

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

After a very brief pause the detective continued:

"Of course, after that there was nothing more to be done. I found out where Lieutenant Charpentier took two officers with me and arrested him. When I touched him on the shoulder and warned him to come quietly with us, he answered us as bold as brass: 'I suppose you are arresting me for being concerned in the death of that scoundrel Drebber,' he said. 'He has said nothing to him about it, so that he alluding to it had a most suspicious aspect.' 'Very,' said Holmes. 'He still carried the heavy stick which the mother described him as having with him when he followed Drebber. It was a stout oak cudgel.' 'What is your theory, then?' 'Well, my theory is that he followed Drebber as far as the Brixton road. When there a fresh altercation arose between them, in the course of which Drebber received a blow from the stick in the pit of the stomach, perhaps, which killed him without leaving any mark. The night was so wet that no one was about, so Charpentier dragged the body of his victim into the empty house. As to the candle and the blood and the writing on the wall and the ring, they may all be so many tricks to throw the police on to the wrong scent.' 'What do you say, Holmes?' 'I believe that the man who was in the room at the time Drebber was shot was not the murderer. I believe that the murderer was a man named Lestrade, who was in the room at the time Drebber was shot. I believe that Lestrade was a man of a high social position, and that he was in the room at the time Drebber was shot. I believe that Lestrade was a man of a high social position, and that he was in the room at the time Drebber was shot.

The skiffing at the other side. I gave a cry which brought the Boots back. He nearly fainted when he saw it. The door was locked on the inside, but we put our shoulders to it and knocked it in. The window of the room was open, and beside the window, all huddled up, lay the body of a man in his night-dress. He was quite dead, and had been for some time, for his limbs were rigid and cold. When we turned him over the Boots recognized him at once as being the same gentleman who had engaged the room under the name of James Stangerson. The cause of death was a deep stab in the left side, which must have penetrated the heart. And now comes the strangest part of the affair. What do you suppose was above the murdered man?"

"I felt a creeping of flesh and a presentiment of coming horror, even before Sherlock Holmes answered. 'The word 'Rache' written in letters of blood,' he said. 'That was it,' said Lestrade, in an awestruck voice; and we were all silent for a while. There was something so methodical and so incomprehensible about the deeds of the unknown assassin, that it imparted a fresh ghastliness to his crimes. My nerves, which were steady enough on the field of battle, tingled as I thought of it. 'The man was seen,' continued Lestrade. 'A milkboy, passing on his way to the dairy, happened to walk down the lane which leads from the mews at the back of the hotel. He noticed that a ladder, which usually lay there, was raised against one of the windows of the second floor, which was wide open. After passing, he looked back and saw a man descend the ladder. He came down so quietly and openly that the boy imagined him to be some carpenter or joiner at work in the hotel. He took no particular notice of him, beyond thinking in his own mind that it was early for him to be at work. He has an impression that the man was tall, had a reddish face, and thought it was early for him to be at work. He must have stayed in the room some little time after the murder, for we found blood-stained water in the basin, and marks on the sheet, where he had deliberately wiped his knife.'

"I glanced at Holmes on hearing the description of the murderer which tallied so exactly with his own. 'There was, however, no trace of excitement or satisfaction upon his face. 'Did you find nothing in the room which could furnish a clue to the murderer?' he asked. 'Nothing,' Stangerson had Drebber's nurse in his pocket, but it seems that this was usual, as he did all the paying. There was eighty-odd pounds in it, but nothing had been taken. Whatever the motives of these extraordinary crimes, robbery is certainly not one of them. There were no papers or memoranda in the murdered man's pockets, except a single telegram, dated from Cleveland about a month ago, and containing the words, 'J. H. is in Europe. There was no name appended to this message.'

"And there was nothing else?" Holmes asked. 'Nothing of any importance. The man's novel, with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a chair beside him. There was a glass of water on the table, and on the window sill a small chip ointment box containing a couple of pills. Sherlock Holmes sprang from his chair with an exclamation of delight. 'The last link,' he cried, exultantly. 'My case is complete.' 'The two detectives stared at him in amazement. 'I have now in my hands,' my companion said confidently, 'all the threads which have formed such a tangle. There are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebber parted from Stangerson at the station, up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as if I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you proof of my knowledge. Could you lay your hands upon those pills?' 'I have them,' said Lestrade, producing a small white box. 'I took them and the nurse and the telegram, intending to have them put in a place of safety at the police station. It was the merest chance my taking these pills, for I am bound to say that I do not attach any importance to them.' 'Give them here,' said Holmes. 'Now, doctor,' turning to me, 'are those ordinary pills?'

"They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray color, small, round, and almost transparent against the light. 'From their lightness and transparency, I should imagine that they are soluble in water,' I remarked. 'Precisely so,' answered Holmes. 'Now, would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday?'

"I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. Its labored breathing and glazing eyes showed that it was not far from its end. Indeed, its snow white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug. 'I will now cut one of these pills in two,' said Holmes, and drawing his penknife, he suited the action to the word. 'One half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in this wine glass, in which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend, the doctor, is right, and that it readily dissolves.' 'This may be very interesting,' said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at. 'I can not see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Stangerson.'

"Patience, my friend, patience. You will find in time that it has everything to do with it. I shall now add a little milk to make the mixture palatable, and on presenting it to the dog you will find that he laps it up readily enough.' As he spoke he turned the contents of the wine glass into a saucer and placed it in front of the terrier, who speedily licked it dry. Sherlock Holmes' earnest demeanor had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently and expecting some startling effect. None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a labored way, but apparently neither the better nor the worse for its draught. Holmes had taken out his watch, and as minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost chag-

## CHAPTER VII.

Light in the Darkness. The intelligence with which Lestrade greeted us was so momentous and so unexpected that we were all three fairly dumfounded. Gresson sprang out of his chair and upset the remainder of his whisky and water. I stared in silence at Sherlock Holmes, whose lips were compressed, and his brows drawn down over his eyes. 'Stangerson, too?' he muttered. 'The plot thickens.' 'It was quite thick enough before,' grumbled Lestrade, taking a chair. 'I seem to have dropped into a sort of council of war.' 'Are you—are you sure of this piece of intelligence?' stammered Gresson. 'I have just come from his room,' said Lestrade. 'It was the first to discover what had occurred.' 'We have been hearing Gresson's view of the matter,' Holmes observed. 'Would you mind letting us know what you have seen and done?'

"I have no objection," Lestrade answered, seating himself. 'I freely confess that I was of the opinion that Stangerson was concerned in the death of Drebber. This fresh development has shown me that I was completely mistaken. Full of the one idea, I set myself to find out what had become of the secretary. They had been seen together at Euston Station about half past eight on the evening of the third. At two in the morning Drebber had been found in the Brixton Road. The question which confronted me was to find out how Stangerson had been employed between 8:30 and the time of the crime and what had become of him afterward. I descended to Liverpool, giving a description of the man and warning them to keep a watch upon the American boats. I then set to work calling upon all the hotels and lodging houses in the vicinity of Euston. You see, I argued that if Drebber and his companion had become separated, the natural course of the latter would be to put up somewhere in the vicinity for the night and then hang about the station again next morning.'

"They would be likely to agree on some meeting-place beforehand," remarked Holmes. 'So it proved. I spent the whole of yesterday evening in making inquiries entirely without avail. This morning I began very early, and at eight o'clock I reached Halliday's Private Hotel, in Little George street. On my inquiry as to whether a Mr. Stangerson was living there, they an once answered me in the affirmative. 'No doubt you are the gentleman he was expecting,' they said. 'He had been waiting for a gentleman for two days.' 'Where is he now?' I asked. 'He is upstairs in bed. He wished to be called at nine.' 'It seemed to me that my sudden appearance might shake his nerves and lead him to say something unguarded. The Boots volunteered to show me the room; it was on the second floor, and there was a small corridor leading up to it. The Boots pointed out the door to me, and was about to go down stairs again, when I saw something that made me feel sickish, in spite of my twenty years' experience. From under the door there curled a little red ribbon of blood, which had meandered across the passage and formed a little pool along

grin and dissatisfaction appeared upon his features.

He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table and showed every other symptom of acute impatience.

So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had met.

"It can't be coincidence," he cried at last, springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room. "It is impossible that it should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebber are actually found under the death of Stangerson. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it, I have it!"

With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, cut out the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk, and presented it to the terrier. The unfortunate creature's tongue hardly seemed to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning.

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'I should have more faith,' he said; 'I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box one was the most deadly poison and the other was entirely harmless. I ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all.'

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses. There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct. It seemed to me that the mists in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth. "All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you failed at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single real clue which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and indeed was the logical sequence of it. Hence, things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusions. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most commonplace crime is often the most mysterious, because it presents no new or special features from which deductions may be drawn. This murder would have been infinitely more difficult to unravel had the body of the victim been simply found lying in the roadway without any of those outer and sensational accompaniments which have rendered it remarkable. These strange details, far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

(To be Continued.)

**Things That May Interest You.**  
Over a million persons die yearly in Europe of consumption.  
Five hundred and eighty-seven distinct languages are spoken in Europe.  
Forty-five hours constitute a week's work for women and girls in New Zealand.  
Seventy-eight profit sharing schemes, affecting 53,526 workpeople, were in operation last year in this country.  
Madame Isaacova, the Viennese lady swimmer, is training for another attempt to swim the English channel.  
Out of 2,599 murders of Christians in Turkey last year there were only 61 cases in which the murderers were punished.  
The longest railway run in the world without changing is on the Canadian Pacific, from Halifax to Vancouver, 3,662 miles.  
The biggest orchard in the world is near Santa Barbara, Cal. It covers 1,700 acres and contains 31,000 fruit and nut trees.  
The amount of heat generated by a man's body in a day's work is sufficient to raise 63 pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.  
Lord Kelvin, who is now 78 years of age, is entitled to place no less than 26 orders, indicating various titles of honor.  
Geraniums bloom most satisfactorily when grown in comparatively small pots and soil which is termed rich, but not rank with excessive manure.  
In Portugal if the wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once from all further matrimonial obligations.  
During the past ten years immigration to America from Germany, Ireland and England has decreased, while that from Italy, Austria and Russia has increased.  
There are 6,000 monks on the promontory of Athos. They pay to the sultan 2,000 pounds a year for the privilege of being allowed to govern themselves.  
The number of ships in the American whaling fleet has fallen off in the last twelve years from 97 to 40, and much the same is the case with the Scotch whaling industry.  
One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the time he sketched out the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of that work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into two or three years.  
Farmer Jones—I am a-going tew take my son Hiram to a phenolizet tew find out what he's best suited fer.  
Farmer Honk—An 't'poin' he tells yew the boy ain't suited fer farmin' at all!  
Farmer Jones—That's just what I want tew find out, so's I kin lick it out n'im before he gits tew big.  
Yonghub—There's nothing like matrimony for teaching a young man the value of money.  
Oldwid—That's right. A dollar a minute gives to his wife looks twice as big as the dollar he blew in on her during courtship.

## QUEER NIGHT THEFT.

### WEALTHY BANKER WAS ROBBED WHILE HE SLEPT.

Through the Efforts of a Detective the Mystery of the Losses Was Solved in a Manner Most Unexpected All Around.

"Shortly after I was put on the 'ly force,'" said the old detective, "the chief sent for me. On entering his office I found there a man I recognized as a banker of repute. Since then he has become famous. The chief told me to listen to the story, for it was my case. The story was brief. The banker kept some personal securities in a safe at his own home and some were missing. They had disappeared one by one at irregular intervals. The one singular thing was that on one occasion he had set out to watch the safe all night, and between 3 and 4 had dropped asleep for half an hour. In that half hour another had disappeared. The lock was a combination, the secret of which, so far as he knew, was wholly his own. 'I went up to his house and made a careful examination without hitting on any theory that would seem to unravel the mystery. So I said to the banker that he must go right along in his mode of living, do nothing to let any inmate in the house suppose they were under suspicion or observation, and that I would conceal myself and watch the safe. I was satisfied that the thief was one of the family, and I fancied it was the son, who was a high roller.

"This the banker agreed to, and helped me rig up a place where I could conceal myself. I began the watching that night, but nothing came of it for five nights. On the sixth the banker went out to a dinner party, but he was back home shortly after midnight, and the house quieted down by 1 o'clock. An hour and a half later I heard a soft step in the room adjoining the library and presently a form stole into the room, and going to the safe, swiftly unlocked it and abstracted a single security, closing the safe again. "The room was so dark that I could distinguish only the outlines of the form, but the darkness enabled me to follow the thief as he turned from the safe. I did so, and with a step as stealthy as his own. He led me through the adjoining room, out into the hall, down the basement steps and into a lumber-room, where there was an old box for firewood. To this box the thief went, and, lifting the cover, put the security in it. "Then he turned, and so quickly that he nearly struck me, and hurried up the stairs. I was close behind him and at his heels when he climbed up to the second story, where there was a night lamp in the hall, giving sufficient light for me to recognize the features of the man who had taken the security. From here he turned into a room, closing the door after him. I went down into the library and found the easiest chair for a nap. "The next morning as the banker appeared for breakfast I took him downstairs, saying to him: 'Examine that box and see what you find.' "To his amazement he found every one of the missing securities and some papers besides which he had not missed. He was dumfounded. After a moment's hesitation he turned to me with a severe and most stern air and asked: "Who is the thief? " 'You are, I replied, complacently. "He started violently, and for a moment I thought he would strike me. But he asked, instead, ferociously: "What do you mean by that? " 'Only that you are a sleepwalker,' I replied. 'That's all. I followed and saw you take the paper and place it here.' "He stood still, as one paralyzed. Then he said: "Keep my counsel. Say nothing.' "A week later he sent for me to his office to tell me that his physician had told him it was a case of dyspepsia, and that when he had come to look back he found that it was only after a late-course dinner that a paper had been missed. Then he added: "You've been discreet so far. Continue to be, and you will see that you will not lose by it." "I continued to be, and that's the reason why I have retired so early, can drive down the road just as fast as stepping pair as anyone does, and can have an automobile if I want one."—Brooklyn Eagle.

## EFFORT OF MAPPING A BRAIN.

### Scientific Tests to Discover Control of Limbs and Muscles.

Eminent surgeons have long endeavored to find out precisely what parts of the brain control the various muscles and limbs of the body, with a view to ascertaining therefrom new ways of treating diseases of the nervous system. Sufferers from such complaints, especially such as cause interruption of the muscular action, may have reason to bless the memory of certain great apes who have co-operated unselfishly with and without being consulted by some British scientists and surgeons in a series of privately conducted experiments to demonstrate new facts about the brain, says the London Leader. Though the scientific partnership was fatal to the apes, they lived and died universally respected, and their photographs will be handed down in medical history. Studies of the brains of the higher apes have shown that their composition was sufficiently like that of man to justify the belief that investigations made on these brutes would furnish knowledge about the human brain. To understand the experiments thoroughly it is well to remember that the brain may be roughly divided into two great portions—the frontal and the occipital—which are separated by the fissure of Rolando. This fissure extends across the top of the human head and down on each side about the region of the temples. All that part of the brain which lies in the front of it—that is, the brain that is over the eyes and fills out the frontal region of the head—is known as the frontal lobe. This frontal lobe, it has been found, does almost all the work of ordering and controlling the

motion of the body and the exercise of its various physical functions. It is the great central telephone exchange, or, to use another electric term, the great power house where the subtle, intangible fluid of thought is converted into a tangible working force and thence transmitted at varying pressures along the feed wires of nerves to the various engines of the heart, arms, legs, eyes, mouth, nose and other organs.

## GOOD Short Stories

On one occasion at a dinner at Balliol the master's guests discussed the careers of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a judge and the other a bishop. "Oh," said one, "I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' but a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," tersely remarked the master, "but if the judge says 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

Sir Henry Irving declares that once, when he was playing "Othello" in a small town in the then Washington Territory, his audience was composed for the most part of miners. "When we came to the handkerchief scene, where Othello demands the handkerchief of Desdemona many times," he says, "I noticed that the audience was becoming exceedingly nervous. About the third time the demand for the handkerchief was repeated a large Irishman in the rear of the house shouted: 'Wipe your nose on your sleeve, you nayer, and let the play go on.'

Frank Reilly, a track-walker, was the victim of a peculiar accident at Port Costa recently. He was standing near a switch to a siding on which freight trains generally wait for the passenger trains to pass. He saw a young lady walking on the siding, and, believing her to be in danger, gesticulated vehemently to cause her to step from between the rails. She, in her turn, seeing the oncoming freight train, motioned back to him that he was in danger. As the train came nearer both became more earnest in their shouting and gesticulating, while neither thought of stepping off the tracks. Reilly proved to be in the wrong. The freight, instead of taking the siding, went straight through. While he was still trying to cause the young lady to get out of the way of supposed danger, the train struck him from behind, hurling him from the track and breaking his right arm in two places, badly cutting his head and bruising his side. He will recover.

Apropos of the death of John W. Mackay, the New York Herald remarks that one of the notable episodes of the residence of the Mackays in Paris was that which connected them with Melsouner. The great French artist was commissioned by Mr. Mackay to paint a portrait of his wife for the sum of seventy-five thousand francs. When it was delivered the Mackays decided that it was entirely unworthy of the subject and of the painter. "I wanted a Melsouner," he said, "not Melsouner painting a slovenly imitation of Cabanel." This criticism was indorsed by some artists who had seen the picture. It was said that the French artist, deeming anything to be good enough for Nevada, took no pains with the work, that he had produced it after an insufficient number of sittings, and had hastily painted in the hands from one of his models. Furthermore, the portrait showed a woman ten years older than her subject. Many French artists, however, indorsed the work. His friends gave Melsouner a dinner as a vindication, and the French press and public were for a time clamorously indignant. The indignation rose to a climax when it was reported that Mrs. Mackay had thrown the picture into the fire. This was not true. It was hung in a small room, with its face to the wall. To-day it has an abiding place in Carlton House, Mrs. Mackay's London mansion.

**The Knocker.**  
She had a little hammer,  
She used it with a will,  
She knocked at everybody—  
They couldn't keep her still;  
She knocked about her neighbors  
If they were friends or foes,  
She knocked about the table,  
And knocked about her clothes.

**She knocked at hubby's smoking,**  
About his snoring, too;  
She knocked about his whistling,  
She used it with a will.  
And so, perhaps, would you;  
At last the Reeper claimed her,  
Her husband on earth was run;  
Her husband then considered  
Her knocking days were done.

**But hubby went one evening**  
To see a spirit show,  
Where always in the gloaming,  
The spirits come and go.  
He heard a spirit knocking—  
"My wife," he said, "I'll bet!  
Now, isn't she a wonder?  
By geeb she's knocking yet!"  
—Yonkers Statesman.

**Many Uses of a Banana.**  
Immense fortunes have been made out of the banana business. Revenues do not accrue alone from the sale of the fruit, for the leaves are used for packing; the juice, being strong in tannin, makes an indelible ink and shoe blacking; the wax found on the under side of the leaves is a valuable article of commerce; manila hemp is made from the stems, and of this hemp are made mats, platted work and lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture; moreover, the banana is ground into banana flour. The fruit is to be sold for dessert or ripened by the dry warmth of fuming gas jets in the storage places in which it is kept, and care has to be taken to prevent softening or overripening. The island of Jamaica yields great crops of this useful and mow-making fruit.

**Why They Don't Speak.**  
Stella—Yes, my age is in the family Bible.  
Bella—That, I presume, it must be in Revelations.  
A man likes to hear a woman say she has never been kissed, even if he doesn't believe it.

## PROGRESS OF MODERN DENTISTRY.

It Makes Plump Those Lean of Face and is Invaluable to Increase Power of Singers and Cornetists.

The use of porcelain crowns for teeth has enabled modern dentistry to do a great deal for art. It has made it possible to improve the voices of certain singers by giving their artificial teeth crowns with an outer curve, their natural teeth did not have. The result is to increase the acoustic effects of the mouth's bony structure. The mouth of Trilby was like the dome of the Salt Lake tabernacle. Some singers have this mouth, but their front teeth, instead of being a continuation of the curve of the roof of the mouth, bend inwardly. They break the flow of the sound. By sawing off these natural teeth and mounting them with porcelain or crowns with an outward curve, a great improvement is made in tone.

Porcelain crowns are used in making great cornet players as well as in making singers, and in the same way. The out-curved front teeth are best for the cornetist, because the tongue can be used in triple-tonguing the mouthpiece in the fancy work.

One of the little devices of modern dentistry is the plumper. This is a combination of gold and hard rubber for making the face take on a rounded appearance. Elderly ladies, whose skin has begun to set loosely, sometimes have plumpers put in. In cases like this they are permanently fixed to the side teeth by gold crowns. Plumbers are also made for actresses and actors for use in making up the face for the character they wish to portray. They are allowed near large tracts of forest. Persons going deliberately into the woods to fish or hunt should always wear a small compass suspended by a chain about the neck. In a pocket it is subject to too many chances of loss. If to the compass be added a tiny kamola bag containing a tightly corked bottle of matches, twenty feet of silk cord, a fish-hook and a few tablets of compressed food, the tourist's life is practically safe even though he is lost for days.

## TROPICS ARE AT OUR DOOR.

Americans Are Larger Consumers of Products of Warmer Climes. Americans live better, perhaps, than the people of any other part of the world. They are not content with the products of their own country, but draw largely upon the tropics for condiments and delicacies that add to the pleasures of the table. The increase in the contributions of the tropics to the daily life of man has been general throughout the countries where property or an activity in manufacturing and commerce is the rule, but it seems to be especially marked in the United States, which now imports more than \$1,000,000,000 of tropical and subtropical foodstuffs and raw materials every day in the year. The increased reliance upon the tropics is probably greater, proportionately, in the United States than in most other countries, since a much larger share of our sugar

## PLUMBERS ATTACHED TO FALSE TEETH, AND TO TRUE ONES.

are taken out when the greatest pain is washed off. When used as permanent beautifiers plumbers sometimes turn back the clock twenty years. A great deal of care has to be taken in making teeth for public speakers, actors and singers. It is necessary to have them filled in so there can be no escape of air between them. The clear enunciation can only be had when there is no air space nor chance for hissing. Electricity has made dentistry advance as it has advanced. There is an electric oven for baking porcelain that is capable of a heat of 4,500 degrees. An electric lathe and an electric engine are used for all the work in the mouth. It works so much quicker that one-third of the time is employed that was formerly required, and so two-thirds of the pain and nervous strain is eliminated. Formerly it took half a day to make a filling. Now an expert, working with electricity, may fill a tooth in ten minutes. An electric root dryer heats up the cavity after it is cleaned and dries it out almost instantly. That is a modern invention and time-saver. An English modeling wax has taken the place of plaster of paris, which was a heat-producer, besides being ill-tasting. Very few first-class dentists now administer chloroform or ether, and rarely use nitrous-oxide gas given. Anything that reduces to unconsciousness has a bad effect. Local anesthetics are down to a fine point now. Probably the most popular is etholchloride. This is sprayed on the part to be treated for sensitive dentities and aching teeth. Among the local anesthetics, injected hypodermically, is cocaine, odontunder, alvadunder and the many formulas of tunder.

The most common disease that the dentist has to treat is pyorrhoea alveolaris, or gradual absorption of the process below the gums. The gums recede and the teeth become loose and drop out. This disease is due to neglect of the teeth. It can be arrested if taken in time. There are specialties in dentistry. Two St. Louis men get \$100 for straightening children's teeth. **Humor the Peacemaker.** If the old-time duels were always disgraceful and sometimes fatal, they had the merit, like all other human things full of human error, of being fruitful in good jokes. Michael McDonough, in his book on "Irish Life and Character," gives some cases in which humor, from within or from without, came to the rescue of would-be-duelists. A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him. "Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead of calling him out, get him to call you in, and have your revenge that way. It will be more secure and certain." An upstart squire went to an old squire for advice as to sending a challenge. "Heenly of Loughlinstown," said he, "has threatened to pull me by the nose whenever he meets me. What would you advise me to do?" "Has he really used that threat?" asked the squire. "Well," said the squire, "I'll tell you what to do. Soap your nose well, and it will slip through his fingers." Perhaps the most contemptuous declaration of a challenge was that of an Irish gentleman of the old school. "Fight with him!" he exclaimed. "I would rather go to my grave without a fight!"

**Stopped for Once.** A citizen from the frontier, who never had been in Washington before, was visiting a friend in the nation's capital, and was taken one day to the gallery of the Senate while an important measure was under discussion. A senator was delivering a long, prosy and apparently aimless speech, and the visitor soon grew tired of it. "Why doesn't he say something worth listening to?" he whispered to his friend. "Oh, he's merely talking against time." "What's the good of that?" asked the other, agitated. "Time goes on just the same, doesn't it?" "I suppose it does," replied his friend, looking at his watch and yawning; "but it doesn't seem to."

**Some Exports to Germany.** A parcel post package mailed in Brooklyn to Hamburg, Germany, recently, interested the postal clerks. The customs declaration of its contents written on the outside was as follows: One mustard plaster. . . . . 5 cents One box corn salve. . . . . 5 cents Mixed candy. . . . . 5 cents Potatoe tablets. . . . . 5 cents Total. . . . . 24 cents

**A Historic Tree.** There still flourishes at Dundee, Scotland, a tree which was dedicated as a "tree of liberty" more than a century ago during the ferment caused by the French revolution. A man can't be said to be thoroughly domestic in his tastes unless he can get an article out of the refrigerator without spilling something. A dog fancier could give you pointers, but he would rather sell them.