

HAS HE SMALLPOX OR NOT?

Painful and Peculiar Case of George Westbrook.

Dr. Cassels Says It's Smallpox, While Dr. Merriman Says It Is Nothing of the Kind.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Has George Westbrook, now in quarantine with the smallpox patients, got the smallpox, or has he got an aggravated case of skin disease with complications? That is a question which has been asked by many people during the past day or two, and with a view to answering it the Nugget this morning interrogated numerous physicians who are supposed to know all about it. Instead of solving the question the mystery was only deepened. The physicians on both sides of the contented question express themselves as positively as the English language is capable of expressing their belief, each in support of his theory.

George Westbrook, a blackjack dealer in the Bank saloon, has been treated off and on during the past two years by Dr. Merrian, an unregistered American physician, who strongly supports the negative in the present case. When questioned this morning he said: "George Westbrook has got no more smallpox than I have. The simple truth of the matter is this. Some days ago he came into my office badly broken out with a very ugly looking rash. I took one good look at him, and stepped to the next room long enough to tell my wife she had better go visiting as I thought I had a smallpox case in the office. She went, and stood not on the order of her going. I came back and began an examination of the case which, at first glance, I had supposed was a well developed case of smallpox. What was my surprise to find that the patient's temperature was normal, that there was no odor of the eruptions and that he felt as well as usual.

"Now this man is a heavy drinker, and for a long time has worn a very red nose, and been subject to almost constant annoyance from eruptions on the face, but I never saw them so bad before. I began questioning him and found that he had, a few days before, bought at a drug store a bottle of blood medicine and had been taking it since. This blood medicine consists of sarsaparilla and iodide of potassium, which would, as a matter of fact, bring out a rash on any man in town, though of course, his case was much aggravated by his other ailments. Now, to my positive knowledge, so far as medical knowledge and considerable experience with smallpox goes, George Westbrook has not got the disease. As to the other patients I know nothing whatever, but from what I know concerning this case and from what I have heard concerning the others I doubt very much if any of the cases are smallpox. If the others are smallpox, however, then Westbrook is almost sure, owing to his condition and constant exposure, to take it. In either case he is up against a piece of very hard luck."

Dr. Cassels was just as sure that Westbrook has the smallpox as Dr. Merriman was that he had not, and based his verdict on the same general grounds of medical knowledge and experience with the disease. Dr. McDonald also pronounces the case a typical one, stating that there was no doubt in his mind concerning the matter, although he confesses that he did not closely examine the case himself.

There is happily one point upon which they all agree, and that is that it is always well to quarantine where there is any doubt in a matter of this kind. So far as the public is concerned the quarantining of this case cannot fail to be satisfactory, as it places the public on the safe side. But, in the meantime, when all is said and done there seems as much evidence one way as the other, and because of this George Westbrook is placed in a position where he is nearly sure to get the disease if he has not it already.

Awaiting Resurrection.

Near the old town of Guanajuato, Mexico, one may see the strangest sight on the American continent. It consists of a large number of departed inhabitants of the "Land of the Montezumas" patiently awaiting the day of judgment, lined in rows along the dark sides of an old tunnel. On a hill overlooking Guanajuato and a few miles from the picturesque city is the pantheon beneath which this gloomy spectacle is presented to those who are bold enough to make their way to it. Surrounding the ancient, crumbling temple and guarding an in-

closure about three acres in extent are grim, high walls. On the inside in niches cut in these walls the bodies of the dead, usually of the middle class, are laid out, awaiting the day of resurrection. The niches the names, dates of birth and death and presumably the virtues of the deceased are inscribed.

These niches, like the abodes of the living, are rented for certain periods, usually three or five years or in perpetuity if the financial circumstances of the relatives permit. If, however, the rent is not paid at the expiration of the time specified, room is made for another body by ejecting the silent, staring tenant and throwing the inoffending skeleton ruthlessly into the common vault, where bones are stacked up like cord-wood. The very coffin or poor people are treated with even less ceremony after death. The body, wrapped in a serape or manta, is placed in a pit, and a layer of earth is thrown over it; then another body is added and as time goes on another and another, until the big grave is filled with scores of half buried dead.

The really strange sight is underneath the pavement of the building. This is about 100 feet long, 20 feet wide and 20 feet high, and the mummified remains of human beings stand with solemn, wondering mien, as if they were awaiting the judgment day. Those whose lot is cast in this great corridor were relatives in life of people who are suspected of having money and who may possibly reclaim the skeletons for decent burial by paying the "rent," together with certain fees. Consequently these dead are labeled—sometimes correctly, but more often at random—when pulled out of the niches in which they formerly reposed in peace. Should they break down under the strain and become shattered the bones are tossed promiscuously upon the huge heap to be seen at the farther end, where there is every part of the anatomy, from a skull to a finger joint.

The vault is reached by a dim, narrow, corkscrew staircase, down which one lunks dizzily into the depths below. A cursory inspection of these old mummies usually satisfies the most curious, and the visitor loses not a moment in seeking the fresh air and the bright sunshine of Mexico's outer and more agreeable world.

There are similar dungeons under various cemeteries in Mexico, many of them hewn for hundreds of feet out of the solid rock, and the labor expended must have been enormous. The limestone formation has the effect of drying the bodies quickly and preserving the bones to a remarkable degree. Fortunately the ancient burial customs are passing away, and in many places in our sister republic on the south the dead are now laid away in deep graves, never again to be disturbed by mortal hands.

Gladstone's Levity.

While Mr. Gladstone interested his audiences immensely by his endless flow of animated remarks and brilliant historical criticisms, he failed altogether to convey to them the sense of greatness. Every one left his society pleased, amused, perhaps delighted. But I cannot imagine anybody quitting it impressed with reverence. There was indeed a levity sometimes observable about him which was very antagonistic to reverence.

Dr. Martineau himself told me how disappointed he was when, meeting him after his great return to power, he said to him, "What an opportunity you have for the great work before you—the consolidation of the empire!"

Mr. Gladstone shrugged his shoulders and said: "Oh, I don't know about that. The clerks in the colonial office have got too much to do already."—Contemporary Review.

An Exclamatory Name.

"O. Mye," called the justice in the Harrison street police court today, and a silence fell over the room, while the crowd looked around to see why the justice had uttered the sudden exclamation.

"O. Mye! O. Mye!" again called the magistrate, more loudly, and Bailiff Barnett hurried to the bar and asked the justice what was offending his dignity.

"Call O. Mye, Mr. Bailiff," ordered the court, and Barnett repeated the words in tones that could be heard on the street. The officer glared about for the person who he thought was guilty of contempt of court, and when a meek appearing looking man left his seat and walked toward the bar, Barnett seized him and declared him under arrest.

"Is this the man who is guilty, your honor?" asked the bailiff.

"What is your name?" asked the court, without heeding Barnett's question.

"O. Mye," answered the prisoner, and the bailiff took a tighter hold on his collar.

"O. Mye?" queried the court.

"Yes, your honor," from the prisoner. Then it dawned on the bailiff that

he had made a mistake. O. Mye, who said his first name was Oliver, had been arrested for begging on the street. When the policeman who arrested him told him that he had arrested several persons who had refused him alms, his name was uttered by several in the court. The prisoner likewise said "Oh, my!" when he got a fine of \$50. Chicago News.

Destructive Fire on Dominion.

News was telephoned to the Nugget yesterday evening to the effect that a most destructive fire was at that time raging on upper Dominion creek and that fully 1200 cords of wood had been destroyed and the fire was then still spreading.

Among the owners of the devastated property are M. J. McNeil, 3 above upper; Casper & Ellinger, 2 above upper; Nichol, Smith & Holden, 2 above; Chisholm, 3 above; Johnson Bros., 21 above and a number of intervening claims, the owners of which were not mentioned, but on which great destruction was worked by the fire, which is said to have originated through the carelessness of quartz prospectors, there being a number of them out in the hills adjacent to upper Dominion.

Joe Graham headed a party of quartz prospectors into that country and what has been discovered is said to be eminently satisfactory. Two shafts have been sunk to the lead and very rich ore is being blasted out. A number of claims have been recorded, and further prospecting is still going on.

Brimstone & Stewart has received this morning a full line of mats, carpets, velvet rugs, art squares, mattresses. Your own price for a few days. Second avenue, rear of Melbourne.

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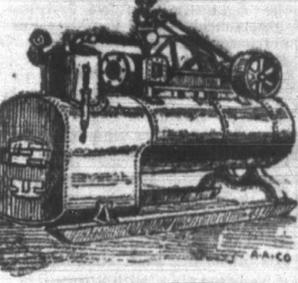
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