

times I had performed that blessed act unwittingly, and now I would have sold my birthright (if I had one) for the power to repeat the blessed operation.

It is generally at this juncture when, between the pangs of delayed deglutition and the consciousness of feeble-minded drolling, the spark of reason bids fair to be extinguished forever, that the dentist begins to joke. What avails the majestic glance of a wrathful eye when the lower features are swathed in a damp sheet? My attempt at scornful protest was like the attempt of a teething babe to hurl the sevenfold curse of Rome. Alarmed perhaps at the pallor which I knew full well was creeping over my face, my tormentor finally removed the stick from between my teeth and gave me one more chance to swallow, and to appreciate to its full extent what the poet meant when he carolled the glad refrain, "Wipe off your chin."

"You can come again Saturday," said the dentist as I reeled across the floor and donned my hat. "I shall never come again!" said I in hollow tones like a voice from the tomb. "You will lose your teeth if you don't," said he. "Yes?" whispered I, leaning my tottering frame against the door post for support. "And what if I prefer to lose my teeth rather than lose my reason and my life? What I have suffered in your den, old man (he was a gray-headed villain of full sixty summers), has shattered my nerves for years to come. The horror I have endured with your buzz-saws and your battle-axes, your patent 7 by 9 drills, and your circular-action battering rams, have been more of a loss in mental strength and physical aplomb than to have laid down every tooth I have in the dust. When you have patented a process by which dentistry is made not any more painful than guillotining I shall call again; until then, old man, adieu!" (N. B.—Pride will make any woman tell the worst sort of fibs. Notwithstanding my vow, I shall be on hand Saturday, and that dentist knows it.)—*Chicago Herald.*

Editorial.

How to Treat Quacks.

To promote right-doing, and punish wrong-doing—that is one of the main objects of dental legislation. The restraints of law are indeed a severe personal "injustice" to law-breakers; but, fortunately, there are more law-keepers who wish to do right, and who will insist even upon "the professional liar" obeying the law.