PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

E L. PHILPS, SUB-AGENT.

A Diphtheria Seare.

its worst form is very prevalent in many

out of their wits, with every new case of sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is

said to have had diphtheria who only had a

severe sore throat. The form of sore

that lays people up with colds, catarrh, and sore throats, and lays the children low with

diphtheria; it's the soft, pleasant, alternating with the wet, slushy days." This is very true, and explains why those troubles

are so prevalent this unusually soft rainy

winter; the air, in fact, is laden with pois-

onous vapors. The first symptoms of true diphtheria are much like those of a heavy

cold on the lungs. There is fever, some stupor, and difficulty in breathing. Very

sharp pains are often felt in the neck glands, just below the ear. The tongue is

coated, the throat and tonsils inflamed,

little white spots, which increase and turn

to a dirty yellow or brown color next ap-

pear, and a peculiar odor totally unlike ul-

cerated sore throat is noticeable. If the

disease is of the black or malignant type

tients to their former good health. Very

Anodyne Liniment. Be that as it may it

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There is no doubt but that diphtheria in

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Ram it in, cram it in, Children's heads are hollow; Slam it in, jam it in, Still there's more to follow-Hygiene and history, Astronomic mystery, Algebra, histology, Latin, etymology, Botany, geometry, Greek and trigonometry-Ram it in, cram it in, Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in-What are teachers paid for? Bang it in, slam it in-What are children made for? Ancient archæology, Aryan philology, Prosody, zoology, Physics, clinictology, Calculus and mathematics, Rhetoric and hydrostatics-Hoax it in, coax it in,

Rub it in, club it in, All there is of learning; Punch it in, crunch it in, Quench their childish yearning For the field and grassy nook, Meadow green and rippling brook, Drive such wicked thoughts afar, Teach the children that they are But machines to cram it in, Bang it in, slam it in-

That their heads are hollow.

Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in, All that they can swallow; Fold it in, hold it in, Still there's more to follow. Faces pinched, sad and pale, Tell the same undying tale-Tell of moments robbed from sleep, Meals untasted, studies deep. Those who've passed the furnace through, With aching brow, will tell to you How the teacher crammed it in, Rammed it in, jammed it in, Crunched it in, punched it in, Rubbed it in, clubbed it in, Pressed it in, caressed it in, Rapped it in and slapped it in When their heads were hollow.

DHOUL BLAKE'S RACE.

"So you think that was a grand finish," said Mr. O'Gallagher, with a certain tone of sadness in his voice; "won by a length and a half and any number of lengths between the second and third? May be. you'll be afther telling me it was a fine race

ddressing were seated in a dry ditch at Punchestown, discussing cold fowl and champagne with evident relish. One of the steeplechases at the great meeting of 187-had just concluded, but not to the satisfaction of Mr. O'Gallagher, who claimed to be, and really was, an authority upon racing matters. One of his auditors hailed from the remote North of Scotland, and had never witnessed a steeplechase before. The other, a lively French Count, had oft looked upon, in his own country, what the natives there were pleased to call steeplechasing-indeed, had sometimes ridden in the same. After a pause he spoke thus:

"Ma foi, he was not fine race, but he was grand! sublime! Moi! jes zuis ze bold jocko myself, and have tumbled before now at ze big jomp" ("Divil doubt ye," murmured Mr. O'Gallagher,) "and have come ze-ze-topper."

"Cropper, we say," rejoined the racing authority.

"Ah, oui; croppare. Crop my collarbone, two, four time."

"And he calls that a grand race," muttered Mr. O'Gallagher; "where there's nobody hurt, not a horse killed, not even a spill at the double, and no riding required at the finish! A hands down business, and the winner winking at the girls in the grand stand as he canthers past, fair an' asy! Bedad, Count De la Roche, but you have a power to learn yet about racing

The count bowed politely in answer. But the Scotchman burst out with: "I'm awfu' glad yon race is weel ower. Man, at ilka fence ma hairt played loup wi' the horses. Od, gin ony o' them had faa'n doon, I'd hae swarfed awa! It's a fearsome sicht—it's a' that !"

Mr. O'Gallager gazed with undisguised astonishment at the last speaker.

"Faix, Misther Ramsay, thim that had the education of you didn't do their duty, I'm thinking. Tell me, now, can ye sit ahorse at all, at all?"

"Never tried, and have nae wish to begin," was the answer. "It's ower late in the day for Jock Ramsay o' Crig-nu-Creish to be trusting till ony shanks but

"We will have long wait before next race," observed the count.

"Suppose, Monsieur Gallagher, that you dictate to us some leetle experience about ze steeple riding. You have frequently ridden for ze large cup, and won him, sans

"Oh, I have pulled off a few races in my hear a story about a cousin of mine and a steeplechase he once rode in, you're wel-

This proposal being eagerly accepted, desperation. Mr. O'Gallagher commenced his tale: "My cousin was a Blake, a Galway Blake, and that tells he was a gentleman;

Here Mr. O'Gallagher looked defiantly the coorse was clear av he had to make a benefit of Maister Cody?" remarked Mr. at his audience of two, and as they did not bowlt for it. pear inclined to contradict the statement

or if it doesn't the devil's in it."

proceeded. 'My cousin was a splendid horseman, a

dead shot, a great angler, a beautiful singer. and as wizened looking a little creature as you ever seen in your born days. He stood five feet five inches in his boots, had a pair of eyes that looked through you, and through any one standing behind ye. He had a mouth that never said no to any amount of good drink, and the color of his hose bore out the character of his mouth. Then he was as bowld a swearer and as ready with his fist as any man in the the people when they saw Dhoul Blake in country twice his size and weight. Oh, he | the saddle !

and generation?"

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. O'Gallagher. "Useful, is it? Didn't he always encourage sport? There wasn't a cock fight, or a dog fight, or a badger dhrawin', or a bull baiting, or a race within 50 miles—aye, or a 100 miles—ov him that he would not pathronize by his presence, and may be assist the divarsion by a contribution out ov his own pocket. There wasn't a horse in Ireland he couldn't ride or pull, as the case might require it, to oblige a friend. Useful! Ho! bedad, he's a gineral in the American army now; but if he was to come over to Galway tomorrow and shout 'Dhoul Blake abool' there isn't a man in the country that wouldn't die for him."

Mr. Ramsay's only answer to this exor-

dium was a long-drawn sigh.
"What was that name did you say?"
eagerly asked the count. "Towel Blake, n'est-ce-pas? Am I in ze right box this

"No, no!" replied Mr. O'Gallagher, laughing, "he was christened Dowell, but he was such a devil at everything that the people nicknamed him, out of pure love for him. Dhoul." "And that is ___ ?"

"The owld boy himself, below; don't you understand?"

"Ha, ha! ma foi. Monsieur le Diable.

"Faith, and I must be starting with my story," said Mr. O'Gallagher, "or I'll tire myself in the preliminary canther. So here goes, boys! I'm off!

"Ye must know that some seasons back, in the month of May, there was a big steeplechase fixed to come off in the county Galway, at a place they used to call then Lisnakilleen. Myself and Dhoul Blake and a lot ov prime ganiuses were spending a few days in dhrinking and gentlemanly amusements generally at one Misther Garrett Cody's of Phookstown. Dhoul Blake wasn't goin' to ride at the races, and not havin' to train, he med pretty free with the liquor, rale potheen, too, from a still up in the mountains. Well, thin, on the night before the race, when we were about getting up another keg of the Balm of Gilead, as my cousin christened the potheen, Gar-rett Ccdy up and says, 'Blake,' says he, I'm in the divil's own fix for tomorrow,' says he.

"'How's that, ye ould puckaun?' says Dhoul Blake, making a lunge at Cody's eye with a toothpick, for they were on mighty intimate terms, like two brothers, barrin' the fighting.

"'I expected a great gintleman jock from England,' says Cody, 'one Captain Snattles, to ride a horse for me tomorrow, and he sends me word he's broken his leg out hunting; and professionals won't be allowed lookin' very hard at my cousin.

"Blood and thunder!" roars Dhoul Blake, 'why didn't ve ask me to ride the horse for ye, Garrett?' says he.

"'An owld promise,' says Cody mysteriously, 'the captain thinks that he is the only man can ride the horse, but I'm free to ask ye now,' says he. 'Will you ride

"'To be sure I will! shouted Blake, slapping Garrett on the back. 'Get me the boots and the breeches, and the owld green jacket with the harps on it, and with the help ov the Vargin and a pair ov persuaders I'll land your horse first av its in him,' says

"Well, we all had a royal night ov it, and about 7 o'clock the next morning I awoke with hearin' Dhoul Blake cursing rings around him and roarin' for shavin' water like a lion. He was afther takin' his cowld plunge, and looked as fresh and as ugly as a young monkey. So about 11 o'clock we drove over to the coorse, and Cody comfoostered my cousin into the weighing stand, and cut off with himself like a red shank. The weights were all right, says Blake, getting up. 'Where's may horse?' said he. With that a sleeky lookin' sarvin' man of Garrett Cody's steps

"'Av it's plasin' to ye, Misther Blake, will your honor be afther followin' me?' "Blur and ages, man! where's my horse?" says Dhoul Blake, making a wicked

cut at him with his whip. "'Just down the coorse, sir, your honor," says the sneaking lookin' blaggard, keepin' about ten foot of distance between them.

"Down the coorse?" says my cousin. By the 150 virgins of Clonmacnoise, but this is pretty treatment!' says he, 'for a gintleman rider, to walk him to his horse, as if he was a common professional jock!' says he. By the hind leg of St. Patrick! says he—'I mane the hind leg of St. Patrick's tom cat' (for he was in such a rage he didn't well know what he was saying)-I won't be insulted this way,' says he. 'Where's Misther Cody?' says he, giving his whip a flourish; 'I want to be talkin' to

"'He's gone home, sir, wid a bad colic,' says the sarvin' man, 'but he towld me to say that the horse couldn't bear a crowd.'

"I kept at a little distance, for my own rasons, seein' a wicked look in my cousin's since. "Oh, I have pulled off a few races in my time," modestly answered Mr. O'Gallagher, when he was fairly roused he had an ugly habit of hittin' the man next him a polhome in consequence; but to tell about thogue in the ear that would be apt to time.' myself, gentlemen, isn't my way. It might appear a consated thing to do, and I'm rather bashful, naturally, you see, like most of my countrymen. But if you'd like to his flag, and they were all keeping clear of his flag, and they were all keeping clear of a gray horse as big as an elephant, with his clothes on, kickin' like sivin divils, and four men holding on to him with fair fool?

"Is that the horse?' says my cousin,

quite asy. "Yis, sir, your houor's worship,' says the sarvin' man, looking behind to see that

"'What's his name?' says Dhoul Blake, giving his tops a pull and tightening the waistband of his breeches.

"We haven't named him yit, sir, your honor,' says the man.

"'Troth, I'm thinkin' that horse 'll make a name ov' some kind for himself before the day is over,' says my cousin. "And to see him watching the eye of the

gray horse before he'd mount him! 'Now!' says he, all ov a sudden. And the sarvin' man gave him a leg up. "Then, my jewel, to hear the cheers of

was a rale gintleman!"

"And the gray noise stood quite a seed," here remarked the Scotchman, minute or two, as if he was bothered or hadn't avactly made up his mind what he'd "was your cousin a useful mon in his day hadn't axactly made up his mind what he'd relief for the victim is a thorough and perdo with the man on his back. sistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla .- Ad. for cash.

"There was five other horses in the race, and their jocks were 'foozlin' about with them to make them face the starter. But Dhoul Blake sat still like an image, bedad. But, faith, I didn't think much of his chance. He had five good horses against him—all ridden by their owners. And one of them, Major Pottenton Bagshot, had backed his brown horse for a mint of money, I heard the people saying. They used to call the Major Pot in the country, by reason that bein' a half-pay, and havin' thirteen of a family, he couldn't afford to shoot for sport, but must fill the bag. I knew the major was a darin' rider, and thought that my cousin would have so much to do to bate him that maybe he wouldn't be able "But everything must fall sometime-

even a starter's flag. And all of a sudden

harrow margin espec at or non

Mr. O'Donohue dropped his like a shot. There was a shout from the crowd, and five horses got a beautiful start. But, see ye, the moment the flag fell the four fellows attinding on the gray horse whipped his cloths off. But well become the gray; he indulged himself with five tremendous leaps in the air—regular buck jumps—and then off he went like the wind, Dhoul Blake sticking on as it he was pinned to the saddle. The course was four miles, with a variety of jumps in it. But I ran across to the stone wall; it was counted a mighty ugly leap intirely, and was the eighth jump after starting. So I got up on an owld stump ov a tree and had a great view of the race. At the double before the wall one of the horses bungled, and came down a regular cropper, but the remaining five came tattherin' along like mad to the stone wall. The Major was leading, Dhoul Blake close up to him, and the other three close behind. There was a desperate lot of people gathered round the wall, and to hear them shoutin' 'Ride out, Dhoul Blake! ride out, your sowl! Hurroo, Pot Shot! let the spurs into him!' Oh, it was divartin', I can tell ye. The grey horse I noticed was pulling hard and shaking his head as if he wanted a little more ov his own way than he was nothing but a miracle can restore the pagettin', and he swerved a little comin' up to the wall. The Major flew it like a bird, many reliable people claim to have cured severe cases of diphtheria with Johnson's but my cousin let a curse out ov him, stuck in his spurs, gave the gray a cut ov the whip and a lift of the bridle all at once. Be jabers! the next minute the horse and is worth trying, because so easily used in-Dhoul Blake were rowling on the grass the other side of the wall. Well, in a brace ternally, dropped on sugar or as a gargle, and bathing for external use. We know of shakes two strapping Highland soldiers from experience that it will cure a common ran out the crowd, one ov them caught the sore throat in one night, and thousands of horse, and held him fast, and the other fellow picked up my cousin like a ball of cotton and threw him into the saddle. Then the Highlanders gave a tearin' howl, and the Liniment. If it cures them, why not diph hunting; and professionals won't be allowed up in the race my horse is entered for, and instead of on his back. Well, that horse prescription. I. S. Johnson & Co., Bos-The speaker and the gentleman he was what am I to do at all, at all? says Cody, lepped like a Trojan afterwards, and Dhoul ton, will send free to any person an illus-Blake and the Major came into the straight | trated pamphlet about its use. Send them neck and neck, and the rest nowhere. And that was a finish! You could hear the cracks of the whips above the shouting of the crowd, and my cousin just managed to pass the judge's box first by a head. But he couldn't stop the gray, and after running half the coorse over again he had to be captured by four mounted policemen; and, bedad, that was the most exciting race ov all. To see the peelers riding out at the jumps! But they sat well, to do them justice. Poor Dhoul Blake hadn't a life of a resident of New York thirty years breath to dhraw when he was caught, but the gray looked as if he had only been out of age. It was a life policy, its premiums for exercise. However, when the weighing payable in fifteen annual payments, and on was over-and it took the bridle in-before the Tontine plan. The total premium for my cousin could dhraw his weight, 'Saddle that horse again! says he. 'Where's them fifteen years amounted to \$5,364. two Highland Scotchmen?' So, faith, the two bowld fellows were marched up to him. And says he, puttin' his hand in his

> "'My hairos,' says he, 'what was that unearthly yell ye gave when ye put me up on my horse? Be the shin-bone ov St. Bridget, but it won me the race.'

"That's the war cry o' our clan, the MacPhairson,' says one of the Highlanders, looking mighty fierce, and the other fellow said nothing; but he puffed himself out as if he'd burst, and snorted like a wild baste. taken a paid-up policy for \$15,860. This "'Here's a five pound note for ye,' says Dhoul Blake, 'and may your enemies always run as fast from ye as the gray

horse did today.' "With that, my jewel, the people gave paid in premiums. three cheers for the Highlanders; and as for my cousin, sure he was nearly pulled in pieces amongst them. But at last he got his top coat and threw it on him, and went over to where the sleeky-faced blagguard was standing howlding the gray. "'I've got a name for the horse,' says

Dhoul Blake, 'I'd call him The Devil,' says "Bedad,' says a fellow looking on, 'I'd call him Banager, for he bates the divil.' And he looked straight at Dhoul Blake.

"'You're right,' says my cousin, "I'll call him Banagher." "Then the sarving man up and says, 'I hope, sir, you're not hurt by the spill at

the stone wall?' "With that Dhoul Blake sprung into the "And all the while the fellow was spakin' he had that asy, deludherin' way with him that he schamed Dhoul Blake out on and a piece along the coorse.

saddle. "Tell Mr. Cody,' says he, 'that I'll keep the baste for the damage." And he rode the gray off the course there and then, and such hurrayin' and shillooin' from the people I never heard before or

> "But I see they are about starting for the next race, and I think, gentlemen, we had better go over to the big double this

> "But say, mon ami," said the count, "what did Monsieur Blake do with ze horse? He did not keep him? Impos-

> "He didn't keep him," said Mr. O'Gallagher. "Do ye think my cousin was a fool? He sowled the horse to an English dealer for £500 in a week after he rode

"Sold ze horse!" exclaimed the French "Dootless the transaction was for the

"Divil a bit!" retorted Mr. O'Gallagher. "My cousin didn't consider himself well treated in the matter. Mr. Cody lost a friend and a horse by not being fair and above board. Dhoul Blake was a gentle-

man every inch ov him, and, as I towld ve

before, he is a Giniral in the American army now. But look out, the horses are off, and we must make a run for the hill." -W. M'Iror Morrison, in the Chicago Horseman. Bad blood causes dyspepsia and dyspepsia reacts by causing bad blood. So both go on, growing worse, until the whole

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throat which often passes for diphtheritic is what old people call quinsy. "Putrid sore throat," known long before diphtheria, was probably a form of diphtheria, and very dangerous. An old hospital nurse in Boston says: "It ain't the clear cold of winter that laws reads are side and the same says that laws reads are side and the same says that laws reads are side and the same says that laws reads are side and the same says that laws reads are side and the same says that laws reads are says to say that laws reads are say that laws reads Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says.

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