

gum and lip much swollen. Consulted dentist who could do nothing until swelling subsided. After about a week swelling disappeared, discharge (not profuse) remained ever since. I diagnosed dead pulp. Proceeded to open. Found tooth near nerve sensitive to cut. Found pulp sensitive, but by delicate handling succeeded in removing to near apex, where it was extremely sensitive and bled considerably. Made slight application of arsenic, and instructed to return next morning. Did not return until August 31st. Tooth slightly sore. Removed balance of pulp. Instrument would pass through end of root. I pumped dil. chloride zinc through root and it passed out of fistula. Did condition of pulp cause abscess, or did abscess cause condition of pulp?

Selections.

A Question of Propriety.

It is exceedingly provoking to read the reports of dental meetings in some of the daily newspapers. Smart Alecks, who are trying their 'prentice hands in the local columns, consider it exceedingly funny to call a congregation of grave professional men "tooth carpenters," and to speak of them as "jaw twistors" and "mouth breakers." All this may be excruciatingly witty, but it takes the fine sense of humor found only in the half-fledged police court reporter fully to appreciate the amusing points of it. After-dinner speakers love to refer in sportive mood to the "thrilling" qualities of the dentist, and to pass off as strictly original and unpremeditated cheap puns to which experienced dentists have listened ever since they attended their first professional dinner.

Last winter the governor of a State, on an occasion as grave as the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of that priceless boon, anæsthesia, exhibited his smartness by undignified references to having kept his mouth open at the bidding of a dentist, and such-like attempts at fustian wit. Those who listened to him were too well bred to notice his lack of taste and judgment, but we venture the assertion that there was not one present who did not wish for his own sake that his dentist had closed his mouth permanently. The old proverb has it that it is futile to attempt to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and it is probable that dentists must for some time to come be bored by these small-beer officials