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EMANUEL BROWN,
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Aunt Betsy's Present.

"Well, I must say, I think it is hor-
ribly mean of our Aunt Betsy, Estelia.
After making such a favorite of you all
your life, and having you with her ever
since you were a mere baby, she might
have sent you something worth having
on your twenty-first birthday, especial-
ly as she knows how poor we are since
your father's death," said my mother,
sharply.

"You had better take it as a hint for
the future, and not build any more castles
on what Aunt Betsy is likely to do
for you, remarked my sister Lena.
Walter, my brother, added with a
provoking grimace,
"Here endure my sister Stella's
'great expectations.'"
"You need not make such unpleas-
ant remarks," I answered, pettishly.
"In sending me the portrait of her old
sweet-heart, poor auntie has given me
her greatest treasure, and she, no
doubt thinks I shall value it as much
as she does."

"Well, it may come in useful, after
all, for, if, as I expect, you never get a
sweetheart, you can imagine he was
yours, when you are a sour old maid
like Aunt Betsy," said Lena, who prided
herself not a little on being engaged
at eighteen, while I, at twenty-one,
had never had an offer, not even the
ghost of a lover.

"I had lived with Aunt Betsy down in
her quiet country home in the south of
Cornwall until my father's death two
years before, when coming up to Lon-
don for his funeral, I found my moth-
er left in such straightened circum-
stances that I felt it my duty to stay
and earn what money I could to help
her; thereby, however, I incurred
Aunt Betsy's anger.

"Sincerely," she wrote, "your brother
and sister can help your mother; you
have no need to leave me lonely in my
old age, after I have had all the trouble
of you as a child," etc.

I would willingly have returned, for
a close London lodging was not at all
to my taste after my aunt's large, airy
country house, but my mother seemed
to lean on me, and so dreaded my
leaving her, that I had not the heart to
go.

Aunt Betsy neither came or wrote,
and I had quite resigned myself to the
idea that I was hopelessly on her black
books when the above related event
took place.

Now I knew that I was forgiven.
In her early youth, Aunt Betsy, then
the beautiful Elizabeth Marston, my
father's only sister, had been engaged
to the son and heir of a wealthy Lon-
don banker.

He had been sent abroad, on business
for his father, just before they were
to have been married, and through the
jealous treachery of another man who
madly loved her, and wished to sup-
plant his rival, the engagement had
been suddenly broken off by him.

He then remained abroad, and Aunt
Betsy never heard from him again.
Just before he left England he had
presented her with a beautiful little
miniature of himself set in gold and
diamonds, and this she had kept, to-
gether with her maiden name—no
other lover ever induced her to change
it.

As a girl, I had often seen and re-
verently admired the pretty souvenir,
and I had taken all a girl's keen inter-
est in the love-story attached to it.
Aunt had always told me it was to be
mine, and now I felt certain, with
this treasure in my possession, that I
had not quite lost my old place in her
favor, though I heard in the same let-
ter in which she so solemnly commended
the portrait to my care, that she had
adopted an orphan girl in my place as
her companion and probably heiress.

I put the letter and portrait away
with a sigh of regret for my old happy
home, with its quiet and freedom from
the daily toil and worry that were now
my portion.

Things went on from bad to worse
with us, and my twenty-second birth-
day found me in despair.
Walter, in despair, had gone to New
Zealand; Lena had married on a very
slender income, and gone to live in the
North. I could not bend to ask help
from Aunt Betsy, and my mother was
ill, and my work so scarce that I could
barely find us in the necessities of life.

At last, I too, became ill, and we had
not a penny in the house; everything
we had, even poor mamma's engage-
ment ring had gone for food.

"Stella, you must go and get some
money. Mrs. Burton says she will
have the rent by to-morrow, or she
shall have to turn us out into the
street. There is—would you mind,
dear?—your Aunt Betsy's present; you
could get enough for that to keep
us for a long time."

"Mamma dear, I cannot, dare not
sell it! Anything of mine I would
not withhold, but this—oh, don't ask
me!"

"And yet the generous donor has
never sent us the price of a loaf," said
my mother, bitterly. "Well, take my
wedding ring; it has never been off
my finger since your poor, dear father
put it on twenty-five years ago; but it
must go no."

"No, no, mamma, you must not,
shall not, take it off. I will go and
take aunt's present, not to sell, but to
the pawnshop; then I may, perhaps, get
it back when Walter sends us some
money."

With a heavy heart and weary lag-
ging steps, I departed on my hateful
errand. All our things had been sold,
we had preferred to lose them to going
into that last disgraceful refuge of the
destitute, a London pawnbroker's.

Arrived outside I paced to and fro,
until my tottering limbs, weak from
illness and continual fasting, warned
me that my strength would not hold
out much longer.

I entered. Only one other person,
a tall, dark gentleman, whose face I
could not see in the semi-darkness, stood
there talking to the shopman.

"I tell you, my man, the plate is
here. It has been traced by a clever
detective, who will join me here in a
few minutes. He is only delaying be-
cause he thinks he has traced the thief,
and has gone to follow up the search."

"Well, sir, I am sure you are mista-
ken, but my principal will be here in a
few moments, you must talk to him.
What can I do for you, young wo-
man?" he asked, turning to me some-
what eagerly, evidently glad of an ex-
cuse to evade his unpleasant visitor's
conversation.

Unable to speak, I drew forth my
treasure. The shopkeeper looked sus-
piciously at me as he took it up and
tested it.

"Your name and address, please,"
he said, sharply. "And how much do
you want?"

"I want a—little money, if you
please," I faltered.

As I spoke the gentleman turned and
I could feel a pair of bright, keen eyes
scanning my pale face. I grew more
helplessly confused, my tongue refused
to utter a word.

"Tell the shopman how much you
want, and your name, my good girl,"
he said in a kind and pitying tone.

Then, for the first time, I raised my
eyes to his face, feeling that I had
found a friend. Merciful Heaven! was
I dreaming, or had my late troubles
driven reason from my brain, and fill-
ed it with delusive fancies.

Surely there stood the original of
Aunt-Betsy's portrait, but young and
stalwart as he had been forty years ago,
when it was taken.

In vain I tried to speak. I could
only point helplessly to the portrait;
the shop with its occupants and its
contents swam around me, and with a
cry for help, I sank fainting to the
ground.

When I next awoke to consciousness,
I was lying on an improvised bed on
an old couch in our sitting-room at
home. I moved my head, it felt weak
and sore. Then I tried to lift my
hands, but to my surprise I was power-
less to do so. A woman, plainly dress-
ed, with a kind motherly face, was sit-
ting near me, and rose as I moved.

I looked around bewildered.
"Mamma!" I called feebly.
"Hush, hush, my dear miss," said
the kind-looking woman, soothingly.
"You must not speak; your mamma
is asleep and you might wake her."

So I lay still, wondering weakly who
she was and who had sent her there;
but presently, seeing her stir the fire
into a blaze, I forgot her caution, and
all my old anxieties came back, and I
said pleadingly:
"Don't poke the fire, please. It will
burn out to quickly, and we have no
more coals."

"Oh, now, miss, you have been
dreaming. The cellar is nearly full,
the coals only came in last week."

brought you home in a cab, sent in a
nurse, and everything we wanted, and
has been our good angel ever since.
He is Arthur Rashleigh, the only son
of your Aunt Betsy's old lover, who, af-
ter mourning the supposed faithlessness
of his old love, married late in life, and
has not long been dead, leaving Arthur
a large fortune. His astonishment at
seeing you with his father's portrait,
you may be sure, was very great.
However, it was a very lucky thing for
us; after all, Aunt Betsy's present
was not such a poor one. By the way,
here it is; Mr. Rashleigh was kind
enough to bring it back with him."

There was one thing which did not
appear to concern my mother in the
least; but made my pale face flame,
that was the idea of receiving all these
benefits from a mere stranger, upon
whom we had not the slightest claim,
unless the fact that his father, forty
years ago, had been my aunt's lover,
could be considered one.

So I made up an eloquent speech, in
which I thanked him warmly for his
goodness, and delicately yet firmly con-
veyed the information, that I intended
to repay him as soon as I could get to
work again.

But carefully as I rehearsed it, that
eloquent speech was never uttered, nor
did I wonder at my mother's willing-
ness to receive benefits from him. He
was so lonely, he said, he had not a
friend or relative in England, and a
man servant, whom he had treated
with kindness and confidence, had just
robbed him of some valuable old family
plate which his father had thought
highly of, and had carried with him in
all his wanderings.

For me—may I confess it without
shame—the grateful interest I felt in
him soon grew into love, and, ah, hap-
py as my life has been since, can I ever
forget that happy evening, when, walk-
ing home from the theatre, whether he
had taken me, he told me that he loved
me dearly, and asked me to be his
wife?

"But I—I am poor, I am not pretty,
and I am so old!" I pleaded, fearing
to accept this sweet, new happiness,
and mindful of Lena's depreciation of
my personal appearance, age, etc.

Arthur laughed and drew my arm
closer to his.

"If you are too old for marriage at
twenty-two, how may I hope with six
more years added on, ever to enter that
blissful state?" he asked.

So I said yes, and soon after, we all
went to Aunt Betsy's, and there I was
married at the little village church, to
the son of her lover, who loved and
reverenced the queer, touchy old maid
not a little for her loyal devotion to
his father.

So Aunt Betsy's present saved my
dear mother's life, and also saved me
from the dreadful fate Lena had
threatened me with. I had it made in-
to a locket, and wear it constantly. It
is generally mistaken for the portrait
of my dear husband, so is the large oil
painting of his father, which hangs in
our drawing-room, from which the mini-
ature was copied.

We are very happy, and when my
brother Walter comes home, as we ex-
pect him to do with his young bride,
next Christmas, we shall have a won-
derful story to tell him of the same
present he and Lena thought so little
of.

MOBBLE'S PLUM PUDDING.

An Army Reminiscence of the Virginia Peninsula.

How a Private's Ingenuity Secured
a Much-Desired Luxury.

John Habberton author of "Helen's
Babies," tells this story in the *Cool*:
The eve of Thanksgiving Day is usu-
ally a joyous occasion to mankind, for
by that time the material for the com-
ing feast has been bought and paid for
—or charged, which amounts to the
same thing, to so many men. But
in November, 1865, the eve of the great
national feast day found several scores
of men in a most unenviable frame
of mind, and on the Virginia Peninsula.
They would have dinner on "Thanksgiving
Day"—the government would attend
to that, but such a dinner. Boiled fat
pork and stewed dried apples, nothing
else of which the quality should be
known before hand, for the detachment
had no bread, not even "hard tack,"
and, although there was plenty of flour,
the company cook's efforts to reduce it
to bread had thus far resulted in heavy
lumps of dough, which would have
made capital round shot, had the shape
been slightly modified. Perhaps the
commanding officer would allow coffee
served at noon, in honor of the day, if
the men would consent to go without it
at supper-time—this was the extreme
hope of the detachment.

"Why didn't they forage?" ask some
veteran. Merely, because two great
armies had foraged over the ground for
two years, until not a single chicken or
turkey remained to tell the tale. A few

natives that remained lived on hog,
hominny and fish—principally the lat-
ter.

Distress led to desperation, and des-
peration, as it always does among a
lot of Americans, led to a mass meet-
ing, and the appointment of a commit-
tee to lead the crowd back to content-
ment. The members of the committee
looked hopelessly at one another for a
while, until one of them suggested:
"Let's go and consult Mobble."

And they went, Mobble was the one
member of the company—there was al-
ways such a man to be found in a
crowd who metaphorically speaking,
could make bricks without straw, no
matter what kind of bricks might be
wanted. He always drew his own ra-
tions 'in the raw' and cooked them him-
self, and some odors which were wafted
from his huts' chimney were more ap-
petizing than a whole dinner at the
company cook house.

Mobble listened to the committee's
plaint and plea, stroked his beard medi-
tatively a moment, and said:
"How would plum pudding meet your
views?"

The committee quickly smacked its
collective lips, and replied:
"How would a Delmonico dinner suit
us?"

"'Tis well," said the old man, "if the
captain will give me charge of the cook
house for the day."

The committee quickly secured the
captain's order—for the captain mess-
ed with the company, and the boys
spent their remaining walking hours in
hedging against disappointment by bet-
ting that Mobble couldn't keep his
word.

But they lost their money. At noon,
sharp, the bugle sounded the call, and
before its final note died away every
soldier was at the cook house. There
they saw, laid out the board called by
courtesy, the cooks table, several enor-
mous masses that looked like plum
pudding, smelled like plum pudding and
tasted like plum pudding. There was
nothing else for dinner, but nobody
asked for anything else, for every man
had declined to eat more.

"How did you make it?" everybody
asked.

"Easily enough," said Mobble. For
suet, I chopped a lot of fat pork and
soaked it all night, for plums I chopped
and candied a lot of dried apples, and
the flour and the sugar was from the
cook's barrels."

"But where did you get the bags to
boil the pudding in?" asked one inquisi-
tive fellow.

"Well," said the old man with a queer
smile, "I don't believe 'twill help your
digestion to know, but I will say this,
if you fellows want to chip in and pay
me for a couple of pairs of new drawers
that I drew from the Quarter-Master
Sergeant, on my own account, I won't
object."

Soils and Seasons Affect Quality in Grapes.

Perhaps no fruit varies more in the
quality of its flavor, as affected by lo-
cation and the season, than does the
grape. The same variety which is rich
and luscious in one place, is poor and
tasteless in another. The concord is a
fine grape in southern New Jersey, but
inferior in the northern part of the
state; it is large and rich when grown
on the shady banks of the lakes of New
York, but small and insipid on the clay
soil at the foot of some of these lakes.
On the best of soils, a marked differ-
ence is made in the character of the
grape by the season. A summer rich
in sunshine, and free from prolonged
rains, and periods of cloudy weather,
with a late and beautiful fall, will pro-
duce grapes of quality that is never
seen in ordinary seasons. Even the
most common varieties, attain a sweet-
ness and a flavor, which rank them
with the better kinds. In such a year,
the Concord contains a double mouth-
ful—one in the pulp, and one in the
skin. The Catawba grows almost as
dark as the Isabella, and the Isabella,
and the Diana colors a perfect purple,
and loses entirely the peculiar "catty"
flavor of other seasons.

Some approach to this perfection may
be made by artificial means. If a vine
is trained against the southern side of a
porch, and over a tin roof having re-
flected heat, the size and quality of the
fruit will surpass that growth on the
open trellis. Our native varieties, grown
in a cold grapey, change their natu-
ral characteristics. The Iowa loses its
sharp and sprightly flavor, and be-
comes a mild, sweet grape, much re-
sembling its foreign sisters. These
facts will account for the varying re-
ports that are given, year by year, of
all varieties of grapes.—*American Agri-
culturist for October.*

Personalities are the bane of familiar
discourse. If conversation must turn
upon idle report, and talk degenerate
into idle tattle, rather than submit to
this drying up process of the brain let
us set a seal upon their lips.

A Tramp in a Powder-House.

"They tried the gum game on me
down in Pennsylvania," said the old
tramp, as he got a fresh brace on the
fence for his back, "but I came out
ahead, considerably ahead."

"How was it?"
"Well, I struck the town of York one
day, and I didn't look a bit like a gen-
tleman. My duds were old, my com-
plexion ruined, and I was all run down
at the heel. Eyer in York?"

"No."
"Well, the people in York neither
send money to the heathen in Africa
nor waste sympathy on the tramps in
America. I struck thirteen houses in
succession and didn't get a bite, and I
was looking around for scrap-iron to
stay my stomach when along comes an
officer and gives me the collar. He was
taking me to the cooler when a wagon
drives up and the chap on the front
seat calls out that he will give a steady
job for \$1 a day."

"What at?"
"You wait a minute. I didn't bank-
er for work, mind you, but I didn't care
for the jug, and so, as the officer was
willing, I climbed into the wagon and
away went. That job was in the pow-
der-houses which blew up the other day.
The manager thought he had a big joke
on me, and though I didn't like the
idea of working over a volcano, I turned
to and put in three days before I
quit."

"Why did you quit?"
"Well, on the third day, as I was car-
rying powder to the storehouse, the
manager came into the building. There
was a busted keg on the floor, and I
was smoking my pipe. He didn't notice
this until he got past me and I had
him out off. Then I sits down by the
busted keg, pulls away at my pipe, and
says:
"Mr. Manager, if we get there at the
same moments you must give me a fair
show."

"Where?" says he, his face whiter
than snow."
"At heaven gates," I answers."

"With that he wanted to know if I
hadn't rather take \$30 in cash—all the
money he had with him—go west and
run for office and become a great man,
and I didn't know but I would. He
tossed me his wallet, remarking that
the train would leave in about five min-
utes, and I picked it up and walked off.
I reckoned on being pursued, but he did
not even yell after me. The last I saw
of him his legs were giving out at the
knee, and a snow landscape was no
comparison to his complexion. He may
have picked up another tramp since, but
I guess not—I g-u-e-s-s n-o-t."—*Detroit
Free Press.*

A MODEL COLLECTOR.

Tim Fagan's Eccentricities in the
Collection of Desperate Accounts.

"You talk of deputy sheriffs being
always on the make," said an indignant
member of that august body to a report-
er, as he closed a bargain with a credit-
or. "Why, we are most of the time vic-
tims—absolute victims—of the cunning
and duplicity of people on the out-
side. There, it was only the other day
that I was badly bit myself. A fellow
up-town owed me an even hundred. He
gave me a little palaver once or twice
to stave off the collection, and I took it
all. But pretty soon I saw that he was
on the beat and I went for him. It
wasn't any good. He was a cute fella—
always out when I called—never to be
caught napping, and he worried me to
death, not on account of the money,
but I hated to be played so slick."

"Well, I made up my mind I'd make
his life miserable anyhow, and I got
hold of one of the fellows that loafs a-
round here—Tim Fagan—and a sharp
one he is if ever there was one. 'Tim,'
says I, 'I've a hundred to collect from
a man. Now, I want you to take the
job. Stick to him through thick and
thin. Don't let up, and I'll tell you
what I'll do. If you can collect you
can have half of the hundred.'

A way went Tim, and he stuck to that
fellow, he did. He was there morning,
noon and night. It was no use sneak-
ing it through back yards or trying any
other old binds. Tim was up to all of
them, and he made that fellow so sick
he wished he'd never been born. At
last he tackled Tim and says he: 'Look
here you ought to be pretty sick o' this.
I am. Now, tell me how much 'll you
take to come off?'

Tim thought it over. He saw there was
battle in the fellow still. 'Well,'
says Tim, 'give me fifty and I'll let up.'
The fellow made it good and Tim went
away.

"He didn't show up here, though. It
was only the other day I met him."
"Hullo!" says I. "How did you make
out with that bill?"

"Och! but he's the hard old fella,"
says Tim.
"But did you collect?" says I.
"Well," says Tim, quite cool and busi-
ness-like, "I collected my half o' the
hundred, but faith, I think there'll be
the duce's own worth collecting yours."

A QUEER OPERATION.

How a New York Man Managed a Jack Screw in His Mouth.

A slender man of quiet and respect-
able appearance, sitting in a Sixth ave-
nue elevated train, last evening, drew
from his inner coat pocket a narrow
steel rod about six inches in length.
The rod was fat and the width of an
ordinary lead-pencil. At one end there
was a small slot in it. So curious an
implement and the preoccupied manner
of the man attracted the attention of
the other passengers in the car. A
lady opposite, accompanied by a little
boy, glanced with alarm toward the
conductor, who was intently watching
the man, as the latter put the slotted
end of the steel rod in his mouth. The
man shut his teeth together and his
face underwent a series of contortions
as he worked his hand with a motion
as if he were tightening up a loose nut
on a bolt. The lady became so agitated
that she left her seat and took one
nearer the door.

"You needn't be frightened, marm,"
said the conductor, "I guess that's on-
ly the circus man with the iron jaw."
"What in the world's the matter
with him?" asked the lady.

"I guess he is only tightening up
his jaw, marm," replied the conductor,
consolingly.

The man had now finished the opera-
tion, and he restored the steel rod to
his pocket. Then he took out a mem-
orandum-book and made some entries
in it carefully, and, having finished
these entries, he remarked to his neigh-
bor in the adjoining seat, as he closed
the book:

"Science does remarkable things in
these days." The neighbor nodded.

"Now, I don't suppose you would
have the least idea that I had a jack
screw between two of my teeth?"
"A jack screw?" inquired his neigh-
bor.

"Yes," returned the man, smiling.
"I'm undergoing a dental operation.
One of my teeth had been extracted,
and one of those adjoining it began to
grow over in the vacant space. It was
a good tooth, and I didn't want it pul-
led, but the dentist couldn't get it back
to its place, one day an idea struck him
and he said he'd put a jack screw in
there. So he made one. It is less than
a quarter of an inch long, but it is on
the same principle as the other jack-
screws—just like those used in lifting
up Cooper institute, only on a small
scale, you see."

"Is there no danger of its slipping
out?"

"Oh, not at all my dear sir. It is a
very ingenious little contrivance. The
whole thing is made of gold and the
nut by which it is turned is next to the
face; you saw me turn it just now? Well,
I turn it once around every
twenty-four hours, and that turn is
equal to about a two hundred and fifti-
eth part of an inch. Then, you see,
I make a memorandum of each
turn. Generally I turn it twice a
day, but only half-way round each
time. I expect that it will take two
or three weeks to straighten the tooth.

"Is it uncomfortable? No not espe-
cially. A little unpleasant when I am
turning it. Makes me grit my teeth
some, but I soon get used to having it
there. The only objection is that gold
is