

Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator, made his first bit of money handling the ribbons over his father's bus business on Arch Street, Philadelphia. Eugene Kelly, now a banker worth \$5,000,000, earned his passage to this country by driving a jaunting car in his native place, County Tyrone, Ireland.

Vice-President Levi P. Morton was, as a boy, a clerk in a village dry goods store, and aided his father, a poor clergyman, with a goodly share of his \$7-a-week salary. Russell Sage was taught frugality in his brother's grocery store at Troy, N. Y. Henry Clews' early life was spent as a porter in a woolen house at \$3 a week. August Belmont began his career in a counting house.

Rudolph Aronson was an enthusiastic devotee of music in his youth, and earned a dollar or two out of it. Augustin Daly was originally a newspaper man. John Stetson a professional athlete, Tony Pastor a clown. Harry Miner a policeman, Manager Hammerstein a cigar-maker. Manager John A. McCaull ran away from St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Md., to become a sergeant in the confederate army at the age of 15 years.

Chauncey M. Depew rose to his present unique position from a law office. He was admitted to the bar in 1858. Jay Gould, it is well known, was a surveyor and school teacher in Delaware County. Ex-Mayor William R. Grace, was a butcher in Calao, Peru, until he became a ship chandler. William Vanderbilt remained on his father's farm until he was 30 years old, when the old Commodore put him training for a railroad career. Lawyer and Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy was a farmer's boy, and one with mighty poor prospects at that. He dropped farming and taught school daytimes, studying law nights. Erastus Wiman made his first money as a newsboy when only 9 years old.

### FIGHTING MICROBES.

"The newest thing in the medical world," said a leading physician who keeps abreast with the science, "is the cure for diphtheria. It is nothing less than curing that dangerous disease by inoculating the patient with erysipelas. Dr. Bachtinsky, of St. Petersburg, recently accidentally discovered the antagonism which exists between the diphtheria microbe and that of erysipelas by observing how the sudden appearance of erysipelas in a patient suffering with diphtheria caused a speedy cure of the latter.

"The doctor's own son was stricken with a severe attack of diphtheria, and as all the remedies which had been applied proved fruitless death seemed inevitable. Suddenly the symptoms of erysipelas set in, when the lad seemed nearly half dead, and not the slightest cause could be assigned for this new complication, and its attendant dangers seemed only to hasten the approach of the almost certain demise of the victim.

"During the next few hours his condition grew visibly worse, and every moment he dying out of the scarcely flickering spark of life was apprehended. But on the following morning the exhaustion had diminished considerably, the patient improved rapidly and in a comparatively short time was completely restored to health. This accidental combination of the two microbes called to Bachtinsky's mind the doctrine to which Cantani had held.

"Soon after the recovery of his child the doctor was called to the bedside of a diphtheria patient who was dangerously affected. He was treating an erysipelas case at the same time, and, encouraged by the experience which he had made with his son, he decided to inoculate the poison of the erysipelas microbe into the lower jaw of his diphtheria patient. The latter recovered without the application of any other remedy. From this time forth Dr. Bachtinsky hesitated no longer to extend his practice in this direction. As he did not always have erysipelas patients on hand when he needed the poison, he established an artificial breeder of erysipelas bacillariae. He succeeded in twelve more cases in saving his diphtheria patients by applying the erysipelas microbe. Only two patients died, because the inoculatory microbe was effete, perhaps. But this need not cause us to doubt the effectiveness of the new treatment, for the following example will demonstrate that it is still confirmed by another case:

"Six children were stricken almost simultaneously with diphtheria in one family. Five of them were inoculated with the erysipelas bacillariae, and they recovered in a wonderfully short time. The sixth child had been at once removed to a remote part of the city and died of the dread epidemic. Strange as this method is in itself it is no less singular that the progress of the erysipelas is a painless and quiet one, not accompanied by unfavorable results upon the general condition of the patient while the cure of the diphtheria is being effected.

"Whether the theory that the erysipelas microbe destroys the diphtheria poison is founded upon fact, or is simply a delusion, leaving the cause of those wonderful recoveries to be sought for in other quarters, we care less at the present moment for the solution of this purely scientific question, as our interest centres primarily in the result, which alone is satisfactory to the layman. The close and controlling observations to which physicians will subject the new method will soon demonstrate whether Dr. Bachtinsky has found the real enemy of the diphtheria microbe, and that we are rid of a foe which demands annually the lives of thousands of our little ones."

### THE WHISTLING MARMOTS.

After lunch we passed through a beautiful piece of bottom land, teeming with flowers, red and yel-

low monthly musk, fringing the banks of the stream where it spread out over the meadows in a dozen different channels. Charlie wanted to stop and take up 160 acres, but Campbell told him "Too much plenty in winter," and after vainly trying to drink the creek dry we passed on. Another turn brought us to the base of a steep, bare, stony mountain. Skirting this and climbing over some big rocks, we suddenly came into a lovely grass country. Like the prairie in summer, every conceivable flower seemed to bloom and blossom in the grass; the place was ablaze with red, blue, yellow and white.

We must have passed through 500 or 600 acres of it, and every here and there a rippling stream ran wildly through it. The place was a perfect paradise, and, thank goodness, we had got out of the dark valley and stood in the warm, bright sunshine. We were now close to the head of the Quileute and we eagerly pressed on. Presently we met a dog, and, close after him, his master, who turned out to be Mr. Ransom, going from the head of the Dungeness to Port Townsend. He gave us cheerful accounts of the elk, and also kindly took a letter into town for us. At 5:30 o'clock we camped under Sentinel Rock, about a mile from the divide. This rock stands boldly out alone like a massive fortress guarding the entrance to the valley of the Dungeness.

Suddenly the mounted sides seemed to be alive with men whistling to one another, when—and one would turn sharp round only to hear another and shriller whew—on the other side and soon we saw lots of animals about the size of a fox, with long bushy tails, running about from rock to rock, sometimes lying down, but more often sitting bolt up erect, like a ferret does. We shot a couple of small ones that night, and afterward shot several more larger ones. Campbell called them whistling dogs and declared they were good to eat; but the smell was enough for us. The odor is peculiar but not fragrant. They have two long teeth in front like a beaver, and feet almost shaped like a squirrel's. I believe their right name is mountain beaver.

Wherever we went afterward in the mountains, as long as there was grass, we saw those whistling dogs, as we got to call them. I liked to see them; they seemed to make the place cheerful and lively, and were very amusing to watch. In winter they have long burrows under the snow, and their coats get a dark gray; in summer they are yellow. Their skins should make good fur, and I think would pay for being trapped in the winter months. Our altitude this night was 5450 feet, and we named the place "Stony Camp," from the terrible stony ground we had to sleep on. The night was warm until about 4 a.m., when it got fearfully cold, and we were almost frozen.—*Whatcom Reveille.*

The merit of a salad is that it should be cool, crisp and fresh.