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MILLSBURG, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.  
A. A. KOHLBECKER, Proprietor.  
THROUGH TRAVELERS on the railroad will find this Hotel an excellent place to reach, or procure meal, as ALL TRAINS stop about 25 minutes. 4-ly

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**PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT.**  
Good trout fishing in the immediate vicinity. A cab runs to every train. At the Millheim Hotel accommodations will be found first-class and terms moderate. June 25, 1879-1880

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TERMS \$1.25 PER DAY. 1-ly  
A good Livery attached.

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This house, prominent in a city famed for its comfortable hotels, is kept in every respect equal to any first-class hotel in the country. (Due to the stringency of the times, the price of board has been reduced to THREE DOLLARS per day.) J. McKibbin, Manager. 1-ly

**BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,**  
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HOUSEAL & TELLER, Proprietors.  
Good Sample Room on First Floor.  
20-ly Free Buses to and from All Trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

## The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Paper  
PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

### Russian Women.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler, in his life of "Peter the Great," now in course of publication in *Scribner's Monthly*, writes as follows:

The Muscovite ideal of woman, founded on the teachings and traditions of Byzantine theology, was purely a monastic one. The virtues of the cloister, faith, prayer, charity, obedience and industry, were the highest virtues of a woman. The life of the cloister was best suited to preserve her purity. Socially, woman was not an independent being; she was an inferior creation, dependent on her husband, for except as a wife her existence was scarcely recognized. Of this theoretical position of woman, early proof is given in all the didactic literature of Russia, and especially in the *Domostroi*, that curious manual of household economy written in the time of Ivan the Terrible. The wife should be blindly obedient in all things, and for her faults should be severely whipped, though not in anger. Her duty is to keep the house, to look after the food and clothing, and to see to the comfort of her husband; to bear children, but not to educate them. Severity was inculcated, and to play with one's children was esteemed a sin, — a snare of the devil. The wife was bound to stay chiefly at home, and to be acquainted with nothing but her household duties. To all questions on outside matters she was to answer that she did not know. It was believed that an element of evil lurked in the female sex, and even the most innocent sport between little boys and girls, or social intercourse between young men and women was severely reprehended.

The *Domostroi*, and even Pososhkof, as late as the eighteenth century, recommended a father to take his cudgel and break the ribs of his son whom he found jesting with a girl. Traces of this feeling with regard to women are still in current proverbs. "A woman's hair is long, her understanding is short," runs one proverb. "The wits of women are like wildness of beasts," says another, while a third says: "As a horse by the bit, so must a woman be governed by threats." The collection of popular stories and anecdotes are full of instances of the innate wickedness and devilishness of the female sex, with references to all the weak and wicked women of sacred and profane history. In the "Great Mirror," compiled in the seventeenth century we even find the obstinacy of women exemplified by the well-known anecdote of the drowning woman still making with her fingers the sign of scissors. Although this was the theoretical position of women in Russian society, practically in small households where women were important factors there were great divergencies from the strict rules of the *Domostroi*. In the higher rank of life the women were more carefully guarded and restrained, and in the family of the Tsar the seclusion of the Terem, or woman's apartments, was almost complete. This was in part due to a superstitious belief in witchcraft, the evil eye, and charms that affect the life, health or fertility of the royal race. Neither the Tsarita nor the princesses ever appeared openly in public; they never went out except in a closed litter or carriage; in church they stood behind a veil—made, it is true, sometimes of gauze—they usually timed their visits to the churches and monasteries for evening or early morning, and on these occasions no one was admitted except the immediate attendants of the court. Von Meyerberg, Austrian Ambassador at Moscow in 1663, writes that out of 1,000 courtiers there will be hardly found one who can boast that he has seen the Tsarita, or any of the sisters or daughters of the Tsar. Even their physicians are not allowed to see them. When it is necessary to call a doctor for the Tsarita, the windows are all darkened, and he is obliged to feel her pulse through a piece of gauze so as not to touch her bare hand. Even chance encounters were severely punished.

In 1674, two chamberlains, Dashkof and Buturlin, on suddenly turning a corner in one of the interior courts of the palace met the carriage of the Tsarita Natalia, who was going to prayers at the convent. Their colleagues succeeded in getting out of the way, but Dashkof and Buturlin were arrested, examined and deprived of their offices; but as the encounter was proved to be merely fortuitous and unavoidable, they were in a few days restored to their rank. And yet this was during the reign of Alexis, who was far less strict than his predecessors.

HAYES is credited with the suggestion that all ex-Presidents should receive a life annuity of \$20,000. If Congress should pass such a law Hayes wouldn't come in, because he could never justly lay claim to the title of ex-President.

THERE are in the United States 380 theaters, 193 traveling theatrical companies, and only seven resident stock companies.

### What the Indians Cost.

From the New York Sun.

Every change in the Indian Bureau seems to make what was confessedly bad still worse. It has become a nest of jobbers and a den of thieves, because the old roots of corruption have been allowed to remain, and professional reformers, like Carl Shurz, have only attempted to graft on them new vines. As a consequence of this 'policy,' Commissioners speculate, agents steal, and philanthropists sell shoddy at enormous profits—all at the cost of the Indians.

Outbreaks on the frontiers, bloodshed, and expensive campaigns are among the effects of the want of protection and of good faith in dealing with these tribes, who are first forced from their reservation guaranteed by treaty, and then pursued as public enemies for daring to assert their lawful rights. Driven to desperation by hunger from the want of supplies withheld or stolen by corrupt agents, they commit crimes, and then the feeble cry for extermination.

Aside from the moral aspect of the question, which brings reproach upon the administration of the Government, the cost of this treachery and dishonesty has become a serious item in the annual budget. The abuses and robbery that took such large proportions under the full swing of Grantism have changed in form, but not much in substance so far as the treasury is concerned.

Tested by a comparison of the last ten years with the preceding ten years, the increase in Indian expenditure was, in round numbers, twenty-three million nine hundred thousand dollars. Here are the exact figures from the latest treasury report:

From 1869 to 1890 inclusive, total.....	\$38,107,745
From 1870 to 1879 inclusive, total.....	62,004,442
Difference.....	\$23,896,697

In other words, the average cost of the Indian service for the ten fiscal years preceding the advent of Grantism including large extras in 1869, was about three million eight hundred thousand per annum, and for the last ten years it has averaged six million two hundred thousand per annum. That is to say, while the Indians have been decreasing in numbers, the appropriations have increased at the rate of more than two millions and a third every year since Grant entered the White House and established that system of spoliation which is commonly known by the name of Grantism.

The Indian bill this year proposes an appropriation of four millions and a half in round numbers, and is commended to favor because it is nearly a quarter of a million less than that last voted. This sort of argument is frequently used as a cover for extravagance and worse than extravagance, and we have heard it too often. The true standard of comparison is not that suggested, but another which dates back to a period when the Indians were far more numerous than they now are, and more difficult to manage. The present appropriation is as follows:

For the fiscal year 1881.....	\$4,400,000
In 1861 this service cost.....	2,865,000
Difference.....	\$1,535,000

Thus after twenty years of experience, taking these figures for a basis, it cost two-thirds more to carry on the Indian service than it did when the tribes swarmed along the Western frontiers and when several of the present States were comparatively unoccupied Territories.

But these money grants by no means represent the actual cost of the Indian service. Adventurers and speculators and venal officials, in combination, stir up strife among well disposed tribes, drive them off their own lands, fill them with villainous whiskey, stop their food, and provoke collisions. Then troops are called for, campaigns are commenced, and millions are squandered. This is now a regular business every year, and Congress submits to it.

### Maine Preachers.

The *Pittsburg Post* says the Maine preachers are as abusive in their pulpit harangues as corner grocery politicians. It is stated as a fact that the Republican politicians have furnished them with political briefs and incendiary appeals which they incorporate in their sermons. They use foul language about the most respected citizens, and have converted, in many instances, the house of God into a den of discord and vituperation. The natural results follow. Churches are dividing and hundreds of church members are withdrawing from the sanctuaries they have hitherto attended. Many of the political preachers are brainless asses, and do not know what they are talking of or are incapable of appreciating a legal or constitutional argument. They are preparing the ground for Bob Ingersoll, who has a radical church of his own, by bringing discredit on Christianity. Bob and the Maine parsons can meet on the common platform of cursing Democrats.

Our eyesight is the most exquisite of our senses, yet it does not serve us to discern wisdom. If it did, what a glow of love would be kindle within us and how our lives would be beautified.

THE number of deserters from the British army advertised during the past year was 5,840. The number in 1878 was 8,399.

### The Birth-Place of James Buchanan.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE IN WHICH THE LAMENTED STATESMAN FIRST SAW THE LIGHT STILL IN EXISTENCE.

Special Correspondent of the Patriot.

A trip up the Cumberland valley on matters of business last week, brought me to the quiet but clever town of Mercersburg. While there I learned of the purchase of "Stony Batter," the birth-place of the late President James Buchanan, by his niece, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, of Lancaster.

"Stony Batter" is located about four miles northwest of Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pa., at Cove Gap, in the Tuscarora mountains. The house in which Buchanan was born is a small log building between 20 and 25 feet square, one and a-half stories high. Between fifty and sixty years ago Mr. Jacob McCune, of Mercersburg, purchased the house, and after having the logs carefully numbered had it taken down and removed to the town of Mercersburg, where it was rebuilt for a corner lot on Fayette street. The present owner of the Buchanan house is the Rev. R. Lewis McCune, who purchased the property at the death of his father in 1866. The house is in an excellent state of preservation as Mr. McCune takes great care of it.

When we call to mind the fact that President Buchanan was born in the house some time in the year 1791, we conclude that it must be nearly one hundred years old. I learned from the present owner that the house has all along been kept under a good roof, and judging from the hardy look of the timbers it bids fair to last one hundred years longer. The property becomes still more valuable as a relic of the past, because Mr. McCune, the present owner, purchased the log house used, at an early day in Mercersburg, as an academy or classical school, (at that time called the "Latin School") where President Buchanan commenced his classical studies. Mr. McCune had the old school house moved to the same lot and joined to the Buchanan house. These two buildings now stand side by side—mementoes of the past and of Pennsylvania's great son. If an appeal to local circumstances be fairly made, it will be found that President Buchanan owed no part of his distinction either to birth or fortune, but wholly to himself. The obscurity and poverty from which he emerged serve only to make his illustrious career the more remarkable.

If these two buildings could be purchased and taken back to "Stony Batter," where a monument is to be erected to the memory of the deceased President, it would restore the "birth-place" to something of its primitive simplicity. If a monument be erected the old house ought to go back also to grace the spot as well as to serve as a residence for some one who would protect the place from vandalism. J.H.R.

### Life in Washington.

From Good Company.

There is a nameless fascination in the Washington air. The average citizen, living far removed from the Capital, wonders why the office-holder who once comes to Washington is so loth to leave it that he will often stoop to any device to secure a further lease of power—whether it be four years in the White House, another term in either end of the Capitol, or only a longer commission in a petty department clerkship. But when the citizen comes to Washington himself, the mystery is solved. He may not be able to define them very clearly, but he cannot stay long in the city without himself experiencing in some measure those subtle influences which render the Capital so attractive to the permanent resident. Even to the casual visitor there is something very interesting about merely watching the great Governmental machine or inspecting its component parts. The very atmosphere of the Capital, instinct with the official and social life that centres about the seat of Government in a great nation, seems to possess a singular charm, which disposes one to linger and enjoy it. The stranger no longer wonders that the office-holder likes Washington, that he constantly schemes for an extension of his term, that, if finally deposed from power, he so often prefers the most humble position here to a residence elsewhere.

Not the least among Washington's charms are its physical and climatic advantages. No one can longer doubt that the city is fit to be the Capital of the great country. The comprehensive plan on which it was laid out in early years of the struggling Republic gives one a fresh respect for those far-sighted fathers who could even then devise a scheme which should to-day fit the necessities of the seat of government for fifty millions of people, and be capable of equal development with the progress of the nation hereafter. The broad avenues are a constant source of delight, parks and squares are ample for the needs of a large city, and the great system of improvements, carried through with whatever corruption under the Shepherd regime, laid the basis for the transformation of Washington from a straggling and neglected town to a handsome metropolis. Nothing goes farther to justify the choice of this locality as the Capital than its climate. Though it suffers from the summer heat, its temperature, during the larger part of the year, is most comfortable, and the change from the

inclement weather which prevails over the greater portion of the country through the winter months to the usually balmy air of the Capital is especially grateful. Indeed, as a winter residence, Washington possesses greater charms than any other city on the continent, what with its mild weather, its exceptional social advantages, and the attractions which the meeting of Congress presents to any one interested in studying our system of government at its fountain-head. Every year the Capital is becoming more and more the winter headquarters for people of leisure, for persons of literary tastes, for students of politics, for persons of fashion, and a composite society is gradually growing up in which everybody is sure to find congenial elements.

### General Hancock at Home.

N. Y. Cor. Pittsburg Telegraph.

A few evenings ago I went with a party of friends to call on General Hancock and his amiable wife at Governor's Island, which is easily accessible from the regions of "up town," thanks to the East Side rapid transit road extending as far as the South Ferry, and the little revenue cutter which connects that point with the residence of the Commander of the Department of the Atlantic. General Hancock is apparently in robust health, and, although his hair and beard are frosted, there is no winter in his heart. Essentially a soldier, and I should say a disciplinarian, there is still no brusqueness in his manner or mode of speech; genial as he is, however, there are still abundant evidences of a man accustomed to command. I have met but few men who could compare with him as a raconteur; he is a military Larry Jerome. Even with men, moreover, his conversation is scrupulously correct. Leading the way into his sanctum—a back room on one side of the wide hall that divides the ground floor into two parts—he ordered some refreshments and sat down to smoke a cigar and chat, and it being left to him to carry on the conversation, proved fully equal to the task. The conversation turned from personal reminiscences upon an excellent lecture which Gen. Abbott had delivered that afternoon on Governor's Island. Gen. Hancock declares himself strongly in favor of strengthening the New York defenses. "But who could overcome us?" "Great Britain might," was the reply, "but that is not the question; it is purely one of precaution. I am in favor of large guns, breech-loaders, of the most approved modern pattern." It was mentioned that a dispatch from Europe set forth that Krupp was overwhelmed with orders. General Hancock said that he had been rather chary of expressing himself in answer to certain communications, for he felt that they were intended to be more in the interests of manufacturers than in those of the nation; he firmly believed, however, in getting to work at the defenses of New York.

The residence occupied by the Commander of the Department of the Atlantic is an old-fashioned and rather commodious one; the wide hall divides the ground floor into a suite of parlors and a dining-room and a study with a bay window, which forms a recess which is almost another room. The walls are hung with family portraits. Mrs. Hancock, who is in mourning, has charming manners, and should she ever be called upon to preside at the White House, would be equal to the task. With her at present is her niece, who married Lieutenant Griffin, a young and promising officer of the General's command, last spring. In such agreeable society the time passed very quickly, and when the signal for the 10 o'clock boat sounded we reluctantly arose to go. On rejoining the ladies Gen. Hancock paid a compliment to the society of the men which they wholly underserved, since it was his conversation, and not any exertion on their part, that made "the foot of time fall lightly." Gen. Hancock does not believe, like a certain distinguished predecessor of his, who openly asserted as much, that "the army would be very nice if it were not for the soldiers." He evidently thinks a great deal about his command and their welfare, and it is seldom that he is absent from the Island. As the little revenue cutter steamed toward the Battery under the clear starlit sky we retained the pleasant memory of his frank, cordial manner and unaffected hospitality. "No wonder that General Hancock is so popular," said one of the party; "he is sincere, whole-souled, one man in ten thousand." "The very model," broke in the irrepressible "Pirate," "of a modern major-general."

### Japanese Top-Spinning.

St. Nicholas for January.

At certain seasons of the year top-spinning engages a great part of the leisure of American and English boys and some of them become very skillful. But Japanese jugglers are the people to spin tops, and I will try to describe some of their more difficult feats, as I saw them.

I was at a Japanese juggling entertainment, and when the first part of the performance was over, the men who had been acting cleared the stage, set on it a small table, a number of swords and a little house, like the doll houses sold in toy shops, bowed low, and left. Immediately afterwards, a richly dressed Japanese made his appearance carrying in his arms about a dozen

tops, somewhat resembling a common humming top, each with a long thin stem run through the bulb-shaped part, and protruding at the top and bottom—the top stem being cased in a loose sheath. Bowing to the spectators, the Japanese took one of the tops and twirled it briskly between his palms for a second or two; he then dropped it upon the table, where it spun around in that swiftly revolving but apparently motionless state that boy top-spinners call "sleeping." The Japanese indicated by signs that it would stop when he told it to, and turning towards the table he lifted his hand as a command. No sooner had he done this than the top stopped as if it really had seen and understood the signal.

The Japanese picked up the top again and twirling it as before, placed it upon the table, where it spun itself to sleep. He then selected from the swords on the floor one with a long, keen blade, and, lifting the top from the table by the sheath of the upper stem, placed the point of the lower stem carefully upon the edge of the blade near the hilt. The top spun for some moments in this position and then began to run slowly toward the point of the sword. When it had reached the point it leaned over at an angle of 45 degrees and continued to revolve for several moments in that difficult position, until it was caught in the juggler's hand just as it was about to stop spinning.

Throwing the sword to one side the performer again made the top spin upon the table, and picking up five others started them also. He then stretched a thin wire across the stage, and taking the tops from the table placed them one after another upon the wire, as he had previously placed the first one upon the edge of the sword. They spun around for a few seconds without moving, but suddenly, as if by one impulse, they all started on an excursion along the wire, balancing themselves as they went, with all the nicety of expert tight-rope walkers. Reaching the end of their trip they dropped one by one into the hands of an assistant, who stood ready to catch them.

### How to Keep Teeth Clean and Healthy.

From G. A. Mills in Dental Cosmos.

As I am not aware of anything practically now in the way of dentifrices, I can only allude to them as auxiliaries or assistants in promoting cleanliness, and in neutralizing the normal acidity so commonly present in the oral cavity. No one has yet discovered the magic prophylactic, notwithstanding the absurd claims of vendors of various nostrums, such as "Sododont." Of this article I will testify to what is also well known to most dentists, namely, that it destroys the color of the teeth, turning them to a decidedly dark yellow.

There is, of course, quite a general use of tooth brushes by the people, but not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction. It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients now than formerly that a crosswise brushing is not wise, but that the upper teeth should be brushed downward, and the lower teeth upward. It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the buccal and posterior surfaces of the lower front teeth. I am sure that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this preventive service. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of the guardians of children that they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possible, so that it shall become a habit to be continued through life.

Concerning the forms of brushes, I will say that straight brushes are utterly impracticable on the surfaces to which I have referred as the ones neglected. Curved brushes with a tuft end, bud-shaped or convex, are the best. There are several favored forms that are quite efficient in the line I have spoken of. One of these, named the "Windsor," I have faithfully tried for twenty months past, and introduced it very generally in my practice, and I find that it meets the indications better than any other within my knowledge. The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the *quill* toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places, are a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth. All kinds of metallic toothpicks are objectionable, though I am aware that it is the practice of some dentists to commend them to their patients.

The value of a decided polished surface of the tooth becomes very apparent to those who have had the operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident; and, although the condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest. I do not think that many dentists have much idea of the beautiful polish that a human tooth will take. Many teeth are capable of a great improvement in this direction which are now a decided detriment to what might otherwise be a pleasing face. We know that the general idea among people is, that interfering with the surfaces of the teeth destroys the enamel, but we also know that this is a popular error.

THERE was a sound of rivalry by night. It was the cats.