

CURING HORSES OF TOOTHACHE.

DENTISTRY EXTENDED TO RELIEVING THE BRUTE CREATION OF TROUBLESOME MOLARS.

The following very interesting account of equine dentistry is copied from the N. Y. Weekly. It is very pleasing to know that a capable person has taken hold of this branch of horse surgery. Comparing the artistic work of Mr. House with the customary rude attempts, any one can appreciate the benefit to the horse of such change. The old fashioned 'float' with teeth which rasp the blacksmith's use, the rasp on the nose, the block in the mouth to keep the jaws apart, and the rough force trimmer off the teeth in flakes is a barbarous practice, yet it is often seen by those who frequent the stables. Mr. House's ideas of the management of horses are first rate, and in this we agree with the most skillful 'professors.' Timidity is called 'fear,' and brutality takes the place of encouragement. Mr. Bonner's endorsement is sufficient proof of the skill Mr. House shows, as he is not likely to be imposed upon by charlatanry of any kind.

On the same day that Socrates, a vicious stallion owned by Mr. Henry N. Smith, so badly bit Mr. Leavitt, the superintendent of the stables, in London, Mr. O. D. House was engaged in an examination of the stock there as a veterinary dentist. Without the aid of a strap, and with only his hands, Mr. House carefully explored Socrates' mouth with his naked hands and filed his teeth, the horse submitting to the operation with such resignation as a human being would have shown. He was found yesterday at Tatter's, at Seventh Avenue and Forty-second street, according to the teeth of Farmer Vane, a fifteen-year-old horse, who has made a creditable record as a trotter on courses in the interior of the State. Farmer Vane was in harness, but the bridle was taken off and thrown back over his neck. His owner and a group of turfmen and stable boys had gathered to witness the operation. A bucket of water and a large case of curved shaped instruments stood on the floor. An assistant put his right arm over the horse's neck and laid his left hand on his nose. Then Mr. House, without saying a word or making any preliminary movements, thrust his hand into the animal's mouth. Soon afterward he opened the long jaws and showed some of the spectators what he had found. There was a cut on the inside of each cheek nearly an inch in length, and one of them had widened to nearly half an inch. These had been caused by the outer edges of the bad molar teeth, which had grown sharp and jagged. A steel frame was selected from the case, and a handle about eighteen inches in length was fitted into it. Then a file three inches in length and one inch in width was fitted into the frame in such a manner that its sharp edges would nowhere touch the tongue or cheeks. With the instrument a vigorous filing was kept up for ten minutes along the edges of the teeth. Then the operation was done. The horse held his head neck forward as trustingly as a child. He had begun to grow poor on account of the pain which it had caused him to eat.

Another horse was led from his stall. His difficulty was that his molars, or food grinding teeth, had become so much worn that the long flat teeth prevented them from coming together and properly macerating food. In this case, a cutting forceps was used to pinch off about a sixteenth of an inch from each upper tooth. Then all were filed smooth with a broad flat file. This animal behaved with equal gentleness with the other.

"How can you tell," Mr. House was asked, "when a horse has the tooth ache?"

"I saw one with a toothache, about a week ago, in the street. He was attached to a cart. I saw him with one eye cast towards his driver. His head was held down, and there was drooping of his under lip next to his cheek. He watched his driver, and I knew that if the reins were gathered up to start him he would spring forward as if he were going to break the traces. If it were pulled hard to back him, he would spring back as if he were going to break the wheels—anything to avoid hurting that tooth. I knew this, because the horse told me so. I understood him, and so would you if you had studied the horse as closely as I had. There's nothing mysterious about it. I said to the driver, 'Your horse has got the toothache.' He stared at me, and then went on leading his coat. He thought that I was crazy. Then I took him to the horse's mouth, and showed him two big ulcerations in the lower jaw. Before I left I had drawn out two teeth. When a horse has the toothache, he will come to you and tell you of it if you will let him. If he is loose he will open his mouth and lop his teeth to express his pain. Then if you don't know what he means you will strike him, thinking that he is going to bite you. Then the poor brute has got to suffer."

"People ask me whether my system in managing vicious horses is the same as Raroy's. I have no system. I have studied horses, and understand them. This is my secret. I don't try to teach the horse, I let him teach me. As a matter of fact, there are no vicious horses. All

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The rowing match for the championship of the world was a very hollow win for Trickett, whose visit to England has completed his education as a finished sculler. Rush, the champion of Australia, displayed great strength and pluck without science, and if beaten was not disgraced. Not less than fifty thousand people lined the shores adjacent to the winning post. The men starting themselves went off at forty-one and a half minutes past three—Rush at 42 strokes per minute, Trickett at 39. For about fifty yards they were level, then Rush went ahead foot by foot, and passing Uhr's point he was a clear length in front. Half a mile from the start he was directly ahead of Trickett, giving him his wash, and not pulling more than 40 a minute. The champion seemed to quicken as they neared Blaxland's point, until it became stroke after stroke, and the boats got into dangerous proximity. Rush, responded to his rival's efforts, again left a clear gap between them, and the Clarence man shot the mile mark in 5m 58s., and leading by a length and a half. They were now coming into the straight pull, down the long reach, and Trickett was seen to look round over his left shoulder as if to gauge his opponent's position. He had as it were felt him in the previous spurt, and, putting on a little more steam, drew rapidly alongside. There was an effort to keep the other boat ahead, but it was only for a moment. Trickett was not to be shaken off, and ere a mile and a half had been rowed the contest was virtually over, as he had a clear length in front, rowing with apparent ease, while Rush was already laboring greatly. Before the Hen and Chickens were reached the Australian was at least six lengths ahead, when suddenly he was seen to cease pulling, much to the consternation of his friends. The cause was, however, speedily apparent—he was merely waving an acknowledgment of the first hearty sound of cheers he had received. As he passed One-man wharf he was simply paddling, and again stopped to wave his hands to friends ashore. This was repeated twice before he reached Bedlam Point, where at least ten thousand pairs of lungs gave vent to a perfect tempest of cheers as the champion rowed leisurely by, with Rush some five or six lengths astern pulling a game stern chase. In the last few hundred yards Trickett showed the best piece of rowing he did during the match, and, increasing his lead a length or two, finally shot by the flagboat at 4h 4m. 56 s. 10a. Rush, who was very much exhausted at the finish, and had to contend with broken water, came in 22 seconds later. The affair was so completely

more than ten pounds of force in drawing the largest molar. The horse seems to know that the operation is for his good, and endures the pain with great bravery.

On Friday last a working horse was brought to Mr. Charles Bachman's stables in Stonyford, where Mr. House was engaged. It was thought that he had a won on his cheek. Mr. House lanced it, and a pint of transparent colorless liquid flowed from it. The aperture was made larger, and a peculiar formation resembling the stones found in the bladder was taken out. It was of the size and shape of a small hen's egg, and was as heavy as iron.

When Mr. House first came to New York he sought a proper introduction to the metropolis by calling on Mr. Robert Bonner. Mr. Bonner told him his horses were well taken care of in all respects. Mr. House said, in explanation, 'In attending to a horse's mouth, I never confine him in any manner.'

"Do you think," Mr. Bonner asked, "that you can file Edward Everett's teeth without confining him?"

"I would like to try," was the answer. Mr. Bonner then led the way to the stables, and Edward Everett led from his stall. "Take off his halter," Mr. House said. The halter was removed, and the famous trotter began to make little darts towards the attendants, opening his mouth and lopping his ears back. When Mr. House went up to him he looked astonished, but still showed fight. Then Mr. House took him gently by the nose, and before Mr. Bonner knew what he purposed doing, he had his hand in his mouth and was examining his teeth. The horse held his head down and seemed to enjoy it. Next the file was taken up, and the teeth properly rounded.

"You work around his head like an artist," Mr. Bonner said. This led to Mr. House's engagement to visit Mr. Bonner's stables regularly at stated times. He was there on July 3. Mr. House told Mr. Bonner that his horses' teeth were in better order than those in any stable he had ever visited. Mr. Bonner's explanation of this was that he had given personal attention to the matter.

Do dogs reason? One would be at times inclined to think so. A neighbor's cat and dog are great friends, and appear to have much pleasure in each other's society. They play together, eat together and hunt together. One day they were given a piece of meat. The dog swallowed his at one gulp, but the cat proceeded more slowly, the dog meanwhile standing by with a countenance which bore evidence of a willingness amounting to anxiety to help the feline with the job in hand. The cat, however, would not be assisted, but growled determinedly whenever the dog approached too near. The latter looked on reflectively for a minute longer, but was suddenly seized with an idea. A few yards distant was a knot hole, at which they had been accustomed to watch for rats and mice. Running to this hole, the canine commenced a brisk scratching and vigorous barking as though a whole colony of rats was in sight. The cat ran to the hole to assist in the capture, and the dog completed his strategical demonstration by swallowing the meat.

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