

The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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Of Dogs.

You may sing your dog, your bottom dog,
Or of any dog that you please—
I go for the dog, the wise old dog,
That wags his tail like a fan,
And, wagging his tail outside the ring,
Keeping always his nose in sight,
Cares not a pin, in his wise old head,
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should any dog sail on,
With itching to gain, but a certain clause
To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
To see it in quite this light;
But when the flies, I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs, most generous dogs,
Who think it quite the thing
To take the part of the bottom dog,
And go yelping into the ring,
I care not a pin what the world may say
In regard to the wrong or right,
My money goes, as well as my song,
For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

—John Paul

THE POSEY OF SANDY GULCH.

They called the place Sandy Gulch; it was hard to understand why, for it was full of rocks, apparently. There was not sand enough about it to be called so, but then, in Sandy Gulch, were not scattered. There was a deeply bronzed and heavily bearded set of men, heavy drinkers; and there were no women, at least until Phoebe arrived. Slim Jim was the autocrat of the place; he kept the New Orleans Saloon, his room was disposed in the front room, and faro in the rear.

Phoebe lived "a smart piece" above it, in a rough place, half canvas and half logs. What old Langsdale had brought her there for no one could imagine; she had been the only woman on the ship when they made their weary six-months' voyage from New York, and now she was the only woman in Sandy Gulch.

Phoebe was twenty—most girls are pretty at twenty. She had her eyes going to be pretty; Phoebe had hazel eyes, and rounded, rose-pink cheeks, and the prettiest pointing mouth in the world. The Sandy Gulchers thought her a goddess, and adored her accordingly.

Old Langsdale took the best of care of his daughter. When he moved his claim he moved his cabin, too; and always kept near enough for Phoebe to hear the sound of his pick. When the diggings gave out in one place, the cabin was "toted" to where they had not given out. He never lacked help in moving his cabin; there were always plenty of Sandy Gulchers anxious to lend a hand; they even quarreled about it, and Langsdale obliged them to take turns. You see, they called it "helping Phoebe."

There were not many loafers in camp; the people had come there to make a fortune, and could not afford to loaf; but there were a few, a couple of Mexicans—"Greasers," the miners called them—and two or three of the stamp of Slim Jim.

They were always busy enough at night; in the daytime they hung round the New Orleans Saloon, and they would have liked to have visited Phoebe, but old Langsdale would not have it. He borrowed a pot of black paint and a brush, and painted over his door,

"NOTICE! NO LOAFERS WANTED." He thought that this would do, but one day he came home and found Apodoca there. Phoebe was sitting on a camp stool, her rose-pink in her round cheeks, and she was smiling as you please.

Old Langsdale was mad; he called Apodoca out, and pointed to the notice on the door. Apodoca planted his feet firmly on the ground, placed his arms akimbo, and eyed intently at the notice for some time; then, turning to Langsdale, he said, in his politest accents:

"No sabbee." "You no read?" interrupted Langsdale. "No sabbee read, Englis," replied Apodoca, taking his sombrero from the bush by the door which caught the hats of most of Phoebe's visitors; once in a while a hat was taken inside, if it chanced to be new, and kicked under the table for safe keeping.

"Well," said Langsdale, "I'll read it for yer." "Notice!" he said, in a thundering tone, which increased in volume as he went on—"No loafers wanted. That means, Git! You sabbee that?"

"Si, Senor," replied Apodoca, with a sad smile, as, after a most profound bow to Phoebe, he placed his sombrero on his head, and walked serenely away. "I'll horsewhip that fool, if I catch him yere again," said Langsdale, frowning at Phoebe.

"Why, papa, don't blame me," said she, tossing her head; "I couldn't tell him to clear out." "You needn't have said so dreadful sweet and smiling, though," he replied. "I just gave him a pleasant word," pouted Phoebe; "I can't be cross to people, and Jose was very polite, I'm sure."

Langsdale muttered something about "breaking his head," and went into the cabin for his dinner. Phoebe went into her room. When he had gone into the rear room, which was his room, *par excellence*, she softly closed the door behind him. The front room was her own; it contained her bed, her wardrobe, and her trinkets; the latter were all presents, and all of one sort. They stood in a row on a rough board shelf—"specimens," which would have made Eastern ladies' eyes shine.

When a Sandy Gulcher found a nugget which was remarkable for purity or beauty, he set it aside for "Posey"—they all liked to call the blooming "Posey." The consequence was that Slim Jim had several thousand dollars on her rough shelf, and went barefooted and bareheaded, and wore a calico gown. She had no fear of any one robbing her, though there were scamps in the camp who would have cut a man's throat for a tenth of the wealth which Phoebe's nuggets represented; but who would rob the man in Sandy Gulch who had the nugget?

Bar, although she was she left her trinkets undisturbed on the shelf, and found them there undisturbed on her return. When she had shut the door after her father, Phoebe took from her pocket a new specimen—a particularly fine one, and very valuable; it was a present just received from Jose Apodoca. It had probably been won in the rear room at Slim Jim's, but that did not trouble Phoebe. When she first came to California she had been shocked at a hundred things which she now looked upon with indifference. She admired her nugget, not for its value, but because it was pretty; it shined because in her heart there was a soft place for the handsome Mexican. She despised him for his laziness, and yet—she put it on the shelf with a sigh, "I'll tell papa," she thought to herself, "when he feels kinder toward Jose."

What are they so still in there for?" asked Phoebe, accustomed to hear the most uproarious noises in the saloon. "Apodoca and John are playing," replied Bald Pete.

"Come here!" said the Posey, imperiously. Bald Pete came, obediently, as became a faithful subject. "What are the stakes? John's got nothing to play with. When did Jose get back? Who is winning?"

Bald Pete answered all the questions, but the one about the stakes he evaded. But she made him tell how John had borrowed gold dust until Jose would lend no more; that he had risked his claim and lost; his watch, his pick, the very clothes upon his back. "He's clean out on his wits," said Bald Pete.

"What's he playing for now?" said the Posey.

Bald Pete hesitated, and tried again to evade the question, in vain. "If you don't tell me," said she, "I'll go right in and ask 'em."

"Well," said Pete, peering up in the darkness to get a look at the Posey's round, pretty face, "Jose has borrowed his chances for it again the dust he's borrowed of Jose."

"I'm bound to say as Jose's winnin'," said Pete, sorrowfully. "John never had no luck at kards."

Phoebe whipped up Robin a little, and followed her father up to the cabin in silence. Once inside her room, she took from the shelf the nugget which had been a present from Jose, and, stepping outside the door, she threw it with all her strength into the thick underbrush, hissing: "There, blow the dust under his heels!"

Then she went back, took the rest of her nuggets—gathering up the corners of her apron, that none might roll out—slipped out of the door, and ran at full speed down to the saloon, the silver moonlight shining upon her as she went. Bald Pete stood at the door.

"My eye!" he cried, when he saw the Posey.

"Are they playing yet?" she whispered.

He nodded assent. She took his hand and clung to it like a child, and John went into the room after her. Jose looked up when she came in, and started; John saw her, too, and let the cards drop from his hand. "Never mind 'em, John," she said, in so low a voice that he hardly heard her. "I'm going to pay Jose for your debt," and she handed him the nugget upon the table, between the two pistols which lay there, one upon each side, ready to the hand of each player. She put her arms around John's arm, clinging to it, as if she loved it, and tried to lead him away.

Apodoca flung his cards upon the floor, and, quick as a flash, Phoebe heard the crack of his pistol—once, twice! John fell back against the wall with a groan, the room was full of smoke and the smell of burnt powder; then there was a heavy thud, and Apodoca fell, between the wall and the table, dead, without a groan or a word; the pistol, clenched fast in his stiffened hand, went into the grave with him. And two days after, with all the inconsistency of a woman, the Posey searched the *chapsarral*, far and near, to find the nugget which she had so fearfully thrown away, and which, for all her searching, she never found.

John was all very well—she did love him, and would marry him, but his wound had been nothing; Apodoca's aim, so fatally sure the second, had missed the first time, and John had escaped with a mere flesh-wound. But Jose—"poor fellow!" his love cost him his life, and even spoiled goddesses have tender women's hearts!

A Rich Man's Possessions.

The following estimates of the estate of the late Captain Eber B. Ward, of Detroit, have been supplied by one of his executors, who regards them as somewhat below rather than above the real value of the property:

Ward's real estate, 400,000
Personal interests, 100,000
Savings, 250,000
Mortgages, 500,000
Chicago iron works, 1,000,000
Ludington interests, 1,000,000
Lands in Michigan and other States, 200,000
Steamboat and vessel property, 150,000
City of Detroit, 175,000
Railroad property, 175,000
Real estate in Detroit, 125,000
Arizona copper interest, 100,000

Total, \$5,300,000.

By Captain Ward's will, which is an elaborate and business-like document, the entire property is left to his family and personal friends, there being no public bequests.

The Pathology of Diphtheria.

A physician says: A lady writes us, asking several questions upon this subject. She says she is quite prevalent in her locality. Her first question is, "Are diphtheria and 'putrid sore throat' the same?" Second, "If death is caused from choking—*apnea*—or an inability to get breath?"

To her first question I answer "Yes." The diphtheria (and some not over well-posted doctors, too) make a distinction from simply a difference in the severity of the complaint in two or more cases; calling the more violent cases of diphtheria "putrid sore throat."

The disease is a constitutional one. The throat is only one place out of many in which it gives us a "local" inflammation. It attacks all mucous surfaces—ear, eye, mouth, nose, oesophagus, stomach, rectum, vagina, etc.—indifferently. It may be in any two or three of these localities in the same person at once. It is the result of an unobscured surface of an afflicted individual.

The most general seat, however, is on the fauces (throat); yet cases are on record where, although evident in other parts of the same patient, there was no throat complaint.

Locally, then, the expression of the disease, but with an inflammation of the mucous membrane with an exudation of an organo-zoete (fibrinous) lymph. This shortly "organizes" (consolidates) to the leaden or ashen-colored membrane that is pathognomonic of the complaint. This membrane, you find wherever the inflammation is set up, and it can be readily pulled off, leaving the raw surface beneath. Sometimes it gets to be very thick. It is the abundance of this membrane in the trachea and bronchial tubes that causes death by "strangulation," it prevents the passage of air mechanically.

To answer her second question: In some cases it is; in others it is not. Sometimes death occurs within forty-eight hours, and before this exudation is poured out from the inflamed surface of the throat, and the patient does not attack the larynx or trachea, "choking to death" is impossible. Death, in the majority of cases in children, does, however, occur as she indicates. In older persons death by asphyxia (a gradual wasting of the power of life) is not so common.

The disease is one of excessive vomiting frequently, and loathing of food; hence, unless you are careful, your patient verily starves to death. Again, some deaths are from nervous lesions—a paralysis somewhere—as for instance of the nerves of the heart. Again, the blood (which is normally supplied with fibrine) has the fibrine notably increased; so much so that it clots in the heart, thus causing death.

It is by no means so frequent a disease as is supposed. After throat inflammation of any kind, diphtheria, either through a careless diagnosis or an unlaudable motive of the attendant. Babies always have "croup," you know, yet I venture my life that not one in a hundred ever had any such disease. Babies with croup are sick, and are generally in a very short time, nine out of a thousand get well. So with diphtheria, yet cases sometimes are very mild.

I give no treatment, as it is a disease that only a physician should take hold of.

In Behalf of the Birds.

George T. Fish, of Rochester, chairman of the committee on ornithology, presented to the meeting of the New York Horticultural Society a well-considered statement touching the usefulness of our feathered friends. A French naturalist ascertained by careful investigation that a single insect might in five generations become the progenitor of five thousand insects of the same kind. These figures before us are forced to the conclusion that were the birds destroyed a desolation would result, compared with which the grasshopper plague of the West would sink into insignificance. The vocal melody of birds would give place to the constant hissing, scripping, hissing sound of insects, no longer, however, to be endured, for the destruction of vegetation must inevitably be followed by the destruction of animal life. It is evident God designed that the birds should hold the insects in check. Care should be taken with every part of the agricultural and domestic life, to see that the birds are not prevented from doing their duty. We are willing to pay money for fertilizers and for labor. We even pay men for destroying insects, and regard it as a profitable investment. It is unreasonable to demand that the entire world give place to locusts and grasshoppers. While the committee would advise the protection of birds as a class, they think experience has shown that the pugnacious character of the English sparrow renders him an undesirable settler. Our domestic birds, more peaceably disposed, give us no such annoyances. Their introduction to this country is probably no improvement on nature's plan. It would seem to be better to encourage by every means an increase of our native tribes.

A Singular Discovery.

Mr. Bruner, a perfectly reliable gentleman, whose home is at Angles, California, is authority for the following. While he and his wife were on a visit to the editor, about six miles from the "South Grove" in this county, they noticed a small hole about a foot in diameter and smoothed off, as if done with a mason's trowel. Their curiosity being aroused, they examined it and dropped a rock into it, which seemed to fall few feet and lodge; the next effort was more successful, and the rock after falling a considerable distance seemed to strike, and caused a deafening, crushing noise perfectly indescribable. It seemed to them that in comparison thunder would be a lullaby and the roar of artillery a murmur. The men lost no time in getting away from the place, but in a short time, the noise having partially subsided, they returned to it; they were, however, perfectly satisfied without trying any more experiments. Mr. Bruner ventures no theory about this, but only states the facts. Now, will some of our learned gentlemen explain this natural curiosity?

The New Haven Journal says that it takes five double teams to cart pies into Massachusetts from one baking establishment in that city.

EXPERIMENTS WITH BUTTER.

What has been Accomplished in Germany and What More is Expected.

A new breed of cattle has been produced in Germany, and a correspondent of the *World* who visited the stables of a noted breeder, writes as follows: M. Van Koppennal went on to state that the object he set out with was to produce a hybrid of the genus Bos that would be superior to the improved ox in health, in speed, in milking qualities and in beefing qualities—a hybrid that would be able to reproduce its kind and be content in its adherence to the type from which it originated. His first experiment was that of crossing a Shropshire cow with a bull of the South African buffalo, and was suggested by a similarity in the arrangement of the horns of the two animals. The product was a sterile hybrid of hideous proportions. He next attempted a hybrid between the Brahmin bull and a Dutch cow, the product again being sterile and worthless. The same result came from crossing the domestic animal with the Indian buffalo, the gaur, the yak and the American bison, and the same result, however, he discovered that a cross between the bison and the Brahmin cow was fertile, and this led him to experiments in the right direction, which finally had results of the happiest sort. The result of the experiments was a bull weighing 1,500 pounds and a cow weighing 1,000.

I was surprised at what M. Van Koppennal told me of the milking qualities of his new hybrid. The cows which he showed me were yielding an average per capita of 2,000 pounds of milk per annum, and this milk was rich in butyric acid properties that its average yield of butter is one pound in nine, thus equalling the finest strains of Jersey cattle.

"Have these precious animals no fault?" I asked.

"They have," replied M. Van Koppennal, "a very grave fault. They are very impatient of confinement. I shall have to breed this out of them before I can venture to think them perfect, and I do not know how to do it, unless I force them to breed the *Tribus* *Indica* by breeding the *Tribus* *Indica* with another thing, I have not room here. I need your Western prairies or your bluegrass regions to give my herds a fair chance, but I am too old to immigrate. Those who come after me will develop the spirit of adventure, and being out of their native land, they will be more contented with the *Tribus* *Indica* than I am. Another thing, I have not room here. I need your Western prairies or your bluegrass regions to give my herds a fair chance, but I am too old to immigrate. Those who come after me will develop the spirit of adventure, and being out of their native land, they will be more contented with the *Tribus* *Indica* than I am. Another thing, I have not room here. 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