

**Facts, fads, and fancies about teeth / comp. and ed. by Henry Lovejoy
Ambler ; ill. by W. L. Evans.**

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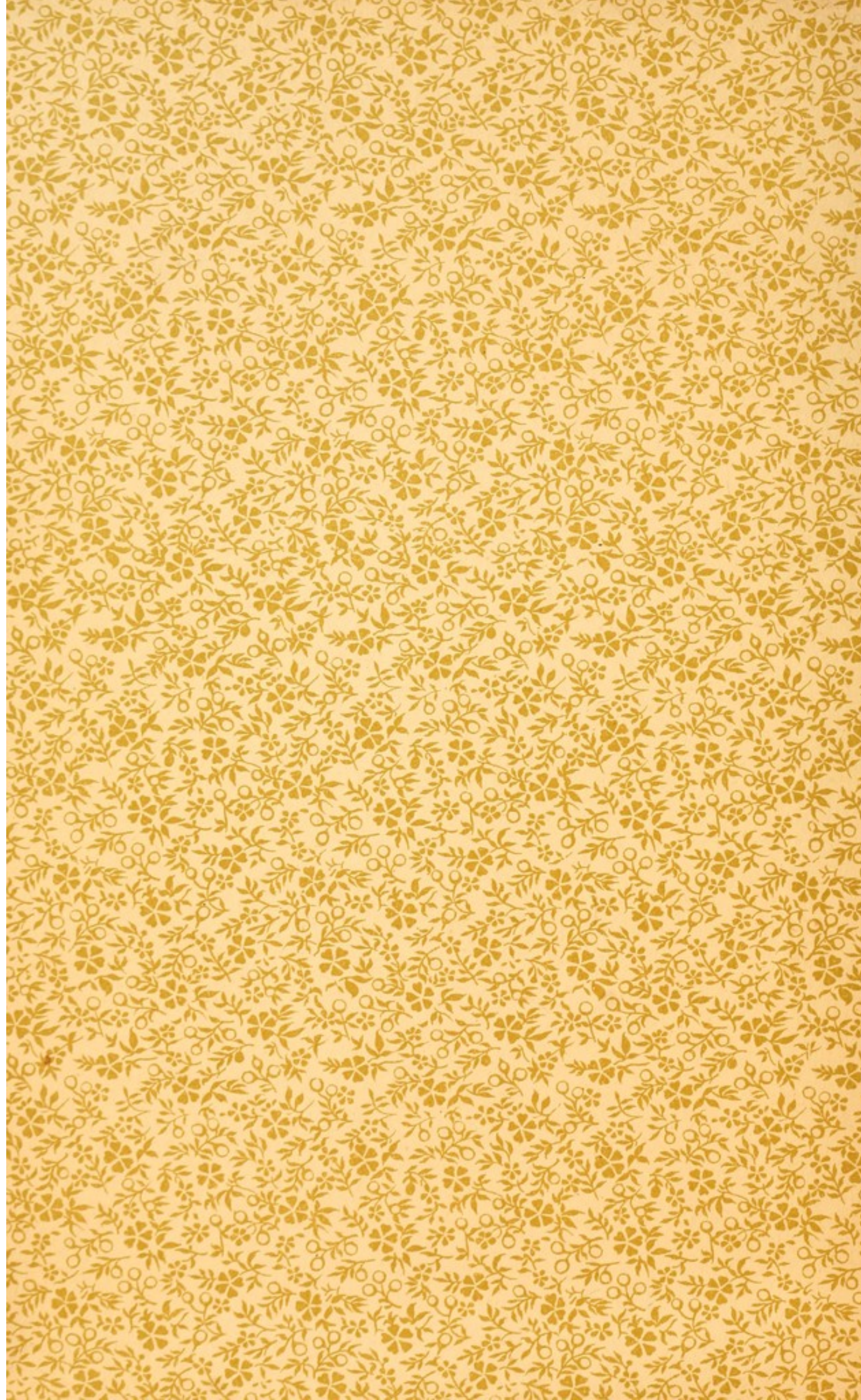
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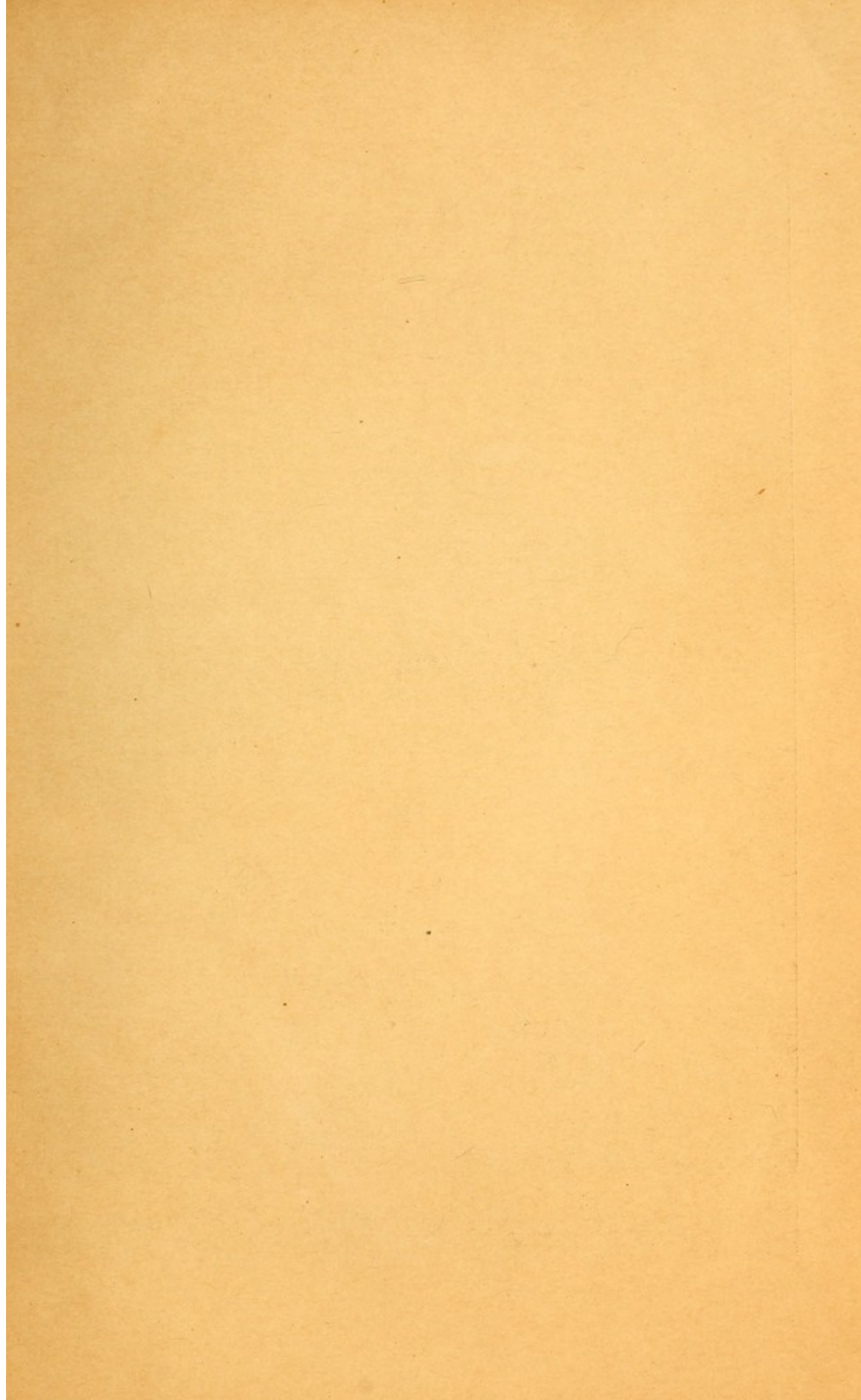
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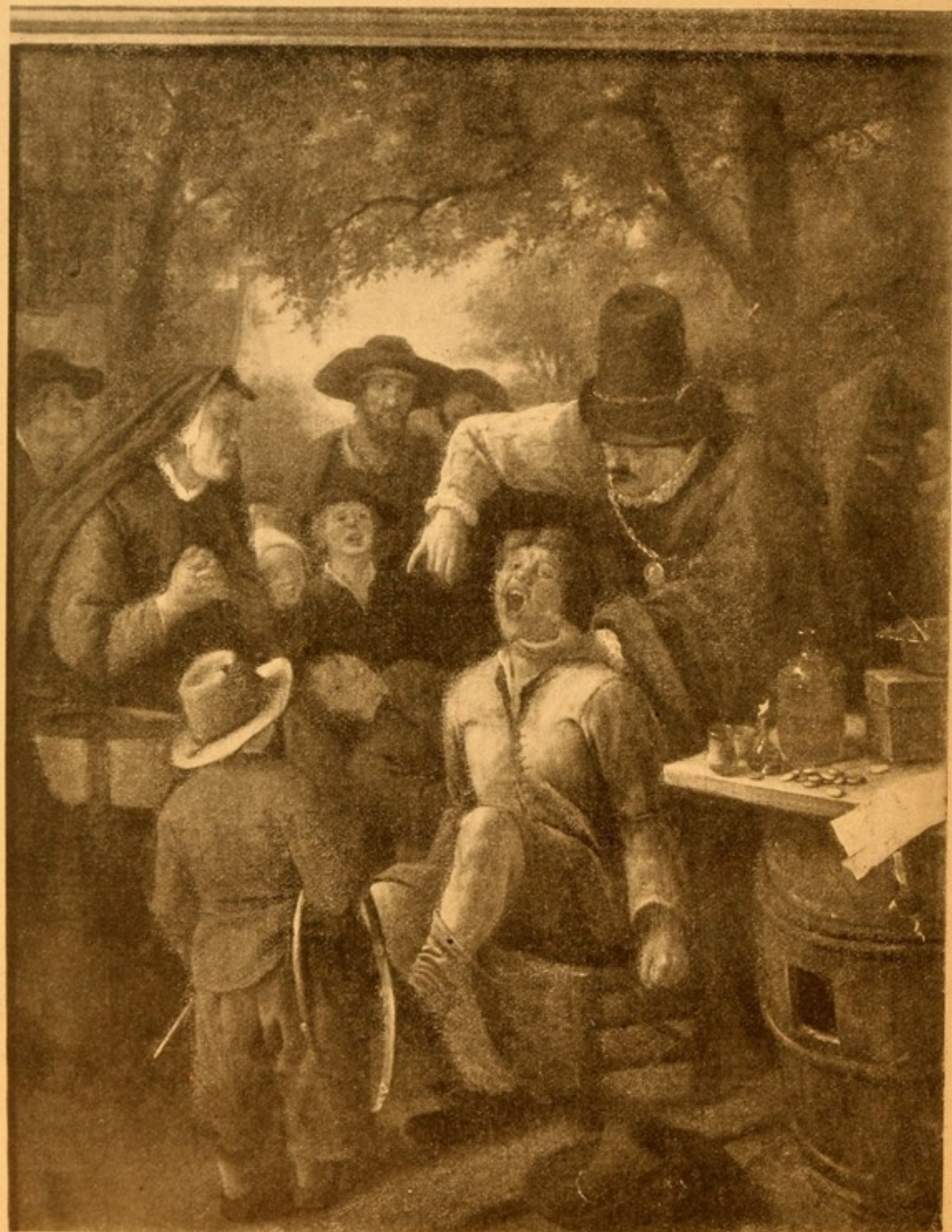
Ambler





30.A.33





JAN STEEN
1626 - 1679

Facts Fads and Fancies ABOUT Teeth

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HENRY LOVEJOY AMBLER, M. S., D. D. S., M. D.,

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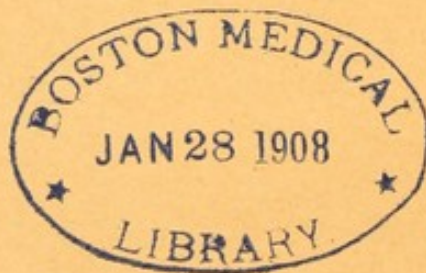
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CLEVELAND

1900

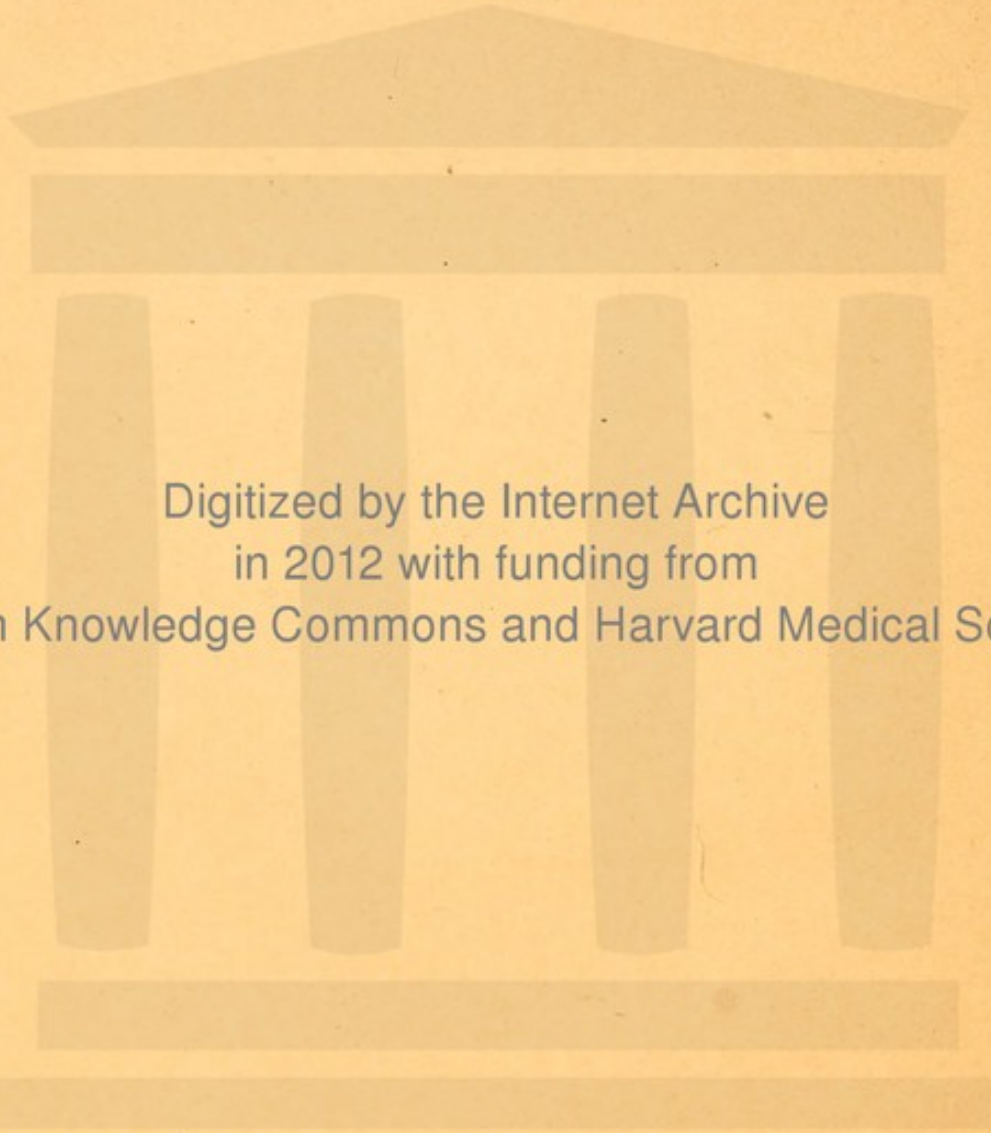
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To My Wife



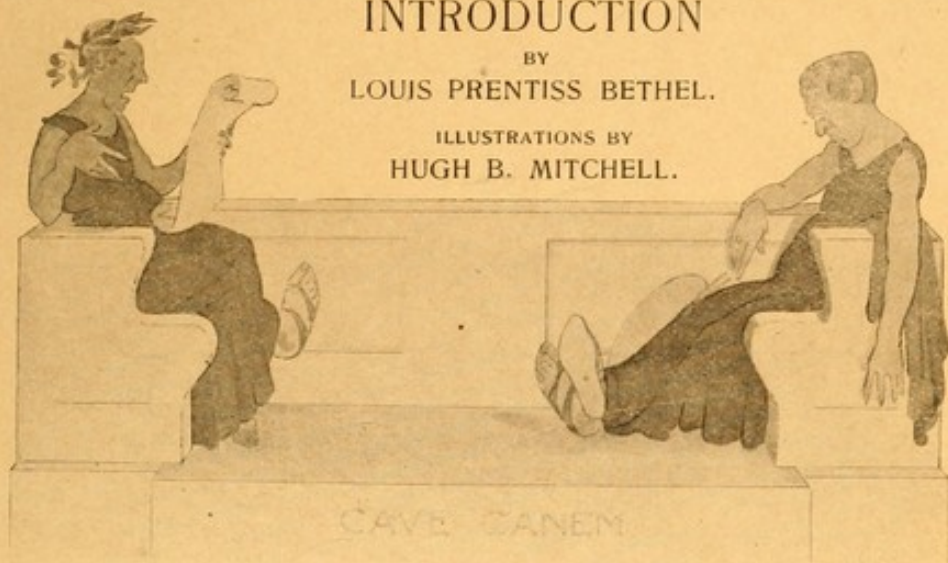


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INTRODUCTION

BY
LOUIS PRENTISS BETHEL.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUGH B. MITCHELL.



CANTO ONE



It was all on account of the teeth, my friend,
That the author the lines in this book has penned.
Their presence is felt from mere childhood to age,
They worry the child and they madden the sage,
The teeth, understand, not the lines on the page.

They come and they go, like old Satan at night,
And put you, at times, in a terrible plight
Through cutting, or aching, or neuralgic pain;
Your head is distracted; you're almost insane,
And people declare you've a softening brain.



Your antics, and moaning so weird, and that wail,
Are telling the story that gossips set sail,
And everyone stares with a look that might send
Full many a man to the earth's very end.
And it's all on account of the teeth, my friend.

CANTO TWO



It was all on account of the teeth when you
Had just reached the age to be learning to chew,
That number one tooth made you "howl" night
and day
Till neighbors declared they would all move away
Or give dynamite for such colicky play.

And when pa and ma tried to quiet your noise,
With singing, and rocking, and trinkets, and toys,
You cried all the louder, till face was quite blue.
You kept up that song for a whole week or two,
And parents were glad when the "old tooth" came
through,



For pa was exhausted, and ma needed rest.
They'd called you pet names and especially "pest,"
But when you were calmer they thought to amend
By calling you darling, *et cet.*, without end,
And 'twas all on account of the teeth, my friend.

CANTO THREE



Now long, long ago, when our Fathers were small,
And toothache one's earnest attention did call,
The person afflicted, to stop it, must see
The witches, magicians, or men with a "key,"
According to which one he took a "fancee."

The witch would repeat, with a terrible look,
Some words and cantations not found in a book.
With hands, the magician expressed his own law
By passes and gestures the sufferer saw.
The doctor just twisted the tooth from the jaw.



He deftly placed "key" round the tooth that was
sore,
And twisted and pulled till the poor victim swore.
But men held him down though his jaw seemed
to bend
And blood spattered over the room, end to end.
And, 'twas all on account of the teeth, my friend.

CANTO FOUR



But in these enlightened and esthetic days,
Physician and dentist have both changed their ways.
For, science and learning have almost dispersed
Such barbaric methods as we have rehearsed.
'Tis seldom (?) that now'days a dentist gets cursed.

He's kind, sympathetic, and always has gold;
(To fill people's teeth, but not buried, I'm told).
He's careful and tries hard his patients to please;
His plush covered chair gives them plenty of ease
While burs and drills sing like a nest full of bees.



They're happy, for all teeth are saved now-a-days,
By filling or crowning in various ways.
It's painless (for dentist), but patients contend
Though at times quite severe, he is still their best
friend.
Now it's all on account of the teeth,—I end.



PREFACE.

"Wit once bought is worth twice taught."

"Democrates did well to laugh of old,
Good cause he had, but now much more:
This life of ours is more ridiculous
Than that of his, or long before."

—*Burton.*

This volume is a repository of information and amusement, as it contains many facts, queer and otherwise, concerning the teeth of human beings; also a collection of witty and humorous sayings gathered from all sources, while at home and abroad, during many years of professional life. We trust they may serve to entertain some weary brother during a leisure moment.

It is the first book of the kind which has been published, so far as the writer knows, and possibly it may be the missing link connecting fact and fancy in one chart, for "Our writings are as so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty; that which one admires, another rejects."

Many of the proverbs in this book are found in different languages; sometimes in the same wording, at other times the sum and substance is given in phraseology somewhat changed. This accounts for the fact that you often see the same proverb credited to different sources.

"If perchance I shall speak now and then a little jocosely, you will kindly allow me that privilege," "For the mind is playful when free from pressure." In other words, "Mens sine pondere ludit," then "Can you refrain from laughter, my friends?" or shall the ordinance of the Second Council of Carthage be enforced; "If any clerk or monk shall use a jocular expression exciting laughter, let him be excommunicated."

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says: "I write of melancholy to keep from being melancholy." This is on the principle that "The hair of the dog cures the bite." Who shall say that the reading of humorous things will not help "drive dull care away"? and "make our labor lighter"?

Dr. Holmes says: "Speech is so largely dependent upon the perfection of the teeth that our language, we might almost say, loses a letter with every tooth that falls. What can be more painful to witness than the efforts of a hapless friend to bite his consonants out of the alphabet, when he is reduced to the condition of the infant whose toothless gums are unfit for any task but the caressing pressure of the maternal mouthful."

The great captain Zisca ordered a drum to be made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight. Perhaps in like manner some of the humor found in these pages may frighten away gloom and melancholy as easily as his drum would terrify the enemy.

"Well begun is half done," and as there was no (comprehensive) collection of proverbs relating to the teeth, dentists, and dentistry, we have put forth an humble effort in that line. "The wisdom of the proverb lies in the ear of the hearer," and the writer believes that the ears of his hearers will hear aright.

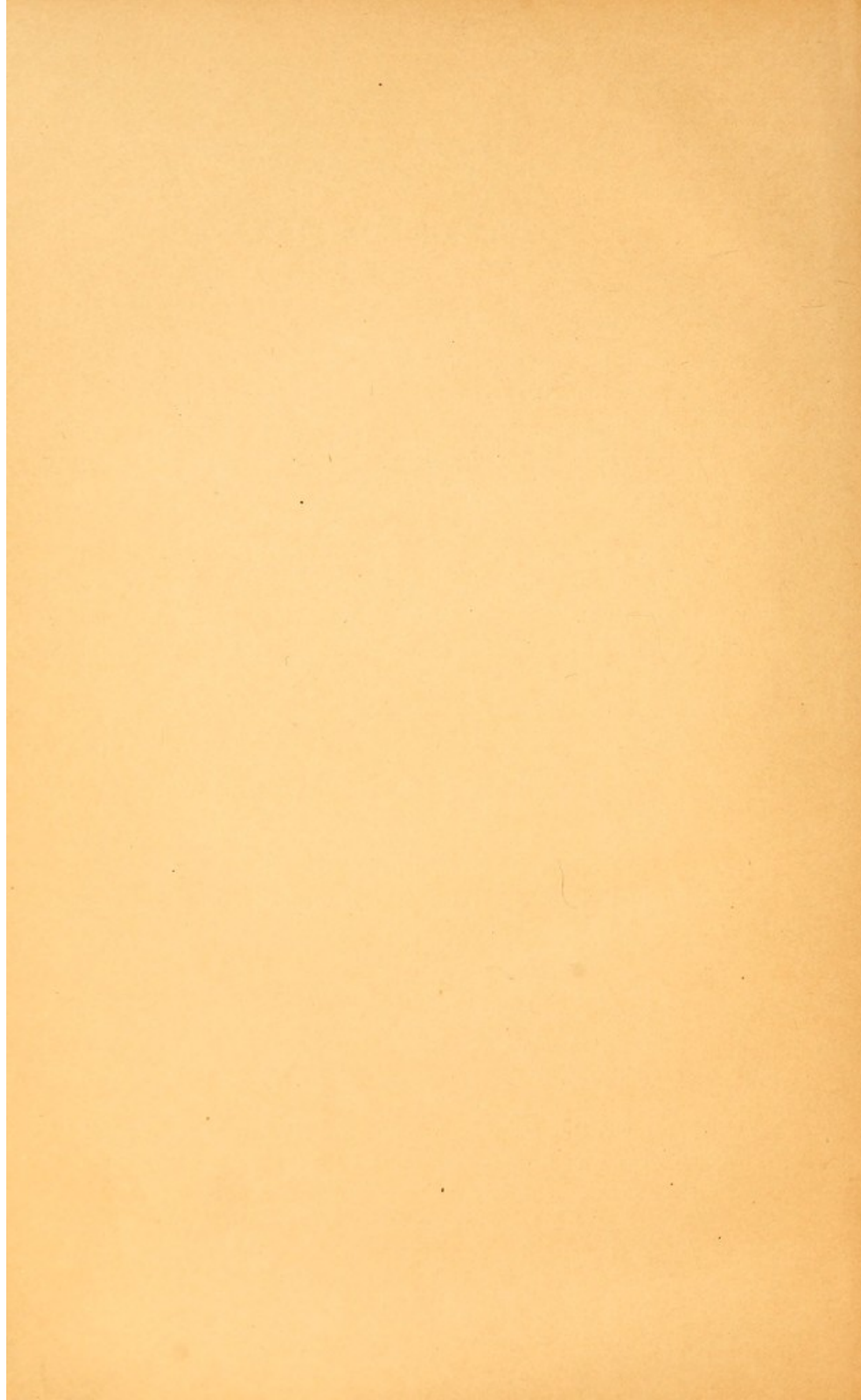
Books of "Quotations" have been found very meager in reference to the teeth; indeed, some of them have not a single reference, and for this reason our readers will appreciate the large amount of labor connected with what we present. The writer will be greatly obliged for any addition or suggestions to this work for use in future editions.

HENRY LOVEJOY AMBLER.

Cleveland, 1900.

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Facts, Fads and Fancies
About Teeth

WHAT WILL THE DENTIST BRING ?

PARODY.

What will the dentist bring to me?

A friendly greeting,

A cheerful glance,

A "take the chair,"

And "I'll be fair"—

What will the dentist bring?

What will the dentist bring to me?

A bit of cotton,

A bit of steel,

A bit of fear,

A bit of squeal—

What will the dentist bring?

What will the dentist bring to me?

A stroke of mallet,

A weight of gold,

A cause for thanks,

A filling sold—

What will the dentist bring?

This has the dentist brought to me:

A relief from pain,

A help to chew,

A world of comfort,

A thing he knew—

This has the dentist brought.

—H. L. A.

"There are a great many miles between fact and fancy."

REQUESTS FOR APPOINTMENTS.

Saturday, Sept. 4.

Dear Doctor:

I would esteem it a great favor if I could get you to exercise your talent on my near-sighted tooth to-morrow at about 11 o'clock. If my petition is granted, let me know by the Egyptian. In the meantime believe me.

Yours every time,

J. R.

There are three things that no man can keep—a point on a pencil, a pointed joke, and an appointment with the dentist.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Cleveland, O., Sept. 3, 1897.

TO DR. HENRY
Greeting.

Will the King of Dentists advise the subscriber on what date he can punish the below mentioned, and oblige,

Very truly yours,

J. H. R.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 16, 1897.

DR. H. L. AMBLER,
City.

Dear Sir:

How would you like to torture me Thursday morning? If you can give me this date, I will willingly offer myself as a sacrifice.

Please reply by calling up No. 1232.

Yours very truly,

J. M.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 28, 1897.

Dear Doctor:

How soon can you give me a sitting in your dental chair for a little overlooking of my residual teeth? When?

Stamp for reply.

Yours truly,

J. C. S.

June 12th, 1870.

Mr. ———, Dentist,
Cor. of Euclid and Erie Street.

Please come up to 4—3 Euclid Ave. and pull off a tooth from Mr. ———, which is now laid up.

P. J. ———.

A prominent attorney writes his dentist, viz :

Cleveland, O., July 15, 1898.

Dear Doctor:

I would like to make an appointment with you, as one of my front teeth has fallen out and I have lost my grip on the air.

K—— R——.

BETTER OUT OF MIND.

Rosamond—"Oh, dear, what a wretched memory I have! There's my dentist's appointment this afternoon, and I've just remembered it."

Gertrude—"Well, you have thought of it in good time."

Rosamond—"That's just it. I didn't want to remember it until to-morrow."



IN THE DENTIST'S OFFICE.

SAVING A TOOTH.



The doctor stretched my mouth open until he could see my heart beat. Then he said cautiously: "I think we can save that tooth." Running a long, inquisitive wire into the tooth to a depth of about sixteen inches, he stirred up something known as a "nerve." In response to my fervent yell he asked, "Does that hurt?" I wiped the tears out of my eyes and said simply, "Yes." Then

he got some Zahn-Arzt crowbars and pried here and there at the tooth, occasionally waking up that cussed nerve which has been growling ever since at its unceremonious handling. Then he said: "We will have to kill the nerve first, and fill the tooth afterward."

"How long will that take?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh! you can't tell about that," he replied; "you can have it pulled if you prefer it," he added. I went to the glass and smiled at myself. It was as I feared. If that tooth was yanked out, my smile was ruined.

There is nothing so unpleasant as a foreshortened smile. The absence of a tooth at either end of it gives it a wolfish character. A tooth out of the center of a smile simply wrecks it. No, I could not afford to have that tooth pulled.

Stimulated then by the strongest ingredient in the male character, viz., vanity, I resolved to take my medicine and so the pact was made.

I began to make regular trips to his office and soon became inured to scenes that at first chilled the glad blood in my veins and caused the soft and significant goose pimples to start from



my flesh as at a trumpet call. People with a strained expression of countenance met there and the doctor's little room, which I had mentally named the chamber of horrors, re-echoed with groans, yells and imprecations. And yet he was a gentle-hearted man. He did not revel in those pandemoniums of whoops and sobs, but the stern necessities of dentistry compelled them.

His instruments of torture, called by courtesy dental tools, were many and varied. He was very skillful in his profession and when he took a job he did it in first-class style. The dental tools are simply copies in miniature of articles used in the Spanish inquisition and on refractory prisoners in the Tower of London. There are monkey wrenches, rasps, files, gouges, cleavers, picks, squeezers, drills, daggers, little crow-bars, punches, chisels, pincers and long wire feelers with prehensible, palpitating tips, that can reach down through the roots of a throbbing tooth and fish up a yell from your inner consciousness. When a painstaking dentist cannot hurt you with the cold steel, he lights a small alcohol lamp and heats one of his little spades red hot, and hovers over you with an expectant smile.

Then he deftly inserts this into your mouth and when you give a yell he says, "Does that hurt?"

Well, the first thing to do was to kill the nerve. The nerve is a long, starved angleworm growth that starts in the tooth somewhere and grows down and up with three distinct tentacles

or feelers. One of these connects with your brain, one with your heart and the other with your soul. Every time the nerve is touched an electric shock goes to each of these terminal points, and you feel as if you had been shot, stabbed and burned with a hot iron at one and the same time.

The doctor toyed with this nerve of mine for some weeks. Whenever the combination was made I used to kick out with one foot and cry, "Ow!" or grab his hand and say appealingly, "Oh, don't." Then he would say, "We won't hurt you."

Sometimes he would lull me into a fancied security and I would be counting 300 or saying to myself "Even this will pass away," when all of a sudden 4,000 rattlesnakes would dart their venom into me simultaneously, a hundred mules would kick me, a score of bumble-bees would sock their stingers into me and the world would come to an end. Then I would know he had stepped on my nerve with the "teaser." The "teaser" is the boss "feeler," being fine as a horse hair and of the most undoubted yell-producing power.

After a long while the nerve capitulated. I had lost eleven pounds in the process, but a great gain had been made. The tooth was now as tender as a mush and milk poultice, and even to tickle it with an ostrich tip would produce exquisite agony. He used to soothe it from time to time with various lotions and finally he began to quarry out the dead bone a little. This was grewsome work, for there were tender places all over the tooth, as thick as spots on a leopard, and every time he jammed a chisel into one of them I almost fainted. I was kept in a continuous cold sweat for weeks, thinking about it before I went, going through with it while I was at the office and thinking about it after I left.

After he had amused himself by digging and blasting out a lot of little galleries in the upper part of the tooth he began to "treat" the root apertures.

This is a most ingenious and refined cruelty and by some dentists is preferred even to nerve killing. The process is to first feel around with the "teaser" on the sensitive roots; next to put a little cotton dipped in carbolic or nitric acid, creosote or turpentine around the "teaser," and stick it away down into the same place. This hurts powerfully. It cleanses the roots of impurities, though. A lighted match would be less painful, but the aperture is not large enough to admit one. After this some cotton filling is stuffed in and you are told to come back in three days. That night you wake at 12 o'clock with your "soul in arms and eager for the fray." You dig out the filling and pace up and down the room saying at intervals, "Oh, gosh! why didn't I have it pulled?"

Then you go back and the treatment is renewed. The doctor varied the upper filling by putting in gutta-percha filling after awhile. This is put in soft and hot and hardens when it gets cold.

When you wake up with this hurting you at night, you

can't get it out. A red-hot hairpin may get some of it out, but you are liable to glance off and get your gums into the sear and yellow. So you generally recoup by taking the Lord's name, as some say, in vain, but it soothes you, anyway.

When the roots are ready to fill a gladsome joy pervades your entire system. The birds sing, the skies are bright, roses bloom, men and women are better, the whole world has changed in the twinkling of an eye. The day the roots are filled you go home and kiss your mother, and eat your supper on both sides of your mouth. For, mark you, when a tooth is being filled, the jaw it adorns is practically side-tracked until the crucifixion is over.

The last scene in the drama was when the doctor put in the topfilling. The roots had already been plugged with a red putty which had hardened into a regular tooth cement. I lay back in the chair and the tap, tap of the hammer and punch sounded as melodious as Joaquin Miller's line of

A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell.



"I SHOOK DOC'S HAND."

I was wrapt in a dream of delicious joy. Not like some of my acquaintances, would I be forced to launch myself into society with a fragmentary, misfit smile. No indeed. And when the whole thing was through I shook Doc's hand and he told me that he had never meant all along to so kill me by inches, but that dentistry was dentistry.

Then I went to the glass and smiled. *Veni, vidi, vici.*

—*Ernest McGaffey, in Chicago Herald.*

While working at the chair one afternoon, a man, for whom I had made a plate, opened the door and in a very audible voice notified me that "that plate didn't fit." As my patient in the chair was quite a prominent lady of the town, I of course didn't want her to get the impression that my plates were failures, so I quietly answered him that perhaps the suction wasn't just right. "Maybe that's it," he replied, "but if I were in your place, I'd learn 'em to suck before I sent any more of 'em out." It is needless to say that I have tried to profit by his homely, yet excellent advice, and though often discouraged and conscious of my mistakes, I resolve after each

that it shall be my last, and with an earnest desire to improve and advance in my great profession, I gladly continue my duties and obligations as "The Young Country Dentist."

She—How is your brother, the dentist, doing in Italy?
He—Making Rome howl.

Doctor, are my teeth all right? No, I can see the footsteps of decay, and they look like inkspots on the snow.

As a gentleman stepped out of my chair the other day he said: "I do not like you—you have not made my gums bleed, or stuck an instrument in my tongue, or broken off a tooth. Why, the last time I visited a dentist, I was laid up for a week. How much is your bill? Thank you, doctor. Please send for me when you want to see me."

"Its operations are swift, easy and beautiful, pleasant to the patient, like the humming bird as it moves from flower to flower to get the sweet nectar."—What the dentist said about an Electric Plugger.

"Teeth with ulcers on them make me very tired, and then you can't have the right influence over them."—J. R.

These fillings I am putting in your teeth will last you a thousand years, or I will refund you the money.

Doctor, can't you give me something to take when I have my tooth out? I feel so very faintful.

A small girl, when told by her dentist to clean her teeth, said: "I'm afraid I'll brush all the emanuel off."

Mamma, why does the dentist have such large freckles on his face?

Mamma—I suppose it is because his bills are so large.

Say, Doctor, doesn't rubber-dam have an elastic conscience?

“Doctor, a filling in my tooth has shrunk so much that it rattles.”

Doctor, can you fix my tooth?

What ails it?

O, it's terribly affectionated.

All right. I'll galvanize it for you.

A dentist advised a patient to have some more of his teeth filled, and he replied: “I have put two whole cows into them already.”

A dentist, describing the condition of his patient, said: “She had a great deal of faint and then recovered.”

The dentist looked at my tooth, but he said it was not *per-cayed* much.

Dentist—“Does excavating in your tooth hurt you?”

Lady—“Yes. it is quite *sensible*.”

When I first started and had been in practice a week or two, some of my friends came up to see me take out a boy's

tooth. I seized the molar and yanked, and yanked, and the boy did not seem to enjoy it a little bit. My heart was full of sympathy, but I resolved to keep at it a year if necessary; but it didn't come. The boy said he didn't think I could 'stract it anyhow. I said, "Why?" He answered, "Because there was three men in Buffalo tried it and couldn't get it out."

We get some queer experiences in the country, as well as in the city. One day a lady came in, dressed in mourning, accompanied by another lady, who said: "This lady wants you to see what is the matter with her teeth." When I looked at her jaw I saw the teeth were not made for her, and told her so. She said, "No, they were made for my sister, but she is dead."

"Doctor, will you please take an inventory of my teeth?"

"SAVE YOUR TEETH."

An experience in a dentist's chair that will appeal to all of us.



When a dentist says to you that he can "save your teeth" tell him that you would rather die toothless than be ground to atoms, stabbed to the nerve centres, prodded with a buzz-saw and gagged with large sections of India rubber sheets, merely to save a few bits of undesirable bone. The first thing the dentist did to me when he undertook to "save" my teeth, was to tip me back in a chair and prop

open my mouth with a stick. Then he lined my mouth with rubber and attached weights to that portion of the lining which hung outside. Then he put a bib under my chin and stood off a little way and gloated over me.

I tried to tell him what I thought of him, but was past articulate speech. "Pleasant afternoon," said he, taking up a battle-ax and stepping on a high stool where he could overlook the field of operation. After he had quarried a cavity, and blasted it out, he called an assistant and bade him turn a treadle. A big bumble-bee immediately flew out of the revolving spokes and charged at the newly made cavity as though it was a flower cup full of honey. I saw stars, I heard a million slate pencils squeaking over a gritty surface. I felt cold hands toying with each particular vertebra of my spine, and a Waterbury watch seemed merrily winding in each ear. I tried again to speak, but my efforts were in vain. I would have given uncounted gold just to swallow. How little we appreciated our blessings until deprived of them! How unmindful of my opportunities had I been all through those vanished years when I could swallow or not swallow, as the mood overtook me. What countless times I had performed that blessed act unwittingly, and now I would have sold my birthright (if I had one) for the power to repeat the blessed operation.

It is generally just at this juncture when, between the pangs of delayed deglutition and the consciousness of feeble-minded drooling, the spark of reason bids fair to be extinguished forever, that the dentist begins to joke. What avails the majestic glance of a wrathful eye when the lower features are swathed in a damp sheet? My attempt at scornful protest was like the attempt of a teething babe to hurl the sevenfold curse of Rome. Alarmed perhaps at the pallor which I knew full well was creeping over my face, my tormentor finally removed the stick from between my teeth and gave me one more chance to swallow and, to appreciate to its full what the poet meant when he caroled the glad refrain, "Wipe off your chin!"

"You can come again Saturday," said the dentist as I reeled across the floor and donned my hat. "I shall never come again!" said I in hollow tones like a voice from the tomb. "You will lose your teeth if you don't," said he. "Yes?" whispered I, leaning my tottering frame against the door-post for support. "And what if I prefer to lose my teeth rather than lose my reason and my life? What I have suffered in your den, old man (he was a gray-headed villain of full sixty summers), has shattered my nerves for years to come. The horror I have endured with your buzz-saws and your battle-axes, your patent seven by nine drills and your circular-action battering rams has been more of a loss in mental strength and physical aplomb than to have laid down every tooth I have in the dust. When you have patented a process by which dentistry is made not any more painful than guillotining I shall call again; until then, old man, adieu." (N. B.—Pride will make any woman tell the worst sort of fibs. Notwithstanding my vow, I shall be on hand Saturday, and that dentist knows it.)—*Chicago Herald*.

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

You may talk about woes—but what woes can compare
With the agony felt in a dentist's chair!
While his merciless fingers are busily plying
Oh! what are your thoughts? You imagine you're dying!
And still he continues his labors, not thinking
Your wonderful courage is rapidly sinking;
Can you tell me a terror you think can compare
With the terror you find in that wonderful chair?
Come; here is the throne of your martyrdom: lo
Mount! you're now in the vise, place your feet here below;
Put your head on this rest; you will sleep—do you think?
You would like to, perhaps, but ah! never a wink
Will your tired eyelids know, there is no such repose
To be found in this terrible chair, goodness knows.

The bracket is swung, and the instruments staring
Right into your face, show that "war is preparing!"
Your mouth has been opened, examined your teeth,
And a spirit of horror is lurking beneath
That smile which your face wears, is so hard to effect,
For now you must know what you're bound to expect!

The "dam" is got ready and punctured for use;
The string is beside it two evils to choose;
"Ope your mouth! now be steady!"—begun is the work;
"Be quiet and careful!—ah patience!—don't shirk!"
Then the stretching—oh heavens! to get it in place.
It is on—oh relief!—yet the string must embrace,
And the drawing and twisting and tight'ning; 'twill win—
Lo! the horrible "dam" covers nose, mouth and chin!
It is clasped above that ear, and now over this;
And now can you draw me a picture of bliss?

Now the chiseling and scraping and scratching ensues;
And the sawing and filing and other abuse.
But still, you don't like it? That's queer, I declare!
Would you murmur against this most wonderful chair?
But patience! be silent! the best is not yet—
There's a boring machine you'll have cause to regret;
With its buzz-z-z and its whir-r-r, it will sing you an air,
That would sound bad enough were you out of this chair;
And it drives, you imagine, down into your soul—
"Be careful, my friend, of that power of control!"
Oh the pain—*miserere*, 'tis fearful to think!
The nerve has been touched and here follows a shrink:
But the work is progressing; be quiet and soon
Will be altered that air to a merrier tune!
It is needless to follow you all through your pain,
You must "bear it alone"—we shall see you again.

Excavation is finished— "to fill" we begin;
And a palace of gold will be builded within.
The gold has been rolled, the annealing gone through;
"And now again ready, more patience from you!"
It is laid piece by piece with the tenderest care:
You will watch operations—but "lo! what is there?
It looks like a mallet; pray is it that same?"
"Why yes, my dear friend, it is called by that name,"
And now, blow on blow, "do you like it?" "No, Boffin,
It's really too much, I am fit for my coffin!"

No matter! the question's not yours to decide:
The law is the dentist—'tis yours to abide.
So steadily, steadily onward, "click, click,"
The blows of the mallet fall heavy and thick;
And now they are slackened, now slower, now done;
And the finishing, polishing touches begun.

The file and burnisher now are before,
And the smoothing and polishing process gone o'er.
The "dam" is removed—the sting, too, with a jerk,
And the dentist is gazing with pride on his work.
As a question of science and art it will do;
But how did that science, my friend, feel to you?
Your sore, aching head, your neck, shoulders and arms,
Have divested this science, I think, of its charms!

We shall pause here, I think, and not follow through,
But imagine the rest—we shall leave it for you;
The subject is painful, and can you compare
A parallel case with the dentist's chair?

M. G. A. Toland—Boston Transcript.

Patient at the dentist's—"Doctor, let me know the worst."
Doctor (absent-mindedly)—"Your bill will be \$200."

Who seats me in his easy chair,
And hurts me more than I can bear,
And pulls my tooth, and doesn't care?
My Dentist.

Who lacerates my gums with files
Of different shapes and different styles,
And coolly takes them out and smiles?
My Dentist.

Who twists my lower jaw awry,
And sticks his thumb into my eye,
While seeking cavities to spy?

My Dentist.

Who thrusts the steel deep in my tooth,
Which makes me howl—and then, forsooth!
Tells me "The nerve's exposed, in truth?"

My Dentist.

Who, when the teeth are filed and ground,
And tender orifices found,
Puts in a burr and twists it round?

My Dentist.

Who in my face doth rudely hum,
And wafts a breath that smells of rum,
And makes me taste his nasty thumb?

My Dentist.

Who always finds a tooth to fill,
A root to pull, a nerve to kill,
And then sends in his "little bill"?

My Dentist.

"Doctor," said the sufferer, supinely, as he dropped into the dentist's chair, "my nerve is completely gone."

"O no, it isn't," was the cheerful reply. "Wait till I get a firm hold, and you'll realize your mistake."

Dentist (examining patient's teeth)—"Well, sir, they talk about coming at the eleventh hour, but it's a quarter to twelve with all your teeth, I'm afraid."

The only man who doesn't want more gold, is the one in a dentist's chair.

The expression of a nervous woman's face upon getting into a dentist's chair is something that no man can imitate until he gets a letter from his mother-in-law, sharply inquiring if that spare room is ready.

"Mark Twain," in his new book about England, tells how he had the toothache one night in London, and gives some pleasing recollections of the dentist's rooms which he was wont to patronize when he lived in Elmira. He says: "One night that tooth did just jump, and every time it jumped it raised my head right off the pillow. How I did lie awake and think about that dentist's shop in Elmira, where I had been under torture so many times—of those pretty dental instruments, so polished and so cold! How I did long to lay my cheek against one—one of those short, thick, heavy twisted chaps, with the bow-legged, fluted and curved handles, and short haws-bill jaws! How I reveled in delight at the thought of having such a thing clutch my refractory tooth and 'yank it!' With what pleasurable emotions came crowding into my mind the recollections of that dentist and his room and his fixtures—his big easy chair, with the pretty white-curtained window before it, and the nice, big, red glass spittoon to the left, with the hole in the bottom, and the bits of red cotton and the bright pieces of gold and streams of blood-stained saliva on the sides. And then, the pretty little bureau with the bottles on the top and the little yellow drawers which he jerks out so gently when seeking for some new and more delicate instrument of torture. And then that beautiful little round, velvet-covered stand on the gas fixture in front, covered with the nice drills, and pretty files, and the lovely little crowbars with the stained ivory handles, and the long steel crochet needles with which he hunts for new cavities, and the little round pasteboard box full of gold 'plugs,' and the dirty little napkin and the rubber ball syringe, and the singular smell of his thumb, and all that! Oh, how nice."



DENTAL INSTRUMENTS AS THEY LOOK TO A BOY.

One day last week a man rushed into the office of a well-known dentist in this city, dropped into a chair, and begged to have a certain tooth examined, and, if necessary, extracted. The dentist leisurely examined it, found that it had been filled at one time, and that the filling had partly come out.

"Whoever did that made a botch of it," said the dentist.

"I don't know," groaned the sufferer; "it was done in Brooklyn, my home."

"Ah! from Brooklyn? Well I must say you've got some frauds there—two pretty big ones."

"And who are they"? inquired the Brooklyn man, beginning to forget his pain in his rising interest.

"Why, Henry Ward Beecher for one, and T. DeWitt Talmage for the other," and out came the tooth.

"Oh h-h! ow! Thanks; how much?"

And as he paid the fee, he laid a card on the table and walked out.

And the dentist picked up the card and read on it, "T. DeWitt Talmage, Brooklyn," and then went to the door and gazed after his patient as long as he was in sight, and then went to the barber and had his moustache shaved off and his hair dyed.

Mark Twain was made the victim of a costly joke of his own perpetration, just before sailing for Europe. Dr. Riggs, a Hartford dentist, is the person who first administered laughing-gas as an anesthetic. Recently he had a big job of work to do for Rev. Joseph H. Trichell, of that city. He was engaged during the greater part of two days, and beguiled the time by relating to the reverend gentleman the history of the discovery of the anesthetic by Dr. Wells, and its administration to Sam Cooley, for whom Riggs extracted a tooth. The story was very funny, and Trichell related it to Mark. The latter, thinking he could make good use of it, resolved to have it over again at first hands, and therefore called upon Dr. Riggs, saying he was going abroad, and thought it best to have his teeth overhauled as a preparatory step. The dentist set to work, and Mark, by an adroit question or two, got him started on the Sam Cooley story, which was kept up, with intermissions, for the greater part of two days, while the dentist scraped and filed and plugged and hammered away at Mark's molars and incisors. At last both job and story were finished, and the humorist went away, secretly rejoicing at the splendid addition to his stock of humorous incidents. Just before sailing, however, his satisfaction was turned to wrath at receiving from Dr. Riggs a bill for \$200 for professional services. They say Twain was so mad that he didn't get over it till the sea-

sickness incident to the passage of the Atlantic worked the bile out of his system. He has not yet offered Dr. Riggs' story for publication. Neither has he paid the doctor's bill.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE "TOOTH-CARPENTER."

A middle-aged lady in Boston entered a dentist's office the other day, seeking relief from the terrific pain that accompanies an aching tooth, and was seated in the luxurious chair, which of itself has almost the power, from its easy and luxurious upholstery, to soothe and comfort tooth-troubled humanity. She folded her arms across her breast, as she gazed pleadingly into the doctor's face and said:

"Will it hurt me, doctor?"

"Oh, no," replied the disciple of forceps and filling-irons, "not at all, if you will only sit still."

"But, doctor," continued the garrulous patient, as she leaned back and laid her head upon the rest, "I'm afraid you may make a mistake."

"Don't alarm yourself, madam, I am thoroughly acquainted with my profession," and he drew from a little drawer an ugly piece of steel and approached the woman.

"But, doctor, I want you to be very careful to not hurt. The last time I went to a dentist, he had just commenced pulling with terrific force when his drawers slipped off and he hurt me awfully. Now, don't you do it."

SINGULAR EXHIBITION OF POLITENESS WITNESSED IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE.

It was in the dentist's office. Three women, two girls, and a man were in the waiting-room, with uneasy expressions on their faces. One of the girls held her hand to her face, and was comforted by a companion. The man sat grim as a sphinx. The women were silently mournful. In the front room the dentist was working on a patient. Yowls of more or less subdued character issued at intervals from the spot where he was plying his "jimmy" and "ice tongs," and the women shivered and looked toward the door. The girl with the swollen jaw said to her companion: "Oh, I do wish he would hurry up."

One of the women said to another of her fellow sufferers: "Isn't it strange that a person has to wait so long in a dentist's office?" The answer was: "It's perfectly terrible, ain't it?"

Suddenly there was a louder howl from the front room than usual. Just then the office door opened and a young

fellow came in with his hand to his jaw. He took a seat among the mourners and waited. In a few seconds the dentist came out in the waiting-room and said with a baneful smile: "Who is next?" The man pointed to the women with heroic politeness. The women indicated the girl with the swollen jaw. Just then the author of the heartrending yowls from the front room made her appearance. She was red-eyed, and touzly as to hair. She had been weeping. The waiting girl with the swelled jaw turned to the young fellow who had just come in and said:

"I guess you may take my turn for a little."

The young man arose, and, with a gesture betokening the courage of despair, entered the lion's den.—*Chronicle*.

When Mr. Hughes threw himself back in his chair and placidly slumbered with his mouth wide open, a ray of light from the chandelier illuminated the capacious opening, like a valley in the moonlight, while his teeth shone like polished marble shafts set up in some quiet city of the dead! (Music by the band).

Patient—"Isn't it a little dangerous to administer anesthetics? Must be terrible to have one die in your chair after you have given him ether."

Dentist—"Yes; it was for that reason that we adopted a rule that where an anesthetic is administered the patient must pay in advance."—*Boston Transcript*.

A good old brother dentist, in all written communications, after signing his name, adds, "Praise the Lord;" as witness,
August 17, 1894.

——— Dental Co.

In writing you I forgot to put the county on. It is Cru-
soe Co.

Praise the Lord.

Yours truly,

SAML. SMITH.

A German girl said: "My teeth are decayed already so quick."

One wanted her teeth examined, so we could tell her the number of cavings there were in them.

THE DENTIST

Lawyers occasionally become preachers, and vice versa, but it is almost unheard of that a preacher should become a dentist. Still, in 1845, the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery conferred the honorary degree of D. D. S. upon the Rev. J. Brown.

Old Doctor G——— of ——, who was somewhat eccentric, placed a sign in front of his office, viz: "The Best Set of Teeth Only Two Dollars." When a patient came in and said they would like a set, he took a set of unmounted teeth, folded them up carefully in a piece of paper and handed them to the patient, who was completely dumbfounded for a time, but finally said: "I do not want teeth without a plate, they are no use to me." The doctor suavely replied: "Oh! do you wish me to mount them? I should be very happy to, my price for so doing is eight dollars." Some would become angry, throw down the teeth and leave; others admired his remarkable cuteness and great urbanity, paid him his fee, and had him make a plate.

The doctor's work fills six feet of ground, but the dentist's fills an acher.

A New York dentist is worth \$50,000. It is rare that a man amasses such a fortune from achers not hereditary.

A dentist seldom gives up his practice and engages in business.

The good dentist like the woodcock is known by the length of his bill.

It can be said of the dentist as it cannot be said of a lawyer or physician, that a graduate of a good school is prepared to perform any of the duties that may be required of him; the dentist has both theory and practice; the lawyer has the theory only, and the physician a little of each.

"Harry, dear, I found an honest dentist to-day," said Mrs. Cumso to her husband.

"You don't say! Tell me about this wonderful freak of nature."

"Well, he examined my teeth and said they didn't need anything done to them."

"What did he charge you for that?"

"Only \$5, when he might have worked all day and charged me \$10 or \$15. Doesn't that show he was honest, dear?"

"No; it shows he was lazy."—*Life*.

A Green Bay, Wisconsin, merchant, who reads Greeley's *Tribune*, and has been married just four years, returned home unexpectedly one afternoon and caught his wife engaged in a sharp flirtation with a young dentist who had recently come to town. The enraged husband, after kicking the interloper down the front steps, turned to the blushing wife and demanded an explanation. "James," was the reply, "I have read your favorite newspaper until I have become a convert to the 'one-term principle.' " Now James swears by Greeley, and the woman's answer so confused him that his anger, in a measure, fled away, and he turned from the spot plunged in the most profound meditation.

A dentist made some operations for a patient, which amounted to \$105. He sent his bill, and a check for the sum was returned with this request. "Please give \$100 to your assistant and keep five for yourself."

When patients comes to I,
I cuts, bores and digs 'em;
Then if they choose to cry,
What's that to I? I let's 'em.

The dentist will fill teeth in order to fill his pocket, which enables him to fill full his stomach; he is desirous of having his good works in the mouth of every one who does not ask to be trusted, but he has to be trusted in all he does. He is well

disposed towards all men, and for your own sake do not cut or pull him should you pass him on the street, for ten to one, should you fall into his hands, he will give you a cut or a pull that will produce a feeling on your part. Good dentists are needed by the people, as well as good bread is kneaded; a baker kneads his bread; a dentist needs his patients; these two things all well-bred people know.

In some eastern states, a good dentist is called a master-dentist.

THE BILL WAS PAID.

A Superior street dentist smiles when he thinks of his experience in dealing with a large and crafty customer. In the absence of the dentist, a date was arranged by the customer with the custodian of the business docket for a good-sized job of dentistry. When the appointed day came he duly appeared and took the chair. For two hours buzz-saw, mallet and file did hard service. Then the electric battery was called into play and one big molar succumbed. Finally the job was finished and the chair vacated. Its recent occupant turned toward the door, catching his hat from the hook as he went.

"And the money?" nervously inquired the dentist.

"Haven't any," was the gruff response. "You can charge it."

The dentist moved about in suspense for a moment, and then said, in a measured tone: "See here, my friend, we are strangers. Cash is my rule, and it is the only thing that goes."

"Exactly," responded the customer, remembering the pain he had just endured, "but what are you going to do about it?"

The dentist was disconcerted. His customer had now reached the door. A happy thought struck him. "Just a moment," he called out. "I'm sorry, but I left one of those nerves exposed. Will you just sit down again, please?"

The remark was uttered in such a sincere manner that the man did not hesitate in taking the chair. No sooner had he done so than he began to suspect that all was not right. A sense of vacancy stole over him in the region of one of his teeth, and in a moment the nerve began to dance. The dentist had removed the filling.

"What are you doing, anyway?" he managed to mutter as the workman proceeded.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "Might as well save the fillings, I suppose. There, does that hurt you? Too bad."

The man clenched his fists and made a spasmodic effort to release himself. He found that he had been made fast to the chair with a strap. He grew hot, and drops of sweat appeared on his forehead and nose.

"How much is this bill?" he finally inquired.

"Regular job \$10, extras \$5. Oh, about \$15, I guess," was the cheerful response.

"Want to get rich quick, don't you? Put up a block on Euclid avenue, eh? Well, I'll pay it, but I'll not bother you again. The next time I'll go to a gentleman."

Not until the money was carefully stowed away in the dentist's vest pocket was the filling replaced and the strap loosened. The two then parted never again to meet.

"Queer, isn't it," mused the mender of molars, "how mean some people get when they go to a dentist's shop?"

PERFORMANCE OF A DIFFICULT OPERATION UPON A LADY
IN WASHINGTON.

What was probably the first case in Washington of the substitution of hypnotism for anesthetics occurred recently at the office of Dr. ———, dentist.

The hypnotist was Mme. ———, who, with her husband, Prof. ———, has been for a number of years past engaged in phrenology. It is only within a year or two that Mme. ——— has taken up hypnotism, for which she seems to possess a strong natural tendency. In Mrs. ———, the young lady who was recently operated upon, she has a particularly sensitive subject.

Mrs. ——— has suffered for two years past with her teeth and the four which were extracted had been broken off in previous attempts to draw them, so that only the roots remained. These were deep and one had three prongs sunk in the upper jaw, making a very unpleasant operation to undergo. Mrs. ——— cannot take laughing gas or ether and is so nervous that she could not bear the operation without an anesthetic of some sort, so it was decided she should go with the medium and have the teeth out under the mesmeric spell. Dr. ——— had never seen or attempted such an operation before, but consented readily enough to anything that promised to keep his patient quiet.

Mrs. ——— is a slight, delicate-looking little woman, who does not weigh over 120 pounds. She is light and fair haired, with rather large hazel eyes and a well-molded head and good forehead.

Both before and after the extraction of the teeth Mme. ——— placed the patient under the hypnotic influence to illustrate her ability to the dentist. When thrown into the cataleptic state Mrs. ——— would stand for any length of time with her body as rigid as though she were carved out of wood. The subject's hands at all times were cold, as though they had been dipped in ice water. Her pulse was not strong at any time, but during the cataleptic trance went down to almost nothing

at the wrist, rebounding again as soon as the influence was removed.

The conditions were not the most favorable for the operation, there being eight persons in the room, and after being put into the hypnotic trance several times by way of experiment the patient became nervous and asked not to be thrown into the cataleptic state, as had been intended when the teeth were to be drawn, but merely to receive a local application. She accordingly took her place in the dental chair and the hypnotist passed her hand several times over the side of the face in which the defective teeth were located. "Now, then, the feeling is all taken out of that side," said madam, "you could not feel any sensation there if you wanted to." The patient rapped her knuckles against her jaw and replied docilely as a child: "No, it's all gone. That side's dead."

"Now's your chance, go ahead, doctor," said the hypnotist, continuing to talk in a low tone to the patient and stroke the side of the face. The doctor went ahead, quickly working the forceps down into the gums around the root of the broken tooth and bringing it out with a single wrench. The patient started slightly at the shock and looked straight ahead till the hypnotist snapped her fingers sharply. Then the subject drew a long breath and said:

"Is it out? Well, I'm delighted; I did not feel that at all."

This was repeated on the other three teeth, and except for the bleeding and the vacant cavities Mrs. ——— declared she would not know the teeth were gone.— *Washington Post*.

A DENTIST WANTED.



There is a fine opening in this town for a dentist, and he needn't be a first-class one either. 'Most any sort of a critter who knows how to pull and plug teeth can strike it rich around here. We have had to and are still depending on Sam Haynes, the blacksmith, to relieve us of our aching molars, and when Sam happens to be drunk the toothache must wait for him to sober up. One day last week Ben Taylor was

made so crazy with toothache that he handed his gun to Reub Jackson and begged of him to shoot the tooth out. Reub had just got over a spree and his hand was shaky, and as a result he shot out two perfectly sound molars, and also carried away the tip of Ben's tongue. There is no dentist for twenty miles around, and the one who settles down here can go hunting or get drunk for three days in each week and then make a barrel of money.

An Irish dentist sent in his bill to the widow, viz: To curing your husband's tooth till he died: £2.

In China dentists look upon extracted teeth as trophies and make necklaces of them.

Dear doctor, please send me the bill for repairs on my teeth.

Odontiater is the swell name for a dentist.

"He is filling his last cavity," mournfully said a young dentist, as the body of his deceased partner was lowered into the grave.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

SOMETHING NEW IN TORTURE.

"I think I'll give up that dentist of mine."

"What's the trouble? Does he do poor work?"

"No, his work is excellent; but when he does any filling, and has stuffed my mouth with tissue paper, he begins talking on the tariff question. The man's a fool."—*New York Sun*.

There's a new dentist in an upper New Hampshire town, and a conspicuous position in the local paper contains his announcement. He says all his "operations" will be "executed after the latest manner," and that he has "passed a special examination on the different *aesthetic* agents."

In Philadelphia it is now considered proper to speak of a dentist as an odontologist.

Toast 1—Our University: May its "lits" know more of Latin, may its limbs know more of law, and its medics more of medicine, and how men's bones to saw; and its pharmics more of pharmacy, its dentals more of teeth, than any other college the heaven underneath.

A DENTIST AT ST. PETER'S GATE.

(An Old Idea Rehabilitated.)

BY L. C. F. HUGO, D. D. S.,

Washington, D. C.

Originally published by the Maryland State Dental Association, Washington City Dental Society, Virginia State Dental Association, in Compliment to the Author.

St. Peter all day long had had
Before him earthlings, good and bad.
Admitting here, rejecting there—
In everything impartial care,
Such wearing strain this work imposed
That tired, he now the portal closed;
And as he laid him down to rest
A sigh his troubled heart confessed:
Of late *admissions* were so few—
To what on earth could that be due!
 Uneasy dozed he on his cot—
He scarcely "forty winks" had got—
When hark! there was a timid knock,
A gentle trying of the lock.
 "Who's there? Who comes at hour so late?
To-morrow call—I've shut the Gate!"
 "A dentist," wailed a lowly voice;
"Believe me, I'm not here from choice."
 Such tones proclaimed an urgent case.
The worried look left Peter's face,
And moved by merciful intent
He rose—and to the Gate he went.
 "Well, sir, what may you have to say?

The strict demands of truth—obey!
Not oft admittance gain, your sort;
But state your case, and—cut it short."

Encouraged thus the candidate
Began his story to relate.
He told a plain, unvarnished tale
Of life's rough seas he had to sail;
Of trials with which he had to cope;



Of cares and disappointed hope;
Of how before his time he died—
To him sweet calm of age denied.
His life no blameless course had been;
Though full of good—not free from sin.
No good he left unsaid, nor tried
By subterfuge the bad to hide.
The great sins he had well withstood;
With small—*had done the best he could.*

Impressed the Guardian seemed to be
By story from pretense so free;
It had a clear and honest ring—
Not hereabout the usual thing.
With nod and mien celestial, grand!
He took the dentist by the hand;
And was about to pass him in—
When here broke out an awful din!

On looking round they heard a throng
Of ghosts exclaiming: "Wrong! it's wrong!!"

Surprised and wroth St. Peter cried:
"Such clamor I will not abide!
This is no place for whoop and yell;
So—quietly your business tell:
Does it concern this weary Soul
Who seeks the restful, Heavenly Goal?"

"Indeed it does," the spirits shout,
"From Heaven we want that wretch kept out!"

There now stepped forth an oily ghost
Who best address and—lungs could boast:
"I'm sure fair hearing to obtain
It's only needful to explain
That we in gross, or earthly state
Were patients of this candidate;
That we're from earth projected here
And in our *astral form* appear
To render cogent reasons why
In our opinion, much too *high*
For after-life, this dentist aims,
When restful Heaven as due him claims.
With your permission we will show
That he deserves a place *below*!—
As there he stands, who would believe
That Innocence could so deceive!
Observe that sad and injured air—
No saint a meeker face could wear!
And yet, if we but contemplate
His devilish tortures' aggregate—"

"I beg your pardon—not so swift,"
St. Peter warned, "I see your drift.
Before proceeding, let me say:
Cut pleader's arts and gallery play—

Or arguments *ad hominem*—
I've never taken stock in them.
This much made plain, we'll now go on
To hear your protests pro and con.
Speak out in turn each 'astral' sprite,
You may your grievances recite."

A woman's touching note was heard:
"May I be granted just a word?
This man once did some work for me—
And was as rude as rude could be.
No one can say—I talk too much!
Before that man the work would touch—
But fifteen minutes had I talked—
With rubber-sheet my mouth he caulked!
Then soon, I seemed to need a boat,
As near my mouth all was afloat.
And while I sat there drowning, dumb—
My husband's mother had to come.
'How are you getting on?' called she.
'Oh! thank you! *swimmingly!*' bawled he."

"Can I forget that wisdom-tooth!"
Piped up a goody-goody youth;
"The promises of Obtundine!
The buzzing torturing-machine!
The nasty, horrid rubber-thing
Held tightly with that pinching spring!
I wriggled, I struggled; I fought
This dentist!—no relief it brought:
Inserting gold as though for ay,
He calmly kept his pounding way.
But—in his zeal he took no note
Of how his glass pressed near my throat.
I coughed!—the action was no sham—
The rubber slipped! and he said '——'!"
"Perhaps," observed St. Peter here,
"It was a pun,—though rather queer.
That word I think you've wrongly blamed,
For 'dam' the rubber-sheet is named.
I'll ask the doctor what he meant,
If he not fun with business blent?"
"He heard aright—I did not pun;
In dentistry there is no fun.
You've heard! You see! Does it not seem
That provocation was extreme?
And is it so surprising then,
That he should hear the silent 'n'?"

"A tooth of mine," a woman whined,
"He had to bore and fill and grind,

Till I got ill. For half a day
At my poor tooth he worked away!
That filling cost me—pain and tears:
And after only twenty years,
One day at dinner, out it came—
The nuts I cracked were not to blame."

This bit of testimony closed,
The dentist mildly interposed:
"So 'pain and tears' the filling cost?
Well—that was all. *The bill was lost.*"

A sour old grumbler testified:
"The doctor sorely patients tried.
The fees he asked were most unfair
Since charged for *time* spent in his chair.
(Who says that 'time was made for slaves'?
He better knows who dentists braves.)
To injury he insult added
For my time was with poems padded.
He bored my teeth with dullest drill,
And me with poems duller still."

St. Peter gravely shook his head,
And looking at the doctor said:
"Now that complaint is sensible;
Such treatment indefensible!
Unless—the verses dull and smooth
To therapeutic *sleep* could soothe."

The next complainant was a man
Built after Nature's driest plan:
A drouthy soul—as might be seen—
Whom from the bottle naught could wean.
Quoth he: "From memory ne'er can fade
That set of teeth the doctor made:
An incubus—a ghastly sight—
In porcelain and vulcanite!
Unchristian feeling I betray;
But wait, and learn its cause, I pray.
While at a banquet late one night—
Postprandial pleasures at their height—
'A feast of reason and a flow—
Of soul,' and things the earth-born know—
I felt as if the upas-tree
Had breathed its poison over me.
(It all was due—so friends have said
To what I'd eaten, cheese or bread.)
That night so far as I could tell
Was one protracted sinking-spell.
When I came to—ah! cruel fate—
I missed that blamed old rubber-plate!"

Remarked the dentist: "Served him right.
The plate got loose, when he got tight;

And leaving him—showed self-respect;
Does that upon my work reflect?"

Disgusted now St. Peter thought
It time to close a case that brought
Out only spiteful accusation,
Of prompt and easy refutation.
For sake of form the heavenly proctor
Then called for last word—on the doctor.

"I tried my duty to perform;
Was at my office shine or storm.
I treated by the Golden Rule—
And therefore may have been a fool.
These noisy people represent
The patients always discontent.
Ah! for the other, larger class,
I look around in vain—alas!
These very Astrals—hard to please,
I charged by far the lowest fees;
And sent them bills but once a year—
From which I would but seldom hear.
I was as patient as a lamb—
I did their work, and --'here I am'!"

His indignation scarce repressed,
St. Peter thus the mob addressed:
"Though in his chair you ill behaved—
In usefulness your teeth he saved?"

"Well-that-he-did," they answered, "but—"

Replied St. Peter sharply: "Tut!
Relieved by him of dental ills
Of course, you always paid the bills?"

"We must confess," they answered "no."

Returned St. Peter sternly: "Go!!"

With nod and mien triumphant, grand!

He took the dentist by the hand:
"For all your sins your tribulation
Was great enough in expiation,
The punishment, indeed too sharp;
So pass right in—select your harp!"

"I dunno whether ter make a dentist or a lawyer of Jim,"
said a perplexed parent. "I've got a lot of teeth to be pulled,
an' a lawsuit to be settled, so I s'pose I can't miss it fur either
way."

A Noble, Benevolent Man.

Dr. Thomas W. Evans was born in Philadelphia, 1822, at 4011 Spruce street. He received a common school education, then entered the shop of a goldsmith, where he developed good manual skill in making gold dental plates, so he decided to become a dentist. He entered the Jefferson medical college and graduated at the age of eighteen with honor. Later he won the gold medal of the Franklin Institute for proficiency in dental surgery.

He went to Paris in 1846 as an assistant to Dr. Brewster, an American dentist. During the empire of Napoleon III. his fame as a dentist was world-wide. In a professional way he attended Napoleon, Empress Eugenie, the crowned heads and royal families of Holland, Germany, Austria, Belgium and Russia. Napoleon was an intimate friend of his, and when he commenced remodeling and beautifying Paris, by demolishing old buildings and streets, and laying out parks and boulevards, Dr. Evans kept pace with improvements by purchasing real estate, which assisted him in amassing a large fortune. During our civil war he remained a firm friend of the United States, investing heavily in American securities. He came here and organized the National Sanitary Commission, and made an investigation of conditions with the aim of preventing Napoleon from recognizing the confederacy. He visited the president and cabinet officers, Gen. Grant and others high in authority. He reminded President McKinley of this mission when last in this country.

During the Franco-Prussian war he organized and maintained at his own expense an ambulance service that did incalculable good.

He personally directed the movements of the Red Cross society, and was the only man in Europe who could pass from camp to camp.

He established the Lafayette home, which accommodates two hundred in Paris, for unchaperoned American young women who come for the purpose of study.

For the ruling family of Russia he did the special service of correcting by constant care the natural tendency of their teeth to project outward.

In Germany he was known and loved for the services he rendered Emperor Frederick when, as Crown Prince, he was battling for life against a disease of the throat. Sir Morrel Mackenzie, the eminent English surgeon, and Dr. Bergmann of Berlin had finally decided to remove the cancerous growth and perform tracheotomy, and Dr. Evans was invited to be present, but nobody had brought the necessary tube for insertion after the operation, so Dr. Evans took a hammer, a blow-

pipe, and a silver five franc piece, and made a tube which served the purpose admirably.

At another time when the Crown Prince of Sweden had announced himself ready to blow his brains out because of insufferable headaches, Dr. Evans, then a guest at the wedding of the Prince's sister, bade the Prince stand on his head, and when he did so pus ran from his nose, thus indicating that he had disease of the antrum. Dr. Evans performed an operation, and had his discouraged patient well and happy in a fortnight.

After Napoleon was Emperor, a court ball was given which Eugenie wanted to attend, but her mother was not in the court set, and the Countess of Montijo was only able to attend through the kindness of Dr. Evans. The Spanish beauty attracted much attention from guests and Emperor, and during the years that followed he had their friendship, and so it was that on that September day when the news came to Paris that the Germans had won the victory at Sedan that meant the overthrow of the empire, the Empress sought Dr. Evans as a protector; she and a friend took a cab and went to his home; the doctor, learning that one of his friends commanded the city gate, managed to advise him that he would like to pass through it that night with a patient. Dr. Edward Crane, a life-long friend, who became afterwards editor of the American Register, which Dr. Evans established, accompanied them. Eugenie was disguised as an old feeble woman, and she arrived safely at the channel shore, where she took a boat for England.

At the doctor's home in Paris, when we entered the large hall filled with palms, divans and colored lamps hanging from the groined stone ceiling, he called attention to a brass tablet in the floor; it was on this spot where Eugenie fully realized she was no longer an empress, but she bore her misfortune bravely. In the room where Eugenie dressed for her flight is still preserved the old plain shawl, scoop bonnet and black veil which she had worn, and which were returned as souvenirs. The doctor said: "Only twice in my life have I actually known fear: when I proposed to my wife, and when I told the guard at the gate of Paris that I had a poor mad woman whom I was taking to her parents. Knowing me, he was not suspicious, but if he had asked the Empress to raise her veil, our lives would not have been worth a five franc piece. I felt her trembling beside me and her breath coming in faint gasps, but just then she fainted, which was the most sensible thing she could have done."

Dr. Evans died in Paris, November 14, 1897, and in compliance with his expressed wish, the remains were interred in Woodlands Cemetery, Philadelphia, by the side of his wife.

He had a large number of orders and decorations, but would never accept any which could be construed as affecting his allegiance to the United States. The mementoes of the

great people of his time, together with his own collection of paintings and other works of art formed so large an aggregation that he had contemplated establishing a museum for them, and it was found upon opening his will, that he had made thirty bequests to his relatives, and the remainder of his ten millions of dollars was given to found the "Thomas W. Evans Museum and Institute of Philadelphia, Pa.," and he directed that a statue of himself, to cost not less than two hundred thousand dollars, be erected in a public square of the city. Should the city refuse the bequest, the fortune is to be divided equally among his heirs.

The death of Dr. Evans closes the career of a man more noted than any other practitioner of dentistry. From a wordly standpoint it has been illustrious and brilliant. He was largely endowed with worldly wisdom, and there are few men even with such opportunities who could have accomplished what he did. He was benevolent, generous, kind and sympathetic, and moreover a philosopher, and dentists should be proud to say he was a fraternal brother. The writer well remembers of calling upon him at his office in Paris and presenting a letter of introduction from that nobleman S. S. White, whereupon Dr. Evans invited him to spend the evening at his home, where it was his pleasure to meet the doctor's charming wife, who was a native of Lancaster, Pa. Their hospitality was unbounded, and their kind expressions about their native land can never be effaced from memory's tablet.

Dr. Evans was a natural-born gentleman and he maintained this standard on all occasions, and foreign honors and emoluments did not un-Americanize him. He helped elevate and uphold the cause of dentistry in the eyes and minds of the civilized races of the world, and for all this we revere his memory.

H. L. A.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM A BALTIMORE PAPER, 1839.

T. H. Edmunds, dental surgeon, and manufacturer of mineral or porcelain teeth, respectfully informs the citizens of Baltimore and its vicinity, that he continues to perform all dental operations, such as plugging, scaling, separating and taking out teeth on an improved system, which greatly mitigates the pain; and will insert from one to a complete set, with artificial gums when requisite. These teeth are worn with ease, and being firmly inserted, answer every purpose of mastication and thus prepare the food for a second digestion; they possess every quality requisite for color, size or shape, at once giving the preference over all animal or natural teeth; they are inserted in such a manner as to represent them growing out of natural gums, adding grace to the countenance and preventing all

impediments of speech caused by the loss of these useful and beautiful organs.

Mr. E. would remind parents and guardians of the necessity of having their children's teeth attended to, and thus prevent the predisposition to early decay, and their irregularities after the jaw has become fully developed.

N. B. He would inform his patients and others who feel a disposition to make a trial of his teeth and manner of operation, that he will be found at No. 53 Hanover street, one door south of Rev. Mr. Hamner's church, when he will wait upon them from eight A. M. until sundown.

HE DIDN'T SEE.

The listener was about to write a chapter on the professional men who belong to the church for professional purposes only, and who come to regard their church as their peculiar preserve, upon which other men of their trade have no right to poach. On second thought, however, he has decided not to write the chapter, but simply to tell a story.

Dr. Plugham, an able dentist, who has his office in that handsome thoroughfare which, from the frequency of its dental establishments, is coming to be Molar avenue (Plugham, of course, like the rest of the dentists in that aristocratic section, does not give a hint of his occupation in his sign, but simply decorates his door with a very modest plate bearing only the legend "Dr. Plugham"), belongs to a fairly fashionable church and is very faithful indeed in his devotions. No Sunday so stormy that it does not find him in his pew; he teaches a class in the Sunday school and takes a prominent part in all church and society proceedings.

The other Sunday several of the congregation at Plugham's church noticed a well-dressed stranger at church upon whom Plugham bestowed a glance of slight recognition, and after the service Plugham and the stranger were seen in conversation for a moment or two in the vestibule. After the stranger had passed out, one of the members of the church stepped up to Dr. Plugham and remarked:

"Who was that stranger you were talking with, Doctor?"

"He?" said Dr. Plugham, as a scowl darkened his handsome face, "oh, that was Dr. Snagge, the dentist, and I don't see what in thunder he's prowling around here for!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

DENTAL SURGERY, 1843, AS SEEN IN AN "AD."

Dodge and Parmele,

Dental surgeons, of Bond street, New York, having practiced the three past winters in this city, respectfully an-

nounce to their friends and the public that they have concluded to keep their Washington office open during the entire year in future, at their present location on Pennsylvania avenue, near Tenth street, where one or both of the partners may always be found in attendance. They respectfully tender their professional services to their friends and the public, and invite all who may require the advice and skill of the experienced and practical dentist to call on them, learn their terms, and examine their claims to public confidence and patronage. They would particularly call attention to their patent method of fastening artificial teeth when set on gold plate which is used by them alone in the city of Washington. The most prominent advantages are the following:

1st. It saves the pain attendant upon the removal of the roots of the front teeth when in a healthy condition, and makes those roots highly useful in fastening the artificial teeth.

2d. It gives the teeth greater firmness, rendering them always much less troublesome and more useful in the process of mastication than the common mode.

3d. It renders it easy to remove and replace the teeth, which, together with the peculiar simplicity of the fastenings, enable the wearer to keep them always clean.

The great improvement secured by this patent needs but to be seen in order to be understood and used to be appreciated. It is universally commended by those who have availed themselves of its advantages.

*From the Hon. Silas Wright, late of the U. S. Senate now
Governor of New York.*

Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 1843.

Dr. J. Smith Dodge, upon his arrival in Washington to open an office as a surgeon dentist, presented to me letters from several friends in New York of the highest respectability and standing, containing the strongest and the most favorable testimonials, both as to the excellence of his private character and his superior professional qualifications. These satisfactory evidences of the man and the dentist induced me at once to engage the professional services of Mr. Dodge for my own family; and my wife and myself are now able, from personal experience, to add our own equally favorable testimony in his favor as a gentleman and a skillful dentist. This testimony is thus given by me, as well in obedience to the earnest solicitations of respectable and worthy friends in New York, who have for many years experienced the skill and fidelity of the doctor in his profession, as to my convictions of his personal and professional merit.—SILAS WRIGHT.

Two friends are walking along the street. One of them, pointing to a house, says:

"There's a beautiful place, but it's enough to make a man sad to look at it."

"Why so?"

"On account of its history; for, despite its calm and serene surroundings, it was built upon the groans, tears, wailings and blood of widows, orphans, old men and struggling women."

"You don't say so. Was it built by a railroad monopolist?"

"Oh, no; by a dentist."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

DENTISTRY IN A RURAL DISTRICT.

A Talk with the Molar Expert Cured the Stranger's Toothache.

"When I was traveling through ——— last month," said Attorney W. W. ———, "I found myself in a small village with a large toothache. I found the local dentist, with his whirligig engine that resembled a small lathe, at the livery stable clipping a horse.

" 'Do you treat teeth?' I asked.

" 'Course; what do you suppose I'm here for?' he asked in a nettled tone.

" 'Well, I have one here that needs attention.'

" 'Want it pulled or plugged?' he asked.

" 'I want it treated. How do you treat a tooth that is aching?'

" 'Pull it or plug it.'

" 'I think this could be saved if it had proper treatment.'

" 'Want it plugged then? What is it, jaw tooth or gnawer?' and he tried to force a finger that was covered with dirt and horsehair into my mouth. I had grown a trifle suspicious of him, so I thought I would find out what sort of work he did.

" 'Do you do bridge work?' I asked.

" 'Not since I been practicin'. I did build a bridge across Cow Creek when I was ranchin', but I mostly confine myself to draggin' fangs, doctorin' horses, and barbarin'.'

" 'Do you ever transplant teeth?'

" 'Say, I tried that onct; but she didn't work. Ol' Bill Robi'son had a tooth that was achin' and he wanted it pulled. I got the wrong tooth. I tried to put her back, but Bill hollered and cut up so that I thought I'd not try to transplant it.

" 'I sawed off the snags and riveted it to Bill's plate o' false teeth, but she wouldn't work. The first time Bill bit a bone with it the tooth swung around on the rivet, and he bit a hole in the roof of his mouth as big as a hazel-nut.'

"I concluded not to have my tooth treated. The dentist was sorry, and told me, 'if it was holler, to heat a knittin' needle hot an' poke it in the tooth, or hold a chaw o' terbacker in my mouth.' "—*San Francisco Post*.

DENTIST PREDICTS WEATHER.

A Carthage dentist cheers the drought-stricken residents of that locality with the prophecy that there will be rain before Sunday. He says the plaster of Paris, such as dentists use, invariably becomes moist shortly before a rain, and his stock had the well-known "feel" Thursday for the first time in months.
—*Kansas City Journal*.

A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

The "Bookman" reprints an old handbill, which was circulated in the north of England early in this century:

I, James Williams, parish clerk, saxtone, towncrier and bellman, make and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, etc., likewise hair and wigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice. Also—

N. B.—I keeps an evening school where I teach at reasonable rates, reading, writing, singing and sums.

N. B.—I plays the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N. B.—My shop is next dorre, where I bleed, draw teeth and shoe horses, all with greatest scil.

N. B.—Children taut to dance, if agreeable, at sixpence per week, by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coals—shoes cleaned and mended.

N. B.—A hat and pair of stockings to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tushday. For particulars incuire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on tother side of the way.

N. B.—Look over the door for the sighn of the three pigeons.

N. B.—I seil good ayle, and sometimes cyder—Lodgings for single men.

A stump orator—A dentist who talks about himself.

It makes a great difference in this world whether you put "Dr." before or after a man's name.

A few dentists make a ten-strike in their profession.

Motto for the dentist—Let your steel gleam on high.

Epitaph for dentist—He is filling his last cavity.

Style of monument for a dentist—Tuscan.

WIT AND HUMOR OF DENTISTRY.

Thirteen is called an unlucky number, but if a man had only thirteen good teeth, would he go and have one extracted?

Riding on a camel bounces you up and down at such a rate as to make castanets of your teeth.

No amount of talk will persuade a person to spend his teeth on an empty nut.

Teeth are sometimes filed to the last degree of caustic bitterness and biting sharpness.

Wanted—Some teeth from the mouth of a river.

Some teeth are troubled with a double-distilled back-action fragrance.

What's all the world to a man who has lost all of his back teeth?

Tooth-in: getting acquainted with a cross dog.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are active, defective and irregular.

Teeth have they but they chew not—saws.

Some people are born with teeth, some achieve (buy) teeth, and some have teeth thrust upon (into) them.

Sword swallows ought to try saws. They would be more toothsome.

That fellow has cheek enough for five rows of teeth.

“Mamma, that man must have teeth in his boots, for his pants are all gnawed around the bottom.”—A young hopeful.

Old time cuts our teeth with a mighty fuss.
Anon, takes care that they cut us.

Many old churches seem gnawed like a bone by the “tooth of time.”

“We love most things because they are lovable; we love them for their own sakes; all but a tooth—no man ever loved a tooth for its own sake.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Give men work for their hands, and you give them work for their teeth.

When some people get angry, they grate their teeth regardless of the fillings.

Sometimes the teeth stand parallel asunder like the arches of a bridge or are so loose that they shake like virginal Jacks.

My first pours out at early teas;
My second's anything you please;
My whole's the cause of much disease.
Answer—Teething (tea-thing.)

If dentists ever form a trust, it will probably be known as the teething ring.

Millers, when other grist is wanting, grind their teeth.

Dogs beat dentists—they insert natural teeth, gratis.

Some mountain-peaks are so high and pointed, they look as if they were made to pick the teeth of the clouds.

“Believe only half you hear.” If a man tells you all his teeth are aching and he wants them extracted, only pull out half of them.—*American*.

OLD SAWS.

Armed to the Teeth.

To the Tth. Raising pie to the teeth, that is to the Tth power. Cambridge University phrases, taken from mathematics.

TOOTH AND EGG.

Corruption of Tutang, a Chinese word for spelter, a mixture of English lead and tin from Quintang.

PHYSICIAN (DENTIST) HEAL THYSELF.

It is a mighty poor specimen of a tooth-carpenter who doesn't heel himself if his patients have any money.

PATIENCE AND LONG SUFFERING.

Patients and long operations.—*Dentist's Maxim.*

COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE.

This is an old, worn-out, baldheaded and toothless saying.
—*M. Brown (American).*

TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Patient—"Oh, doctor, what detained you? I sent for you at 12 o'clock; I'm just dying with the toothache."

Dentist (complacently)—"Yes, I received your message then, but as I was going to call on another patient near by at six o'clock, I thought I'd make one job of it, and kill two birds with one stone."

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

Don't despise a thing because it's little. A pair of forceps can pull a good many teeth.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Truth is stranger than stories about having teeth pulled.

Dental Proverbs.—Adapted.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I want them so because I want them so.

—*Tempest.*

Faith, thou hast some fillings in the head now.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Every true man's forceps fits your thief.

—*Measure for Measure.*

He hath indeed bettered expectation.

—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

It is a wise dentist who knows his own work.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

All the world's our clinic,
And all the men and women only patients.

—*As You Like It.*

There's small choice among rotten teeth.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

She never told her pain,
But let concealment like a worm in the bud
Feed on her damaged cheek.

—*Twelfth Night.*

Not that I loved amalgam less, but that I loved gold
more. —*Julius Cæsar.*

He jests at pain that never felt a toothache.
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

If it were out, when 'tis out, then 'twere well
It were out quickly. —*Macbeth.*

Brevity is the soul of extraction. —*Hamlet.*

I have thought some dentist's journeyman had made them,
and not made them well, for they imitated humanity so
abominably. —*Hamlet.*

Some teeth are medicinable. —*Cymbeline.*

While engaged in splitting wood, Jones struck a foul blow;
the stick flew up and knocked out a front tooth. "Oh!" said
Bill, "I see you have had a dental operation performed."
"Yes," replied Jones, "axe-idental."

A London dentist uses a small incandescent carbon lamp
to illuminate the mouth during dental operations. A torch-
light procession would be required for some people's facial
cavities.

Names that patients have given the dental-engine. Buzz-
saw, Circular-saw, Jig-saw, Rip-saw, Fanning-mill, Borer,
Whirl-a-gig, Driller, Whizzer, Sheep-shearer, Horse-clipper,
Threshing-machine, Gas-machine, as one patient thought gas
came out from the end of the flexible cable.

An inventor is getting up a patent chair for dentists. A concealed spring in it runs a tack up through the seat, and while the patient is howling, and his attention is diverted by the attack below, the tooth is yanked out.

If a dentist does not have patience he will not have patients.

Classical music and lemons, both set my teeth on edge.

When the teeth are all gone, the lisping notes of childhood soon return.

Ohio has a "law for the prevention of blindness." Why not one to prevent dyspepsia and decayed teeth also?

A Sandusky man boxed his wife's ears for picking her teeth at a hotel table in Columbus. It was a case of absent-mindedness. She thought she was in Sandusky.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Even if any Sandusky woman ever did such a thing, it isn't half so bad as the *Plain Dealer* reporter tackling a free lunch at the Bethel Soup House, and afterward picking his teeth in front of the Weddell House; and his isn't absent-mindedness either. He knows just where he is and what he is doing.

—*Sandusky Register*.

Senator Hanna, in complaining of the importunities of office-seekers, recently said: "The only places in which I obtain any relief are the executive sessions and the dentist's chair." Mr. Hanna might steal a march on some of them by employing a dentist who could also handle a razor.

A man who was distributing butter-scotch on the street, was asked if he was a philanthropist; he replied, "No, I'm a dentist."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to my dentist, sir," she said.
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "You're very welcome, sir," she said.
 "What is your dentist, my pretty maid?"
 "My dentist's a D.D.S., sir," she said.
 "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
 "My teeth are my fortune, sir," she said.
 "Then I will marry you, my pretty maid."
 "Takes two to make a bargain, sir," she said.

Kaiser Wilhelm conferred a decoration upon the manager of the Wiesbaden theatre who had the nerve to stage his majesty's new play, entitled, "The Iron Tooth." The cable has it that "The Iron Tooth" was pulled off before a distinguished audience.

"Hasn't she lovely teeth?"
 "Almost too lovely. I can't make up my mind whether they are real or realistic."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Dental intelligence—The Judge proposes to take the stump in Mississippi, believing his chances for nomination pre-carries.
 —*N. O. Times*.

A fashionable society of young men in London is called "The Crutch and Tooth-pick Club." The "crutch" is the new kind of walking stick affected by the youth of the west end; the toothpick is their symbol.

The Boston fire burned fastest in the teeth of the wind.

R. Kemble of London relates that he received a valentine in 1876 as an advertisement from his dentist, reminding him, with truth, that he had better come and be "looked at."

The warden of a foundling asylum was accused of employing toothless and incompetent persons to prepare the food.

In New York City \$20,000 is spent daily for candy; the people must have sweet teeth all around in both jaws.

A dentist, in speaking of a patient who fainted, said: She had a great deal of faint and then recovered.

Impressions crystallize into facts (plaster).

An East End lady vouches for the truth of this little dialogue, which illustrates what queer misconceptions will sometimes possess the illiterate mind:

Mrs. B.—“Going to the city?”

Mrs. H.—“Yes, I have to hunt up a new servant.”

Mrs. B.—“I thought you had a good one.”

Mrs. H.—“I have, but she told me yesterday she would leave to-morrow as she had Bright's disease in her teeth, and it was worse in cold weather, and she knew she couldn't do the work for us this winter.”

It is usual, after assemblages disband on Sunday, to find in church stray gloves, fans and pocket handkerchiefs; but one Sunday, after the audience had gone from one of the Brooklyn churches, with which we are most familiar, the sexton picked up a set of false teeth. The facial misfortune caused considerable merriment on the part of those who heard of it. We immediately set ourselves to account for this strange resignation of beautiful dentistry. Perhaps the sermon was dull, and in the process of gaping the owner of the property dropped this part of his face. Perhaps some one, during the hymn, sat and sung herself away, all but her teeth. But the more we guessed, the less we knew. However, we began to moralize, and could not in the circumstances help but think how people in church lose all their teeth, so that instead of masticating the truth they swallow it down in chunks, and then go about with religious dyspepsia. Doctrines need to be chewed and assimilated. But multitudes of Christian people have lost

their teeth. They can take down the "sincere milk of the Word," but the strong meat confounds them. For this reason many churches cannot stand the stout gospel of repentance and judgment to come. They prefer religious pap, gruels, panada and thickened milk." Why? Because they have lost their teeth. Oh, for a reformation in moral dentistry—a pulling out of old roots and stumps which poison the soul's breath, and for the setting in of a nice, white, clean set of molars, incisors and bicuspid. We shall not have a generation of healthy Christians until we improve the Church's power of mastication.—TALMAGE.

"And where did you go to last night, Brudder Bones.

"Me? I went to bed. Whar djoo go ter, Brudder Tambo?"

"I went to sleep."

"Brother Hackensack will now sing 'Mother Laughed Her Front Teeth Loose,' " said the middleman.

Mrs. H. had three of her daughters' temporary incisors banded with gold and mounted on a \$5.00 gold piece, which she wore as a charm attached to a bracelet.

STOLE TEETH.

A thief with a desire for unique things opened the show case in front of the ——— Dental Parlors at ——— Street and stole several sets of false teeth. Some of the teeth were found later in a West Side alley.

Julius A. Sumner, of Akron, claims to have ridden in the first passenger car ever drawn on a railroad in the United States, to have been a passenger on the first steamboat that ever plied on Lake Erie, and to have established the first rolling mill and nail factory in Ohio. How much nobler is such a life than being a Senator of Massachusetts, breaking his political teeth in old age on the file he spent his lifetime in forging!—*Exchange*.

An Iowa boy got locked up in a beef cooler for fourteen hours, and his teeth chattered until they were worn half down.

John Henry Cardiff is recommended for minister to Fiji. The cannibals might try their teeth on him—in vain.

An Ohio man went out and hanged himself the other day because a Columbus dentist told him his tooth was affected with "nodular calcification of the pulp." He left a note to his wife saying he didn't want to live on and give it to her and the children.

It is now that the dentist smiles from ear to ear, and looks like an aurora borealis on stilts, as he observes the festive young lady cracking hickory nuts with her front teeth.

All the teeth of a certain scolding lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it. He answered that it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.



CHILDREN PLAYING DENTIST.

It will be necessary, fellow-citizens, to give the ancestral dollar a nip between the teeth before accepting it. If your teeth are tired and worn by legitimate uses, drop the coin on some hard surface and note its jingle.

The great question that now arises is: Can Turkey preserve her autonomy? A man may loose his teeth and be snatched baldheaded without fatal consequences, but if he happens to lose his autonomy where is he at?

The speculative sharps of New York have organized a rubber ring. The flats will cut their eye-teeth on it.
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mr. Bigword:—Doctor, will you be kind enough to lend me your Dental Materia/ Medica?

The lady born this month will have blew eyes, and full set ov teeth. Her heart will be az tender az a porter-house steak. She will keep a lap dorg, who will have weak eyes, and whose christian name will be Fanny. She will die and leave a bed quilt, which will go down to posterity, with upwards of 7 hundred blocks in it.—*Josh Billings' Farmer's Almanax.*

A western citizen who had been worsted in a fight was told that he could collect damages. "I did collect damages," he replied mournfully. "I collected everything but a piece of my left ear and two front teeth; couldn't find those."

To the inexperienced we will state that caramels are a very popular confection with lovers, who wish to sweetly fill gaps in the conversation, when they go to see their Dulcineas. Young Smirkum tried it the other night, and, as you will see,

found the adhesive sweet meats very toothsome. As soon as he was seated before the fire and had remarked upon the weather, he pulled from his pocket twenty-five cents' worth of the delicious jaw-breakers; when lo! clinging affectionately to the package was his costly white silk neckerchief, which to this day bears a disgusting brown stain. Smirkum smothered his indignation and passed the candy to Serena, who calmly helped herself. For the next five minutes they both chawed. Then Smirkum tried to speak. The effect was tragical. His jaws closed with a snap, and despite his frantic attempts to unclosethem, remained locked until, after growing quite black in the face, and frightening Serena to the verge of hysterics, a desperate effort brought them apart, when out jumped the caramels and his left eye tooth, with the gold filling from four of his back teeth, which fell at Serena's feet. Smirkum might have remarked with the poet, "Lady, my gold I lay at your feet," but he didn't; he merely picked up his fillers and started for the dentist's. Serena is now regaled on chocolate creams.

HE WENT BACK ON HER.

A young and very pretty girl, a little proud of her good looks, had a quarrel with her lover, who reproached her for caring more for her beauty than his love. To prove to him how much she loved him she broke off her four front teeth and thus disfigured cast herself at his feet. She lost her lover as well as her teeth. He went back on her!

The train that went over to the Exeter fire last night flew over the rails like the wind. It is said that the *Democrat* reporter put paste on the soles of his shoes and hung on to the edge of the car with his teeth.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Special Dispatch to the *News*.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 20.—About two o'clock last Sunday morning, police surgeon, Dr. R. L. Taylor, of No. 1209 Wylie avenue, was awakened by the striking of a match. He saw a colored man peering into his room from behind the portieres. He sprang from his bed, and chased the colored burglar from the place. Before arousing the doctor, the thief

had ransacked the lower part of the house. After he had packed the silverware in a bag, he decided to sample a nice juicy pumpkin pie, which he found in the refrigerator.

The negro apparently did not like pumpkin pie, as he took but one bite of it. The bite was a big one, and the marks of the man's teeth were plainly seen by the doctor. The latter preserved the pie until he could make a mold that would fit in the indentation in the pie. After making the mold, he had a perfect impression of the thief's teeth.

Frank Washington, of No. 505 River avenue, who was seen near the house the night of the robbery, was arrested on suspicion. An examination of his mouth clearly showed that he was the man who had taken the bite out of the pie. At the hearing before Magistrate McGarey to-day this evidence was presented, and Washington, who made no defense, was held for trial at court.

Cuspid teeth are sometimes called buck-teeth.

Our little Johnny, who has just attained his fifth year, listened attentively to a lady visitor who gave an account of the late appearance of her wisdom tooth, and then astonished her by asking: "Do foolish persons also get wisdom teeth?"

—*Babyhood.*

NEW KIND OF ROOSTERS.

From the *Indianapolis News.*

Dr. P. G. C. Hunt, the dentist, has been experimenting in tooth grafting. Two weeks ago he took two robust chanticleers and inserted in each of their combs a human bicuspid tooth, and to-day the teeth are as firmly imbedded in the combs as if they had grown there. A chicken fancier who saw the fowls desired to buy them of the doctor, being under the impression that the birds were of a new kind.

Even a good scholar may be thrown down if he does not understand the dialects of a language. Mark Twain thought he knew Arabic, but found he was helpless when two toothless Arabs talked gum Arabic to him.

The announcer on the stage has memorized a funny talk that goes with the crowd. For instance, he says, "In the next round, ladies and gentlemen, you will observe Corbett knock a gold tooth from Fitzsimmons' mouth."

Of course, nobody could see the gold tooth, but the "crack" goes with the crowd.

TEETH MIGHTIER THAN TONGUE.

A small group of lawyers in one of the offices of the Ashland block were discussing old times one day last week, when one of them related a story of an experience of his early days at the bar.

He was an attorney in a case in southern Illinois, in which an Egyptian was charged with stealing a mule. The young lawyer was arguing for a continuance. At the conclusion of what he considered a particularly forcible plea, however, the judge promptly overruled the motion and instructed the state's attorney to read the indictment. The attorney tumbled over all the legal papers and law books in sight, but was unable to unearth the document, and the case was therefore perforce continued until the next session of the grand jury, which did not begin until the following fall. The day following the adjournment of the case the attorney for the state met the other lawyer and said to him. "I know what became of that indictment. I remember I saw you biting and chewing small sections of a long piece of paper which you held in your hand during the argument to the court. After adjournment I picked up several of these slips and identified them as pieces of the indictment. I have heard of people eating their own words, but never of one man eating another man's words."

The statement of the district attorney was found to be correct, the young lawyer in his extreme nervousness having destroyed the missing document. He made profuse apologies to the court and was let off with a mild reprimand, but could not help feeling an inward satisfaction since he had accomplished with his teeth what he had failed to encompass with his tongue. When the case came up for trial in the fall he had so mustered his forces that he won without difficulty.

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

SAVING HER TEETH.

"Why, Norah," said Mrs. K. to the new cook, "I thought you said you knew how to make nut cake."

"An' phwat is that if it isn't a nut cake, ma'am?"

"But you've put the nuts in whole."

"Begorry, an' I t'o't yeez was as able to crack 'em as I was. Yer teeth's as good as mine!"—*Philadelphia Times.*

Must a man who has no front teeth necessarily be a back-biter?

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

When the surgeon's knife and the patient met there was a wild scream of pain. Then she clenched her teeth and settled down to stand it. She did suffer silently for a moment, but the pain became too acute and she screamed again, then groaned.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, Lord!"

"My name is Jones, corrected the doctor, gravely.

—*San Francisco Post.*

A SANITARY REFORM FOR THE MIND.

It is easy to demonstrate that the mental health of the community is a much higher concern than the physical health and comfort. The analogy suggests the extension of protection. Take such a detail as the teeth in the mouths of the community. If there is needed a license for the practice of dentistry, why not a license for the practice of literature? If the teeth are ruined, science is capable of furnishing a new set, and our blessed tariff lets them in free of duty, which is more than it does for a set of literature; but there is no way of getting a new set of mind, if the mind is once demoralized by reading year after year slovenly and untrained writing. A person may have the conceit that he is capable of cutting his own eye-teeth, and so he may be in matters of business, but no young mind of a person who can read is safe against the daily demoralization of bad writing.—From the "Editor's Study," by Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

Man iz the only phellow who will attempt tow bight into an old goose, and his teeth fly oph a grate menny times before he loosens enny ov the meat.

At a dinner given by the Authors' Club, of New York City, to Richard Henry Stoddard, ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, president of the Century Club, told this story of the guest of honor: "Stoddard was opening a can of tomatoes one

night. Sounds came from the kitchen that convinced Mrs. Stoddard that her husband was not accomplishing his task without a struggle. Finally she called to him: 'What are you doing, dear?' 'Opening this can of tomatoes,' came the rather gruff answer. 'What are you opening it with?' 'With a knife. Did you think I was using my teeth?' 'Not at all, dear,' came the answer; 'I thought from your language you were opening it with prayer.' "

To test his marksmanship, a young man of Sonora fired at a crow. His aim was bad, for Miss Ella Hewitt, who was passing on the highway, received the ball in her mouth, between her parted lips. She suddenly shut her teeth upon it and held it. Her only injury was a slight cutting of the lips and the breaking of the enamel of her two upper front teeth.

Teeth have they, yet chew not—combs.

A girl with pretty teeth and fond of showing them, probably suggested the song, "'Tis better to laugh than to be sighing."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Mr. Interlocutor, are you a professional man?"

"Yes, Mr. Tambo, I am a Doctor of Medicine."

"And do you practice a profession?"

"Yes, sir; I practice dentistry."

"Indeed! You are making lots of money, I suppose?"

"No-o-o, it's pa-in-less now than ever."

"Mr. Interlocutor, if you were walking down the street and wanted to light your cigar and had no matches, how would you get a light?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bones; if I were walking down the street without a match how would I get a light?"

"Why drop your cigar and let it light on the sidewalk."

"Mr. Highgee will now sing that beautiful patriotic ballad, entitled, 'The American Eagle Has Returned to Our Fireside.' "

There are as many people to-day digging their graves with their teeth, as there are drowning their souls in alcohol;—they eat too fast and do not masticate their food thoroughly.

Teeth are first erupted, and then finally *disrupted*.

SWEET TEETH.

I have met a number of ladies during my stay in Brazil. I have discovered one way to their heart. This is through their mouths. Each of them has thirty teeth, more or less, and all of them sweet. Some of them would sell their souls for American candy, and they all like choice confections.

FRANK CARPENTER.

LESSON ON THE BONES.

In my little face so plainly seen,
If you count the bones you'll find fourteen.

And besides all these, somebody has said
You will find eight more in my curly head.

On both sides of my head is a little pink ear,
With three bones in each to make me hear.

And locked together, a long white line,
Are the twenty-six bones that make my spine.

If you look at my shoulders you there will find
A bone in front and a bone behind.

While my twenty-four ribs together combine
To make this stout little chest of mine.

The bones of my arms, you see, are but few;
Here is one in my arm, in each forearm two.

The bones in my wrist are bound snug and tight;
Eight in my left wrist and eight in my right.

There are five in each hand and five in each foot,
And twenty-eight in fingers and toes put.

One bone in my hip, and it looks like a cup;
The end of my thigh-bone will just fill it up.

This bone in my thigh has a very queer name—
Femur, or thigh-bone; it means the same.

My knee-pan covers the bones of my knee,
And from this to my ankle two bones you see.

The seven short bones in my ankle found
By strong white cords are bound.

If an apple or pear I wish to bite,
I've thirty-two teeth so strong and white;

And I'll always remember, in spite of my play,
With water and brush to cleanse them each day.

Since the way that I sit my bones must effect,
I'll try while I'm growing to sit erect;

And when I grow older you'll every one see
What a straight man or woman I then shall be.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

AN UNGALLANT PICTURE OF A FAVORITE LECTURER.

I stepped into Steinway Hall the other evening to hear Olive Logan. I had read in the out-of-town papers the most extraordinary puffs of her brilliancy, eloquence and fascination, and I was somewhat surprised to find her a contradiction of all of these. Her subject, "Successful People," was an attenuated thread on which she strung as many commonplaces, frivolities, ancient jokes and impertinent egotisms as could well be crowded into the space of an hour. Her delivery too, which she seemed to imagine charming, was extremely unpleasant, being mainly composed of wriggles, grimaces and affections, with over-liberal and superfluous dental accompaniments. Mrs. Sykes is a species of feminine Mr. Carker. Her teeth are omnipresent and all-pervading. She never allows you to forget them, and she certainly never forgets them herself. She looks with her teeth, talks with her teeth, thinks with her teeth, gesticulates with her teeth, walks with her teeth. The chief aim and end of her being is—teeth, and after you have listened to her awhile and gone away, the sole recollection you have of her is teeth. Whatever may be the opinion of her as a lecturer, she is unquestionably the greatest tooth exhibitor now living. No dentist should be without her.

—*N. Y. Letter to St. Louis Globe.*

The Cincinnati *Commercial* has discovered the following national anomalies:

The French have the best poll-dressers and the most bald-headed men in the world. The Americans have the best den-

tists and the most bad teeth of any people in the world. The English have the best corn doctors and the most corns of any people in the world. The Germans have the best lager and the fewest drunkards of any people in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Tooth, the famous Ritualist, has recently become the father of twin babes. People call these infants "the little Teeth."

The cable being chiefly occupied with the transmission of war news, important events in the contest over ritualism in the English church have only reached American readers through the latest mails. One circumstance of importance brings to the front again the somewhat notorious Rev. Arthur *Tooth*, who has been prohibited from officiating in church, imprisoned and punished for contumacy and contempt of court. Subsequent to this, *Dr. Tooth* visited the continent, and after traveling some months wrote to a few friends telling them that he would return to England and hold service in his church on the morning of May 13th. This he did.

In Leipzig the restaurants often bear very fanciful names, such as "To the rich chancellor," "To the green garland," and one is somewhat ominously dedicated "To the missing tooth," while golden lions, blue grapes and white swans are numerous.

A blind man was sitting in company with some visitors a few weeks ago when one of the party left the room. "What white teeth that lady has," said the blind man. "How can you tell that?" asked a friend. "Because," was the ready answer, "for the last half hour she has done nothing but laugh."

One of the sweetest things about a young and budding love, says the *Norwich Bulletin*, is the way in which she will smooth the hair so gently off your brow, and then smile so tenderly in your face and show that about four of her back teeth are gone.

The State of Maine is in danger of losing its reputation as the home of a steady going and conservative community when such stories as this are told by the Oxford County Advertiser: "An Oxford county man slipped from his roof while shingling, and fell with a bundle of shingles under each arm. As he descended he was able to catch hold of the eaves with his teeth and hang there, letting go occasionally to shout for help, and catching hold again. After being rescued from his perilous position he remarked that he never thought to drop his shingles."

"Uncle" Sidney Crawford, the ancient negro who is serenely whiling away his 115th year near Fort Defiance, Va., has not an imperfect tooth in his head and only one vacancy where a tooth ought to be. He attributes his dental perfections to the fact that he has chewed tobacco for more than a hundred years. A few weeks ago he was taken sick and fainted away. When he recovered his consciousness he betrayed great agitation and declared that he had been away and seen terrible things. Since then every attempt to elicit a description of those visions alarms him, and he refuses to talk on the subject. Perhaps he beheld himself asking in vain for a chew in the next world.

A remarkable old English gentleman is missing and is so particularly described in an advertisement in the London *Times* that if he be found the finders will be at no loss to recognize him. He wears "a brown wig and a green shade over one eye." He has no hair on his face, but he carries a deep red scar over his left eyebrow, has "large yellow teeth dressed in black with a dark gray overcoat." Now, a man with a wig over his eye and an overcoat on his teeth ought to be identified with positive assurance wherever he may turn up, especially if he spends freely and gives checks on London banks as this old-gentleman-errant is said to do.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. De Prig (of Boston in a Dakota hotel)—"Waiter, what caused the explosion just now at the other end of the dining-room? Was somebody shot?"

Waiter—"Oh, no sir. We don't allow shooting in the

dining-room. The cook was a little careless and let a cartridge from his revolver fall into the soup, and the gent who was just carried out happened to crush it between his teeth."—*Time*.

PARODY ON "WHERE DID YOU COME FROM."

Where did you come from, toothy, dear?
Out of the gum I did appear.
Where did you get the enamel so white?
In the jaw out of sight.
What makes it so smooth and bright?
The crystals, and the light.
Where did you get that sharp bite?
Oh! I want that to fight.
What makes your gums so smooth and pink?
My youth, I think.
What makes your tooth such good form?
It was that way when I was born.
Where did you get the dentin too?
God spake and it was made new.
Cementum, what brought you here?
Why, the odontoblasts, that's clear.
Root, whence did you come,
You useful part?
From the same follicles heart.
How did they all come just to be a tooth?
God thought of me before my youth.

H. L. A.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO TRY AGAIN.

"No, sir, you don't catch me having anything to do with a wheel. I've had enough of it. Lost two teeth and a knee cap."

"But you shouldn't be discouraged so easily. Try it again."

"Try it again! Why, good lordy, I was walking."

New York, August 22.—In this discourse of Dr. Talmage is mighty encouragement for many who consider their own case hopeless. His text is Job xix, 20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements, and

bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens, and Doctors Good, and Poole, and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say: "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! thank God!

A HINT TO THE GIRLS.

A bachelor philosopher remarks that "no man ever wants to kiss a girl after he has once seen her hold a nickel the conductor has given her for change between her teeth while she gets her purse open," and he further intimates that such a girl is only fit to kiss a pug dog. Of course bachelors are not always responsible critics.—*Boston Globe*.

In the second suit commenced by Mrs. Gilbert she says that on October 23, 1896, her father-in-law took hold of her, threw her on the floor, she being in her own home at the time, and forced into her mouth a large quantity of recently prepared plaster of Paris, which hardened in her mouth. She avers that it was necessary to use a knife and hammer to remove the plaster of Paris before she could get the stuff out of her mouth. For this she asks \$10,000.

They are cutting down the innocent amusements in San Francisco. Richard Gardner, a young San Francisco hoodlum, had been fined \$400 for knocking six teeth out of a Chinaman's jaw with a rock.

A woman in Omaha was choked almost to death, and entirely destroyed her power of speech, the other day, by swallowing a gaiter button. We have said a thousand times that some serious trouble would yet come of this custom of Omaha women unbuttoning their shoes with their teeth.

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

They were husband and wife, and as they stood before the soldiers' monument in Detroit, she asked: "What's that figger on top?" "That's a goddess," he answered. "And what's a goddess?" "A woman who holds her tongue," he replied. She looked sideways at him, and then began planning to make a peach pie with the pits in it for the benefit of his sore tooth.

The chocolate caramel still continues to pull the gold from the teeth of the multitude, and the dentists are happy.

Smiles are among the cheapest and yet richest luxuries of life. We do not mean the mere retraction of the lips and the exhibition of two rows of masticators.

GOOD FOR TRADE.

First Dentist—You can tell a horse's age by the number of teeth he has.

Second Dentist—I wish it was that way with a woman, we'd be busy all the time.

COMPOSITION OF A BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRL ON "THE TEETH."

The teeth are the hardest part of the whole body, but when you go to the dentist, he can cut them all right. Some teeth have two roots and they are chock full of nerve. If it's a nice dentist, you like to have teeth filled. It is *so* nice to talk to him. The teeth ache more in the winter because you get your feet cold and wet. The nice weather makes the toothache go away. That's so pleasant, and a good joke on the dentist, who thinks he is so smart and handsome. Annie told me she was going to see a nice one, and I'll bet she won't ask me to go along. Alas! how mean.

THE FOLLOWING EXPLAINS ITSELF.

My dear Miss Dodge, otherwise Gail Hamilton: A book is in prospect. Many of our well-known people are to write for it. You and I are to be in it. I am to do you, who is to serve me up, the gods only know. Will you be kind enough to inform me at your earliest convenience, when and where you cut your first tooth, whether you had the measles before the mumps, or the mumps before the measles; also any other interesting items about yourself. Please send an early answer.

FANNY FERN.

Joseph Lathrop, of Detroit, read a poem, entitled "Fraternal Love," written by Dr. J. A. Robinson, a practitioner of sixty years, the poem being dedicated to the Tri-State Meeting (O., Ind., Mich.)

FRATERNAL LOVE.

Love is the whole law fulfilling,
So I will sing if you are willing
To listen to me while I stay,
And ponder well the words I say.

What you have loved for your whole life,
Next to your children and your wife,
Will never with the years grow old,
Nor like your fondest love, grow cold.

Artists and poets have the longest life,
Because they seldom mix in anxious strife.
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years had passed;

And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had just begun his "Characters of Men";
And almost reverend Gladstone all his life
Fought for humanity, a poet's strife.

Because true poetry is always just,
And justice in the end is always first.
The gift I bring to you is "Voice to youth,"
And what I say I mean to be the truth.

If our profession is to always live,
Each one must have the spirit to forgive.
There may be things we almost wish to fight;
Two wrongs have never yet made one wrong right.

The song I ask you now to help me sing,
And join the chorus with the thoughts I bring,
Is that we all may keep in our possession
The love we ought to bear to our profession.

The thoughts we have will make us good or ill,
And help or hinder duties to fulfill;
If those outside our calling should assail,
Love must protect us with her coat of mail.

For undivided, we shall never fall.
Love is the power that triumphs over all.
What we have most to fear is inward feud;
It sunders our affections; does no good.

Like dynamite it severs to annoy,
And strongest, sweetest friendships will destroy.
Professional jealousy with its heavy blows
Burns its own dwellings to destroy its foes.

If we are worthy of a doctor's name,
Or if unworthy, it is all the same:
We promise by the name, to keep, conserve,
And from that motto we should never swerve.

The dentist is a cruel, wicked knave,
To extract the teeth he knows he ought to save,
To make his task more easy to fulfill,
Or gain a trifle with his dental bill.

A healthy, worthy, friendly competition
Will keep us in a sound and good condition.
It helps us to excel in what we do,
And to deal justly with our compeers, too.

To say of another's work, "It is not good,"
Is feeding neighbors with a poison food.
Speak kind of others' failings, pass along,
And do not profit by your neighbor's wrong.

For love, like electricity,
Belongs to everything we see;
'Tis life, and light, and heat, and truth.
In aged men or fickle youth.

To be professional, we must have spirit-force
To warm us in our daily intercourse,
And not like barbarous tribes become a clan,
To kill the whole if we dislike some man.

Some seem so full of pride and hate,
No worldly love can insulate;
Divine love and wisdom must be nigh,
To give a message from the sky.

For if too full of place and power
To sacrifice a single hour,
Love's dental trolley won't go on,
To move love's dental car along.

For sixty years of dental life I've passed,
And am the very oldest of the class.
I gave to the profession all my best,
For "widow's mite was more than all the rest."

A BAD TOOTH.

The art of professional safe blowing was explained in most graphic terms and by a series of striking illustrations in the County Jail yesterday afternoon by John Atkinson, the alleged robber and "pal" of O'Neill, who is now serving a long term in the penitentiary for one of the most daring "hold-ups" in the history of the city. The confession, for it was in the nature of a confession, was made to Deputy Sheriff Edward Barry and a *Leader* reporter.

It is claimed by some that Atkinson is feigning insanity, but there isn't a man in the jail who doesn't believe that Atkinson's mind is affected to some degree. It is easily seen that he is not well, but this may be the result of his long confinement. He may be insane, but he is not in such a condition that he is unable to explain some of the intricacies of the art of safe blowing. He did not know that the *Leader* reporter was a newspaper man, consequently talked more freely than is his wont.

Deputy Barry started by asking him about the County Commissioners, and Atkinson answered as usual by saying they were all "Dutch." Then he added: "But that isn't their fault." The deputy drifted to other subjects and Atkinson felt perfectly at home. It is said that Atkinson is insane only on the subject of his alleged crime. Upon every other subject he talks with as much logic as the average man. The conversation drifted from one subject to another, and all the time Deputy Barry was playing with the combination lock on the door of the "bull pen."

"That's a pretty good lock," said Atkinson.

"Did you ever work any of these kind of locks?" asked the deputy.

Atkinson smiled. "That lock on a safe would be easy," said he.

"Come out and let us see how you would go about anything like that," said the deputy, at the same time opening the door. Atkinson did as he was bidden, and at once commenced to explain the mechanism of the lock.

"Well, let's see you try it," said the deputy becoming interested. Atkinson hesitated for several minutes, saying that he could not "work" that combination because it did not have the same backing as a safe lock. Deputy Barry insisted upon being shown how it was done. Atkinson got down upon his knees and went to work. He kneeled as close to the lock as possible, and put his tongue upon the metal ring around the knob of the combination. Then he slowly turned the combination. Deputy Barry watched him intently, and suddenly stopped Atkinson in his work. He had made the first move in the combination correctly, and the deputy thought this enough. Atkinson was willing to stop, and then explained the science of his work.

"You perhaps know," said Atkinson, "that the nerves in the end of the tongue are very delicate and sensitive. Well, when the combination gets to the right point, the minutest click is sent at once to the brain. That's how we know we are right."

The deputy was astounded. William Clark, the alleged murderer, was standing near at the time. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with Atkinson's method. He said, "It is much easier if you have a darning needle, place it on the tumblers and put the other end in a hollow tooth. If there is a nerve in the tooth, the first click, no matter how slight, sends a thrill through your head."

"I've tried that scheme, too," said Atkinson, "and have found it to be a good one."

Class in chemistry stand up! Teacher.—"What are some of the ultimate elements of the human body?"

Pupil.—"Sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, and teeth."

Dentist, save that tooth!
Fill it up real good!
It worked for me in youth,
Hard as anyone could.

'Twas my own good luck
That made it last so long;
Then, dentist, you're a duck,
Keep off your forceps' prong.

'Twas my supply of sand
That kept it in my jaw,
Then, dentist, let it stand,
Or else we'll go to law.

That old grinding tooth,
Which has crushed many steaks,
Is not so very uncouth,
And works well on cakes.

Dentist, forbear thy yank!
Sever not its bony tie;
Oh! spare that aged crank,
Till I'm ready to die.

When but a jolly boy,
I did not think of teeth;
But fun without alloy,
Was woven in every wreath.

My mother gave me a brush,
My father paid the bill,
Forgive this foolish gush,
But don't the old tooth kill!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy enamel, old friend!
It has a good, sound ring,
And will well pay to mend.

Old tooth! the work still brave!
And dentist, fill it well;
While I've a hand to save,
Forceps shall not break the spell.

(Parody by H. L. Ambler on "Woodman, Spare That Tree.")

NONA FIDE NAMES OF DENTISTS.

F. E. Battershell, W. H. Yarnall, I. Forget, S. Spooner,
A. Woodbridge, B. F. Luckey, G. H. Chance, B. Glorious, Wm.
L. Puffer, J. G. Hummer, Francis Diamond, A. W. Twigg, R.
H. M. Boring, W. A. Sharp, C. W. Wolf, F. O. Dudgeon, R.
B. Gentle, C. C. True, J. W. Mustard, W. E. Driver, B. Albee,
C. C. Crowder, L. S. Copper, C. N. Pierce, E. T. Paine, V. C.
Bell, U. L. Blu (spells same either way), E. Lamm, R. E.
Sparks, M. H. Stilwell, E. J. Tucker, B. Brodnax, F. W. Stiff,
S. Pugsley, W. E. Bunn, A. C. Liverman, J. E. Duggar, W.
H. Savage, J. H. Bullett, R. L. Gill, G. F. Hair, A. Jekelfalusy,
E. T. Ketcham, P. E. Sasscer, A. D. Coale, A. W. Soule, G.

F. Showers, E. H. Sting, Jas. Alcock, M. R. Bridges, W. Pleasant, Wm. Ware, W. L. Tinker, E. Bacon, R. O. Shaw, E. E. Crowfoot, T. F. Cherry, O. J. Pepin, C. C. Chick, Edwin Cudlip, J. U. L. Feemster, Jo. King, I. J. Weatherbee, E. S. Billups, C. R. Coffin, R. D. Hay, B. D. Hyde, S. H. Beard, J. S. Dodge, Charles Knowler, F. H. Rehwinkle, C. E. Dunn, N. M. Burkholder, B. S. Traywick, J. M. Spainhour, B. H. Catching, L. S. Ledbetter, B. B. Bushfield, H. C. Devilbiss, G. A. Sprinkel, B. F. Kidd, J. C. Story, Luther Trump, Seraphim H. Dumont, G. S. Yingling, C. E. Duck, E. C. Eversole, Thos. Huggins, B. J. Quattelbaum, S. D. Rambo, W. H. Shine, F. A. Speck, C. L. Steel, M. Pirkey, J. A. Hurdle, H. S. Pitts, E. R. Rust, C. A. Slocum, C. R. Yearick, C. S. Seebold, A. R. Begun, O. B. Comfort, E. E. Early, C. H. Gatewood, M. E. Neuman, W. M. Wonder, Wm. R. Blue, A. Sipher, John Gentle, J. C. Slay, W. S. Hightower, R. P. Roper, W. K. Mock, H. L. Fitts, Gore & Doolittle, M. D. Step, George Dock, C. E. Cotton, W. B. Finney, C. A. Meeker, R. B. Winder, B. A. Muckenfuss, G. H. Winkler, J. D. Albright, J. R. Gruwell, F. H. Sawhill, J. H. Boozer, W. F. Steer, Wm. Playfair, S. L. Stringfellow, G. Merryman, F. W. Breaker, E. L. Swartwout, Joe Horsey, D. Youngblood, T. R. Hornblower, A. Proudfoot, A. F. Hug, H. H. Mudd, K. W. Goodby, J. M. Bulger, Adam Eve, Sam Smilie, F. A. Shotwell, A. DeW. Gritman, Frederick Amend.

WOMEN IN DENTISTRY.

It appears that women practiced the art of medicine and dentistry in ancient times, as "Women being forbidden to consult with men, received services from their own sex." At the present time a number of women are practicing dentistry in Egypt. "The time has passed when the fitness of woman for the practice of dentistry can be successfully questioned, and whatever may have been the difference of opinion as to her qualifications, both physical and mental, for this work, when measured by the standard of male requirements, the fact remains that in dentistry, as in all branches of the great healing art, woman has found and successfully occupied a field of usefulness in which the sum total of those distinctively feminine qualities, which go to make up an ideal womanhood, have been invaluable, and are, after all, the essential factors in her success in these departments. The question is not whether she is capable of doing her work from a man's standpoint and by masculine methods, but, is there a sphere of usefulness in our profession which she can pursue and properly fill by virtue of her womanhood, and achieve success as a woman? The affirmation of this has been demonstrated by experience, and we believe that the ennobling influence of her activities in dentistry, will be increasingly felt in course of time by the whole dental profession.—*Dr. E. C. Kirk.*

Miss Lucy B. Hobbs has the honor of receiving the first dental diploma, having graduated from the Ohio College of Dental Surgery in 1866; since then one hundred others have graduated. The U. S. Census of 1890 records 337 female dentists.

Miss Frances Elizabeth Willard was one of the trustees of the Northwestern University, Chicago, with which is connected a dental school.

Anna M. Thrane is one of the demonstrators of operative dentistry in the Buffalo Dental College.

Mrs. W. T. Eckley is one of the demonstrators and instructors at the Northwestern University Dental School, Chicago.

Alice Steves of the same school is assistant in oral surgery.

In the Columbian Dental College, Chicago, Mary J. Metzger is one of the clinical instructors, and no doubt there are others who hold similar positions in other colleges.

A few women have taken out dental patents.

"No thoroughfare to women" is the sign on the doors of thirty-eight out of fifty dental colleges in the United States.

Mrs. W. M. Herriott, of Indianapolis, Mrs. C. E. Rogers of Grand Rapids, Mich., Mrs. Charlotte Lawrence of Boston, Mass., and Miss L. E. Parsons, of Savannah, Ga., keep dental depots, and probably there are others of which we are not aware.

Dr. Charlotte E. Benton has held the responsible position of dental surgeon at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for over a year, where she has had charge of nearly 350 patients of all ages and both sexes.

The Woman's Dental Association of the United States was organized in Philadelphia 1892. Annual meetings are held and in addition to the usual officers, vice-presidents are elected from the different states; at present there are about fifty members.

Young ladies as dentists is the latest dental development of Australian feminine enterprise. Miss Berry, a daughter of

Sir Graham Berry, formerly Liberal Premier of Victoria, and Miss Godfrey, a daughter of a member of the Victorian Upper House, have both passed with credit the examination prescribed by the dental board of that colony, have registered, entered into partnership and opened an office in Melbourne.

Dr. Jennie M. Taylor was the first person to go to a foreign land as a dental missionary. She is the daughter of the Rev. A. E. Taylor, a Methodist minister of Martinsville, Pa., and worked in Africa as a missionary and dentist.

Miss Martha Jordan, of Dallas, Tex., was the first colored woman to prepare herself for practicing dentistry. She attended the dental department at Denver University in 1893.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

Dr. Maud J. Frye says of woman's place in medicine: "To the end of time there must be marrying and giving in marriage, and except for the woman of unusual or special talent, wifedom and motherhood are a sufficient vocation. Because of this, and because of other vocations demanding less of her physically and mentally, and offering quicker success, are open to women, the number of women physicians will always be small. * * * Whether those who enter upon practice are gynecologists or not, every woman who enters a woman-physician's office expects her to be."

There is much of truth here that is applicable to women dentists. The profession ought to be, and is, open to them. But few there are and ever must be who will successfully engage in its practice. Those who do qualify themselves are always likely to abandon practice for that larger and better vocation, wifedom and motherhood.

Dr. Tany Segall is a graduate of the Russian Woman's College and the Dental College of St. Petersburg, and also of the Philadelphia Dental College. She practiced in Russia for nine years, then came here, studied English and entered the Philadelphia college, from which she was graduated in a class containing five women, three of whom never began practice. She has written a novel entitled "Mrs. Golda the Usurer," which has been reprinted in several languages. She translated Count Tolstoi's history of "Czar Nicholas I." and "Anna Karénina." The classic isles of Greece "where burning Sappho loved and sang" have not been able to resist the onward march of the "new woman."

Dr. Euterpe Mantaphunis was the first woman to study dentistry and the Sultan of Turkey made her a present of the beautiful island of Scio. She went to Athens and entered the American college where she studied five languages, then went to Paris and studied dentistry for three years, when she returned and began practice on the island of Samoa. It was considered a great honor to be able to obtain a permit to practice, but the Prince readily granted it. She says that the Greek women take excellent care of their teeth, and in consequence of their mild climate and simple mode of living—for they are temperate both in eating and drinking, their diet being vegetables—the teeth last exceedingly well. In the practice of dentistry in the orient, American instruments and methods have been exclusively adopted. The doctor recently abandoned her practice long enough to come to Philadelphia and add to her honors the distinction of an American dental diploma.

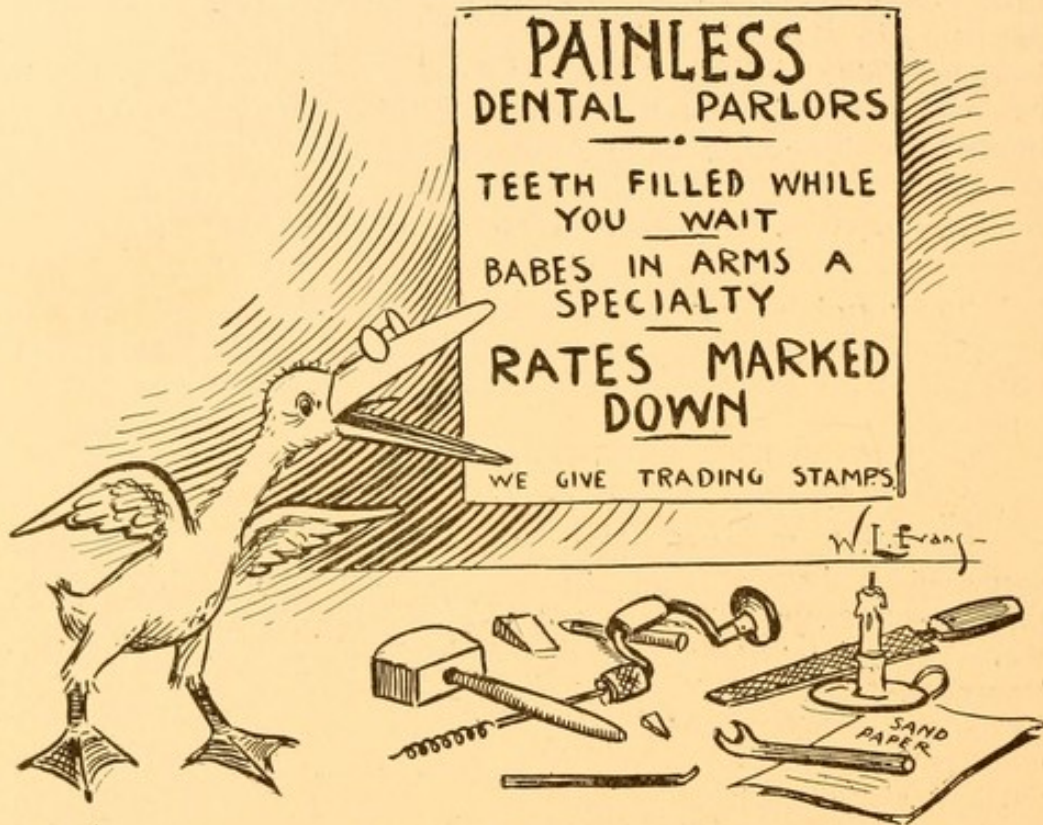
The number of women dentists in Germany is said to exceed that of the United States, and it is estimated that about one-half of the female dental students are Germans.

Dr. James Truman of the Pennsylvania college of dental surgery in 1866, in an address to the graduating class, launched a bomb by suggesting that women and dentistry were peculiarly fitted to each other. Two years from then the "persistent feminine" made her appearance in the form of Fräulein Henriette Hirschfeld, who had come to the "woman's country" on purpose to obtain a degree. After considerable parleying she was finally admitted, graduated and returned to Berlin, opened an office, established a clinic and hospital for women, which she supports by her individual efforts.

This dangerous (!) precedent was not followed in a hurry by other dental colleges, but gradually one by one they have been "letting down the bars" so that a woman with proper preliminary education can enter on an equality with the men. The old fogies do not fret about this matter any longer, and the young men extend to her the "right hand of fellowship."

Miss Yasa Nakamura, an interesting woman from Japan, graduated at the Pennsylvania Dental College, and her object is not merely to practice among Japanese women, but to establish a school of dentistry of her own.

QUACKS.



A dentist refused to go duck hunting with a party of friends the other day. He said the ducks were too personal in their remarks when addressing him,—“Quack! Quack!”

“It is an ordinary thing in these days for a base, impudent ass, illiterate, unworthy, insufficient, to be preferred before his betters, because he can put himself forward, because he looks big, can bustle in the world, hath a fair outside, can temporize, colloque, insinuate, or hath good store of friends or money; whereas a more discreet, modest, and better-deserving man shall lie hid or have a repulse.”—*Burton.*

It is a very mistaken impression to suppose that the only requisite to constitute a good dentist is a certain amount of mechanical ingenuity. No matter how ignorant he may be of the most common principles of physiology and disease, if a man can make a bungling attempt at repairing a watch, or has soldered a broken ear-ring, a certain class are struck with the mechanical talent he has displayed, and think he will make an admirable dentist. This is told him so often that he becomes convinced of his ability, and begins the trade of inflicting irreparable injuries upon those who are so unfortunate as to be impressed with his genius. Once there was such a quack practicing in ———, and he was patronized by some just because, without any instruction, depending on his extraordinary genius, he abandoned his occupation of barber and entered upon the practice of dentistry! A lady, convinced of his powers by her friends, called to have a deciduous molar extracted. This tooth had remained in the jaw for an unusual time, but any dentist at all qualified to practice would at once have recognized it as one of the first teeth. The roots of the tooth, by natural process, were absorbed, and when he attempted to extract it and found that the crown came away without the roots, he thought he had broken it off, and continued for nearly an hour, during which time the lady suffered the most excruciating torture, in an attempt to extract what he supposed to be the roots of a permanent tooth. Finally she refused to allow him to continue his attempts any longer, then left him, and in a few months the new tooth was fully erupted, and the fractured enamel gave evidence of the violence which had been used.

Another quack who had been a jeweler, imagined because he had done some soldering for a dentist, that he knew as much about dentistry as the dentist himself. He never studied a dental work or had any training whatever, but he removed to a place where he was not known and announced himself as a dentist.

In 1830, McIlhenny of Black Rock, Va., called on Snyder, a blacksmith, to have an upper molar extracted, as he was considered an expert with the pincers. He put the pincers on the tooth, then with both hands gave a tremendous pull bringing away six teeth and the walls of the antrum; the patient lived, but with excessive deformity of the face and mouth. This terrible injury was the result of barbarous recklessness, which had its origin in gross ignorance.

A QUACK EXPLANATION.

"This case contains the advertising lines,
That guarantee delicious fragrant cures
For (what to oral beauty are the death)
Discolored teeth, sore gums, repulsive breath;—
Indeed, they promise to arrest decay,
And bring back gums on teeth dressed décolleté.
There Washes, Pastes, and Powders are the wares
That prove such easy profit-bringing snares.
From this analysis it may be seen,
The sample has much oil of wintergreen—
(To treat the mouth 'tis well to please the nose)—
Is rich in sugar, soap and tint of rose;
By hydrochloric acid strength is lent,
With its proportion twenty-five per cent.
If teeth thus treated still refuse to whiten
Then soon like blessings, they in flight will brighten."
"Dental Limbo." Dr. Hugo.

MODERN DENTISTRY.

"Up-to-date dentistry is more enterprising than most businesses. It offers the following inducements, as I have read by circular:

"From 8 to 10 a. m. all work free.

"Car fare allowed within one hundred miles of New York.

"A written guarantee with all our work.

"Teeth are extracted without pain; no ether, no cocaine used; no sickness, no sore mouths.

"The aged, the young, those with weak hearts or lungs, can be operated on without danger.

"At great expense we have secured control of a new invention for painless filling.

"Lady attendants.

"We speak French.

"We understand German.

"Take elevator week days or Sundays."

Wendell Phillips says that in Italy, as many of the people cannot read, the dentist, instead of having a sign with his name and profession on, has a large bloody two-foot tooth hanging out of his window.

In order to ascertain whether this custom was still in

vogue, we addressed a dental friend who spent several years in that country, and his reply was:

434 W. 7th Street, Cincinnati, O., Sept. 25, 1899.

My Dear Doctor Ambler:

Yours of 23d inst. at hand. In regard to the "bloody tooth sign" for dentists in Italy, I can only say that I never saw it, nor heard of it before. I think it must have been (in Wendell Phillips' time) only an occasional and curious sign, in keeping with those we have seen in some of our cities, of an arm with blood trickling from a wound, as a sign that the German barber bled people. My daughter has just returned from a trip through Italy, and as she naturally was attracted to dentists' signs, I asked her if she saw anything of the kind. She replied in the negative. I feel sure from my knowledge of Italian dentists that such a sign could hardly have been found before the studio of a dentist of any pretensions at all. Some hair-dresser, or barber, who also pulled teeth, might have placed such a sign before his shop, in some obscure street of a city, or in some Italian village.

Very sincerely yours,

C. M. WRIGHT.

Quacks are called dental hucksters.

OLD TEETH BOUGHT.

A Scotland firm makes a falsetto pleading for disused molars, incisors, and grinders.

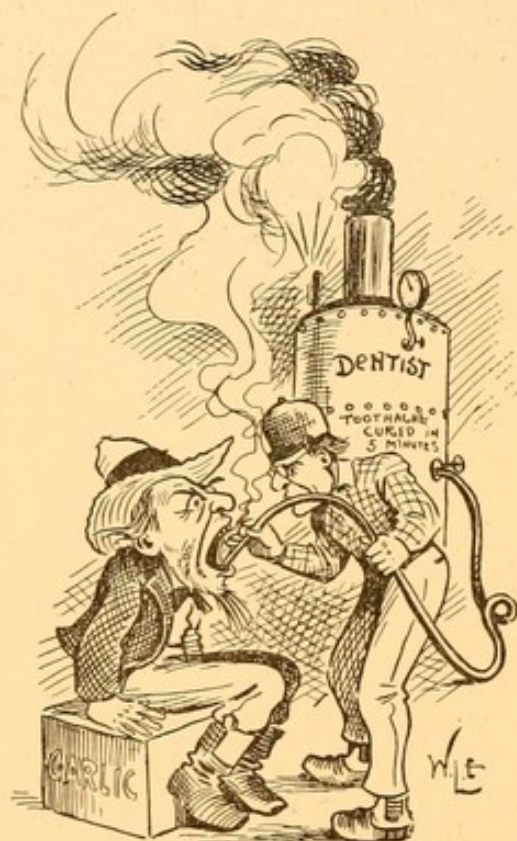
Those Cleveland people who are in possession of extra sets of false teeth which they have acquired during their sojourn in this world of trouble, aches and pains, or who perchance may have disused molars, incisors, or eye teeth, lying about their homes, will no doubt learn with pleasure that they can reap a pecuniary benefit by mailing what teeth they are not in actual need of, to a cold-blooded business firm in Scotland.

In looking over the *Oban Times*, of Oban, Scotland, under date of January 14, 1899, Dr. MacLean, librarian of the Western Reserve Historical Society, had his attention attracted by the heading "Old False Teeth Bought," to the following unique advertisement in the local columns:

"Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. & J. B. Fraser, of Princess street, Ipswich

(established since 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return post the utmost value; or, if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. Bacon & Co., Bankers, Ipswich."

STEAM IN THE PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY.



On my way up the river, I landed at a place opposite Louisville, where I met an itinerant steam dentist, who had a small furnace and boiler. To the latter was a flexible pipe attached. When a patient presented himself with an aching tooth, or wished a nerve removed, the pipe was introduced into the tooth cavity; some roots or herbs, in flavor like garlic, were put into the boiler with water or some fluid. The furnace was heated up. Puff! puff! goes the steam, and with a hiss out jumps the nerve—all done without pain—rights sold for the use of the invention on moderate terms, etc. I happened to have an aching tooth, which he put under treatment; but unfortunately for the steam doctor, the nerve had long since departed, and the garlic vapor could not restore it nor relieve the pain. Somewhat mortified, and feeling rather foolish, he *sloped*.—*Dental Register*, 1849.

Article four in the code of ethics of the National Dental Association reads: "It is the duty of dentists to enlighten and warn the public in regard to the impositions practiced by quacks."

Why should a person go to a poor dentist, when they will not allow any but the best physicians, oculists, and aurists to treat them?

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

To meet the demands of busy men our experts will fill or pull your teeth on the cars.

We do not charge for advice, examination, etc., as we give you the worth of your money.

Startling Discovery!
We Wash Our Hands Now!
We are Sterilized Now!
We sleep in sterilized linen, and speak sterilized grammar.
And don't you forget it! See?

We've syndicates for sugar,
And we've syndicates for shoes,
We've all sorts of monopolies
Of every kind you choose.
But of all the brilliant fancies
Which take the cake and wreath,
There's nothing half so clever
As our syndicate for teeth!
Teeth! Cheap teeth!
The whitest you ever met,
You can chew when you're blue,
Or bite when you're tight,
And only \$3.00 a set!

* * * *

The above very witty suggestions for quack advertisements appeared in the *Dominion Dental Journal* for July, in which the editor advises the regulars to "poke fun" at the quacks, but the following is a copy of a genuine circular used as an advertisement by the professional (sic) gentleman whose name it bears.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

While I graduated neither in Paris or Berlin, and am not a specialist, I believe that times are hard with many of you, and that you would appreciate lower prices for dental work. I

have been here eleven years, and mean to stay, so will cut prices to suit your purse. I put on no professional airs, pay no rent, and raise my own greens, so need but little money.

N. B.—I pay no debts, so collect none.

I will, for cash or greenbacks, extract teeth for 25 cts. each. Fill teeth with best white alloy for 50 cts. each. Put in upper or lower set best teeth for \$8.00. Full set best teeth for \$15. I use the best local anæsthetic, for which I charge cost of medicine, 10 cts. each. Come to my house for work at above prices. If anyone can work for less price, so can I.

GEO. W. KENNEDY, Dentist.

North End 4th St., St. Petersburg, Fla.

World's Medical and Dental Combine!

Combination of the World's Marvelous Men!

Branches of our "Parlors" in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Mars.

"Incurable diseases" cured!

Mumps and Measles, Fits and Fevers, Dysentery and Drunks
a Specialty!

Get one of our "Electro-Humbugo Liver Pads," and live for a century!

Get one of our "Cobble-Stone Chewer" Sets of Teeth. They bite, you bet!

\$10 sets for \$5.

\$5 sets for \$3.49.

\$3 sets gratis, with a free lunch.

Teeth and corns extracted with musical accompaniment!

Only sacred music with extractions on Sundays!

Heavenly and hilarious harmonies for hypochondriacs.

Babies vaccinated on bargain days free.

Our "Universal Cosmical Cure-All" will revive the dead, dead beats, dead heads and dead drunks.

Wrinkles removed and dimples done to order.

Old sets of teeth bought.

Old sets of deceased (or diseased) friends sterilized, and made to fit all comers.

We bury free those who do not survive our treatment. During the college session we compound corpses—light weights preferred.

We keep open all night for those who are ashamed to be seen coming to us in day-time. We do most of our business at night.

Our crown and bridge department is in charge of several crowned heads, and the builders of fourteen Japanese, Chinese and Chicago junk shops. They meet you at our door, and take you in at any time. Easy sleep the heads that wear our crowns!

We use the X-rays. It helps us to raise the wind in warm weather.

Balloons and bicycles ready, with our associates in full war-paint, local anæsthetics, forceps and life insurance policies.

Children in arms free.

Continual cures day and night.

We pull to please.

Come early and avoid the rush.

Mondays bargains in odd sets.

Come in and be measured for our \$2.99 nickel-plate set.

Sample teeth free.

Do not be deceived by the advertisements of "dental parlors," or "cheap dentists." If they offer to operate for less than what the majority of the profession believe to be fair charges, beware! They are probably the best judges of the worth of what they do, and estimate it accordingly.

Do not be deceived by "all operations warranted to give satisfaction." It is easy to satisfy an ignorant person of what ought to be done to his teeth, and the manner in which it should be done. A patient of this kind may be better satisfied at the time, with the operations badly performed, because in an hour or two his mouth is put in "complete order," and it takes time to prove that they are good or bad, so the "cheap dentist" gets his pay and waits for another victim. Warranting an operation does not make it a good one, and when a patient returns with a "warranted operation" as a failure the quack, who can "talk your arm off," will convince them that it was not his fault, but their own; thus he wheedles them into having the operation made again, and pockets a second fee. It is difficult to make yourself believe it, but there are millionaires who patronize these quacks because they are great talkers, and because they are afraid if they go to a reputable dentist that he will charge them too much. That is where he makes a great mistake, for the quack is "onto his pile" and charges him a large fee, but the patient is happy because he don't know what a proper fee is. In such cases the reputable practitioner would say that the early dental education of the millionaire had been seriously neglected.

A reliable dentist will do the best he can and not make any wild promises; he does not find it necessary to make any special guarantee of the permanence of his work, he feels confidence in the utility of what he does; and it is a principle with him to do what is reasonable and just, if any of his operations fail.

BABY'S TEETH.



A BABY BORN WITH TEETH.

George Baker, a restaurant keeper, living at 168 Park avenue and doing business at 38 Madison street, is the proud possessor of a baby girl who was born with a set of teeth. When little Julia Orine Baker arrived in town a day or two ago, very red, very bald and weighing six and a quarter pounds, she horrified the nurse and astounded Dr. Phillips, the family physician, by exhibiting an upper row of six white front teeth and four perfect ones on her lower gums. They were almost fully developed and were hard enough to use on the toughest beefsteak in existence. It might be thought that the little stranger would develop accomplishments in keeping with the early growth of teeth and start out, walk, talk, sit up at the table, and perform ever so many clever acts, and her fond father doubtless gleefully imagined that she would do something of the kind to sort of keep up the record, but she did none of these. She can bite, though, and that, too, good and hard, as her father can testify, she having got his little finger in her mouth and made him dance. However, the little one shows remarkable signs of physical vigor, and at present she eats bread sopped in milk and little particles of tenderly cooked chicken, a feat which is said to be unprecedented in the annals of medical science.—*Chicago Special*.

A young wife in New York gave birth the other day to twins, a boy and a girl, both of whom were endowed with sets

of beautiful teeth. The incident has excited a great deal of interest in the medical faculty, but the mother has resolutely refused to make a show of her babies for the doctors. There are other cases of similar kind on record, but they are rare.

Charlotte, N. C., rejoices in the possession of a baby two weeks old with two teeth.

A young married lady of Louisville, Ky., is the proud mother of a babe born with two teeth.

Louis XIV. was born with one tooth, and it seemed to be a presage of his future greatness.

Dr. Fosbery reports a case in which the left lower incisor was projecting above the gum the day following the birth of the child. The mother noticed that the child bit when first put to the breast.—*British Medical Journal*.

ANOTHER BABY MONSTROSITY.

The Shelby, Ohio, *News* says: There exists, about three and a half miles north of Shelby, a curiosity almost as great as the double child of Morrow county. It is a child about eight years old, the body of which has never grown, and its head only the first year after its birth. The head, however, is very large, weighing much more than its body—perhaps twenty-five pounds alone. It cannot walk or speak, but gives evidence of intelligence. It takes food in the usual manner, having had its first teeth cut, which have been succeeded by others. Its health has generally been good, and exhibits playfulness as children generally do when in health, yet it is as helpless as a child two days old. The parents, James and Jane Powell, are aged about forty years, and no cause has or can be assigned by them for this strange phenomenon, unless it could be traced to the small-pox, which the mother had during the period of gestation. The parents have frequently been asked to permit the child to be exhibited, but have refused all such requests.

The daughter of a Cleveland, O., dentist had the lower central incisors erupted at birth.

Mrs. McFadden—"I'm very queer again, Doctor. My cough bothers me so; I'm afraid I'm going to die." Genial Medical Person—"Never mind, it's not a very difficult thing to do. The last year of our life is much easier than the first. You see, there's no teething."

"'Pears to me," said Uncle Pete, as he leaned his hoe against the corn-crib and extracted a pebble from his shoe; "'pears to me like dar' was some kind of misdecomposishum in all dis talk about babies cuttin' teef. De way I'se cum to look at it, hit's de teef cuttin' the baby. Leas'wise, dat's de way hit looks in de case of cullud chil'en."—*Exchange*.

Ex-Governor Packard has gone out of politics, and spends all his time feeling the gums of the twins for teeth, and trying to teach them to talk. And when the twins are simultaneously smitten with the worst kind of nocturnal anti-conciliation colic, Packard just sits up in bed and holds his hands over his ears and says, "Merciful heavens! This is worse than the river parishes."



STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE THE BABY GETS A TOOTH.

1. Telegraph at once to his grandfather and maternal aunts.

2. Ask the baby if he really has it, taking care not to address him in English undefiled.
3. Send word to the office that you will not be down to-day.
4. Avoid any jest which requires you to say that baby is now old enough to chew for himself.
5. Make an entry in your diary to the effect that a tooth is born unto you.
6. Do not temper your joy with your pessimistic thoughts as dentist's bills inspire.
7. Swear off letting the little one chew your watch unless you like your hunting case to have dents in it.
8. Do not ask the child's mother if she doesn't think it strange that the other tooth don't appear.
9. If you are a poor man don't buy the youngster a silver-backed toothbrush on the strength of the first molar.
10. Do not tell an experienced father that you think it is a wisdom tooth. He will know better, and will probably go home and tell his wife what an unsophisticated cow you are.
11. Do not insist on feeding the boy on beefsteak right away.
12. Do not imagine that, that is the only tooth in the world, and eschew undue personal vanity because of the newcomer. You didn't grow the tooth. Leave the conceit to this baby.
13. Remember that there are more teeth to come, and do not lavish too much enthusiasm on the first.
14. Make the youngster stop biting the piano legs and newspapers.
15. Never give theatre parties in honor of a first tooth.
16. Get the baby a toy to mark the occasion if you like, but do not move into a more commodious house because of it.
17. Do not waste your money on newspapers to see what they have to say about the new arrival.
18. Do not tell your friends about it more than eight times a day.
19. Do not charge admission to ladies who want to see it, or overestimate its drawing attractions by taking it on a star-ring tour through the suburbs. There are some things that suburban residents won't pay to see, and one of them is the first tooth of another man's baby.
20. If you deposit \$100 in the bank in the child's name, as a reward for his gallant feat, do not draw it out again under six months, if you want to get interest on it.
21. Do not ask your wife to let you take the tooth down to the club with you to show to the boys. You'll have to take the baby with you if you do, and if there is one thing that is more out of place than another in a club it is a one-toothed baby.
22. Do not overtax the tooth, and see that baby does not bite off more than he can chew.
23. If the tooth is loose do not pull it out and have it set

in a ring, nor must you fasten it in more firmly with stratinia. Let nature take its course.

24. Do not be disappointed if the first tooth comes without gold filling in it.

By a judicious observance of the two dozen vital regulations your baby may have a tooth without subjecting the world to any undue excitement and without disturbance to the stock market.

Old Mr. A., at about eighty years of age, was so bold as to marry a young wife, and in due course of time was presented with a son. On the day of christening the nurse handed young master about, with the exclamation that he was the very image of his papa. "Very like indeed," said a lady; "no hair and no teeth."

A policeman in Chicago, passing a house the other night, heard a woman screaming, "Oh, Henry, Henry, come here quick! Susar! mother! the baby!" Gallantly breaking in the door and rushing up stairs, the officer found that the baby—had just cut a tooth!

WOULDN'T BUY.

A short time ago a firm of real estate dealers at —— were solicited by a firm of brokers at —— to buy some gold mine stocks. The answer sent to the brokers is as follows:

"Your card, expressing so nicely the future prospects of certain mining claims you represent, reached us on time. Both cards found us all well. One of the twin boys is just cutting teeth and we have to be up nights with him quite a good deal, but otherwise we are happy and content. The tooth that makes the trouble now is an eyetooth, but it will soon be through and the anxiety will be over. Our family all cut their eyeteeth very young. It is unusual, but we find in after years it saves lots of worry and trouble.

Fanleigh—Did you attend the baseball benefit at Ford's last night?

Wedleigh—No, the baby's teething, and I was at home doing things to benefit my own bawl tosser.—*Baltimore News.*

It is estimated that 124,000 babies have been born in Texas so far this year. If all the colic they have suffered could be gathered together in one pain, ten carloads of soothing syrup would not be sufficient to relieve it. Estimating that each baby has been walked twenty miles, it appears that the combined distance walked has been 2,480,000 miles. If one parent had been compelled to do the walking for this infantile crop of 1897, it would have been necessary for him to average twenty miles a day for 339 years, eight months, and twenty-five days, and the distance would have equaled ten times the circumference of the earth.

"Last night at half-past three, God took to himself, during a visit to the grandparents, our only little daughter Antonie of teething. School teacher S. and Frau."

"What's the matter with baby, Billy?" "Nothin' ma, on'y the same old teething." "But I never saw him make such faces; have you been doing anything to him?" "No'm, on'y jest now he went inter sis's studio an' licked all the yeller ocher off her palette, an' I guess he ain't got over the disappointment of it's not bein' custard."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The Medical Bi-Weekly tells of a Michigan doctor who called to see an ailing babe, declared "that the child's brain was developing too rapidly; that the substance which should go to make up the teeth was scattering all over the system; that they (the teeth) were liable to appear on any part of the body. But he thought that if he could get his medicine to operate properly there was still a chance to gather the scattered substance and concentrate it somewhere in the region of the jaw."

"Little baby is very ill, Charley; I am afraid he is going to die." "Well, if he dies, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charley, how can you know that?" "Oh I know he can't, mamma, he's got no teeth to gnash."

"Though hard such strange relations to receive,
Who dare deny what thousands dare believe?"

In Germany the tongue of the capercaile is considered by many an excellent preservative against the pains of dentition. Sewn up in a little bag, it is hung around the infant's neck.

Master Jackey (inquiringly). — "Why don't baby eat buns, aunty?" Aunt Singleton—"Because she has no teeth, dear." "Master Jackey (audibly)— "Then why can't you lend her yours, aunty? You ain't always using 'em."

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

Tommy—Pa, what's ma crying for?

Father—She can't find her teeth.

"Is that the reason the baby cries so much?"—*Life*.

"What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hatchin' teeth."

A GOOD DEAL WORSE.

"What can be worse," said an exasperated husband in the middle of the night, "than a teething baby?"

"You are, John, when you have the toothache," responded his wife.—*New York Sun*.

A Schenectady enfant terrible exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

A DELIGHTFUL TIME.

"You've been on a visit to your sister, I hear, Mrs. Dooley?"

"Yes; I've been to see her for the first time in seven years."

"Have a nice time?"

"Oh, dear, yes; I had a delightful time. She had a new dress to make, the baby cut four teeth, and one of the neighbors had a brass band funeral while I was there. I'll declare, it was nearly as charming as going to the races in a new buggy."—*Chicago Ledger*.

DIFFERENT NOW.

Wife—What makes you so determined to go to Klondike?
A week ago you were very much against it.

Husband—But the baby wasn't teething then.—*Tid-Bits.*

AN EDISON YARN.

A Blue line train was making a blue streak through the New Jersey air, with the cowcatcher of the locomotive pointed toward New York city, and a drummer was talking right along ahead of it as easy as a bird flies, says the New York Sun.

"I want to say to you, gentlemen," he was saying, "that Thomas Edison is the greatest inventor in the world, not only in the quantity of his inventions, but in the quality of them, and every new thing he turns out he gets a patent on before it is dry. Sensible man is Tom, and a great snap is a patent when the monopoly in it is yours, gentlemen. I know what I'm talking about, for I had one once that was a loo-loo, only it wasn't big enough. But I'm getting away from my tale, as the dog remarked when he barely got his hind legs from under the car-wheels. I was in Edison's town the other day and heard a new story on him. New to me, anyhow. Man over there that I sell goods to, and won't lie except when the fishing season is on; he told me, as an illustration how absorbed Edison is in his business, that one day Mrs. Edison came to her husband in great glee and announced that the baby had a tooth.

" 'Very well, my dear,' replied her husband, never stopping a minute from his work. 'I haven't got time to bother with your affairs. Just run along and get a patent on it, and have it charged to my account.' "

Early Pearl—A baby's tooth.

A mother's heart gives 4th joy at her baby's 1st 2th.

How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child.

A misplaced comma often alters the meaning of a sentence, viz: Mothers teething, and fretful children should use Dr. A's soothing cordial. The comma should be placed after mothers.

Teasing Friend—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

Tommy (indignantly): It don't cry so very much; and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying yourself!"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Dorothy has a baby brother who has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth. The baldness of baby's head has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day gently patting the little head. "Be careful, Dorothy," said the mother. "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting his teeth." Dorothy patted the bald head reflectively. "Mamma," she said, "is it going to make him sick when he cuts his hair?"

THE MOUTH.

Keep your pores open and your mouth shut.

Mouth-glass—one used at the bar.

After a few rounds of boxing you may look like a man with a diamond-shaped mouth, spitting teeth through an embrasure.

"Look out Miss, your lid's coming off" said a kind-hearted boy to a young woman who, having an uncommonly large mouth, opened it to smile at a friend in the street.

A Roman was asked to place his nose opposite the sun, and open his mouth so as to expose his tremendous teeth, that he might serve passersby for a sun-dial.

Richard Chandler, a prominent and wealthy resident of Irving, Wis., is on the verge of the grave, as the result of an affliction that has puzzled the doctors and which stands unique in the records of medical history. For several years Chandler's mouth has been gradually growing together, until now the orifice is only about the size of a small marble. All efforts to check the strange growth have been unavailing. Chandler is now unable to take sufficient nourishment to satisfy the demands of his system. He refuses to submit to surgical treatment.

"Fannie Finch fried five flounder fish for Frances Fowler's ather." If large-mouthed girls will repeat this pretty sentence enough times and with sufficient rapidity their mouths will grow smaller. If it gets monotonous they can turn it around and let "Frances fry the fish for Fannie's father."

Fogg wants to know why Mrs. F.'s mouth is like the Temple of Janus. The brute says it is because it is peace when it is closed, and when it is open it is war.

A good sign for the mouth after having the teeth extracted—closed for repairs.

No one but a dentist can make money by living from hand to mouth.

If you keep your mouth shut on a bright day, you will not get your teeth sunburnt and freckled.

Mouths they have, but they taste not—rivers.

The teeth of ladies decay early on account of the sweetness of their mouths.

The mouth— that fissure in thy face
By something like a chin,
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in.
—*Holmes.*

The mouth is an oval aperture, situated in the lower and anterior part of the face between the jaws. Perhaps this is true, but in some cases it seems to cover the whole face.

You nearly screwed my mouth off, filling that tooth.

The teeth are the armory of the mouth.

When the front teeth are decayed, the mouth looks like a ruined arch veiled in ebon hue.

Let us enter, unobserved, the capacious wide-open mouth of some quiet, unconscious human sleeper, and at once we find ourselves among the mountain ranges of jagged teeth, among which sit around the industrious dentists mauling and clawing away with their picks and pincers.

Shut your mouth and chew the end of understanding.

Mouth—Denticulated orifice.

It is hard to down an orator in Kentucky. A speaker at Lexington the other day was struck in the mouth by a brick, and a local paper says that after swallowing three teeth and a subordinate clause, he went right on.

Mlle. M., of the Paris opera, has very pretty teeth, and, in order to exhibit her ivory richness, constantly forms her mouth into a smile. A spiteful little lady friend of hers said to her the other evening, "You know, my dear, you can close up your canine exhibition a little; we have seen it already."

The conversation had turned on a young lady whose mouth, when she smiled, seemed to stretch from ear to ear. "Yes, but she has such handsome teeth." "True; but she will some day lose her teeth, while her smile will remain."

—*Fudge.*

Hopeful—"When a man talks does he always raise the roof?" Fond Father—"Of course, my son. How can a man talk without raising the roof— of his mouth."

C—— has just had his mouth out for an airing, and, as usual, got his foot in it.

The census of 1890 reports that there are 337 lady dentists in this country, and only 208 female lawyers. A cynical bachelor says this shows that ladies can work the mouth to much better advantage than the brain.

HOW SHE DID IT.

Robby—How did the Sphinx get the credit of being so wise, papa?

Mr. Knowin—By keeping her mouth shut for about three thousand years.—*Twinkles.*

Upon a western grave-stone is found this inscription adorning the resting-place of a large-mouthed man. "Reader, tread gently o'er this sod. For if he gaps, you're gone, by God."

People who sleep with their mouths open run great risks. A mosquito crawled into a New York man's mouth while he slept the other night and prospected so industriously that when the man awoke he couldn't get his lips together. Folks who must lie with their faces open should have screens fitted to themselves.

If a person never saw a man smoking a cigar, they could say: To add to his fearful and terrific appearance, he held in his cavernous mouth a large brown stick which was actually on fire, emitting at intervals clouds of dense smoke.

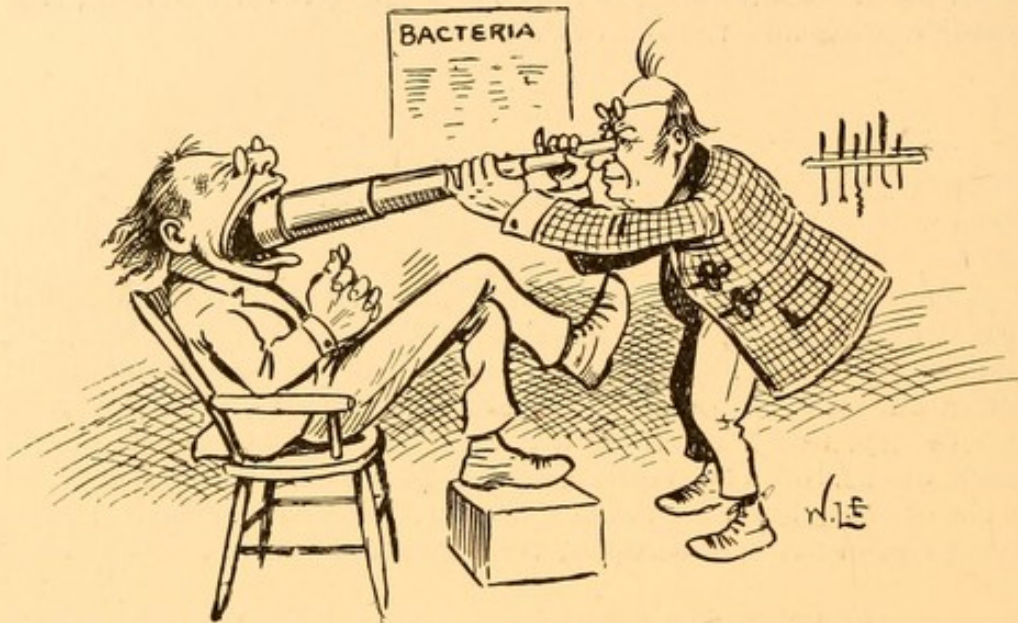
After attending a meeting of the New Woman's club, a Western editor bursts into song as follows under the inspiration: Some mouths looks like peaches and cream, some like a hole chopped into a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is a hotbed of toothaches, the bunghole of oratory and a baby's crowning glory. It is patriotism's fountain head and the tool-chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the coronet would go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope.

RELYING ON HER TEETH.

The attraction that lies in a beautiful woman's open mouth hasn't been sung by the poets a great deal, but it is a momentous fact just the same. There is a lovely girl, whose home is at one of our watering-places, who almost always goes about with her mouth, in which there are two rows of exquisite pearly teeth, open, and who, oddly enough, generally has an admiring circle of men and youths about her. Her elder sister, who doesn't hold her mouth open, told the other day how the thing goes:

"At the party last night," said she, "Bessie was sitting with her mouth closed, for a wonder, and there wasn't anybody with her—for a wonder too. Presently she opened her mouth a little, and a young man left me and went over to her. Then she opened her mouth a little wider, and another young man went over where she was. By and by she opened her mouth a little more, so that both rows of her teeth showed, and she kept laughing about something, and the men kept gathering around her. Dear me! I thought her jaws would break, but it's perfectly natural for her to keep her mouth open that way. And the young men fairly swarmed around her all the evening."

BACTERIA.



BACTERIA GROW RAPIDLY IN THE MOUTH.

In determining the necessity for preventive measures, the mouth may be regarded as a kind of hothouse or forcing ground for the cultivation of these minute organisms, bacteria, which belong to the vegetable, not to the animal kingdom; for it is a moist cavity, or chamber, kept at a comparatively high temperature, to which there is ready access from the outside air. Even despite the greatest care and the utmost cleanliness, remnants of food always lodge between the teeth, and in neglected mouths, in cavities of decay, and what may be worse, in spaces between the gums and the teeth. Our food, together with the cast-off skin of the mouth, furnishes a never-failing supply of suitable cultivation material on and in which bacteria grow and flourish. In addition, if once protecting enamel is removed, the various constituents of the teeth serve as nutrient material for these organisms. The mouth then must be a very favorable incubation chamber for the growth of such organisms, since there is a constantly recurring supply not only of the organisms themselves, but also of the materials on which they can rapidly multiply. So prolific are they, though so minute, that if the dental toilet be neglected for a day or two the mouth will contain more of these microbes than there are inhabitants in America.—*Information.*

Dental caries is common among fur dyers, as the teeth are acted upon by the fumes of nitric acid, which is employed for cleansing and imparting a yellow color to the fur.

SEWED SHUT.

Lunatic's Mouth Closed With Fifteen Stitches in the Lips.

*He Objected to the Insane Asylum Fare, and Fixed Himself
So He Couldn't Eat.*

Columbus, O., October 21.

The remedy which so often has been recommended for gossips has been tried upon an insane patient. The insane patient tried it on himself. He sewed up his mouth.

Alexander Myatt, who is under the care of Dr. A. B. Richardson, of the Columbus State Hospital for the Insane, for some time has objected to the diet at the institution. This morning when the attendant in ward J called Myatt to breakfast, the latter shook his head. The attendant sent for one of the hospital physicians to see what was the matter with Myatt's appetite. When the man was made to lift up his chin it was found that his mouth was sewed completely shut. Dr. Richardson was called into the ward where Myatt was confined. He examined the needlework, and said that it was nearly as good as some of the work turned out by the female patients and which is on sale in the reception room.

Myatt succeeded in getting along all day on a diet of milk and brandy. He couldn't eat anything after the stitches were cut. It was found that the patient had taken about fifteen stitches in sewing up his lips. He had secured a needle and thread from the dormitory attendant. Myatt's home is in Jefferson county.

A BACTERIOLOGICAL TRAGEDY.

A gay Bacillus, to gain him glory,
Once gave a ball in a laboratory.
The fete took place on a cover glass,
Where vulgar germs could not harass.
None but the cultured were invited,
(For microbe clicks are well united),
And tightly-closed the ball-room doors.
To all the germs containing spores.
The Staphylococci first arrived—

To stand in groups they all contrived—
 The Streptococci took great pains
 To seat themselves in graceful chains,
 While somewhat late, and two by two,
 The Diplococci came in view.
 The Pneumococci, stern and haughty,
 Declared the Gonococci naughty
 And would not care to stay at all
 If they were present at the ball.
 The ball began, the mirth ran high,
 With not one thought of danger nigh.
 Each germ enjoyed himself that night,
 With never a fear of Phagocyte.
 'Twas getting late (and some were "loaded"),
 When a jar of formaline exploded,
 And drenched the happy dancing mass
 Who swarmed the fatal cover glass.

* * * * *

Not one survived, but perished all
 At this Bacteriologic ball.

—J. Lee Hagadorn, M.D., in *Southern California Practitioner*.

The one place where man may be safe from microbes is the
 North Pole in January.

FOSSIL BACTERIA.

M. B. Renault has long worked at the indications of bacteria found in geological strata, and publishes the general result of his observations in a paper illustrated with a large number of drawings. As might be expected from their simple structure, bacteria appear to have been coeval with the first appearance of organic life on earth, the coccoid form being apparently earlier than the bacillar. Indications of their presence are found in bone, teeth, scales, and coprolites, as well as abundantly in vegetable tissues, the spores and sporanges of ferns appearing to have been especially subject to their attacks. The species are, as a rule, distinct from those at present in existence.

In a milligram of bacteria there is a population five times as large as that of the earth, provided they are of pure culture.

Many a man calls himself a fly on a wheel when he is only a microbe on the fly.

Let us hope that a reflex wave of common sense will roll over the country soon. Bacteriologists are but human, and, therefore, liable to err. That even if they do not err in the matter of bacilli it amounts to this: That if we eliminate all food in which there is "danger of contagion from bacilli," from our diet, there would be none left. The world seems to be between the devil of polysyllabic microbes or deep sea of starvation.

Are there male and female bacilli?

TOO MANY BACILLI.

The germ theory is in danger of being overworked. Nearly every disease has been credited to bacilli, and at last human habits and feelings have been analyzed in the same way. A Philadelphia scientist has discovered, or says he is just going to discover, that the liquor and tobacco habits are caused by microbes, like consumption, catarrh, and grip. He also thinks there is a microbe of love and that the reason why a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love in the spring is because the atmospheric influences of late spring and early summer are favorable to the existence of the microbe. The man who habitually wants to borrow money is, according to the scientist, also affected with a microbe. In short, it would appear that not only all diseases, but all habits, emotions, feelings, etc., are taken into the system with the air we breathe. The only safe way is not to breathe.—*Buffalo Express*.

OUR ADULTERATED AGE.

"Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

"The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling, feathered hen;
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

"I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chicory so cheap;
Or with the best black tea in town—
Dried willow leaves—I calmly steep.

"But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriae,
And hideous rotatoriae,
And wriggling polygastricae,
And slimy diatomaceae,
And hard-shelled orphoyocercinae,
And double-barreled kolpodaе,
Non-loricated ambroeilae,
And various animalculae;
Of middle, high and low degree;
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration."

—*The Sanitarian.*

As to the bacilli in eggs, we rely implicitly on the hen, content if the egg has not outlived its usefulness and is properly cooked.

The Grand Forks *Daily News* has raised this plaintive note:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
But it would be more sublime
If we did not have to spend it
Dodging microbes all the time."

Common-sense people do not dodge them, nor wear microscopic spectacles to detect them, for they would be afraid to shut out all microbes, the three-quarters with the one-quarter. They will risk them all, after taking ordinary precautions; but in a real and wide-spread epidemic they will protect themselves, if possible, from the particular germ.

We were sure it would come—a new disease. Several cases of mental aberration, the result of the fear of microbes, are reported. One would not drink anything for fear of bacilli in the water; another would eat no strawberries, not knowing that the hands that picked them were free from bacteria. The same man refused eggs, having read a statement that microbes had been found in eggs of fowls which fed in a garden where some one once lived who ended his life by consumption.

The wave of excitement shows how low the grade of intellectual development. The microscopists discover bacteria. They find more than three hundred varieties; they declare that three-fourths are harmless or benefic; the remainder malefic. They also say that some of the harmless are inveterate foes of the worst of the destructive; that some microbes will kill animals and not man, and others man and not animals. They teach that a healthy stomach, with its natural acid reaction, will kill most of the bacteria.

A learned scientist says that the whole human system is full of microbes, and that a person is healthy as long as his microbes are in good condition. The question now is, what can a fellow take that will always be good for his microbes?

BACTERIOLOGY.

Wallace—Do you believe in this theory that money may carry diseases?

Hargraves—There may be something in it. It depends on the size of the bill.

“The size of the bill?”

“Yes. A fellow can get a headache out of a dollar, while a fifty may bring him a case of snakes.”

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A French savant has discovered that baldness is caused by microbes. One trouble about most of these microbe discoveries is that they don't help the fellows who have the microbes.

THE WISE PARENT.

“Mother, dear, may I have a drink?”

“Yes, my darling daughter,
But you'd better wait awhile, I think,
Until we've boiled the water.”

A MICROBE-PROOF HOUSE.

A Noted Scientist Puts Up One of the Oddest Structures on Earth.

One of the oddest domiciles on earth is that recently erected at Yokohama by Dr. W. Van der Heyden, the noted bacteriologist of Utrecht and Japan. The doctor's house is a

dust-proof, air-proof, microbe-proof building of glass. It stands on the open, unshaded grounds of the hospital of Yokohama. The house is forty-four feet long, twenty-three feet wide and seventeen feet high. Large panes of glass one-half inch thick and about four inches apart, are set in iron frames so as to form the sides of a cellular building block. Of these blocks the walls are constructed. There are no window sashes, the air escape being through several small openings around the upper part of the second story, but through which no air from the outside is admitted. The air supply is obtained from a considerable distance, forced through a pipe and carefully filtered through cotton wool to cleanse it of bacteria. To insure further sterilization the air is driven against a glycerine-coated plate of glass, which captures all the microbes the wool spares. The few microbes brought into the house in the clothes of visitors soon die in the warm sunlight with which the house is flooded. The space between the glasses of the building blocks is filled with a solution of salts, which absorbs the heat of the sun, so that the rooms of this house are much cooler than those protected by thickest shades. In the evening the interior is heated by the salts radiating the heat they have absorbed during the day. So effective is the system of regulating the temperature that a few hours of sunlight, even in freezing weather, render the house habitable. It is only when several cloudy days follow in succession that artificial heat is needed. Then it is supplied by pumping in hot air. Dr. Van der Heyden thinks he has solved the problem of a complete germicide on a big scale.

A PLEA FOR A "NEWER JOURNALISM."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has raised her voice in favor of another kind of "new journalism." She wants to dismiss the vices of humanity in a paragraph, and to "give virtue double head lines and a portrait." Why not, she asks, make character studies of the worthy and noble people in the world, as well as of the vicious? Mrs. Wilcox thinks that thoughts are contagious—that there are, in fact, thought microbes as well as fever microbes, and her theory is that the publicity which sensational papers give to crime in all its horrible phases tends to increase crime. In other words, people who are in the habit of reading papers which make a specialty of exhibiting all that is horrible and wicked—picturing it out and publishing it under big black headlines, and suppressing or belittling good deeds—are likely to become morally bad. The wicked thought germs invade their minds, causing them to at first lose their horror of crime, and, finally, rendering them unable to withstand its fascination.

On the other hand, if the good, the noble, and the heroic phases of life were given the prominence that is at present ac-

corded to crime, people would soon become better, nobler, and more heroic than they now are. There can be little doubt of the wisdom of this theory.

CATAPHORESIS.

Cataphoresis (the driving of medicaments from the positive towards the negative by the aid of electricity) is a success in desensitizing sensitive dentin, bleaching discolored teeth, and obtunding live pulps previous to removal; also useful for the relief and cure of pericementitis, alveolar abscess, sterilizing root canals, and treating many oral lesions.

The cataphoric treatment of root canals with silver nitrate was first suggested by Drs. Ambler and Bethel, and by the latter scientifically developed.

To Dr. H. W. Gillette belongs the credit of having first introduced the practical application of dental cataphoresis. In papers which he read before the American Dental Association, and the New Jersey State Dental Society, August, 1895, he gave the result of his experiments, and cited many cases on which he had successfully and painlessly operated.

THE X-RAY IN DENTISTRY.

The power of penetrating objects hitherto considered impenetrable by any light, is called the x-ray, because in mathematical science x is used to represent the unknown quantity. The wonderful discovery was made by Roentgen, and it has come into such extensive use, that specialists in some of the larger cities make a business of taking sciagraphs, because so many dentists, physicians and surgeons want them for use in diagnosing obscure cases.

The existence and position of certain teeth not visible to the eye are made clear, and if the patient is of the proper age, both temporary and permanent teeth are shown in the picture.

The sciagraph shows the presence or absence of a tooth; roots and root canals; whether you drilled through the side of a root; teeth which occasionally lie nearly horizontal in the jaw, often causing neuralgia, or abscess; pulp nodules which cause toothache or neuralgia; unerupted third molars which cause

earache, neuralgia, inflammation and abscess of the parts surrounding them; conditions about irregular teeth; nature and extent of fractures of the jaw; one or more artificial teeth in the mouth; unsuspected hypercementosis; a pocket of suppuration, or necrosis; the location of metallic fillings whether above or below the alveolar line; the pulp-chamber of the tooth beautifully outlined. The x-ray more than rivals the mouth mirror and explorer, or the most delicate sense of touch, and the keenest powers of hypothetical diagnosis.

THE JAWS.

One cannot blame the women, after all, and the only wonder is that more of them are not howling for their rights. The other day a Louisville man met with an accident which was headed, "Terrible Accident—A Man Shoots Off Part of His Jaw." On the same day a lady fell down in Brooklyn and broke her jaw so that she may never speak again, and yet the accident was put under the head of "More Good Luck for Smith—His Wife Breaks Her Jaw."

THIS WOMAN CAN'T SCOLD.

Mrs. Florence Palicco, thirty-five years old, who lives with her husband, Frederick, at No. 351 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, is suffering from a peculiar affliction, which the doctors at the Harlem Hospital say is one of the most unusual that has come under their observation in many years. She says that every time she laughs or scolds her husband her jaw becomes dislocated, and she suffers great pain. This has occurred twenty times during the last six weeks, and she has become well known at the hospital.

Mrs. Palicco says her husband caused the first dislocation. He came home late from lodge and she lectured him. He "talked back," and Mrs. Palicco became excited. She talked long and rapidly. Suddenly she stopped, and a cry of pain escaped her lips. Her jaw had become dislocated, and her efforts to reset it were unsuccessful.—*New York Herald*.

A man who had gone without beer all day Sunday in New York went into the first saloon he found open after midnight and asked for a drink. When he opened his mouth to imbibe the fluid he dislocated his jaws, and was sent to a hospital. We suppose the Democratic demagogues will use this as an argument in favor of open saloons on Sunday.

A St. Louis doctor has provided a St. Louis man with a silver jaw. Save your old ice-pitchers to send to St. Louis.

Read Lucretius, grew facetious, with her jaw, sir, over Chaucer; for this maid was rich as Cræsus, in her deep poetic awe, sir!

THE GUM CHEWING CRAZE.

Dime Museum. Office of the manager.—I've got an open date of a couple of weeks, and I'd like to fill in the time at your popular museum.

"What is your specialty, madam?"

"I'm the woman with the iron jaw—lift 1,000 pounds with my teeth.

"Dear, dear! You're the fourth woman with the iron jaw that's been in here this morning. It's not an attraction. The gum chewing craze is making 'em by the thousands."

—*Chicago Herald.*

A SLEEP TALKER DISLOCATED HIS JAW.

While talking in his sleep Sunday night, Henry Flocke, a builder, residing in Ozone Park, L. I., dislocated his jaw. Mr. Flocke's habit of talking in his sleep has made him the butt of a good deal of joking. He went to bed as usual, but he had not slept long when he began talking. This awoke his wife, who listened for about ten minutes. Suddenly Flocke's nocturnal monologue stopped. He began gasping. Mrs. Flocke was frightened, and she shook her husband into wakefulness.

"Why, what's the matter, Henry?" she asked.

Her husband tried to speak, but in vain. His jaw was immovable. He motioned to his wife that he could not speak, and she endeavored to force his mouth shut. She could not move it. Fearing her husband was suffering from lockjaw, she sent for Dr. McDonald.

"Do you want me to replace your jaw in my own way?" asked the doctor.

Mr. Flocke motioned in the affirmative. Dr. McDonald stepped in front of Flocke. Without warning the doctor struck Flocke a terrific blow on the left side of the jaw. Flocke showed a disposition to strike back.

"You told me to do it my own way," said the physician. "You observe that your ability to speak is restored."

The blow had knocked Flocke's dislocated jawbone into its proper position, and, except for a little soreness, he was none the worse. Dr. McDonald explained that Flocke's jaw was liable to dislocation at any time unless he broke himself of the habit of talking in his sleep.—*New York Times.*

Mrs. Tooth gave a party which was a very in-jaw-able affair,—Tooth-in.

SHE SMILED NO MORE.

*One Attack of Lockjaw Shut Off Her Joyous and Innocent
Hilarity.*

Miss Brown of No. 84 Diversey street, threw back her head and opened her mouth wide in a hearty laugh. When she tried to regain her normal cast of countenance she was unable to close her jaws. A physician had to be sent for to end the laugh by readjusting the lady's jaws.

She attended a party Saturday evening, and when she started home several of her friends accompanied her. One of the number told a funny story he said he had read somewhere. It was the report of a conversation overheard in a police court, and ran:

Officer—"What are you charged with, young man?"

Prisoner—"S-s-s-s——"

Judge (impatiently):—"What is this man charged with?"

Officer—"Oi tink, your honor, he is charged with soda water."

Everybody laughed heartily, but Miss Brown worked overtime.

Her merry "Ha! ha!" turned into a scream. Her mouth was wide open, and it stayed that way. The merrymakers were in a panic. It looked as though Miss Brown was being tickled to death. One of the young men attempted to force the refractory jaws together, but was stopped by the warning: "Danny, Danny, you'll break her face."

A doctor was called when the amateur efforts failed. He diagnosed the case by telling the young lady the laugh was on her. In the excess of mirth her lower jaw had become dislocated. This was easily righted by the doctor without recourse to laughing gas or anything other than a dextrous twist of the wrist. Miss Brown went on her way rejoicing, but not laughing. All the way to her home the funny young man who had caused the disturbance told other stories he had read. Everybody, in fact, tried to cheer up Miss Brown. But she never smiled, and it was with jaws tightly held together that she said good night to her friends through her closed teeth.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Philadelphia man has figured out that a man's jaw travels 107 miles in the tasks of eating and talking in an average life of seventy years.

REVENGE.

Doctor—Your wife, I regret to say, my dear sir, has dislocated her jaw.

Mr. Wagling (rubbing his hands cheerfully)—Ah, I thought that curtain lecture she gave last night would do it.

It seems that Mrs. De Granville, "the Woman with the Iron Jaw," didn't always treat her husband quite as kindly as a woman with an iron jaw should, and the result is, the husband has secured a divorce. When he comes to marry again, he will probably choose a woman with a weaker jaw and less of it.

The jaws of some remarkable women have recently been reproduced in plaster for the Albany Museum, but it is said none of them were found to set well. They could not preserve perfect repose for an appreciable time.

A young colored man of Atlanta, Ga., laughed so hard over the defeat of prohibition in that city as to permanently dislocate his jaw.

CHOKED HER.

Enlarged Jawbone Closed a Woman's Throat.

Greencastle, Pa., Jan. 5.—(S. M. T.)

Miss Alice Hager, whose throat gradually closed from a disease growing from a troublesome tooth, drawn last August, died in agony, last night. Her jawbone enlarged, choking her to death. Her right eye was swollen shut, and she was blind. Medical skill could do nothing.

A hen-pecked husband, who had married his wife because she was handsome, declared that "A thing of beauty was a jaw forever."

Colonel ——— refused to be interviewed the other day, claiming to suffer from military lockjaw. There may be a startling cure as soon as the colonel is mustered out.

FIVE THOUSAND FOR A JAW.

Before Judge Neff, of common pleas court, Timothy O'Ferrell seeks to recover \$5000 damages from Fred Jampen, a West-end saloon keeper. Ferrell alleges that he had a fight with Jampen and that his jaw was broken.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 24.

Samuel Henry, a colored man, heard a good story Monday. He laughed so hard that he dislocated his jaws. He was taken to a police station, and Sergt. Hughes straightened the man's jaws.

Henry felt so good at getting out of the trouble, that he laughed some more, and straightway dislocated his jaws again. This time a surgeon attended him, and warned him to refrain from mirth in the future.

In a prize fight Fitz received a compound comminuted fracture of the left side of his inferior maxilla, and through the indiscretion of surreptitiously introducing his left thumb into the oral cavity of his associate in the gladiatorial contest, without considering the masticatory capacity of the latter, he lost that somewhat useful digit.—*Over the Hookah.*

A Hoboken married lady recently put her jaw out of joint while yawning. It is said she was spending the evening at home alone with her husband.

The latest discovery of the anthropologists is that a woman's lower jaw always weighs less than a man's. It wags more, too.

The "Iron-Jawed Woman," who is engaged in ennobling mouth performances in connection with a traveling circus, was married at Hustonville, Kentucky, the other day, to a gymnast connected with the same show. An iron-jawed woman and a gymnast in the holy bonds of matrimony! Wouldn't you rather see one of their little connubial disputes than all the rest of the circus?

HE HIT HER ON THE JAW.

A Lawrenceville doctor was escorting a young lady from the opera. She yawned considerably as the train neared her suburban home. He warned her to be careful. Again she yawned, there was a click, and the jaw was dislocated. At once he gave a ringing blow on the chin, which drove the jaw in place, but several passengers sprang to their feet, thinking it a case of wife-beating. He could not explain without making the lady ridiculous, but a newspaper item set him right.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL INCIDENT.

"With what remarkable weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. For awhile there was no answer. The superintendent, to revive the children's memory, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? What's this?" Quick as thought a little fellow replied, quite innocently, "The jawbone of an ass, sir."

WOULD HAVE TO QUIT.

Reporter (to pugilist)—So, you are sure that you will be able to defeat Biffer, Mr. Slugson?

Slugson (confidently)—I'll put him out of de business wid one punch.

Reporter—Then I'll just state that you intend to break his jaw.—*Puck*.

A colored preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, bredren, 'tis prayer what gibs de debil de locked-jaw."

The editors in Pittsburg are an enlightened and refined set of beings. A lady in that city died of lockjaw, and one of them thus refers to the case: "She got her jaws hitched together so she couldn't open them, and having no more use for this world, she shuffled off."

A man with a scolding wife says that he has less fears of the jaws of death than of the jaws of life.

There is said to be a woman in Williamsburg with an artificial jaw. It isn't so bad as it might be, for sometimes she takes it out and rests it.

The Cannibal King held his jaw with one hand and writhed in agony with the other.

"The next time we have pirates for dinner," he said, when he was able to speak, "I'll leave the hearts to somebody else, and that goes."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

USE OF A WOMAN'S JAW.

It is in wives that Korkoya is considered richest. In his home igloo up on the western shore of Baffin Bay, he has ten, all particularly strong of jaw, and able to keep his stock of clothing ever soft and pliable. The importance of this will be appreciated when the Eskimo custom of chewing skins is understood.

Up in the polar circle, where a man's blood freezes, and parts of him drop off at the touch of the icy blast, it is a difficult matter to keep the untanned skins from hardening and cracking. There is only one process known to the Eskimo, that of chewing. It is necessary to perform this operation every two or three months, and it is a part of the wives' duties. It is for that reason that an Eskimo selects his future helpmates, not for beauty, comeliness of figure, nor for gentleness of disposition, but for the size of their teeth and the strength of their jaws.

Wives are bought, sold, and exchanged among the Eskimo. The price fluctuates like that of wheat or corn, or stocks on Wall street. A father with a growing daughter will be approached by a neighbor and offered one, two or three dogs for her, according to her maxillary powers. Sometimes a blue foxskin or a dozen strips of blubber may enter into the bargain, but dogs are generally the factor used.

A New York woman dislocated her jaw, recently, while yawning in church. If the preacher to whom she was listening has any sense of the fitness of things he will at least pay her doctor bill.

THE WINNER.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just!"
Ah, Bard of Avon, did you never know
That even if a man is right he must
Go down into the ignominious dust
Unless he hits the first jaw-breaking blow?

Eric Doerty, the young boy who recently suffered an attack of lockjaw, has nearly recovered. His case received very wide attention, not only in this city but throughout the state and in other states where it has become known. It is one of the very few cases of lockjaw which have been cured. The attending physician used antitoxin, giving the patient eleven injections. He has received many letters of inquiry about the case from all leading cities of the country.

In an ovarian cyst, and growing from the inner wall, I found part of a jaw bone with teeth in.—Prof. B.

In a murder case an attempt was made to prove the prisoner's insanity by the irregular and mal formed development of his head and face, and particularly his jaw.

—*Over the Hookah.*

She was the most famous iron-jawed woman on the American continent. Given a strap that would reach around the earth, and a place to stand on, she could double-discount the wildest dreams of old Archimedes himself. She was a maxillary wonder.



A CASE OF LOCKJAW.

A WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

Wife—The grip has settled in my jaws, I believe.

Husband—That is impossible; it only attacks one in weak places.

Jawsmith calls himself a self-made man. Well, no one who knows him will dispute the assertion.

PAINFUL PIPE JAW.

New Disease to Which Pipe Smokers are Succumbing.

"What is the matter with you?" asked one young man of another who was holding his cheek in his hand and groaning audibly.

"Pipe jaw," returned the youth, dolefully.

"Pipe jaw?"

"Yes, that's it. Never heard of it? Well, it's a genuine affliction, and prevalent just at present. No, it isn't anything like a pipe face. I'll tell you how it is contracted. Fellows who smoke pipes a great deal often get in the habit of biting the stem. If they are students or men who smoke at their desk work they press the stem tightly between the teeth, thus causing the jaws to spread ever so slightly. This in turn affects the hinges of the jaw, so that every time a man with the pipe jaw distends his jaw the bones of the hinge grind and crack, producing a noise which can be plainly heard five feet away. It also causes pain at times, especially early in the morning, after a good long bout with the pipe the night before.

"When I first contracted the trouble I did not know what was the matter with me. But I met a number of the fellows, who complained of similar distress, and on comparing notes we discovered that it all came from the incessant use of the pipe and biting on the stem. So we began calling it pipe jaw, and on mentioning the subject to a leading metropolitan physician, he agreed with us that pipe jaw was the most appropriate descriptive name that could be applied to an increasing ailment, which, in time, no doubt, will have a recognized department in therapeutics."

THE GUMS.

"Mercy, papa, don't pat my cheek," said little Clara, "you hurt my corn." "Your corn, my girl? On your face?" "Yes, oh! don't, papa, I've got a gum-corn."

What must have been the feelings of the lady who, when a young couple visited her, was answered by the husband, on inquiring for his wife, Emily: O, she's outside cleaning her gums (rubber shoes) on the mat.

Lovers have indited sonnets to their mistresses' eyebrows, and the teeth, eyes, hair and complexion of loved ones have all been sung by sentimental poets in verses laden with comparisons drawn from all that is beautiful in nature. But not one of these fervid bards has ever, so far as we remember, said a word about beauty's gums. This is an oversight for the correction of which the time now seems to be at hand, since an artist in cosmetic announces that he has thrown into the market a preparation for imparting a delicate pink color to the gums. "Oh, roseate are thy gums, my love, as is the pink sea-shells," or words to that effect, will now be in order, among the love-sick singers of the moonlight serenade. How the gums are to be displayed is not quite clear, certainly; but women are very ingenious about display in general, and we may expect shortly to see a new kind of smile introduced, by means of which glimpses of the new charm may be obtained.

Vicar's daughter—"Well, Tommy, how are you all getting on?" Tommy—"Nicely, thank you, miss. Oi got a gumboil, mother she's got the rheumatics, and father e've got a month in jail!"

DEACON BLIMBY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Don't never git down-hearted, sonny, because you haint got somethin' that somebody else has," said Deacon Blimby. "A hen hain't got no teeth, but jes' see how she strikes luck by it. She don't have to have no gum-biles."

A candy boy passing through a car, met a cross old gentleman, and says: "Pop corn, pop corn!"

"Hain't got any teeth," angrily replied the man.

"Gum drops! gum drops!" calls the smart boy.

THE TOOTHACHE.

In some parts of England it is believed that carrying suspended around the neck a molar tooth taken from some grave in the church-yard, is a preservative against toothache.

The following shows a singular way of curing the toothache, in vogue among the peasantry of Ireland: A funeral was taking place about a mile from a town. Several old skulls were thrown to the surface in digging the grave, and as they lay on the ground a respectable young girl took up one and tried to pull a tooth from it with her own teeth. Failing in this, she tried another skull, and succeeded in forcibly extracting one. She explained to a bystander that it was to cure toothache, and that the pain would now leave her teeth and go to the remaining teeth in the skull. In the event, her toothache got much worse, and no wonder, so her mother, to make things right, traveled off to the graveyard with the tooth, and once more committed it to the earth. I find this strange superstition still exists here even among the better class of the peasants.

A NEW INFALLIBLE TOOTHACHE CURE.

A philanthropic correspondent to a contemporary North of the Tweed can no longer keep his panacea locked up in his own bosom, as he has never known it to fail. For the benefit of humanity he discloses the remedy. It is whiskey. We have often heard of sufferers drowning their sorrow in the flowing bowl, and we frequently see the condition of their gums after severe local application of this ardent spirit, but it is in neither of these ways that the real efficacy lies. The *modus operandi* is to "take a teaspoonful of whiskey and put the nostril on the affected side of the face into the whiskey, pressing with the finger the other nostril; then strongly sniff up the whiskey, when the pain instantly ceases." We have heard an outward application of this comforting cordial stigmatized as "An awfu' waste of the Lord's mercies," but we suppose that toothache would even justify this, and after all it is only a teaspoonful.—*Brit. Jour.*

It was a Philadelphia little girl who, when her mother had given her a box of candy, and had told her to invite one of her friends to partake of it with her, said that she would ask Fannie Brown, because candy always made Fannie's teeth ache, so she couldn't eat much.

Dont think because a man is a millionaire that he suffers less with the toothache than a poor man.

It takes nerve to make a tooth jump.

The press—both the pendulation and tidal aggregation mercurializing and faithfully doctoring the world's toothache.

PREFERRED DAYLIGHT.

Man with the toothache—Do you use gas here?

Dentist—Yes; but if you have any work to be done I'd rather do it in the daytime.

"TOOTH PAIN IN THE TOE."

London, October 2.

A dispatch to the Chronicle from Vienna says: Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is confined to his bed with the gout, but he is in excellent spirits, and calls his ailment "tooth pain in the toe."

THE BOY'S ANSWER.

There is usually a reason to be found for doing what we really desire. On the other hand there are plenty of arguments to prove that the same line of action may be injurious to other people. A teacher told her pupils that it was wrong to chew tobacco. A boy with an important air replied, that he had seen a fellow chew because his teeth ached, and stoutly averred

that it was not wrong for any one to chew tobacco if his teeth ached. This seemed to please the scholars, and the teacher was puzzled to know how to answer this stunning argument. At last she said: "Horace, if a girl should have the toothache, and wanted to chew tobacco, what would you say?" He thought for a moment, then replied, "Oh, that's different."

Little Tommy—Ma, wouldn't it be nice if you had the toothache, 'stead of Bridget? Mrs. Blueblood—Why, my son? Little Tommy—'Cause you take your teeth out: she can't."

—*Exchange.*

A Huntington man recently resorted to strychnine to cure the toothache. He is satisfied with the success of the experiment.

"Where's my wife?" inquired Nil, on returning home early one evening, and missing his better half. "She has gone to bed with the toothache," was the reply of some member of the family. "Well," said the indignant Nil, "if she had rather go to bed with a toothache than with me, let her go," and he forthwith settled himself to the perusal of the latest news.

NEWFOUNDLAND CHARM TO CURE TOOTHACHE.

I've seed it written a feller was a sittin' on marvel (marble)
stone and our Lord came by;
And he said to him: What's the matter with thee, my man?
And he said: Got the toothache, marster.
And He said: Follow me and thee shall have no more toothache.

At Brandy Station one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering the skin as if a red-hot iron had been used.

He dismounted to ascertain the nature of his injury, and, as he bent over, a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with the toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he

received a pistol ball in the right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth and passed out of the left-hand corner of his mouth, taking part of an upper tooth along. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed.

When Mlle. Mars was playing in "Hernani" someone asked her age. "Guess!" said the actress. "Thirty-two?" "Yes, for people who are too polite to say anything else. But the other day I had an adventure. My friend, Colonel X., was suffering with the toothache, and I coaxed him down to the dentist's to have it out. Arrived there he, a soldier, began to flunk. 'Come, come!' said the operator, encouragingly. 'Come, young man; have it out, if it is only to please your mother here!' "—*From the French.*

A couple of handsome "lady dentists" in London increased toothache among the dudes 100 per cent. They all wanted to have a tooth filled "you know."

It will be a relief to everybody at Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, if the Ameer's health should improve. In his present state of ill-temper he is very apt to cut off people's heads. He was a great soldier in his day, and is a very capable monarch, but his temper has lately been very uncertain. Some time ago he had a bad toothache, and the English dentist who accepted an invitation to go to Cabul and pull it out felt very nervous until he had secured the tooth and got out of the country.—*London Mail.*

A Canadian murderer wanted them to put off the day of execution owing to his being afflicted with the toothache; but the sheriff said he'd got to go to mill next day and he couldn't possibly accommodate the prisoner.

Husband (who has had "jumping neuralgia" for two days)—Ugh! I don't see why—O, O, O—we were not born without teeth! Ugh!

Wife (soothingly)—If you had only stopped to consider it you would not have made such a remark, dearie. For, you know, we really were born without teeth.

TOOTHACHE.

It Drove Jos. Kocab to Commit Suicide.

The body of Jos. Kocab was found by his wife at 4:30 a.m., Friday, dangling from the end of a rope. The rope had been attached to a nail at the corner of the coal shed, in the rear of their home, 115 Trowbridge ave. Kocab died from slow strangulation. His knees almost touched the ground.

All Thursday evening, Kocab suffered intensely from a toothache. At 11 p. m. he went out, announcing that he was going to have the tooth pulled. He was not missed until Mrs. Kocab got up in the morning to light the fire. Then she went to look for her husband and found the body.

The supposition is that the terrible agony which Kocab suffered from the aching tooth unbalanced his mind.

Kocab was a Bohemian, 44 years old. He leaves a family of seven children. He drove a lumber wagon.

SPIRITS HAVE TOOTHACHE.

Mademoiselle Thomas gave several "thrilling" tests, in each of which the spirit was named Mary. The message each sent was very startling. One said she was well and happy, another sent her love, and the third said she was still troubled with toothache.

TRAINMAN'S TOOTH ACHED.

So He Decided to Get a Train to Pull It.

"Say, did you hear about my friend, Bill?" said a trainman. "Well, that fellow has made me laugh more times than once. Not long ago Bill gets a jumping toothache. He wants to have that tooth out, but he don't want to pay the money, nor he ain't got the nerve to have the thing done. All the same that tooth is keeping him up at night, and Bill he almost goes wild. 'Either me or that tooth,' says Bill; 'one or the other. I ain't going to stand this sort of life.'"

"All the same, when Bill starts to go to the dentist his knees begin to bend, and he is so scared that the tooth stops hurting. But when he turns back and reaches the house the tooth is plugging him again. Now, Bill thinks of a great scheme. What does he do but buy a piece of strong string (say, you know this kind of silk thread?) and he waxes that

and ties it to his tooth, so tight that it cannot come off. Then Bill walks down to the railroad station. You see, it was his idea to tie the string to a freight car, and then when the train started it would jerk the measly tooth out.

"He finds a freight and ties the string to the coupler of the last car, and stands around to wait until the train starts. Well, sir, he begins to feel chilly about the gills. The more he thinks of the time when the train is going to move the worse he feels. Every time a whistle blows he jumps. 'Well, I guess I'd better untie,' thinks Bill, 'and come again another day'; but when he goes to loosen the string he finds that it's no go, and he can't jerk the thing loose because the other end is on the tooth.

"Well, sir, that train begins to start, and Bill he doesn't have the nerve to stand back, so he trots on behind like a little pup on the end of a chain. 'Where are you going, Bill?' hollers out a feller. 'You seem to be in a hurry.' Well, sir, Bill starts to swear like mad, but the train is beginning to go a little fast and he has to commence to lope like a jackrabbit. You see, the train had been going through the city, but now it started to get outside. Bill didn't have the nerve to stand still, so he just humped himself after the train like it was something that he wanted bad.

" 'Say, mister, why are you running that way?' asked a brakeman who got on to the thing. Of course, that sort of guy made Bill madder than ever, but he had to lope on. Lucky for Bill the train had to slow up for a crossing, and while it stopped he borrowed a knife and cut the string. But, say, it was funny to see Bill chasing the freight."

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last week's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last year?
Gone where the lost pins go to.
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long-past rain,
And the tooth that ached hath lost its pain;
That's what our troubles grow to.

ON THE STAGE WITH THE TOOTHACHE.

"I remember once," said the manager, "that poor John McCullough had a raging toothache one night when he was playing *Virginius* at McVicker's. The tooth began to howl

while he was making up for the part, and he had no time to seek a dentist. During the whole first act he was in agony, and he ordered Harry Vance to send out for a dentist at any cost. Dentists were hard to find at such an hour, and McCullough's tooth played the 'Star Spangled Banner' without missing a note. In the prison scene he had a chance to relieve himself, and the way he did denounce Appius Claudius was a caution. Ned Collier, who played the part, was scared to death. After that act the dentist came into the dressing-room and examined the refractory molar. Like all of his profession, he wanted to save and fill it, but McCullough said, 'Out with it.' It was a pretty sturdy tooth, and the tragedian hung to the straps of his trunk while the dentist yanked. It finally came, and poor McCullough was left rather wilted. He didn't have to make up much for grief in the last act."

—*Chicago Herald.*

The Supreme Court decrees that dentists cannot practice their profession in Indiana without a license. The clear duty of the Supreme Court now is to prohibit toothaches that are not licensed.

One old resident of the settlement carries in his pocket constantly an immense tooth from a human jaw. The tooth, he says, was taken from the mouth of a man after he was dead, who was hanged in Hertfordshire more than 100 years ago, and was carried by the present owner's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. It is carried as a preventive of toothache, the tooth from a dead person's mouth being a certain charm against that malady. The owner of the tooth says he never had the toothache in his life. A double hazelnut carried in the pocket or about the person is also a preventive of this painful ailment.

Moody has the toothache. We would incidental-ly suggest that at this point he sing:

When I can read my title clear,
Or find a cure forsooth,
I'd hunt the dentist far and near
And make him pull my tooth.

Jack—How is it you keep in such good spirits all the time?

Harry—I think how miserable I should be if I had a toothache.

Jack—What do you do when you have the toothache?

Harry—Think how happy I should be if I hadn't.

—*Texas Siftings.*

"Peace on earth" cannot exist so long as toothache is possible.

When a tooth begins to ache look out for squalls.

I've been a fishin', caught one catfish, the toothache, two sand-pike and rheumatism. Johnny says I'll catch fits when I get home.

Big Jim Titcomb had the toothache so bad two days last week that he could not drive his milk route himself during that time. His cheery voice hollering "Here's your milky milk!" was missed those mornings. Even his horse looked like it had refused to be comforted.

A Philadelphia lady says that if you will trim your finger nails every Friday you will never have the toothache. She has practiced it for over twenty years, and it has never failed.

The hornet's javelin iz alwuz loaded, and stands reddy to unload at a minnit's warning, and enters a man az still az thought, as spry az litening, and az full ov melankolly az the toothake.

A girl at Norristown, Pa., attacked with toothache, left the theatre, and going to a neighboring dentist had the offending molar extracted, after which she returned to see the rest of the play.

A fashionable lady, suffering with an aching tooth, was asked if she had tried holding brandy in her mouth. "No!" she quickly replied, "that is husband's remedy. No longer ago than yesterday he tried it and, bless you! at dinner he attempted to carve the ice pitcher thinking it was a chicken—it seems to make him so absent-minded, dear soul! and he is almost always complaining of an aching tooth."

A REMEDY FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

The *Wolfeboro News* has the following concerning a gentleman whom many of our citizens know; it says:

Our veteran and magnate townsman, Blake Folsom, of late, has been grievously afflicted with an ulcerated tooth, causing him the most excruciating pain, and to alleviate it he followed the injunction of our village poet: "When jumping toothache set him howling, sent for relief to Dr. Dowling," who thought it best for the pain contracted, to have that molar at once extracted; but Blake, with courage (?) thought perchance, it would work quite well to apply the lance, which the doctor used as he can best, and Blake retired for a good night's rest. And now he's frequent on our streets with a pleasing smile for those he meets, and thanks his stars he took the chance and let the doctor use the lance.

In the list of remedies for the toothache is one from our philosophic acquaintance, Sir Kenelm Digby. In his "Choice and Experimental Receipts in Physic and Chirurgery," printed in 1668, he gives "A Sympathetic Cure for the Tooth-Ache":

With an iron nail raise and cut the gum from about the teeth till it bleed, and that some of the blood stick upon the nail; then drive it into a wooden beam up to the head; after this is done, you shall never have the tooth-ache in all your life."

In our time, a tooth from a corpse is worn as an amulet, as is also the following charm:

"Peter sat on a marble stone, weeping,
Christ came past and said, 'What aileth thee, Peter?'"
'O my Lord, my God, my tooth doth ache!'
'Arise, O Peter, go thy way, thy tooth shall ache no more.'"

Or the sufferer repeats:

"All glory! all glory! all glory! be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

"As our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, was walking in the garden of Gethsemane, He saw Peter weeping. He called him unto Him and said: 'Peter, why weepest thou?' Peter

answered and said, "Lord I am grievously tormented with pain, the pain of my tooth." Our Lord answered and said, "If thou wilt believe in Me, and My words abide with thee, thou shalt never feel any more pain in thy tooth." Peter said, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief." In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. God grant me ease from pain in my teeth."

A little boy said he would rather have the earache than the toothach, because he wasn't compelled to have his ear pulled out.

THE BAD LITTLE GIRL.

She was in the parlor entertaining Dr. Pillgarlic while her big sister was putting the finishing touches to her toilet upstairs. While she was munching the candy he had given her, she suddenly put her hand to her cheek.

"Oh, dear, I've got toof-ache!"

"That's too bad," he said sympathetically.

"I wish my teef was like Sister Lillie's," she said artlessly.

"Why," he asked.

"Then, when they ached, I could take 'em out an' put 'em in a mug till they got through."

And then Sister Lillie, who had entered, led her out with the remark that "little girls should have been in bed long ago."

—*Sam, the Scaramouch.*

TOOTHACHE.

The New Brunswick *Times* says: A citizen of New Brunswick who had been afflicted with a painful toothache for a long time, concluded at length to have the tooth pulled. It had decayed somewhat, and a very small hole was visible at one point. This was extremely minute, and nothing less than a very sharp vision could plainly discern it. He called at a dentist's office, and had the tooth extracted, rolled it in a sheet of note paper and took it home with him. The pain had been so intense and protracted that he concluded to examine very thoroughly the tooth which had annoyed him so much. A very careful inspection of it revealed nothing strange or peculiar. It was apparently sound at every point but one, and so minute was the perforation that it would not admit the inser-

tion of a delicate needle. He finally took a hammer, struck lightly with it, and the tooth was broken—but what a sight! it was perfectly hollow, and snugly ensconced within it was a nondescript much larger than an ordinary ant. Upon exposure to the light it took to its legs (six in number) and ran across the table with great speed. It seemed to have no eyes, for it ran against every object that he placed before it. At length it ran off the table, falling to the carpet, and in trying to recover it he accidentally stepped upon and killed it. He describes it as being a most wonderful looking object, and differing essentially from anything he had ever before seen or heard of. He is confident that it could not have made its way into the tooth, and feels sure that it was generated in the decaying dentine substance. He presumes that small atoms of food may have made their way through the perforation and served to furnish sustenance to the queer looking object. He feels the utmost certainty that this is an indubitable instance of spontaneous generation.

Brown—"When I have toothache, it disappears when my wife kisses me."

Jones (in agony)—"Do you think she's at home now?"

—*Ally Sloper.*

THE BISHOP'S CHLOROFORMED TOOTH.

Dr. Thomson was very susceptible to the influence of chloroform, and an amusing story is told in connection with his use of that drug. While bishop of Gloucester he one day complained to his wife of a severe toothache, and told her that she should apply some chloroform on a piece of wool to the offending tooth.

Mrs. Thomson endeavored to dissuade him from doing this because, "you know," she said, "that chloroform always makes you so queer in your head."

The bishop, however, said that the pain was so great he must have some relief, and promised her that after applying the chloroform he would lie down in his study and sleep off the effects. He accordingly disappeared and nothing was heard of him for about an hour, when he suddenly burst into the room where his wife was quietly working and in an excited manner said to her:

"Zoe, what do you think? I have been offered the Archbishopric of New York."

"Now, my dear, good man," said Mrs. Thomson, "do go and lie down and sleep off that horrid chloroform. You know

it affects you so much that you don't know what you are doing for some time after taking it."

And it was not until she was shown the letter which had just reached the bishop that she would believe that he was not still suffering from the effects of the drug.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I like to believe all men honest, but I nebber take de same patent medicine fur liver complaint an' de toofache, no matter how de label reads.

A coriander seed sprouted in the cavity of a tooth worn by a California woman, and caused it to ache. For miles around the people used to advise her not to talk, for fear she would spoil the crop.

"Some *queer-sort* for the toothache" is the kind of an order Vaupel & Moore received the other day.

ORIENTAL DENTISTRY.

I had slept little, as I was suffering greatly from a toothache. The sheik declared that there was a skillful dentist in the encampment, and as the pain was almost unbearable, I made up my mind to put myself in his hands rather than endure it any longer. He was accordingly sent for. He was a tall, muscular Arab. His instruments consisted of a short knife or razor and a kind of iron awl. He bade me sit on the ground, and then took my head firmly between his knees. After cutting away the gums he applied the awl to the roots of the tooth, and, striking the other end of it with all his might, expected to see the tooth fly into the air. But it was a double one, and not to be removed by such means from the jaw. The awl slipped and made a severe wound in my palate. He insisted on a second trial, declaring that he could not but succeed. But the only result was that he broke off a large piece of the tooth, and I had suffered sufficient agony to decline a third experiment.—*Sir Henry Layard*.

A clergyman in Northern Indiana ascended the pulpit the other Sunday and said: 'No man can serve the Lord while he has the jumping toothache. I therefore dismiss the congregation.'

He rushed into a house, did this adventist,
In agonizing haste to find a dentist.
"I've respect for you, impatient youth;"
"Iv'ory respect," he answered; "O, my tooth!"
I asked: "Why travel at this rapid rate?"
He said: "'Tis only a tooth hurty gait."

"If yu want to find out the utter weakness ov munny,
just try to hire a dubble-tooth to stop akeing."

"Some mountains are so high that it gives you the toothache in the back of your neck to look at them."

Miss Sarah Quinn met with a peculiar accident here to-day. She was suffering with a severe toothache, and to ease the pain leaned her head over beside a hot stove. The celluloid comb which she wore in her hair came in contact with the stove and exploded, setting fire to her hair. A companion smothered the flames by throwing a woolen cloth upon her head. In the excitement the woman lost her toothache.

Two young women came very near preventing the publication of the Pittsburgh *Leader*, the other day, by sending a package of caramels into the office. Half the editorial force went to bed with the toothache, and the other half spent the night in pulling their false teeth apart

No mortal is rich as long as he has the toothache.

—*Galveston News.*

Four young men returning home from a supper-party, and arriving at the Place de la Concorde, proposed to drown themselves. Two jumped into the Seine, despite the efforts of their comrades. One was drowned. A young woman, in order to effectively commit suicide, dressed in the servant's clothes and then threw herself into the river. Cause, toothache.

—*Paris Letter.*

Four things which cannot long be kept secret: Love, the toothache, a cough and tight boots.

The Methodist Conference recently in session in New York wanted to stop the young members from smoking and *chewing*. It wouldn't work, though. If tobacco was wrong, the youths said, it was wrong for young and old alike.

One old brother said he used tobacco for the toothache. Another said he used it for boils.

None of 'em used it because they liked it. Certainly not.

When Pandora's box of mortal pains,
Was first unlocked among the wondering swains,
To every vice its kindred grief was sent,
And every crime received its punishment,
Except intemperance:—no single ill
Could heaven's irrevocable law fulfill,
The fixed resolve, the omnipresent decree,
That each offence should meet its penalty;
Then all these mortal woes in one were joined,
And toothache came, the terror of mankind!

Pains in and around teeth are described as: boring, tearing, shooting, bounding, digging, thumping, jumping, throbbing, drawing, piercing, lancing, grinding, hopping, gnawing.

A tooth becomes a relation when it's a-kin.

A rooted sorrow—an aching tooth.

In Oklahoma claim-jumpers are so common, that a man with the jumping toothache is regarded with suspicion.

Paternal acres—The old man's aching teeth.

Toothache merges the mind into a sea of mysticism, and causes it to lapse into the contemplation of absolute bewilderment.

An awful swell—The cheek after a severe toothache.

One who has the toothache feels as if they could have the cube-root extracted without hurting them.

Paracelsus says: "A physician without the knowledge of stars, can neither understand the cause nor cure of any disease; not so much as the toothache, except he see the peculiar geniture and scheme of the party affected."

Doctor—I've got the sick toothache.

An attack of toothache delayed a Green Bay wedding three hours. The groom and the clergyman went rabbit hunting, while the bride went jumping around and yelling, "Oh! my jaw."

"Doctor—I have a fearful toothache."

Doctor examines—"O yes, a severe case of odontalgia."

Toothache-tree is the name of a tree, the bark and fruit of which have been used to cure toothache.

Pain proceeding from the nerve of a tooth, by the law of causational necessity, is incompatible with the entire freedom of the will, and the twinge in the jaw is suggestive of a doubt as to the conclusiveness of the old stoical doctrine that "pain is no evil."

No pain to which the human body is subject, is so much influenced by hope and fear, as the toothache.

Toothache is defined as being a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of good nature and health, and finally ends in the ruin and overthrow of both body and soul.

A quack dentist cured toothache, by applying a silver coin wrapped in silk, to the affected tooth. The secret was discovered, and others made cures in the same way, but when the patient was told how it was accomplished, the pain instantly returned.

NO SUICIDE IN "HIS'N."

A stranger from Canada dropped into an eating house near the Central Depot, Detroit, last Thursday, and asked permission to sit by the stove a moment, saying that he was out of sorts. His request was granted, but there was something in his actions which caused the proprietor of the place to keep an eye on him. Pretty soon he saw the man take out a small vial, look around and then lift it to his lips. Believing that it was an attempt at suicide the eating house man jumped for the stranger, took him by the throat and threw him down, and choked him half to death before he learned that the vial contained brandy, which the man was using for an aching tooth. The proprietor once had a suicide in his house, and had twice been called out on a coroner's jury, and he didn't propose to get there again if a little choking could prevent it.

TOOTHACHE PAINS.

They drop and hang down like orioles' nests. The pains nestle down under the shoulder blades—a favorite resort for the winter. They take little excursions down the peninsula of

the leg to the ankle joints, and perch often on the promontory of the big toe. I am describing the actual experience of a victim as given me by himself. The teeth are often attacked at the root, and a favorite surgical operation of these fever-fingered agencies is to separate the gums from the lower front teeth, which makes a friendly smile undesirable, if not painful.

A hired girl should be ingenious. One of them, in the employ of a West street family, has discovered a unique way of extracting teeth. She suffered nearly all of last week with an aching tooth, but did not have the courage to go to a dentist. Friday afternoon it troubled her so much as to force her to look about for a remedy, and she finally hit upon a plan. With a piece of stout twine she made a loop, which she put about her tooth. Then she took a bit of soap and rubbed it on the floor opposite the back door. The other end of the twine she fastened to the knob of the closed door. Then she took a position on the soaped boards, so as to make the twine nearly taut, and commenced to lean back. When she had acquired a position of about forty-five degrees, the soap suddenly took hold, and she came down on the floor with such force as to knock a pair of ten dollar vases from a mantel up stairs. And there she sat, reaching out for breath, when the affrighted family made their appearance, while the offending tooth dangled from a string against the door.—*Exchange*.

To cure a toothache the patient is required to split a willow sapling in the center and cut a strip of wood from the heart thereof. The splinter is inserted as near the ache as possible and held there until a few drops of blood are secured. The stick is then replaced in the tree and the wood pressed close around it. Beeswax is used to entirely close the breach. As soon as the splinter begins to decay within the sapling the toothache will leave the sufferer, never to return.

A TOOTHACHE STORY.

A Cincinnati dentist, who had become nervous by frequent burglaries in his vicinity, was somewhat startled recently by having a man come daily at the same hour each evening and sit on his doorstep. He finally suggested that if it would be all the same to him, he would be pleased to have

him divide his attentions, and sit on some neighbor's doorstep awhile. "But it wouldn't be the same," shouted the visitor in return, "nor anything like it. You are a dentist, and I have an infernal aching tooth that I haven't the courage to have pulled. I come here every afternoon trying to make up my mind to have it out, and as soon as I come in sight of your house it stops aching, and so long as I sit on your doorstep, where the confounded thing knows it can get pulled if it gives trouble, I have some rest. Now if you want me to go to another dentist I will." "Oh, no," was the reply, "under those circumstances stay by all means, my friend."

A modern Pythias on a small scale appeared in a Brooklyn police court the other day. Alfred Schwartz had been arrested for violating a city ordinance, and was supposed to be in the crowd of a hundred prisoners awaiting to be tried. When his case was called, up stepped a man very briskly, while the judge read the charge. When the latter was finished, the magistrate looked at the supposed prisoner, and observed that it was not Schwartz, "You are not the man," he said abruptly: "What's your name?" "Waal! Mr. Schwartz has the toothache, Jedge," responded the vicarious stranger, "and I stand for him." The obliging stranger was given to understand that the majesty of the law would not be vindicated without having a lick at Schwartz personally, and the case being rather important, was continued for a week.

"Doctor, I have a gorgeous toothache."

Toothache grass is a perennial, and grows in the barrens in the southern U. S. The herbage is very pungent in taste, and the root when chewed, so affects the salivary glands that it has been regarded as good for the toothache. The Indians chewed the bark of the northern prickly ash, for the toothache.

TOOTHACHE AND TRUE LOVE.

The Solicitous Old Gentleman Didn't Know the Difference.

The other day a newly married couple from Bedford occupied one of the benches in the Erie depot waiting-room.

They had been honeymooning with relatives in the city for two or three days and were ready to start for home.

It was only natural, of course, that they should huddle up close to each other, he with his arm around her waist, she with her head on his shoulder. A tall man, with sore eyes and a warm heart, walked into the room, deposited his home-made grip on the floor and scanned the assemblage. His attention was soon riveted on the happy pair, and a look of commiseration stole over his features as he walked over toward the husband and solicitously inquired:

"Has that woman got the toothache?"

The husband looked up surprised, but was too busy with his devotions to pay much attention. The tall man thought he hadn't been heard. He remarked again:

"If she's got toothache, I've got a bottle of peppermint in my satchel."

The bride looked angry and the husband couldn't conceal his embarrassment as the tall man fetched over his satchel and diving in amid a profusion of socks and shirts brought forth triumphantly a bottle of peppermint essence. He tested it on his tongue and handed it toward the husband, while he said feelingly:

"Have her sop some on a rag and then rub her gums with it. The pain—"

The eyes of the bride darted sparks as she raised her head with a jerk from its loving position, and giving the bottle a whack with her parasol, she snarled:

"Toothache, you old false-face! If you can't tell true love from toothache, you'd better go and soak your head, you—"

"All aboard!" shouted the gateman, and the tall man, whose face had taken on an expression of pained bewilderment, took advantage of the loophole of escape, and, grabbing up his satchel, darted through the gate with the speed of an August meteor.

Areteus said: God only knows the cause of toothache.

Archigeneus advised perforating the tooth, with a little trepan, when painfully affected.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

(Written when the author was grievously tormented by that disorder.)

My curse upon the venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along;

And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi gnawing vengeance,
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatcis gnaw, or colic squeezes;
 Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi pitying moan;
 Thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
 I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 Around the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup;
 While raving mad, I wish a heckle*
 Were in their doup.



*A frame in which are stuck sharp ends uppermost, from fifty to a hundred steel spikes, through which the hemp is drawn to straighten it for manufacturing purposes.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
 I'li har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see!
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca'hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' nus'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gone a shoe thick,
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A twomonds toothache!

BURNS.

A CASE OF TOOTHACHE.

Ventura (Cal.) Signal.

When he was in town the other day ex-Senator — told this story on Lawyer——, of Los Angeles. — is good at land and title questions, and he was associated with — in a certain case. —, said —, is also a great feeder, and loves a good dinner.

One day, just before the big case was to come up in court, — ran against a good dinner, and ate more than he ought. The next day he was sick, and — took a doctor around to see him.

— was groaning with pain, and the doctor was puzzled. At last the doctor noticed a red spot on —'s cheek bone, and came to the conclusion that — needed a dentist, and told him so. "You have an ulcerated tooth. That's what ails you."

— quit groaning long enough to turn to his wife and say: "Just hand me my plates off the bureau, so I can see which one of those d——n teeth is aching."

Mr. H—— B——, Cleveland, secretary to Mr. —— when the latter was —— of —— under the —— administration, came to town Monday, after several months' absence. B—— has been acting as manager for a "Midway aggregation" that has toured several of the states, not the one, however, which visited this city, and he told this story at the Forest City house yesterday:

"In our company was a bright English girl, who drew a small salary, but who had extravagant tastes. She insisted in stopping at the finest hotels in the cities we struck, notwithstanding her meager income, and whenever some knickknack, displayed in a store window, struck her fancy she would purchase it, no matter what it cost. Once it happened that her hotel bill exceeded her salary by \$4.25, and I upbraided her. Some of these articles were allowed in her expense account, and I paid the bill, at the same time admonishing her to be careful and purchase nothing except necessities in the future. The next place we struck I noticed her going around with a swollen cheek. I asked what was the matter, and she said she had the toothache. 'Why don't you have the bad tooth extracted?' said I. 'You told me last time not to put any un-necessaries in my hotel bill, and I haven't a dime in the world,' the girl mournfully replied."

B—— could not help but smile at the idea of "tooth extracted, 50 cents" forming an item in a hotel bill. But the money was advanced.



FILLING TEETH.



AFTER THE OPERATION.

DENTIST—"I think you'll have no trouble masticating now, sir."

MR. OLD JAW—"I don't keer nothin' 'bout that, jest so I kin chaw all right."

The scientific term for filling teeth is, odontoplerosis.

"Am I hurting you?" asked a dentist of a lady whose teeth he was filling, and who was emitting horrible groans. "Oh, not in the least; I love to groan!" was the reply.

JEWELLED TEETH.

I was in a dentist's office uptown the other day, says a New York Tribune writer, where a woman was seated in a chair when I noticed a flashing light from the point of one of her front teeth, which struck me as being the reflected rays from a diamond. I said as much to the dentist when he came to speak with me, and he astonished me by replying: "That is just what it is. It is frequently the case that we have ladies come here whose front teeth are so badly injured that filling them with gold produces a disagreeable appearance. By putting in a small diamond with a gold setting, the disfigurement is less noticeable. I had a remarkable case not long since. A wealthy California gentleman brought to me his daughter to have her teeth examined. One of her upper front teeth had the peculiar formation of a pearl. The pearl was not complete, but was sufficiently defined and distinct so that there could be no mistake about it. The companion tooth was badly decayed and her father desired to have a diamond set in it. The young lady is in New York at the present time, but is soon going abroad to finish her education.

SOME OF THE CUTE DODGES PLAYED.

One of the cutest dodges ever played on the tariff enforcers is related of a young and pretty lady who lived and probably still lives in Boston. She had gone to Berlin on a visit during her trip abroad and while there saw four beautiful diamonds. Her means would just allow her to purchase them and pay her way home. In her dilemma she conceived a plan. Four large cavities were bored into her four largest teeth, the gems covered over and she departed. The duties would have cost her \$970, but she smiled on the officer who made the examination and passed innocently from the wharf.

BRIGHT.

"I am told she is very bright when she talks."

"Very likely. Several of her front teeth are filled with gold."—*Detroit Tribune*.

A Hartford dentist is spoken of in one of the local papers as making tooth-pulling, filling, etc., "a luxury."

"Father's teeth are stopped with zinc," is the title of a popular song now sung in London.

Difficult operation—Stopping the teeth of the wind.

Silence may be golden, but a dentist has never yet been able to fill teeth with it.

Squaws at Virginia, Nevada, get dentists to bore holes in their sound teeth and fill them with gold to be in fashion.

A Kentucky dentist undertook to plug one of the back teeth of a favorite mule. He bored and bored until the drill struck something that seemed to lift the animal's soul right off its hinges. That's the way the coroner explained it, and since then a wild mule has been galloping up and down the country, seeking for fresh worlds to conquer.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

A veterinary surgeon of St. Louis and formerly a dentist recently filled three decayed teeth of a valuable horse. It is the third case of equine teeth filling on record. The animal had suffered terribly from toothache and was unable at times to eat or drink. The horse bore the pain without wincing, and did not have to be tied or be given gas.

They now fill teeth with electricity. A woman with a tooth full of electricity and an eye full of fire will be a balmy object for a man to meet on the top landing when he comes home from balancing the books at 2 a. m.

A New York dentist has made the discovery that people who think much generally have bad teeth. This may account for the fact that the free silverites disbelieve in the efficacy of gold fillings.

Some of the mummies which have been exhumed from the ruins of ancient Egypt, have presented palpable evidence of having had their teeth filled with gold, and various other substances.

A Chicago dentist says women have most of their dentistry done before marriage, instead of waiting to have their husbands pay the bills. He adds: "When a young woman comes in here I know she is going to marry. I have seldom failed in my guess. A young beauty was here the other day who was a \$75 customer. I knew her well, and when the work was over I asked: 'When is the wedding to take place?' She blushed and replied: 'Who told you anything about it?'"

EDISON AND EATING.

Electricity seems to be at the bottom of everything, and if so, Mr. Edison will soon have the whole world under his thumb. According to the *Electrical Review* a dentist declares that currents of electricity are set up in the mouth between the saliva and many kinds of food, especially such as contain much carbon, like toast.

This same dentist thinks that electric currents are produced when teeth-fillings of different metals occur in the same person's mouth. Good gracious! What horrible possibilities may not such currents suggest! And how many volts—is that what you call them, Mr. Edison?—are necessary to make a bi-metallic mouth strike death to its possessor? Here's a sanitary reason for advocating monometallism.

Furthermore, this curious dentist says he believes the acute relish we experience when eating certain combinations of food is due to the action of these currents of electricity upon the sense of taste.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN ITEM.

Over every company were borne telling transparencies, giving the names of the company and the watchword of victory. Some of the devices were very bright, among which was the following:

"Cleveland's teeth are plugged with unprotected tin."

*Ten Doctors Pay to See a Unique Piece of Dental Work
Performed.*

Doctors and dentists of the Northwest side of Chicago gathered the other afternoon at Milwaukee avenue and Division street at Lichtenberger's drug store to see a dog's teeth filled with gold and crowned.

"Mike Swipes' Trilby" is the name of the dog. He bears a charmed life. He has withstood the virulence of all microbes known to science, from the innocent Lake Michigan bacteria to the dreadful germ of glanders, which were tried on him to end his existence.

Having escaped all attempts on his life, "Swipes" was made the victim of a new plot.

Druggist Lichtenberger noticed that the dog's teeth needed attention, and a dentist was consulted as to the amount of gold it would take to fill in the cavities of the dog's teeth, the expense of the operation, and the making of two crowns for him. It was decided finally that a number of doctors should be invited to witness the work and that a small charge be imposed on each to cover expense of material used. Ten doctors responded.

Dr. Braney, No. 829 Milwaukee avenue, was the dentist who did the work. All of the doctors were on hand at two p. m. They carefully examined the dog. It was their opinion that he would not survive the operation, if it lasted long. Dr. S. Piotrowicz chloroformed the dog. The anæsthetic nearly killed him. Twice the operation had to be suspended to give "Swipes" air. His heart was affected to the danger point. After two hours the dog was allowed to come to.

"Swipes" is a common black and yellow dog two feet in height. He is three years old. He chews gum, smokes a pipe, and will not touch food without his master's consent.

A dentist filled my teeth with gold,
But I am feeling blue,
For meanwhile with the precious ore,
He filled his pockets too.

The eastern fad of having diamonds set in teeth filling has reached this city. A Cleveland woman now has a "sparkler" in one of her front teeth. A Euclid avenue dentist filled her teeth the other day, and set the diamond in where it will show to the best advantage, and look brilliant when she smiles. The sweeter the smile, probably, the brighter the "sparkler" will appear.

HIS WISH.

Dr. Molar (kindly)—Now, does that hurt?

Horsphiz—I don't mind you working on the tooth so much, if you would only keep your sleeve-button out of my eye.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

TEETH SET WITH DIAMONDS.

To what extremes and follies the god of fashion can lead its devotees is shown by the following, clipped from the *New York Sun*:

"A brilliant fashion which has just been invented in this progressive city bids fair to outshine Paris in its lustre and extravagance. Recently an up-town gentleman of wealth and fashion conceived the dazzling idea of having his front teeth set with diamonds. He conferred on the subject with two of his friends, one of whom is a lady of literary celebrity, and all were so well pleased with the sparkling novelty that they had large and valuable first-water diamonds set into their front teeth, and on Sunday afternoon they attended one of our most fashionable churches on Fifth avenue, attracting considerable attention, and diverting the attention of a large number of the congregation from their devotions, by the lustrous rays of their teeth. On their return home they were followed by a multitude, whose curiosity had been excited by the dazzling radiance of the brilliant circle. Should this fashion be adopted, jewelers, lapidaries, and dentists will reap a rich harvest, and it will tend to promote good nature and cleanliness, as the queen of fashion, especially those who are thus fixed, will be continually brushing their teeth and smiling, if for no other purpose than to show their diamonds. Oh! ye gods and little fishes, will it not be a cure for sore eyes and empty pockets to sit in front of such an audience in a church, theatre or opera, and gaze with delight upon the smiling circle, and estimate the cut, color, weight and value of their sparkling gems."

St. Louis has a dentist who offers to fill teeth for twenty-five cents apiece, and the *Globe* kindly proffers him two whales' teeth upon which to display his skill.

END OF THE HONEYMOON.

Mr. Justwed—"When I die, love, I want to be cremated."

Mrs. Justwed—"That is a good idea, John. The gold in your teeth ought to pay all the expenses."

"How pleasant Miss Flipson is. She is always smiling."
 "Yes. She has just had her front teeth filled with gold."

TEETH MUTILATIONS.

How Malay Dentists Perform the Operation of Filling Teeth.

The practice of filling the teeth is still in vogue among the Mohammedan Malays. The individual may choose, according to his fancy, among three things—that of simply rubbing away the front surface of the tooth; that of filing away the sides so as to leave the front tooth standing out in a triangular relief; and a sharpening of the tooth—for all of which styles considerable variety in patterns exists. As all the Mohammedan islanders set much store on having their teeth properly "improved," the tooth-filer is an important personage among them. His outfit includes a hammer, a bracing-stone or anvil, chisels, files and saws. The person to be operated upon prepares his teeth for the purpose by chewing raw rice or tumeric, and, prostrating himself on the ground, lays his head, blindfolded, upon the operating-bench. The operator demonstratively repeats an unintelligible incantation phrase, and, wedging the subject's mouth open, performs his work. The filing done, the teeth are blackened, and the pain is quieted with cocoanut-water in which an iron, inserted red-hot, has been standing for several days. For some time after the operation the patient must avoid eating things unpleasant to sore teeth. As a recompense he has come into full credit in society and may marry. The legendary origin of the custom is a miraculous escape Mohammed is said to have once had from the pursuit of a redoubtable antagonist. After having eluded his pursuer by being overshadowed by a swarm of bees, he was nearly overtaken again, and hid in a dry well. Some of the pursuing party thought he might be in the well, and threw stones into it. He was looking up at the time, and the stones knocked out four of his upper teeth. The fashion of filing down the teeth is, however, probably older than Mohammedanism. M. E. T. Hamey has made a study of the perforations of the teeth by the aborigines of Central America and Yucatan which are mentioned by various authors. Mota Padilla says the Indians cut their teeth down to sharp points and bored holes in them, which they filled with a black cement. A statuette dug up at Tejar has the upper front teeth thus bored with cylindrical holes; and a fragment of an upper jaw dug up at Campeachy during the French occupation shows the real teeth marked with precisely similar perforations. The holes appear to have been filled afterward with bluish-green stones. The operation of boring these holes can hardly have

been practiced on living persons, and the evidence indicates that it was done after death. No similar mutilations are known to be practiced now anywhere.—*Popular Science*.

Inside-dental expenses—A New York actress is sued by her dentist to the tune of \$1025 for one week's work on her bicuspid and incisors. She does not feel a bit down in the mouth, for a good show of ivory is of the first necessity and worth many thousands to a leading lady in a New York society drama.

A grain of prevention is better than an ounce of fillings.

He—"Did the dentist put a rubber dam in your mouth while filling your tooth?"

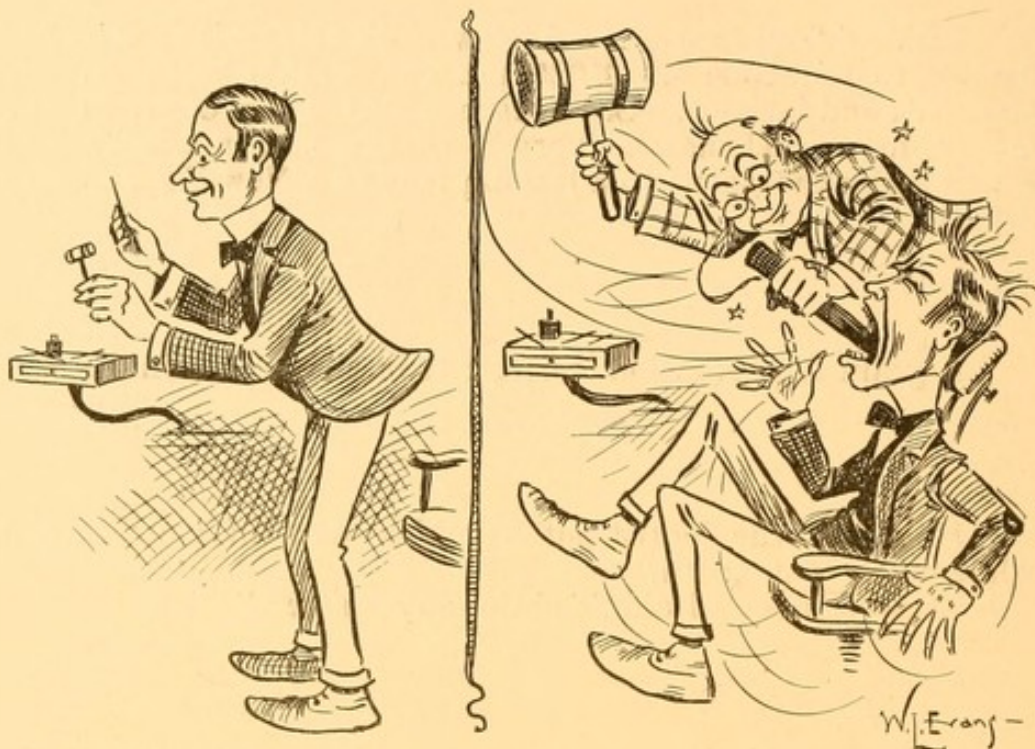
She—"Um-er—I didn't notice any rubber."

It is a good thing for the dentist to have some of his own teeth filled occasionally, that he may appreciate the feelings of his patients.

When the dentist completes an operation—press the button of your purse.

Several years ago, Mr. Timothy B. Hussey went to Ramallah, ten miles from Jerusalem, as a missionary; in 1896, when he returned home for a visit, he had some gold operations made on his front teeth. After returning to the "Holy Land," one day he took the children out for a walk to Beeroth, and at the fountain some thirty or forty women were waiting their turn to fill their jars. He says: "While speaking a few words to them, judge of my surprise to find a dozen of them close to me, all with their under lips pulled down. I said to the interpreter, 'What does this mean?' She replied, 'They have discovered your gold teeth, and want you to show them plainer. They are discussing whether these teeth are driven in like pins in a

pin-cushion, or whether they grew gold ones, or whether they were put in for ornament." I gratified their curiosity and explained all, and told them if I had such nice, white, sound ivory as they displayed, I should have no need for the gold."



DENTIST'S VICTIM (having teeth filled for the first time)—"Surely such delicate instruments can't give one much annoyance."

But this is how it felt when they were used.



LITTLE TOMMY'S IDEA OF LAUGHING GAS.

LAUGHING GAS.

THRASHED THE DENTIST.

The Victim Took Laughing Gas and Then Cleaned Out the Place.

Judge W. D. G——, a prominent lawyer of ——, during a visit to St. Louis had a severe attack of toothache. He sought a dentist's office, and was met by a young man scrupulously neat, who bowed suavely, and the judge began:

"I believe you profess to be able to extract teeth without pain?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if I don't do it I'll refund your money."

The judge seated himself in the operating chair, and the

last thing he remembers was the dentist inserting a small tube in his mouth. He got a dose of gas and became unconscious.

When he came to, the young man was under the table, his erstwhile spotless shirt and collar covered with blood, and his clothes torn almost beyond recognition. He was desperately waving the judge off, saying all the while:

"Get out of here! Get out of here!"

He seemed very anxious to have the judge get out, but he couldn't be induced to leave his retreat under the table.

"Why, young man, what is the matter?" asked the judge, who didn't understand the situation. "If I've done anything, I'm willing to pay for it."

The young man obtruded his head, glanced reproachfully at the demolished furniture and his own sorry plight, wavered for a moment, and then exclaimed, resolutely:

"Pay! You get out of here!"

It seemed that the judge, while under the influence of the gas, had become pugilistic and had cleaned out the establishment, and the young man under the table didn't get the tooth, either.—*Paducah Standard*.

SHE KNEW.

"I can give you gas if you are afraid the pain will be too great to endure," said a dentist to an elderly colored woman who had come to have several teeth extracted.

"No, sah, no, sah!" she said, shaking her head emphatically; "you don't gib me no gas en hab me git up out'n dat cheer en walk home dead, no, sah! I reads de newspapahs!"

—*Youth's Companion*.

A dentist filled his gasometer with nitrous oxide. When he was away the office boy for mischief punched a hole in the gasometer with an old excavator and all the gas escaped. Then he filled the gasometer by blowing into it. The dentist returned and a patient coming in to have a tooth extracted he administered fifty gallons of gas (as he supposed) and extracted the tooth, but the patient said it hurt as much as if he had not taken gas. Later the dentist read a paper before the dental society telling that a wonderful patient took fifty gallons of gas and was not affected in the least.

A dentist tried his first operation with gas upon a robust colored woman. After she had used up all the gas in the office she wheeled in the chair and shouted, "Hurry up, boss, and bring on another bag of that sweetened wind."

Laughing-gas has a cheerful disposition.

Laughing-gas ought to have a cheerful disposition.

Laughing-gas, twenty-five cents a Ha! Ha!

The laughing plant of China is so called because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives (Chinese) dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.—*Boston Journal*.

FAILURE OF A DENTAL TEST.

How a Well-known Dentist Applied Nitrous-Oxide Gas to a Patient.

A young man, living on Cumberland street, this city, had, for many days, suffered with a severe toothache, and, as a dernier resort, he decided to go to a dentist and have the bicuspid taken out. With that resolution well fixed in his mind and one dollar in his pocket, he sought a well-known "tooth carpenter" on Greene avenue. The dentist at once decided that two teeth would have to be drawn. The young man had not the nerve to stand the "double extract," so he told the dentist to bring forth the nitrous-oxide bag, he would quaff himself into insensibility.

He took the mouthpiece and drank away at the gas. The dentist at last thought he had enough. He spoke to him. A rational answer was returned. He must have more gas and the mouthpiece was again inserted between his lips. When he had taken gas enough to render two men insensible to pain, the dentist thought he would apply a well-known dental test to see if he was "gone."

"Bill?"

No answer.

He then touched the patient's eyelid to see if there was

any muscular contraction, and, in so doing, accidentally touched the eye itself. No twitching of any kind. He must be insensible. The forceps at once brought out a tooth with tremendous roots and at the same time brought that young man to his feet with a yell."

"Why in the deuce, Doc., didn't you wait until I had sucked some more gas?"

"More gas? You took enough to put two men to sleep, and besides, I touched your eyelid and even put my hand on your eye and you never showed a twinge, and that is considered an infallible test."

"That's good; I wondered what in thunder you were fooling around my glass eye for."

The valve, which was found to be out of order, was repaired, and the man's second tooth drawn, and he soon went away chuckling to himself, "That's good, feeling of my glass eye to see if I'd twitch."— *Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Talking of funny experiences that come under the observation of a dentist," said Dr. T. D. Lindsey, "how is this? I administered gas to a man the other day and he told me afterward he imagined he was on a railroad train, with his head stuck out of the window, and every telegraph pole he passed bumped against his head. When he had bumped his head long enough he thought he might as well take it off and put it on the seat beside him. The moment he had accomplished that feat he ceased from troubling and went to sleep."

Our dentists would do well to keep a ball club or shot gun within reach when administering laughing gas to healthy male customers from the country. One of the latter, a few days since, entered a "tooth carpenter's" shop in town, and his nose had not been held to the bag ten minutes before he put a head on the dentist, kicked over the tank of "nitrous oxide," destroyed a peaceable skeleton that was grinning behind a screen, and performed other eccentric feats.

EXTRACTING TEETH.



A DIFFICULT OPERATION.

Celsus said: If pain urges extraction of the teeth, a pepper-corn removed of its covering, and in like manner an ivy berry, crowded into the cavity, splits the tooth so that it extirpates itself by scales.

A Western Massachusetts dentist is said to have a small boy sit in his office and yell at the top of his lungs occasionally. It lends an air of business to the establishment.

"Wanted, a boy with a decided talent for drawing"—to learn dentistry.—*New York News*.

McTighe (in the chair)—Hold on there—ye've had two trials and ye pulled the wrong tooth each time; now be gob I'll go to the blacksmith's and have it removed.

The Dentist—You'll stay in that chair till that tooth comes out. I'll get the right one if I have to pull every tooth in your head.—*Truth*.

TOOTH-PULLING EXTRAORDINARY.

About 11 o'clock on Saturday evening, an aged woman, thinly clad, waited at the Grove street crossing of the Pennsyl-

vania Railroad in Jersey City, and as the train approached and the gate was lowered, she drew close up to the gate, and as the gate was thrown up she gave a sharp shriek and plucked something from the gate. Then she hurried up Newark avenue toward the Heights. When asked for an explanation of her behavior, she reluctantly said that she had tied a string around an ulcerating tooth and attached the string to the gate, so that when it was raised it might extract the tooth. She had not fifty cents to pay for its pulling.—*New York Sun*.

"How much fur a photograf?" he queried as he entered the room at the head of the stairs.

"My dear sir, you have made a mistake," replied the occupant of the office. "This is a dental office, while the photographer is next door."

"Oh; you pull teeth?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"Well, go ahead and yank out one or two. It's about the same to me."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Dr. W. T. Arrington, of this city, has not been on a visit to Friar's Point or any other place for many weeks past, and never intends or expects to leave Memphis. He is as firmly anchored here as the tooth of an Ethiopian which was found after the head was pulled off, "clinched" on the bottom of his feet.

A Boston detective says getting shot doesn't hurt any more than having a tooth pulled. He probably never had one pulled.

Mother—"Children, what is making little Freddy cry so?"

Tommy—"Nothing ma. We are only having a game of dentist, and he doesn't want to play!"—*Comic Cuts*.

A Connecticut woman consoled her boy who wept because she wouldn't let him go to the circus, by promising him leave to go down town to see father have a tooth pulled.

A SURE THING.

Mrs. May Fair—"Good morning, Mr. Keane. I want to run in and see your wife. Is she at home?"

Mr. Par Keane—"Yes. She'll be at home all day. When I left she was trying to make up her mind to go out and have a tooth pulled."

LOCAL OPTION IN GEORGIA.

A gentleman living a few miles from Lexington came to town on Tuesday morning after a gallon of whiskey, as he was to have a big corn-shucking that night. He went to both bar-keepers, but of course they refused, whereupon he went to a physician, had a tooth pulled, and, with blood running from his mouth and armed with a certificate, called for whiskey; but, to his astonishment, was met with a positive refusal, whereupon he returned to the doctor and insisted on the lost tooth being replaced.—*Oglethorpe Echo*.

Young man, devoted to and expressly manufactured for society, clasping his head in agony, "Ah, by Jove, how my head aches! Awfully, by Jove." Sympathizing friend, student in Wilson's dental room: "Oh, you'd better have it pulled;" then after a thoughtful pause—"or filled." Patient moves away with an injured air, and the young dentist smiles after him more thoughtfully than ever.

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

A LONG ROOT.

A West Philadelphia dentist, who has a reputation among his fellow members in the profession as an inveterate joker, tells a story of how he succeeded in pulling a tooth from the mouth of an Irishman which is worth repeating, says the Philadelphia Record. Pat came to his office one day with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth which he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming pair of forceps to be used in persuading the offending molar to let go its hold on his jaw-bone, he positively refused to open his mouth. The dentist hit upon an effectual scheme, however. He got his office boy to jab Pat with a pin, and when he opened his mouth to yell he grabbed the tooth, and out it came. "It didn't hurt as much as you expected it would, did it?" the dentist asked, smiling at his ruse. "Well, no," replied Pat, hesitatingly, as if doubting the truthfulness of his admission. "But," he

added, placing his hand on the spot where the boy jabbed him with the pin, "I didn't think its roots would go so far down as that."

Townley—"This is Saturday, and I promised to spend Sunday at Lonesomehurst with Subbubs. I'd rather have a tooth out than go to that barren waste."

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

An up-town New York dentist will stump the country this winter with a lecture showing the advantages of having natural teeth extracted and unnatural ones put in. We hope the makers of artificial limbs will not feel called upon to emulate this advertising dodge.

"Habits will cling to a person," remarked the old man. "Yes," continued his companion, "you remember that Plunkett boy, who would never play anything but 'pull-away' when we were children in school together?" "Certainly, I remember him well," replied the first party; "what has ever become of him?" "Oh, he grew up to become a dentist," calmly replied the other; "he's in the 'pull-away' business yet."

Boys of the annoying and troublesome sort had better give doctors a wide berth, or, at any rate, manage to treat the learned men respectfully. At Dundee, in Scotland, lately, a doctor being bothered by mischievous lads, seized one of them, carried him into the house, and pulled out one of his teeth! No fee was charged for this operation; on the contrary, it was the Doctor himself who was obliged to pay a fine of £1, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment. Good for the Doctor; but not on the whole, bad for the boy.

A few weeks ago a dentist arrived in Warrenton, Virginia, and advertised that he would "remove all of a person's teeth for two dollars and insert a new set for ten dollars,

besides giving six months' credit. He was busy for two weeks pulling teeth, and at the end of that time half the people of the town were waiting for the dentist to fit them with new sets, he eloped with the hotel keeper's wife, and now there are two or three thousand people in Warrenton who cannot eat anything tougher than soup and farina.

Among the odd and interesting relics of Victor Hugo that are to be preserved in the Hugo museum in Paris is a black tooth with a card attached giving the date of its forcible withdrawal from the poet's jaw, and six stubby quill pens used in the production of "Les Miserables." Most of the relics are the gift of Mme. Durot, the beautiful actress who captured the affections of all Paris in 1835 and of Hugo as well. During her lifetime she acquired many souvenirs of the poet, ranging in variety from the tooth and pens aforesaid to drawings and decorative panels from Hugo's own pencil.

WHY JACK WENT ALONG.

The head master of a Leicester boarding school was starting out the other morning to go to his occupation, when he saw two tiny toddlers coming toward him.

One of them stopped him and said: "Please, sir, Bill and Jack can't go to school this morning, because they're going to have a tooth pulled out."

Failing to see why both should go to have one tooth pulled out, the master said: "But what's Bill (the elder of the two) going for?"

"Please, sir, Bill's going to have his tooth out."

"Then what's Jack (the little one) going for?"

"Please, sir, 'e's goin' to 'ear 'im oller," was the reply.

—*London Pick-Me-Up*.

"THAT TOOTH."

I.

No craven tear, no faltering step, no shirking of the task;
No piteous moan escaped his lips—no mercy did he ask;
As he took his seat in the cushioned chair, resigned to his awful fate;
While the zephyrs blowing o'er the deck stirred the hairs of his noble pate.

II.

Then his torturers stood with gloating eyes as they viewed
their tranquil prey:

They asked if he had a last request, a wish or a word to say;
But defiantly he shook his head; a moment more—then a
shout,
And Grove looked up with a smile and said, "Thank heaven!
at last it's out."

C. J. M'Guire, in the Cleveland Leader.

BUCK'S TOOTH CAME.

Case of Unique Dentistry in the Old Days.

One of the guests at the Briggs house yesterday was complaining of an aching tooth and inquired at the office where he could find a good dentist. He secured the information and went out to find relief, when Proprietor De Witte smiled at a funny reminiscence.

"I shall never forget a tooth-pulling incident that occurred when I was a youngster," he remarked. "My uncle, who was a physician, had a great, big stalwart colored man for a servant. His name was Buck, and one day he went into his master's office and complained that one of his teeth was nearly killing him. My uncle advised him to go and have it taken out. Buck objected. 'Naw, indeedy, boss,' he exclaimed, 'hit wod dess fairly kill me ter hab dis toof jucked out.' My uncle then told him he would fix it for him by using a little magic.

"Buck was equipped with all the superstition of his race and he readily acquiesced in the suggestion, for he thought the doctor could do anything. The old gentleman took the small string from his violin, and, making a loop, dropped it over Buck's aching tooth and drew it taut. Then he led Buck out to the hitching post and made him stand on his tip toes, which brought his eyes on a level with the top of the post, and tied the catgut around it. Upon the flat surface of the top he poured some gunpowder, and then solemnly warning Buck not to move he returned to the house. Suddenly he came rushing out of the kitchen door with a glowing coal of fire held in a pair of tongs. Buck saw him coming and backed for all he was worth. But he left that tooth in front of him."

Boy—The dentist pulled my tooth.

Grandma—Did it hurt him much?

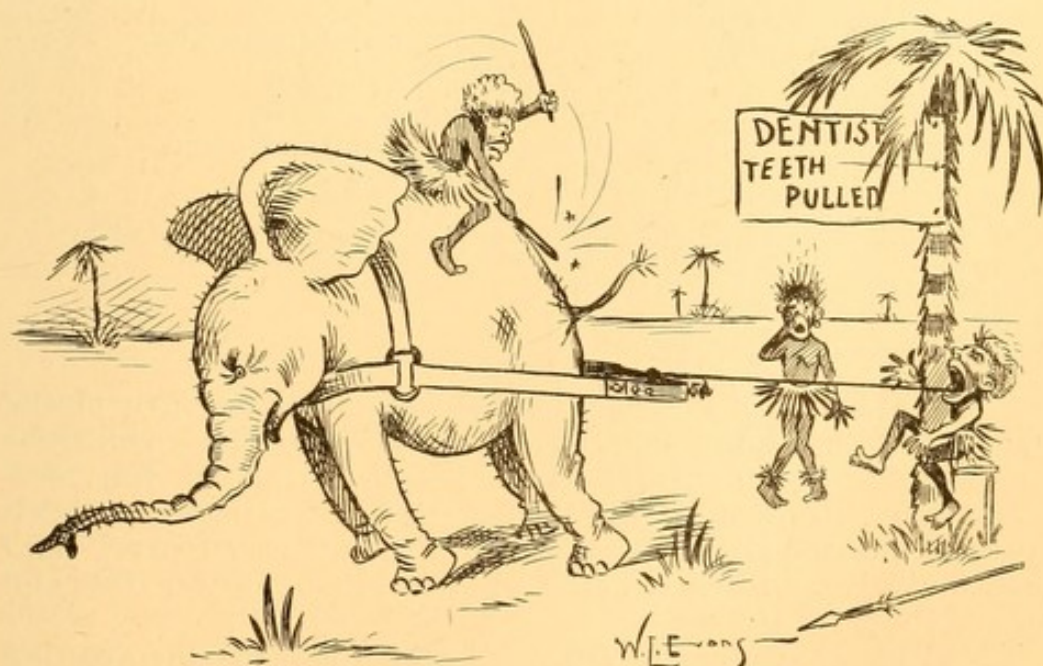
Boy—Naw! but you bet it hurted me.

ELECTRICITY FOR EXTRACTING.

About 1860, when the battery was first brought into use in extracting, an incident occurred that shows the power of

imagination. A lady came in to have a tooth extracted. We informed her our battery was out of order. "I'll wait for you to fix it," she replied; "my cousin said you did not hurt her when you used the battery." No persuasion could change her mind, and no skill of mine could wake up the battery, but I placed it beside the chair and connected it with my forceps, saying I hoped to make a painless operation. She seemed satisfied at the sight of the mysterious machine, and in a moment exclaimed: "How wonderful! It pulled it without a pang. I will send all to you who want teeth pulled. Why, it pulled it out just as a horseshoe magnet pulls up a nail.

Some say it is not wise to trust the old doctor too far; the silvery crown of age does not always bring wisdom, nor does the feebleness of senility ensure a keen eye, an unnerving judgment or a steady hand. The country doctor says the inquisitorial turnkey has been lost in the cow pond by the children, and he now pulls refractory grinders with the modern nickel-plated forceps.—*Over the Hookah.*



DENTISTRY IN THE JUNGLE.

They do say that there was a man at Cape May this summer who asked the landlord how much he was going to deduct from the board bill so as to allow for two back teeth he had had extracted.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

One day at school
I told the boys
'Twas wrong to chew tobacco;
A six-year-old
Grown very bold,
Presumed to give his veto.
Says he, "I saw
A fellow chaw
Because he had the toothache."
'Taint never wrong
For any one
To chew that has the toothache;
The school agreed
With him; indeed,
His logic charmed the urchins.
Quite puzzled, I
Could scarce reply
At first to his assertions.
A happy thought,
However, brought
Relief from Greeley's namesake.
"Horace," I said,
"If a girl instead
Should chance to have the toothache,
And want to chew,
What should she do?"
Like older ones, by time unschooled,
He scratched his head,
And then he said,
"She'd orter have the tooth pulled."

"What river," said she, as she tightened her grip on the mahogany chair, and uttered a howl of anguish, while the tears ran down her cheeks, "do I especially remind you of?"

"Why," said he, giving the forceps an experimental wrench about a quarter of the way around, "of the Tusky roarer," and he calmly but firmly extracted what she thought was the end of the shoulder blade.

"And what other river now?" said the brave girl, turned white as a sheet, as he held the bone up in the air and flourished it triumphantly.

"Why, of the Tusk loser, of course," he answered, handing her the ammonia. And then she smiled with confusion and mortification, and acknowledged that the tooth was perfectly sound, and she had it drawn only to get a chance to propound two conundrums that she thought he couldn't guess.

He returned the fair girl's love and devotion, and they

were wedded last Christmas, and have had a large family of children.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

WHY HE WAS HAPPY.

Landor—Hello, what's up? You look as happy as if you'd just fallen heir to a million.

Benjamin—That's how I feel. One of my teeth has been almost jumping out of my head for a week, and this morning I decided that I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went to the dentist's to have it out.

Landor—Ah, and you've got rid of the troublesome thing! Well, that would naturally ———

Benjamin — No. What tickles me is that the dentist wasn't in.

A New Hampshire dentist has put up a sign, "Teeth pulled while you wait," and draws much extra patronage from people who do not stop to think that teeth cannot be pulled in any other way.—*Burlington Free Press*.

PULLING A WARRIOR'S TEETH.

How a Cowboy Dentist Struggled With One of Sitting Bull's Grinders.

There was nothing to relieve the monotony of "wild life" in a civilized locality yesterday. The cowboys roamed aimlessly about the inclosure, pitched pennies in the shade of their tents, and struggled hard to pass away the weary moments. Everybody was in good humor except Sitting Bull. The great chief sat alone in his tepee, rocking to and fro, in great pain, and uttering the most dismal groans. Buffalo Bill visited him about noon, and succeeded, after considerable trouble, in eliciting a few intelligible grunts in Sioux lingo to the effect that the old warrior was nearly crazy with toothache.

Many moons ago, while crunching a buffalo steak, the old chief broke his tooth, and has borne the pain with stolid indifference. A plate of ice cream made him fairly howl at Belmont Mansion on Thursday evening during the "Buffaloes" banquet, and yesterday his stock of patience gave way entirely.

"Big Chief wants tooth pulled out," said the interpreter to Buffalo Bill. The cowboy dentist was sent for in a hurry and

soon appeared armed with a large pair of pincers, which looked as though they had done duty before, cutting off horseshoe nails. Sitting Bull was soon ready for the operation. He opened his mouth and the dentist tapped a tooth with the handle of the pincers.

"Ugh!" said the chief.

"All right," said the operator.

The old fellow's head was thrown back and the pincers took a good hold on his red gums.

"Yow!" said the chief.

"Steady!" said the dentist.

A wrench and a pull followed; the tent was filled with a flourish of brown arms and buckskin-clad legs, turkey feathers and ear-rings.

A series of blood-curdling yells floated through the loosely flapping door of skins, and the dentist picked himself up outside in a badly demoralized condition. It was dangerous to go near the old chief's tent, until nearly six o'clock, when the tooth, becoming noisy again, brought the Sioux chieftain to terms. The dentist was sent for a second time, and came swearing in full cowboy style. This time the operation was successful, and a great three-pronged grinder in the pincers told of muscle not vainly excited.

"Yow! Me big chief!" said the old fellow, as he looked at the tusk and spat the gore from his toothless gums.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

In chasing an annoying dog the other day, a Portland man ran against a clothes line which widened his mouth and extracted two teeth without pay, and he didn't catch the dog either.

A PAINFUL FROLIC.

Among the choice spirits of Charles II.'s days, it was the custom, when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her greater honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be. One of the guests at a tavern dinner, perceiving that Sir Charles Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast, committed his cravat to the flames, as a burnt offering to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles and the rest of the party were obliged to do the same.

The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one

some other time. He watched, therefore, his opportunity when the party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which long had plagued him. The rules of good fellowship, as then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they very naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions and entreaties, he saw them, one after another, put themselves into the hands of the operator, and whilst writhing with pain, added to their torment by exclaiming:—

“Patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised that I should have my frolic, too.”

IN THE LIARS' CLUB.

First Dentist—The fact is, I've got gentleness down to such a fine point that all my patients go to sleep while I'm pulling their teeth.

Second Dentist—That's nothing! Mine are beginning to have their photographs taken while I operate, because they always have such pleasant expressions on their faces.—*Puck*.

A FATHER'S EXPEDIENT.

Somewhere in the town of Unadilla, the other day, an affectionate father, wishing to remove from his little daughter an unwelcome tooth without pain, tried the following: Tying one end of a string firmly round the tooth, and the other end to the door-latch, he instructed her to press gently back and he would light a match, touch it to the string, and when it parted, out would drop the tooth. So the innocent did as she was bidden, the match was lighted, cautiously applied to the string and then to her nose. Of course she jumped back, and out came the tooth before the string burned off.

—*Howell Republican*.

A little girl in Galion, Ohio, is likely to make her way in life by her ingenuity alone. She tied a string to her little brother's tooth, tied the other end of the string to the stove leg, and then touched a red-hot coal to the little victim's nose. The tooth came out.

THE SULTAN AND HIS TOOTH.

There is no doubt whatever that the Sultan earnestly exerted himself to prevent war, but, finding himself obliged to choose between revolution, with probable loss of power, and measures which were sure to make Russia declare war, he chose the latter reluctantly and with serious forebodings. The character of this man may be estimated from the following incident: He suffers from a decayed tooth, and, having been advised to consult a dentist, summoned one. The dentist advised the extraction of the tooth, and, at the request of the Sultan, explained the *modus operandi*. The Sultan summoned a slave and directed the dentist to show him how it was done. The slave lost his tooth, but the Sultan was unnerved by the sight of blood and deferred the operation on himself. It is stated on the best authority that the dentist has already been summoned eight times and that eight slaves have lost one or more teeth each, but that the Sultan still suffers from toothache. This incident might well serve as a parable to illustrate the way in which Western Europe has dealt with the rotten fabric known as the Ottoman Empire.—*Nation*.

WILDER'S LATEST.

There was a number of actors and men about town chatting in an uptown cafe the other evening when the merry Marshall made his appearance. His friends were dumb-founded, for the little man for once was not laughing. His face was as solemn as "the mass of reverend blackness" which one of our morning newspapers has had several occasions to describe.

"What's the matter, Marsh?" cried his friends in unison.

"You won't see as much of me as heretofore," responded Wilder, sadly.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm not going any place in particular."

"Then what do you mean by saying we will not see as much of you as we used to?"

"Oh," responded Marshall, and the old-time familiar smile reappeared, "I have just had a front tooth drawn."

—*New York Continent*.

A citizen of Moncton, N. B., called a doctor to extract two teeth for his daughter. The doctor requested the man to look after his horse while the operation was being performed. He charged 50 cents (half price) for his services, whereat the citizen turned pale, but quickly recovering himself, put in a counter claim of 25 cents for holding the horse. His time was valuable, he said, and he thought he was worth half as much as a doctor. The account was settled as he desired.

Yesterday morning there were rumors of another circus in town. "Calliope! Calliope!" shouted the boys, and came trooping down the streets, following up the noise, until at last they stood in front of a dentist's office, and gazed upon each other in crestfallen silence, while a woman's voice streaked the pale air with falsetto notes. Then the lads spake sadly and disgustedly one to another, "Pullin' a tooth," and the congregation dismissed.—*Hawk-Eye*.

SHE FELT BETTER.

The Angelic Boy Who Pulled a Tooth With a String.

She was a woman apparently 50 years old, plainly dressed, and she sat in a doorway on Monroe avenue with tears in her eyes and a mad look on her face. By and by a boy who was hanging around there asked if she was crying because she had lost her husband.

"Naw! If it was only that I should be a happy woman," she replied.

"Have yer broke yer leg, or lost money in a busted bank, or come to town for a divorce?" he continued.

"Naw! The trouble is that I have got an old tooth here which has been trying to jump out of my head for a week. I've been here three times to have it out, but I dasn't go up stairs to the dentist."

"I kin imagine your feelin's, ma'am. I've bin right there myself. Let's see the tooth."

She opened her mouth very wide, and he peeked and peered and finally placed his dirty finger on the identical tooth.

"Is it a stiddy ache, ma'am?"

"Yes, purty stiddy."

"Kinder loose, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"You don't want the dentist to pick up a bowie knife and jam the gum around the gum root—grab for a chisel and pare away at a prong—clap on his old pinchers and jerk the top of your head over the root? Madam, are my surmises correct?"

"Mercy! But talk that way! I'm all in a chill!" she gasped.

"Say," he whispered, as he pulled a cord from his pocket and made a slip noose, "lemme try it. I'll pull as soft as 'lasses, and if it hurts, you can catch hold of the string."

It took five minutes to coax her into it, but at last the noose was slipped over and drawn tight. She was on the fourth stair; he on the second.

"Now open your mouth as big as a bucket, shet your eyes and think of sweetcake," he said, as all was ready.

She obeyed. Next moment he jumped backwards off the

stairs—there was a yell—a gasp—a whoop, and he held the tooth up and cried out:

“Here she is—behold the remains!”

She rose up, spat out the blood, cried a little, and then suddenly rushed for the boy and pinned him fast to the wall and kissed him forty-seven times on the chin, twenty-four times on the point of the nose, and eighteen times on the right ear. Then she forced a half-dollar into his paw, grabbed the string and the tooth and skipped out the doorway with the joyful exclamation:

“O! you dear, good, angelic boy! I haven’t been so happy for twenty-seven long years!”—*Detroit Free Press*.

Clerk—I understand, doctor, that two dentists in your neighborhood have arranged a match in their art?

Doctor—Yes, I have heard so.

Clerk—What do you think the result will be?

Doctor—A draw.—*Portland Advertiser*.

A very horrible phase of trade in the images of God was that which was developed during the Napoleonic wars. It was long before the invention of false teeth was perfected, and wealthy people who had lost the first armament which nature had given them were willing to pay immense sums for sets made up of molars and incisors from the gums of all sorts of persons and from all quarters of the globe. Agents were sent from the chief cities of Great Britain to the continent to follow the armies, and after every battle to thoroughly scour the fields and reap a harvest of teeth. They carried with them instruments made specially for the purpose of extracting them, and the dead and wounded alike were outraged by them. With this occupation they linked others of a less fiendish character, first having taken the care to protect themselves by being licensed as sutlers. They truly were deserving to be called vampires, since they must have caused the death of many a poor wretch whose legitimate wounds were not necessarily fatal. Doubtless they were sometimes resisted by soldiers, who possessed greater strength than they had counted upon, and thus were compelled to choose an alternative between exposure and their own punishment and the murder of their victim.

STRONG MAN’S TEETH.

They Came Out and He Howled With Pain.

Columbus, O., Dec. 19.

A strong young man, who was on the bills at the Columbus Museum last night as the “Sandow of the Pacific Slope,”

offered to hold a rope in his teeth against any two men in the audience. Two lusty furnace men volunteered to test him and at the first tug the front teeth of the strong man gave way and a number of them were drawn out. He retired from the stage howling with pain.

A New York preacher went to a prize fight not long ago, so as to be able to tell his congregation about it. The same man would probably hate to have a tooth pulled in order to be able to describe the sensation.

A young soubrette rushed to her dentist the other day in agony. One of her wisdom teeth was ulcerated. The dentist, who, by the way, had supplied her with the most dazzling of her front teeth, told her that there was nothing for it but to pull the tooth. "Very well, doctor," remarked the actress, with a sigh, as she removed the plate: "I suppose I'd better take out my orchestra chairs so that you can get at my back rows."

Patient—Who's that in the next room, doctor, making such a fearful how-da-da?

Dentist—That's General Samson, the hero of forty battles, having a little tooth pulled.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A dentist now occupies the house where Balzac was born, and an enthusiastic admirer of the great French author—an Englishman—recently had two sound teeth drawn in the room where Balzac uttered his first cry, as a souvenir of his visit.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is a liberal patron. He not very long since gave a dentist 8,000 government rupees (about \$4,000) for extracting two of his teeth.

Alexander of old wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; but the present Alexander lays away his forceps and goes in for the mayoralty on Bob. Schilling's ticket.

Any one who has ever heard a woman talk about a tooth she has just had pulled, while she displays the interesting souvenir to her friends, will be willing to admit that men are not the only or the best stump orators in the world.

—*Albany Journal*.

A little girl in Connecticut was taken by her mother to a dentist, who removed a tooth. That night at prayers she said: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

Dr. ——— of ——— recently performed the operation of removing the entire collar bone. Dr. Tushmaker once drew out the entire skeleton of an old lady while he was trying to pull a tooth.

The only anesthetic administered by the Chinese dentists is a large gong which is beaten, when teeth are drawn, to drown the shriek of the victim.

Every hour that a man delays having an aching tooth drawn it will appear to him as if his wife's temper were getting more and more unendurable.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

His Majesty Tewfik is respectfully advised by the New York *Commercial* to go to a dentist and get his name extracted.

In Chicago they are extracting teeth for nothing. This will be cheering news to tramps.

A Brooklyn girl has just broken off her engagement with a young man because he stood by and saw a dentist jerk a piece of her jaw out, without betraying any emotion.

A Brooklyn dentist advertises: "A sure thing the first haul; or, if not, the weather strips are so arranged that no sounds can escape."—*Argus*.

The remembrance ov trubbles past and gone iz pleasant; we look upon an aking tooth pulled out with more benevolence than we do on the soundest one left.

This is from the Walla Walla *Union*: We know a young man in this county who writes "Dr." before his name and "M. D." after it, who, having, to his own satisfaction, mas-

tered the science of medicine and surgery, has concluded to turn his attention to practical dentistry. In order to enable him to pull teeth without pain he procured the head of a sheep that had lately been slaughtered and repaired to the brush along the bank of a creek. When thus secluded, as he supposed, from prying eyes, he produced his forceps, gently smoothed the sheep's face with his hand, probably to inspire the patient with confidence, then opened its mouth, laid firmly hold of a molar with his "toothhooks" and gave a surge that brought out the tooth. He then stepped back, wiped his forceps on the seat of his pants, and said in the most soothing tones: "Madam, did it hurt you?" A man who was fishing in the creek, not twenty feet away, didn't hear what the sheep said.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

His hand lay on her hair,
Her face so fair,
Upturned to his,
 Bespoke the truth;
And he, with subtle care,
Her thought did share.
A shriek—a whizz!
 He had the tooth.

—*New York World.*

A Charleston dentist announced: "Teeth egstracted without pane or the yuse of gas at reasonable prices," and a friend said: "Dave, you ought to have that sign spelled correctly. Folks wouldn't trust themselves in the hands of a man so ignorant of spelling." Said the tooth blacksmith: "Look here! You needn't think I don't know how to spell. I had that sign done that way so the yahoos round here would know what it meant."

A dentist in Munich (Dr. Weil) relieves people of the pain of having their teeth pulled by extracting the decayed tooth while the patients are under the influence of anesthetics and filling it while out. He keeps the tooth out of the socket for an hour or two if necessary, but finds that it becomes firmly fixed on being replaced. He finds the method applicable both to bicuspid and molars.

Conscientious head of family (*an old lady giving the paper to English census enumerator*).—"Here is the paper, Mr. Accumulator, but I want particular to say something for the information of her Majesty, bless her heart, likewise her family. Which you see it says 'slept or abode'—and I wouldn't deceive her Majesty and her government on no account, and the fact is, that I didn't sleep a wink all the blessed night by reason of a tooth, which I hope you'll explain to the Queen, and say I couldn't have it took out on Saturday, as my dentist is of the Jewish persuasion, which I don't blame him for, quite the reverse, but I am going to him to-day to have it extricated, and so please to say that I only 'abided,' " etc., etc., etc.

"Can you draw a landscape?" asked an enthusiastic tourist of a stranger whom he met in the White Mountains. "No," replied the other man, who happened to be a dentist, "but I can draw a tooth."

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr.——, as old Jeremiah R. was passing by, growling most furiously.

"Matter!" said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye suppose I got for it?"

"Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr.——

"Ten cents! She told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

An engine-driver on an express train in France, a stop of ten minutes being made at a station, pulled out an old peasant woman's tooth and took pay in brandy, becoming so drunk that he fought with his stoker all the way to the next station, and was there filling the furnace with coal and preparing to elope with the train when he was overpowered. The *Patriote de l'Ouest*, which relates the story, adds that "when the passengers ascertained what a narrow escape they had there was a general feeling of emotion."

While engaged in splitting wood, Jones struck a foul blow, the stick flew up and knocked out a front tooth. Ah! said Bill, I see you have had a dental operation performed. Yes, replied Jones, axe-idental.



"TO BLOW OUT A TOOTH."

A West Side man has invented what he calls a painless tooth extractor. It consists of a small blunderbuss to the ball of which a strong string is attached, the other end being secured to the tooth that is required to be drawn. When the blunderbuss is fired the tooth and ball pass away instantaneously without causing pain. The owner says he has extracted a whole set of teeth at one shot without causing the slightest pain to the patient. Though it was afterwards discovered that he had coupled to a false tooth instead of the one that was requiring to be extracted. If it is desired to save the tooth the ball may be fired into the mouth, thus securing tooth and ball. This process, however, is said to mar the roof of the mouth and is hence somewhat objectionable. Such a masterly invention needs no recommendation.

A Minneapolis dentist read a paper recently on the "Relation of Dentistry to Art." When a sufferer gets a good active dentist hitched into a refractory tooth and is lifted out of his chair and switched around till his feet brush the flies off the ceiling and his legs are cracked like the lash of a whip, he begins to doubt the relation of dentistry to fine arts.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A Boston eight-year old, who accompanied an elder brother to have a tooth extracted, at the tea-table that evening, to the horror of his maiden aunt, drew upon his descriptive powers to celebrate the event. A younger sister asked if "the dentist gave Bertie anything when he pulled his tooth." "Yes," said Willie. "What?" "A cuspidor!"

John B. Gough said: There was a little girl nine years old who loved Jesus. One day a wagon hit her and injured her hip, and she was confined in bed for months; she had toothache and the doctor said he must remove three teeth so as to cure her. When one was removed she cried! "Oh! mamma, I can't have another pulled, it hurts me so." The doctor did not wish to give her chloroform, and so her mother prayed with her, and then she said: "Mamma, you and doctor please go out of the room." They did so. When they returned she said: "Now I am ready," then the doctor extracted the other teeth, and she did not cry. Afterward she told her mamma that she wanted to be alone with Jesus and ask him to help her, and then she hardly felt it at all.

Mohammedans were formerly forbidden to have a tooth extracted without permission from the emperor.

In the lottery of life the dentist is a lucky fellow; he's always drawing something.

The dentist pulled out my tooth with a wrench.

He pulled my teeth as fast as I could fork potatoes out of a hill.

I——— K———

In Venice a man has to get into a gondola to go and have a tooth pulled, and pays twenty cents an hour for the boat: but the gondolier is expected to "hump himself."

Because the dentist yanks, is he necessarily a Yankee? No, the dentist is the Yanker; it's the miserable wretch in the chair who is the Yank-ee.

When a tooth begins to feel as if a chicken was scratching at its root, it is time to pullet.

Dental Lottery—Tooth-drawing.

An instrument for the extraction of teeth was originally called "dentarpaga."

The difference between having a tooth drawn by a professional dentist, and having it knocked out by a fall upon the pavement—one is dental, and the other is accidental.

Celsus said: "The best way to extract a tooth, was, to shake it well in the jaw, and then remove it."

The doctor pulled the root of my complaint.

If I get my tooth pulled I'm afraid I'll lose my nervous, and never get it back again.

I stepped into the dentist's—there was an awful silence—a moment of intense fear—a slight struggle—an agony—a cry from the heart's core—my tooth was out.—*Burns.*

King John of England set on foot a way of oppressing and torturing the unhappy Jews, and invented a new punishment for a wealthy Jew in Bristol; until such time as he should produce a certain large sum of money, the king sentenced him to be imprisoned, and every day to have one tooth violently wrenched out of his jaw, beginning with the double teeth; for seven days the oppressed man bore the daily pain and lost the daily tooth, but on the eighth he paid the money.

A little boy had two aching teeth, and said "he guessed he'd have both of them out, because they were twins."

A French writer mentions a case of consumption which was cured by the extraction of diseased teeth; also one of epilepsy and rheumatism produced by decayed teeth.

Decay of the teeth is one of the effects of malnutrition.

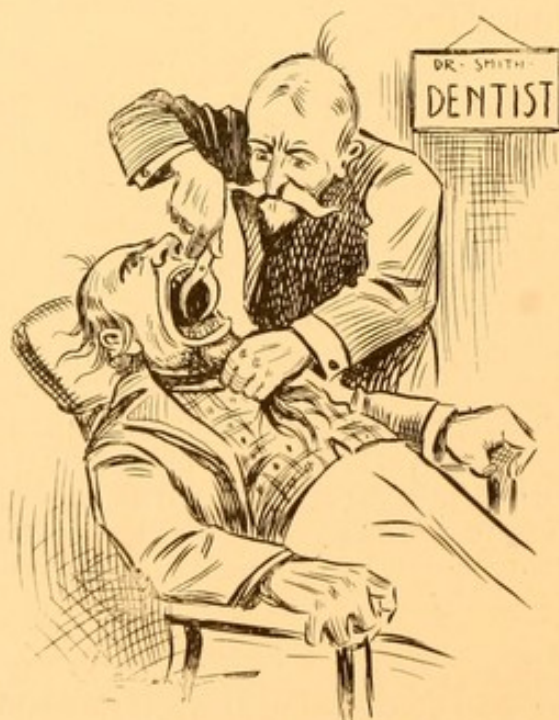
Break, break, break,
When the forceps close, O tooth!
And I would that my tongue could utter
All that I feel as truth.

Oh, well for the courageous boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the brave young lad
Whistling to keep up his nerve on the way.

Then the plucky dentist goes down
For the snags under the gums;
But oh, for the touch of a milder hand;
Open, you are biting my thumbs.

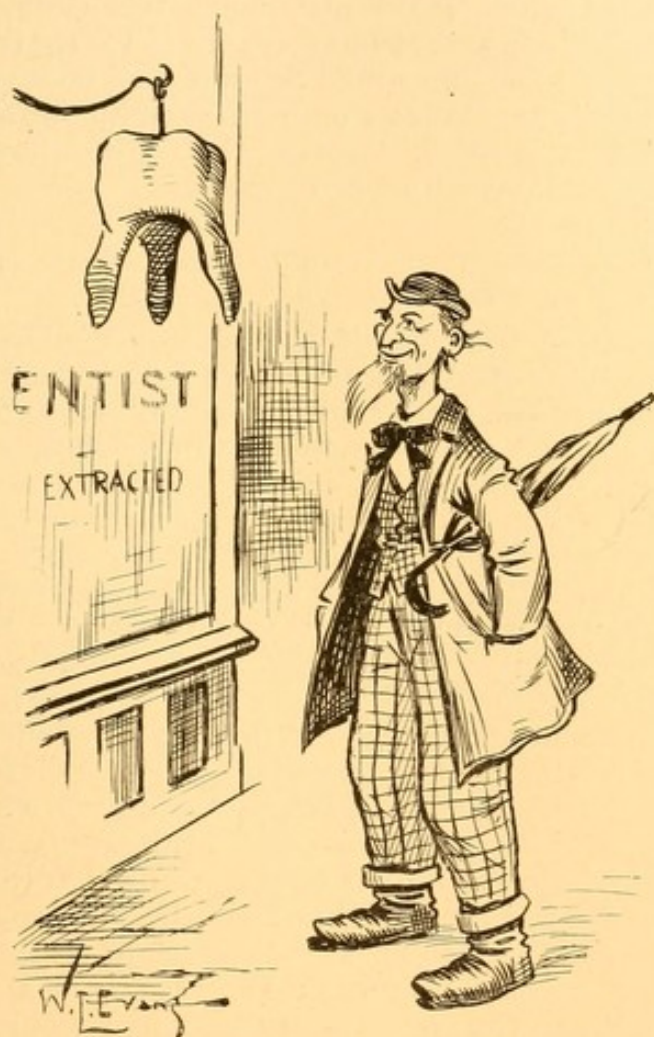
Break, break, break,
Process and dentin around, O tooth!
But the work the forceps have done
Will never come back forsooth.

H. L. A.



"DOWN IN THE MOUTH."

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.



LOST HIS TEETH.

He was riding along Washington boulevard with the nonchalant air of a beginner. He was spinning off the blocks as if he were training for a road race, his back humped up, and his face wearing the expression of one who believes that the whole block is admiring his style and speed. Suddenly he landed on the asphalt paving with a force that must have jarred loose the joints of his vertebra. When he stopped sliding he looked up with the air of a dejected lover and then clambered laboriously to his feet. The whole knee was scraped from his new trousers, for which he had a few days previously

paid the tailor \$9, and a slice of skin the size of a dollar torn from the palm of his hand. A sympathizer stepped up and asked if he might be of any assistance. It was politely declined, with the explanation that the rider was not badly hurt. The good Samaritan stepped back to the sidewalk and watched the scorcher get in shape for another trial. The beginner looked embarrassed and askance at the spectator. Then he stood his wheel up to the curb, walked back, picked up something from the pavement, placed it in his mouth stealthily, returned to his wheel, mounted, and rode away, thankful that nothing was "busted," so as to detain him. It was his false teeth he had dropped on the pavement as he bent over the handle bars, and his fall was occasioned by the fear that he would run over and break them.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

An exchange informs us that the old philopena trick has been revived again in Alabama, where "the young lady takes a double almond in her teeth and the young man bites it off." That sort of thing used to be popular in Doylestown; but it is hardly ever tried any more since the painful accident which occurred at a philopena party last winter. The lady who held the almond in her teeth was somewhat advanced in years and not a little dilapidated. The almond was uncommonly tough, and the man who nibbled at it was in deadly earnest. He closed his teeth upon it and pulled. It would not give. He pulled harder, but made no impression. He then clinched his jaws upon it and gave a most desperate wrench. It is unpleasant to relate what followed; but, as truth crushed to earth will certainly rise again anyhow, whether we try to keep her down or not, we may be pardoned for saying that as a consequence of the violent efforts of the young man he found himself standing up in that room holding in his mouth a nut in which were fixed a double set of porcelain teeth belonging to the aforesaid maiden. It was embarrassing in a certain sense for all parties, and the young man thought it would be soothing to the feelings of the company if he went home. Other and less perilous games are in vogue at Doylestown this year.

—*Max Adler*.

AN HONEST PRISONER.

Gives Valuable Information in Payment for False Teeth.

A well known firm of bankers have just made a profitable investment. Some time ago a man who had defrauded them of a large sum of money was taken into custody, convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

As may be imagined, the prison fare did not agree with a

man who had by means of fraud lived on the fat of the land. The change affected him in many ways, but he complained more particularly of the effect the food had upon his teeth. They were not numerous or in good condition when he was sentenced, and as they rapidly became worse he applied to the governor of the prison for a new set.

He was told that the state did not supply prisoners with artificial teeth, and at the first opportunity he wrote to the banking firm in question offering, if they would send him a new set, to give them some valuable information.

Thereupon the bankers, thinking the offer might be a genuine one, sent the governor of the prison a check for \$25, and asked him to provide the convict with a set of artificial teeth.

In due course the convict kept his promise, and sent the bankers certain information, by means of which they were enabled to recover no less than \$7500 of which they had been defrauded. They naturally regarded this as the best investment they had ever made, but it proved even better than anticipated, for they have just received from the prison authorities a remittance for \$5, the teeth having cost only \$20.

This amusing little story comes from Gallipolis. In that nice little city on the Ohio lives a dusky damsel whose mouth is abnormally large. It is the custom of the maiden to sleep with a horseshoe under her pillow, imagining that it brings her luck. The other night she went to bed, with the horseshoe in its accustomed place. Before she went to sleep she removed her false teeth and placed them beside the shoe. The next morning she put the horseshoe in her mouth and did not discover the mistake for two days.—West Union (O.) *Scion*.

A lady in Harlem recently gave a candy-pulling, and the only persons invited were those who had false teeth. There were twenty-two guests in all, and after the affair was over, seventeen sets of false teeth were left behind the parlor furniture. The lady now has seventeen enemies who are mad enough to murder her.

A woman convicted of intoxication in police court Monday afternoon wanted Judge Logue to let her off and as security offered her false teeth. Said they were worth \$5 of any man's money. Judge said he could not realize on them and did not take her offer.

HE LOST HIS TEETH.

But Later Remembered Where He Had Left Them.

The country churchyard quiet that hung around Central police station like a Kansas cyclone, Friday afternoon, was broken by a bleary-eyed, long-haired, dirt-covered man who rushed up to Desk Officer O'Donnell and without the usual formalities, said:

"I've lost my teeth."

"Good by, call again," said O'Donnell.

"Good by," repeated two or three reporters.

"I didn't say good by," said the man.

"Good by," shouted the crowd, in chorus.

"I said I lost my teeth," continued the man. "Have you got them?"

"Not on your life," replied O'Donnell. "Not in my mouth, at any rate."

"Did you find them?" asked the man.

There was a short silence, and the stranger broke it with, "It's a serious matter when a man loses his teeth, gentlemen."

"If you'd washed them they would have been preserved," said a reporter.

"I didn't lose them in that way. I dropped them out of my mouth in a cell the last time I was arrested. My name is Lewis Simmons and I was sent to the workhouse last January. I've had to 'gum' it since then."

"You never had any teeth," interrupted Turnkey Hildebrand.

"I did," persisted the stranger. He hesitated for a moment, then his face brightened for an instant and he left. When he reached the door he stopped and said, "I know now where they are. I pawned them last night."

SET OF FALSE TEETH.

They Are the Principal Evidence in a Columbus Divorce Suit.

Columbus, Feb. 18.

A set of false teeth were the principal witnesses in a divorce suit here to-day. George Whitney sued his wife, Odelia, for absolute divorce, alleging that she had fallen from grace. She denied the accusation, but a set of teeth, which she had lost when out on a nocturnal expedition with other men, were produced in evidence and she had to give in.

It was proved that on the occasion referred to she got so drunk that her teeth fell out and they were returned to her by the keeper of the resort in which she was at the time. A divorce was granted.

A Saratoga belle is thus partially described by John G. Saxe:

"Hark to the music of her borrowed tone:
Observe the blush that purchase makes her own;
See the sweet smile that sheds its beaming rays,
False as the bosom where her diamonds blaze."

Good enough, what there is of it, but he might have continued the inventory—thus:

Anon the changes of the walk reveal
The patent instep and the patent heel;
The patent panier rounds the form divine,
Its patent arch supports a patent spine,
Lends matchless symmetry, and stylish gait,
And bears the label "Patent—'68."
Behold the plaintive glance of languid eyes;
The penciled lashes flutter as she sighs
And lifts her crayon eyebrows in surprise.
She shakes her head—four pecks of vagrant hair
Fly like a hop-yard in the August air;
And twenty grim ghosts whisper her aside,
"Dear sylph! we wore that wig before we died."
To whom respondeth unabashed the beauty
"Git out, you spooks! I guess I know my jutey!"
The garish gas her patent charms revealing,
Her bosom heaves with cotton-batting feeling;
Her false teeth gnash with gutta-percha ire;
Her false eyes flash with fabricated fire,
She drops her patent chignon in a chair
Then jumps to pick it up——
But I forbear.

The wildest excitement prevailed when the principals stepped into the ring, each stripped to the decollete boundary line, and they glared at each other like savage beasts that had not been fed for three weeks. When Lulu Tinkey, the referee, called time, Sal immediately sprang to the center of the ring and sparred for wind, while Priscilla loitered in her own corner and fiddled for an opening.

This brought forth great cheering from the friends of the contestants, and Bertie Dickleham, Sal's husband, who occupied a box, became as pale as death.

The second round began briskly, with Sal still sparring for wind. But Priscilla finally saw an opening and rushed. A mix-up followed, and when the bell rang, the ring was full of hair, while it was noticed that Sal had a bad scratch on her left cheek.

The third was full of excitement and harsh language.

Sal's husband yelled: "Kill the huzzy!" "Scratch her eyes out!" "Spar for more wind!" "Look out, Sal, she's goin' to jab you with a hairpin!" After a clinch, in which Pris stuck her elbow into Sal several times, the latter took out her false teeth, tossed them to her husband, and then returned to the struggle with renewed energy.

A newly-rich Cleveland woman, with dazzling teeth, recently walked into a down-town engraver's and said she wanted him to print some calling cards for her.

"Yes'm," said the obliging engraver; "have you a plate?"

The lady looked astonished. Then she looked indignant. A tinge of red came into her cheek.

"What's that?" she sharply asked.

"I inquired if you have a plate," replied the engraver.

"Well," she said, with calmness, "I have a plate; but I didn't suppose it was any of your business. Look here."

And then she opened her capacious mouth wide enough for him to plainly see it.

An Oakland belle won a husband through a false tooth and now all of her envious rivals are ordering complete sets.

Our Maker must be amused at our attempts to imitate nature in the way of making or setting artificial teeth.

A terrible tale of woman's frailty and an injured husband's revenge comes from Arkansas. A woman eloped from her home about two weeks ago. Her husband discovered her flight on returning from his work in the evening, and at once took his rifle, mounted his horse, and started in pursuit. He rode without food, and almost without rest, for nearly two days, when he overtook the fugitives. The betrayer of his family fired at him, but missed. The avenger in a moment knocked him from his saddle, disdaining to kill the seducer, but reserving him for a more terrible punishment, and seizing his wife with an iron grasp, despite her prayers for mercy, gave her her false teeth, which she had left behind. His work of vengeance done, the husband rode leisurely away. He has not yet been captured.

A brawling spinster and a maternal shrew had a serious quarrel Tuesday in Council Bluffs over a set of false teeth which each claimed.

At the explosion of the Ocean Wave, the women had more presence of mind than the men, and the Southern papers boast of one self-possessed matron who, amid all the confusion and the horrible scenes by which she was surrounded, made her way to her state-room, and came out in triumph with her false teeth and chignon.

The *World* says that the rebellion was crushed six years ago, "and yet, thanks to the radical legislation, our country is not yet at peace." Before the editor of the *World* had his store teeth put in he always blamed the dentist instead of the teeth when he had the toothache.

A Boston widow wears with becoming pride a massive gold ring made from the plate of her deceased husband's teeth.

Teacher—Which teeth does man get last?
John Knowitall—The false ones, of course.

—*Texas Siftings.*

"Deception never pays," said the moralizer.

"Oh, doesn't it?" said the demoralizer. "I know a man who made \$25,000 out of false teeth last year."—*Truth.*

Once upon a time there was a young lady who had three pretty new teeth in her mouth. She bought them of a dentist, and they were fastened to a beautiful, patent vulcanized rubber plate. This young lady could eat almost anything with her new teeth, and she felt very proud of them; they were so useful, and looked so well when she smiled. One day she was eating dinner, just as fast as she could, and she got choked with a piece of bone. Then she ran into the woodshed and coughed until the tears came into her eyes, and her father came out and pounded her shoulders, and her mother made her drink a pint of water, and finally she got better; but, alas, her new teeth were gone. So herself, and her father, and her mother, and her two sisters, and her big brother, and the servant girl, and the neighbor's little boy, looked all over that woodshed for those teeth, but they could not find them. Then the young lady was scared, and she said to her mother: "I felt something hard in my throat when I drank that water, and

I have swallowed my teeth and I shall die—I know I shall die—and what shall I do?"

That scared the mother, and she put the young lady in bed and sent for the doctor. Well, the teeth made her very sick. You know how thin people get sometimes from the gnawings of remorse, and of course, the gnawings of three patent porcelain teeth would be much worse. The doctor could do nothing, and the young lady kept getting worse and worse, until the doctor said she could not live more than twenty-four hours. That very day the neighbor's little boy found the three lost teeth in the back yard, where they had been thrown while the young lady was coughing. He took them in and showed them to the young lady, who said she felt a good deal better, and got up and dressed. She is well now; but she always takes out her teeth before eating dinner.—*Utica Herald*.

Little Ada—"I wish I'd got teeth like yours, Aunt Lizzie; it would be so nice to take 'em out and play with."

Young ladies in San Francisco go skating, fall down, and lose their false teeth.

A lady said she had a set of artificial teeth with which she could bite off the edge of an ax.

When it was remarked to a public speaker: "Your voice must be tired," the reply was: "Oh no, it's my false teeth."

George Washington said: "That dental infirmity compels my caring for this necessary item (pickled tripe) in our domestic commissariat."

"Beautiful gates ajar" is such a pretty tune that we know a widow lady who had jarred her false teeth out, jarred her waterfall off and jarred the patience out of a whole neighborhood in trying to conquer some of the higher notes.

Washington's false teeth are to be exhibited at the Centennial, in contrast with the finest dental work of New York.

The wonder is, they say, that any man ever held them in his mouth five minutes. The teeth are bits of bone, scarcely trying to look like teeth, attached to gold plate, with strips riveted across to strengthen the teeth in place, while coiled wire at the end of the jaw make a spring, and assists in opening and closing the machine.

What next? A gentleman reports having lost a set of false teeth out of his mouth on Lake street, Friday night. He claims to have coughed them out, and could not find them in the dark. We feel bound to believe him, although accidents of this kind have been known to happen in other ways. If the teeth should not happen to fit the finder, he will be rewarded by leaving them at this office. We withhold the name of the owner, by request, as he is a widower.

"There goes my vacation!" exclaimed a Norwich working woman the other day, but no one saw it go or could comprehend the meaning of the remark until she took her plate of false teeth from her mouth in two pieces. With working people vacations hold by a very slender thread.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

Deeds of charity are everywhere in England marking the celebration of the diamond jubilee. One original man has announced his intention of celebrating the happy occasion by presenting sixty pairs of artificial teeth to as many old women who are too poor to procure for themselves these comfortable aids to digestion.

A man said he was going to be married as soon as he could get a new set of teeth, for the ones he had fell down every time he kissed his girl.

Occasionally persons who have lost all their natural teeth, and are wearing artificial substitutes, complain of their teeth being "set on edge."

Some artificial teeth look like so many ghosts of the departed, whose places they so poorly fill.

"I believe Miss Lofty wears artificial teeth." "No, I guess not, for I saw her have some false ones."

At a recent card party at the house of a popular London dentist, the counters used were false teeth. At first the ladies present seemed very sensitive about touching the little white heaps, but, as the evening wore on, the more false teeth each fair dame possessed, the happier she seemed.

A lady at our national capital learns "from the best authority" that Washington, father of his country, wore false teeth, and the compression of the lips, represented in his portraits, is the result of an effort to keep them in place.

A woman told her dentist to make her a set of teeth that would bite a man's finger off the first time. Her husband heard of it, and now walks the house with horror-stricken countenance, and hands in his pockets.

A set of false teeth was found on the floor at a ball. The loss occurred soon after the formation of a new set.

The trouble with a buzz-saw is that it never has false teeth.

Who made your teeth? is always the query when two Buffalo ladies meet.

A Cleveland beau lent his false teeth to his best girl to crack hickory nuts with.

Would a lady vocalist have a false set O if she wore artificial teeth?

Falsehood abides permanently in their mouth like artificial teeth.

Some writers spew out rhymes as false as their teeth.

A mineral benediction—The smile of artificial teeth.

An old beau is putting the finishing touches on his evening toilet. "Francois, give me my new teeth." "But, Monsieur, the day set are good enough." "Stupid, they are only good to smile with." "They'll do for a ball." "Don't you know, stupid, there is a supper afterward?"

A Philadelphia dentist makes you a set of store teeth and lets you take them home on ten days' trial. It's an ungrateful customer that will go back on his own teeth. How mean that would be. "How childer than a serpent's sharp it is to have a teethless thank."

A Brooklyn girl recently cut her third set of teeth. She cut them because they didn't fit.

Too many people have the idea that once their teeth are all out and they have artificial teeth instead, they have reached the era of dental bliss. Dentists know something of the experience of those who have to wear artificial teeth, and therefore advise keeping the natural teeth as long as possible.

A patient came in with a bitter complaint, saying: "Mrs. Jones' plate has a wind sucker in it, and mine hain't.

Another patient wanted an "expression" taken so she could have a set of new teeth made.

A lady upon Superior street yesterday permitted her dignity to condescend so far as to sneeze, or rather the sneeze came unannounced. Something fell from her mouth as the spasm occurred, but she made a quick movement and caught it on the fly, and a minute later was smiling and showing her pearly teeth as if nothing had happened. No cards.

One of the latest novelties in confectionery are sets of false teeth, made of white and pink sugar.

An "elegant gold-mounted set of false teeth" the prize in a raffle at a ladies' fair in Toledo.



Bobby has been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information, that his father has got a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, Bobby," replied the minister, indulgently; "and what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," answered Bobby, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

Probably the most accommodating railroad in this country is the narrow gauge running from Tunkhannock to Montrose, Pa. It has been late a good deal recently, and finally a Lehigh Valley conductor, who had to wait for it, asked a passenger the reason. "Well," he said, "I don't know what usually makes it late, but I can tell what detained us to-night. One of our passengers, while looking out of the car window with his mouth open, lost his set of gold mounted false teeth. The conductor, on being informed of the loss, stopped the train and backed up to the point of the accident, when all hands hunted with lanterns for the teeth until found."

Many people expect the investment of a few dollars in a set of artificial teeth, to settle that question for a lifetime, while the fact is that most mouths change enough by the shrinkage of the gums, about every ten years, so that artificial teeth get loose and ought to be replaced by a new set.

STRANGLED BY HIS FALSE TEETH.

F. R. Schultz of 169 Ewen street, Brooklyn, was strangled to death in the surf at Rockaway Beach yesterday by swallowing his false teeth. He hired a bathing suit from Wainwright & Smith and plunged into the surf. When about fifty feet from the shore he was seen to throw up his hands. The water was not above his shoulders, yet he struggled violently, and finally fell downward into the surf. Life Savers Albert Cameron and Richard Ahlert dragged him ashore. He was apparently strangling. Thrusting his fingers down the dying man's throat, Life Saver Ahlert pulled out an upper set of false teeth attached to an ordinary plate. When two doctors arrived Schultz was dead. They said his death was caused by strangulation.

The German War Office has determined to furnish artificial teeth gratis to such soldiers as may need them.

My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of false teeth without her getting measured for them. Her twenty-five dollar set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to
Your friend and pard,

WHASH SHISH ISH SHWIRE.

There was an alarm of fire the other night, and Mr. Tolimglower of Union street, being awakened by the noise of bells, sprang hastily from his bed and thrust his head out of the window. A man was rushing by, and Mr. Tolimglower hailed him "Whash ish shish shwire?" The man stopped in his mad speed, and yelled, "What?" "Whash ish shish shwire?" repeated Mr. Tolimglower, craning his head still further out of

the window, and scanning the darkened heavens anxiously. "I don't know what you're talking about," shouted the man, beginning to get his legs ready for another run. "Ish shez whash ish is shwire—cars shuttershahs!" yelled Mr. Tolimglower, in a rage. "Oh, go swaller yourself!" muttered the man, darting off with an exclamatory "Fire!" And just as Mr. Tolimglower was going to shriek after him a wrathful malediction, his wife touched him on the shoulder and handed him his false teeth, which he had forgotten in his excitement to put on. And when Mr. Tolimglower had donned that most essential portion of his wardrobe, he was enabled to shout to a passing boy, in a perfectly intelligible manner, "Where is the fire?"—*Rockland Courier*.

The Count Joannes sues the Brooklyn *Eagle* for \$20,000 for saying that his teeth were false. The *Eagle* must have been aware of the falsehood when it uttered it. How can a man lead a leonine life with false teeth?

"I say, Mary, is them teeth like your'n?"

The question was asked by one old farmer who stood by the false tooth case of the patent office with his carpet bag in one hand and his other one clasping the lapel of his coat in order to support his wrinkled faced wife who was upon his arm. There were hundreds of sets of false teeth lying before them, mounted in all shapes and forms. Some of them were of porcelain, others had the dull white of ivory, and not a few looked like the teeth of animals remodeled. They grinned almost ghastly as the ruralist and his wife looked at them.

WASHINGTON'S SET OF IVORY TEETH.

A Washington correspondent writes that the false teeth that are responsible for the peculiar expression seen in portraits of George Washington, are in the Baltimore College of Dentistry. The lower plate is carved out of one piece of ivory, teeth and all. The upper plate was carved from ivory, as near like a plaster cast of the mouth as possible, and the teeth, also of ivory, were riveted on. The upper plate split after it had been worn awhile, and the pieces were fastened together by two strips of iron riveted to the plate.—*Exchange*.

WHERE ARE HER TEETH?

Portland, Or., March 30.

The wife of William J. Patton of this city is at St. Vincent's hospital, recovering from the effects of a most remark-

able accident, which necessitated the performance of a serious operation. Some three weeks ago Mrs. Patton accidentally broke in two pieces the rubber plate of a set of artificial teeth she was wearing. Not long after, and before she had time to have the plate repaired, she had occasion to make a call, and undertook to wear the broken plate. After adjusting the pieces and placing them in position, she was constrained to yawn, at the same time involuntarily placing her hand over her mouth. Unfortunately, she pressed her fingers against her teeth, detaching one-half of the broken plate, and, as her mouth was wide open and her head thrown back, the half of the plate and teeth attached went down her throat.

Mrs. Patton made a desperate effort to catch it or eject it, but it had slipped out of her reach or control, and passed into the stomach. In a day or two the plate began to trouble her, causing her great pain and suffering. She was unable to eat and her sufferings increased, until it was seen that some heroic measures must be taken if her life was to be saved. It was finally decided to take her to St. Vincent's hospital, where a consultation of physicians was held, and it was concluded that the best thing to be done was to open the stomach and remove the teeth. The operation was successfully performed just one week ago, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, no trace of the plate or teeth could be found after a most thorough examination. What became of them is a mystery. Some think that the plate was not swallowed, but this seems improbable. Otherwise, how are the pain and suffering which followed to be accounted for? Imagination goes a long ways sometimes, but is hardly sufficient to keep a person in pain and suffering for a week or two, especially after the fact of the original mishap is proof positive. Some claim that the rubber plate was digested or broken up in the stomach, but this theory is as improbable as the other. The most satisfactory feature of the case is that Mrs. Patton has been rapidly improving ever since the operation was performed and will soon be out.

On Saturday a farmer residing in the vicinity of Gibbon, Minn., arrived at a dentist's office to have his masticating organism repaired. He stated that he had been the victim of a cyclone the day previous, which had taken him up, carried him about 100 feet, and hurled him head foremost into a pile of offal in the barnyard. When he recovered he found his mouth apparently full of chips, which proved to be a broken and badly disarranged set of false teeth.

Wichita, Kas., Aug. 20.

O. T. Simmons died here yesterday in a fit of strangulation caused by swallowing a plate of three false teeth four

years ago. He has been able to eat but little on account of a seeming contraction of his throat, and grew weaker until he became a confirmed invalid.

SWALLOWED FALSE TEETH.

Middletown, N. Y., Jan. 9.

Frank Bloomer, an attendant at the Middletown State Hospital for the Insane, is in a critical condition, as the result of swallowing his false teeth. He was awakened Saturday night by a choking sensation, but was unable to prevent the teeth entering his stomach. Doctors attempted to extract the set by means of suction through a rubber pipe, but failed. They then prescribed remedies to dissolve the composition, but this has proved unsuccessful. The belief exists that the teeth have lodged in the vermiform appendix, and Bloomer will be taken to New York for an operation.

HOW IT'S DONE.

She—How do you suppose the tenor took that falsetto note?

He—He has falsetta teeth.

THE HOOSIER'S REVENGE.

The fearful record of crime made by her vigilance committee, has given to Jackson county, Indiana, a world-wide, but unenviable fame. The many murders perpetrated by these vigilants in the name of justice; the vendetta in which the Reno gang and the little less notorious criminals operating under the name of detectives, sought each others' lives, and robbed express and railroad companies by turn, will not soon be forgotten. The quick work made of horse thieves, and all other kinds of thieves when detected, causes a shudder to chill one's blood and make each particular hair to stand on end.

But it is reserved to a Jackson county farmer to eclipse all the barbarisms previously practiced in his county, and reach the refinement of cruelty in his treatment of his wretched, though guilty wife. This farmer's name was Jones, and he lived near the line dividing Jackson and Monroe counties.

He had a young and handsome wife; but her ways were dark and her tricks vain, in her husband's estimation, and so they did not live happily together. A few evenings ago

Jones went home from work and found his wife gone, and also with her a considerable sum of money. A note upon the table near the door, informed him she had fled with a man she loved, and pursuit would be vain. The husband thought not, however, and mounting a fleet horse he had dashed off on the county road leading to Bloomington. He heard of the fugitives on the way, which lent speed to his pursuit.

It was toward evening when he saw them in the road ahead of him. Drawing his revolver, he increased the speed of his horse, and was soon up with the guilty wife and her paramour. Holding the revolver cocked in one hand, he plunged the other into his pocket and drew forth a set of artificial teeth the wife had left in her flight. "Here, Em., take these d—d old teeth; I don't want 'em no more," he exclaimed; and Em. took them. "And now, Bill Bean," he continued, turning to the frightened paramour, "here's a plug of terbacker; take it and light out; and, sure's h—ll, if ever you or Em. comes back to sponge off me I'll shoot you both. D'ye see that ar?" holding out the revolver, and shaking it threateningly; "there's h—ll in that ar pepper-box ef you venter back. Now, git." And it is unnecessary to say that Bill Bean and Em. got.

— *Louisville Ledger.*

A sight to make angels weep was that offered on the Board of Trade yesterday, when a set of false teeth was picked up on the floor, and, the owner not having the courage to claim it, was put up at auction for the benefit of the Foundling's Home. The bidding was particularly brisk, each member desiring to show that his organs of articulation had been preserved intact. The imperfect man was at last discovered, and the teeth returned to him.— *Chicago Tribune.*

An artisan in an Ohio city carved the figure of an Indian, in wood, as a sign for a tobacconist, then he went to the dentist to have him make a set of teeth for his wooden man; the dentist sent to the dental depot for a set of "tobacco stained teeth" which were duly forwarded. In reply came the following:

"Dear Sir:—I am much obliged for teeth at reduced price. If I ever get a chance to scalp you, I will not do it, as one good turn deserves another.

Yours truly,

Ravenna, O., Aug. 1899.

THOS. WOODEN INDIAN.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

Toledo, O., Feb. 16.

H. J. Ferguson, a prominent resident of the east side, died of strangulation to-day from swallowing one of his teeth.

He had been ill with the grip for a few days, and to-day

sat up in bed to eat some toast. A loose tooth had been troubling him, and during the day he tried to extract it. While eating the tooth came out and lodged in his throat and choked him to death inside of five minutes. Physicians arrived in a few minutes, but could do nothing for the unfortunate man.

The fashionable style of wearing the hair is low in the neck. The rows of puffs worn outside the front of the bonnet and resembling false teeth in their stiff regularity, are no longer in vogue.—*New York Graphic*.

Elder Elliott has swapped his buckboard for a set of teeth. He looks fine in them.

A reward of \$10 is offered by a Dover party who lost his false teeth during an attack of seasickness between Portsmouth and Dover.

SOON PUT RIGHT.

Patson—This set of teeth you made for me is too big.

Dentist—Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair, and I will enlarge your mouth a little.



False teeth, it is reported, are also to be taxed. The concessionaries who have the false teeth privilege complain that

they are not being treated properly. They have paid large tributes for the right to rent false teeth, but the gatekeepers have been very careless thus far in their examinations of the molars appertaining to people who visit the fair. They have simply taken the visitors' word for it. In a few days each turnstile manipulator will be provided with a small mallet and after a little practice it is expected that he will be able, by giving a set of molars one or two whacks, to tell whether they are of the natural or artificial breed. Those that are found to be false will have to be left outside the gates, where they can be checked at reasonable rates. Teeth made to fit all styles of mouths will be for rent on the inside.

Just now there is great danger of a deadly conflict between the false teeth and the peanut concessionaries. The peanut concessionaries claim that when they paid the World's fair commissioners for the privilege of selling peanuts on the grounds they were not informed that false teeth were to be taxed, and they claim that people who are compelled to leave their teeth outside will be much less likely to buy peanuts than they would if they could wear their artificial plates to the show. On the other hand, the false teeth concessionaries justly assert that they cannot afford to let their business be interfered with by the peanut men, and that the latter must fight it out with the commissioners. Meanwhile damage suits are freely talked of, and the managers of the show are in a quandary—*Chicago, 1893.*

SLEEK ONE.

Somewhere in this broad universe, probably in one of the out-of-the-way corners of the United States, there is a tall, ungainly, masculine-featured, homely woman. There is nothing remarkable in this statement; but the fact is added that the woman mysteriously disappears, and as mysteriously reappears at a remote point.

She seems to accomplish this through a number of disguises which she dons and doffs as the whim suits her. In one city she will be described as an aged woman with irregular, jagged teeth, a large scar on her forehead, and of dark complexion. A few days later a description from another place will describe her as being dark complexioned, about fifty years old, wearing her hair banged, with no scar on her forehead, and with regularly shaped teeth.

The secret officers were long puzzled over these conflicting descriptions, but recently learned that the woman really has a scar over her left eye, but by "banging" her hair succeeds in covering it. They also learned that she uses an ingeniously formed set of false teeth which fit neatly over her own irregularly shaped "grinders," so that when she wishes she can take out the store teeth and completely change

her disguise. A year ago last March, United States Marshal Cook, whose headquarters are at Medina, filed a report to the effect that a well dressed woman claiming to be the widow of General Whittaker, and owner of the Lakeview Flats in this city, had made her appearance at Burbank, in Wayne county.

At this time, the report says, she claimed that she had injured her leg while driving and wanted accommodation for the night. She hinted that she would receive money in a few days and with this plea succeeded in borrowing money from the people of that place. She subsequently left after having lived at her host's expense for one week. She failed to keep her agreement and those who loaned the woman money were never reimbursed.

THE DOWNFALL OF BENTLEY.

"You remember that Mr. Bentley we met at Maud Wentling's, don't you?" said the girl in blue.

"Mr. Bentley?" replied the girl in violet, "let me see? Was he the one with the false tooth in front?"

"No, you're thinking of George Harlow. What a tease he is! I've got an engagement to go to the trotting matinee with him next week. I wish he wouldn't open his mouth so wide when he laughs. Somebody ought to tell him that his false tooth is about three shades too light."

"He works in a railroad office, doesn't he?"

"Yes. Did you hear how he almost made \$3,000?"

"No! How did it happen?"

"I don't know just how it was. He told me, but I never could understand about such things. It seems that he got hold of a telegraph message from somebody, telling somebody else to buy September wheat, and if he had done the same thing, as he thought of doing, he'd have made \$3,000.

"Mercy sakes! Why didn't he do it?"

"I don't know. I was going to ask him, but somebody interrupted us. Who made that waist?"

At a Parisian Monte de Piete (pawn-shop) is this notice: "Nothing can be lent on false teeth set in rubber."

HAS HER TEETH.

Mrs. Jane L——, a dressmaker at ————, is temporarily minus her set of false teeth, and so angry is she about it that Friday she swore out a warrant for the arrest of Dr. ————, a dentist, on the charge of larceny.

When Mrs. L—— entered the Police Prosecutor's office,

Assistant Police Prosecutor ——— noticed that there seemed to be an undue vacancy in her mouth, but he presumed that in her haste to get a warrant for some one's arrest she had forgotten and left her teeth at home.

A petit larceny warrant was issued for Dr. ——— on the strength of the following story related by Mrs. L——:

"Several days ago Dr. ——— visited my house soliciting work for the ——— Dental Parlors. My set of teeth needed fixing, and so I consented to let Dr. ——— take and repair it. When he returned them I paid \$2.50 for the repairing, but still owed fifty cents. The next day I discovered that one of the teeth was broken. I sent for Dr. ——— and told him that I would not pay the fifty cents unless the teeth were properly repaired. He said: 'All right, but I'll have to make an impression of your mouth.' When I took the teeth out of my mouth, Dr. ——— pocketed the set and coolly walked away, saying: 'Now, Mrs. L——, you will not get your teeth until you pay that fifty cents.' I want that man arrested, for I need that set of teeth badly."

BAD TEETH

That Drove a Woman to Commit Murder.

Fishkill Landing, N. Y., Feb. 7.

Mrs. Lizzie Halliday, the triple murderess, came from the Matteawan state hospital, Saturday afternoon, in company with Matron Hess, and called on a dentist, who had been preparing her a new set of false teeth, for which she had been waiting for two weeks. Mrs. Halliday had complained for more than a year that her teeth were the cause of her periodical bursts of thirst for gore, and Medical Superintendent Allison finally decided to have her decayed molars extracted and replaced by a set of store teeth.

Yesterday a man came to me and said he wanted to knock Mayor Hall's teeth down his throat. What will be the penalty, Mr. Perkins? he asked. Are they false teeth or real teeth? I inquired. False, I think, sir. Then don't do it, sir. False teeth are personal property, but if they are real, knock away. There are precedents. A fellow borrowed a set of false teeth from the show case of a dentist, and he was sent to Sing Sing for four years. Another fellow knocked a man's real teeth down his throat, and Judge Barnard let him off with a reprimand.

We read in the *Farmington News* of this week that a "well-known Farmington lady" accidentally threw her false teeth into Lake Winnepisaukee one day last week. The *News*

remarks that what was the lady's loss may be the dentist's gain. And who knows that some ancient pickerel whose teeth have gone back on him, may not come across this set of false teeth and appropriate them for his own use. It is well to look at all sides of a question.

FRENCH ELOPEMENT.

He—Hurry, dearest, the carriage is at the door and your husband may return at any moment.

She—Wait one moment. I will not take with me one gift that I owe to that hated man. My jewels! (*Tears them off with feverish haste*) is that all? Ah, I had forgotten! My false teeth! (*Casts them on table*). And now, now I am wholly yours!

At a very hilarious family party, one old gentleman, famous for his appreciation of a joke, was observed to be absolutely silent, even when the fun was at its loudest. His unusual soberness of demeanor first puzzled and then disturbed his friends.

"Aren't you well to-night, uncle?" asked a young man, finally, drawing the old gentleman aside.

"Bless you, yes, I never felt better!"

"You're not troubled about anything?"

"Why, no! What makes you ask?"

"I noticed you didn't smile at all when all the rest of us were laughing, and that's something new, you know."

The old gentleman put his hand to his mouth, and whispered:

"Don't you say a word, Harry, but just now I can't laugh. I'm afraid to. I've just got my new set of teeth, and I ain't fairly used to 'em."—*Youth's Companion*.

AN ASTONISHED MINISTER.

In a very small city, not far distant from the "Hub," resides a dentist named Brown. He received an order from his beloved minister for a set of false teeth. The work was executed promptly, and the shepherd of his flock called in at the appointed time to receive them. Brown fixed them in his reverend customer's mouth, when the latter, stepping to the glass to see the effect, said slowly and distinctly:

"Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!"

Now Brown, who is more noted for his quickness of

temper and profanity than for his piety, and hearing his customer speak in such a manner, his ire was quickly aroused.

"Blast it!" he exclaimed, "if you don't like the teeth, you needn't take them, but there is no necessity for your swearing so about it."

The astonished minister drew back.

"My dear sir," he said "I was not swearing about the teeth; but for ten years I have not been able to pronounce my beloved Saviour's name, distinctly—I was only trying your teeth."

"With all thy false (teeth) I love thee still," said Snodgrass to his wife the other day and then she struck him with the poker and followed it up by driving him out of doors.

An elderly lady of Norwich who was handling a set of false teeth in a dental office and admiring the fluency with which the doctor described them, asked him, "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madam, mastication can be performed with a facility scarcely equaled by nature herself," responded the doctor. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

A DOG WITH GOLD TEETH.

It was a dog fight, nothing more or less, that deprived McGinty of his two best teeth. The cause of the disturbance is not known, but it may have arisen from a game law controversy, or from a general feeling or irritation resulting from the high dog license. Anyway, the fight went on until McGinty had his teeth broken off while defending his cause. McGinty is owned by Dr. Albert Robinson, and as soon as the final round was over, which deprived him of his teeth, he went slinking into the office with such an air of pain and dejection that an investigation was at once begun, which, in this case, proved satisfactory from all standpoints. McGinty showing more sense and good judgment than many of his superiors, jumped into the dental chair, yelped a few times and awaited operations. The doctor's son took him in charge, and the dog was held in the chair while the impression was taken; he even submitted calmly to the cotton packing process—his composure being no doubt largely due to the blissful ignorance of dental bills, and he neither whined nor howled when a gold crown was fitted and cemented on each of the broken teeth. In fact he seemed rather proud of it, and now he goes about displaying those two gold crowns, and is the envy of every dog in the

neighborhood, and he never fails, on showing those two long, sharp fangs, to frighten all the smaller dogs into sudden terror. McGinty now enjoys the distinction of being on the "only living original" list, and the honor is likely to remain his unless a lot of other society dogs take up the idea and institute a gold tooth fad. In such case, McGinty, like every other benefactor, will sink into oblivion and be forever forgotten, while dogs with gold teeth will ornament the future bench shows.

—*Grand Rapids Daily Paper.*

ANCIENT ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

All sorts of ancient teeth have been found, some in wood and others of more valuable material; but it is new, we think, to find a complete set in solid gold. The discovery has been made at Rome. In the Via Rasella remains of the old road, which in the latter epoch of the Republic and the beginning of the Empire led to the Pincian and Salaria gates, have been revealed. Near the villa of Pope Julius the Second, outside Porta del Popolo, a deep grotto has been discovered, leading to a subterranean piece of water and containing niches evidently intended for statues. But, most rare and interesting find of all, a tomb has been opened up near Rome, showing the skeleton of a woman with a complete set of false teeth, displaying admirable workmanship and wrought out of solid gold.

A Connecticut dentist has got hold of a composition whereby he can make teeth at a cost of less than half a dollar a set. This will enable the female wearer of false teeth to have a set to match every suit she owns, both in color and design. With pink goods, pink teeth; with striped goods, striped teeth, and so on. The man who discovered Connecticut was no slouch.—*Danbury News.*

A new complaint against artificial teeth is they tempt the possessors to continue eating animal food after nature has pointed out by destroying the natural teeth that such food is no longer proper. The point is taken by Sir Henry Thompson in an article on "diet," in relation to age and activity, in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENT BROKEN.

Dr. Preston, a dentist of Wayland, made a set of teeth three years ago for Miss Rosa Roberts, of Blood's. Last

week Miss Roberts went to Wayland on a visit. She was engaged to be married to a resident of that place. While she was there Dr. Preston called to see her and inquired how her teeth were lasting. She handed them to him and he put them in his pocket, saying: "You can have these teeth when you pay me for them." Miss Roberts was not able to pay for them just then, and Dr. Preston carried them away. That night the man who promised to make Miss Roberts his wife called to see her, and she sent word down that she could not see him that evening. He insisted upon an explanation, and Miss Roberts's friends explained. The gentleman went away. Next day he wrote to Miss Roberts that he did not know she wore false teeth, and that he could not marry a woman who wore them. Miss Roberts fancies that she can recover \$5,000 from Dr. Preston for the loss of a husband and for annoyance growing out of his taking her teeth from her; and, moreover, that she can recover damages from her late suitor in a breach of promise suit.—*Elmira Letter in New York Sun*.

AN INCIDENT AT A COUNTRY DANCE.

A laughable incident occurred recently at a country dance near Joplin, Mo. The leading violinist sports a false tooth, one that is known as a pivot tooth. While vigorously plying his bow, he gave a hearty sneeze, and away went the tooth amidst the dancers. The music immediately stopped and so did those engaged in the mazy dance. Turning around to learn the cause of the interruption, they descried the hapless musician on the floor on his hands and knees, groping around for the lost tooth. The company stood and looked with quizzical expression in each face, wondering if the man had gone daft; but when the matter was fully understood considerable merriment was indulged in at the expense of our friend. He had found his treasure, however, and he was happy. "Take position as before; first four right and left," and the dance went merrily on.—*Joplin News*.

A gentleman of Dover, who is keeping company with a young lady, gave her a novel present, viz., a set of false teeth. Well, perhaps he was looking ahead and thought he might as well settle now as after the knot had been tied.

HIS FALSE TEETH KILLED HIM.

Mr. Hinkley of Madrid died at the Maine General Hospital to-day from the effects of an operation for removing two false teeth on a metal plate which he had swallowed. The operation was performed eleven days ago.

An unfortunate New Haven youth was recently so convinced that he had swallowed his two artificial teeth, plate and all, that he suffered horrors in imagination and a severe pain in his stomach. He afterward found his teeth in his waistcoat pocket.

THE TOOTH FACTORY.

The domain of the dentist is to be disputed. A great discovery has been made which will revolutionize the whole business and emancipate the sufferers. A factory has been established, plenty of capital to back it, for the purpose of making sets of artificial teeth by machinery. All that anyone who is troubled with his teeth will have to do will be to get them all pulled out. Then he can purchase a brand new, machine-made set and be exempt from toothache all the rest of his life. There is, of course, nothing new in the making and using of artificial teeth, but it will be easily seen that the manufacture by machinery presents great advantages. When the making of watches by machinery was started, there were many protests that the new way would never be as good as the old. But the exactness soon attained, and the convenience of having the parts interchangeable, brought about a revolution, and the factory watches now rank above the hand-made. The same advantages will be had in the factory teeth. If one set gets broken, or comes out, an exactly similar one can be ordered from the factory at very small cost. If the plate gets cracked, it can be replaced in the same way. All that will be necessary will be to give the number of the plate, and a new one, precisely like the old, will be sent by return mail.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A singular runaway is reported from South Brooklyn, N. Y. A woman named Gildersleeve, who had lived with her husband for over thirty years and had borne him four sons, some of whom have attained manhood, has left her home because, as she states in a letter, her husband had not furnished her means to properly clothe herself and had refused to give her the money to have her teeth attended to. She therefore secured a place at \$14 a month, and with her earnings for a year she said that she proposed to have her teeth properly cared for, and with the balance to buy clothes to last her during life. Then, if her husband would receive her, she intended to return to him, as she loved him. Mr. Gildersleeve has searched in vain for his wife; says he provided liberally for her and furnished her a horse, but did not approve of her having false teeth.

Philadelphia merchants are enterprising. A shoe store has had a photograph gallery up in the top floor, where every purchaser of a pair of shoes is entitled to have his photograph taken. A cigar dealer exposes the legend, "A ticket for the Mannerchor Garden and a good Havana cigar for twenty-five cents," and a popular dentist attracts custom to himself by giving teeth on trial.

"My teeth are full of sand," said the fairest bather in the surf. "All right, hand them out," said an admirer, "and I'll rinse them off for you." And now she regards him only as a brother.—*Puck*.

Mrs. Phin greeted me, viz: "Maybe ye'll no ken me," she said, her usually clear speech a little blurred. "It's the teeth. I've mislaid 'em somewhere. I paid far too much siller for 'em to wear 'em ilka day. Sometimes I rest 'em in the tea-box to keep 'em awa fre the bairns, but I canna find 'em theer. I'm thinkin' maybe they'll be in the rice, but I've been ower thrang to luik."—*Penelope, Kate Wiggin*.

People with false teeth will be glad to learn that hickory nuts are only eight cents a quart in New York.

An Arkansas editor says that the stingiest man in his town talks through his nose to save the wear and tear of his false teeth.

Whitcomb, Herbert, San Francisco; swallowed set of false teeth during the excitement of play. Foot-ball, Nov. 26, 1896.

They found a set of teeth in Dr. ——'s church the other Sunday. They were probably dropped by the owner during a violent effort to swallow some of Dr. ——'s statements.

A SOMNAMBULISTIC FEAT.

Miss Mary Donaldson, daughter of John Donaldson, of Hackney Ridge, adds one more instance to the already large list of strange and unnatural performances of somnambulist, or "sleep-walkers."

Several days ago Miss Donaldson, on arising in the morn-

ing, missed her false teeth. A hasty examination of her sleeping room failed to disclose them, and a systematic search by different members of the family was begun. After a good long hunt, and when the missing teeth were about to be given up as lost beyond hope of finding, they were discovered by Miss Donaldson herself, who in a last despairing glance about the room caught sight of them hanging in plain view upon a nail in the wall, high up toward the ceiling. When they came to be taken down it was found that not a member of the family could reach them from the floor. And, stranger still, after being taken from their insecure resting place, it was discovered to be impossible to hang them back on the nail and make them stick. Different persons, including Miss Donaldson herself, tried it time and again, but it could not be done. No manner of twisting or turning would again induce the obstinate masticatory apparatus to remain suspended upon the nail where it had hung without falling all night and part of a day.

The only explanation is that the young woman, who is occasionally subject to "sleep-walking," got up in the night and hung them on the nail where they were found. The singular part is that she could, while unconscious and asleep, perform a feat impossible to her when awake and in full possession of all her faculties.—*Beverly Dispatch*.

A happy young bridal party went down from Peoria on the P. P. and J. Railroad the other morning. The blushing young bride thrust her head out of the car-window as the train started off, and, after looking around for a moment or two, suddenly jerked her head back with a quick exclamation, and buried her face in her hands. Her loving, frightened husband sought to learn the cause of her dismay, and offered feeble consolation: "What is it, darling? What frightened it, dear? Tell its own hubby! What makes it cry?" There wasn't much to cry about, to be sure; oh, no! Darling had only dropped a set of glittering front teeth out of the window—that was all. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the entire community.

EASY RID OF IT.

Tommy—"Ma, wouldn't it be nice if you had the tooth-ache 'stead of Bridget?"

Mrs. H.—"Why, my son?"

Little Tommy—"Cause you take your teeth out; she can't."—*London Graphic*.

"Why Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally her for the amusement of her company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist. How did you do it? "Indade, it was me-self that did it," replied Bridget. Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

"Teeth without plates," echoed Old Spooner, as he looked at the dentist's advertisement; "I guess that's just what I want. I'm tired of eating off plates without teeth!"

Aramantha (to her lover, who has just proposed)—Before I give you an answer I have a secret to impart. Lover—What is it, dearest? Aramantha (blushing and stammering)—My—my teeth are false. Lover (heroically)—No matter; I'll marry you in spite of your teeth!—*Texas Siftings*.

We are coming down to the old rock at last. When you can get taken in at a first-class hotel for three dollars a day, and have a set of store teeth put in for eight dollars, then you feel like affording to live.—*Columbus Journal*.

She had been to the dentist's and came home with every tooth shelled out of her upper jaw. When her father asked her at the dinner table what she would have she said, "I'll take a plate of teeth."—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

The conductor of a Fair Haven horse-car on arriving at the stables discovered an upper set of false teeth in the straw. They are supposed to be the remains of some passenger who boarded the car when it began its trip. He probably died of starvation and exposure.

The man who breaks in a new set of store teeth may not have the blood of martyrs in him, but he has about everything else needed to insure success in that business.

A woman over eighty years of age recently went into one of the dental establishments in Hartford, Connecticut, to have a set of teeth repaired, and gave as a reason for being particular about the work that, though she did not expect to live long, she desired to have her corpse look as well as possible.

A Providence, Rhode Island, gentleman prevents his wife from scolding him before folks by stealing her false teeth.

Mrs. Frances Murray of New York accidentally swallowed her set of false teeth. For several days it was impossible to remove the obstruction from her throat, during which the patient was deprived of food and nearly suffocated. Afterward she failed rapidly and died from exhaustion consequently upon the perforation of the oesophagus caused by the teeth.

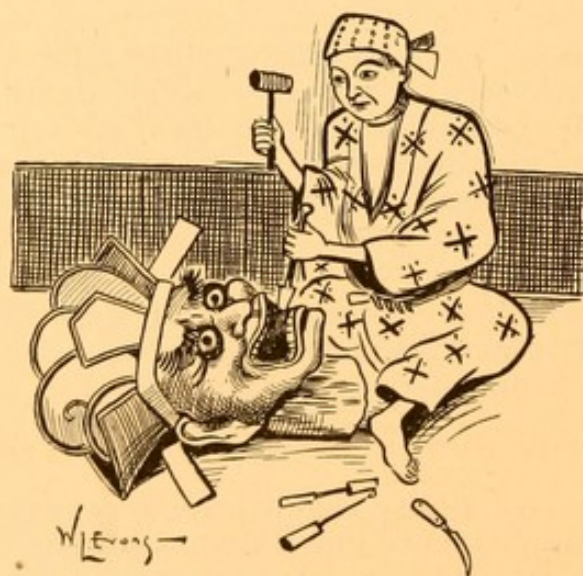
A burglar recently stole a revolver and a set of false teeth at West Claremont.

A young lady in town, who was boasting of her teeth, was asked if they were natural or artificial.

"Neither," was the reply; "they are *gutta percha*."

As a nobby looking chap entered a Broadway stage, his false teeth fell to the floor, and the passengers with one accord shouted: "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus."

—*Hackensack Republican*.



THIRD DENTITION, TOOTHLESS PEOPLE AND PECULIAR CASES.

Mention has been made by various writers, of the appearance of a third set of teeth at an advanced period of life; but there are very few well authenticated cases on record of a third renewal of *all* the teeth. There are a few cases mentioned by creditable authority of the appearance of one, two or three teeth late in life. In most cases the teeth which appeared late were in all probability of the second set, the growth of which, from some cause, had been retarded or suspended.

The following article appeared in a newspaper a few years ago.

RESTORED TO YOUTH.

John Adams, who lives at Tucker, a little village in Kankakee county, Ill., is growing younger every day. He is now 85 years of age, and until very recently he was more feeble than most men of his time of life. But during the past few months a remarkable change has taken place. While before he was nearly blind, he now has recovered the entire use of his eyes, and is able to read the smallest print with great ease. His teeth had all gone, but recently he has cut an entirely new set and has suffered as much in the process as has any baby while teething. He was nearly bald, with a small fringe of white hair around his head, but recently his hair has grown again. It is of a dark brown color, and seems to be growing very rapidly. The effect of the changes is to make him appear to be not more than 35 years of age.

His face is yet unchanged, but Mr. Adams believes that in course of time it will also be rejuvenated. As it is, his wrinkled skin and his snow-white beard form a remarkable contrast to the rest of his head.

Another strange feature of the case is that Mr. Adams is becoming stronger. While he was, until recently, even more feeble than most men of his years, he has become quite strong and can lift a cow with ease, and is one of the most athletic men in his neighborhood.

Physicians are at a loss to account for the remarkable transformation. Mr. Adams himself cannot give any reason for it. He has been following the same routine of life for years, arising at 5:30 o'clock every morning and breakfasting at six. Mr. Adams does not use tea, coffee or any stimulant and does not smoke tobacco. He is five feet nine inches in height and weighs 190 pounds. Before he began to grow younger in appearance he weighed 112 pounds.

To ascertain the facts in regard to this article I addressed a letter to Dr. C—— of that place and the following is his reply:

Kankakee, Ill., Feby. 22, 1896.

DR. H. L. AMBLER,
176 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Doctor:

Yours of Saturday is at hand. Regarding the case of John Adams of the town of Tucker in this county, who cut a "perfect third set of teeth" at the age of 85 years, I would say that the whole thing is a "newspaper fake."

There is no John Adams living in Tucker, nor ever has been, nor would he have cut a third set of teeth if he had. Even the likeness that went to substantiate the remarkable statement was a "fake." It was a picture taken from a photograph gallery and used illegitimately. It was entirely too soft a "snap" for the newspapers to overlook. I have all this from two of the best newspaper men in this city.

Very truly yours,

ANDREW S. C.

TEETHING AT EIGHTY-EIGHT.

Henry Garrett, of this town, who will be eighty-eight years of age next May, has just recovered from an attack of the grip. Mr. Garrett is a hale old gentleman, in full possession of all his faculties. He takes an active interest in affairs, and his mind is as clear and his memory apparently as good as a man of fifty. But the remarkable thing about Mr. Garrett is that he is getting a new set of teeth. He lost his second set of teeth some years ago. Recently his gums became sore and swollen, and he consulted a dentist about it. The dentist examined his gums and informed him that he was getting a new set of teeth.—*Punxsutawney, Pa., Spirit.*

Mrs. Deborah Card, of Newcastle, N. H., is a card that isn't at all "played" as yet, she having just cut two new teeth at the age of seventy-six.

HER THIRD SET OF UPPER TEETH.

Mrs. J. J. Lower, an aged lady, residing at Orrville, Wayne county, O., is experiencing a very singular freak of nature, in the way of cutting her third set of upper teeth, she having lost her original second set ten years ago, after a severe attack of sickness.

Early last fall she suffered greatly from weakness of her eyesight, and also an inflamed condition of her eyes. Since then she also suffered from much swelling and pain of the gums. The result is a large sized eye tooth, which is almost full grown, while other teeth are rapidly pushing their way through the gums. Dr. Eugene D. Yager, who extracted and made Mrs. Lower's artificial teeth, pronounces the case almost unknown in the history of dentistry.

Mr. Porter, of Missouri, having completed a century without any prospect of dissolution, has concluded to rub out and begin over again. Accordingly his gray hair is turning black and he is cutting a third set of teeth at the early age of one hundred and one.

Mrs. A. erupted a left upper cuspid when fifty-three years old. Temporary cuspid was retained until the year before.

NEW TOOTH AT FIFTY-ONE.

One of the strangest things known to the dental practitioners in this county has developed in the case of Dr. A. E. Ebersole, a prominent physician in Fostoria. A few weeks ago the doctor had an upper molar extracted and a bony substance at once appeared. Upon examination it developed that it was a new tooth, which is at this time fully developed. The doctor is aged fifty-one years.

SINGULAR FREAK.

Mr. Richard Lane, of Ferrara, this county, has for some time past complained of pains in the jaw, and one by one nearly all the old snags in his mouth have been removed, first by one and then another of his friends.

Meeting Nelson Rodgers the other day, he commenced en-

tertaining him with the same old story of sore jaws. Nelse concluded to investigate that mouth himself, and volunteered an examination. The old gentleman consented, and Rodgers commenced his researches, which resulted in his making a truly astonishing discovery. He announced to the old man that he was cutting teeth, which, on close examination, proved to be the case. He is cutting an entire set of upper and lower teeth, and the new teeth had hoisted two or three old teeth still remaining so nearly out that Mr. R. had no difficulty in extracting them with his fingers, and the new ones now have nothing to obstruct their growth. The most remarkable feature in this case is that Mr. Lane is eighty-eight years of age.

Rodgers thinks he is entitled to some credit for making the discovery and for his skill as a surgeon dentist, and we think so, too.—*Lexington Tribune*.

Edentulous (toothless) people: they still retain an appetite, though the machinery for its indulgence had long since disappeared.

Mr. Charles King of Middleton, Mass., aged 107, has still a few teeth left.

Mr. M., when four years of age, had the right superior central incisor knocked out; three months afterward, another tooth, rather stubby in appearance, grew down and supplied the place of its predecessor. It was afterwards, by due course of absorption and shedding, replaced by a beautiful permanent tooth. In this case it appears that the deciduous tooth was reproduced by the restorative powers of nature.

JAMES FLEMING, M. D., 1846.

THIRD SET OF TEETH.

Cases of third dentition have always been regarded as myths. The laity often report such cases, however.

Dr. S. B. Palmer, of Syracuse, N. Y., reports, in the *International Dental Journal* for August, a well authenticated case. The dental world knows Dr. Palmer, and can feel assured of one case of third dentition.

An extraordinary story comes from Pittsburg, Pa. It is said that a Mrs. Wilson of that place, who is about forty years of age, has just received her third set of natural teeth. About six weeks ago she had all the teeth on her upper jaw drawn, having previously lost several of them, and was suffering from violent aches in the rest. The intention was to have a set of artificial teeth made as soon as the gums hardened. The wounds healed up, but soon after began to swell and become very sore. Lancing the gums showed a brand-new tooth was pushing its way through. A few days showed a full upper set of solid, white and serviceable teeth forcing their way through.

The transmission of teeth defective in structure, from parent to child, is analagous to the transmission of any hereditary disease. Where the hereditary predisposition exists, it usually affects the whole number, but sometimes it is confined to a portion of the set, and even a particular tooth. We heard of a family in which, through three generations, one of the incisors of every individual was decayed on the labial surface near the gum, while the rest were sound.

FAMILY WITHOUT TEETH.

James Leonard, a farmer, residing east of Noblesville, Ind., on the Madison county line, is fifty-two years of age and has never had a tooth, says the Cincinnati Tribune. Twenty years ago he married. His wife has a fine set of teeth. They reared a family of four children, all of whom have inherited their father's strange misfortune. The family is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable in the state. Their gums have undergone a sort of ossification, or hardening, which makes them as solid as teeth. The gums come down farther than in the ordinary person's mouth. Mr. Leonard is able to crack nuts in his jaws without any apparent effort or pain, and gets along as well as though he had a full allowance of teeth. The children can do the same thing. All show remarkable development of the muscles of the jaw. So amply has nature provided for the shortage in teeth that the gums are hardened enough to almost turn the point of a pin. They never have any aches in that part of their anatomy, and seem perfectly content. The appearance of the mouth is not the best. Leonard is a farmer, and fairly well to do. He seldom comes to town, but when he does he attracts a great deal of attention. Dentists have tried to analyze his case, but do not reach a satisfactory conclusion as to what point nature has erred in. They say the case is without parallel, and especially interesting because of the

children inheriting their father's strange shortage. A year ago Leonard gave a test of his jaws to satisfy the curiosity of some dental and medical students. They were more than mystified, and pronounced him one of the seven wonders of the world. The children's gums begin to harden as they begin to feed upon meat and other solid foods.

Bacon says that the Countess of Desmond lived to be 140 years old, "and produced teeth twice or thrice, casting (shedding) her old teeth and others coming in their place."

"In the register of burials at Gayton-le-Marsh, Lincolnshire, is the following: Elizabeth Cook, aged eighty-six, who never had a tooth, was buried Jan. 11, 1798."

"On the 5th day of January, 1864, I was consulted by a military officer, as to whether I could qualify a young man, 18 years of age, who had never had a natural tooth in his head, for the army. If I could, the boy was quite willing to volunteer. Having examined his mouth and gums, I found the upper jaw quite hard and flattened, considerably depressed in the center and much smaller than usual in adults. The upper osseous portion of the process of the jaw appeared to be perfectly flat, having in place of teeth, a ligament in its place, of about a line in width, and a line and a half in depth. It resembled a piece of india rubber. The mouth and gums otherwise, were quite healthy. The patient had always enjoyed the best of health. His father, mother, brothers and sisters all have good teeth."

"The time was limited. I employed all my force in the office, and we made an entire set within six hours, which so improved his appearance, by filling out the hollow cheeks, and the protruding lips, that were almost on a level with his nose; and developing the face to the likeness of a man, so that his nearest friends scarcely knew him, and he had no difficulty in passing the muster roll, and one more man was added to the army. We question whether there is another case of the kind on record. He was from Johnson's Corners, Summit Co., Ohio."

A. B. HALLIWELL, M. D., Cleveland, Ohio.

A man who has never had teeth, although now sixty-nine years old, has been discovered by the *Savannah News* in Sumter County, Ga.

Doctor Eleazar Parmly of New York, in 1833 recorded a case where the patient never had any teeth.

When any deviation in structure or constitution is common to both parents, it is often transmitted in an augmented degree to the offspring, close interbreeding lessens vigor and fertility of offspring. If we pair brothers and sisters in the case of any pure animal which from any cause had the least tendency to sterility, the breed would assuredly be lost in a few generations. In species there is a continual tendency to divergence of character; therefore the more recent any form is, the more it will generally differ from its ancient progenitor, as ancient fossils differ most from existing forms. A species might go on being slightly modified in relation to its slightly altered conditions of life.—*Darwin*.

It is a well known fact, that peculiarities of form, structure, and lack of a certain tooth or teeth is often transmitted to offspring, and is it not possible that by the continuous extraction of the teeth of parents for several generations, that the children may eventually become toothless (edentulous)?

[LITTER OF SUPERNUMERARY TEETH.

A patient aged twenty-one years, with a history of a full set of deciduous teeth and no extraction of the permanent set, presented herself, complaining of pain and some swelling in the jaw near the symphysis. Examination revealed the absence of the inferior left lateral incisor, the left central being slightly loose and tender on pressure. A slight space intervened between this and the cuspid, the cusp of which was tilted forward and the apex well back, encroaching upon the bicuspid. Suspecting an unerupted lateral, a shell probe was passed through the gum and periosteum until a glistening subject resembling enamel was reached. The patient was so highly sensitive and hysterical that further examination was deferred until the time of operation. An incision in the gum was made directly over the tumor at the apex of the root, the periosteum was opened and laid aside so as to expose the contents. Here were found seven teeth nestling together in a cavity about the size of a denuded peanut. The roots were like the spokes of a wheel radiating outwards, some almost penetrating the gingival margin of the gum projecting above, while others were close to the lower border of the jaw. The cavity in which they were confined was perfectly smooth and without a sac. The roots of the teeth were pointed like tacks and were from one-sixteenth to a quarter of an inch in length, the crowns uniformly being

an eighth. They closely resembled small inferior incisors of the temporary set, the crowns of only two showing clear enamel, the others being clump shape with a growth of yellowish color much resembling exostosis. On opening the teeth they contained a pulp same as a normal tooth. This beats my record by four at a single birth. Around one of the largest teeth was a sac, highly inflamed, filled with fluid, and from this, no doubt, the trouble arose.—*Dominion Journal, July, 1897.*

TOOTH-BRUSHES, POWDERS, ETC.

THE MODERN FLAT.

"Hello, Jerry, got your new flat all fitted up?"
"Not quite. I say, do you know where I can buy a folding tooth-brush?"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

UNDER INSTRUCTIONS.

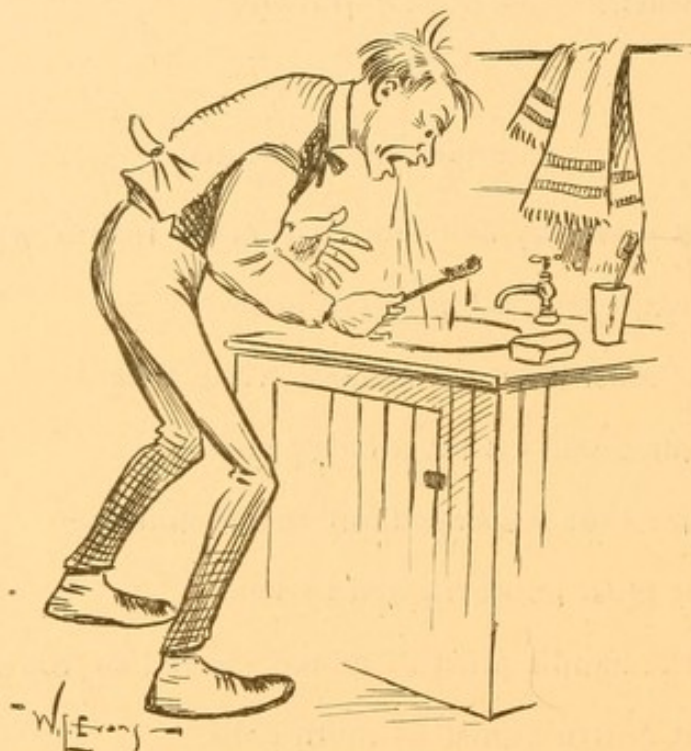
"I want a twenty-five cent toothbrush for my wife."
"Yes."
"It mustn't be too big or too little."
"Well?"
"And it must have red stripes on the back."
"Yes."
"And she doesn't want a bulgy one."
"No."
"Nor one that is scooped out in the middle."
"No."
"And it must be warranted to wear."
"Yes."
"And the handle mustn't be too curved or too straight."
"No."
"And it mustn't smell of moth-balls."
"I think this one will suit."
"All right; I'll take it. Now, remember, if this brush loses a bristle between now and next Christmas, you and I are gone up."—*Chicago Record*.

A small boy only a few years old, in response to the question: "What do you want for a birthday present?" replied: "A bottle of ink, a tooth-brush, and a pair of spectacles." He got them all and was happy. Other and costly presents were ignored for these. The moral of Roger's philosophy was at last discovered, viz.: We always want what we can't have, and these articles had been forbidden him.

"Goodness gracious " said the comb to the old hair-brush, "you're getting bald." "Well," retorted the brush, "I wouldn't change places with you, you've got hair on your teeth."

One of the young lady waiters in a leading hotel at the beach is so interested in the table work, that in buying a tooth-brush the other day, she called for a tooth-brush for one.

There is a Keokuk girl with such a good-sized mouth that she has to be measured for her tooth-brushes.



"No," he said, "I'm not a bad-tempered man, but when somebody takes my tooth-brush and puts in place of it another that has been used to apply hair dye, and I get hold of it in the dark and use it, I think it's not surprising that I said 'Gosh darn it.' "

CHEAP TOOTH-BRUSHES DANGEROUS.

An operation for appendicitis upon a patient living in this state revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth-brush bristles. "Cheap tooth-brushes," re-

marked the Albany surgeon who had charge of the case, "are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach, and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only glued on, and come off by the half-dozen when wet and brought in contact with the teeth."

This is a good argument to use at the counter in discouraging the sale of the cheap and, as the above item shows, dangerous tooth-brushes with which the fancy-goods trade is flooded. It were better for the user to pay fifteen or twenty cents more for a brush well made than to risk the dangers attending the use of the cheaper makeshift.—*American Druggist*.

A REGRET.

We cannot avoid a regret that the franking privilege should have been abolished just when it was. The last Patent Office report that we received from Judge Kelley contained a story entitled "The Reversible Tooth-brush," which broke off abruptly at the most exciting place. We do not know whether the heroine baffled the villain who was trying to marry her, by blowing out his brains with the tooth-brush, while her father soused down on him with a mud dredger alluded to in a previous chapter, or whether the hero slew himself by swallowing the bristles in the tooth-brush subsequent to beating out his charmer's young life with the bone handle. We want to know more of the story. We yearn to ascertain the fate of these pathetic people, and we had looked forward with keen pleasure to the arrival of the next volume of the Patent Office report.

"I cannot pronounce it." Yesterday one of our assistants was sending off a letter, and as their envelopes have no gum attached, he deliberately scraped his teeth with his finger nail, and used the tartar he collected as so much mucilage! As these natives generally use no tooth-brushes, he carries a supply with him. I learn that this is their usual way of sealing letters. Dentists are unknown among this people, and the mouths of most you meet tell the story of their destitution.

—*Letter from China*.

A Texas lady called at a drug store and said:

"I want a tooth-brush, a real nice one. I want it for a spare room."

"That's the first time I ever heard of a spare room having teeth," responded the clerk. "If your spare room is not bald-headed, we can supply it with some good hair brushes, and if it is baldheaded, we can sell you some hair restorer that will make the hair sprout out like spring bolts."

There was no sale.

Raspberries are coming to market more plentifully every day. They are high-priced though, and besides that make the teeth black, so that those who do not love to use the tooth-brush prefer most any other fruit.



THE SPARE-ROOM TOOTH-BRUSH.

A few days ago some one overheard a customer ask a merchant for three tooth-brushes—one for herself, one for her husband, and one for the spare room.

One reason why the Popocrats are not complaining much about the new duty that is to be placed upon tooth-brushes is that they are not personally concerned.—1897.

EMBARRASSING.

Algernon—I've a widdle for you, Miss Miwanda. Why are childwen like tooth-bwushes?

Miranda—I don't know. Why are they?

Algernon—Because ewewybody pwefers their own. See?

Miranda (frigidly)—No, I don't see. Not having any children——

Algernon (stammering)—Oh, of course not, but you—you—you have a tooth-bwush, you know.

—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A tooth-brush that sheds bristles will do more to exasperate a man than anything else we know of, unless it be drinking soup at a table with one leg shorter than the other. [*Puck*. We don't see why the length of a man's legs should affect his eating soup.

Mrs. Guffy was the guest of Mrs. Goodsell. One morning Mrs. Goodsell saw Mrs. Guffy using the wrong tooth-brush. "Bless me, Mrs. Guffy, you are using my tooth-brush!" "Am I? Waal, now, you'll excuse me; I thought it was the chambermaid's."

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

Young husband (scanning tooth-brush with which his bride has just cleaned her diamonds)—"Now, Allie, it's all very nice to tell each other every thing, sit in the same chair, drink out of the same glass, read each other's letters and all that, but when it comes to using the same tooth-brush, I think it just a little too æsthetic, don't you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

They say an Idaho girl puts on style because she cleans her teeth with the butt end of a blacking-brush. She says she was brought up to be neat, and doesn't care what folks think.

An address on dentistry ought to have a few bristles scattered through it.

A strict Turk is obliged not only to wash his head, face, neck, ears and feet, but also his teeth at each of the five daily calls to prayer, so he very soon wears out his tooth-brush, and those articles are generally sold in packets of a dozen. They are made of olive sticks about ten inches long and half an inch in diameter. At one end for half an inch they are split in all directions, so as to form a brush. It is easy to see that they are not calculated to endure hard wear. The less particular Turks use ordinary European tooth-brushes, but as even the most lax among them look on the pig, and all belonging to him, as vile and unclean, they would as soon think of defiling their mouths with a Russian bristle tooth-brush as of eating a pork-

chop or a rasher of bacon. The shopkeeper, therefore, swears by the heads and souls of his father and mother that the hair of which his tooth-brushes are made grew on the back of the camel, the cow or the horse.—*Marks*.

The tender, poetic, ideal language of young people who are fondly attached to each other is always interesting to outsiders. We are even pleased to hear of the ancient bridegroom out West who was heard in a railway train to say to his bride, also sixty odd years old, "Who's a little pet lambie?" and who received the sweet reply "Bof of us." Romantic literature is rich in fanciful and fairy-like expressions of affections, but the most determined reader, read he ever so widely, cannot hope to find anything more wildly loving than this written by a clergyman of Wales to his landlady's daughter, a young woman so happy as to win his affections and possess his heart: "I beg of you," he says, "to take some beer every day;" and then rising to a strain of dreamy and pathetic tenderness he adds, "I left my tooth-brush after me; make use of it if you like till I come again." Of course an affection so considerate and eloquent as this was too bright to last.

A German-American citizen entered a drug store in Germantown, Penn., the other day, and asked for "something for mine teeth, deys much bad." The young man in attendance sold him a box of tooth-powder. The next day he excitedly told the druggist that though he had swallowed the whole of it at one dose it hadn't done his toothache a bit of good.

If the cremationists want to do the whole practical thing, let them resolve that after they have been cremated their ashes shall be sold for tooth-powder.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

Oscar Wilde told a Liverpool audience that while off the Pacific coast of the United States he saw a seal basking on a rock, on whose back was painted the announcement of a manufacturer of tooth-powder.

As a stranger was yesterday knocking at the door of a house on Second street, a boy came around the corner and inquired: "Got anything to sell?" "Yes, I want to sell your mother a box of tooth paste." "Might as well git off'n the

steps," continued the boy, as a smile broke out around his mouth; "she's got store teeth, and she cleans 'em with'n woolen rag!"—*Free Press*.

We are an afflicted profession. Some time ago an unfortunate dentist in Canada was startled by a patient who asked for an ounce of tooth-powder, and a *rammer*! "A rammer!" said the dentist, in astonishment. "What under the sun do you want with a rammer?" "Never you mind," said the Canuck, "just sell to me a rammer, and some tooth-powder that will go off quick." The dentist assured him that he did not keep powder of that kind. He told the patient that he did not exactly understand him. "Now look here," said the man with the swelled face, "what d'ye keep tooth-powder for, if it is not to *blow a tooth out* when it aches?"

The Romans used picks of mastic-wood, hence Rabelais said Gargantua picked his teeth with mastic toothpickers.

About the end of the seventeenth century magnetic tooth-picks were made, and extolled as a secret preventive against pains in the teeth, eyes and ears. In the fourteenth century it was the fashion to carry picks of silver suspended around the neck with a chain.

Tooth-picks are not common in Italy. In boarding-houses you occasionally see wooden picks, but quills never. The explanation is that one of the popes was poisoned with a medicated pick purposely handed him after dinner.

MICHAEL'S TOOTH-PICK.

A funny story regarding Jimmy Michael comes from New York. The narrator says:

The apparent unhappiness of Jimmy Michael in the race Saturday night with Taylore was explained to-day. The "rare-bit" lost his tooth-pick while rounding off the tenth mile. No picture of Michael is accurate that does not show a quill tooth-pick between the midget's teeth. It is always there when Michael is speeding. He says that he is enabled to inhale just

the right quantity of air when his jaws are brought together upon the pick.

Saturday night after dropping his quill Michael became much distressed. He could not breathe comfortably, and spun around the track with his mouth wide open. Dave Shafer finally sized up the situation, and after skirmishing around the garden, found a turkey quill, from which he devised a substitute pick.

Michael being thus equipped resumed business at the old stand and rode away from Taylore without much exertion.

Extract from "*The Birth of Mankind*, otherwise named, *The Woman's Booke*. Set foorth in English by Thomas Raynalde. Phisition and by him corrected, and augmented—Whose contenents yee may reade, in the table folowyng, but most playnely in the prologue—

Imprinted at London by Richarde Watkins.

Cum Privilegio 1568—

(Black letter)"

"To keepe and preserve the teeth cleane.

First if they be very yellow and filthie, or blackish, let a Barber scoure, rub, and pick them cleane, it shalbe very good to rub them every day with the root of a mallow, and to pick them cleane that no meate remaine and putrifie between the teeth.

Item, take of the small white pibble stones which be found by the water sydes, and beate them in very small powder, hereof take an ounce, and of masticke one dram, mingle them together, and with this powder once in X days rub exactly your teeth, and this shall keepe your teeth fayre and white; but beware yee touch not ne vex the gummes therewithall.

Item, to stable and steadfast the teeth, and to keep the gummes in good case, it shall be very good every day in the morning to wash well the mouth with red wine."

THE TEETH OF NEGROES.

The exceedingly beautiful teeth of the African negroes are, it is generally assumed, a special gift of nature. Mr. H. M. Stanley, however, in a letter to a dentist, indicates that the pearly whiteness is the result of assiduous care. "The Africans generally after each meal, with a bush formed in a minute frame or brush, proceed to brush away the adhesive particles of food, and three or four mouthfuls of water complete the operation. In the morning all hands may be seen at leisure time vigorously scrubbing away. In council even the brush is frequently used after the European cigar. The Africans

consume no acids nor condiments, and have no access to 'sweeties,' and as their stomachs are not so soon deranged, they have no use for strong medicines; purely vegetable infusions supply them with all they need. I have a young African with me whose teeth only a dental Phidias could equal but never surpass in beauty, color and perfection of setting; and he, unfortunately, cannot be said to be civilized. That the African teeth are stronger and more durable can only be attributed to the much greater care bestowed upon them.

The negroes of America not taking such care of their teeth, have less perfect ones. Thus again, comes up the fact that we can learn something from the lowest and most uncivilized nations of the earth.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"It is along these lines that we must educate our young men and women. I want my race to become educated and cultured, to become accomplished in music and the fine arts, but first they must become proficient in agriculture and the practical trades. They should first have homes, learn the art of cleanliness and the gospel of the tooth-brush. I tell you as soon as a person begins to feel uncomfortable unless he uses the tooth-brush, every day there is some hope for him."

—*Booker T. Washington*.

It is a religious precept among the Mohammedans to rinse their mouths thrice, and clean their teeth with a brush every morning with their faces turned toward Mecca.

WITHOUT MALICE.

*Written After Seeing Church's Picture of
"The Maid and Skull."*

"Oh, grinning skull, I pray thee tell—
Hast thou lover to love thee well?"

"Shall I like thee?" (Can such thing be?)
"Grow such a ghastly thing to see?"

"Solve me the riddle Death?" saith she.
"See!" quoth the skull, "I'll solve it thee—
When that of life you solve for me!"

"Both mysterious are," the maid replied,
"For me—who live; for you—who died;

"But tell at least"—her breath beneath—
"What did you use to cleanse your teeth?"—*Life*.

"To clean teeth use a mixture of emery and sweet oil, following it with plenty of kerosene." This would seem to be queer advice, but as it is taken from a machinist's magazine, and from a chapter relating to circular saws, we have no doubt it is given in good faith.—*Boston Post*.

The boy who hired himself to have his teeth whitened every day for a month by one of those mountebanks who sell dentifrices on the sidewalk is now comfortably situated with an eminent dentist in the capacity of a frightful example, without a tooth in his head and with hardly a socket left in which to put one.

A Virginia negro puts kerosene on his teeth to keep them from rusting.

The Brahmins are said to have fine teeth, and this is in a great measure attributed to the attention they pay to their cleanliness. Every morning when they rise, they rub them for about an hour with a twig of a recemiferous fig tree, at the same time addressing their prayers to the sun, and calling down the blessings of Heaven on themselves and their families, as this practice is prescribed in their most ancient books of law and divinity; we imagine it coeval with the date of their religion and government. It exhibits a curious proof of the regard which this people had for the purity and beauty of the mouth, when such a simple practice is inculcated as a law, and rendered indispensable as a religious duty. They also separate their teeth with a file as soon as the second set is formed; this is either to prevent decay, or add to their beauty.

HISTORY OF DENTISTRY AND MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Some people think dentistry is a modern science, but research has shown it to be ancient, and there is plenty of proof that from the first dawn of civilization the teeth have received much attention. The mists of centuries cling around the origin of the art, but Egypt advances her prior claim. More than two modern centuries have elapsed since it took rank as a distinct profession in France.

When the Greek historian, Herodotus, who was born at Helicarnassus 484 B. C., went to Egypt, from his then comparatively barbarous Grecian home, to learn the sacred mysteries and sciences in the world's earliest nursery of learning and civilization on the banks of the Nile, he found surgery and medicine divided into distinct professions. There were surgico-physicians for the eye, ear and teeth; an appropriate professor was to be found for the different classes of disease. This division would have given great skill and efficiency to the different practitioners, had not each been restricted, under a penalty of death, to certain fixed prescriptions. But as to what extent the remedies and modes of practice at this early period of the world's history, were successful in the cure of disease, the chasm made in the annals of ancient science and art, by the destruction of the Alexandrian library, must forever leave the world in ignorance.

Hippocrates, born 460 B. C., was a lineal descendant of Esculapius; he flourished in Greece and was the first accurate observer, and first eminent physician of which we have any definite account. He describes in various parts of his works, as well the functions and period of the appearance of the several teeth, as their principal diseases, and the plan of treating them, both by manual operations and dentifrices.

At the commencement of the Christian era, we find in the writings of Celsus a celebrated physician of Rome, explicit instructions on the subject of several important operations on the teeth. He treats of scarifying the gums; extracting, scraping, filling, and fixing loosened teeth, with gold wire.

Cicero also gives credit to the third son Esculapius for the invention of an instrument for the extraction of diseased teeth.

ROMAN DENTISTRY.

Not a Modern Invention as is Generally Supposed.

Artificial teeth were used by the ancient Romans, as shown by a passage from Cicero, where one of the laws of the Twelve Tables is quoted. The law in question belongs to the Tenth Table (*de jure sacro*), which deals mainly with funerals, with the object of limiting the display and ceremonies attending them. Thus the body must not be burnt in more than three robes, or be attended to the grave by more than ten musicians; women must not tear their faces in time of mourning, nor must the bones be collected to make a new funeral with them, the bodies of slaves could not be embalmed, and the like. Section IX of Table X, which is the one relating to teeth, reads as follows in Ortolan's text ('*Histoire de la Legislation Romaine*,' page 121): "*Neve aurum addito. Quoi auro dentes vincti escunt, ast im cum illo sepelire urereve se fraude esto*"—Add no gold; but if the teeth are bound with gold, then that gold may be buried or burnt with the corpse. The date of the Twelve Tables is put about 450 B. C., and it is thought possible by some writers that some of the provisions relating to funerals were taken from the laws of Solon. In the case of the Etruscan skull, the artificial teeth are made from the teeth of animals.

The Latin poet Martial makes habitual allusion to artificial teeth, as worn by the ladies of Rome in his time.

During the recent excavation at Pompeii, which was buried by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, A. D. 79, several dental instruments were discovered, and some of the pictures found on the walls, represent dentistry in its different phases.

In A. D. 200, Galen showed that this knowledge of the teeth was extensive, and he described accurately many dental diseases.

In the fifth century, Aetius an Arabian, recommended the use of the file in dental operations, and advised filing freely to remove irregularity of the teeth.

The celebrated Arabian surgeon Albucasis, 1100 A. D., enters extensively into descriptions of dental operations, and gives drawings of a great number of instruments, used in his time for extracting, scraping, loosening, and filing teeth.

Phazes and Ebn Sina, Arabian physicians, first used arsenic to devitalize pulps of teeth, so that decay might proceed painlessly.

Replanting (extracting a tooth and putting it back in its socket again), also transplanting (extracting a tooth from the mouth of one person and planting it in the mouth of another) was in vogue before Ambroise Paré practiced it in 1579 in France.

Ambrose Paré of Paris in 1585 described a *metal* artificial palate.

Dr. Neall of Philadelphia, made the first *rubber* artificial palate (obturator).

The first ordinance regarding the practice of dentistry in France dates from 1614; the dentist was placed on a level with the oculist and other "experts."

Gillies and other practitioners in France received the title of surgeon-dentist in 1622; here persons destined for the dental profession were compelled, in 1700, to submit to a regular examination, and it is from this period that we must date, in modern times, the regular establishment of this art, as a distinct branch of surgical practice.

The operation for staphyloraphy (closure of cleft in the soft palate) was first made by La Monier, a Paris dentist, in 1764.

A small volume, "Medicine for the Teeth," was published at Frankfort, Germany, in 1541, and one at Mayence in 1543.

The first modern, regular, systematic treatise on Dental Surgery was written by Pierre Fauchard and published in France, 1728.

Porcelain teeth were first suggested by Duchateau, a French apothecary, and first manufactured by M. Guerard in Paris, 1776.

Casseriis of Padua, Italy, is supposed to have been the first to discover the "antrum," but credit is generally given Nathaniel Highmore 1651, hence its name, antrum Highmorianum.

In 1678 Leuwenhoeck described the "pipes" (tubuli) of the dentin. This was ahead of the age, but was confirmed generations afterward.

In Nikko, Japan, on a day of celebration, they brought back the teeth, and Adam's apple, of two royal princes, who died in Formosa during the war, to deposit them in a temple.

A work on Operative Dentistry has been issued in Japanese characters by Dr. J. Watanabe of Tokio.

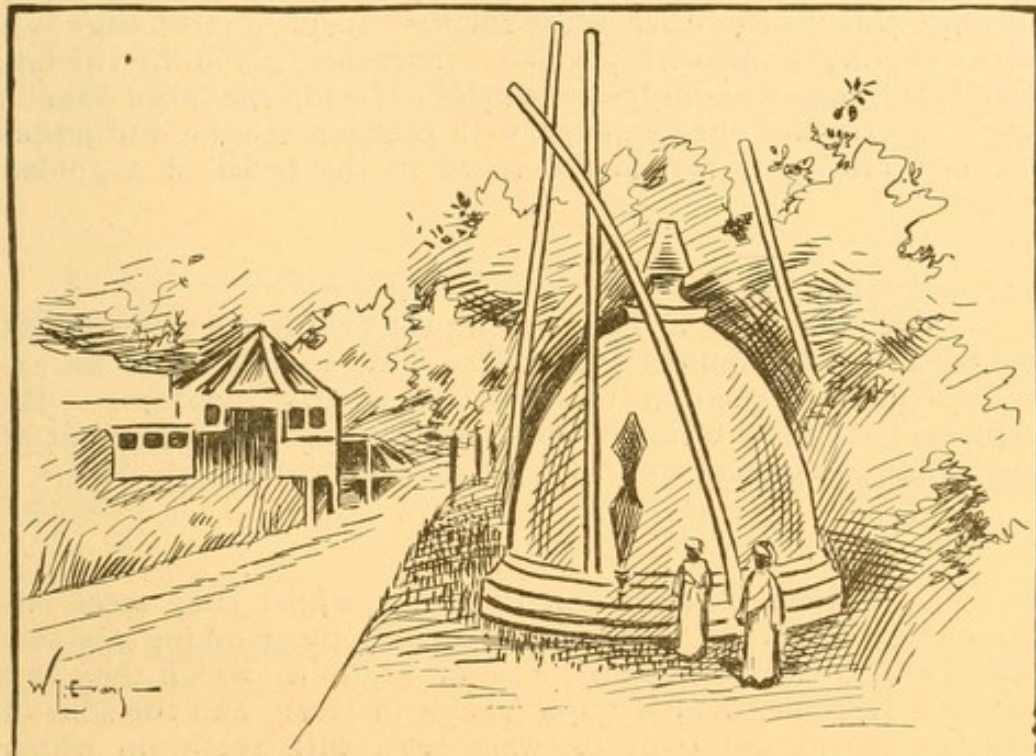
When the Empress of Japan came to this country, she had in her suite two manicures, a dentist, fourteen doctors and ten fan bearers.

BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.

A lady traveler who has lately penetrated the mysteries of the Japanese female toilet, gives the recipe by which they dye their teeth the "beautiful and brilliant black," there deemed essential to beauty, which is as follows:

Take three pints of water, and having warmed it, add a

half teacupful of wine (saki?). Put into this mixture a quantity of red hot iron, allow it to stand five or six days, when there will be a scum on the top of the mixture, which should be poured into a small teacup and placed near the fire. When it is warm powdered gall nuts and iron filings should be added to it, and the whole should be warmed again. The liquid is then painted on the teeth by a soft leather brush, with more powdered gall nuts and iron, and after several application the desired color will be obtained.



TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

The Temple of the tooth of Buddha is in Kandy (Ceylon). The tooth, so a legend runs, was formerly at Dantapoor, near Calcutta. Many attempts were made by the Brahmins to destroy it by fire, but it always reappeared folded in a lotus blossom. Elephants trod upon it, but it rose from the earth in a lotus of silver and gold. It was cast into sewers and the sewers were immediately transformed into beautiful lakes. Finally it was carried to Ceylon in the dusky tresses of an Indian princess, and here it has remained ever since. Once a year in August, there is a grand procession called the "Pera-hara," when the tooth is taken from the temple and carried through the streets on an elephant's back. It is rarely shown to anyone, but has been seen on the occasion of a visit of royalty.

The solitary tooth of Buddha is contained in the most valuable coffer in the world. A Shan chieftain recently sent to Moulmein, in Burmah, an emerald worth, it is declared, two lakhs of rupees, in order that the Burmese Buddhists might include it among the jewels which they have sent to Ceylon in order to adorn the tooth-holding coffer. Jewelry worth 50,000 rupees had been already received from Rangoon and Mandalay, and the Moulmein Buddhists have themselves secured jewelry to the value of 8,000 rupees. Thus the total value of the jewelry adorning the coffer will be about three and a half lakhs. Passing through a doorway which has elephant's tusks on either side, and mounting a steep staircase you come to another door elaborately inlaid with silver and ivory. Passing through this door you are in the shrine. Inside an iron cage is a silver dagoba hung with jeweled ornaments, given by the last Kandyan king, who built the temple. Inside the large dagoba are seven smaller ones studded with precious stones, and under the last one rests the sacred tooth in the heart of a golden lotus.

Aristotle (350 B. C.) was among the first writers to treat of the teeth in an extended and philosophical manner, and he examined them in relation to their comparative anatomy. He believed that those animals which have the greatest number of teeth live the longest.

The soldiers of Germanicus Cæsar, whilst they were encamped in Germany, lost all their teeth by drinking for two years, of the sweet waters of a fountain to which they had access. Hercules had a triple range of teeth, and the sons of Prusias, Curius and Papyrus, were born with teeth, on which account they were called "Dentati."

Eristratus mentions an extracting instrument of lead, which was suspended in the temple of Apollo, to indicate the skill rather than the force necessary for the removal of the teeth.

Carbonate of lime is held in solution in the blood by carbonic acid, and when this escapes into the mouth in the form of saliva, the lime is precipitated and so forms salivary calculus (tartar).

A healthy man secretes about four pounds of saliva daily.

A specimen of salivary calculus (tartar), with two lower incisors imbedded in it, was one inch long and one-half inch wide.

In China, artificial teeth were made and used for ages before being introduced into Europe; they were made of bone and ivory; the teeth being sawed and filed into the proper shape, were fastened to the adjoining ones by copper wire or catgut. A single tooth cost five or ten cents.

In Mozambique, a Portuguese colony, there are no dentists.

In Korea, with a population of 250,000, there were no dentists in 1894.

In Manila, Philippine Islands, in 1894 there were only two dentists.

New Caledonia, a French colony, population 60,000, had no dentist in 1894.

In Tripoli, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, belonging to the Turks, there is no resident dentist.

Dr. Phil. T. Gross, a colored man, is the only dentist in Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa.

There is only one dentist in Iceland.

In 1892 there was only one dentist in Morocco, Africa, and he was from Boston, Mass.

In 1636 the Plymouth company sent from London to Boston a company of physicians, an apothecary, and three barber-surgeons. Outside of the barbers there were medically educated gentlemen who confined their practice to treating diseased conditions of the teeth and gums, correcting irregularities, cleaning and filling teeth, extracting and replacing with artificial substitutes.

William Dinely is the only one of these barber-surgeons whose record has been found; in 1639 he perished in a storm while trying to reach Roxbury, where he had been called to see a gentleman who was suffering with toothache. Madame Dinely soon after ward gave birth to a son, who was named Fathergone Dinely.

The first native American dentist was Isaac Greenwood, Jr., of Boston, father of John Greenwood who constructed an entire denture for Washington. C. W. Peale, the great portrait artist who painted a picture of Washington, was for a time a dentist.

In 1766 John Woofendale of England came to New York, where he practiced dentistry for two years, then returned home, but becoming dissatisfied, again came to the United States, practiced for a time, then retired to a farm in New Jersey, where he died. Dr. James Gardette, from France, practiced in Philadelphia, and he used gold for filling teeth, 1781. He also announced the principle of atmospheric pressure as applied to artificial teeth.

In 1785 Dr. Josiah Flagg of Boston informs the public that he transplants both live and dead teeth, extracts teeth and stumps, fastens teeth which are loose, and preserves them in their natural whiteness, lines and plumbs them with virgin gold, foils or leads.

In 1808 Charles Greenleaf of Hartford made a partial set of teeth for the daughter of the man who put the "Charter" in the oak; they were carved from walrus tusk, and fastened to the other teeth with gold wire.

In ancient times artificial teeth were made of teeth of oxen, horses, sheep, stag, hippopotamus, whale, elephant's tusks, mother of pearl, wood, and oxen's ribs.

In 1817 porcelain teeth, a French invention, were introduced into this country by Dr. A. A. Planton, who manufactured them in Philadelphia.

A. A. Planton and C. W. Peale of Philadelphia, 1820, manufactured the first porcelain teeth in the United States. In 1844 S. S. White began the production of porcelain teeth in Philadelphia. This was the beginning of the largest manufactory in the world, both in teeth and dental material of all kinds. All factories in the United States make about 14,000,000 per year and in 10,000 different forms.

In 1829 Dr. H. H. Haydn delivered a course of lectures on dentistry, in the Maryland medical college, Baltimore.

The dental journal, the dental society and the dental college form the tripod upon which is based dental progress.

The *American Journal of Dental Science* was issued June 1, 1839, and published 511 copies monthly. It soon had 174 subscribers, and is still published. This was the first journal devoted entirely to dentistry. Since above date about ninety different journals have appeared; many of them have been discontinued, but the remaining few are doing good professional work.

Before there was a dental college, Dr. Parmly offered to receive students and to render them fit for practice for one thousand dollars; others asked similar fees.

Dr. Chapin A. Harris first originated the idea, and in company with Dr. H. W. Baxley obtained from the legislature of Maryland at the session of 1839-40 a charter to teach and confer the degree of D. D. S., accordingly the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the first in the world, was incorporated.

The first society organized was the American Society of Surgeon Dentists, July 1840.

The second society was the Virginia, 1842, and the next Mississippi Valley 1844.

These events were like the rising of the morning star of improvement, arousing the energies of the profession, giving them opportunities to communicate their knowledge unto each other, and to the world.

The progress and high standing of this branch of medicine in America, is not equaled by that of any country.

In 1800 the number of dentists in the United States was about one hundred. The zeal and ability with which this science was cultivated, hastened it on toward perfection with astonishing and almost unexampled rapidity; thus, in 1897 the United States census enrolls 25,000 dentists.

The numerous and highly important facts which have been developed in the last few years, in both theoretical and practical dentistry, give us an indication of the place which this branch of American science is bound to occupy in the great theatre of the world, amid the national rivalry of the elder continent, the hoary home of sages and poets, arts and sciences.

Number of dentists in the United States in 1850, 2,923; in 1860, 5,606; in 1870, 7,839; in 1880, 12,314; in 1890, 17,498; in 1897, 25,000; in 1900, 30,000.

Number of dental colleges in the United States in 1892, 39; number of graduates, 1,483; 1899, 58; number of graduates, 1,600.

For the last ten years the graduates have averaged one thousand yearly.

Forty-seven colleges are members of the National Association of Dental Faculties.

Liquid air is a dry cold 312° below zero, and has been used as a therapeutic agent in the treatment of sciatica, intercostal and facial neuralgia, by applying it at the spinal end of the affected nerve; also used as a local anesthetic when lancing boils, carbuncles, felons, etc.

There is no pain produced in its application, and wounds can be dressed without pain or loss of blood. It is not neces-

sary to freeze the part solid in order to produce local anesthesia.

It can be used by forcing it out of a glass bulb through a glass tube with a very small aperture at the exit end; if the spray is applied for a few seconds only, the color comes back quickly, although the skin is congested for some minutes afterwards, and when the part is frozen hard, the circulation returns in a few minutes, if the frozen part is not the end of a finger or toe. No sloughing follows except in well advanced carbuncles, or in abscesses where the overlying skin has become devitalized, and then the slough is superficial, and the ulcer readily heals.

Judging from the above, may we not hope that liquid air, properly handled, will prove a valuable local anesthetic when extracting teeth and making minor surgical operations in the mouth? Doubtless the tissues should be thoroughly dried before applying it, because if there is a drop of moisture, the air would freeze the water and burn the parts like a red-hot iron. Perhaps it might also be used for obtunding sensitive dentin; for freezing an exposed pulp so as to extirpate it at once; for operating on an alveolar abscess before cutting through the gum and alveolar process to the seat of disease.

Freezing applications in the form of solids, liquids, and sprays were used for all of the foregoing purposes more than thirty years ago.

The evolution of the process of freezing in the foregoing operations, viz.: ice and salt applied by various devices; rhigolene spray; bromide of ethyl spray and others.

It is estimated that out of 25,000 dentists in the United States, about 6,000 belong to dental societies.

The names of officers and time of meeting of dental societies can be found in Polk's Dental Register of the United States.

There are five times as many physicians as dentists, and three times as many medical as dental colleges in the United States.

The first law to regulate the practice of dentistry in the United States was passed by the state of Alabama in 1841.

It is estimated that about 35,000,000 dollars are annually paid for dental services in the United States, and that about one-fourth of the people patronize dentists.

The dentists of the United States use \$1,000,000 worth of gold annually.

A man who finds out things in New York, and writes about them to the *Troy Times*, says there are about four hundred practicing dentists in New York, and one-quarter of that number in Brooklyn (where the teeth are proportionably better). The Parmlys are notable in the profession, the family consisting of Eleazer, the oldest, and four brothers. Eleazer is the richest toothist in the United States—worth a million—mostly made in real estate. Dr. E. J. Downing is also a “warm” practitioner—about \$30,000 per annum. Doctors Atkinson and John Allen, Dwinelle, Dodge, and Maine are among the \$10,000 to \$20,000 men; after whom come a crowd of industrious fillers, extractors, etc., etc., the German element being quite predominant. Of the four hundred in this city about thirty may be considered first-class, with large incomes. After these scramble along a goodly crowd who charge from \$5 to \$20 for filling a tooth, and who make from \$3000 to \$4000 a year.—1871.

In 1848 the cutting edges and prominences of all the teeth were called coronal extremities.

The process of making continuous-gum dentures was patented by Dr. John Allen of New York, 1850.

The “air chamber” in dental plates was once patented by Mr. Gilbert of New Haven, Conn.

The idea of using plaster of Paris for taking impressions of the mouth, originated with Drs. Westcott, Dunning, and Bridges.

Marcus Buli, about 1812, was the first one to manufacture and sell gold foil in America.

In 1851 Nelson Goodyear invented a process for making a hard rubber compound (vulcanite) and in 1855 the first patent was obtained for making a dental plate of this material, then the Goodyear Co. bore down upon the dentists like “the vulture on the lamb,” and grabbed their hard earned dollars and carried them away to their vaults.

Dr. J. C. Warren of Boston was the first who operated on cleft palate in the United States, 1820.

Cheoplasty as a base for artificial dentures was first used by Dr. A. A. Blandy in 1855.

Rubber as a base for artificial teeth was experimented with in 1853 by Mr. Bevan, Dr. Putnam, New York, and Dr. Mallett, New Haven.

Nitrous oxid (laughing gas) was discovered by Priestly, described by Davy, and practically applied for anesthesia by Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist in Hartford, Conn., December 11th, 1844.

For many years previous to this Wells had believed it possible to produce by the inhalation of nitrous oxid, a degree of intoxication that would obtund the pain of surgical operations. Dr. G. Q. Colton administered the gas to S. A. Cooley in the presence of Wells, who observing that Cooley had sustained an injury while under its effect without feeling pain therefrom, thus received the suggestion which resulted in the discovery—the seer saw anesthesia. Doctor Wells expressed his belief that a tooth could be extracted painlessly while the patient was under the influence of the gas, and proved his theory by having one of his own teeth extracted. This event was the source of the world's knowledge of anesthesia, a word which Doctor Holmes suggested. The Parisian Medical Society awarded the honor to Wells, as being the discoverer of anesthesia, and elected him an honorary member.

In Philadelphia, December 11th, 1894, the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of modern anesthesia, there was a notable gathering of representative dentists assembled to do honor to the memory of Doctor Wells who gave to suffering humanity the greatest boon it has ever received from science. The exercises were held under the auspices of the American Dental Association, and consisted of the reading of papers and addresses at an afternoon session, and a banquet at the Union League in the evening, at which many brilliant speeches commemorative of the occasion were made.

A memorial meeting and banquet was held in Hartford, Conn., December 10th, 1894, to celebrate the fiftieth anniver-

sary of the discovery of anesthesia by Doctor Wells, at which time a memorial tablet was unveiled and presented to the city as a testimonial from contributing dentists in different states, to the genius of Doctor Horace Wells. The tablet is of bronze with a bas-relief of the doctor, and bears the inscription: "To the memory of Horace Wells, Dentist, who upon this spot, December 11th, 1844, submitted to a surgical operation. Discovered, demonstrated, proclaimed the blessings of anesthesia." Picture of tablet in *Dental Cosmos*, January, 1895.

To Dr. W. T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, we are indebted for discovering, that by inhaling the vapor of ether, anesthesia is induced; in this condition he removed decayed teeth without the patient being conscious of the operation. Ether was called Letheon, and in June, 1849 was administered to thirty-nine patients at Dr. Morton's office.

The use of chloroform was introduced by Prof. J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Arsenious acid for the devitalization of the tooth-pulp, was first used in modern times by Dr. S. Spooner, of Montreal, in 1835.

Congelation or freezing a tissue to prevent pain in surgical operations, was first employed in the Charité Hospital, Paris, by M. Velpeau.

In 1858 J. B. Francis of Philadelphia announced the discovery, that by passing an electro-galvanic current through a tooth at the instant of its removal, local anesthesia would be produced.

B. F. Green of Kalamazoo, Michigan, made the first dental engine in 1868; it was worked with a foot-bellows, and the hand-piece would carry files, drills and burs.

Dr. Holmes says: "Nothing has excited my admiration more than the wonderful drills moved by the foot, or any other power which may be preferred, finding their way into every

corner of the mouth, with a sinuous grace of movement such as the serpent displayed for the fascination of our unfortunate first parent, and making their way into the solid dental substance with a rapidity from which the engineers of the Hoosac Tunnel might borrow a most significant lesson.

About 1870 Dr. S. C. Barnum a dentist of New York, discovered the application of a rubber dam to the teeth to prevent moisture from getting into cavities, while he was filling them; he freely gave it to the profession.

Beginning with 1839, ninety-four journals have been published.

The National Association of Dental Faculties was organized in 1884 in New York City with Dr. C. N. Pierce as chairman.

The National Association of Dental Examiners was organized in 1889 and incorporated under the laws of Illinois in 1891.

There are Post-Graduate schools for dentists in Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, New York City, Atlanta, Kansas City, Rochester, N.Y. Dr. L. P. Haskell, of Chicago, established the first one.

The American Dental Association was organized in Washington July 1860, and the second regular meeting was held in Cleveland, Dr. W. H. Atkinson President. In 1897, at old Point Comfort, this association and the Southern Dental Association were merged into one—The National Dental Association.

National Association of Dental Faculties, National Institute of Dental Pedagogics, National Association of Dental Examiners meet annually.

The first international meeting of dentists as a separate body was held at Chicago in 1893. A thousand educated men representing twenty countries met to testify their devotion to the professional spirit by offering upon the altar of their calling their best of attainment and knowledge. The World's Columbian Dental Congress was the exponent of the rapid advancement of the science and art of dentistry. It was the greatest event in the history of modern dentistry since its birth. One of the marvels was the work of the *Dental Cosmos*, which in a daily edition spread before the members each day the proceedings of the previous day, and forty-eight hours after final adjournment, complete sets of the daily *Dental Cosmos*, aggregating over 400 pages of papers, proceedings, and discussions, were speeding through the mails. It was a feat unparalleled in dental annals.

"In Tiffany's display at the World's Fair was a tooth of St. Patrick's. Mebbe it was his tooth. I can't dispute it, never havin' seen his gums."

The Illinois School of Dentistry, about 1892, was the first to appoint a professor of Dental History. B. J. Cigrand, D. D. S., fills the chair.

OLDEST PRACTITIONERS.

The two oldest living dentists now in practice in the United States were present at the Old Point Comfort meetings—Dr. W. W. H. Thackston, (recently deceased—1900) of Farmville, Va., and Dr. John B. Rich, of New York City. The latter commenced practice in New York in 1836—*Aug. 1897*.

Dr. Corydon Palmer began dentistry in 1839.

About 1845, Dr. C. S. Brewster, an American dentist who studied in Philadelphia, went to Paris and located; he became very popular and was made dentist to the royal family, and had various honors conferred upon him; on a visit to St. Petersburg the Emperor of Russia knighted him besides presenting him with various tokens of esteem. Dr. T. W. Evans succeeded Dr. Brewster.

In 1848, Dr. E. Maynard of Washington, during a tour in Europe, stopped at St. Petersburg and operated for the Royal family; on leaving, the emperor made him a valuable present as a testimonial of his abilities as a dentist.

In 1869 celluloid was introduced as a base for artificial dentures.

Inferior (lower) cuspids are called "stummick" teeth by the ignorant.

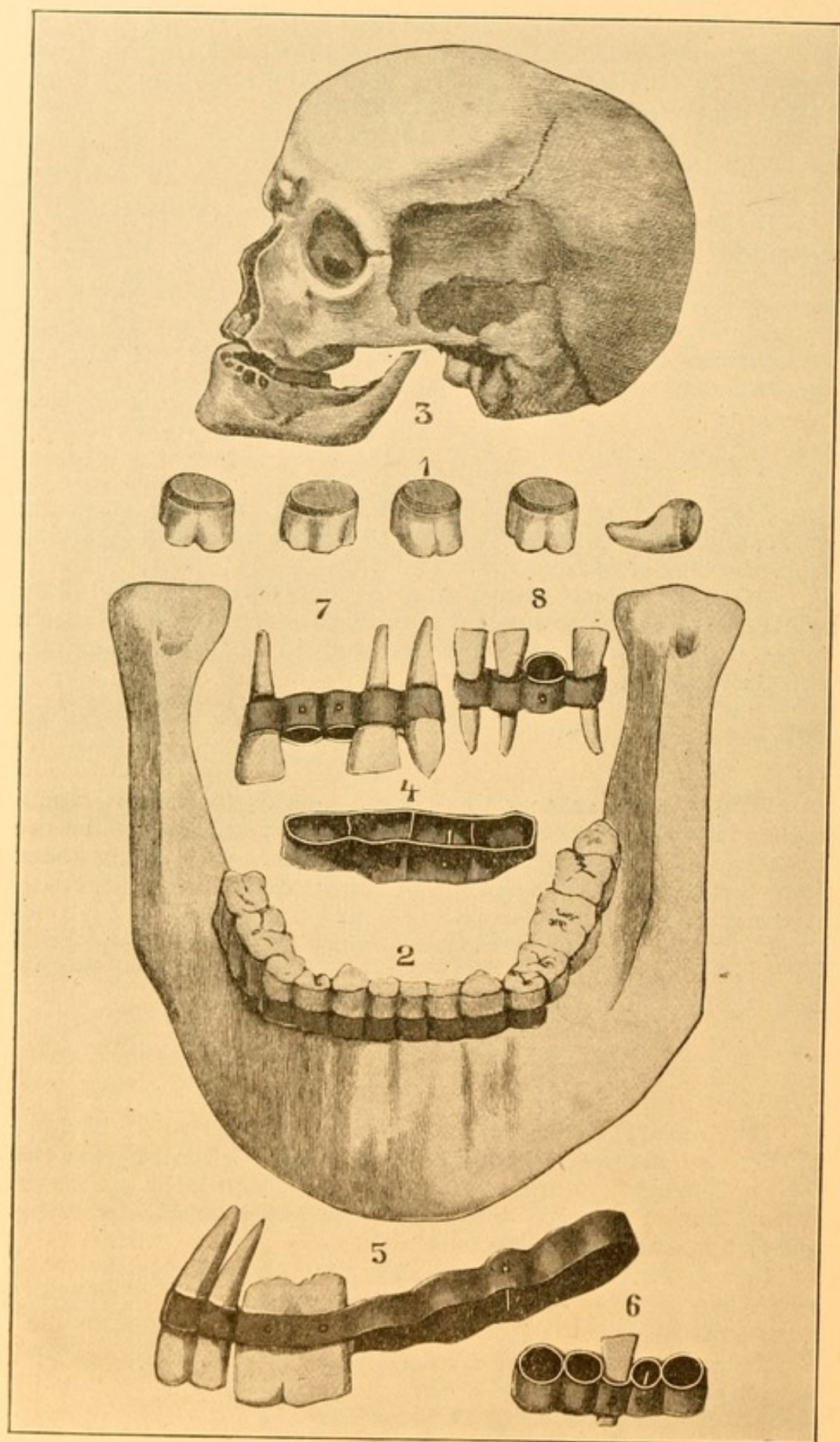
"My daughter, Miss Ida Dent Wright, was my traveling companion, and we determined to begin our tour starting from the city of Mexico.

"One of the first things of great interest which I found on my travels was the wonderful architecture of the ruins of Mitla in the state of Oaxaca. They are said to be 2,000 years old, and they may be much older.

"They were excavating while I was there, and it would rather take the conceit out of a Fifth avenue dentist to see the beautiful jobs of tooth filling those old Aztecs were doing about four hundred years before Columbus discovered America. Among the mummies was one of a man apparently of high degree. I secured four of his teeth which were beautifully filled with jade and turquoise. These teeth are now in the possession of Mr. Heber Bishop."—*Mrs. M. R. Wright.*

The natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food. During a lengthened period of observation only one person out of thirteen was found who used both sides of his mouth for masticating his food.

In modern times, the artificial replacement of the loss of a portion of the teeth by crowns was first written about by Robert Woofendale in 1783, regarding the act of joining artificial crowns to the roots of natural teeth.



ANCIENT DENTAL ART.

Bridge-work is, strictly speaking, an ancient system revived and improved, and called crown and bridge-work.

Among the many remarkable inventions at the late paper exhibit at Berlin was a set of paper teeth, which were made in 1878 by a Lubeck dentist. They have been in constant use for over fourteen years and are in first-class condition.

In persons suffering from jaundice the teeth become tinged a faint yellow; in a few instances they are more deeply colored

One of the odd bequests, among London charities, provides annually, gratuitous relief for 28,000 people afflicted with diseases of the teeth.

JOSEPHINE'S BAD TEETH.

Until the reign of the Empress Josephine a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never had dared to use it before any one. The word, even, was carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed, and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated actress, Mlle. Duchenois, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the piece she never could summon enough courage to call it by its true name, but referred to it as "a light tissue."

A few years later a translation of one of Shakespeare's plays, by Alfred de Vigny, having been acted, the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from every part of the house.

It is doubtful if even to-day French ladies would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I had not given the signal for adopting them.

The Empress Josephine, although really lovely, had bad teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly lace, which she constantly raised gracefully to her lips. Of course, all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs then rapidly became an important part of the feminine toilet. — *Woman's Life*.

Kantorowicz has found that he can reduce hypertrophied tonsils to normal size by massage with the finger for a few minutes. He introduces his forefinger, protected by a rubber cot, as far as possible behind the tonsil and rubs fifteen or twenty times with his finger around it, and then up and down the same number of times. The massage, repeated about fourteen times, reduces even the most inflamed and swollen tonsils to normal. He concludes (*Deutsche Med. Ztg.*, No. 63, 1898) by calling attention to the frequent coincidence of carious teeth with hypertrophied tonsils; in 75 cases of bilateral hypertrophy he counted 96 teeth affected with caries, and in 24 unilateral cases, 101, suggesting that better care of the teeth might reduce the number of cases of hypertrophied tonsils.

—*Revue de Laryng.*, xix, 42.

Dental publications in the United States about 28. England has five; France five monthlies; Germany has seven; Austria has two; Switzerland has one quarterly; Sweden has one quarterly; Italy has one bi-monthly and one quarterly; Denmark, one monthly; Russia, one monthly; Spain, two monthlies; Finland, one quarterly; Cuba, one monthly; Japan has two journals; U. S. of Columbia, South America, one journal; Mexico, one.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. After the battle of Waterloo the London dentists supplied themselves with natural teeth for their patients from that quarter, for dental surgery was then in its infancy. Now, we are told that a German writer urges that the present is an excellent opportunity of making, from recent Franco-Prussian battle-fields, a fine collection of skulls, to aid in the study of craniology and ethnology. Now is the time, thinks one doctor, for securing a beautiful collection of the craniums of Turcos and other Africans who were represented in the French army. It is rather a grim harvest to glean from a gory field; but, as mere phrenological curiosities, we should think the skulls to be obtained in Paris would be the most curious.—1872.

DEAD MEN'S TEETH.

During the days of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers, when graveyards were subjected to pillage for supplying anat-

omists with subjects for dissection, the teeth from dead bodies formed a frequent article of sale to dentists. Sometimes graves were opened for the teeth alone, as being small and easily concealed articles. Mr. Cooper, the surgeon, relates an instance of a man feigning to look out for a burial place for his wife, and thus obtaining access to the vault of a meeting house, the trap door of which he unbolted; at night he let himself down into the vault, and pocketed the front teeth of the whole of the buried congregation, by which he cleared fifty pounds. Mention is made of a licensed sutler or cantineer, during the Peninsular War, who drew the teeth of those who had fallen in battle and plundered their persons. With the produce of these adventures he built a hotel at Margate; but his previous occupation being discovered, his house was avoided and disposed of at a heavy loss. He afterward became a dealer in dead men's teeth.

Master Mace, author of *Music's Monument*, tells us that after he became deaf, he invented a lute which he was able to hear in a very good measure, yet not loud enough to distinguish everything he played without the help of his teeth, which, when he laid close to the edge of it he could hear everything distinctly. In such cases the vibrations are transmitted by the teeth to the bones of the head, and thus to the inner ear and auditory nerve. Bone is an excellent conductor of sound. Harsh and grating sounds set the teeth on edge, or make them vibrate disagreeably. If an iron bar is suspended by a cord which is held by the teeth, and the bar is struck, the sound will appear louder than when heard in the ordinary way. Engineers when they suspect a leaking, or mischief inside the steam-engine cylinder, sometimes put a small piece of iron between the teeth, press it firmly against the outside of the cylinder, and close the ears, then the sounds within become clearly audible. Lay a watch face downwards on a table, stand far enough away so that you cannot hear it tick; now let one end of a wooden rod rest on the back of the watch, and grip the other end with the teeth; close the ears with the fingers, and the ticking can be distinctly heard. If one end of a long wooden rod be placed on a piano, and the other held by the teeth, the tune can be heard though the ears be closely stopped.—*A. D. 1676.*

The teeth are the only hardened parts of the animal frame exposed to the influence of air and fluids, or called upon to exercise mechanical power without the intervention of mem-

branous or other protection, or the aid of lubricating fluid proper to themselves, or being placed beyond the influence of chemical agents.

At present, dental surgery as practiced by the scientific of the profession, unites the *utile dulci*, and claims its usefulness to be as prominent as its beauty, and its salutary influences on general health, to be as lasting and beneficial, as its ornamentation is pleasing and impressive.

“Auspicious art! before whose magic spell,
Disease and pain shrink shuddering back to hell;
Whose touch, like that mysterious gem of old,
That changed all baser metals into gold,
Restores the faded flow’ret to its bloom,
And saves the victim from the threatening tomb.”

The following was clipped from a Philadelphia paper of February last: “The manager of a London music hall announces that any one who purchases a ticket for the performance may have his or her teeth extracted for nothing.”

Even such a small thing as a tooth has caused philosophers to cease philosophizing, generals to lose battles, preachers to lose the thread of their discourse, lawyers to fail in convincing the jury, and poets to write drivel instead of sonnets.

HIS REGULAR WORK.

To the boys and girls to whom Paul Revere's name is inseparably connected with the story of the famous “Midnight Ride,” a certain advertisement which appeared for the first time in the *Boston Gazette* on the 26th of December, 1768, may be somewhat surprising.

Whereas many Persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident, and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but speaking, both in Public and Private: This is to inform all such that they may have them re-placed with artificial Ones, that looks as well as the Natural, & answers the End of Speaking to all Intents, by *Paul Revere*,

Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston. . . . all Persons who have had false teeth fixt by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon Dentist, and they have got loose, (as they will in Time) may have them fastened by the above (who learnt the Method of fixing them from Mr. Baker).

Peter the Great of Russia could extract a tooth as well as one of the medical faculty, as shown by the following: The pretty wife of one of the czar's valets had the following unpleasant experience of his skill. The husband of the "maid" accused her of flirting, and vowed revenge. The czar noticed the valet seated in the ante-room, looking forlorn and asked the cause of his dejection. The wicked valet replied that his wife had a tooth, which gave her great pain, keeping them both awake night and day, but would not have it drawn. "Send her to me," said the czar. The woman was brought, but persisted in affirming that her teeth were sound, and never ached. The valet alleged that this was always the way she did when the physician was called; therefore in spite of her cries and remonstrances, the czar ordered her husband to hold her head between his knees, when the czar drew out his instrument and extracted the tooth designated by the husband, disregarding the cries of the unfortunate victim.

In a few days the czar was informed that the thing was a put-up job by the jealous husband, in order to punish, if not mar, the beauty of his gallant wife, whereupon the instrument was again brought into requisition; and this time the naughty valet was the sufferer, to the extent of losing a sound and valuable tooth

An American dentist has written a paper to prove that all the "ills that flesh is heir to" come from eating common salt. He says: "While I would not wish to be understood as believing that common salt is the sole cause, I do believe that it is one of the giant evils that are tending so much to undermine the health of man, and with the health, the mind."

In 1816 Lord Schworterbury gave 16,596 francs for a tooth of Isaac Newton, which is now set in a ring and worn by the eldest branch of that family.

Gap-toothed, indicates teeth which stand at a little distance apart.

George Day, "the boy Samson" of Xenia, lifts 1,235 pounds with his teeth.

WHAT ENGLAND SMOKES.

Tobacco is not the only weed that is smoked in Britain. In Somerset and the southwest counties a great many persons smoke a concoction called "sundew." It is not a new fad, but has been in use for 300 years there. Sundew is a mixture of sun-dried beet leaves, parsley and peppermint, a very little of the latter. It is not a very harmful mixture, though it conduces to considerable drowsiness and is anything but good for the teeth. You may notice in the western counties a good many persons with browned or blackened teeth. It is the result of sundew smoking. The stuff is not pleasant to a stranger, for it is very hot and choky and takes a great deal of getting used to.

Among the unnumbered millions of human beings who have peopled the earth since the dawn of time, it may be said that no two have been created with teeth exactly alike.

NO BONES IN THE OCEAN.

Mr. Jeffry has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging, it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water but a short time. On the contrary, teeth which are not bones any more than whales are fish, resist the destroying action of the sea-water indefinitely. It is therefore a powerful solvent. Still the popular opinion is, that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all the seas would long ago have been covered by immense accumulations of carcasses and products of the vegetable kingdom constantly floating into them.

Dentin, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed and the enamel covering them, offer extraordinary resistance to those chemical agencies which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds in the west, tumuli in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time appears to have made no impression whatever.

WHY THE TEETH CHATTER.

It is through the skin, and only through the skin, that we receive sensations of temperature. The chattering of the teeth from the feeling of cold is caused by what is termed reflex action of the muscles of the jaw. When an impression is made on the sensitive surface of the skin it is conveyed by an excitor nerve to the spinal cord, and is there reflected back on the muscles by a corresponding motor nerve, the action being involuntary, like that of any other mechanism. Chattering of the teeth, as well as shivering and sneezing, is nature's effort to restore the circulation of the blood which has accumulated near the heart.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Last Saturday, Mr. Peter Ames of Belmont came to Belfast and had a tooth extracted by Dr. G. W. Stoddard, dentist. Dr. Stoddard noticed the root of the molar had been in contact with metal, and asked Mr. Ames about it. Mr. Ames, who was a member of the Seventh Maine Regiment during the war, said he was wounded in the face at Spottsylvania, Va., in May 1864, that the bullet had never been extracted. An examination revealed the metal which could be plainly felt in the cavity of the jaw where the tooth had been. In fact the roots of the molar had rested on the bullet. Dr. Stoddard advised a surgical operation. On Monday Mr. Ames again came to town and consulted Dr. H. H. Johnson. After having more teeth extracted to make room, Dr. Johnson removed the missile which had been reposing in the jaw for more than twenty-one years. A part of the cheek-bone was removed and the operation was a nice piece of surgical work. The missile was an iron grape shot weighing one ounce. The obstruction has been a source of annoyance to Mr. Ames, and has caused him more or less pain during the long years since the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. Mr. Ames has been to the Massachusetts General Hospital and other places, but was told that it was extremely dangerous to remove the shot. It was feared the eye would be injured. He carries another rebel bullet in his leg which Dr. Johnson will shortly remove.—*Belfast Journal*.

GOLD IN TEETH.

The New York *World* again goes for a French paper. It says: In an interesting item the Paris *Figaro* dwells with some surprise upon the withdrawal from circulation annually in the United States of \$500,000 worth of gold, owing to the

custom Americans have of "burying their dead with their artificial jaws and plugged teeth." We regret to say that this extravagant and unseemly custom prevails in America, but our Parisian contemporary will be pleased to learn that public opinion is revolting thereat, and the day of emancipation draws nigh. In the next New York code we expect with confidence to see incorporated a provision whereby the undertaker and executors will be made criminally and civilly responsible for the removal of the false teeth of the deceased, and their deposit in the office of the public administrator, while an additional clerk, a certificated dentist, is to be appointed by the Surrogate, charged with the extraction of all teeth which will assay more than twenty-five cents to the tooth. *Le Figaro* will agree with us that this is more seemly, if less imposing, practice than that which we are informed prevails in Paris—of extracting the precious molars and incisors with a pickaxe and a crowbar in the presence of a *conseil de famille*, the mayor of the commune (wearing his scarf of office), and a *marguillier* of the parish church.

The low prices which personal relics bring nowadays, compared with what was cheerfully paid for them forty or fifty years ago, is, we think, a sign that public taste is improving. For instance, a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of £730. Doubtless this is small compared with the £50,000 which the King of Pegu offered the Portuguese as the ransom of Buddha's tooth, now in the Temple of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. But the one bit of dentin is of much the same value as the other, for though an Owen can reproduce a mastodon or a megatherium from a single tooth, the most learned amateur would fail to discover anything to distinguish a molar of the author of the "Principia" from that extracted from the jaw of the veriest clodhopper that ever ate bacon.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says that a million dollars' worth of chewing gum is used every year by American girls. We are inclined to the opinion that the chewing of gum is not confined to the girls. Boys and men have the same habit. Strange to say, it may have a good use. The American habit of fast eating fails to supply the food with a sufficient amount of saliva, but gum chewing liberates a large amount of it which is swallowed and goes to the benefit of the abused stomach. Esthetically we have a prejudice against the habit, but it is a serious question whether there is not a practical benefit in it which should not be overlooked; that is to say, if fast eating continues to be an American habit.

When volunteers present themselves for examination to go on Arctic expeditions, their teeth are carefully examined, and if found the least defective, they are sent to the dentist.

THE TEETH OF ARMY RECRUITS.

In the House of Commons, on the 25th ult. (in answer to Colonel Dalbiac), Mr. Powell Williams said that 1,767 recruits were rejected in the year 1898 under the heading "loss or decay of many teeth."

The regulations of the British post-office require that every unsound tooth shall be taken out of a man's head before he can be employed.

One of the most frequent causes of the rejection of men who offer to enlist in the army consists in defective teeth. "Bad teeth," my friend, the army officer said, "mean, as a rule, incomplete digestion, with a whole lot of physical ailments following in due order. This we prevent so far as we are enabled, by refusing men whose teeth are imperfect; but the trouble does not stop there, for little or no provision is made in the army for the care of soldiers' teeth by specialists. Most of the minor troubles are attended to by the hospital stewards, or by the junior surgeons. Army medical men avoid dental practice as much as possible, and under the circumstances the men are either obliged to suffer, or employ a civilian dentist. The last army bill had an amendment providing for the employment of 100 dentists, to rank as second lieutenants, and to receive the pay of that grade, but the amendment was defeated. I am told that the subject received some attention at the last meeting of the American Dental association, and the chances are that congress may take some action at its coming session, when the army question will have to be ripped up again anyhow. During the war of the rebellion the recruits had to have good teeth so as to be able to bite the paper cartridges then provided by way of ammunition, and many a shirk had his teeth extracted to escape the draft. Nowadays we want men with good teeth for entirely different reasons."

In 1593 it was reported that a Silesian child seven years old had lost all its teeth, and that a golden tooth had grown



APOLLONIA, THE PATRON SAINT OF DENTISTRY.

in the place of a natural double one. In 1595, Horstius, professor of medicine in the University of Helmstadt, wrote the history of this golden tooth. He said it was partly a natural event and partly miraculous, and that God had sent it to the child to console the Christians for their persecution by the Turks. In the same year Rullandus drew up another account. Two years afterwards Ingosteterus wrote against the opinion which Rullandus had given and he replied in an erudite dissertation. Libavius compiled all that had been said relative to this tooth, and subjoined his remarks upon it. Nothing was wanting to recommend these erudite writings to posterity but proof that the tooth was gold. A goldsmith examined it, and found it a natural tooth artificially gilt.

APOLLONIA, THE PATRON SAINT OF DENTISTRY.

Her father was a heathen magistrate in Alexandria, her mother, although not a Christian, sympathized with believers in that faith, and, being childless, she asked if the virgin could grant her prayer for a child? Full of faith she invoked Mary's intercession, which was answered by the birth of Apollonia. The mother often spoke to her child of the wonderful power there was in the prayers of these people, thus Apollonia felt deeply that this was the religion that could satisfy her. She went to St. Leonine and was baptized, whereupon he bade her go to Alexandria and preach the faith, and she was so eloquent and fervent that she made many converts. At this time a tumult was stirred up against Christians, and the mass of the people were enraged at her, and complained to her father who gave her up to be judged. They brought her before the idol temple and bade her worship the image. She made the sign of the cross, and there came forth from the statue an evil spirit shrieking, "Apollonia has driven me hence." This the people could not bear, so they tried by torture to overcome her constancy. She was bound, and one by one her teeth were extracted, but still she did not flinch or fear, and on her refusal to accede to the demands of her persecutors and renounce her faith, she was brutally clubbed, and subsequently suffered death by fire. For more than 1500 years her intercession has been sought for relief from all pain, incident to dental diseases, and her relics have been regarded as possessing great efficacy in its cure. The canonization of St. Apollonia took place about 300 A. D. On the 9th of February of each year she is commemorated. The so-called remains of her skeleton are preserved in churches, viz: St. Apollonia, Rome; St. Maria, Transtiberina, her head; St. Lawrence, outside the walls, her arms; St. Basil's, part of her jaws; while in Naples, Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, and Quebec, portions of the bones or teeth

are cherished. Furini has painted her in a picture now at Florence, Luini in the monastery Maggiore Milan, and in the Milan gallery there is an altar piece by Francesco Granacce, on one wing of which is a life-size figure of her. Procaccino has painted her martyrdom, and she is also to be found in the works of Carlo Dolce. Her distinctive emblems are the pincers and tooth; the latter, in some of the paintings, is hung by a gold chain around her neck.

Condensed from article by Prof. Pierce, International.



PORTRAIT OF DR. HORACE WELLS.

See page 231.

PROVERBS.

Lord Bacon said, "The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs."

In spight of his teeth. —Colyn Cloute and John Shelton.

Tothe and nayle.
—Shacklock's Hatchet of Heresies, Antwerp, 1565.

With tooth and nail. —Du Bartas.

A sharp tooth for hard bread; or diamond cut diamond.
—English.

* * * The ruby lip,
The ivory teeth, the jet black hair and shape,
As finely turned as Venus. * * *
— Old proverb play, 1788.

When a child "cuts" teeth too soon, they say—Quickly toothed and quickly go, quickly will thy mother have moe.
—Yorkshire.

A tooth in the mouth is worth two in the hand.—English.

Aching teeth are ill tenants. —English and Russian.

A decayed tooth injures its companions. —English.

Do not throw your opinions in everybody's teeth.
—English.

You can look at teeth and not be bitten. —English.

You can't see green cheese but your teeth must water.
—English.

Ane may lo'e a haggis, that wadna hae the bag thrown in
his teeth. —Scotch.

Cast a bane in a deil's teeth, and it will save you.
—Scotch.

Keep your tongue within your teeth.
—Scotch and English.

Ye're teeth's langer than yer beard. —Scotch.

Tooth-rife, agreeable to the taste. —Scotch.

To take a toothful''; to take a moderate quantity of
strong liquor. —Scotch.

Capt. Zirhoff was a man who, according to the Russian say-
ing, "Eats his own teeth," meaning that when he said a thing,
he did not retract.

If you cannot bite, never show your teeth.
—Scotch and Russian.

Better a tooth out than always aching.—Russian. German.

The tooth often bites the tongue, and yet they keep to-
gether. —Danish. Russian.

He who has teeth has no bread, and he who has bread has
no teeth. —Italian.

- Music helps not the toothache. —Italian.
- Revenge a hundred years old has still its milk-teeth.
—Italian.
- The tongue goes where the tooth aches.
—French. Italian. Spanish. Portuguese.
- When the child cuts its teeth, death is on the watch.
—Spanish.
- A mouth without teeth is like a mill without a stone.
—Spanish.
- A diamond is not so precious as a tooth.
—Spanish. Don Quixote.
- Never put your thumbs between two grinders.—Spanish.
- Tooth-wort, Spanish camomile.
- I want more for my teeth than for my relations.
—Portuguese.
- God has given nuts to some who have no teeth.
—Portuguese and Spanish.
- He lies like a tooth-drawer. —French.
- Some have bread who have no teeth left. —French.
- To seize the moon with one's teeth—to aim at impossibilities.
—French.
- To practice sorcery with the teeth. —French.
- There is not enough for a hollow tooth. —French.
- Gourmands dig their graves with their teeth. —French.

To lie like a dentist; i. e., to tell no end of lies! —French.

To talk with big or great teeth, that is, to talk angrily and severely. —French.

As the teeth are, so is the bite. —French.

Teeth against teeth destroy one another. (Compare "when Greek meets Greek"). —French.

For tooth-ache there is no anodyne save the instrument. —French.

To have a milk tooth against some one; i. e., to cherish a little grudge. —French.

To have long teeth is to have hunger. —French.

It seems the devil has carried my teeth to my belly; i. e., I have a gnawing pain in my stomach. —French.

His teeth chatter like the playing of a tambourine. —French.

Those are good teeth which hold back the tongue. —French.

Sharp teeth and empty belly find no satisfaction except in what lies on the platter. —French.

No one can see into another further than his teeth. —Danish.

The miller is honest who has hair on his teeth.—German.

Healthy teeth make cake of bread. —German.

To shut the door in one's teeth. —German.

Between tooth and hand many a thing goes to destruction.
—German.

His teeth won't hurt him anymore, i. e., he's dead.
—German and French.

His teeth glisten like a fox's before a snow bank.
—German.

One eats that with a hollow; i. e., a tender tooth. Evidently a modernization of the Latin "*cum grano salis*,"—"one takes or swallows that with a grain of salt."
—German.

Like throwing your teeth against the wall; i. e., in vain.
—German.

To feel for one upon the teeth; i. e., to try one's mettle.
—German.

The teeth bite against each other ("a house divided against itself.")
—German.

They hold by each other like the teeth in a calf's head.
—German.

The teeth need no ornament.
—German.

To have good teeth and nothing to eat is the climax of ill.
—German.

The teeth often bite the tongue, and yet they remain good friends.
—German.

To paint one's teeth for him.
—German.

With pretty teeth, he still has poor eating.
—German.

To have a tooth against some one; i. e., to hold a grudge.
—German.

He has two hollow (i. e., voracious) teeth; the one likes white bread to bite, the other cakes. —German.

I'll knock your cake-tooth out for you. —German.

With long teeth one eats too greedily. —German.

My teeth are of more concern to me than my ancestry. —German.

He whose teeth are tardy in coming can bury all his relatives; he whose teeth come early, will early go to his grave. —German.

The flattery of a woman has no teeth, but it would eat the flesh off your bones. —Oriental.

The tongue which is yielding endures; the teeth which are stubborn perish. —Chinese.

To catch a man with his teeth. —China.

God, who gives teeth, also gives bread.—Persian Is. 49. 15.

The teeth sometimes bite the tongue—i. e., the best friends will sometimes fall out. —Japan.

The epicure digs his grave with his teeth. —Tamul.

A tooth projecting beyond the lips; a wick too big for the dish. —Telugu.

The body dissolves, the head gets gray, the mouth becomes toothless, yet hope ceases not to jest with us.—Maha Mudgar.

A loose tooth and a feeble friend are equally bad.—Bengal.

Biting a stone breaks the teeth. —Gujerat.

Lex talionis.—“The law of retaliation,” or “of requital.”
“An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.” This is the law of
revenge, not of justice.

To have an aching tooth at one, having a grudge against
them.

Though he is seven years of age, he has not yet cut his
teeth.—Latin. Said ironically of men who devote themselves
to frivolous or childish pursuits.

Make me weak in the hands, weak in the feet and hips, dash
out my failing teeth. —Maecenas.

“Trying to fix her tooth in some tender part, Envy will
strike it against the solid.”

—Horace. Alluding to Fable, Serpent and File.

Lentiscum mandere. Prov. “To chew mastich.” Said
of people over nice about their personal appearance. Gum
mastich is a whitener of the teeth, and a preserver of the
gums.

The toothless man envies those who can bite well.—Latin.

Hand and foot (with all our strength and resolution).
“Tooth and nail.” —Latin.

Dens Theonina. (Latin). A calumniating tooth, (tongue).
—The tongue of a scandal-monger.

Primo avulso non deficit alter Aureus.—(L) Virg. A. 6,
143. The golden branch.

One plucked, another fills its room,

And burgeons with like precious bloom.—Conington.

Altered to Uno avulso, etc., the line was put up by a
Parisian dentist over his door, to signify that if it were neces-
sary to remove a patient's tooth, another was forthcoming to
supply its place.

Unguibus et rostro.

—Latin.

With nails and beak,
With tooth and nail.

Quickly toothed, quickly with God, as if early cutting of teeth were a sign of a short life; whereas we read of some born with teeth who lived long enough to become famous; as in Roman history M. Curius Dentatis and Cn. Papyrius Carbo, mentioned by Pliny; and among English kings, Richard III.

Sal laughs at all you say, because she has fine teeth.
—American.

A repository of medicine for the teeth—a dental library.
—American.

You might as well extract the teeth of the dead as to advise an old man.
—American.

There is medicine against the toothache.
—American.

A man may lose his teeth, but he never loses his inclination to eat.
—American.

Man may lose his teeth, but not his nature.
—American.

There is no cut, like cutting teeth.
—American.

Will the toothache be cured by changing the dentist?
—American.

He who does not masticate well is an enemy to his own life.
—Arabian.

Passing a child three times over and under a jackass, will prevent them from having toothache.
—American.

If a person, who is a posthumous child, blows in the mouth of a child, they will never have the toothache.
—American.

“If you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i' the teeth with 't.”
—Wit at Several Weapons.

Chart—He's an excellent musician himself.

May—And having met one fit for his own tooth, you see,
he skips from us. —Decker and Webster, Northward Ho.

His face so ill favouredly made that he looks at all times
as if a tooth-drawer were fumbling about his gums.

—Dekker, Gulls Hornbook.

It was much the same everywhere; affable greetings, pressing invitations, but nothing for the impatient tooth of a correspondent.

—Harper's Magazine.

Coughs and cardiacles, cramps and toothaches.

—Piers Plowman.

Of portours and of pykeporses and pyled (bald) tooth-drawers.

—Piers Plowman.

I am troubled

With the toothache, or with love, I know not whether;

There is a worm in both.

—Parliament of Love.

I rode on thinking that he was hard set like a saw, for his dinner, and would soften after tooth-work. * * John Fry came in a satisfied manner, with a piece of quill in his hand, to lean against a door-post, and listen to the horses feeding, and have his teeth ready for supper.

Josselin took his hand and smiled his open toothy smile.

—Lorna Doone, Blackmore.

“They'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestors wear the jest be laughable.”

Said of Dr. Monsey:

No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed a blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or tell a twister.

“And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.”

—Little Breeches, John Hay.

It were a shame indeed
To smoke and chew tobacco, John,
Till your teeth are coated brown
Making a chimney of your nose,
And of yourself a clown.

In ancient times horseradish was celebrated as being a cure for every evil in life, the only exception being that it destroyed the teeth.

Nor any flesh to feel the tooth of Hell.

—Edwin Markham.
(Wail of Wandering Dead).

To old people:

—Mark Twain.

Our ivory Teeth, confessing to the Lust
Of masticating, once, now own Disgust
Of Clay-plug-d cavities—full soon our Snags
Are emptied, and our Mouths are filled with Dust.
Our Gums forsake the teeth and tender grow,
And fat, like over-ripened Figs—we know
The Sign—the Riggs Disease is ours, and we
Must list this Sorrow, add another Woe.

—McClure's Magazine, Jan. 1900.

Private—If you don't know what Riggs Disease of the Teeth is, the dentist will tell you. I've had it, and it is more than interesting.

—S. L. C.

Some dentists claim that February and March are the best months to have teeth filled, because the fillings stay in better.

Interest gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth.

—H. W. Beecher.

Her teeth craunched the popped corn with much gusto.
—Samantha.

A horse kiss, a rude kiss, able to beat one's teeth out.

He hath tied a knot with his tongue, that he cannot untie
with all his teeth.—Meaning matrimony.

He is going to grass with his teeth upwards.—Going to be
buried.

He looks like a tooth-drawer; i. e. very thin.

The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously
than in the teeth.

A physician never gets bread till he has no teeth to eat it.

Necessity has sharp teeth.

I deny that with both my hands, and all my teeth.

It is a fortunate tooth that never ached.

By their teeth shall ye know them.

QUOTATIONS FOR MENU.

FOR SELECTION.

Hunger makes raw beans sweet. —German.

The yearly course that brings this day about shall never
see it but a holiday. —Wither's Juvenillia.

Welcome once more ye knights of the forceps. —American.

Ab me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron. —Hudibras.

OYSTERS.

Pat was smelling of a shell oyster when it closed on his
nose. Murther, take it off or it'll eat the face of me; niver
mind, it has no teeth. After being relieved, Pat said: "What
sort of a baste is it? So mighty strong in the gooms." I'll go
his halves. —Rabelais.

The firm Roman to great Egypt sends. This treasure of
an oyster. —Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed. —Hood.

The increasing moon plumps up the slippery oyster.
—Horace.

Cans't tell how an oyster makes his shell? No,—Nor I
neither.
—King Lear.

SOUP.

A precocious small boy said he didn't want any soup—he
hadn't any teeth small enough to eat it.

And Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils.

Old pottage is sooner heated than new made. —Scotch.

Blow your own pottage. —Scotch.

OLIVES, CELERY, RADISHES, ALMONDS.

Cum grano salis.

His teeth craunched them with much gusto.
—Samantha Allen.

Accept it always and in all places. —American.

They met, how glad my teeth the kernel grinds.
—R. Browning.

FISH.

Cans't thou put a hook in his nose? Or bore through his jaw
with a thorn?
—Job. xli. 2.

His nose was a snub;
Under which for his grub
Was a round open mouth
Like to that of a chub. —Hood.

We remember the fish we did eat freshly. —Acts xxiv.

There's no catching trout with dry breeches.—Portuguese.

Every fish that escapes appears greater than it is.
—Turkish.

You are teaching a fish how to swim. —Latin.

POULTRY.

CUCUMBERS.

We meet thee like a pleasant thought, when such are
wanted. —Wordsworth.

Children and chickens must be always picking. —Latin.

And a naked Eve beneath,
With the apple raised to her teeth. —Buchanan.

Infinite riches in a little room. —Jew of Malta.

SHERBET.

So coldly sweet. —Byron.

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the rascal's tooth.
—Shakespeare.

His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with
milk. —Genesis.

Sweet recreation barred, what does ensue but moody and
dull melancholy. —Shakespeare.

ROAST BEEF.

MUSHROOM SAUCE. SPINACH.

If you cannot bite, never show your teeth. —Russian.

Hunger's tooth has gnawn itself blunt. —Coleridge.

Cut and come again. —Crabbe.

The ox that tossed me, threw me upon a good place.
—Spanish.

Come and share my haunch of venison,
I have, too, a bin of claret. —Landor.

SALAD.

A salad's a salad, although there's nothing in it.
—American.

'Tis food fit for the gods. —Latin.

Your eyes, tongue and teeth crave fresh food.
—R. Browning.

O great, green and glorious! O, herbaceous treat!

ICE CREAM.

NEAPOLITAN. ASSORTED CAKE.

He jests at pain who never had the toothache.
—Shakespeare.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy.
Thou art all beauty or all blindness. —Codrington.

I am glad my Adonis hath a sweet tooth in his head.
—Lyly.

CHEESE.

CREAM. GRISSINE. ROQUEFORT.

Cheese and bread make cheeks red. —German.

And yet cheese would not choke him. —Spanish.

A king's cheese goes half away in parings. —French.

COFFEE.

They drop into everything, there were two in the coffee-pot
at breakfast time. Molars. —Our Mutual Friend.

Which makes the politicians wise. —Rape of the Lock.

There is coffee and coffee. —American.

I have not slept one wink. —Cymbeline.

CIGARS.

Then smoke away 'till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow.

I'll fume with them. —Taming of the Shrew.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now. —Tempest.

The smoke follows the fairest. —Greek.

Where much smoke is there must be some fire.
—English proverb.

Goodman * * * Puff! Puff in thy teeth. —Henry IV.

TOOTHPICKS.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.
—Jerrold.

Why, he will pick his teeth and sing. —Shakespeare.

AFTERMATH.

Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. —Shakespeare.

And flights of angels sing thee to rest,
Good night, good night. —Hamlet.

All's well that ends well.

So he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed. —Hood.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye
and a tooth for a tooth. —St. Matthew v, 38.

And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be
wailing and gnashing of teeth. —Matthew xiii, 42 and 50.

Then said the king to the servants : Bind him hand and
foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness;
there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.
—Matthew xxii, 13.

And wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him; and he
foameth and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away; and I
spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they
could not. —Mark ix, 18.

There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye
shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets,
in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out.
—Luke xiii, 28.

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.
—Exodus xxi, 23.

And if he smite out his man-servant's tooth, or his maid-
servant's tooth; he shall let him go free for his tooth's sake.
—Exodus xxi, 27.

Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God; for thou hast smitten
all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the
teeth of the ungodly. —Psalms iii, 7.

As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him. —Proverbs x, 26.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof everyone bear twins, and none is barren among them. —Solomon's Song iv, 2.

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders (molar teeth) cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. —Ecclesiastes xii, 3.

And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. —Revelation ix, 8.

And thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. —Deuteronomy xix, 21.

Breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth; as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him again. —Leviticus xxiv, 20.

Thus with the Lord concerning the prophets that make my people err, that bite with their teeth, and cry Peace; and he that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against him. —Micah iii, 5.

For a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the cheek teeth of a great lion. —Joel i, 6.

And I also have given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places; yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord. —Amos iv, 6.

All thine enemies have opened their mouth against thee; they hiss and gnash the teeth. —Lamentations ii, 16.

He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones, he hath covered me with ashes.
—Lamentations iii, 16.

The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge.
—Jeremiah xxxi, 29.

What mean ye, that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge?
—Ezekiel xviii, 2.

Wherefore do I take my flesh in my teeth, and put my life in mine hand?
—Job xiii, 14.

He teareth me in his wrath who hateth me; he gnasheth upon me with his teeth; mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me.
—Job xvi, 9.

My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.
—Job xix, 20.

Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth are terrible round about.
—Job xli, 14.

QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare mentions the dental organs in thirty-five plays out of thirty-seven: emphasizing their importance in speaking; as a weapon of attack; as an organ of defence; as indicating age; and in those born with teeth, as a sign of degeneracy. He gives historical references, apt observations of the manifold relations of dental organs to human passions, and poetical diversions.

Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wast born, to signify, thou cam'st to bite the world. —3 Henry vi, 6.

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried, O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth! And so I was; which plainly signified—that I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
—3 Henry vi.

Bastard: Now your traveler,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why, then I suck my teeth and catechise
My picket man of countries. —King John, I.

Coriolanus:
Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. —Coriolanus ii, 3.

Byron: This is the flower that smiles on every one. To show his teeth as white as whale's bone.
—Love's Labor's Lost, v, 2.

Lafen: I'll love a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head.
—All's Well, ii, 3.

Clown—Why, he will look upon his boots, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing.
—All's Well that End's Well, iii, 2.

Iago—I lay with Cassius lately; and being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep.
—Othello, iii, 3.

Speed—She has no teeth.
Launce—I care not for that, because I love crusts.
Speed—She is forward.
Launce—Well; the best is, she has no teeth to bite.
—Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii, 1.

John—We are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. (Aside).

Charles—Rather with their teeth the walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
—Henry vi, 1, 2.

Antony—When the best hint was given him, he not took't or did it from his teeth.
—Antony and Cleopatra, iii, 4.

O get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole.
—Titus Andronicus, iii, 2.

Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth.
—2 Henry VI., iii, 2.

Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache.
—Cymbeline, v, 4.

Lucio—No pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and lips.

Hotspur—And that would set my teeth nothing on edge.

Benedict—I have the toothache.

Don Pedro—Draw it.

Benedict—Hang it.

Claud—You must hang it first and draw it afterwards.

Don Pedro—What! Sigh for the toothache?

She shall be buried with her face upward.

Benedict—This is no charm for the toothache.

—Much Ado, iii, 2.

Leonato:

I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet a philosopher

That could endure the toothache patiently;

However they have writ the style of gods,

And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

—Much Ado, v, 1.

Stephano—Triuculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth.

—The Tempest.

Cleon:

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.

—Pericles.

Artemdorus:

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

—Julius Cæsar.

Bastard—O, now doth death line his dead chops with steel.
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs. —King John.

Bolingbroke:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

But when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

—Richard ii.

Edgar:

Know: My name is lost

By treason's tooth, bare-gnawn and canker bit.

—King Lear.

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
—As You Like It. Act ii, Scene 7.

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion.
—Measure for Measure. Act v, Scene 1.

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.
—King John. Act i, Scene 1.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.
—King Lear. Act i, Scene 4.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king
—Winter's Tale, iv, 2.

Pugging tooth, or molar, compared to a machine; pugging
mill was for working clay to make brick or pottery.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As a man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
—Shakespeare.

You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds.
—Julius Cæsar.

Defiance, traitors hurl me in your teeth. —Julius Cæsar.

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults. —Hamlet.

'Gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion.

—Measure for Measure.

One said a tooth-drawer was a kind of unconscionable trade, because his trade was nothing else but to take away those things whereby every man gets his living.

—Hazlitt. Shakespeare Jest Books.

Time was I liked a cheese cake well enough;
All human children have a sweetish tooth.

—Sonnet. Hood.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
The morsel I was munching,
And terror locked them up so tight,
My very teeth were crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at luncheon.

The Volunteer, Hood.

"Expect some rain about this time,
My eyes are seaied, my teeth are set."

In a Shower-bath, Hood.

Some ground their teeth; some seemed to spit—
(Nothing but nothing came of it).

Jack Hall, Hood.

Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,
From twenty divers druggists' shops
He begged enough of laudanum drops
T'effect the fatal purpose that he had.

Hood.

I miss two teeth in my front row;
My corn has had a *ful* on;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button!

Farewell Flowers, Hood.

He had ever a tooth for capon, he!

An Old Castle, T. B. Aldrich.

And the radiance of her teeth
When her smile is at its full!

Pepita, T. B. Aldrich.

The other gnawed by hunger all the while
Laughs in the teeth of death.

Pessimist and Optimist, Aldrich.

And not the ejaculation, ground so hard
Between his teeth, that only God could hear.
Red Cotton Night-cap Country,

Robt. Browning.

Try merriment, a grimly prank or two,
Sour joke squeezed through pursed lips and teeth set on edge.
Aristophanes' Apology, R. Browning.

Down comes Herr Somebody and seats himself,
Sets to work teaching—with his teeth on edge.
The Inn Album, R. Browning.

Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away.

Hervé Riel, R. Browning.

How he laughs and lets gleam his white teeth.
Ivan Ivanovitch, R. Browning.

Your eyes and tongue and teeth crave fresh food.
Ivan Ivanovitch, R. Browning.

Through wholesome hard, sharp, soft, your tooth must bite
Ere you reach the birdling.
Ferishtah's Fancies, R. Browning.

Why thank the other force, whate'er its name,
Which gave him teeth to bite and tongue to taste.
A Bean-stripe, R. Browning.

Her waist she promptly strips
Of girdle, binds his teeth within his lips.
Daniel Bartoli, R. Browning.

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly
in his teeth. The Duchess, May Elizabeth Browning.

And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.
Judas Iscariot, R. Buchanan.

Then clenching teeth he turn'd to look upon the foe.
The Death of Roland, R. Buchanan.

The sisters of the fire made moan, with eyes and teeth that
gleam'd. The Ballad of Persephore, R. Buchanan.

And a naked Eve beneath,
With the apple raised to her teeth.
Cloudland, R. Buchanan.

Zeus, the Father, clenches teeth,
While his cloud-throne shakes beneath.
The Last Song of Apollo, R. Buchanan.

* * * then his teeth
Clench'd tight, and a dark frown wrinkled on his brow.
Meg Blanc, R. Buchanan.

With teeth protruding and hideous head.
Tiger Bay, R. Buchanan.

And ne'er have had the heart to stand erect,
And set his teeth, and face them, and subdue.
The Scaith o' Bartle, R. Buchanan.

He spiel'd yon cliffs above the shore, and set,
His teeth together in the rain and wind.
The Scaith o' Bartle, R. Buchanan.

Curling the upper lip to show the large white teeth.
The Death of Roland, R. Buchanan.

And heark'ning with clench'd teeth, we could hear across
the heath. The Battle of Drumliemoor, R. Buchanan.

For while the non-elected lie beneath,
And fast in flaming fire, and gnash their teeth.
A Scottish Eclogue, R. Buchanan.

Cold lips that fall, since thy false rows of teeth
No longer prop the toothless gums beneath.
Kitty Kemble, R. Buchanan.

To let the flaming footlights underneath
Light up thy rouge, whiten thy spotless teeth.
Kitty Kemble, R. Buchanan.

Wrinkled and rouged, and with false teeth of pearl.
Kitty Kemble, R. Buchanan.

With flushing face, set teeth, away I ran
To Jennie Glover and told her all.
John, R. Buchanan.

And I saw him tremble and set his teeth.
O'Murtough, R. Buchanan.

But Teddy clench'd his teeth and sat him down.
Edward Crowhurst, R. Buchanan.

Moaning and muttering and clenching teeth.
Edward Crowhurst, R. Buchanan.

The lips caught sunrise, parting, and the breath
Fainted thro' pearly teeth.
Pygmalion, R. Buchanan.

A man-heart swung and glimmer'd down at me
With little eyes and shining ivory teeth.
The Man and the Shadow, R. Buchanan.

The knitted eyebrow and the clenched teeth.
Political Mystics, R. Buchanan.

They listen fiercely smiling hisses back
The strange word 'Liberty!' between his teeth.
The Teuton Monologue, R. Buchanan.

Be kind, and do not set your teeth together,
To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
Prologue to Don Sebastian, Dryden.

Whom spluttering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.
Ovid's Metamorphoses, Dryden.

Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below still exercise your rage.
Pythagorean Philosophy, Dryden.

Hair, wax, rouge, honey, teeth you buy,
A multifarious store!
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.
On A Battered Beauty, Cowper.

Praise from the rivel'd lips of toothless, bald
Dreceptitude. * * * The Task, Cowper.

Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald.
The Task, Cowper.

When a Negro his head from his victuals withdraws,
And clenches his teeth and thrusts out his paws.
Sweet Meat has Sour Sauce, Cowper.

See how he tears his hair and grinds his teeth.
Adam, Cowper.

And teeth of pearl, and lips that vie with coral.
Adam, Cowper.

O what a lip of coral!
And what fair teeth of pearl!
Adam, Cowper.

These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth.
Dryden.

Who sells his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name.
Fame, Emerson.

Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal.
The Romany Girl, Emerson.

Besides the blackest fiddlers of those days,
Placed like their sire, Timotheus, on high,
With horse-hair fiddle-bows and teeth of ivory.
Fanny Halleck.

The divers plunged in the gulf for pearls,
White as the teeth of the Indian girls.
The Lost Galleon, Bret Harte.

Even as I gazed a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.
And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with express juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration.
To the Pliocene Skull, Bret Harte.

Then marked I how each germ of truth
Which through the dotard's fingers ran
Was mated with a dragon's tooth
Whence there sprang up an armed man.
The Sower, Lowell.

Your goddess of freedom a tight, buxom girl,
With lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl.
A Fable for Critics, Lowell.

Which serves them like the Graiu's tooth,
Passed round in turn from mouth to mouth.
Letter from Boston, Lowell.

Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets.
The Pious Editor's Creed, Lowell.

You can't gum me. I tell ye now, an' so you needn't try,
I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail, so shet up, sez I.
A Third Letter from B. Sawin, Esq., Lowell.

Wy, Jeff'd ha'gin him five an' won his eye-teeth 'fore he
knowed it. B. Sawin, Esq., to H. Bigelow, Lowell.

O thou white-toothed taster of apples?
The Apple of Life, Owen Meredith.

Through her crimson lips stirred by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth
Madame la Marquise, Owen Meredith.

The tooth now is black, and the head now is white.
Ma Douce Jouvence, Owen Meredith.

"The man who tried to save the other one
Gripped him so fast, they were obliged to break
His arm, to get the second man undone;
And I am told they had some work to take
His teeth out of the dead man's coat."
Death's Metamorphoses, Owen Meredith.

In summer months I'd fondly woo
Those merry dark-eyed girls,
With faces of ebon hue,
And teeth like eastern pearls.
The Sweep's Carol, G. P. Morris.

For clutching the booty for which they did sin,
They bit at the apples—and left their teeth in.
Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik), The Wonderful Apple-tree.

Must snarl to the she-wolf's snarling and snap with greedy
teeth
While my hands with the hand-bonds struggled; my teeth took
hold the first
And amid her mighty writhing the bonds that bound me burst.
Sigurd the Volsung, Book I, Sigmund, Wm. Morris.

Then Knefeud looked upon Gunnar, and forth from the teeth
he spoke.
Sigurd the Volsung, Book iv, Gudrun, Wm. Morris.

The tongue of malice, set on fire of hell,
Which then, in cataracts of horrid sounds,
Raged through their gnashing teeth and foaming lips.
Jas. Montgomery, The Pelican Island, Canto vi.

Bracelets of human teeth, fangs of wild beasts,
The jaws of sharks, and beaks of ravenous birds,
Glitter'd and tinkled round their arms and ankles;
While skulls of slaughter'd enemies, in chains
Of natural elf-locks, dangled from the necks
Of those, whose own bare skulls and cannibal teeth
Ere long must deck more puissant fiends than they.
The Pelican Island, Canto vi, Jas. Montgomery.

And Baäl, sunlike, high above the rest,
Glared on him, gnash'd their teeth, then oped away.
Elijah in the Wilderness, Jas. Montgomery.

He was I trow, a twenty winter old,
And I was forty, if I shall say soth (truly),
But yet I had alway a coltes toth
Gap-tothed I was, and that became me wele,
I had the print of Seinte Venus sele.
The Wife of Bathes Tale, Chaucer.

He looked as it were a wilde bore,
And ground his teeth, so was he wroth.
The Sompnoures Tale, Chaucer.

My sone, God of his endeless goodnesse
Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,
No man should him avisen what he speke.
The Manciples Tale, Chaucer.

Was of a stone full precious,
That was so fine and vertuous,
That whole a man it couth make
Of palsie, and of tothe ake.
The Romaunt of the Rose, Chaucer.

For such arraie ne costs but lite (little,)
Thine hondes wash, thy teeth make white.
The Romaunt of the Rose, Chaucer.

The folly more fro day to day
Shall growe, but thou it put away;
Take with thy teeth the bridle fast.
The Romaunt of the Rose, Chaucer.

His teeth arn also white and clene,
Me thinketh wrong withouten wene (guess.)
The Romaunt of the Rose, Chaucer.

But to my purpose, I say white as snow
Been all her teeth, and in order they stond
Of one nature * * *
The Court of Love, Chaucer.

And lolling backward in his elbow chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about.
The Conference, Chas. Churchill.

"Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt."
Zapolya, Derwent Coleridge.

Lee has picked his teeth—
This means that blood must flow!
Let Freedom's sons get out their guns,
And be prepared to go.
When Lee gets out his pick
He does it just to show
The people that the time has come
To lay the Spaniard low.
Cleveland News and Herald, April 1898.

"And the delicate curve of the dimpled chin,
And the pouting lips and the pearls within."
Arizonian, Joaquin Miller.

His fierce volcanic heart so deep
Is stirred; his teeth, despite his will,
Do chatter as if in a chill.
Californian, Joaquin Miller.

Nay, woman has her tongue--arm'd to the teeth.
Ina, Joaquin Miller.

Of sweets that they dream of,
Sure, all the toothsomest flavors
They hold the cream of!
Bitter Sweet. What Ruth says about russet apples.
J. G. Holland.

And I had heart to toss the badinage
Back in his teeth, with pay of kindred coin.
Bitter Sweet, J. G. Holland.

My teeth were clenched together like a vice,
And every heavy heart-throb was a chill.
Bitter Sweet, J. G. Holland.

* * * completing his devoir
By buttering the teeth and kneeling down
In abject homage.
Kathrina, J. G. Holland.

Then through and through his lips the sharp teeth drove,
Till with the bitter dew of blood made red.
Love's Warfare, P. B. Marston.

Their teeth are set, their muscles are iron,
Each man has the heart and the thews of a lion.
A Ballad of Brave Women, P. B. Marston.

Those men of ye that cherish kindred lives
Even one again must set their teeth and fight.
Folgore Da San Geminiano. Sonnet II, To the Guelf Faction,
D. G. Rossetti.

The small white teeth, the straight and shapely nose,
And the clear brows of a sweet pencilling.
Fazio Degli Uberti, D. G. Rossetti.

Much have ye suffered from time's gnawing tooth.
Oxford, May 20, 1820. William Wordsworth.

Oh! what's the matter? What's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!

* * *

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill.
The neighbors tell and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still,
At night, at morning and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

* * *

Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.

* * *

A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Goody Blake and Harry Gill, Wm. Wordsworth.

Meanwhile abroad
Incessant rain was falling, or the frost
Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth.
Childhood and School-time, Wm. Wordsworth.

Of immaturity, and in the teeth
Of desperate opposition from without
Have cleared a passage for just government.
Wm. Wordsworth.

And grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed.
Peter Bell, Wm. Wordsworth.

His eye was the morning's brightest ray,
And his neck like the swan's in Iona bay;
His teeth the ivory polished new,
And his lip like the morel when gloss'd with dew.
The Abbott McKinnon, James Hogg.

With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears.
The Dream, Lord Byron.

And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away.
Prisoner of Chillon, Byron.

Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
Byron.

No two teeth are alike, though twins in the same mouth.
Tupper.

"Beauty is dependence in the babe, a toothless tender
nursling."
Tupper.

"He that hath salved thee with his tongue, shall now gnash
upon thee with his teeth."
Tupper.

And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and
to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found a helpmeet
for him.—Genesis ii, 20.

"Adam gave the name, when the Lord had made his creature,
For God led them in review to see what man would call them;
As they struck his senses, he proclaimed their sounds,
A name for the distinguishing of each, a numeral by which it
should be known;
He specified the partridge by her cry, and the forest powler
by his roaring,
The tree by its use, and the flower by its beauty, and every-
thing according to its truth."
Tupper.

Did Adam name the teeth?

Anne Hathaway,

When envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To sooth the heart Anne hath a way.

Anon.

Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth.

Horatius, by Macaulay.

Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent;

Ballad of Agincourt, by M. Drayton.

In the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die.

Tennyson.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
Faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

Judgment on a Wicked Bishop, Southey.

Gomphosis sets all things right
Tooth in socket pretty tight.

Articulations, Dr. J. L. Little.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips and show'd them there
The quarrelets of pearl.

Herrick, Rock of Rubies and Quarry of Pearls.

"Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
And show'd their teeth with a frown."

The Three Troopers, by Thornbury.

The eldest mutter'd between his teeth
Hot curses—deep and coarse.

Thornbury.

Lastly came winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill.
Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.

At first they fought with tooth and tongue,
But when it came to blows
The man who had the strongest lung
Blew off the other's nose. Anon.

There was a lady that lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet in spite of all her teeth.
She fell in love with an Irishman.
The Irishman, by Wm. Maginn.

He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world ,
And very large teeth for his age.
The Lost Heir, by Thos. Hood.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore.
Etiquette, by W. S. Gilbert.

A pretty thing forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-tops tooth!
The Baby's Debut, by James Smith.

Her puckered lips and balmy mou'
With na ane tooth within.
The Babie, J. E. Rankin.

'Twere pity in sooth, 'gin ye had but a tooth,
Ye should lack for a gible to chew.
Grey Geese of Addlestrop Hill, Lycidas.

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly
in his teeth.

And thin lips that scarcely sheath
The cold white gnashing of his teeth,
Gnashed in smiling, absently.

Elizabeth Browning.

And when he comes a-cutting of his little toosy-pegs,
He'll be a man, he will, upon my word.
Nurse in "The New Arrival."

A drunkard clasp his teeth and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
The Revenger's Tragedy, Act iii, S. 1.

Give littered pomp to teeth of time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry.
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary"!
Whittier, Lines on Burns.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of Orient pearls a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Richard Allison.

Naked is man of mother nature born;
But soon she tortures him, when with white teeth
She arms him.
Serenus Samonicus De Medecina 1038.

PROSE QUOTATIONS.

Paracelsus reduceth all diseases to four principal heads, leprosy, gout, dropsy, falling-sickness; under the second head, gout, he classes toothache.

Pliny says: "That the presence of two cuspid (canine) teeth on the right side, was a presage of success in life, and that the human teeth contain a mischievous poison, and that their bite is capable of producing the death of weak animals.

Catullus, in describing the beauty of Panthea, compares her teeth to a sparkling necklace of the most beautiful and brilliant pearls.

The poet Homer said: "The teeth were little barriers, so placed by nature as to protect the rambling of the tongue, and the abuse of speech; also that diseases were ascribed to the anger of the gods, and relief was sought by propitiating them.

Ovid, in addressing a beautiful lady, says: I can perceive your attention to the graces, by the whiteness of your teeth.

Paleness rests upon her countenance, and leanness in all her body; she never looks direct on you: her teeth are black with rust.

Ovid, Description of Envy.

Lavater remarks that the countenance is the theatre on which the soul exhibits itself, and as are the teeth of man, so is his taste.

"For well we know that all of human kind.
Read in the face the features of the mind;
The soul's bright forms forever fresh and fair,
Wit, worth, and modesty, are pictured there.

Lavater continues: White and well arranged teeth, visible soon as the mouth opens, but not projecting, or entirely seen, are never met with except in good, honest, candid and faithful persons; short, broad teeth, standing close to each other, indicate tranquil, firm strength, and melancholy persons seldom have well arranged, clean, white teeth.

The Hebrews considered the loss of the teeth as a grievous and somewhat disgraceful circumstance.

On the night of February ninth, 1627, King Charles says: "I dreamed that I had the scurvy, and that forthwith all my teeth became loose. There was one in especial, in my lower jaw, which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help."

Homer frequently speaks of the soul passing "the fence of the teeth." According to the doctrine of Artemidorus, to dream of the loss of a right or left tooth presageth the death of male or female kindred. Sir Thomas Browne.

Nothing so familiar in these days, as for a young man to marry an old wife for a piece of gold, even though she be an old crone, and have never a tooth in her head.

Burton, Anatomy Melancholy.

Every lover admires his mistress though she have a nose like a promontory, gubber-tushed, rotten teeth, black, uneven or brown teeth.

Burton, Anatomy Melancholy.

"How many decrepit, hoary, harsh, writhen, bursten-bellied, crooked, toothless, bald, blear-eyed, impotent, rotten old men shall you see flickering still in every place?"

Burton, Love Melancholy.

Make yourself familiar with all kinds of calamities, so that when they happen they may be less troublesome, or out of mature judgment avoid the effect or disannul the cause, as they do that are troubled with toothache, pull them quite out."

Burton.

A white and round neck, dimple in the chin, black eyebrows, sweet breath, white and even teeth, which some call the salepiece.

Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, describing beauty as a cause of love-melancholy.

A company of young philosophers fell at variance, which part of a woman was most desirable and pleased best? Some said the forehead, some the eyes, cheeks, lips, teeth, etc.

Burton, Anatomy Melancholy.

Where true love is wanting, there can be no firm peace, or friendship from teeth outward.

Burton, Love Melancholy.

In records that defy the tooth of time.

The Statesman's Creed, Young.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of tooth-picks

Douglas Jerrold's Wit.

'Tis not right

To think that only toothsome which can bite.

Edward Hide to T. Randolph,
referring to horseradish and mustard.

By the sharp tooth of cankering elf defaced.

The Schoolmistress, Shenstone.

In 1853, when Nathaniel Hawthorne was consul at Liverpool, he recounts having seen a Frenchman, then living, a veteran of all Napoleon's wars, who had an artificial leg, and arm, both movable with springs, artificial teeth, one glass eye, a silver nose with a flesh-colored covering, and a silver plate replacing a lost portion of the skull.

Walter Savage Landor said: "I have lost my mind, that I do not care so much about; but I have lost my teeth and cannot eat."

Thomas Carlyle, one day when he had the toothache and could not attend to anything else, had his picture taken, and his family relate of him that this was his pet picture.

Myles Standish ground his strong teeth together in the pain of self-restraint under insult.

From Standish of Standish.

A convict sat behind me and breathed on the back of my head and all along my spine, the sensation was like being touched in the marrow with some pungent acid, and it set my teeth on edge.

Dickens.

"They drop into everything. There were two in the coffee-pot at breakfast time."—Molars.

Our Mutual Friend.

And as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog.

Dickens.

"There is no pearl in any royal crown for which a young queen would give one of her front incisors."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"In **his** teeth his character is thoroughly primitive."

Cope.

It appears as if the posterior molar or wisdom teeth were tending to become rudimentary in the more civilized races of men.
Darwin.

"The powerful bodies of the wrestlers, shining with olive oil, blended in one mass; bones cracked in their iron arms, their teeth gritted ominously between their set jaws."

"Then he grew calmer, and bringing his face close to Actea's, he hissed through his teeth:" "Chilo exposed his last two yellow teeth."
Quo Vadis, Sienkiewicz.

FASHIONS AND CUSTOMS.

FASHIONS IN TEETH.

One variety of the mutilation of the teeth practiced by various savage tribes, chiefly met with on the coasts of Africa and the west coast of New Guinea, consists of the breaking of a portion of the incisor by means of a knife and a piece of wood, and is performed between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. The custom of extracting the two central incisors is found in both hemispheres. According to Zerate, it has been practiced in Peru from time immemorial, where it is inflicted on conquered tribes as a sign of slavery. In Africa it has been observed on the Congo, among the Hottentots and the Baxtoxas.

The mutilation by filing has for its exclusive center the Malayan Archipelago, whence it has spread to the adjoining islands. It is a religious act, which is celebrated with great festivities at the age of puberty, but this only by the Mohammedans. The degree and character of this filing vary with the habits of the family or caste. The operation is performed by an expert, the *Turkang pangur* (filer), by means of a chisel, three bricks, two files, a small saw, and a pair of cutting nippers, the instruments being rubbed with arsenic and lemon juice before being used.

It is the fashion among tribes on the Singal River to extract the upper temporary incisors in girls when quite young and to manipulate the chin, so that it is drawn forward and the lower incisors are made to protrude so as to overlap the upper lip, thus producing an artificial prognathism. In Indo-China and Japan a girl on her marriage paints her teeth with a black varnish. However, as this operation requires time and money, it is only practiced by the wealthy class. Livingstone reported that among the Kafirs a child whose upper teeth erupted before the lower ones was regarded as a monster and killed.

On the upper Nile the Negroes have their upper incisors extracted, in order to avoid being sold as slaves, because of the loss of value brought about by this mutilation. Among the Esquimaux, as described by the Abbe Peritat, in some regions there exists a custom of transversely cutting off the upper incisors, the object of this being, according to local tradition, to prevent the human chin looking like that of a dog.

—*London Lancet.*

That Adorns the Head of a Certain Sovereign's Crown.

Upon the head of Madagascar's sovereign is placed a crown formed of heavy plates of gold curiously overlapping each other, while just in front, prominent above all else, stands up a great golden tooth, patterned exactly after one of actual growth. Among the people of that isle are many strange superstitions. They have great faith in charms, believing them to possess power to ward off evil, and prevent impending calamities of fire or flood, or the invasion of enemies. As amulets nothing in their estimation is of greater value than the tooth of crocodiles. By many are worn the genuine article; others prefer it fashioned of silver; while for imperial brows only gold will serve. Beneath royal robes creep in uncomfortable tremblings of spirit, and in the palace, as in the hut, hearts yearn for such talismanic emblems as shall promise peace and prosperity.

Some primitive tribes are in dread of children whose upper teeth erupt before the lower and hasten to kill them, as do the Basutos, Wakikuyu, Wanika, Wasawahili, and Wazegua. Among the Wazaramo's such children are either put to death, given away or sold to a slave trader, in order to prevent misfortune, sickness or death from entering the house. The Arabs of Zanzibar, after reading from the Koran, administer to such a child an oath that it will do no harm, making it nod assent with its head.

According to Rev. G. Dale, missionary to the Bondi people of Africa, the life of a child is in danger at the time of teething, for it may be so incautious as to let its upper teeth protrude first, and if this is the case it is held unlucky and will be almost certainly killed.

Among the Haidahs of the Pacific States, the medicine-man "springs on the first person he meets, bites out and swallows one or more mouthfuls of the man's flesh, wherever he can fix his teeth, then rushes to another and another."

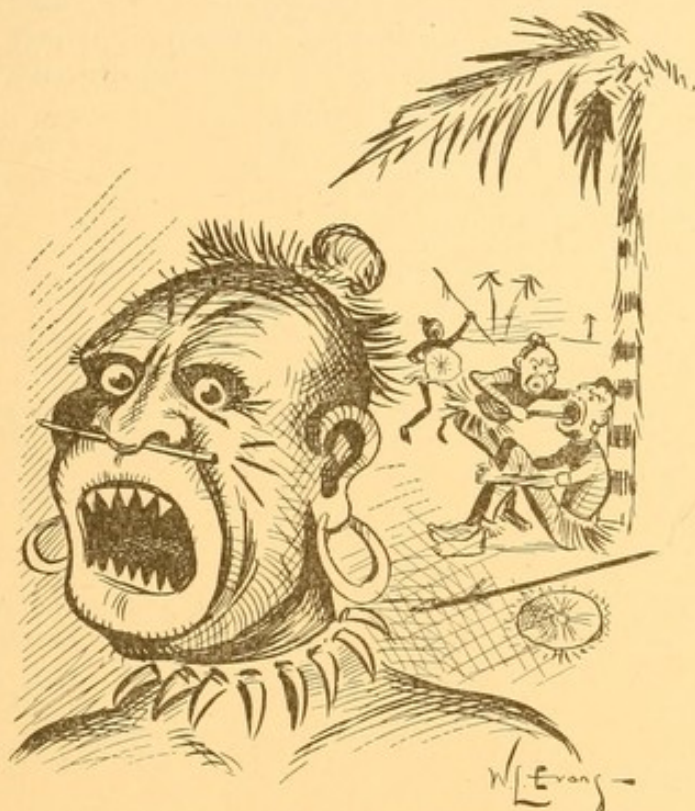
Cox.

Among the Nootkas, the medicine-man "is satisfied with what his teeth can tear from the corpses in the burial places."

Cox.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands, in order to propitiate their god Eatooa, offer up to him their front teeth, thus indicating the estimation in which they hold him.

The inhabitants of Prince Williams Sound make an incision in the upper lip, parallel with the mouth, sufficiently large to admit the tongue, and when the sides of the incision have healed, they have much the appearance of lips. In this artificial mouth they wear a shell which is cut to resemble a row of teeth.



SOME CANNIBALS FILE THEIR TEETH TO MAKE THEM LOOK MORE SAVAGE.

The negroes of Abyssinia file their teeth to points to increase the savageness of their aspect.

In India, white teeth are considered as ornamental to the face. The lover, in enumerating the charms of his mistress, always speaks of the whiteness and regularity of her teeth.

The inhabitants of Siam and Tonquin dye their teeth black, as do the females of the Marian islands, and the unmarried women of Java. Many of the women of Sumatra have their teeth filed down to the gums, others to points, that they may more easily be dyed black, which color is considered ornamental. The great men of these islands dye their upper teeth black, and encase their lower ones in gold, which makes a fine contrast by artificial light.

The natives of Malacca grind horizontal grooves across the surface of the upper front teeth.

The Siamese have a curious custom of preserving as mementoes whatever has been used by their parents. The teeth seem to be especially valuable as relics, and when they are extracted by the dentist, a servant gathers them up, carries them home and distributes them among the children of the patient.

TOOTH-LORE.

In Orkney, toothache is called the worm, and, as a remedy, "wormy lines" are written on paper, and carried about as a charm.

Inanimate objects from which man by contact may suffer pain, come in for his resentment; viz: If a savage struck his foot against a stone, he raged over it, and bit it like a dog. Young children sometimes conduct themselves in a similar manner. Cox.

Fetichism is manifested by faith in relics. If the soul is present in a corpse, it is present in parts of the corpse; hence the savage custom of preserving relics of the dead, such as a tooth, or a finger-nail. Cox.

Cardan and Mizaldus advised anointing the teeth with the earwax of a dog, to procure sleep.

If you pick your teeth with the middle toe of an owl, you will never have toothache.—Chinese.

When the warriors of the Bolobolo island capture an enemy, they always cut off their lower jaws, and leave them to linger and die. Mr. Greene, 1771.

The Tshi-speaking tribes of Africa collect the jaw-bones of their slain enemies, and preserve them by drying and smoking. Ellis.

The Caribs string together the teeth of those whom they had slain in battle and wore them on their legs and arms. The Tupis, after devouring a captive, preserved the teeth strung in necklaces. The Ashantees do the same.

"Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my hunting-dogs
fed full,
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong."
Neolithic Age, Kipling.

The English in their war with the Ashantees found small golden miniatures of the jaw-bones worn by many who were not warriors, but the original jaw-bones were only worn by the warriors.

Toothache may be cured by conjurers, who apply the finger to the aching tooth, while muttering a charm, or tie a number of knots in a fish-line. Newfoundland.

For toothache take an eye-lash, an eye-brow, trimmings of the finger-nails, and toe-nails of the patient, bore a hole in a beech tree and put them in. The sufferer must not see the tree, and the tree must not be cut down or burned.

The New Zealanders, when discovered, carried suspended by slits in their ears, the nails and teeth of their deceased relations.

Hold, by the points, two needles between your teeth, as you peel onions, and you'll not cry.
Prince Edward Island.

Hold a needle between your teeth with the point out, while peeling onions, and you'll not cry, i. e., will not feel the smart.

Natives of Rio Grande used tea made from the lemon-perfumed berries of the "colima," to cure toothache.

Cut your finger-nails every Friday and you will never have toothache.
Pennsylvania Dutch, and Rio Grande.

The Tuscarora Indians had a custom for keeping the teeth intact during life; it was to bite a snake all along the back from head to tail.

Thus cry the Dead Men as on me they fall,
Thus, as all wrathful, they scream and they call,
Talon and tooth root up rank weeds and tear,
Scattering the black soil, my corpse they lay bare.
Greek Folk-Songs, Garnett.

There is a superstition that one of the oldest gates in Cairo is haunted by an afrit, or evil spirit; here the old women come to exorcise the spirit, and when it is not at home they leave what answers for their cards. One, for example, inserted in a crevice of the gate an old tooth, and hobbled off believing she would thenceforth have no toothache.

Mohamed Pasha attempted to revive an old custom as he was on the road to his pashalic; it was the revival of a tax called tooth-money; and the method was to collect it from all the places through which he passed, especially where he stayed nights and partook of food; and it was paid in compensation for the wear and tear of the pasha's teeth in masticating his food.

Old names for teeth: fang-teeth, wang-teeth, lag-teeth, wall-teeth, azzle-teeth, axle-teeth, bridle-teeth, snaggle-teeth, and love-teeth.

Believe me, Philantus, I am now old, yet have I in my head
a love-tooth. Lyly.

Gat-toothed, goat-tooth (Saxon, gaet), is having a licoriced tooth.

In 1742, gag-tooth signified a projecting tooth. The poets were ill advised that fained him to be a lean gag-toothed beldame. Nash.

In England, toothy meant peevish or crabbed.

Teeth wide apart is a sign of good luck.
English, French.

"In witness of the sothe: Ich han bitten this wax with my wang-tothe."—The wax affixed to old writings was bitten by the party delivering them, before the use of seals was common.
English.

In Derbyshire toothache was supposed to be caused by a worm; to extract it a small quantity of dry herbs was placed in tea-cup and a live coal dropped into it. The patient held their mouth over the cup and inhaled the smoke, then a cup of water was put before the patient into which they breathed hard, when the worm could be seen in the water.

A charm to prevent toothache in Wiltshire, England, "is a want's (mole's) forelegs and one hind-leg worn around the neck in a bag.

In Cornwall, England, toothache was cured by biting from the ground the first fern that appeared "in the spring."

In Suffolk, England, a woman when suffering from pain in her cheek (probably from a tooth), applied a mustard poultice to her instep, in expectation of being freed from pain.
H. Pigott.

When children shed their first teeth, it is considered necessary to burn them; for if the cast-off teeth are destroyed in any other way, they will be succeeded by cat's teeth.
England, H. Pigott.

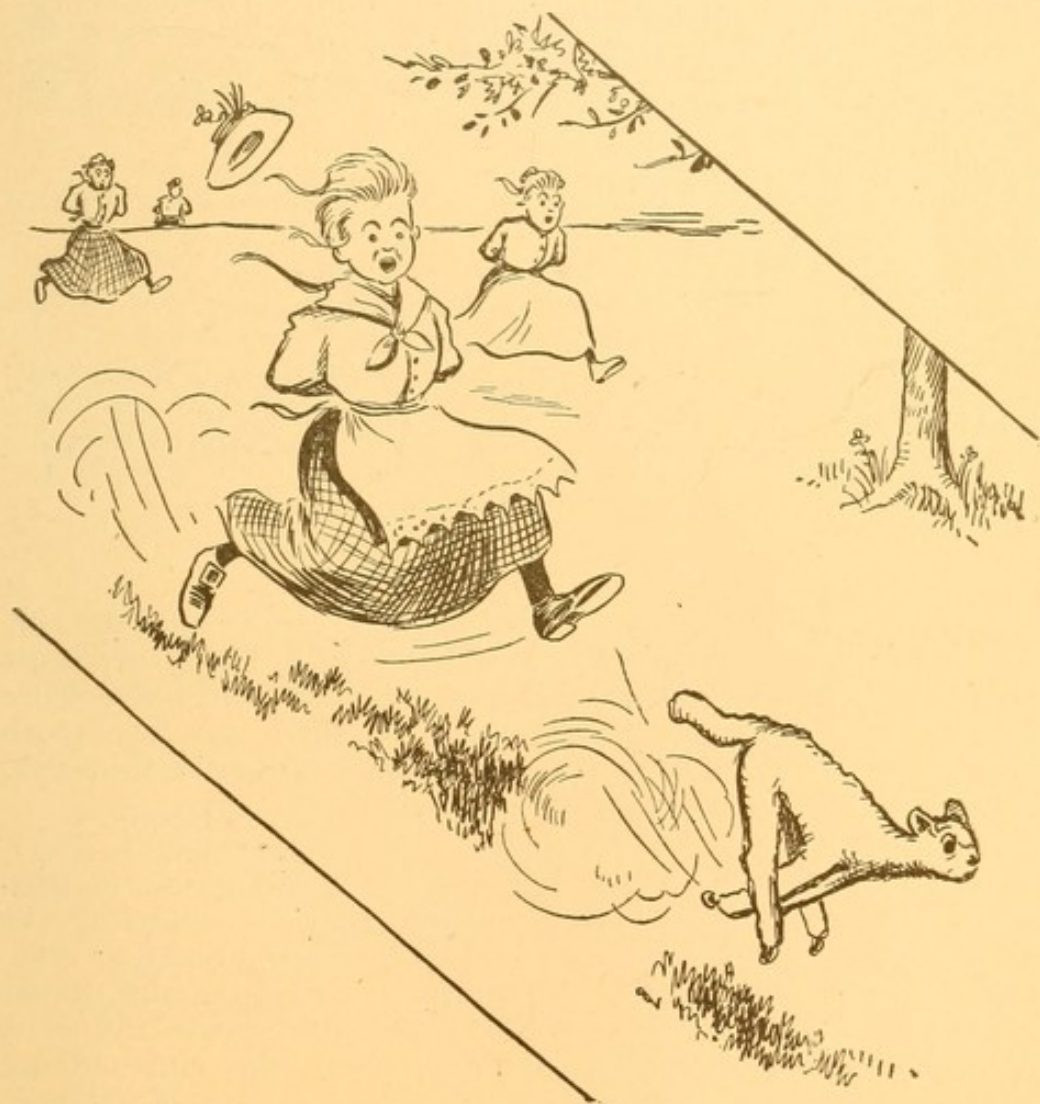
In Worcestershire a charm was used by a man for the removal of thrush (locally termed throcks). He would put his finger into his mouth, and then into that of the child, rubbing the gums while he mumbled out something terminating with Father, Son and Holy Ghost, then put down the child without speaking another word, and leave the house without eating or drinking.
J. Noake.

An old woman in North Cornwall preserved all her teeth as she lost them, firmly believing that they must be buried with her against the day of resurrection, otherwise her resurrection body would not be perfect.
Cox.

In Lancashire some one received into his mouth the last breath of a dying person, fancying that the soul passed out with it into his own body.

Harland and Wilkinson, Lancashire Folklore.

In South Northampton, England, "A tooth taken from the mouth of a corpse, enclosed in a bag to be suspended from the neck, charmed away the toothache. (In Staffordshire it was carried in the pocket). Others cured it by driving a nail into an oak-tree.



At Kedlington, Oxford, the people had a custom on the Monday after Whitsunweek, to run after a live lamb; the maids of the town, having their hands tied behind them, pursued the lamb until one caught it with her teeth.

Rev. W. Thornber, of Blackpool, says this is a foolish charm, yet much accredited amongst us (in the Fylde). In Somersetshire it is written on paper.

"Peter sat on a marble stone,
 When by here Jesus came aloan,
 "Peter, what is it makes you for to quake?"
 "Lord Jesus, it is the toothache."
 "Rise, Peter, and he heled."
 This is a common charm for toothache, but the wording is
 slightly varied.

"Kernel, come kernel, hop over my thumb!
 And tell me which way my true love will come;
 East, west, north or south,
 Kernel, jump into my true love's mouth."
 W. Barnes, Dorset Dialect.

To cure the tooth-Ach; out of Mr. Ashmole's manuscript writ with his own hand:

Mars hur, abursa, aburse.
 Jesus Christ for Mary's sake
 Take away this Tooth-Ach.

Write these words three times; and as you say the words, let the party burn one paper, then another, then the last. He says he saw it experimented, and the party immediately cured."

J. AUBREY MISCELLANIES, 1696.

In Durham, England, when the first teeth come out, or, indeed in the extraction of teeth subsequently, the cavity must be filled with salt, and the tooth burned while these words are repeated—"Fire, fire, burn bone, God send me my tooth again." W. Henderson, Folk-Lore of Northern Counties.

In 1773 Sylvester Partridge, proprietor and vendor of antidotes, elixirs, washes for freckles, plumpers for rounding the cheeks, glass eyes, calves and noses, ivory jaws, and hair dye, offered for a consideration to furnish advice as to the proper times and seasons for letting blood, and to indicate the most favorable aspect of the moon for drawing teeth and cutting corns. Lawrence.

His pole with pewter basons hung,
 Black rotten teeth in order strung.
 Rang'd cups that in the window stood,
 Lin'd with red rags to look like blood,
 Did well his threefold trade explain,
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
 Goat without a Beard, Gay.

It was part of a barber's occupation to pick the teeth and ears. So in the old play of Herod and Antipater, 1622, Tryphon the barber enters with a case of instruments and addresses each one:

Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
Have been her sweet companions!

Gogmagog was a British giant, and "Gogmagog's Leap" has been preserved near the spot which now presents a fortress to the foes of Britain; and there are those who say, at the last digging on the Haw for the foundation of the citadel of Plymouth, the great *jaws* and *teeth* therein found were those of Gogmagog, who was there said to be thrown down by Corineus.
Hunt.

In the story of "Jack the Giant Killer," Thunderdell is a giant with two heads who is looking for Jack to murder him, because Jack killed two of the giant's friends: Jack said "Let him come! I have a tool to pick his teeth." The giant cried out, "Art thou that villain who killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, suck thy blood, and grind thy bones to powder." English Fairy and Folk Tales, Hartland.

We have "Jenny wi' the Airn teeth," a Scotch painted devil, bogie, or imaginary being with iron teeth, employed to frighten little children into obeying.

Frederick II., Elector of Brandenburg (1657) was nicknamed Irontooth.

Front teeth wide apart shows fondness for the opposite sex, or indicates the person will be short lived. Scotch.

Lady Wilde says: Many miracles were performed by the tooth of St. Patrick which fell from his mouth when he was teaching the alphabet to the new converts, and a shrine was made for the tooth, which was held in the greatest honor."

Chambers says: "The jawbone of St. Patrick has been for years in possession of a family near Belfast. It was used as a test of guilt or innocence by having suspected persons place

their right hand on it and declare their innocence in a certain form of words. It contained five teeth, but now has only one, as three were given to some of the family going to America, and the fourth was put under the altar of the Catholic chapel at Derriaghy."

Fion, king of the Fienne, has a wise tooth which he pressed when he wanted any kind of knowledge. Scotch.

A German woman distracted with toothache, wished the devil might enter into her teeth, and accordingly was possessed by six demons, who gave their several names. Cox.

"Put your green teeth into that," no doubt referring to the unsightly green stain often seen on the face of the incisors.

A mole's foot tied by a string and hung around the neck while teething is believed (in and around Washington, D. C.) to aid the process. In some drug-stores, and in the markets in Georgia, the fore-feet of moles are found for sale as aids in the eruption of the teeth of colored children.

Old women claim that teething is made easier by placing around the child's neck a string of "Job's tears," which consist of the dried berries of *croix lacryma*, which are supposed to have a soothing power.

I'll put a spell on you dat'll make yo' teef fall out so you can't eat. The Conjure Woman, Chesnutt.

W'en you ketches dis witch, you mus' bite her right th'oo de neck. Be sh'oo yo' teef goes th'oo at de fus' bite, en den you won't nebber be bothe'd no mo' by dat witch. The Conjure Woman, Chesnutt.

"The well known toy," says Brand, "and a piece of coral at the end, which is often suspended from the necks of infants to assist them in teething, originated in an ancient superstition which regarded coral as an amulet against fascination.

In North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia, when a nurse holds a baby out of an open window, or allows it to look in a mirror, the negroes believe that difficult teething will be produced, but the charm to cure is a necklace of alligator's teeth, or rub the gums with the ear of a rabbit.

In North Carolina protruding teeth are called butter-teeth.

Stick your thumb through a knot-hole and say:
Old father greybeard,
Without tooth or tongue,
If you'll give me your finger
I'll give you my thumb. Ohio.

"Greybeard," says Moor (Suffolk Words) was the appropriate name for a fine large handsome stone bottle holding three or more gallons, having a handle terminating in a venerable Druidic face.

To burn the "little nerve" in the ear will cure the toothache forever. Northern Ohio.

To dream of losing a tooth means a death.
Nova Scotia and Cape Breton and Virginia.

To dream of pulling out your teeth means sickness.
Eastern Mass.

If you dream of having a front tooth drop out, you will lose a near relative within a year. If a back tooth, a distant relative.

To allow a child to look into a mirror before it is a month old will cause it trouble in teething. Georgia.

Daring or "stumping."
Often the dare is to eat some very untoothsome morsel.
Georgia.

When a child loses a tooth, if the tongue is not put into the cavity, a gold tooth will come in place of it.

New York and Northern Ohio.

To dream of teeth is unlucky.

Eastern Mass.

It is death or bad luck to dream of teeth falling out.

Newfoundland and Northern Ohio.

A broad space between the teeth indicates a liar.

Biddeford, Me.

Broad front teeth mean that one is generous.

Biddeford, Me.

A space between the two front upper incisors signifies wealth.

Mansfield, O.

If the front teeth are wide apart, it means one can't keep a secret. If overlapping, one is close-mouthed. Boston, Mass.

Do not trust people with pointed teeth. Chestertown, Md.

If you have a space between your teeth, it is a sign that you will die of consumption.

Baltimore, Md.

CURE OF TOOTHACHE.

One good man informed me that, though he had no faith in charming, yet this he knew, that he was underground one day, and had the toothache awful bad, sure enough; and Uncle John ax'd me, 'What's the matter?' says he. 'The toothache,' says I. 'Shall I charm it?' says he. 'Ees,' says I. 'Very well,' says he; and off he went to work in the next pitch. Ho! dedn't my tooth ache, Lor' bless ee; a just ded, ye know; just as if the charm were tugging my very life out. At last uncle

John comed down to the sollar, and sing'd out, 'Alloa! how's your tooth in there,' says he. 'Very bad,' says I. 'How's a feeling?' says he. 'Pulling away like an ould hoss with the skwitches,' says I. 'Hal drag my jaw off directly,' says I. 'kes the charm working?' says he. 'Es, a shure enuf,' says I. 'Es,' says he. 'Al be better d'rectly.' 'Hope a will,' says I. Goodness gracious! dedn't a ache; I believe a did you; then a stopped most to once. 'Es better,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he; 'and you waan't have un no more for a long time,' says he. 'Thank ee, Unle John,' says I; 'I'll give ee a pint o' beer pay-day,' and so I ded; an' I haben't had the toothache ever since. Now, if he dedn't charm un, how ded a stop? and if he dedn't know a would be better a long time, how ded he say so? No, nor I haven't had un never since. So that's a plain proof as he know'd all about it, waden't you."

I nodded assent, convinced it was useless to argue against such reasoning as that. Robert Hunt.

THE WORD "TOOTH" IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

Sanskrit, Hindustani, Armoric, Welsh, Breton, dant; Greek, odont; Latin, dens; Persian, dandan; Turkish, deech; Arabic, sin; Italian, Portuguese, dente; Spanish, diente; Icelandic, tönn; Old Friesic, toth; Frisian, tånne; Gothic, tunthus; Gaelic, fiacail; Teutonic, tanth; Dutch, Swedish, Danish, tand; Old High German, zand; Middle High German, zant; German, zahn; Lithuanian, dantis; French, dent; Old English, Anglo-Saxon, toth, too; Old Saxon, tand; Cornish, danz; English 14th century provincial, toodle; Scotch, tend, tooth; Old Irish, det; Hawaiian, niho; Japanese, Ha; Chinese, Ga.

"Apollonia was at the gate of Heaven and the Virgin Mary passed that way. 'Say, Apollonia, what are you about?' 'My lady, I neither sleep nor watch, I am dying with à pain in my teeth.'

"By the star of Venus and the setting sun. By the Most Holy Sacrament, which I bore in my womb, may no pain in your tooth, neither front nor back, afflict you from this time henceforward.' " Don Francisco Berquizas. Spanish.

In the time of Henry VIII. it is said that the teeth of St. Apollonia which cured toothache, would fill a tun. Rings with teeth supposed to be those of this saint were often worn.

Amber was said to have electric and medicinal power; when worn as beads around the neck it would cure toothache.

Buffon says: People believe that a piece of the rope with which a criminal has been hung is a cure for toothache.

In Spain, to kiss an unbaptized child before anyone else has done so, is a panacea against toothache.

Rigord, an historian of the thirteenth century, tells us that when Chosroes, the Persian, carried away the true cross discovered by St. Helena, the number of teeth in the human race was reduced. Before that time Christians were furnished with thirty and in some cases thirty-two teeth, but since then no human being has had more than twenty-three teeth.

Among other ways of curing toothache are: Rubbing the gums with an ant, bee, lady-bug or fly, and carrying double nuts in the pocket. The spine of a dog-fish, kissing a mule, burying a tooth in the hole of a mouse, carrying as a talisman the tooth of a soldier killed in battle, or that of a murdered man, or pricking the gum with the sharp twig of a sweet apple tree, or take wheate meal and mix with milk of the hearbe called spurge, and make thereof a paste of doughe, with which ye fille the holloe of the tooth, and let it be there a certain time, and the tooth will fall out of itself.

The movement in this country towards the adoption of a distinctive academic costume for professors and graduates has received a new impetus, for we have now an appropriate gown and cap for the D. D. S.

At Saratoga, in 1896, the National Association of Dental Faculties adopted lilac as the dental color. For this reason we show "our colors" on the cover of this book.

