

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

Issued every Friday. LEEDS & MERRITT.

OFFICE—On Main Street, (in second story of McCall & Baum's new building.)

Job Printing. Of all descriptions done on short notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Business Cards, Billheads, Letterheads, Posters, etc., gotten up in good style at living prices.

PROFESSIONAL.

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JAMES R. NEIL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

J. W. HAMAKAR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Lickville, Lake Co., Oregon. OFFICE—In Post Office building. Special attention given to conveying.

M. L. M'CALL, SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, Ashland, Oregon. Is prepared to do any work in his line on short notice.

DR. W. B. ROYAL, Has permanently located in Ashland. Will give his undivided attention to the practice of medicine. Has had fifteen years experience in Oregon. Office at his residence, on Main street, opposite the M. E. Church.

DR. WILL JACKSON, DENTIST, Jacksonville, Oregon. Will visit Ashland in May and November, and Karyville the fourth Monday in October, each year. Ashland, Sept. 15, 1878.

THE ASHLAND MILLS

We will continue to purchase wheat -A-T- The Highest Market Price, And will deliver Flour, Feed, Etc., Anywhere in town, AT MILL PRICE. Wagner & Anderson.

ASHLAND Livery, Sale & Feed STABLES,

Main Street, Ashland. I have constantly on hand the very best SADDLE HORSES, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES. And can furnish my customers with a tip-top turnout at any time.

HORSES BOARDED

On reasonable terms, and given the best attention. Horses bought and sold and satisfaction guaranteed in all my transactions.

MARBLE

ASHLAND MARBLE WORKS.

J. H. RUSSELL Proprietor.

Having again settled in this place and turned my entire attention to the Marble Business, I am prepared to fill all orders with neatness and dispatch. Monuments, Tablets, and Headstones executed in any description of marble. Special attention paid to orders from all parts of Southern Oregon. Prices reasonable.

Address: J. H. Russell, Ashland, Oregon.

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INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS, AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

VOL. IV.---NO. 3.

ASHLAND OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1879.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

J. M. McCall & Co., Main Street, Ashland.

NEW DEPARTURE.

The undersigned from and after April 18th, propose to sell only CASH IN HAND Or approved produce delivered—except when by special agreement—a short and limited credit may be given.

They have commenced receiving their New Spring Stock, and that every day will witness additions to the largest stock of

General Merchandise!

Ever brought to this market. They desire to say to every reader of this paper, that if

Standard Goods!

Sold at the Lowest Market Prices, will do it, they propose to do the largest business this spring and summer ever done by them in the last five years, and they can positively make it to the advantage of every one to call upon them in Ashland and test the truth of their assertions. They will spare no pains to maintain, more fully than ever, the reputation of their House, as the acknowledged

HEADQUARTERS!

For Staple and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Millinery, Dress Goods, Crockery, Glass and Tin Ware, Shawls, Wrappers, Cloaks, And, in fact, everything required for the trade of Southern and South-eastern Oregon.

A full assortment of IRON AND STEEL

For Blacksmiths' and General use.

A Full Line of Ashland Woolen Goods!

Flannels, Blankets, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Clothing, always on hand and for sale at lowest prices.

The highest market prices paid for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bacon, Lard.

Come One and All

J. M. McCall & Co.

JAMES THORNTON, JACOB WAGNER, W. H. ATKINSON, E. K. ANDERSON.

THE ASHLAND WOOLEN MANUFACT'G CO.,

ARE NOW MAKING FROM

The Very Best NATIVE WOOL!

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, AND HOSIERY.

PATRONS,

OLD AND NEW,

Are invited to send in their orders and are assured that they

Shall Receive Prompt Attention!

At Prices that Defy Competition.

ASHLAND WOOLEN MILLS.

W. H. ATKINSON, SECRETARY.

How Mr. Mustell Paid His Note

"Darrell!" It was Mr. Leatherwood's voice from the inner office. The name called was my own; and, with the alacrity of an under clerk ambitious of promotion I responded to the summons.

"Jonah Mustell's note fell due yesterday," said Mr. Leatherwood, looking up as I entered. "I want you to ride over to Beechdale and present it. Of course, it won't be paid, for, by his construction of the law-merchant, a debtor has the right to at least three distinct duns in addition to the days of grace. So the sooner we begin the better. Here's the note, and an order on Trotter, the liveryman, for a horse."

Mr. Leatherwood turned to his writing-desk after these instructions, and left me to follow them.

Beechdale was a country village about a dozen miles from the youthful Western city of which Mr. Leatherwood was the leading merchant.

The road had so many "forks" and turns that my head got turned at last, and in spite of my stock of itinerary information being kept replenished at regular intervals, I had the consolation, at the end of several weary hours, of finding myself many miles out of the way. Owing to which mishap it was late in the afternoon when I alighted at Mr. Mustell's gate.

I cannot say I was won by that gentleman at first sight. There was a look of sinister cunning in his ferret little eyes, when he met me at the door, neither agreeable nor trust-inspiring.

After an exchange of distant salutations, and on intimation from me that I had called on a matter of business, Mr. Mustell invited me to enter, and led the way to an apartment designed, apparently, to serve the double purpose of a sitting room and office.

"I am sent by Mr. Leatherwood," I said, taking the chair offered by Mr. Mustell, "to request payment of this note," at the same time producing it.

The corners of Mr. Mustell's mouth went down perceptibly. His brow clouded; his features hardened. Dun number one, it was plain, had failed in persuasive power. But for form's sake, I should have waited for no other answer. Mr. Mustell was on the point of giving one, however, when the sound of footsteps in the hall attracted his attention.

With a hasty excuse he hurried from the room, closing the door as he did so.

I could hear Mr. Mustell greeting some one whom he called "Sharker," and then there was the introduction of a "Mr. McLure," after which there was a pause.

"You needn't be afraid of Bob McLure," said a voice which, I reasoned, belonged to Sharker. "He's as true as steel."

"H—sh!" came warningly from Mr. Mustell, who immediately conducted his visitors to a part of the house out of hearing.

At the end of a half an hour Mr. Mustell returned. His manner was completely changed. His look was even cordial as he expressed his regret for having kept me waiting.

"As I was about to say when interrupted just now," he proceeded blandly, "I have the money ready for the note. Tell Mr. Leatherwood I should have called upon him with it but for the press of other business."

Here was a surprise. How I had misjudged from appearances. I would have offered an apology had I known how to do so.

Mr. Mustell counted out the money in bank notes, all crisp and new, which I carefully buttoned up in an inside pocket, leaving the paid note on the table.

It was already growing late, and I had no time to lose if I would reach home at a reasonable hour.

Mr. Mustell came to the gate to see me off, and, after parting, the warmth of which contrasted strangely with the coolness of our meeting, I set out on a trot, of which the vertical motion was somewhat disproportioned to that in advance.

I had reached the loneliest part of the road, and the sun was just setting, when I heard the sound of hoofs behind. I had hardly time to look about before two horsemen cantered up, one on each side. He on the right seized my bridle with his left hand, and leaping down pointed a pistol at my head.

"Dismount!" he said, "if you value your life! There is money in your pocket, and I must have it!"

Reader, what would you have done in my place? I was without a weapon. I had taken no precautions for defense, for I had not expected to be the bearer of my present charge. Here I was, in a secluded spot, at the mercy of two desperate men. Well, whatever you, or another braver than myself, would have done, I adopted the prudent course and surrendered at discretion.

In less than half a minute the money passed from my possession to that of the bearer of the pistol, whose companion, though merely a looker-on, was ready, doubtless, to offer aid in case of need.

The robbery completed, the two men rode off, leaving me to go my way in peace.

At a late hour I found Mr. Leatherwood at his house and told him the whole story.

An Interesting Meeting

A very remarkable and interesting meeting took place recently in Washington between two generals who had fought on opposite sides during our civil war. It was Gordon's (Confederate) command which struck the flank of the Eleventh (Union) corps; it is said, on the afternoon of the first day at Gettysburg, and by a brief though desperate onset broke its line, and threw it into irretrievable disorder. Gen. Francis C. Barlow of New York, who commanded the first division made a resolute effort to drive back the enemy, but while exhorting his troops, was dangerously, and as was thought, mortally wounded. Two of his men tried to carry him from the field; but as they passed through the storm of bullets, one was killed, and Barlow magnanimously said to the other: "You can do me no good, my brave fellow. Save yourself if you can." Gordon's Georgia Brigade swept in its impetuous charge over Barlow, who was found by Gordon with face upturned to the July sun, apparently dying.

The Southerner dismounted gave the Unionist a drink from his canteen, and inquired his name and wishes. Barlow said he would probably live but a short time. He wanted Gordon to take a packet of his wife's letters from his breast pocket, to read one to him, and then destroy them, as he was unwilling they should fall into other hands. He added that his wife was in the rear of the Federal army, and he would regard it as an inestimable favor if she could be sent for to receive his dying caress. Gordon did all that had been requested, after he had ordered his foe to be removed to a place of safety under the shade of a tree. Mrs. Barlow received the message, came safely through the lines, and nursed her husband back to life and health. Since Gordon's election to the United States Senate, Barlow has been in Washington, and was lately invited to a dinner party, to which the Georgian was also invited.

"Be sworn, Mr. McLure," said the attorney. I could restrain myself no longer. Was my liberty to be sworn away by the very wretches of whom I was the victim?

"That man," I exclaimed, "is one of the villains who did the deed!" "Silence!" shouted the tipstaff.

The witness, with perfect coolness as well as accuracy, narrated every fact as it occurred. I was astounded to see a man thus criminate himself. But a few more questions served to clear the matter up.

"What is your occupation, Mr. McLure?" "That of a detective."

"Do you know one Sharker?" "I do. I arrested him last night."

"What is his profession?" "A counterfeiter."

"Have you the money taken from Mr. Darrell?" "Yes; here it is."

The roll of bills I had lost was produced, every one of which proved spurious.

Here was another surprise, but Mr. Mustell was ready with the explanation. Mustell belonged to the same band that Sharker did. McLure wound himself into the latter's confidence, and through him secured an introduction to Mustell the day I called to collect the note—at which time the scheme was laid to pay the false bills to me, and rob me of them afterward to avoid discovery, an enterprise in which the detective, for reasons of his own, consented to bear Sharker company.

The result was that Mustell and his friend entered the public service, while I returned to that of Mr. Leatherwood, devoting my leisure time, for a season, to a close study of the "Counterfeit Detector."

Celery.

Celery cooked, is a very fine dish, as nutriment and as a purifier of the blood. I will not enumerate the marvelous cures I have made with celery, for fear the medical men should, like the corn-dealers, attempt to worry me. Let me fearlessly say that rheumatism is possible on such diet, and yet our medical men allowed rheumatism to kill in 1876, 3,650 human beings—every case as unnecessary as a dirty face. Worse still, of the 30,481 registered as dying from heart disease, at least two thirds of these are due, directly more or less, to rheumatism and its ally, gout. What a trifle is small-pox, with its 5,408 deaths, a longside an immense slayer of over 20,000 human beings! Yet rheumatism may be put aside forever by simply obeying Nature's laws in diet. Look again at this rheumatism, and the havoc it plays with our army. On foreign stations our soldiers are incapacitated to as high a number as 10 per cent! One hundred in the thousand by rheumatism! At home the invalids from this scourge have been as high as ninety-four in the thousand. As stated in the Army Medical Report of 1871, and yet no one takes it to heart. If it were small-pox—a contagious disease—what a fuss there would be of vaccination and re-vaccination, or of something as good a charm as pills against an earthquake! Plainly let me say, cold or damp never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause, and sustaining power of evil. While the blood is alkaline, there can be no rheumatism, and equally no gout. I must return to cooked celery. Cut the celery into inch pieces; boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thickened with flour, and flavor with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve up with diamonds of toasted bread round dish, and oat with potatoes.

The hangman's rope is a sort of close line, so far as life is concerned.

A Hunt After Bats

One of the funniest stories I have heard for a very long time, says a writer for the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, is my friend Mr. Eccles' description of how he caught innumerable bats one night. It was many years ago, when he was young in his profession, while on a tour with a provincial company, he had taken lodgings in a clean but rather dilapidated little house. Soon after going to bed he fell asleep, and soon after falling asleep he was awakened by a strange, fluttering noise as of a frightened bird, in the curtains of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a dark-colored little creature with wings blundering about the room. Not being well acquainted with natural history, Mr. Eccles that was to be, did not recognize it as a bat, but determined to catch it, if possible, and examine it carefully in the morning. Taking up a soft felt hat, he began the hunt, and tried to capture the intruder for a long time in vain; but at last he pounced upon it, carefully took it from under the hat, shut it in a drawer, listened to its ineffectual attempts to escape—wanting to be sure he had really caught it—and went to bed to dream of flying dragons. But he was not destined to sleep long.

Hardly had he dozed off when another fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match he found another bat. After this one he had another, caught it, put it in the drawer with its brother, and again went to bed. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but—if the expression be pardonable—in battalions.

Mr. Eccles hunted diligently and enthusiastically, making quite a collection of specimens, and putting them all with great care in the drawer. Heated with the chase, he then opened the window, and, tired out, at last enjoyed a few minutes' sleep.

Waking with the morning light, he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, a fraction of an inch at a time, to look for his bats; but, lo! and behold, there were no bats there. He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, been passing all his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out of the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.

Thrilling Episode in the Life of Admiral Ammen.

Of Admiral Ammen, who has gone to Paris to represent this country in the conference respecting the proposed Nicaraguan inter-oceanic ship canal, the following anecdote is told: Soon after the California fever broke out the Admiral, then Captain Ammen, was ordered to take command of three or four hundred recruits and convey them from New York to California, by way of Central America. Besides these men, the vessel was crowded with women and children on the way to join husbands and fathers in the land of gold. Six days out from New York the sailors showed symptoms of insubordination, and finally mutinied outright, the ship's crew lost control of his men, and the suspense that followed was agonizing.

Suddenly before the mutineers had a chance to agree upon any concert of action, the young naval officer appeared on deck in full uniform and ordered his recruits to their places, counseling the crew in the meantime to return to their duties. The leader innocently ordered him to step down from there, "there" being the quarter-deck. He did step down; a growl of triumph went up from the insubordinates, and a shudder of horror ran through the passengers, who had hoped against hope that the will of one man could control the threatening storm. Then Captain Ammen walked quickly forward, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and drawing a line across the deck, said, in his quiet way, that he would shoot the first man who crossed it. Then he drew out a pistol and waited the result. A shout of derision went up, and the leader sprang forward with an oath, only to fall short through the heart; he was followed by another and another, both of whom shared the same fate, the three bodies forming an ugly barricade. The quiet bravery of the man, the promptness and unerring aim, coupled with his vested authority, told on the mutineers, and soon the revolt was over, the leaders in irons, quiet restored and the lives of hundreds of passengers saved.

Sir Henry Layard.

Sir Henry Layard has proved, as I anticipated, a failure at Constantinople. The fact is that he is too much an adept in Levantine diplomacy himself to get on with the Levantine diplomatists of Turkey. His pro-Turkish proclivities did him positive harm with the Turks, for they regarded his views as personal rather than those of his Government, and he could not fulfill. Like dozens of Pashas, he sought to acquire the ear of the Sultan, and consequently lowered himself to one of the numerous intrigues for back-stair influence at the palace. Monsieur Fournier, the French Ambassador at the Porte, by maintaining a certain reserve, by only giving advice when asked and by producing the conviction that his advice when given is disinterested, is rapidly acquiring the position that used to be held by English Ambassadors.—London Truth.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and news-boys around the post office, says the Detroit Free Press man, to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings!"

"Go in' away, Tim!" queried one. "Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind, just now."

"Go in' on a scourion!" asked another. "Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting room of a daily paper, put down his money and said: "I guess I kin write it, if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote: "Died—Littal Ted, of scarlet fever, aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gon up to Hevin; left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier. Tim tried to brace up, but he could not. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped: "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he d-died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the door-step, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by ponies contributed by the crowd of ragged but kind hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched.

The Khedive's Family.

To the outward observer, indeed, no changes are visible. It is true that the yashmak, or veil, has become lighter and more transparent; the carriage windows larger and less curtained. More than this, travelers of last Winter have noticed how, at a watering place a few miles from Cairo, one of the Egyptian Princesses drove her own pony carriage; and even walked unveiled with her European physician. But though other proofs are not wanting of a tendency to claim more freedom than is yet allowed, the isolation remains practically the same; and it is not for outward signs that one must look at the present time. But that remarkable changes have been already accomplished there can be no manner of doubt, and to those who look below the surface the future is full of hope. One must not suppose that these changes have been affected without considerable opposition. It is said that the Khedive's mother, whose influence is of course great, is a stern conservative of the old school, who watches no approving eye the signs of the times. In many cases we may imagine that the greatest opponents of the new order of things were the Princesses themselves. Among the fallacies commonly held with regard to the women of the East must be classed that which would represent them as burning with envy for their freedom of the West. So far from feeling themselves deserving of our pity, they rather pity European women from the bottom of their hearts; judging of them and of their freedom, as they often do, from false examples, amid the bliss of ignorance which they themselves enjoy. And another fallacy is that which tends to underrate the influence of women. Often it is greatest where it might be supposed to be least; and many a lord of the harem may be pointed out as a living example by those who assert that in the East there are more heaped husbands than among us.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Why She Stopped Her Paper.

She came bounding through the sanctum like a cannon ball, without pausing to say "How d'ye do!" and brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted: "I want you to stop my paper!" "All right, madam."

"Stop it right off, too," she persisted, wrenching the table again, "for I have waited long enough for you to do the square thing!"

She quieted down for a moment, and we ran our finger down the list of names and when we reached hers and scratched it out she said: "There, now, mebbe you'll do as you ought to do after this, and not slight a woman jest 'cause she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, bandy-legged, squint-eyed, wheezy squawler born to them, you puff it up to the skies and make it out an angel, but when poor people have a baby, you don't say a word about it, even if it is the squarest-toed, noblest little kid that ever kept a woman awake at night. That's what's the matter, and that's why I stopped my paper."

The History of Diphtheria.

It is often said that diphtheria is of modern origin, a penalty for the unsanitary condition of modern civilization. Dr. Mackenzie, senior physician to the Hospital for Throat and Chest Diseases, in London, finds the disease to be a very ancient one. The first description of it occurs in the writings of an Indian physician, a contemporary of Pythagoras. He next identifies it with "askara," a fatal epidemic frequently mentioned in the Talmud. In the 17th century diphtheria was widely prevalent in Europe, and extensively fatal. In 1802 Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, seems to have described the disease under the name of cynauche trachealis; and in 1826 Bretonneau's classical work appeared.

"After this," writes Dr. Mackenzie, "the disease seems to have passed from the minds of English physicians and its very existence to have been almost forgotten."

From such forgetfulness the medical profession was thoroughly aroused by the great epidemic of the years 1858-9, since which time diphtheria has not appeared in England with anything like the same malignancy.

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Twelve belligerent females of Vincennes, Ind., recently met on the field of combat to settle an old feud, and ferociously scratched one another's faces into picturesque disfigurement. Thus it is that woman rights woman's wrongs.