manner, but he too had a hunted look. Each minute the scourge was coming nearer. It slipped through the corridors of determined men drawn about the town. It seemed to be in the air, invincible in its onward march. Men are brave when they have a foe they can fight, but in the presence of an unseen enemy they are cowards.

The sun shined higher and higher. The noon hour passed, yet the men did not think of dinner. They are hungry for news. At last from down the street two small boys bolted out from the Gazette office holding in their arms a dozen or so copies of "extra."

"Extra," they yelled, "all about the yellow fever. Twenty died yesterday—sixty new cases!" The men bought papers, and devoured their contents in nervous haste. It was the same old tale, of the onward march of the yellow death. There was not a rift of hope in sight. It was spreading, and was beyond human control.

"Well," said the town drunkard—he had just had a drink. "I ain't sketched fer color weather er comin' soon, er thet'll fix Mister Yeller Jack."

"Bill," remarked the Mayor, solemnly, "you're a fool. It's two months till frost, and in two months the fever'll be all over the face of the earth. And we'll be, God knows where."

The Mayor came hurriedly out of his store. He held a small sheet of yellow paper in his hand—and it trembled like the paper rattled. He was an ashy color, and his eyes had a strained look about them. He walked rapidly to the corner where the idle men congregated. They saw him coming, and a sort of nervous tremor went over them.

"Boys," he said, "it's coming! I just got this telegram from the Mayor of Carlie—you know that's only fifteen miles away. It says there are five cases there."

There was a silence for a moment or two, and then someone ejaculated slowly and solemnly: "God have mercy on us!"

The others could hardly comprehend it. They expected it, yet they could not realize that it was actually so.

"It can't get in here," said one, reflectively. "It ain't possible for it to get past the lines. Then, it can't live here—there's too much of this carbolic acid and stuff. No, fever can't live here."

"Well," remarked one more energetic, "you folks are a set of fools. I'm going to get out of here. You can stay and have it if you want to, but I'm going out in the piney woods, me'n the old woman'n the kids. Good-by, I'm gone." And he strode rapidly down the street.

The sun shone with a brassy tinge; the heat radiated from the sides of the buildings. The man hastened on to his home.

He passed an acquaintance, an old inhabitant, and the patriarch remarked dolefully:

"It's a fine weather for yeller fever. Now I remember when it was so bad in '78, we had just this yer sort of weather, on hit spread like—"

He looked around, and found himself alone. The man was going on his way, and the old inhabitant chuckled like some old fiend.

"He's skinned," he mumbled, "he's skinned plumb to death. I hain't; I hain't; I hain't. Lawd, Lawd, how skinned the folks are! If I hain't ter had it, I'd be skinned, too. Yeller Jack er a bad old boy, er mighty savageous ole cuss!" And chuckling and creaking gleefully he ambled slowly down to where the stores were, that he might play upon the fears of the men there.

The houses were all closed. It seemed as though there was a death in every one. Even the children on the galleries were too frightened to play. The town was strangely silent.

The main hurried on. In his imagination, the grisly specter of yellow fever was right behind him, with its skinny claws outstretched. Although the day was fearfully hot, a sort of nervous rigor came over him. He stopped and knocked the drops of perspiration from his brow, and his heart throbbed violently. He had heard it said that yellow fever always commenced with a chill and a pain in the head. He put his hands to his head nervously. It already pained him. He thought of his wife and children, and whether he ought to go to them or not. His eyes were bloodshot and wild. He staggered a pace and tried to think. No, there was no way for him to have become infected. He tried to calm himself, and then continued on his journey.

He entered the house. His wife was covering in one room, with the children, gray with fear, clinging to her. She had packed the trunks and in a large goods box was piled an assortment of provisions and cooking utensils. In a few moments the wagon was ready. A pile of bedding, and the trunks and provisions were placed in it. In a cloud of dust it vanished up the road leading to the pine forests that loomed up vast and dark and mysterious in the distance.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



WHAT if it is midnight? Every stroke of the clock brings nearer. Our prayers for guidance will not be heard unless we are willing to be led.

This is a cold world, and if you don't work, you'll surely freeze to death.

No right thing is impossible. The pig would rather have swill than roses.

A cat's heaven would have to be full of mice.

Marrying for money is an expensive investment.

The man who has a hobby will never lack for exercise.

The world takes off its hat to the man going up the ladder.

What the fox lacks in legs he has to make up in cunning.

A large head may be as empty as a last year's bird's nest.

Why be troubled about the trouble that may never happen?

The devil roars with laughter when professed Christians fly at each other's throats.

The only thing in the world so grand as the death of a Christian is the life of a Christian.

It was because Job devoted all his time to walking uprightly that he succeeded so well.

There are multitudes of people in our churches who, if knocked off their "spiritual standing," would not fall far enough to break any bones.

USEFUL PLANTS.

Vegetable Growths Upon Which Man Places Dependence.

From the nature of the case, it is impossible to give with exactness the number of species of plants that have been employed for various purposes; much more is it impossible to mention in a brief enumeration all the human uses of plants. Root, stem, leaf, flower, seed, even spores, have been utilized. And there are numberless plants that contain some principle or value which so far has been derived from a few.

Plants useful to man are estimated to number about fifteen thousand. Among them are five thousand roughly classed as economic and food plants. The above includes eleven hundred edible fruits and berries, and three hundred edible seeds. Fifty are reckoned among the cereals, and forty as uncultivated edible graminaceous seeds. Four hundred and twenty are classed as vegetables and herbs, and two hundred and sixty are listed among the medicinal plants.

There are thirty-seven of the onion group, and thirty-two of arrowroot. From thirty-nine plants sugar may be obtained in paying quantities. Vicious drinks are obtained from two hundred plants; aromatics from two hundred and sixty; and fifty substitutes for coffee, and one hundred and twenty for tea.

Tannin is present in countless plants, and has been mentioned in one hundred and forty-one, and catechine in one hundred and ninety-six. The pear relative of this substance, guta-percha, named from one plant, has been found in at least seven, while resin and balsam are obtained from less than three hundred and eighty-nine.

There are ten wax trees and shrubs, and three hundred and thirty which have been made to yield essential oils. From eighty-eight different plants, potash, soda, and lime have been extracted, and six hundred and fifty are of use to the dyer, and to make ink.

About three hundred have fibers that are of use in the textile arts. Forty-four or more are used in making paper. Forty-eight have been utilized in roofing preparations, and seven hundred and forty have been turned to account in miscellaneous building operations. Of all plants known, only six hundred and fifteen are known to be in any degree poisonous.

Of grasses it is estimated that there are nearly four thousand distinct species. Of these, fifteen are used for lawn purposes. For hay, there have been counted as many as forty-five; for soiling, nine; for pasture, twenty-nine. For soil binders or soil builders, mention has been made of sixteen.

NO PRISONS IN IRELAND.

In Ireland there are no prisons, and the inhabitants are so honest in their habits that such defenses to property as locks, bolts and bars are not required, nor are there any police on the island. Yet its history for 1,000 years records no more than two thefts. Of these two cases one was that of a native, who was detected after stealing several sheep, but as he had done so to supply his family, who were suffering from want of food when he had broken his arm, provisions were furnished to them and work was found for him when able to do it, and meanwhile he was placed under medical care, but the sentence passed upon him was considered sufficient punishment.

The other theft was by a German, who stole seventeen sheep. But as he was in comfortable circumstances and the sentence passed upon him was that he should sell all his property, restore the value of what he had stolen and then leave the country or be executed, and he left at once.

But, for less crime is rare in Ireland and its inhabitants are distinguished by honesty and purity of morals, there is, of course, provision for the administration of justice, which consists, first of all, in the sheriff's courts; next, by appeals to the court of three judges at Reykjavik, the capital, and, lastly, in all criminal and most civil cases, to the Supreme Court at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, of which kingdom the island forms a part. The island of Panama, one of the most important and equally fortunate in having neither prisons nor lawyers, and absolutely destitute of both paupers and criminals.—Boston Transcript.

How One Physician Vaccinates.

Dr. John B. Read, an old practitioner of fifty years' experience, and county health officer at Tuscola, Ala., has made public his formula for vaccination, which, he says, he has never known to fail. The process is simple. Take a fine needle and thread with Elixir cotton thread, and moisten about one-fourth of an inch of the thread with vaccine matter or virus; then draw the needle through the skin until that portion of the thread containing the virus is passed under the skin; then snip both ends of the thread, leaving the portion with the virus under the skin. Dr. Read says the idea originated with him in his early practice and has never been made public before.—Nashville Banner.

Whales 400 Years Old.

The Greenland whale, it is estimated, sometimes attains the age of 400 years.

It is Well Enough to Have Faith in Humanity, but it is Much More Important that Humanity Should Have Faith in You.

CAUSES NO SURPRISE.

WOLCOTT COMMISSION'S FAILURE NOT DISAPPOINTING.

Administration Is Neither Surprised Nor Sorrowing Over the Outcome—Sentiment in Favor of Any Silver Free Coinage of Silver Diminishing.

Why It Failed.

The practical failure of the bimetallic commission to induce the leading European nations to join in a conference to adopt an international ratio for the coinage of gold and silver should cause no surprise; neither should it be the occasion of regret. There is much less intelligent sentiment today in favor of any kind of free coinage of silver than there was in 1892. Two causes have conspired to produce this change of sentiment.

The first of these causes is the knowledge of the fact that, considering its uses, the output of silver is practically limitless. Science, experience and capital have revolutionized the methods of silver mining. But for the inventive mind of the production of silver would be so limited that its old value before the bonanza mines were opened could have been maintained. Science, experience and capital have made the annual production of silver bullion so

great that it cannot retain its former value. No doubt, its value by international coinage at the old value ratio of 16 to 1 would so stimulate the silver-mining industry that from plentifulness, compared with gold, it would, in spite of ratio, be a depreciated and fluctuating money. The advocates of free and unlimited coinage seem to ignore that natural result of the almost unlimited production of silver bullion. Silver, during the past decade, has ceased to be a precious metal.

The second cause is the growing certainty that there is sure to be enough gold to make it. The money basis of the world, in connection with the free use of silver as a subsidiary coin. The world's annual output of gold has doubled, and more than doubled, during the past decade. The annual output of gold this year is of greater value than the output of both metals twenty-five years ago. At the same time, the facilities of exchange have been so increased as to economize the use of gold as money. If the output of iron or any other commodity were increasing as is the output of gold at the present time it would be a drug like silver bullion and fall to a nominal price.

Another cause of the falling interest in what is commonly called bimetallicism is the growing conviction that a double standard is impracticable. The history of coinage in our own country sustains the theory of a single measure of value. When the output of silver was small, compared with what it might be to-day, the mercantile ratio of the two metals changed from time to time, in spite of coinage ratios. The intelligent consideration of the question in connection with the history of coinage in other and other countries has changed from bimetallicism to gold monometallism thousands of men. They see that the maintenance of a coinage ratio fixed by law is almost as impracticable as to establish an arbitrary price for wheat and corn upon a basis which would make one bushel of wheat the equivalent of two bushels of corn.—Indianapolis Journal.

Watching the Yankee Closely.

According to the latest advice from America, the Yankees are determined to secure their share of the world's trade in iron and steel, and for this purpose six manufacturers in Pittsburgh and the vicinity have formed a company called the Export Iron and Steel Company, the objects of which are to enter and seek trade in the British markets. The officers of the company have been opened at Pittsburgh. The capital is only \$110,000, but sufficient backing has been obtained to guarantee any amount of business as the increase of the business demands it. A London agent has been appointed, and an attempt will be made to do business in India, South America and Japan. The Americans are an enterprising body, and as a rule, if they take a thing in hand they do it well; it therefore behooves every iron and steel firm of this country to watch Mr. Yankee's movements very closely. It will, perhaps, be easier to clockmate early, before he holds anything like a strong position on the board. We know well what they can do; if not we have only to look at the tin plate trade. In this branch they, in a very short time, built up a huge industry, driving our Welsh friends practically out of their market, and have now made their first shipment towards establishing an export trade in tin plates.—Byland's "Iron Trade Circular," England.

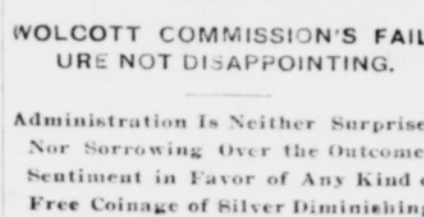
No Doubt of It.

There is no longer any doubt that the "money power" of Europe dominates this country. The "power" has been sending gold into the United States, through New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, and other ports, until we now have a circulation of \$500,000,000 in excess of that of a year ago, with a total circulation of \$1,000,000,000 larger than a year ago. This foreign "power" is evidently determined to ruin us, if possible, by dumping a lot of gold on us in exchange for our wheat, corn, meat and other products.

American Silks to the Front.

Our imports of silk manufactures last month were much below the value of similar imports in the month of September in the three previous years under the free-trade Wilson bill, showing that the Dingley protective tariff is operating to the benefit of the Ameri-

HOW THE FREE TRADE MACHINE WORKS.



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A contemporary in a very plaintive tone waits to know what South Wales will do with its plates when the American trade has gone. "We have been asking this question, or variations of it, for any number of years past, but have never yet had a practical response." It writes, "and we sorely hope for one at this late stage of the melancholy history—we might almost say suicide—of the Welsh tin plate trade." The term suicide is rather uncalled for. If the trade is ended by American action we should rather call it murder—the first blow having been administered by the McKinley tariff and the mortal stroke by the Dingley bill. The Welsh makers could not help this, and it is not their fault if the American works, brand new in all their appointments, turn out plates a little cheaper than the Welsh mills. Besides, the Americans get their tin bars cheaper. With all this it is surprising that the Welshmen can make any struggle at all. Yet they are doing so, and dispatched 21,621 tons abroad last month against 20,720 tons in the same month last year, which does not look like

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