

slow melancholy. I can't stop to make change for the people, and so when my cashier gave out I had a ten-gallon keg set upon end with the head knocked out, into which grateful patients dropped their fees for extraction alone. People are free to look at me without charge, but those to whom I speak are expected to contribute a half-dollar to the keg. But it would not work. The keg was soon full and run over, and then people tracked dirty money all over the clean carpet, and soiled it so that it is not fit to be seen. My wife is worked out lugging the stuff down to the bank, and vows that I must have a porter for the task. All the neighbors come in and help themselves whenever they wish, but they don't seem to make much impression on the stuff. Twice within a fortnight I have drained our bank of all its surplus gold, which I worked into solder for my crown and bridge-work. If I could only get time to finish my grand invention of the patent double-action-tooth-stuffer, on which I have been working for some time without making much more progress than to get it patented, I might catch up with my arrears of work. It will be a great invention when it is fully invented. It is driven by steam, and a four-dollar-a-week nigger holds the nozzle in one hand and the reversing lever in the other. The pressure of his foot on a pedal-lever starts and stops it. The patient opens his mouth and the nozzle is directed toward his insides, and the pedal pressed down. A stream of fine silicated sand, at an immense velocity, is directed into where the cavity exists, or ought to exist, and it is reamed out as clean as Bethel's chin or Morgan's scalp, precisely on the principle of the etching of glass by the same kind of sand blast. The reversing lever is then pulled and the cavity is instantly stuffed full of either gold or amalgam—preferably the latter—at an average rate of one cavity every second and-a-half. If I could only find time to finish it up I might catch up with my appointments; but really I have no leisure for scientific study. By the way, when the thing is finished, I propose to give the Detergent Dental College, a machine free of royalty, because I got my first idea of steam dentistry in its prosthetic laboratory, where a steam engine is employed to turn the lathes and do the grinding of teeth. That is such an entirely original idea, and it is so useful in training students in delicacy of touch and preciseness of manipulation, and it instills in their minds such elevated ideas in ethical practice, that it should be encouraged. But my invention, when it is made, is to distance everything of that nature, and do away with the necessity for any kind of professional hard work. All the dentist, who is really ethical, need do will be to send his card down to the office every morning, and have it stuck up over the chair. The nigger will do the rest and a cash register will collect the bills. I have another great invention, which I am sorry to say is no further advanced than my patent tooth-stuffer. That is, I