



**R. BITTERS**  
California Vinegar  
The native herbs found  
in the Sierra Nevada  
are extracted therefrom  
and distilled in pure  
Alcohol. The question  
is, "What is the cause  
of the disease?" The  
answer is, that they remove  
the impurities from the  
blood, and give it a  
new vigor, a perfect  
nourishment of the system.  
The history of the world has  
compounded poisoning  
of the blood, and the  
result is a disease of  
every organ. It is a  
gentle purgative as  
relieving Congestion or  
Liver and Visceral Organs,  
etc.

enjoy good health, let  
it be a medicine,  
so of alcoholic stimulants.

**McDONALD & CO.**  
Agents, San Francisco, California.  
Sole and exclusive agents for  
California Vinegar.

**Druggists and Dealers.**  
can take these Bitters  
reactions, and remain long  
lived, and their bones are  
not so brittle as those of  
the aged.

**Thousands of people** have  
found a wonderful  
remedy in this  
sinking system.

**Intermittent** and  
febrile diseases, which  
are so prevalent in the  
tropics, and in the  
lowlands of the  
Mississippi, Illinois,  
Kansas, Red, Colorado,  
Brazos, Pearl, Alabama,  
Mobile, James, and many others,  
tributaries, throughout our  
country, and generally  
attending the season of  
dread, are invariably  
extinguished by the  
liver, and other abdominal  
treatment, a purgative,  
and influence upon the  
system, is essentially  
necessary for the purpose  
of removing the dark  
blood, and the bowels  
are kept in motion, and  
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functions of the digestive

**or Indigestion, Headache,**  
rheumatism, Coughs,  
Tightness of the  
stomach, Sourness of  
the stomach, Biliousness,  
Pain in the region of  
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## Poetry.

### FOR BABY'S SAKE.

The weary night has worn away  
In troubled dream, and start of pain;  
And, groping through the shadows gray,  
Morn' lights my darkened room again.  
How can I meet this bitter morn,  
Life's anguish left, its hope forlorn?  
How can I bear the thoughts that wake  
From sleep with me? For baby's sake!

The brightest of the morning beams  
Seeks out the darling lying there;  
It lights the sleep-faded cheek; & gleams  
In tangled waves of sunny hair;  
Flies from the hand that grasps in vain,  
Then kisses the soft lips again:  
No shadow of my sorrow lies  
In those forget-me-nots, his eyes.

I check the sighs that quickly come,  
Drive back the tears that haste to spring;  
I will not cloud, with look of gloom,  
The little one's awakening:  
His father's face he never shall see:  
More bright his mother's smile must be!  
My bark of joy gone down—its wake  
Must glitter still—for baby's sake.

Dear baby, arms that clasp mine own!  
The soft embrace renews my power;  
Sweet voice, I hear in every tone,  
God's message to my darkest hour.  
He knew the grief my soul must stir,  
And sent my little comforter:  
And baby's hand to help me on—  
A baby's love to lean upon!

Nor all alone, I'm sometimes sure,  
My joy in this fair child can be:  
From holier home, with love more pure,  
His father watches him with me.  
To grasp heaven's hope, by faith and prayer,  
To train his boy to meet him there—  
For this I live! For this I wake!  
Help me, dear Lord! for baby's sake!

## The Plague Ship.

BY JAMES D. McCABE, JR.

In the year of our Lord 18—, before steam  
had driven the old packet ships from the seas,  
the city of Philadelphia was the port to which  
the best and most popular vessels belonged.  
There was one line, especially, that held its  
place in the public favor long after the steamers  
commenced to make such havoc in the old  
state of affairs. The largest and fleetest of the  
vessels of this line was the "Sovereign of the  
Seas," and sure am I that a finer ship never  
spread her canvass to the breeze. Everything  
was fitted up on a scale of the utmost magni-  
ficence, and nothing was left undone that could  
in the least contribute to the comfort of the  
passengers.

The captain, Brydges, by name, was an old  
sailor. He had been born at sea, and had passed  
all but twelve years of his life on salt water.  
He loved the noble ship which he had com-  
manded, better than he did himself, and her  
loss was the hardest blow that ever fell upon  
him. How this came about, will be found in  
the following:

The year 18— is memorable for the fury with  
which that dreadful scourge, the cholera, swept  
through the busy populated cities of Europe  
and America. There are many still living, who  
remember with what terror people watched the  
progress of the pestilence through the land,  
and how they suffered almost death from their  
fears. It was a season of darkness and anguish,  
such as America had never known before. God  
grant the fearful drama may not be repeated!

It was on a bright July morning, in this ter-  
rible year, that "The Sovereign of the Seas,"  
sailed out of the Mersey for Philadelphia. She  
had thirty passengers in the cabin, and three  
hundred in the steerage. All were cheerful and  
happy, and no one dreamed of the troubles that  
were to beset their voyage. They were leaving  
a land in which the pestilence was just begin-  
ning to appear, and seeking a new world, which  
as yet the scourge had left untouched. The  
fine weather and the balmy breezes gave them  
great cause for hope, and it would have been  
strange had any one experienced a fear for the  
future.

Among the cabin passengers, was a young of-  
ficer of the American navy, Lieut. Walter Fair-  
fax. He had been stationed in the Mediterra-  
nean, but his health had failed there, and he  
was now going back to the States to recover it.  
He was a fine handsome fellow, and withal a  
genuine seaman. The captain, who was also an  
American, took a fancy to him from the first,  
and his friendship seemed to be fully returned  
by the lieutenant. He kept the captain com-  
pany in his watch, and frequently relieved him  
of his duties.

"The Sovereign of the Seas" had now been  
at sea six days. The weather had been all that  
could be desired, and the swift-sailing craft had  
made excellent time. The log showed that she  
was fully up to her usual speed, and the cap-

tain declared there was no doubt that they  
would reach Philadelphia quicker this time,  
than on any previous voyage which the ship  
had made.

On the seventh day the weather grew cooler,  
and a misty disagreeable rain began to fall  
about twilight, which continued all night, and  
the next day. On the eighth night, a heavy fog  
settled down over the ocean, completely shut-  
ting out everything. It was impossible to see  
across the deck, and the mist was close and  
stifling. Very naturally, such unpleasant weath-  
er threw a gloom over the passengers. This  
time it even affected the crew, used as they  
were to such occurrences. The mate said to  
the captain that he felt as if something dread-  
ful was about to happen, and could not shake  
off the foreboding. The skipper laughed at the  
idea, but somehow the laugh had not its usual  
hearty ring. The fog was not only unpleasant,  
it was dangerous. The ship was right in the  
track of vessels to and from Europe and Amer-  
ica, and it was not improbable that in the im-  
penetrable gloom a collision might occur. This  
made the captain anxious and uneasy, and kept  
him on deck long after his watch was ended.  
Lieut. Fairfax, whose experience made fully  
alive to the danger, bore him company.

The two were standing by the cabin door, and  
had relapsed into silence. Suddenly the young  
man raised his head, and peered anxiously into  
the mist.

"What is the matter?" asked Capt. Brydges.  
"I am confident," replied the lieutenant,  
"there is a large vessel near us. You are an old  
sailor, captain, and you must have felt that in-  
explicable mysterious consciousness which of-  
ten assures men of our profession of the pres-  
ence of a ship, even when we cannot see it."

He was interrupted by a sound like the  
creaking of cordage.

"Keep her away," cried the captain to the  
man at the wheel. "Down with your helm—  
Hard! hard! There's a vessel off the port bow."

"Ship ahoy!" came rattling across the water  
through the fog, the voice having that hoarse  
brazen sound which a trumpet imparts to it.

"What ship is that?"  
"The Sovereign of the Seas," eight days out  
from Liverpool; bound for Philadelphia,"  
hailed the captain, promptly, in reply. "What  
ship is that?"

"Tell them in America to watch for me. I am  
on my way," said the strange voice, in a tone  
that made the skipper shudder, in spite of him-  
self.

"What ship is that?" Captain Brydges thun-  
dered, vexed that this question had not been  
answered.

"You will know soon enough. Ha, ha!"  
The laughter seemed to ring through the ship  
with an infernal echo. The captain shook off  
the feeling of dread which had crept over him  
at first. At that time the high-seas were not  
entirely free from the presence of rovers, and  
he thought he had now encountered one of  
these craft. He turned to Lieut. Fairfax, and  
said:

"I think I had better assemble the crew.  
That rascal may attempt foul play with us,  
and—"

He paused abruptly. The light from the  
cabin was shining full in the face of his com-  
panion, who had sunk back against the wood-  
work for support. The young man's face was  
as livid as that of a corpse, and he was tremb-  
ling with an agony.

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed Captain  
Brydges. "What is the matter? You must be  
ill."

"I am not well," replied the lieutenant, feebly.  
"I have had a sudden and terrible shock.  
Let the crew alone, captain. You will not be  
troubled by this stranger again. I know what  
I say, and to-morrow I will explain it to you.  
To-night I cannot."

With these words the young man passed into  
the cabin, and hurried into his stateroom, leav-  
ing the commander of the ship overwhelmed  
with astonishment. The captain passed a sleep-  
less night, and paced the deck restlessly until  
break day.

By the morning the fog had cleared away,  
and the weather had grown as warm as when  
the voyage began. All hands, passengers and  
crew, were delighted with the change.

At breakfast the seat of Lieut. Fairfax was  
vacant, and upon sending to his stateroom to  
know the cause, answer was returned that he  
was very sick. Towards midday Capt. Brydges  
received a message from him to come to him  
at once. Upon entering the stateroom, the  
skipper found the ship's surgeon sitting by the  
berth, looking very grave and sad. He was as-  
tonished and shocked at the change in the  
young lieutenant's face. He seemed a com-  
plete wreck of what he had been the day be-  
fore.

"I had no idea you were so sick," said the  
skipper, "or I would have been here before."

"I am a doomed man, captain," said the lieut-  
enant, faintly. "I am almost gone."

"O no; not so bad as that!" commenced the  
captain; but the sick man interrupted him.  
"Captain Brydges," he said, in a low starting  
voice, "I shall be a dead man by sunset. I have  
the Asiatic Cholera in its worst form."

The skipper started back in affright.  
"My God!" he exclaimed.

"It is true," said Lieutenant Fairfax, speak-  
ing with great difficulty. "I had no cause to  
fear it when I came on board. God grant that  
mine may be the only case. As soon as I am  
dead, captain, sew me up in a blanket, and  
drop me overboard at once." He paused a mo-  
ment, as if to gather strength, for he was very  
much exhausted, and then went on. "I prom-  
ised last night to explain my strange words  
about the vessel we spoke. Who the person  
was that hailed you, or what is the character of  
the vessel he commands I do not know. I only  
know that your being spoken by him bodes you  
no good. Two years ago, the frigate to which I  
was attached was spoken in a similar manner  
in the Straits of Gibraltar, and during the next  
week we lost one hundred men from cholera.  
I fear this is an evil omen, and that I am but  
the first of a long list of victims."

He sank back exhausted, and the captain  
turned to the surgeon in a state of bewilder-  
ment, and asked if the lieutenant was not wan-  
dering in his mind; but the surgeon answered  
that the mind of his patient was perfectly clear,  
and that there was no doubt that he would die  
before sunset. It was the most rapid case of  
cholera he had ever known. He advised his  
commander to keep the circumstance secret.

No other case might occur, and the knowledge  
of this one would be sure to produce a panic  
among the passengers and crew, that might  
lead to serious results.

Lieut. Fairfax died that afternoon. The  
surgeon told the passengers he had died of  
heart-disease, and accounted for his sudden  
burial by stating that he had requested it.

With these explanations, the passengers  
were compelled to content themselves, but they  
were far from being satisfied. The studied  
reticence of the captain and surgeon,  
the only persons yet in the secret,  
convinced them that there was something  
connected with the death which the officers  
of the ship were anxious to conceal; and  
besides this, they had heard from the sailors  
the story of the mysterious ship that  
had hailed them on the previous night.  
These things made them dissatisfied, and  
before the next morning, the tenth day out,  
effectually put an end to the careless en-  
joyment they had hitherto experienced.

The next morning the surgeon sought  
the captain with an anxious troubled face.  
There were two cases of cholera in the steer-  
age, he said. "I have had them removed  
to the hospital. I am afraid they are very  
bad cases, sir, and that the prediction of  
poor Fairfax will be realized. God help us,  
if it shall be!"

"We must keep cool, and do our best,  
doctor," said the captain, gravely. "We  
must weather the danger, after all, if we go  
about it right."

Captain Brydges was a brave man, and  
better still, he was a God-fearing man. In  
times of danger he was as cool as on the  
pleasantest summer day, and under any  
and all circumstances, he strove to do his  
duty. He had little hope now that his ves-  
sel would escape the fury of the scourge  
which had broken so mysteriously in it,  
but he meant to do his duty to the very  
last.

During the day the surgeon reported six  
new cases, and towards night three of the  
patients died. Under the cover of dark-  
ness, three bodies were thrown overboard.

The next day six more cases were re-  
ported by the surgeon, who told the captain  
they were of the most alarming type. It  
was impossible to keep the matter secret  
any longer. It became known to the pas-  
sengers that the cholera was in their midst,  
and there at once ensued a panic which baffles  
all description. Captain Brydges al-  
most went himself out, trying to induce  
them to be calm. They seemed utterly in-  
capable of listening to reason. It was hor-  
rible to think they were shut up in the  
narrow space of a ship, and seventeen days  
from Philadelphia. In vain the captain  
warned them that their flight would ex-  
pose them more fully to the disease. They  
seemed to have entirely lost their self-con-  
trol, and to be incapable of regaining it.

Six weary terrible days passed away.  
The ship had now been out seventeen days.  
Eleven men must have chafed before port  
would be reached. In those six days the  
pestilence had raged fearfully. One hun-  
dred passengers, including six of those in  
the cabin, and three of the crew, had been  
seized with it, and fresh victims were be-  
ing added every day. The deaths reached  
the frightful number of twelve a day, so  
that in this time seventy-two persons had  
died. There seemed no sign of the sickness

abating, and on the twentieth day of the  
voyage the ship's surgeon died. Captain  
Brydges could not repress the wish that he  
might be taken, too, for the fearful trial  
had almost turned his brain.

After the surgeon's death the disease in-  
creased with great rapidity, and the deaths  
became more numerous. The captain no-  
ticed that the fright of the passengers had  
given place to a recklessness that frighten-  
ed him. Several times he saw one of the  
cabin passengers in close conversation with  
some of the crew and steerage passengers.

Their manner and looks excited his surprise.  
He called one of the men to him, and asked  
what they were talking about. The man  
evaded an answer to the question, and upon  
repetition, refused to reply to it. Another  
passenger was interrogated with the same result.  
The captain now became alarmed. He felt  
sure that the terror of the passengers and  
crew had driven them to some desperate  
course. What it might be he hardly dared  
to think. Land was only eight days  
distant; but alas! if matters continued un-  
changed, they might never reach it. Out  
of three hundred and thirty passengers that  
sailed from Liverpool, there were scarcely  
two hundred remaining, and six of the  
crew had died. Now that the surgeon had  
been taken, there was no one on board cap-  
able of treating the disease and nothing  
could be done to check it. No wonder the  
stout-hearted sailor's hair turned gray; no  
wonder the bitter tears coursed down his  
bronzed cheeks. He had never known  
such sorrow as this. To see hundreds of fel-  
low-creatures committed to his care perish-  
ing, without his having the power to aid  
them.

There was little ceremony shown to the  
dead. As fast as they were found to be  
lifeless, they were thrown into the sea. It  
was not a time to think of the dead. Hu-  
manity required that the only care should  
be for the living, and it was necessary to  
remove the corpses at once, so that if it  
were possible the number might not be in-  
creased.

On the twenty-third day of the voyage  
matters came to a crisis. Captain Brydges  
was standing by the wheel, gazing sadly  
into the water, when some one touched  
him on the shoulder. Looking up he saw  
that it was one of the passengers.

"Well, Mr. Lane," he said gravely, "have  
you any more bad news to report?"

"I have come to say that we have de-  
cided to abandon the ship, captain," said the  
other, firmly.

"Whom do you mean?" asked the skip-  
per, slowly and sternly.

"The passengers and crew. All who are  
able to go in the boats," was the reply.

"You forget, sir, that I command this  
ship, and that I will tolerate no interference."

The captain's voice was stern, for he  
could not bear that any one should rob him  
of any of his authority on board "The So-  
vereign of the Seas."

"I do not forget it," said the other; and  
his tone was that of a man who is resolved  
to make good his words. "We would have  
proposed it to you at first, but we knew  
you would not consent. You must look at  
the matter plainly, captain. Nearly one-  
half of our number have fallen victims to  
the cholera, and if we remain in this ship  
we may all die."

"But land is only four or five days dis-  
tant," said the captain, pleadingly. "I  
pledge you my honor I'll land you all as  
soon as we make Cape May."

"Five days may destroy us," replied the  
passenger. "We must take our fate into  
our own hands. Men in our position must  
look out for life before anything else. We  
have decided to leave the vessel, and make  
for the land in the boats. We shall be in  
no more danger than we are now. Will  
you go with us?"

"Mr. Lane," said the captain, "the own-  
ers of this vessel gave her to me to take  
into port; please God I shall yet do so, and  
I warn you that if any of my crew try  
to leave me, I shall shoot them."

"I feared as much," his companion said.  
"Do your duty, men."

In a twinkling the captain was seized by  
six stout men, and, almost before he recov-  
ered from his surprise, he was bound se-  
curely.

The work of abandoning the vessel began.  
The boats were made ready, and they were  
more than sufficient for the accommodation  
of those who could leave in them. Provi-  
sions and everything necessary were plac-  
ed in them. Thirty persons were too ill  
to be moved, and they were left to their  
fate. Their companions reasoned not un-  
fairly that they must die, and that their ob-  
ject in deserting the ship would be greatly  
enlarged, if they took with them any  
who were at all affected by the disease.  
Captain Brydges, when he found that his  
threats and appeals were in vain, com-  
manded them to leave him with his ship, declar-  
ing that he would share the fate of "The So-  
vereign of the Seas," whatever it might be.

But this command was equally unheeded,  
and he was placed in one of the boats, with-  
out being allowed, and lowered with it  
over the side.

In consequence of the refusal of the cap-  
tain to sanction the proceeding, the com-  
mand of the party had been entrusted to  
the first mate, he being the one best fitted  
to direct the movements of the little flotilla.

At last everything was in readiness.  
The boats were filled, and were moving off  
from the ship, when loud cries were heard  
on the vessel, and the poor wretches who  
were left to perish, came rushing on deck,  
supplied by their despair with artificial  
strength. They had discovered the inten-  
tions of their companions at the last mo-  
ment, and had come to beg them not to de-  
sert them. Some sank down on the deck,  
exhausted, while others, supported them-  
selves by the bulwarks, uttered the most pite-  
ous cries. The men in the boats sobbed  
like children, and the women answered the  
cries of the doomed ones with heart-rend-  
ing shrieks. Poor Captain Brydges lay  
where they had placed him, groaning with  
anguish. His whole soul revolted at leav-  
ing the people on the ship, and his heart  
was wrung with bitter grief to desert the  
beautiful vessel of which he was so proud.  
There was a plunge into the water, then  
another, and another. The most desperate  
of the victims were trying to swim to the  
boats. But their strength was not equal  
to the task, and they sank one after another  
into the deep waters.

Such dreadful and unlooked-for scenes  
seemed to have rendered everyone incap-  
able of motion. They were roused by the  
mate.