

have sworn out a patent, or caveat rather, and will develop the thing when I get time. A tenoning machine cuts slots in the grinding surfaces of the molar teeth, and in these are inserted a series of cog-wheels, which work automatically whenever the mouth waters at the sight of appetizing food. The toughest beef-steak is triturated into pulp at the rate of a pound-and-a-half every forty-five seconds, and is shot down the gullet into the stomach without the movement of a muscle on the part of the patient. The amount of force to be applied is regulated by one of Black's patented Gnathodynamometers, a truly scientific invention, which shows how much more of gnathodynametric force is exerted in the mastication of a pumpkin pie than in crushing or inducing the "flow" in an amalgam filling. My invention is a wonderful time-saver, or it will be when it is made, for the individual is able to take his after-dinner smoke simultaneously with taking the dinner, or, in case of emergency, in advance of it. But all this does not help me out for the present. Patients so rush upon me that—there goes a window in the reception room; actually crushed out by the crowd of patients. I must devise some means of relief. I have not slept in—Hah! What is that? As I live, it is some one who cannot get in at the door, and who has climbed to the ridge-pole and is endeavoring to hew his way through the roof. God help me. This is fearful. Such a practice is awful, and makes a martyr of a man, who is sacrificed alive for the public good. I am going for that patient with forceps in each hand.

Yours in tribulation,

PH. CORFUFFLE, P. G. K., Sci. Doc.

Empire City Four Corners, Kansas.

November 1, 1899.

P. S.—Have you tried my patent extracting fluid? You ought to do so. All that is necessary is to paint the gum about the tooth with the fluid and just leave the rest to nature. The tooth soon loosens and drops out without pain or trouble. It is absolutely infallible. Every bottle is made by myself with incredible painstaking labor. Only fifty cents a bottle. Several bottles for one dollar, C. O. D. P. C., P. G. K., Sci. D.

P. P. S.—Have you noticed my new title? Just got it out. If our modern dental science don't need a doctor I don't know of any sick thing that does. P. C., Sc. D.—*Indiana Dental Journal*.