

BILL ARP ON VACCINATION.

DOWN IN FLORIDA WHERE THERE IS NO SORE.

App Then Talks About How Physicians Have Become Famous For Their Discoveries. Jacksonville, Fla., April 24—Jacksonville has the smallest record. It is not a gauze, for there has been no deaths, but there are about forty cases and the board of health have put them out of town and have ordered universal vaccination. A child can't go to school without a sore arm and a certificate from the doctor. My son is a doctor here and it interests me to note the flocks of children who come and go and to listen to their talk. Mothers or sisters come with them to keep their courage up. Some are brave. Young men come at night and take their turns, and the city will soon be immune. What a wonderful discovery it was—only a hundred years ago Dr. Jenner first to proclaim it to the world—and it took twenty years to make the world believe it. Now every child that bears its arm to receive the virus is a living monument to the sagacity of that great and good man. It is pathetic to read how he was hounded and persecuted by the envious and malignant of the medical profession. How patiently he waited for time and truth to prove his theory, and how he lived to see it confirmed, and when he died a beautiful monument was erected in Trafalgar square to honor his name and perpetuate his fame and memory. Our own Dr. Crawford Long is entitled to a similar memorial, not only by the state, but by the nation, for although he did not protect mankind from a pestilence, he did give them immunity from pain under the surgeon's knife. I remember well when the patient had to climb into and strong men had to hold him while the doctor cut and saved his limb in two.

IF BROKE UP THE CLASS.

An Old St. Mary's College Tells Story of How a and a Score of School Fellows Recited Spontaneously to the Gladators.

Headline in the paper some time ago of the death of the author of 'Spartacus to the Gladators' reminds me of an incident which happened when I was a schoolboy. I think that every young man's heart yearns for the time when its owner can face a surging crowd and shout his after line of hot air. I know that just before I went off to college I knew that if the others were all right, I might be right. To-night was all the rage down the way, and I am told that it holds a strong place in many schoolboys' hearts. One of the first things we had to do, that is, my class, after getting married at St. Mary's was to join an elocution class. The first Friday at school my class was called into the chapel and listened to a long talk on how to breathe with your mouth and nose, or something of the sort. Then the next lesson we got was about graceful gestures and so on. Finally, after about two weeks of hard work, some of the fellows in the class were called up to recite what they could do in reading. Evidently the teacher was pleased, because after the lesson was given he told to commit to memory a poem suitable, to be recited the following week.

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stand up. 'What piece have you prepared?' asked the teacher. 'Spartacus to the Gladators,' came the faint reply. You can bet the last you've got the class in elocution broke up right there.

THREE LEONS AFTER HIM.

Then He Had in a Tree and Was a Lion cub Play With His Mother.

It falls to the lot of but few men to escape unhurt a violent death and get away with only a skin cut. Mr. J. A. Smith, who had been working as a mechanical engineer at the ...

DRIVER HAD BY SKALP.

A Crossed Negro Being Attacked and Shot and Killed.

Rivermont, the subject recently annexed to this city, was the scene of a late afternoon. A negro, who came by train from Iron Gate March 10, ...