

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

May 4.
Southern Pacific train men at Visalia, N. M., are on a strike on account of long runs.

Chinese government demands passports from foreign missionaries visiting that country.

Joe Halberstadt, well known throughout Oregon, was run over by a train near Colfax, and killed.

Kentucky democrats adopted a straight out democratic platform but had not endorsed Cleveland at last accounts.

Hotel keepers in New York say that they don't believe the Sunday law contemplated prohibiting supplying a man at his own table with wine on Sunday. They are very indignant at Mayor Hewitt for suggesting such a thing.

The question of parliamentary privilege vs. Parnellism and crime was sprung without warning in the house of commons Tuesday night and a good deal of exciting talk took place. Dillon's friends argue boldly for him and against the Times.

The founding of Mills College, at Oakland, was celebrated. There were distinguished visitors from the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, Oakland, and other points of California, among whom were Joaquin Miller, poet and author; Vance Cheney, poet; Maj. Ben. E. Trumbull, chief of the literary bureau of the Southern Pacific company; W. B. Bentley, author of the Bentley hand book; Mrs. S. G. Wilder, daughter of Dr. Judd, first missionary to the Sandwich Islands; Miss Mary White, of Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts; United States Senator T. W. Ferry, of Michigan; Hon. Judge Myrick, associate justice of the supreme court of California; and Dr. Stratton, besides many other leading educators of the Pacific coast. After an interesting literary programme the guests to the number of 500, were entertained with refreshments.

May 5.

Heavy floods reported in Maine.

Canada is going to have an inter-state commerce law.

The Porter-Ashe contest at San Francisco has been amicably settled.

Young Ben Holladay's remains will be allowed to lie on the Ophir farm sold to John Roach.

The Canadian Pacific now wants to quit cutting rates and to come into the Pacific railroad pool.

It is now stated that while the pope has withdrawn his condemnation of the K. of L., he has not approved them.

Further reports show the earthquakes in New Mexico to have been very severe. No loss of life reported, but much property damaged.

Gen. Miles has information that the highest peak of the Whetstone range in New Mexico has become an active volcano.

A mob went through the streets of Paris, uttering threats and imprecations against Germany, and yelling "A Berlin" (on to Berlin). New complications have arisen in Alsace-Lorraine.

In the house of commons motion to declare the conduct of the Times in its charge against Dillon was a breach of privilege, was amended to declare to treat it as such by a vote of 297 to 219. Gladstone moved as an amendment that a committee be appointed to investigate the matter, on which motion he addressed the house in an able manner. He said the action of the house might lead to a crisis of the most serious and momentous importance.

May 6.

Capt. James Grant, the English novelist, is dead.

The wages of coast seamen at San Francisco has been raised.

The Canadian Pacific will be denied entrance into the transcontinental pool.

The coercion bill, known as the crimes act, is to be pushed to a vote by the government.

Old Angelina, daughter of the old chief Seattle, after whom Seattle was named, is reported very sick.

Mayor Hewitt says he intends to enforce the Sunday law in New York so long as it remains a law.

It is now said that the supposed volcano in the Whetstone mountains was only a wood fire set by Mexicans.

The czar will commute the sentence of all but two of the condemned nihilists to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

The Asiatic express to connect with the steamers of the Occidental steamship company at San Francisco will make the run from New York to San Francisco in 100 hours.

Gladstone's motion to refer the Times-Dillon affair to a committee was voted down by a vote of 317 to 213. Sir Edward Clark's amendment that the house refuse to treat the matter as a breach of privilege was then agreed to.

In a speech at Chickering hall, Rev. Dr. McGlynn referred to the pope as "the old gentleman over there in Rome." McGlynn took pains to emphasize his contempt for the pope amid the laughter and applause of the audience.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

I suppose that most of your readers would be surprised if told that the famous Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, is still alive. But such is the case. He is living at Turin, at the advanced age of eighty-five. I have recently had two letters from him. Mr. St. L. A. Tooley, our consul at Turin, writes me that "the governor, only semi-occasionally, visits from some few friends whom he especially desires to meet. Indeed, owing to his advanced age and consequent infirmities, he has renounced all active pursuits of any sort whatsoever." I make the following extract on the same subject from a Naples letter: "He spent last winter here with his son, Major Kossuth, who resides in Naples, and who is the magnate—the Tom Scott—of the whole western network of Italian railroads, from the Corniche or Ligurian coast to the occidental tip of the boot."—[Paris letter to the Inter-Ocean.

HERALDRY.

The charge in heraldry has nothing to do with the salary which is received by a man who has a coat-of-arms. It refers more especially to a figure drawn either upon the field or upon an ordinary. These charges may consist of griffins, wiverns, harpies, or dragons, all of which are animals unfit for food and now mostly extinct. The unicorn was a favorite animal among the knights, who many a time might have gone hungry had not a lucky shot from the culverin brought down a fat unicorn from his nest.

The griffin was a strong and active bird, with an aggressive nature, and four legs. It also wore its tail in a haughty manner over the dashboard, but where is it now? It has gone with the wivern and the high-behind. Loose and poorly-executed game laws have proved the utter destruction of all these birds, and a good griffin or wivern-dog that would formerly bring \$200 is now a drug in the market.

In order to illustrate more fully my description of the lion, as used in heraldry, I have taken the liberty of drawing a few illustrations. The first given shows the king of beasts salient. The salient lion is a great favorite with people who desire to monkey with heraldry. In this position the animal seems well calculated to win respect, and his flashing tongue, white teeth, and ripe red gums lend a fierce beauty to his open face and piercing "tout ensemble."

But let us pass rapidly on to the crowned lion, whose portrait I have succeeded in getting a good card on, and whose tawny mane is thrown wildly back from his face so that we can see the dimpling smile which lights up his lion-like countenance, as well as his liver and other internal organs, which we generally prefer to conceal. But the lion is a noble brute. Why should he conceal any thing?

The next figure is that of the double queue lion starting out to ascertain who it was that first applied that epithet to him.

I hope he will not be successful. I drew this picture yesterday besides doing other literary work.

Our next illustration consists of a lion gardant with side whiskers on the front of his hind legs. This may be regarded as the great characteristic of the gardant lion whenever you find him. Those who do not wish to be exposed to this variety of beast will do well to go away when they see a lion approaching with donegals on his rear limbs. Shun him as you would the deadly deadly tree of the north.

The fifth and last device here is that of the reguardant lion, exposing his tongue for the edification of a physician who is concealed behind a barbed-wire fence which is not shown in the drawing. I can hardly be expected to introduce a barbed-wire fence in a picture, the price of which is within the reach of all. The reguardant lion is at times quite ferocious, and yet he has been very highly spoken of by those who employ a good, durable, openface lion on a coat-of-arms.—[Bill Nye.

HE WASHED HIS HANDS.

"How are you and the widow Flapjack coming on?" inquired Gus DeSmith of Gilhooley.

"I've quit the boarding house and am camping out for the present."

"Why, what's the matter, now?"

"I had a fuss with one of the nigger waiters and knocked him down a couple of three times."

"What was that for?"

"All on account of a glass of milk."

"Was the milk sour?"

"Oh, no; the milk was all sweet and cool enough, but when I had about finished my glass I found a big cockroach in the milk. I called the nigger's attention to it and he said:

"'Cockroach in de milk, sah! Can't be dat dar's any roaches in dat milk. Why, I scooped out four big ones afore I bring it to yer.'"

"Did you put your fingers in my milk?" I inquired, and the nigger said:

"'Yis, sah, I did, but I washes my hands ebbery mornin'."

"When I rebuked him with a chair Mrs. Flapjack put in her mouth, and packing up my extra celluloid collar I withdrew from the establishment, without even finishing the glass of milk."

—[Texas Sittings.

ROCK CREEK ITEMS.

Saw mills are running.

Railroad tie-cutters are numerous nowadays.

Miss Gates is teaching the King's Prairie School.

Mr. Nicholson has gone to bridge work near Albany.

Hester & Turnidge are booming the hop business.

Merrell & White contemplate starting a tie camp here soon.

Mrs. Harris, one of the early pioneers, is not expected to live.

The citizens in school district 99 have built a neat school house.

The work on the new bridge at Don Smith's crossing is at a stand still.

Mr. and Mrs. Stout, of Mehama, made Rock Creek friends a visit recently.

Miss Francis McLean is engaged to teach the summer school in Dist. 99.

The interstate law, or the fishermen below, have retarded the salmon run.

Jno. Schultz has purchased a farm and rumors of a wedding are prevalent.

A Mr. Ramsey, of Kentucky, is purchasing timber for the purpose of carrying on an extensive lumber business.

ORVIS.

During the boundary line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island the subject came up at a dinner table in Washington, and a Rhode Island member of congress, waxing indignant over it exclaimed to Senator Pawes: "Dawes it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island! a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes. "If we should steal your whole state it would only be petit larceny, and a justice of the peace would have jurisdiction."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Nothing," writes Balzac, "is irredeemably ugly but sin." Balzac died without seeing Ben Butler.—[Life.

The author who wrote "There is beauty in extreme old age," probably never tackled an over-nursed egg.—[Chicago Merchant Traveler.

He—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" She—"I'm going a-milking, sir." (she said). He—"Can I not help you, my pretty maid?" She—"You can work the pump-handle, sir." (she said).—[Puck.

First lady caller—"Is your husband at home?" Young wife (playfully).—"No; he has left me for a time." Second lady caller (aside).—"And a pretty big one as usual, I suppose."—[New Haven News.

Next morning: Chappie—"Haw, Cholly, how feel?" Cholly—"Immense. How you?" Chappie—"First class. How's head?" Cholly—"Immense." Chappie—"Haw, naturally." Cholly—"Haw."—[Life.

Social co-operation: Debutante—"What beautiful china the De Jones have." Old Stager—"Tis rather pretty. It looked much better at Smythe's last week, though. Smythe's Mahogany table rather set it off."—[Life.

"That man over there has made twenty-five per cent. of his fortune from watered stock." "He looks like a bloated monopolist. Some railroad magnate, I suppose?" "No. He's a milk dealer."—[New York Sun.

Mrs. Theodore Caldwell was the recipient Saturday of a beautiful floral offering, in commemoration of the advent of her first-born son, which came to her by express from Baltimore, Md.—[Canton (N. Y.) Advertiser.

"Don't you find the people round here very sociable?" asked Cobwiger of a new neighbor. "Yes, indeed I do," was the hearty response. "Only a moment ago I met a beggar, and he held out his hand to me."—[Harper's Bazar.

We are told that all the sixty millions of people of this country could be put into the state of Texas without crowding. This is because they have a habit in Texas of suspending persons from trees and telegraph poles. This makes more room below.

A letter has just been disintombed in Pompeii, just where the district messenger boy lost it three hundred thousand years ago. The boy is supposed to be still alive, and slowly wandering along in the direction of the house where the letter was to be delivered.

De Gilt—"Come, Miss Passee, here are the wraps, and the evening is charming for a stroll. It will put new color into your cheeks." Miss Blunt (in a loud whisper).—"Yes, do come, dear; you've worn that shade so long, now, it's getting noticeable you know."

"Have you 'Hours of Idleness' here?" the maiden asked, as she sauntered into the book store. "No, we haven't miss," said the youth behind the counter; "the boss is an old skindint, and when we ain't doing any business he keeps us dusting the books."

The Base-ball Fever: Rector (with tremendous force).—"Do you ask me to believe that even after this shameful treatment Jacob was put out?" Sporting Deacon (waking up suddenly).—"Yes, he was!" Kelly never'd reached second if—" (And the organ played softly.)

Between Husbands—"Say, do you ever read the letters that are addressed to your wife?" (With indignation).—"Never!" "What! you have absolute confidence in her?" "O, it is not that. I am afraid I would find something in them that might be disagreeable for me to know, and I adore her!"—[French Fun.

"I ain't much in a city like New York," said Col. Blood, who had been drinking all the evening at Dumley's expense, "but down in the Blue Grass region I am reckoned a pretty big gun." "Yes, Col., said Dumley, as he paid for another round, "you are a big gun, and it costs something to load you up."—[New York Sun.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Teacher (giving directions for standing).—"Stand with your heels together, toes turned out, making an angle of forty degrees. This was followed by a look of bewilderment on one boy's face. Teacher—Well, Tim, do you know what I mean? Do you know what a degree is? Pupil—Yes, sir. Teacher—What? Pupil—Sixty-nine and one-fourth miles.—[Boston Journal.

A little one was seen to gaze fixedly at the crescent moon, which she detected in hazy outline early one morning. After looking for a moment to satisfy herself that what she saw was not due to the workings of fancy, she ran shouting with laughter to her mother, and when she could trust herself to speak, broke out with, "Such a joke on our Heavenly Father. He forgot to take in His moon last night!"

We have heard of a child whose mother sang to her nightly the hymn: "Hush! my child, lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed." The girl finally noticed that the little girl always covered her face for the night with the sheet. Pressed to explain this, she said she "didn't think it fair for the angels to watch her when she could not see them." Another night she burst out with, "Mother, I cannot bear the angels here any longer! They must go out and stand in the hall!"

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK STATE SENATE.

For expediting legislative business, Edmund L. Pitts, the President of the New York State Senate, stands almost without a peer. Such a place as he holds is a most trying one and requires great powers of endurance. One of Mr. Pitts' ablest supporters will be seen in his list given below:

STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1887.

I have used Allcock's Pore Plasters in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended.

EDMUND L. PITTS.

"Tis SOZODONT the whole world tries,
"Tis SOZODONT which purifies
The breath and mouth, and dirt defies,
"Tis SOZODONT for which we sigh,
Every night for thirty nights, and will answer
any written or personal inquiries."

FROM THE DRIFT.

Items More or Less Funny Caught During the Week and Contributed to the Statesman.

The gentleman who purchased a linen duster for his buggy several days ago, thinking he would need it, was walking the streets yesterday trying to give it away, declaring that "any one who bought anything but a buffalo robe until the middle of summer in this country was a dodgasted fool."

A very gentle hint was that given to the trustees of the university, the other night, when a self-appointed committee, tore down the rickety front steps of the building and pulled up the old creaky pump, to make some needed repairs. Since the well is without a pump, the students have unanimously decided to offer it for sale, or to request who took the pump to return and take that also.

The other day a mother, who takes her little daughter to church invariably on Sunday, was amused to hear her young hopeful going through the baptismal ritual. She had captured a stray thomas cat, and having filled the bath tub with water was sousing the helpless feline under, with the following formula, doubtless learned at church from sound. "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and (quickly ducking the squawking cat) into the hole-you-go!"

An Albany boy has reached that age when the matter of dispensing with his dresses and putting him in pants is being gravely considered by his mother. She was talking over the matter with another lady the other day, and the little lad overheard her say something about putting a "fly" in his pants. "I won't have a fly in my pants!" exclaimed the boy. "But, my dear, you must," remonstrated the mother. "No, I won't! If you put a fly in my pants, mamma, I will sit on it and kill it!"

Several days ago, one of the many budding Websters was spouting away in a grandiloquent speech of borrowed eloquence, in the university chapel, before an uneasy audience, and when in the midst of a very lofty period, he came to a full stop, his memory having treacherously failed him at a critical moment. Terribly embarrassed, he turned red and white by turns, stammered, looked helpless, and finally reaching down into the depths of a capacious pocket, he pulled out an "Orator's Own Manual," and holding it up, said "Ladies and gentlemen, if you want to learn the remainder of my speech, you will find it in this book," bowed, and left the platform amid tremendous applause.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

On Thursday evening, Capital Engine Company, No. 1, adopted the following preamble and resolutions of respect to the memory of their lately deceased brother foreman, Frank D. McDowell:

Frank D. McDowell, who died in this city on April 3d, 1886, was elected to membership in Capital Engine Co., No. 1, S. F. D., March 2, 1876.

He served as second assistant foreman for one term following June 3, 1880, and by unanimous vote of the company at two successive elections held the office of first assistant foreman for two years from June 22, 1881.

At the department election in 1883, he was the candidate of the company by unanimous vote, for the office of chief engineer, but failed of election.

Later in the same year having faithfully served the allotted period, he received, at his request, his exempt certificate, as he was no longer physically equal to the demands of active service.

No man in the department was in any respect a better freeman than Frank D. McDowell. He was energetic and capable to a degree that commanded the admiration of our most active rivals. He shrank from no duty however arduous or dangerous; and insubordination, the enemy of good discipline and effective service, finds no place in the record of his career as a freeman.

He also knew how to lead, and the efficiency of the company was always improved under his official management. One of the most brilliant victories ever won by our company was due entirely to his activity and capability in command; but it was at the price of his health, and his untimely taking off was the result of his zeal in the gallant duty of saving property from fire. He was excellent, not only in our company relations, but also as a citizen in all the walks of life. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That in common with all classes of the community in which he grew to manhood, lived, and died, we deplore the demise of Frank D. McDowell, a good citizen, a brave freeman, a generous friend, and an honest man.

Resolved, That these resolutions, with the preamble, be spread upon a page of the company record, to be set apart for that purpose, as a memorial to our departed friend.

Respectfully submitted,
Geo. H. BURNETT,
Chas. B. MOORES,
P. H. D'ARCY,
Committee.

INTERVIEWS A DRUG.

A half dozen Congressmen, when once interviewed properly during a recess of Congress, can make the country believe there are a million of them here. They enter the office of the newspaper correspondent at all times of the day or night and sit for hours waiting to be interviewed. If the correspondent does not take the hint he is given in terms like this: "I can give you some information about some political matters you and your paper are interested in. How much space can you give it?"

Many encouragement is given the straggler man he pours out enough to fill a page of any ordinary newspaper. The general belief of the interviews at this time is to solidify the gentleman interviewed with the Administration. Almost any correspondent can get a dozen interviews every day, praising the Administration in general terms, but no one wants to print them. The bulk of the statesmen at the capital nowadays are heavy-weights.

J. L. Norton Carroll, residing at Far Rockaway, Queens Co., N. Y., was so crippled with inflammatory rheumatism, of ten years' standing, that he had to use crutches. He was completely cured by taking two Brandreth's pills every night for thirty nights, and will answer any written or personal inquiries.

"DON'T YOU WORRY."

How Shrewd Business Men Have Solved a Great Problem.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men?" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.

We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combatting other schools of practice, it might be satisfactorily answered.

The flights of "isms" reminds us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes, that were only happy when they were annihilating each other.

If Allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race, Homoeopathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If Homoeopathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race, Allopathy attacks it.

It is absurd that these schools should fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.

Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize, is recognized by the public, and this public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession, eventually compels it to recognize it.

Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men?

A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich. "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about doing them." It seems to us that the public have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have been wrangling about it.

By a careful examination of insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examinations, (and that no man can now get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney disorder,) because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence, no reliable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.

This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination, because unknown to himself, his kidneys were diseased. The shrewd agent, however, did not give up the case. He had an eye to business, and to his commission, and said: "Don't you worry; you get a half dozen bottles of Warner's safe cure, take it according to directions and in about a month come around, and we will have another examination. I know you will find yourself all right and will get your policy."

The editor expressed surprise at the agent's faith, but the latter replied: "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when they find a customer rejected for this cause, give similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance."

What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as well as other shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming, in the form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?

In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except upon a basis of truth; indeed, they are published under a guarantee of \$5,000 to anyone who will disprove their correctness, and this offer has been standing, we are told, for more than four years.

Undoubtedly this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.

We have not space now to discuss the proposition that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit even if pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.

Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty that they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy, and money cannot take away.

JUST WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

Hon. Dr. D. Hayne of Salem, Illinois, says he uses Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup in his family with the most satisfactory results, in all cases of coughs, colds and croup, and recommends it in particular for the little ones. Sample bottle 5 cents at Geo. E. Good's.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficiency.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED. As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced. It seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

W. J. McLEOD, Macon, Ga.

SKIN AND SCALP

Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Disfiguring Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

A COMPLETE CURE.

I have suffered all my life with skin disease of different kinds and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA Remedies. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va. Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off of one of my hands from the finger tips to the wrist. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced using CUTICURA REMEDIES and now I am entirely cured.

E. T. PARKER, 379 Northampton St., Boston.

DRUGGISTS ENDORSE THEM.

Have sold a quantity of your Cuticura Remedies. One of my customers, Mrs. Henry Kint, who had letter on her hands to such an extent as to cause the skin to peel off, and for eight years she suffered greatly, was completely cured by the use of your medicines.

C. N. NYE, Druggist, Canton, Ohio.

ITCHING, SCALD, PIMPLY.

For the last year I have had a severe case of itching scalp and