IN THE PLAGUE.

The tifo plague crept along slowly, but surely. First it took poor old Pepe, the blind beggar, who lived all alone in his little jacal down near the Plaza Mayor. He died. Then it made its way straight up the Calle Alfonso. All the "unwashed" got it and even the better people, and finally the governor's family, in their villa close to the Presa, and after that—well, it became impossible to keep track of the spread of the disease. On Tuesday perhaps six families had the fever. The next Sunday the whole great town was stricken, and every house in the place, from the lowest little peon hut up to the great marble fronted house of the jefe politico, was in mourning.

The medicos did their best. Working day and night, with no rest, no sleep, doing the doctoring and the nursing, too, they battled to stamp out the fever. Of course many of the people could leave and did. The governor and his family fled to their hacienda home over near Dolores Hidalgo. The jefe politico also departed in haste and some of the foreigners. Many of the latter, however, had gone away to the states or the tierra fria at the approach of the warm weather and the threatening plague. A few "white men" in the bank and out at the mines had to remain in the city and did so with a good grace, thanking Providence that the wives and children were at home and out of the accursed hole.

Hastings was one of the few men who stuck to it, for two reasons—to begin with, he was not a coward, and he knew that if he left the business of the Cia Minera Unida de Londres to take care of itself the deuce would be to pay; for another thing, there was his pretty, silly, helpless wife in England. She had gone home in March, just when the weather was getting sultry and suggestive of what was to follow, with many expressions of grief at leaving Harry behind to work alone during the hot summer. But then, as she put it, they couldn't both afford to go.

Hastings never thought of her as being selfish. It was a miserable hole for a woman to live in anyway, even at the best, and she could not be blamed. So he loyally defended her in his thoughts and sent every cent of his pay to her outside of the actual gastos, or expenses. The latter did not amount to much, for mine food is simple and inexpensive. But it is clean anyway, without a superfluity of germs such as you get during plague times in Mexico, and if he could have always got mine food it might have been all right.

But the cook—old Juana—fell ill. In two days she was dead. Next the Mexican foreman died, several of the arrieros followed, a few of the miners, and a dozen or so of the barreteros, at which, in a very bad state of fright, the remaining mine men struck and departed in haste to Providencia, a little pueblo higher up, where the disease might not follow.

Left alone, Hastings shrugged his shoulders and said a naughty word. Then he cabled to London, explaining matters, and adding that he would hold on, that the plague would have to run its course, after which he hoped to get the mill going again. But they might prepare for its stoppage at least during three weeks more.

After which there was nothing to do. He could not go out to the adjacent mines for fear of carrying the infection with him. In town James of the Banco de Inglaterra and Hardy of the cable company had died during the time of his own struggle with the Cia Unida employees. So he was the only white man left.

In the town there remained only one small unclean meson operated by an indifferent Chinaman. Here Hastings had his meals, coming down town for them through the deserted, silent streets, where a few starving dogs lay in the sunshine, gazing wistfully at the white man as he passed and howling miserably for food. There were a few ragged looking burros and some meager pigs that ran wild in the middle of the streets, and old Pepe's green parrot fluttered about in the little space in front of his jacal, calling: "Pepe! Pepito! Chocolate para el loro!" But there was no Pepe to hear.

One hot, heavy day, Hastings walked down to the little meson for his dinner. He did not feel well, and his head was dizzy and burning. He knew very well that the tifo always started out that way, and so that morning he had sent off a check for a full month's pay and a statement of his life insurance policies to his wife. Then feeling somewhat better, he decided that he would stop in at the botica as he came from lunch to get something from M. Fabian, the old French apothecary. But the old man was not there, and the place was deserted. Inquiring of the Chinaman, that worthy stated that M. Fabian had "deaded" and there was no one in the shop; that the senor possibly might get some drugs in the padre's house; but, no, that was impossible, for the padre died this morning. At which Hastings shrugged his shoulders again and said, "No importa." It did not matter.

Unable to eat the hot, unwholesale food, and with his head throbbing unmercifully, he made his way back toward the Presa and the mine. Down the Calle Fernando a long row of people were coming. When he got nearer, he made out that they were the peons wrapped in carbolized sheets, carrying out the dead. They shouted at him, because it is deadly to approach a tifo corpse, and he turned into a side street which was quiet and deserted, with the "hot weather" grass and foliage almost choking it. As he went along it grew more familiar to his benumbed senses, until finally he got to a house—a small, flower thatched casita that he happened to remember very well indeed. It was deserted now, and a few birds twittered about in the "Aztec flower" bushes and lemon trees. No other sound could be heard. It looked cool in the yard and tiny patio, with its fountain long ago gone dry, and Hastings stumbled through the shrub choked entrance and sat down dizzily in the shady patio. His head was rapidly growing worse—burning, dizzy, with queer, blinding pains shooting about. His eyes were queer, too, for he could see all sorts of things.

Dolores' favorite perfume was still hanging about the patio everywhere, but Dolores was not there—she had left the city the day he was married in London. Therefore why was it that he could see her moving about in the patio before him and in the empty rooms, with the little green lorito perched on her shoulder and the sunshine lighting up her blue black hair and the red rose in it? She had always worn the deep red roses in her dark hair after the first time that he had noticed and admired the adornment in his careless way. But then in all ways she had tried to please him. Not a good woman, she had been very unselfish—and she had loved him. Perhaps, after all, if he had married her instead of coolly breaking to her after their two years together the fact of the other woman in England—the sweet, pure girl, his wife—she would have staid with him to the last, nursed him, held to him even in death. Well, it was over with—it didn't matter much anyway—the wife was provided for, and if he went under all alone in this plague cursed town—bueno!

And then, very tired and stupid, his head aching horribly, he stretched himself on the floor in the shade of the lemon tree and dozed. In uneasy sleep he passed off into unconsciousness, as is the way with the tifo. In another hour he was quietly raving. The birds flew close and chirped at him curiously. A few lizards, attracted by the warm sunshine, crawled up and basked on the edge of the patio near him. The sun, going down, blazed furiously on him and increased the fever heat, but there was no one else.

Just about sundown, as the sun's rays, cooler now, fell athwart the patio and the body of the delirious man, some one, heavily perfumed and in rustling clothes, came through the gate and the shrubbery and stood in the doorway, looking about her with a fierce, scornful expression that slowly faded away as she mused. Over there was the fountain of which they had been so proud. It was dry and grass grown now. The lemon bushes planted by them with so much tender care and pruned and lovingly tended were now great rough trees, unpruned and gnarly. Even the big rosebush that they had planted so that she could always have red roses was wild and straggling. Everything dead, gone! One slow tear trickled down her painted cheek as she looked about and thought. These little mute things—flowers and the like—will stir even a nameless woman into remorse and sorrow and even agony sometimes.

She turned to go, sighing heavily. But some impulse moved her. She wanted to go back through the patio to the room that had been hers. One look at it would not hurt, as she was going away that night. He was out of the city, so she had been told—in Providencia—with that white faced woman, his wife. Nobody would know it if she made a fool of herself and cried and wept in that room for a little space. When one has been a fool and broken one's own heart, one has to weep.

She very nearly stumbled over the form of the man as she went. He was still raving, but not violently, as he lay there, and, strange to say, in Spanish. Perhaps if it had been in his own language she would not have cared. But she listened, her heart wildly beating, as he murmured word after word, phrases in her own tongue. She listened, and soon a thought struck her—there was no mention of the other woman, his wife, the wife who had gone away and left him when trouble and plague came near. She listened—what was it he was saying, in a thickened, husky tone? "Dolores, te amas! Dolores, mi querida"— And then, over and over again, sweet Spanish words, always of Dolores. Dolores, not the white woman! Oh, thank God! Then he had not loved her after all—he had married her, but his heart had been true to the poor Mexican.

Sobbing now, with all the pent up passion of many past months, the woman leaned over and clasped the burning, delirious form in her arms, pressing her lips to the unconscious face and the unseeing eyes. She knew that it was too late to check the fever now—nothing could be done—there were no medicos, no botica, no drugs, not even water, nothing. He could only die. But she, who had loved him best, could die with him.

Months after, the plague extinct, two skeletons were found in the patio of the little cottage. One was identified as that of Harry Hastings, M. E., which was fortunate for his widow in England. Otherwise she could not have claimed the life insurance policies. But they were paid, and the little widow invested quite a large sum in pretty, black crape gowns. And she was so fair and childish and innocent and helpless in her black robes of bereavement that another man, a rich one, proposed for her and married her. She lives comfortably and at ease in a beautiful English home. So perhaps she is not to be pitied after all.

And in the Campo Santo on the hill in Guanajuato there is a grave where lie together two skeletons, those of Harry Hastings and the unknown woman who had died with him. They had been so buried to save time. The headstone, erected by the Cia Unida, says simply, "Henry Hastings, aged 31." So the erstwhile widow is not shocked by the knowledge that Dolores lies there too.—Hewitt Darrell in Argonaut.

Home For Women Nurses.

A home for women nurses has been completed and furnished by the managers of the Friends' asylum at Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia, which is to bear the name Elmhurst.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

TILE DRAINAGE.

As an Aid In Combating Weather Conditions and Securing Even Crops.

The expense of tile drainage is rather appalling to the farmer with no ready money at hand. The Prairie Farmer, however, affirms that, when land needs it, it is the safest investment a hard pushed or a full handed farmer can make. This journal says:

Realizing that we must have crops that would pay us for our labor, we commenced putting down tile. While results have not been as speedy or bountiful as some instances of which we read, still they have been paying and satisfactory. Wheat sown on land previous to tile drainage would come out from freezes looking brown and dead. The favorable days between freezes would hardly suffice to restore its healthy color—such of it as escaped killing.

With tile drained soil it is different. The warm sun of pleasant days is not exhausted as a tonic to recuperate weak plants, but gives its whole strength as warmth to plants that are strong and ready to receive all heat that the sun may give, with the result of looking green and fresh after a freeze, instead of brown and dead. A farmer that has wheat sown on land needing tile is a slave to weather conditions. He is absolutely a creature subject to untoward circumstances and in time concludes that he is unfortunate in his farming.

After trying to grow clover for years on undrained land we can fully appreciate seeing the plants in the spring with the crowns down flat on the surface, the roots being anchored deep in the soil and constantly going deeper in search of plant food that gives such strong growth to the plant above ground.

A clover plant with its crown down on the surface when the warm spring rains come, and the bright sun's rays, is in condition at once to commence growing. No time is lost in trying to get frost lifted roots planted in the soil. When land needing tile does not get it, the crops on part of the field may be good and a failure on the remainder. With the proper amount of tile, the crops can be made even all over the field.

Growing Horse Radish.

Horse radish is grown from small pieces of the root 4 to 8 inches long. For cultivation in the garden, the ground is prepared as for other crops and the pieces of roots are planted in rows from 2 to 3 feet apart and 15 to 18 inches apart in the row. Mark off the ground and make a small hole with a dibble or planting stick and set so that the upper end is slightly below the surface. Some growers double up their land by setting the horse radish alternately in rows with early cabbage, and the plan succeeds very well, inasmuch as both crops require the same irrigation. The soil should be pressed firmly about the roots, keep the ground free from weeds and cultivate as beans or cabbage. The soil should be rich and in good condition. The horse radish is dug in the fall after other crops have been taken care of. The earth is all shaken from the roots, and these are stored in houses or pits, to be marketed during the winter.—Denver Field and Farm.

A Home Butter Trade.

If one contemplate selling butter to home customers, the first thing is to learn what they require and then produce it for them, if possible. It is an unsatisfactory as well as an expensive plan to try to bring people around to our way of thinking. My plan is to give them anything they want as long as they pay for it. Before starting out with butter one should get some neat business cards printed. These will at once state the business and give confidence to the prospective purchaser.

One should never offer anything but the best for sale. If, for any reason, he has a poor churning, it should not be taken to regular customers, but rather disposed of elsewhere for what it will bring. One should aim to have the butter uniform in quality, salt, color, etc., and always be prompt in delivering it at the expected time, says a Rural New Yorker correspondent.

Strawberries For Succession.

With most growers it is advantageous to hold the season as long as possible. By selection of varieties, soil, situation and fertilizers, mulching and cultivating we can make our season cover six weeks of profitable picking.

Of the staminates, the Beder Wood is probably the most popular very early variety for the northern states, followed by the Lovett, Beverly, and end with the Parker Earle.

Of the pistillate, Warfield, Haverland, Bubach and Princeton Chief are general purpose market varieties which have a wide range of popularity.

High ground with light soil on a southern slope is the earliest. Nitrogen and spring cultivation will force maturity. Clay soil on a northern slope is the latest; mulching will retard maturity. These points are presented by a correspondent in American Gardening.

Potatoes In Colorado.

Potatoes are usually planted after plowing under alfalfa. Two crops can then be successfully produced. Some farmers raise the two crops in succession, while others raise a wheat crop between. The former is the better way, as the land is usually too rich for the wheat if only one potato crop is raised. Besides, it often happens that the raising of one potato crop does not entirely kill the alfalfa, in which case it comes up in the wheat next year and smothers it, making it difficult to harvest Usually the second crop of potatoes is the better.—Irrigation Review.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

An Eminent New York Chemist and Scientist Makes a Free Offer to Our Readers.

The distinguished New York chemist, T. A. Slocum, demonstrating his discovery of a reliable and absolute cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis) and all bronchial throat, lung and chest diseases, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away, will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his New Discoveries to any afflicted reader of the Easton GAZETTE writing for them.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertion that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heartfelt letters of gratitude," filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, uninterrupted means speedy and certain death.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving postoffice and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Sufferers should take instant advantage to his generous proposition.

Please tell the Doctor that you saw his offer in the Easton GAZETTE. 8-7-1y

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded, Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Dr. Councell's Pharmacy. 2-5-1y.

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Leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelbhia, at 6.55 p. m. daily, the "Southwestern Limited" of the Southern Railway reaches Atlanta at 3.55 p. m. the following afternoon, and arrives at New Orleans the next morning at 7.40. All meals en route are operated through without change not only to both of the above points but also to Asheville, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tampa, Birmingham and Memphis. For Pullman reservations and all information write to Jno. M. Beall, District Passenger Agent, 828 Chestnut Street, Phila.

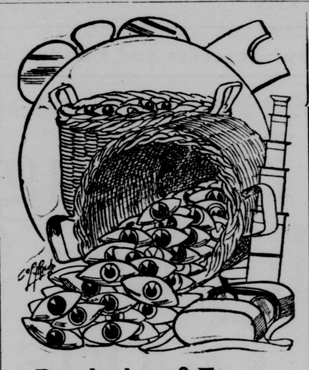
Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Where ever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. For sale by H. Roberts, Druggist.

Barber Shop.

When you want to get your hair cut in the latest style and the best shave you ever had, go to the Moreland Shaving Parlors and try the new barber just from the St. James Hotel he is up to date on shampoo and hair singeng. Hair cut and singe twenty-five cents. H. A. TOWERS. ss.

Are You Weak?

Weakness manifests itself in the loss of ambition and aching bones. The blood is watery; the tissues are wasting—the door is being opened for disease. A bottle of Browns' Iron Bitters taken in time will restore your strength, soothe your nerves, make your blood rich and red. Do you more good than an expensive special course of medicine. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.



Bushels of Eyes

would not be of any use if they were not in perfect order. Are your eyes all right?

Glasses may or may not be necessary. The young are subject to defects of vision as well as the old. The earlier it is treated the greater the chances of a permanent cure.

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Schedule in Effect March 16th, 1898.

Steamer connections between Pier 9½ Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and Railroad Division at Queenstown, Md.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	1 Leave A. M.	Leave P. M.
Baltimore	5 30	3 15
Queenstown	8 45	6 15
Bloomingdale	f 8 53	f 6 21
Wye Mills	9 02	f 6 28
Willoughby	9 11	f 6 34
Queen Anne	9 28	A 6 43
D. & C. Junction	9 21	6 45
Hillsboro	9 26	f 6 47
Downes	9 32	6 52
Tuckahoe	f 9 36	f 6 55
Denton	9 45	7 01
Hobbs	10 02	7 11
Hickman	10 12	7 19
Adamsville	10 17	f 7 23
Blanchard	10 23	f 7 27
Greenwood	B 10 33	7 34
Owens	10 44	f 7 41
Banning	10 48	f 7 44
Deputy	10 54	f 7 47
Ellendale	C 11 15	7 55
Wolfe	11 24	f 8 04
Milton	11 30	8 10
Whitesboro	f 11 38	f 8 18
Drawbridge	11 41	8 21
Burton	f 11 45	f 8 25
Lewes	11 50	8 30

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	2 Leave A. M.	4 Leave P. M.
Lewes	5 40	3 00
Burton	f 5 45	f 3 05
Drawbridge	f 5 49	3 09
Whitesboro	f 5 52	f 3 12
Milton	6 00	3 20
Wolfe	f 6 06	f 3 30
Ellendale	6 18	3 43
Deputy	f 6 24	f 3 49
Banning	f 6 28	3 53
Owens	f 6 32	3 57
Greenwood	6 40	4 10
Blanchard	f 6 46	4 18
Adamsville	f 6 50	4 23
Hickman	6 54	4 29
Hobbs	7 01	4 40
Denton	7 12	4 55
Tuckahoe	f 7 19	f 5 03
Downes	7 21	5 06
Hillsboro	f 7 25	f 5 11
Queen Anne	7 27	5 13
D. & C. Junction	7 29	5 15
Willoughby	f 7 40	5 25
Wye Mills	f 7 48	5 32
Bloomingdale	f 7 57	f 5 41
Queenstown	8 20	6 45
Baltimore Ar	10 50	9 15

CONNECTIONS.

"A" connects at Queen Anne with the Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

"B" connects at Greenwood with the Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad for Seaford, Delmar, Salisbury and points South.

"C" connects at Ellendale with the Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad for Georgetown.

"D" connects at Greedwood with the Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad.

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Western Maryland Railroad

Taking effect Oct. 3rd, 1897. Trains leave Hillen Station as follows:

*4:30 a. m.—Fast Mail, Main Line, N. & W. R. R., and the South, and ex. Sunday P. V. R. Chambersburg, Martinsburg and Winchester.

†7:22 a. m.—Ac. York B. & H. Div.; main line east of Emory Grove, also Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.

*8.11 a. m.—Main Line, Chambersburg, Frederick, Emmittsburg and N. & W. R.R. to Shenandoah.

§9:30 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Hanover.

†10:17 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York, Gettysburg, also Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.

†2:25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

§2:35 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

†3:32 p. m.—Exp. York and B. & H. Div.

§4.00 p. m.—Accomm. for Emory Grove.

*4.08 p. m.—Ex. Main Line Points, also Frederick, Emmittsburg, Shippenburg and N. & W. R. R.

†5:10 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

†6:10 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

§10.45 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

x11.25 P. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

*Daily. †Daily ex. Sunday. §Sunday only. Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 E. Balto. St. All trains stop at Union, Penna. Ave., and Fulton.

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Fair Yellow Pine Flooring, $15.00

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