TONS OF FALSE TEETH.

CREAT STRIDES THE PROFESSION OF DENTISTRY HAS MADE.

The Use of Electricity and the X-Rays--Cataphoresis Has Unprecedented Power to Deaden Pain---Startling Bleaching Processes.

"The man or woman who is much troubled over the necessity of having an artificial tooth inserted," said a popular dentist the other day, "may take consolation from the fact that there are about 20,000,000 of such teeth manufactured and sold annually in the United States, allowing, on an average, one artificial tooth every four years to each man, woman and child in the country, including Indians, negroes and tramps.

"On the authority of the greatest manufacturer of dental supplies in the country, there are over 40,000 ounces of pure gold worked up annually for dentists' use in material for filling teeth, in plates and solders, the value of this gold approximating $1,000,000. In addition there are about 50,000 ounces of platinum used annually by the various manufacturers of porcelain teeth, to say nothing of the large amount of silver amalgum prepared for inconspicuous fillings, such as those in the back teeth.

"There is no other profession which has made greater strides during the last few years than has dentistry, and the number of practitioners has steadily increased until now there are 20,422 dentists in the United States. Even the little towns of Alaska have their dentists, there being nine engaged in pracice in the territory.

"As figures do not lie, the majority of these men cannot have very much to do, because 20,000,000 of false teeth and $1,000,000 worth of gold fillings, etc., divided equally between 20,422 dentists allows only about 100 teeth and a little less than $40 worth of gold per annum to each dentist. As the popular practitioners in large cities use many times these amounts, many of them earning from $8,000 to $15,000 a year in the practice of their profession, it will readily be seen that a good many of the smaller ones must fall far below the annual average.

"The use of electricity has worked wonders in dentistry. Until the discovery of the X-rays it was often necessary to remove a tooth in order to learn the nature of some trouble at the root; but now the root and a portion of the jaw bone may be photographed by means of the Roentgen rays, the cause of the trouble located and the tooth generally saved.

"The average person, however, considers the discovery of what is called 'dental cataphoresis' to be of far greater importance to them personally, because of its unprecedented power to deaden pain.

"Cataphoresis," continued the doctor, "is the process of driving anaesthetics into the bone tissue, or dentine, by means of a gentle current of electricity applied to the cavity itself. The method is rather interesting. The cavity is first cleansed as thoroughly as possible without causing discomfort to the patient, and is then closed with a plug of cotton just large enough to fill it without undue pressure at any point. The electrode is placed in the moistened hand of the patient who is required to grip it just tight enough to secure good connection, the anaesthetic to be used is drawn into the barrel of the syringe and injected into the cotton. The current is then turned on and gradually increased till the proper amount is reached. If complete insulation is secured, the process is not accompanied by sensation of any kind, and the subsequent drilling, which is necessary in order to cleanse the cavity prior to filling it, can be done with no appreciable degree of pain. Without the aid of cataphoresis, however, there is no such thing as good workmanship in painless dentistry.

"But the new 'cataphoric bleaching' is even more appreciated by women. The bleaching fluid is driven into the tooth by means of a current of electricity in a way similar to that in which an anaesthetic is driven into sensitive dentine. Even a tooth that has become very much discolored as a result of the improper treatment of a dead nerve, may be rendered beautifully white by this means. In fact, electricity is now used by the up-to-date dentist for nearly everything connected with his work. It is used for killing nerves; it propels the treadle for cutting and the mallet for filling; while light is supplied to the mouth lamp and heat to the hot air syringe by the same means.

"The dentist of twenty-five—or even ten years ago, who has not kept abreast of the times, would hardly know what to make of the many improvements in the modern practitioner's operating room. The sterilizer, for instance, into which every instrument is placed after being used, is now considered as necessary a part of the office furniture as the treadle or the 'hydraulic chair.' The certainty that every instrument put into the mouth has been thoroughly sterilized since being previously used, means a great deal to a sensitive patient.

"Another special horror has been done away with through the invention of the dental speculum and the drainage tube. The former protects the lips from abrasion, while the latter, when placed under the tongue, takes up and carries away the troublesome 'drool,' which under the old fashioned system of dentistry was the cause of such aversion to fastidious men and women.

"If dentistry improves proportionately during the next fifty years as it has during the last decade, by the middle of the next century women will look upon a visit to the dentist with no greater dread than is now inspired by the prospect of a shopping tour. It is probable, too, that artificial teeth will become more and more natural every year. Even now the bluish white teeth so common a few years ago are seldom seen, and the porcelain fillings which are daily growing in popularity, are so identical in tint and appearance with the teeth of which they form a part that their presence can hardly be detected. Their preparation and insertion, however, require considerable skill. They are generally first shaped to the cavity, then baked, glazed and carefully inserted. The superior beauty of these fillings over the conspicuous gold ones is apparent to the people most conservative in adopting new ideas."

CHARITY IN HOLLAND.

How to Aid the Poor Without Pauperizing Them.

The difficult problem of assisting the poor without pauperizing them seems to have been successfully met by the Dutch. A model in miniature exists of a community where those who have lost their hold on prosperity are restored to at least a semblance of self-support, family ties are preserved, education is afforded the young, and, in short, the utmost possible is made of the most unpromising material. The poor colonies of Holland, four in number, are not, as might be supposed, a government institution, though at one time co-operation with the government was attempted, which resulted quite injuriously to the undertaking. These colonies owe their origin entirely to a Society of Beneficence ("Maatschappy van Veldadigheld"), organized in 1818 to meet the exigencies of destitution entailed on Holland in common with the rest of Europe by the wars of the Napoleonic era. The necessitous individual forced to enter on life as a beneficiary of the society is provided with a home for himself and his family; also with the immediate necessities of living, and, above all, with work, from the proceeds of which he begins to repay in small weekly installments the advances made to him. Wages such as are current at the time in the neighborhood are paid weekly, and there is deducted from them, as an installment on the debt, house rent, not exceeding twenty cents, one cent infirmary fee for each inmate of the home, four cents for a clothing fund, and a sum amounting to ten per cent of the gross earnings for a reserve fund against family emergencies. A valuable contribution to each household is the ewe sheep, provided by the colony, and also to be paid for by due economy. It's milk, equal to goat's milk in quality, supplies food, and its wool is woven into garments. The family, it will be observed, is always maintained in its entirety, the importance of family life being, as is known, ever highly esteemed in Holland, while the large infusion of Jewish blood into the Dutch is believed to have also a strong and favorable influence upon the system.

He Was of no Account.

A young man with a monster bouquet of violets on the lapel of his light overcoat rushed up to the hotel news stand and exclaimed:

"Give me copies of all the morning papers. I want to read about it."

"Yes, sir. All of them has full accounts of the election."

"I don't care about the election. I want to read about the wedding."

"Was there a wedding yesterday?" asked the boy in charge, who has freckles and a turn-up nose, and didn't appear to care whether he lost his place or not.

"Of course there was."

"Sure?"

"Certainly. I was there."

"Was it a fine wedding?" asked the boy who had freckles and a turn-up nose, and who didn't appear to care much whether he held his situation or not.

"How do I know? That's what I want to read about."

"But you were there."

"Yes. But I don't know who else was, except in one or two instances."

"Couldn't you ask questions?"

"No. Everybody was too busy to pay any attention to me. I tried to elbow my way into the occasion once or twice, but it wasn't any use. All that was expected of me was to stand around and do what I was told and not speak till I was spoken to. I wasn't anybody of any consequence at all. I was merely the bridegroom."—Washington Star.

Why He Was Singing.

What does a soldier sing?

The answer depends very much on whether he is a regular or a volunteer. The regulars take to the last new song from the minstrel or variety stage and it must be either very funny or very pathetic. The volunteer soldier has just come from home influences, and thinks of his mother and her favorite songs. He is also fond of hymns, and they come to his lips unbidden. In the charge at El Caney, General Chaffee came upon a private, deadly white, but making his way upward through the thicket under fire, singing at the top of his voice that old Presbyterian hymn, "How Firm a Foundation." The General checked him and asked him why he was singing. The answer came quick:

"That's my mother's tune. I'm so scared it's all I can hold on to."—Waverley Magazine.

There is much French and Belgian capital invested in the principal railway lines of Spain, while England owns many of the shorter lines, and is also at the head of the mining interests.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Roses' Way.

This funny little tot who longed to be
grown-up, you know,
Had heard that sun and water made
the tall red roses grow,
So she ran and stood beside them
close against the garden wall,
(She scarce could reach the lowest
leaf, she was so very small!)
And when the gardener passed that
way she called to him in glee
"I'm growing, like the roses, John!
Just come and look at me!
I've watered me all over with your
watering-pot, you know,
And now the sun is shining—please
have I begun to grow?"

—[Margaret Johnson.

Chicken Calls In All Countries.

When one hears the Yankee housewife calling her chickens with a "Chick-a-chick, chick, chick! Biddie-widdie, wit, wit!" the cry seems the most natural one that could be used for the purpose. In other parts of the world than New England, however, the barnyard fowl are taught to answer to other calls. The English farmer, for instance, calls chuck, chuck, or coop, coop. In Virginia the cry is coo-chee, coo-chee, and in Pennsylvania pee-pee. This pee, pee call is also employed in Germany, Spain, Bulgaria, Hungary, Bavaria and the Tyrol. In the Austrian province the term is used in combination, thus: Pulla, pi, pi; the call pullele, pul, pul, also occurs there.

In some parts of Germany the poultry are called with tick, tick; in Prussia put, put, and young chickens with tuk, tuk and schip, schip, the latter being an imitation of their own cry. In eastern Prussia hens are called with cluckschen, kluck, kluck; also tippschen, tipp, tipp. In Bavaria bibi, bibeli, bidli; pi, pi and pul, pul are used.

In Denmark the call is pootle; in Holland kip, kip; in Bohemia tyoo; in Bulgaria tiri, tiri.

Where Neddie Found Him.

Where was baby? Neddie looked under all the sofas, and Lawrence even peeped into the big tin cake-box. You see, baby had only one little tooth in his head; but that one was such a sweet tooth! And he had twice been known to creep out into the pantry into the cake-box.

But he wasn't there this time. He didn't seem to be anywhere, and mamma began to get alarmed.

"Get the dinner-bell, Ned," she said, "and ring it out the back door for papa. And, Lawrence, are you sure you hunted in all the closets? There's the linen-closet, you know, and Bridget's closet."

"I looked in 'em all," Lawrence said despondently. "He isn't anywhere, I guess he's desolved. He's sweet enough to."

Papa came in, and hunted, too. Outdoors and in they hunted, getting more frightened all the time. Then Neddie found him. He laughed till the two anxious tears just crossing over the bridge of his nose lost their balance and tumbled down hill.

I said Neddie found baby; but, really and truly, it was only his little soft chamois shoes he found and part of two little black-stockinged legs in them. The rest of baby was out of sight.

Papa's tall, square scrap-basket in the library was over on its side, and baby had crawled in and gone to sleep. How mamma laughed when he was found!

The Word That Kit Understood.

Kit was the children's horse. She had been promoted to this position of responsibility and dignity partly as a recognition of her years of faithful service and partly because of her gentle temper and good sense. No one understood this better than Kit herself. Therefore, to show her gratitude and her appreciation of the pleasant places into which her lines had fallen, she became even more gentle than ever with the children, and never showed the least impatience, even when they were a little thoughtless, as the best of children sometimes are.

Not that she ever gave up to them when a difference of opinion arose. Kit understood as well as any one that older people are always right, and she was many years older than any of the children. The children were accustomed to drive in an old phaeton which was so broad and low that there was no danger of upsetting. Often in the long summer holidays they were allowed to start early in the morning for an all-day play in the woods.

There was a beautiful wood about five miles from the town, and in its depths was a most enticing cave which seemed to have been made especially for playing games which the children had made up from story-books, from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," or the "Arabian Nights." The girls did not find it quite as exciting as the boys; still, it was rather good fun to be a captive princess and to be rescued, and all that sort of thing.

Kit was always left more or less to her own devices. The boys always went through the form of hitching her to a tree. As long as it pleased her to stay tied, she remained where she was put. But when she once got the idea into her head that it was too sunny, or that there was a particularly desirable clump of grass anywhere else, Kit untied herself and departed in search of adventures on her own account. The children complained of this habit, but their father, who knew Kit well, only laughed, and told them they must learn to tie a different sort of knot.

When it came time to go home for tea, or if she thought it was coming on to rain, Kit always turned up. She would return to the place where, by courtesy, she was supposed to be tethered, and whinny loudly until some one came. Then she would turn her head in the direction of home and walk slowly, giving the loiterers plenty of time to overtake her.

Sometimes it happened that the children were not quite ready; but Kit did not wait. She would continue to jog along slowly, and it always ended in the loiterers having to run smartly to catch up. Once they all agreed not to mind Kit, and she went home alone. But the children's father told them that he would not trust them away again unless they came home when Kit was ready, as she knew best.

Another grievance that the children had was that Kit had her own ideas about the proper gait that was suitable for her to adopt when they were driving. Nothing would persuade her to go off a slow trot or a fast walk. Pleading, threatening, and even an occasional blow with a light switch were alike ineffectual. But when their father was with them, things were quite diff rent. He did not have to touch the lines. He would simply lean back comfortably, and say, "Kit, puck-a-shee-tee-pee!" and Kit would fly as if pursued by the furies.

The children begged and implored to be taught the meaning of this mysterious word which had such a magical effect. But their father only laughed, and told them that it was a secret that he and Kit shared, which could never be divulged.

And the strangest part of it all was, that although the children often tried the spell in secret, "Puck-a-shee-tee-peet," as they pronounced it, did not seem to affect Kit at all. Sometimes she would turn her head and look at them out of her mild old eyes as if she wondered what they were trying to say.

It was not until the children had grown a good deal older that they discovered that it was the sound of their father's voice that Kit knew and loved, and that it was not that she really understood an unknown tongue and the awful word, "Puck-a-shee-tee-pee!"

UNCANNY PLACE TO SLEEP.

Belated Hunters Stumble Upon an Unoccupied House, and the Result.

"I had a very curious adventure several years ago," said a noted wing shot of New Orleans, "while on a hunting trip with a friend in a neighboring State. We had spent the day in the field, and in coming back missed the road and wandered through the woods until almost dark. At last we got our bearings and shortly afterward saw a good-sized frame house standing in a sort of clearing. We went up to get some water, and to our surprise found the place entirely empty.

"There were a couple of old cot beds in a back room and a pile of blankets in a corner, and we concluded from that that the caretakers occasionally slept on the premises. It was then dusk, the town was fully five miles away, and being thoroughly tired out, we decided to stay there overnight. Accordingly we took possession of the beds, picked out the best blankets we could find and made ourselves at home. I must confess, however, that I didn't sleep much. I couldn't get rid of the impression that there was something uncanny in a house standing open and deserted in such a fashion, and all the ghost stories I had ever read flitted in dismal procession through my brain.

"At the first streak of dawn I got up and walked out of doors. Then for the first time I had a good look at the front of the building, and to my unutterable horror I read, lettered over the door: 'County Smallpox Hospital.' In less than a minute we were both on the road, white as ghosts. We bathed in a creek, bought new clothes in town and were scared for a month afterward, yet despite the fact that we had rested on those infested beds and used the pest-soaked blankets of God knows how many patients, neither of us caught the disease."

A Compromise.

This deserves a place with the widow's mite story. It is scientifically admitted that the ice-cream appetite in girls is incurable and frequently grows with age. An Eliot street young woman who has just arrived at the dignity of long dresses, armed herself with a dime and started down town for a dish of ice cream. There was nothing in the world that she wanted more, and she wanted it with the least possible delay. At Grand Circle park she encountered a blind man, dependent upon charity. She yearned to help him, and was rent by conflicting desires. At first she wanted to give him the whole dime. Then she was beset by the deadly appetite and felt like running for the ice cream parlor. But this was one of those great conflicts in which compromise is possible and honor is preserved. She gave the blind man a nickel and with the other nickel bought a glass of ice cream soda. It will be readily appreciated that to have given away the dime would have deprived this story of one of its strongest morals.—Detroit Free Press.

Died With Her Brood.

Examples of parental affection are often seen in the animal world, and this pathetic one was once read in a German paper: "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable-end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectingly spread out her wings over the young ones, with whom she was burned alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight."

ESPINOSA, THE BANDIT.

Most Famous Outlaw Ever Known on the Sante Fe Trail.

The most famous bandit ever known on the Santa Fe trail was Espinosa, a Spaniard, who at one time had great wealth and lived upon a hacienda upon the banks of the Rio Grande near Santa Fe, New Mexico, like one of the dukes of his native country. He claimed descent from a knight in the army of Cortez, and the walls of his house were ornamented by ancestral portraits painted by famous artists of Spain. He had immense herds of sheep and cattle, and upon his dukedom ruled over several hundred peons, who regarded him as a king.

After the American occupation of New Mexico Espinosa fell into bad company. The newcomers taught him new games and played him unfriendly tricks. They trespassed upon his hospitality. They invaded his hacienda, lived in luxury at his expense, drank his wine and ate his mutton and then won his money at cards. He lost so much that he became financially embarrassed and was compelled to mortgage his herds. It was a great mortification to the proud Spaniard, and when it was too late he began to realize that he had been imposed upon.

One day he made the acquaintance of a rich young New Englander, who had come to Santa Fe with a lot of money to engage in business. The Yankee visited the hacienda, and soon made himself at home there. It was said that he was in love with Donna Espinosa, a beautiful girl about eighteen years of age, and that his affection was reciprocated. At one time when Espinosa was pressed for money the young Yankee received a large remittance from the east. He offered it to the Spaniard, but the latter was too proud to accept a loan from his sister's lover. The same night, however, after he had retired, the young man heard a burglar in his room, and in the struggle learned that the intruder was no other than his host. Being discovered, Espinosa drew a dagger and plunged it into the American's heart.

The members of the household came rushing into the room just as the victim was dying. He told them what had happened and the sister of the murderer, throwing herself upon the body of her dead lover, cursed her brother as a assassin and a thief. The guests made no attempt to arrest him, but Espinosa knew that he was ruined, and in desperation abandoned his ranch and fled to the Sangre de Christo Mountains, where he made his headquarters for several years, conducting successful raids upon the overland coaches and the freight caravans along the Santa Fe trail, and robbing ranch settlers in every direction. The government offered a reward for the bandit dead or alive, and after about ten years of unparallel outlawry he was shot by an Irish trapper named "Tom" Tobin, who cut off his head and brought it to the authorities in an old gunnysack.

Searching for a King's Body.

Ever since last autumn an agitation has been going on in the Neapolitan Province in conjection with the supposed resting-place of King Joachim Murat, and schemes have been set on foot by living representatives of the Murat family to exhume and provide a proper monument for the body of the unfortunate monarch. Researches were begun recently in the Church of St. George the Martyr at Pizzo, near Naples, where Murat was known to have been buried after his execution on October 13, 1815, in the castle of that city. The commoa burial-place was opened after due precautions had been taken by the sanitary authorities, but no positive result could be arrived at, as it was found that the burying-place in the vaults of the church had been filled with the bodies of victims of the cholera epidemic of 1837, and that it was impossible to distinguish the body of the King from those of persons subsequently interred. The researches have therefore been suspended, the vaults sealed up, and a report drawn up and signed by the local authorities and the representatives of the family to the effect that further investigations are useless. All the expenses of the researches have been borne by the government. —Rome Correspondence of the London Post.

High Lights.

On a summer-resort piazza the early girl gets the hammock.

A man convinced against his will suffers most when it is a woman who convinces him.

The man who lives off an aunt or sister always has more new hats than any other man in the block.

There is always something to be said on both sides, but victory is with the woman who gets to talking first.

A man marries a woman who understands Browning, and then acts surprised because she sees through him.

When a man wishes to stand solid with the other sex he makes it known that he thinks there are no ugly women.

After a man has been married ten or fifteen years he still comes in and asks his wife what time she is going to have dinner.

The husband of a too neat housekeeper consoles himself by thinking how he would hate his home if things were the other way.—Chicago Record.

A Costly Mistake.

"Briggs is dreadfully near-sighted. You know that hat his wife wears with all those black plumes in it?"

"Yes, I've seen it."

"Well, Briggs thought it was the head of a feather duster, and he tied it to his cane and brushed a lot of spider webs from the porch ceiling before his wife caught him at it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE "SHINE" PRIVILEGE.

Big Sums Demanded From Bootblacks in Office Buildings.

Since the bootblack's profession has followed the general modern trend toward "organization" it seems to have become a highly remunerative pursuit. At least, this must be inferred from the high rates which the bootblacking companies are required to pay for the privilege of carrying on their business in certain desirable places. Some time ago people were surprised to hear of the large sum that had been paid by the head of one of these companies for the exclusive bootblacking rights on the boats of one of the ferries. The idea that the little Italian boys worked for a company, and were not in the business "every one for himself," was quite new to most persons. A little later they received still further proof of the modern methods of the profession when they saw the cash register carried by each boy in which he was required to deposit all the prices of his "shines."

But the latest development and the one that best illustrates how the business must pay is the rent charged for bootblack's chairs in the new giant office buildings. There are several of these structures in which the exclusive shoe-shining rights are rated as being worth from $1,000 to $2,000 a year in rental to the owners of the buildings. In one of the newest and hugest, scarcely yet finished, a man recently offered $1,500 for the privilege of operating ten chairs for a year. This sum was refused without an instant's consideration, the owners asserting that $3,000 a year was the least they would accept.

By figuring a little it is easy to see how much each chair would have to make to pay its rent alone, leaving out of reckoning the wages of its operator. Allowing three hundred business days to the year, the rent for each of the ten chairs would be $1 a day. That would mean twenty five-cent shines. It is not likely that the bootblack who presides over one of these chairs could be hired for less than $1 a day, and this brings the expense of maintaining the chair up to $2 daily, requiring forty five-cent shines.

Now, unless a bootblack could obtain more than forty shines a day, his company would lose money on the chair—that is, if the high rent of $1 a day were being paid on it. Whether or not the owners of the building have yet succeeded in convincing any bootblacking company that the privilege of ten chairs there is worth $3,000, the very fact that so large a sum is fixed upon by them, and that two-thirds of that amount is already being paid elsewhere for the same thing, proves that the business of polishing shoes, as it is now carried on, is more profitable than many a higher-sounding enterprise.—New York Tribune.

Japanese Dinner Customs.

At the close of formal dinners in Japan the guests are presented with any portion of the meat they may fail to eat. However great or small the amount they may fail to eat, it is carefully wrapped up for them and they are expected to take it home with them. The unique custom was followed at official dinners until a short time ago, when it was discontinued, but the withdrawal of government example has not materially affected the practice. The plan has been followed for many years and it is difficult to place its origin.

Peculiar as the custom is, it is not without its attractive features. The husband who stays out late at night can pave the way to wifely pardon with the neat and tempting parcel under his arm. The impeculous or temporarily embarrassed can hold out enough to tide them over several hungry days. The indulgent father or mother can pass the sweets and carry them home to their children. Half a dozen satisfactory combinations can be worked on the plan. There may be all kinds of elaborate courses at a dinner that one does not care for, but the mental struggle of saying no is not half so hard when you know you will get a chance to carry the food off and either give it to your children, feed it to your dogs and cats, or distribute it among your friends. The Japanese practice is all that could be expected. Each kind of food is kept in a separate parcel, and at the close of the dinner the share of each guest is made up in a neat and artistic bundle.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Finland Sentenced to Death.

The statesmen of the old world, so far at least as their public utterances are concerned, have maintained a well-bred silence upon the subject of the national tragedy of which the closing scene has been enacted in Helsingfors, the capital of the grand duchy of Finland. And because no word of protest has been uttered from a ministerial bench, or read from a blue book bearing the official signature of a chancellor, the world has stood by in silence while the Finnish nationality has been decreed out of existence by an ukase from St. Petersburg, signed by Czar Nicholas II., and promulgated by Count Muravieff, the Slavic Bismarck. The import of this decree is, that three millions of people of the Germano-Finnish blood shall become Russians forthwith. Behind the promulgation are a million of gray-coats ready to carry out the will of Muravieff by the grace of the knout. In the meanwhile, the imperial weakling whose pen has subscribed to the death warrant of a nation, is lisping foolishly of the advisability of migrating the horrors of war—a coincidence which would furnish theme for an Offenbach, were it not matter more meet for the tragic genius of a Milton! —S. Ivan Tonjoroff, in The Arena.