

GUARDING NEW YORK FROM YELLOW JACK.

Arrival in the Harbor of a Plague-Ridden Ship, and What the Health Officers Are Doing to Protect the City Against an Epidemic.

HERE came to the gates of the city last week a ship that was a greater menace than if it had been the flagship of a fleet with instructions to bombard the metropolis of the New World. The vessel was the steamship Advance, she was plague ridden, and but for the heroism of the Health Officer of this port she would have brought to the city a visitation of death that would have swept from the Battery to Harlem and out beyond through the State.

Yet here in the Advance came an attack that but for the skilful defence interposed would have meant the death of thousands; yes, hundreds of thousands, where the attack of a hostile war ship would have meant the death of ten. As she lay at anchor, riding idly at anchor, swinging with the tide, her sides lapped by the smooth waters of the upper bay, the Advance was a greater terror than if her port holes had been bristling with guns, trained

signs. No haze could shroud or soften them, no sunlight could make them appear less grewsome, not even the tender sunlight that comes right after daybreak. And now as she swings in, throwing her stern into view, there are the "signs" that remove all doubt, the "sign" that even a landsman may read, the "sign" that brings terror to the heart of every sailorman. The yellow flag flies at the masthead. It is the flag of the plague. Instantly there is bustle and activity at

"What's aboard," sharply demands Dr. Doty. "Yellow fever," comes the curt response. "Any dead?" "One." "Any sick?" "None a-bed." These seafaring people waste no words. Nor do the Quarantine people. As calmly as though he was going aboard for a pleasure cruise, Dr. Doty mounts up the side of the plague ship. He is followed by his assistants. On deck the captain and his ship's doctor admit them. They learn the story of the plague from them. Korn, the man who had died, boarded the ship at Colon, apparently in good health. On the first day out he became ill. The next day he died. There was but one possible diagnosis of his disease—yellow fever. Several other passengers were taken ill shortly after Korn's body was committed to the sea. "We shall have to take charge of the ship," said Dr. Doty, after he had listened

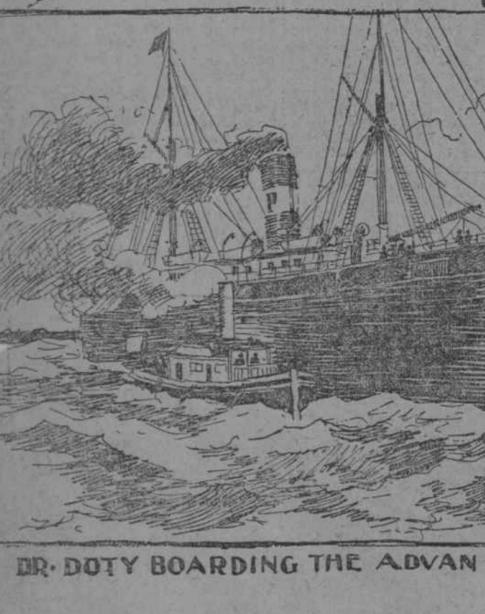
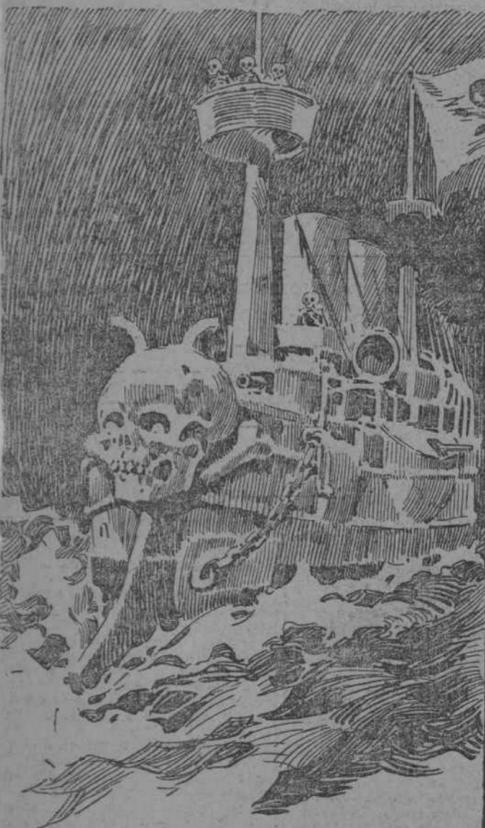
infection and examination, go ashore." More signals went up, and in a short time a tender came alongside to carry the unfortunate second cabin passengers off to their prison, to their death it might be. It was a sad procession that filed down the side into the waiting tender. Their position was serious. Death, for aught they knew, might be in their veins at that very moment. To-morrow might find them dead. And for one at least of that company death was certainly waiting. He went down the ship's side to die. On Tuesday his body was reduced to ashes in the public crematory on Swinburne. Poor Wernersen. He had escaped death by drowning, only to find it in a worse form in the pest house. Wernersen had been on board the British ship Buckhurst, which took fire at sea while on a voyage from Newcastle, N. S. W., for Panama. She burned to the water's edge. The people on board of her, seventeen in all, took to the boats and finally made Colon. Here Wernersen took

Secrets of the Toilette Of a Fashionable Horse.

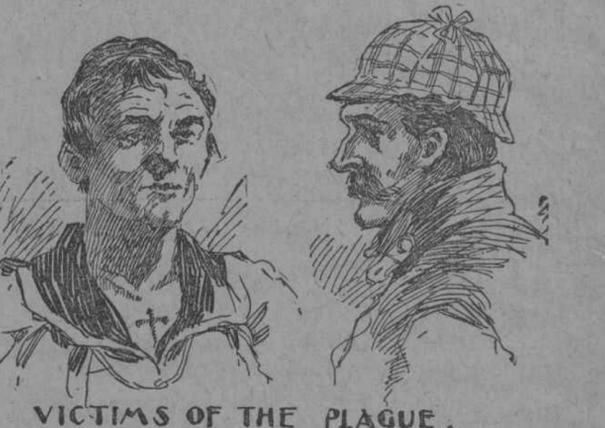
The Astonishing and Very Practical Operations of Equine Surgeons in New York.

"Art has done as much for the fine appearance of that horse as for the fair but middle-aged woman who is holding the reins over it," remarked one of the famous veterinarians of New York City as a stylish phaeton drawn by a high-stepping and fretting roadster whirled up the east drive of Central Park one sunny afternoon last week. The outfit was, in fact, rich and striding. A faultlessly gowned woman drove with a master's hand an animal that invited a second glance so aptly was his manner and distinguished his appearance. There was about the fair driver, with her perfect equipment, a suggestion to the critical eye of the scientific mystic of

of \$900 none too much. One night, in his stall, the horse managed to run a silver into one of his ears. The groom undertook to treat the injury. He extracted the silver, applied a poultice or something, but when he was through the ear, which had really been broken, hung down, or lopped, like that of a hound, thus destroying the usefulness of the animal as a show or park horse. He was too valuable an animal in all other respects to be turned over to a livery stable drudgery or delivery wagon service, and I was consulted. "I took the animal to my hospital, in Forty-fourth street, and amputated the broken ear just below the line where it was broken. Then an artificial ear was made



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the toilet which would yet defy specification. "You don't mean that the horse is 'made up'?" remarked the veterinarian's companion. "I will not say that of this particular horse, but as I sit here and watch the equine promenade I can point out horses on which most every possible physical blemish has been rectified by art, and here comes a good case in point, not an infrequent thing, a horse with a false ear. In fact, false ears are frequently met with. Such things as blondined manes, tails and manes that are reinforced by artfully braided switches; dyed hides and painted out blemishes have long been stable secrets. "The absolutely perfect horse, the horse without a blemish, was never born. The coal black steed is sure to have some patch of gray, or brown, or bay. The milk-white charger is likely to be marked with specks or blotches of color. These conditions are easily met. In London, for instance, there is a demand for a class of especially large horses, that must be as black as night. They are used to draw hearse. The nearer perfection they are the higher the price, but the experienced groom, with his pot of boneblack and oil, can obliterate for the time being the disfiguring white markings that by strange perversity of nature mar the black horse, and make him an ideal funeral horse. "But about the artificial ear?" "Precisely. Not at all uncommon. There are perhaps twenty such cases in the Park at this moment. I will give you the history of the horse that I indicated a moment ago. You observed what a fine, high stepping hackney he was. He was a Horse Show winner in his class two years ago, and the lady who bought him thought the price

of stiff leather, covered neatly with horse hair that matched exactly. This ear is ingeniously attached to the horse's bridle in such a manner that when it is adjusted the false ear fits over the stump of the old ear in a most natural manner, and the substitution cannot be detected except upon minute inspection. "There are many ways in which a horse's ears may be broken. If the trouble is the same as in this case, the disfiguring member is cut away and the artificial ear applied. "The groom of to-day has many duties to perform that recall those of the valet and the lady's maid. The false tails, and reinforced manes must be applied with a great deal of art. Now recall the horse that provoked my first remark about makeup. There never was born a horse with that soft tan color. That result is achieved by keeping the animal's hair closely clipped, and then it is washed from head to foot with what is nothing more nor less than a dye. Did you notice the silvery-hued mane, tail and forelock that contrasted so beautifully with the soft tint of the hide? Well, that result was achieved by the use of per oxide of hydrogen, in exactly the same manner as Tottle Filthright gets her ash blond locks. "The care of horses' teeth is a part of the groom's duty nowadays. They are scrubbed and 'picked' daily, and once a month are carefully examined by the veterinarian, who is now a dentist. Hollow teeth are filled, in order to save them, as in the case of the human molar. "There is the possibility of some one appearing in the Park some day with a horse with filled teeth, glass eyes, artificial ears, dyed hair, blondened mane and tail, the better part of the latter being false, but attached in a manner to deceive."

Eruption of Vesuvius Fulfills an Ancient Prophecy of St. Januarius.

Ancient Naples, the most picturesque of cities, of which a poet once wrote, "See Naples, and die," is in the throes of fear, for an ancient prophecy has come to pass, and Vesuvius is belching forth fire and brimstone and endangering the town. The prophecy in question relates to the elotted blood of St. Januarius, or San Gennaro, preserved in a phial in the chapel bearing the saint's name (a part of the great cathedral built in 1272). Legend has it that whenever the blood of the saint shall fall to liquefy on May 1 or on September 19 then will disaster overtake Naples. Since the fourth century after Christ the miracle has happened twice a year, but on May 1 of this year the blood remained thick and coagulated, and terror was aroused in the hearts of the believers. Scarcely had the news been spread when Vesuvius began to grumble and roar in anger, and the worst eruption since the memorable and disastrous one of 1872 began. Consternation reigned in Naples, not so much because of the eruption, but because of the portent of the failure of the miracle. Prayers were said in all the churches, and Naples is prepared for the worst that may befall it. There are a dozen or more saints named Januarius, but the patron saint of Naples is the only one who played a great role in the history of early Christianity in the kingdom of Naples. Januarius was the first bishop of Benevento in the third century after Christ. On the outbreak of the anti-Christian persecutions under Diocletian and Maximian he was taken to Nola and imprisoned before Timotheus, Governor of Campania. This gentle official ordered that the bishop be cast into a furnace. Januarius went through the fiery ordeal unscathed. Then Timotheus had him fed to wild beasts, but the animals refused to touch him. Then Timotheus pronounced sentence of

death by the sword upon Januarius and was at once stricken blind. The future saint thereupon restored his sight, and, it is said, converted 3,000 who saw the miracle. In gratitude for this Timotheus had Januarius put to death with a spear. The body of the saint was interred in a crypt in Naples, and his blood preserved in a phial. It is said that whenever the blood was brought near the body it would bubble, and that on the two dates mentioned it would liquefy. It is a strange coincidence that Vesuvius should depart from its good behavior of the last twenty-five years, just at a moment when Naples expected some terrible happening. And yet, it is only the expected and the predicted which has happened—expected because Vesuvius is a live crater—predicted by the master of Vesuvius, Luigi Palmieri, some two years ago. Palmieri was one of the most remarkable characters of the century, and no history of the crater would be complete without a lengthy reference to Palmieri, its master and watcher. He lived at the very edge of the crater. From 1855 to the time of his death last September, forty-one years of constant danger and watchfulness. He was born in Facchio in 1807, and in 1855 erected an observatory on Vesuvius, to observe the action of the crater for the University of Naples and to warn the people of impending danger. So expert did he become and so accustomed to the vagaries of the volcano, that he could predict coming eruptions or earthquakes for weeks in advance. With his electro-magnetic seismograph and his electrical electrometer, both invented by himself, he was able to detect vibrations in the volcano's crust that were imperceptible to even the most sensitive nerves. With these sensitive aids he managed time and again to save human lives and property from threatening danger. During the great eruption of 1872 he remained at his post although the temperature in his observatory rose to 130 degrees and though lava dowed all around, though red hot clinders and ashes filled the air. Sixty lives were lost on that occasion, but Palmieri stuck to his duty, although half a million other human beings were panic-stricken and fled before the awful violence of Vesuvius. A few months after this eruption he descended into the smoking crater, where he made measurements showing that the capacity of the volcano was twenty million cubic yards and that during the eruption just passed, an equal amount of molten rock and lava has been thrown up.

who is in charge of the Quarantine station. Few people know how narrow was their escape. The Advance carried several cases of the worst form of yellow fever. William H. Korn, of Denver, Col., a second cabin passenger of the vessel, died of the disease when the ship was but two days out from her selling port, Colon. He was buried at sea. Otto Wernersen, another passenger, died in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty of the same dreaded disease. With forty other second cabin passengers Wernersen was removed from the Advance to Hoffman Island for observation after the vessel reached this port. It was determined that he had yellow fever in its most virulent shape. He was transferred afterward to the hospital for infectious diseases on Swinburne Island, where he passed away on last Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The other forty-eight passengers were held at Hoffman Island and remained there until all danger of infection was passed. The work of defence against the grave danger which swept down on the city was carried out as quietly, so methodically, with such utter absence of fuss and ostentation, that go one except the people immediately concerned knew the peril that had been fought off and the method of fighting.

with deadly aim upon the city. Had she been a war ship, and had all her guns kept up a steady fire, there would have been a steady crumbling of buildings here and there in the city and some of the exploding shells would no doubt have caused death. But compared to the power of destruction that lay in her silent hold, the Advance as a war ship would have been a thing of insignificance. The invaders she brought in the shape of millions of deadly germs were far more terrible than any cargo of uniformed soldiers she might have landed on our shores. Therefore the story of the defence against this invader is full of dramatic interest. She came quietly into port, this plague ship. It was early dawn when the smoke of her funnels was first seen by the Quarantine observers. Her engines had been slowed down, and as if aware of the dreadful thing that lay under her decks, and frightened by it, the vessel crept to her anchorage with a ghostly quietness that was full of awe. There was no noisy rattling of chains as her anchor went down. There was no glad shouting or the merry cries of sailors. The pall of the plague was on her, blotting out all signs of life and happiness. They are shrewd observers at Quarantine, and long before she came to anchor they knew that there was trouble on board the Advance. How? They simply knew. They couldn't tell you how they knew. Enough, she had the "signs." The "signs" never fail. As she floated into the channel at the Narrows the sun was just coming up over the Staten Island hills. The glow of the first strong rays tipped her spars and smokestack with a rich golden color. The haze that rises with the daylight over the water made a soft, beautiful veil, that with any other ship except this one with the plague would lend a romantic halo. But the "signs" were there, the anxious

the Quarantine station. The yellow flag has been seen at Dr. Doty's office on the hill overlooking the Narrows. Signals have been flashed by the observers. The Quarantine tug is made ready. The engineer and the firemen are in their places, the pilot is at the wheel. The disinfecting corps is hustling its outfit aboard. All hands understand that the plague is in port. They realize that the health, the life, of the great city, with its teeming millions, that lies beyond them, up the bay, depends on them. The people who are sleeping there must be protected from the invader that has come under the yellow flag. A skull and crossbones are flying at the masthead down in the Narrows if we could but see them. Dr. Doty and his aide come down the hill on a run. They have hardly stopped to dress. The yellow flag means life or death to thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, and every minute may be worth a human existence. "Cast off." The Doctor and his staff have scrambled aboard the tug, and, in obedience to the captain's order, the lines are cast off. As the little vessel shores her nose into the water, the yellow flag is run up on her, too. This is the signal for all hands to keep off. There is serious work ahead. The plague ship has sent down her anchor in the meantime. So slowly had she come to the anchorage that her stoppage was scarcely noticeable. The Quarantine tug sends out a signal, and the steam whistle of the Advance responds hoarsely. The ban of the plague seems to be even on the whistle. There is something uncanny in its sound. With a swish, and a scurrying the Quarantine tug comes alongside the Advance. A row of gloomy faces peer over the plague ship's side. The ban of the plague rests

to the recital. Then the disinfecting corps began work. From the pilot house to the stokeholes they travelled over every inch of the ship. Soon volumes of dense sulphur smoke belched out of the windows and portholes. Floors, bunks and ceilings were thoroughly washed with hot soda water and bi-chloride of mercury. Every piece of baggage was hauled out and disinfected. The unfortunate passengers stood about in despondent groups watching the proceedings for the defence of the harbor. They were listless, almost apathetic, as people will be who have been face to face with death for days. Even the prospect of dying of the plague grows monotonous and commonplace after a time. The Health Officer was here, there and everywhere, making sure that no point should be passed over. When he had his forces well at work he turned his attention to the passengers and crew. Every man, woman and child was carefully examined. Their temperature was taken; the pulse of each was felt, their tongues inspected, their eyes peered into and their skin carefully gone over. All this without a word, except here and there such questions as: "Have you ever had the yellow fever?" "How long were you ashore at Colon?" "How has your general health been?" Nothing else but this for six or eight long weary hours. Then came the word that every man under such circumstances fears almost as much as death: "Quarantine."

"We will have to take all the second cabin passengers," Dr. Doty declared. "They were exposed directly to the disease through Korn. Please make ready to go into quarantine on Hoffman Island. The first cabin passengers not having been directly exposed may, after thorough dis-

passage in the second cabin of the Advance for New York. When he left the Advance to enter quarantine the poor fellow had apparently no worse chance than any of the other unfortunates for his life. His companions at Hoffman Island were: C. F. Anson, L. A. Humada, E. Rasozzo and brother, E. Roundland, W. Smith, William Western, C. Hesskind, Miss Rose Herrold, A. Jonsson, Miss Dikimid, W. Korn, O. M. Lehmann, O. Lardingia, J. A. Loudgast and wife, P. Duncan, H. O. Davis, H. Bergmann, Carlos Bernaton, Mrs. S. Clarke, R. Chennell, J. Garner, H. D. Dixon, J. Anson, Miss M. Broosham, T. B. Reed, William Stanley, Robert Wilk, C. Wesm, A. Dobbs, Robert Martin, A. McNeil, J. McIntosh, A. Nelmann, R. Newcomb, A. Petrie, F. Bokking, Thomas Bertie and brother, Sam Day, C. Dubbe, W. Farman, J. Gourk, Miss M. Graham, William George and James Garrow. Dr. Doty himself escorted the quarantined passengers to Hoffman Island. He saw them made as comfortable as possible, and then returned to the Advance. Here the disinfecting corps had done its work, and the plague ship, after twenty-four hours' detention to make sure that all danger had been removed, was passed up to her pier. The attack of the pest had been repulsed. The invasion of death in its most terrible form, threatened by the arrival of the plague ship, had been fought off by the perfect system of quarantine that has been adopted at this port. Under the old system, or rather before there was any such system, the coming of the Advance would have meant danger far greater than war. This was shown by the last yellow fever plague that visited New York in 1833.