

Nellie came from Battle Creek to visit her parents, bringing her three small children. Lena, a bride of a year, living on a near-by farm came often to visit with her sister and children. While there, one of Nellie's little boys had some spots on his face, but as he did not seem ill, no particular notice was taken of it.

A few days later, Lena developed a violent case of smallpox--- "the black smallpox" they called it at the time. Mrs. Tubbs had Lena brought to her home immediately, there being no hospital or even nurse in the village.

The town was in an uproar. The house was quarantined, and no one---not even the young husband---allowed to enter. A policeman was stationed at the door to make sure the law was enforced.

My mother, frantic with worry and helpless sympathy, would wring her hands as she talked to Mrs. Tubbs from the doorway, 20 feet away. "O isn't there something we can do--some way we can help you!" But there was nothing, except to send over food and supplies.

Lena was unconscious and unrecognizable---that beautiful young girl! During the worst of the siege, her baby was born dead. Then Lena died.

No friend was allowed to help in the stricken home, no neighbor could call. The undertaker and his assistant came for the body in the middle of the night, and alone carried it to the cemetery for burial.

There was just one consoling ray in this black cloud of sorrow--Lena had always been a happy child, and she had made a happy