

DAYS AND NIGHTS.

Higher the daily hours of anguish rise,
And mount around me as the swelling
deep.
Till past my mouth and eyes their moments
flow,
And I am drowned in sleep.

But soon the tide of night begins to ebb:
Chained on the barren shore of dawn I
lie,
Again to feel the day's slow-rising flood.
Again to live and die.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich, in Lippincott.

A NIGHT RIDE.

"Yes, boys, they've left the Reservation, and are killing and scalping ter beat thunder. I met a scout terday, over in their Big Coolies, an he posted me."

"How many are thar of 'em, Jack?"

"Wal, as near as he could tell, that was somewhere about thirty er thirty-five."

"How are they off for shooting irons? or didn't you find out?"

"I should say they was all heeled fer keeps. The scout told me that they all had Winchesters, an' a hull lot of 'em had six-shooters as well. And now boys, we've got to ride like sin ter-morrow, an' gather in all the critters, an' push 'em over into the Deep Creek country fer safety. I hardly think the reds will nangate that way. So here's fer a smoke, and then bed."

The speaker, big Jack Burns, foreman of the L. C. Horse Outfit, leisurely produced pipe and tobacco as coolly as if the murderous Apaches were a thousand miles away instead of thirty.

We were only seven men cuttung the corral, and were employes of the big L. C. Company; and well we knew what an Apache outbreak meant, for we all had suffered more or less from their cruel raids. But we had been intrusted with the horses, and we intended, if possible, to keep them out of the clutches of the redskins, to do so; for we had all received many little kindnesses from the company, and from the highest to the lowest there was mutual good-will and friendly feeling—very different from some outfitts, who treat their vaqueros with far less consideration than they do their horses or cattle.

"Jimmie did yet go down to the Cactus Ranch for the six-shooter cartridges?"

"Yes, bet I did, an' got purty close ter a thousand rounds."

"That's kind er comforting. Did yer here tell of any news down that?"

"Nothing perticular. They was a talkin' erbout that settler, over on Antelope Flat; they allowed that if trouble come with the reds, he would be in a purty tough place, specially as he is a tenderfoot. I'd hate ter see anything happen ter 'em. I passed that the other day, and his leetle gal come out, and was sorter anxious like:

"Mister, hev you a little leetle gal?"

"So I says, 'No, little sissy, I hain't.' 'Nor no leetle boys?' says she."

"Nary one," says I, and I told her that she war the fust leetle un I'd seen for many a day, an' he'd quite a little sonabab, an' then her mother come out, an' she war a very pleasant lady, she war, an' she said she allowed that the leetle un war lonesome for other leetle uns ter play with. They've got a right young baby there, too, but the leetle gal says that baby can't do nothing but sleep, an' laugh, an'—

"Hark! listen, men, listen!" and in second big Jack had pushed open the door, and was looking intently out over the moonlit prairie.

"What is it, Jack?" asked the boys, as they gathered outside.

"Did you hear shootin'?"

"No, but that's a shod hoss a-comin' like blazes."

Yes, the thud, thud, thud, of ironshod hoofs were now plainly heard, and away out a faint glimmer of dust could be discerned.

"Boys, I'm afraid that that's trouble somwhere's," continued Jack.

"Wal, judgin' from the way that hoss is a-hitting the trail, we can mighty soon tell now," said Hank Shover.

And soon the sight that greeted our eyes showed us that there was trouble somewhere—for out of the dust and glimmer sprang a powerful white mare, while on her back, securely tied to the heavy frontier saddle, was the new settler's "leetle gal."

With astonished and anxious faces, we sprang to the mare's side, and lifted the little maid out of the saddle; and big Jack carried her tenderly into the dugout, while with wondering faces the rest of us quietly followed.

"Please, Mr. Big Jack. I've brought a letter from pap."

"A letter, child. You've brought a letter twenty miles for me. What in the name o' the Great Medicine war yer dad a thinkin' erbout ter send a baby like you with it?"

"I don't know, please, Mr. Big Jack, perhaps he's hurt, 'cause his eyes were wet and mamma was crying. Then pap wrote a letter and put me on old Nan and told me to keep on the wagon trail till I got to the lone tree, and then head for the Black Canon, and he gave me a switch to beat old Nan, 'cause he said if Nan didn't run good, baby Frank would never laugh any more,—and that would be awful. So I beat her all the way, and came drefful quick"—and judging from the mare's heaving sides, the little one had ridden her for all she was worth.

"Wal, give me ther letter, leetle un, an' we'll mighty soon see what's wanted."

The letter had been securely fastened to the little one's dress, but it was soon in Jack's hands.

"Sis, don't you feel like eatin' a bite of grub, and drinkin' a cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you, sir, but I am sleepy, and very tired, and—"

"Juman, keep the child sort of amused for a minit, an' boys come"; and big Jack led the way to the far end of the room.

"Boys, here's the deuce ter pay."

In a low voice, he read the letter:

To the Boys at the Stone Corral:

Look out on the ridge, on the back of my saddle, and not over two miles away, you'll see a big band of Apaches coming. They will be here inside of three hours. My little girl is a good rider, and the mare is sure-footed and fast, so I send this by her, asking you to see the Lord guide her to you.

"My relatives live in L. Michigian, write to them in regard to my little daughter."

Hoping and prayin' you are in sufficient force to aid us. —FRANK STANION.

God knows I could not want help for myself, but think of my wife and baby."

Tears were in our eyes, as Jack finished the short and rather incoherent letter; and then,—good heavens, to think that we were only seven in all.

"O boys, if we were only a few more."

"What can we do, Jack?"

"Wal, I'm afraid if we tried ter git help from the Cactus Ranch it would be too late."

"Do the leetle gal know the trouble?"
"No."
"Wal, let's ask her if her dad has got shooting irons."
"Sis, did yer pap hev guns, and things ter home to shoot jack-rabbits with?"
"Yes, sir, he's got a shotgun, and he bought a nice rifle that shoots without loading, and please, Mr. Big Jack, can go to bed now? I'm so tired."
"Jimmie, put the leetle un in your bunk, an' you kin turn with me if we gets time ter sleep."
"But Jack, hain't we erguin' ter try an' help 'em somehow?"
"God knows I wish we could. But we have ter leave one man with the horses, an' what are six agin a crowd?"
And truly it looked hopeless,—but O, to think of the fate of that gentle mother and tender babe.

"Boys, this is maddening. We must do somethin'."

Jimmie had by this time fixed the bunk and taken of the child's shoes.
"And now, dearie, pile in, an' take a real good snooze."

"But, Mr. Jimmie, you must hear me say my prayers first."

If a shell had come crashing into the dug-out it could not have created more astonishment than the simple request of the child.

Quick-witted Jimmie had, however, pulled himself together quicker than a flash, and before the child noticed the astonished and confused looks, he had carefully spread a bearskin on the dirt floor, and gently as her own mother bade her "say her prayers."

The beautiful Lord's Prayer was repeated in the clear voice, and then came, "And please, my heavenly Father, bless my own dear papa and mamma, and little baby brother, and Mr. Big Jack, and all the boys at the Stone Corral."

Starting up and drawing the back of his hand hastily across his eyes, and endeavoring to steady his voice, big Jack said, "Jimmie, you an' Jimmie stan' an' tend ter the leetle un. We uns are erguin' to help the folks."

Crash, and the dug-out door flew open, and five determined men—yes, men in every sense of the word that night—rushed to the corral, buckling on the heavy six-shooters as they ran.

The heavy stock saddles are slapped on, and in muscular arms tug and tug at the long latigo straps, until the chinchas seem as if they would cut through hair and hide, so tight are they.

"Be sure and cinch 'em well, boys, we can't stop to tighten 'em after we get started."

"Ay, ay, kin bet on us, Jack."

"Are yer all O.K?"

"You bet."

"Then head fer the Baldy Mountain corral. We left two of the boys with her."

"Now, men, I'll show you the loopholes in the logs, and I'll go and tell the wife the little one is safe."

Hour after hour we strained our eyes, peering through the loop-holes trying to catch sight of the redskins. But they were very wary and seemed to have a wholesome dread of venturing into the fire-fit space in the front of the house.

Presently Stanton came quietly in and said: "Boys, there's somethin' going on at the back that I don't understand."

Leaving one man in the front room, we repaired with him to the room in the rear of the building.

Jack feigned his face close to a loop-hole and stared steadily out into the darkness. Suddenly he stepped back, and, pulling his six-shooter, pointed it through the loop-hole and fired.

A wild yell of rage answered the shot.

"Aha! I thought I could fetch him. I saw him crawling up, an' had a burning stick under his blanket. I guess he won't burn no shanties. Give me a claw of terbacker, somebody."

And now we saw a faint streak of dawn in the east, and soon the sun was gilding the distant Baldy Mountain, and what to us was a far more welcome sight still—was glistening on the scabbs and accoutrements of a company of Uncle Sam's boys as they came through exposed to any draughts.

North Brother Island is the dumping ground for typhus-stricken patients. It is scarcely twelve acres in extent, and with South Brother Island, a little less in size, almost fills the Sound opposite 138th street. It is not unlike a reclaimed sand bank.

In combating the typhus epidemic the Health Department has erected

a number of walled tents on North Brother Island for the treatment

both of suffering and convalescent

patients. The plan of housing pa-

tients in open structures of this

kind is comparatively modern, and

some eminent authorities claim that

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of this character than in brick or

stone buildings. In tents, the au-

thorities claim, the ventilation is

better, as the patients in them en-

joy the advantage of a constant cir-

culation of pure air without being

exposed to any draughts. Chief

with bichloride of mercury, includ-

ing inclosure of the effects in a retort,

which absolutely renders them safe

for use on a future occasion. The

latter, of course, means absolute de-

struction by burning.

This is also a recognized system in

the transmission of patients to North

Brother Island. Half of the Reception

Hospital rests on the dock, and pa-

tients have merely to be shifted out

of it into the little steamer Franklin

Edson that conveys them up the Sound. The vessel is a miniature hospital and everything is pro-

vided in it for the comfort of the

patient.

On approaching North Brother Island and a system of signals is inter-

changed between the boat and the

shore. A long and a short whistle

from the steamer announce small-

two, scarlet fever; and four,

measles. Yesterday afternoon fortu-

nately it was a long, shrill whistle,

which meant that there was a clean

bill of health on board, and none

were more thankful than the over-

worked officials.

TREATING TYPHUS.

How New York Patients Are Cared For at the North Brother Island Hospital.

When a contagious disease is contracted in New York City, the patient is immediately hustled off to the contagious disease hospital at North Brother Island.

North Brother Island is at the extreme north end of the archipelago in the East River, and is dotted with institutions for the suffering and the criminal of the city. It is cut off from the Fordham shore by only 700 yards of water, too short a distance, perhaps, for absolute safety to the inhabitants of the city. Yet the girth of water which divides it from the shore is an effective guarantee against anything but a general epidemic.

The Health Department hospital boat Franklin Edson, which has left the Reception Hospital, at the foot of East Sixteenth street, daily for the past eight weeks, invariably conveys one or two or more afflicted passengers for North Brother Island, has had on every trip to pass this string of refuges.

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Chief

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