EDWARD JENNER, M. D., AND THE VACCINATION CENTENNIAL.

The English town of Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester, is not only noted for its famous cheese, known "Double Gloucester," and for its castle, which was the scene of the barbarous murder of Edward II, but also for having been the scene, a hundred years ago, of the first vaccination, and thirty-five years previous (1749) the birthplace of its discoverer, Edward Jenner.

The important matter was first communicated by its discoverer, in the following letter to a friend:

"Dear Gardner: As I promised to let you know how I proceeded in my inquiry into the nature of that singular disease, the cowpox, and being fully satisfied how much you feel interested in its success, you will be gratified in hearing that I have at last accomplished what I have been so long waiting for, the passing of the vaccine virus from one human being to another by the ordinary mode of inoculation.

"A boy by the name of Phipps was inoculated in the arm from a pustule on the hand of a young woman who was infected by her master's cows. Having never seen the disease but in its casual way before, that is, when communicated from the cow to the hand of the milker, I was astonished at the close resemblance of the pustules. But now listen to the most delightful part of the story. The boy since has been inoculated for the smallpox, which, as I ventured to predict, produced no effect. I shall now pursue my experiments with redoubled ardor. Believe me yours very sincerely. EDWARD JENNER."

Berkeley, July 19, 1796.

This is the event the centennial of which is just now being celebrated in all parts of the world. In Russia a life of Jenner and a medal is to be issued; in Berlin the medical profession will issue a very fine medal; and in Bristol, England, they are celebrating the centennial by acquiring for the city the famous Mockler collection of Jenner relics; while in this country, Baltimore, Newport, the State of Pennsylvania, represented by its health board, and State Medical Society, met at Marietta, on May 22, to celebrate the discovery.

In the city of Brooklyn the medical profession held a banquet on the 14th inst.; there were orations by Bishop Potter, Provost William Pepper, M. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, Prof. William Welch, M. D., of Johns Hopkins University, and others, besides issuing an ornate bronze medal. The bronze medal struck by the medical society of the county of kings was made from an old print of Dr. Jenner.

Of Edward Jenner, the immortal discoverer of vaccination, a writer has said: "Among all the names which ought to be consecrated by the gratitude of mankind, that of Jenner stands pre-eminent. It would be difficult, we are inclined to say impossible, to select from the catalogue of benefacators to humane nature an individual who has contributed so largely to the preservation of life and to the alleviation of sufferings."

He was the son of an English clergyman, and he says of himself: "I have been the only one of a long line of ancestors and relatives who was not educated at Oxford." And it may be due to that fact that he early cultivated his powers of observation in the study of nature among his native meadows instead of the classic halls of a university, that his faculties of observation and induction were developed instead of those of erudition and speculation. The other great factor in the development of this man and his great discovery was the fact that he, at the age of twenty-one, became the pupil and assistant of John Hunter, in whose house he resided for two years. This was a fortunate crisis in Jenner's life; the spark of observation was latent in his mind, and Hunter supplied the friendly breath. The friendship at that time formed continued through the remainder of Hunter's life, and it is noteworthy that the first to describe the pathology of angina pectoris as a disease of the coronary arteries was Jenner, whose studies were incited by the sufferings of his honored preceptor from the disease which terminated his life, and whose coronary arteries were found in the the condition that Jenner had predicted. In his earlier days Jenner was somewhat known as a poet, and his poem on the "Signs of Rain" has been frequently reprinted, and shows accurate observation of the phenomena of nature.

As a naturalist he was even better known, and a number of his papers had been well received and published in the Transactions of the Royal Society. That on the influence of of the earthworms and their influence in breaking up the soil and fertilizing it for cultivation was first to call attention to this now well recognized fact. His researches into the habits of the cuckoo and other birds are often quoted. But we are told when Jenner attempted to lay the subject of vaccination before the society the president gave him to understand that "he had already gained some credit by his communications to the Royal Society, and he ought to be cautious and prudent and not risk his reputation by presenting to that learned body anything which appeared so much at variance with established knowledge and withal so incredible. His first public communication on the subject in June 1798 and entitled: "Inquiry into the Cause and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ." Although his attention was first directed to the subject when he was a medical student, previous to 1770, his first successful vaccination was made on the 14th of May, 1796, when Jenner inserted lymph taken from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, who was infected with cowpox, into the arms of James Phipp, a healthy boy of about 8 years of age. On the first of July following the attempt was made to inoculate him with smallpox virus by introducing the "matter" into his arm, but no effect followed. The importance to humanity of the era which that day (May 14, 1796) began may be appreciated by those who recall the days when the descriptoin given of the terrors of the loathsome disease was not an exaggeration. "The smallpox was always present, filling the churchyard with corpses, tormenting with constant fears all whom it had not yet stricken, leaving on those whose lives it had spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which its mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover." A hundred years ago London had a population considerably less than that of Brooklyn to day yet statistics tell us that small pox annually destroyed 1,200 of her population; and that Vienna, with less than a quarter of our number, lost in the year 1800 no less than 835. In the city of Paris, there were in 1719, 14,000 deaths from smallpox. In 1768-69 one-half of the people of Kamschatka perished with the disease. In 1733 it almost depopulated Greenland, after having in 1709 carried off more than one-fourth of its inhabitants; and we are told that when the Spaniards introduced their religion into the land of the Aztecs they brought smallpox, which did far more than the cruel swords of Cortez and his band of invaders to "civilize" the country; killing off in one year 3,500,000 of the natives—nearly one-third the number of the present population of the Mexican republic. There is probably no greater contrast in the whole history of mankind than this picture presents in comparison with that of smallpox in the countries where vaccination is enforced today. In the city of Brooklyn we have gone whole years without seeing a case of smallpox, and last year (1895) there were but sixteen cases, with one death, among our million inhabitants, and the present year promises as clean a record.

Dr. Jenner died on the 26th of January, 1823, at the age of 74. The following epitaph is inscribed on his tomb:

"Within this tomb hath found a resting Place
The great physician of the human race.
Immortal Jenner! Whose gigantic Mind
Brought life and health to more than Half mankind.
Let rescued Infancy his worth proclaim
And lisp out blessings on his honored Name:
And radiant Beauty drop one grateful Tear,
For Beauty's truest friend lies buried Here."

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

A democratic organ has discovered that McKinley was not the author of the McKinley law after all. Senator Allison originated the tin plate protective feature, Representative Gear prepared the sugar schedule, and the reciprocity clause was the work of Senator Aldrich. It follows therefore, that the democrats should quit abusing McKinley for the alleged evils of that celebrated measure.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer It never fails to cure For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

The Chicago and Northern Pacific railroad have put in effec a general 5 cent fare to the suburbs reached by that road. It is a fight between the street electric cars and the big commercial road.

One swallow does not make spring, but one swallow of One Minute Cough Cure brings relief. W. E. Brock.

The question of what was intended to accomplish, in the late tobacco order by the Spanish authorities in Cuba, has come under considerable discussion on an attempted explanation from the Spanish government. It comes from no less ad authority than Bradstreet's that in an interview the Spanish minister at Washington said that the order prohibiting the export of tobacco from Cuba was not a political measure in any sense, but was adopted by the government at Madrid after serious consideration to meet an economic necessity; that the government for a long time delayed taking the action because of its injury to commerce, but was driven to this step by the fact that without it over 15,000 cigar makers in Havana would be thrown out of employment for lack of the raw material, and 50,000 to 60,000 women and children dependent upon them would be in danger of starvation.

Pills do not cure constipation They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

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Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price, 50c. Nasal injector free. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

"WHOEFFER DOUCHES DOT TOG IS A TEAT MAN."

It was in a country where men go armed—or where they went armed—a dozen or more years ago, their pistols and knives seeming as much part of them as the quills are part of the porcupine. It was in the dining room of a frame frontier hotel. There was no plaster on the walls. There were no laths on the walls not even between the stanchions. The boards that covered the stanchions on the outside were of the poorest quality of pine. Through numerouse knotholes the sunlight poured in on two sides, and on the other side glimpses of the desert could be seen through them. There was not a tree to be seen for miles in that barren region. The mercury was away above a hundred in the dining room. The pitch fairly iried out of the boards and ran down them. At the upper end of the room was a bar at which could be procured "tarantula juice" as the bad whiskey of the region was called and cigars which were as bad as the whiskey, and worse, if that were possible.

Those who sat at the tables and those who came and went to and from the bar, fairly bristled with weapons. There was not one of them who was not "handy with the gun." Their eyes were quick. They had an alert look, not unlike that which a robin has, hopping across a lawn, surrounded by a half dozen sparrows. When entering a room they see every thing at a glance. As soon as they see that there is no enemy there, they would rapidly observe whatever was unusual. Though I was not in clerical dress, I was smoothly shaven and probably other marks of which I was not aware, showed that I was a clergyman, Their eyes would rest on me and then travel past me to a singular looking mau near me. His hair and beard were long and white. his brow was high and noble. His features were Semitic. He was evidently a Hebrew.

With him was a fine dog—a cross, I thought, between a Newfoundland and a water spaniel. Presently something occurred which attracted the attention of everyone present, myself included. The dog put his forefeet on the edge of the table, and proceeded to feed out of the plate from which the master was feeding. At first this surprised, and I must confess somewhat disgusted me, for, while nobody loves a dog more than I do, I hold that there are places where a dog's nose has no business, and one of them is my dinner plate. That is a matter of taste, however, and I was not disposed to interfere. Others felt differently. One of them said:

"No more of that, Sheeny!"

"Vat you mean?" asked the old man.

"Keep your dog's nose out of your plate!"

"Dot is my pisiness."

"I make it mine!" was the answer and a ball from the speakers revolver broke the plate from which the dog and his master had been jointly feeding.

The old man simply said:

"Town, Rover, town!" and rose—his hand going toward his hip-pocket, to the surprise of everybody for though in this place every man was expected to take care of himself, the Jew is not generally a fighting man, and will stand a good deal without resorting to his weapon.

Some one said: "Make him dance"

A revolver went off, the ball entering the floor near the old man's feet. Some one made as if to kick the dog. The old man's revolver was out in a moment. He stood erect. His eyes gleamed. He suggested Moses to me. He said in a high but firm voice.

"Whoeffer douches dot tog is a teat man."

"A dance from the eiscumcision." cried the voice which had first suggested the dance.

The old man bowed deferentially, even cringingly, and said:

"If the shentlemen vants me to tance, I vill do te best I can."

At this everybody laughed. I stepped forward and said:

"I have a proposition to make. Instead of having the old gentleman dance, let us have him mount a table and tell us why he allowed his dog to eat from the same dish with him."

This pleased the crowd, and they cried: "A speech! a speech!"

The speech the old man made was very short and very simple:

"I am a drader among te Indians; I lib ober te store. Te store catch fire. I and mine vife and our children vere asleep. More! We vere smoddered by te smoke Te tog dried vone, dwo, dree dimes to vake me. I rouse a leedle, but I tid not vake. Den he catch me py te sheek and pite a oud. I safe te vife and te leedle vones. Now dot tog eat out ov my blate if he vant to."

I proposed three cheers for the dog and his master, and they were given most heartily; but the old man and I had to make a run for it to avoid burning ourselves out with "farantula juice."—Rev. J. C. Adams.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHT BY NEMO.

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Why not let our 'thoughts" wand- for a while around that creation-old subject, Woman? The difficulty is to be moderate in our language, since we men are apt to express ourselves regarding the whole sex just according to whether we have had fateful or helpful experience with one member of it. We are so commercial in our training that we make the grand mistake in this instance of judging the whole by a sample, she fabric by a thread, the house by a splinter. We sum her up individually just as we feel, for from the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. To one she is like Arctic ice, distant and abominably cold; to another she is steel, moldable into a weapon of fate, and anchor of hope or the narrowness of a razor-edge; or again she is a ruby, warm and lustrous; or mayhap (to bring a sudden end to similes) she is a jelly-fish, so simple you think you can see though her, so yielding you think you can mold her, and yet capable of bringing a smarting and hopeless ache, into your heart that neither concentration on other subjects nor year will alleviate. But another smile must come forth: to an occasional one she is the very tonic of life; her intuition detects the unworthy ambition, her frown condemns it, her smile urges on to noble effort, her nod of approval energises the flagging spirits, her gentle hand leads to the goal of victory over self and over wrong.

But what thinks "Nemo" while he scrawls this out almost illegibly and glances ever and anon at the scenery flying by the car in which he is traveling? The wheels seem to acquire a certaian cadence in their sound as they pass over the fish-plates. The clatter begins to form itself into syllables in the ear. There it is now. "Prod-i-gal, prod-i-gal, prod-i-gal, and evry moment of diverted attention strikes into the ear again prod-i-gal, prod-i-gal, prod-i-gal." Even the soulless train is thinking in concert with me, and coinciding with my thoughts of woman as a sex and as a power in the world.

A misanthropic father one time brought up a son in entire seclusion from all womankind. When manhood approached he led the boy out through the world on a tour of observation and described to him the various creatures they met. As they went, there came tripping along the path a sweet young girl, swinging her hat and smiling from the very glee of existance. "Father" said the startled youth, "what animal is that?" "my son" said the father "that is a very silly creature called a goose. It is also dangerous." When this mythical tour was completed the father was curious to know which creature the boy would like to have for a pet. He instantly blurted out, "Father, buy me a goose."

As surely as the planets revolve, as the tides ebb and flow, as sure as the influence of gravitation the man will seek the woman as his complemental portion. Daring his boyhood she is to him "only a girl." with a decided tinge of superiority in the tone he uses. But gradually his eyes are opened and she becomes to him the "summum bonum," the highest good in life. Everything that has been dear to him before fades into triviality except as it recommends him in her eyes. He intercepts her path to catch a smile. If he wins it, he is raised into the seventh-heaven of delight; if it is denied him, he is plunged into a despair wherein even mother and home and life, all, have no value to him. Woman becomes therefore the motive force of the world, with its multifarious industries and its arts. The glories of a palace are as naught to a man unless he find a woman to rule therein; his triumps in accomplishment are Dead Sea Apples unless he can lay the trophies at her feet, the ringing plaudits of the crowd are hollow mockery to him unless those thrilling sounds can reach the ear and flush the cheek of the woman whom he regards above all others. He becomes as clay in her hand; she can mold his very character and transform it in moments of supreme desire; she can draw aside the curtain and show him a broader nobler thought of love than his, for beneath his chivalry and his poetry too often ammlism is strongly lurking; she can, if she will, let into his eager soul the higher thought that the law of supreme love is not wild possession but self-subjugation. Yet with those oportunities at her sommand, with the yearning man, awake to his incompletenesi, quivering at her side, with the power within her to uplife his thoughts, his motives, his ambitions, how numberless are the women who are mere coquettes or shalow retailers of small talk, or who meet the man on his own lower plane of thought.

There are the wheels again. "Prod-i-gal, prod-i-gal, prod-i-gal."

Instead of woman being the weaker she is the stronger in that which constitutes real strength, Morals are greater than muscles. To her is committed the moral conservation of the race in curbing her love, in gently influencing her husband, in setting right standards before her children; or if it be that she have neither lover nor husband nor child, yet is her power not lessened to guide her less advnced sister, to be trusted confidant of those who are perp'exed and tending towards moral destruction, to come into the lives of children whose mothers have not the insight sufficient to guide their own. Feeble though woman's apprehension of her power has been, yet were this world bereft of the constant leaven of her of her tendency upward and her carrying of man with her, it would be nothing but a moral charnel house. She is the block that prevents progress from slipping back again

The wheels are slowing down as I draw near my destination. Measurably they still say "Prod-i-gal, prod-i" Who is? Woman, for too often scatters her advantages to the wind and reaps the whirlwind as a result.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Did you ever think how easily the blood is poisoned by constipation? Bad blood means bad health and premature old age. De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills, overcome obstinate constipation. W. E. Brock.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, administrator of the estate Walter S. Lyon, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to me, at my residence near Centerville, Washington County, Oregon within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 4th day of June, 1896. G. W. MARSH,
Administrator of the estate of Walter S. Lyon, deceased. 2-6

Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the administratrix of the estate of August Gomsella deceased has filed her final account in said estate and that Monday, the 6th day of July 1896 at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. is set by the county court of the State of Oregon, for Washington county for the hearing of the same. All persons interested are hereby notified to be and to appear at said time and make objections to said Final Account if any they have.

ANNA GAMBELLA,
Administratrix of the estate of August Gambella deceased. 1-5

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W. T. GARDNER,
Supt. Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, Portland, Oregon.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has taken out letters testamentary upon the estate of Albert Wilcox, late of Washington County, Oregon, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned within six months from the date hereof, at my residence, near Cornelius, in said County, for allowance, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

NELSON WILCOX,
June 8, 1896. 3-7 Administrator.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for Washington County.

J. J. Braim, Plaintiff,
v.
Ada Braim, Defendant.

To Ada Braim, the above named defendant:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above named Court by Monday, the 20th day of July, 1896, that being the first day of the July term of said Court, and if you fail to so answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a judgment and decree, as prayed for in said complaint, viz: That the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant shall be dissolved. This summons is published by authority of an order made therefor by Hon. Thos. A. McBride, presiding Judge of said Court, at Chambers, this the 5th day of June, 1896.

W. J. RICE,
28. Attorney for Plaintiff.

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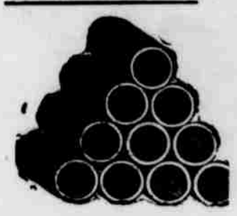

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