

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"How is Mr. B.—this morning?"

"Master is no better, thank you. The house is very sad," answered the simple-hearted servant at the door.

"Sad, indeed, my good girl; and so also is the whole neighborhood," I replied, as I turned to descend the front steps. Being turned, I met another neighbor, just entering the gate, which he softly shut behind him lest its iron jar should rouse a sick man up on the second story, and behind a solid stone front, indeed!

But the careful handling of the gate was a small straw to show which way the winds of gentler sympathy and tender solicitude were blowing through the whole street. We all walked as on tiptoe along the pavement past that house, wherein lay B.—prostrate with his fever. The very tradesmen's boys, unrequested, drew up their crazy vehicles, creeping gingerly above the stones.

"Ah, I was just about to ask, how is he? What do they say?" said the latest comer to me.

"No better. It is a darkened house and a shadowed community," I responded.

"Indeed, you are right. B.—is a most blameless man. I think we all love that man. Great Heaven! must he indeed die, and so many others live on their worthless lives! We cannot spare him yet, pray God!"

Over in the city it was the same beautiful sentiment repeated. Men paused amid the busiest affairs to ask us how was B.—. Of course, he would recover; such men must not die; the world could not get on without them. Schemes of grand import were delayed till B.—gets on his feet again. We can do nothing without him." Young men, it was said, came gravely to his office, with anxiety in their hearts deeper than their words expressed, asking the troubled clerks "when they really thought B.—would get over again," and showing how large a clientele there really was of defendants, of young lives hoping in his life, of troubled lives leaning on his one grand life, of inexperienced lives looking habitually to this one wise life for advice. And I knew how frail and fluttering that great life was. Somehow from the start I felt that B.—would never get well. Perhaps we leaned upon him too much.

Well, it was all over at last. Men came up from down town, came from banks and stores, came from factories, and even legislative halls. Yet it was the busiest hour of the day. They stood far out on the sidewalk and patiently waited in the chill, raw winds of winter. This outside crowd could not hear the words of the preacher, and, so perforce they preached for themselves. One gray-haired banker said to a rough cart-driver, though for once shaven and neatly brushed:

"Did you know him, my man?"

"Ay, sir. And like every one else, knew him for my good."

So the two men shook hands on it, one with kids, the other with callous and bare hand, made equals in the love they bore the dead man. Then another said:

"He saved my life."

"And my child's life!" broke in an elderly gentleman, instantly.

And when they had gone on preaching of what the good neighbor had done for them, some one changed the direction of the gratitude by saying:

"He never did me harm. I, at least, can say that."

A chorus took that up, as if it were a privilege, and echoed it.

"No, he never did anybody a harm. If he could not do man good, he did no man evil."

One after another told how the dead man might have done him evil, and profited by it, according to the world—this world, not the world to which our friend had now gone—and yet how he had declined to pull himself up by other men's falls. They preached such glowing funeral sermons there in the frosty open air as made the winter turn to summer all about us, while God's sun shone warmer still from low down in the south.

Then we were admitted to look upon the face of marble. It was a halting line which made reluctant haste and jealousy give place each to each in turn. B.—was not rich after all, in silver and gold; but if every look of grateful thanks that such a man had lived among us had been turned to tribute money, how would the golden pile have grown to heaps on heaps about his coffin. The people spoke right out, in murmurs hoarse with feeling, saying, "He lived a blameless life. Yes, yes, a life which did no purposed injury unto any!" They looked hard from the face of the dead to the faces of the living who were near kin to him, as if they yearned to pour into the ears that yet could hear their pent-up sympathy. And some there were who would not be denied, but caught the heads of his sons, wringing them, and saying:

"He was to me also like a father!" and, "My boy, your father's name will open any door to you!" and, "Children of such a sire have a great patrimony in the world's debt to him!" and, "Since we can never pay it to him, his children must collect the father's debt of love and wide good-will."

Thus ran the story for an hour, till the time forbade. The funeral train departed, and we went back to toil.

How could one go back to toil with sordid selfishness? We had been in a holy place. The pen, if put to paper, would not cast accounts, but insist on writing to an absent friend of this good man's life translated.

Oh, how poor and mean seemed the petty strifes for transient gain! How contemptible seemed the "smart man" across the street—the keen, the shrewd, the brilliant, and unscrupulous man across the street—the clever fellow who "always beats me," and whom we had yesterday regarded as an ideal—how utterly unworthy in comparison with the frank, open, strong life of the blameless and pure man whom we had lost. There is such a nameless power in sincerity—it storms the citadel of the human heart. We surrender to the man of transparent honesty, and he may lead us captives at his will. Then, too, how the embers of such a life burn on long after the vital spark has fled. Society delights to remember the character, quote his opinions as authority, his words as oracles, his acts as precedents, unwritten laws more binding than the printed code. These embers burn on long, till at last white ashes only are left to mark the spot where a brave warrior once pitched his snowy tent—for the best of men at last are forgotten by men. There be some whom we make haste to forget even before they are dead, as if we dared not wish them dead,

but will seek to put them entirely out of mind.

"The memory of the just," however, "is precious." It is the name of the wicked which shall rot."

What a wealth laid up, moreover. There is heard the universal comment, "He lived among us a blameless life." Do I think the dead enjoy it, that they can hear? I cannot say, yet I dare hope so. But suppose they do not; suppose the sweetest praises of the hither side of the stream are lost on the farther side amid the loftier eulogies, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into joy." Yet a blameless man foretastes his post-mortem praises; not selfishly nor basely, though in fact daily he knows before death what men will say of him, and to his children when they shall be weeping for him. Men say these things in his living ears; and the best of it is his own heart says as much, God bearing witness. While, on the other hand, a bad man, guilty of a thousand wounds, foreknows that the grave is no covert; that his departure will be but the signal for a howl of execration, curses, not loud, but deep, over the dead lion, whom no dog fears. And what if such as these have ears to hear earth echoes?—curses added unto curses rising up from the earth they have left behind, until they are forgotten?

DEATH IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

Horrors of the Famine Described by an Orthodox Priest.

Father Filmanoff, an Orthodox Russian priest in the province of Kasan, describes thus his visit to the starving village of Naredey:

"In the first half hour I met sixteen persons in the death struggle. An old woman died before my eyes. Most of the starving persons had not tasted bread for eight days. White faced, blue-eyed, the stricken men stared helplessly at me. They have lost even the strength required to stretch out their hands in a mute petition for bread. Only the most fortunate have their prayer granted; the rest die before help can arrive. Before the houses, on the curbs, at the church door, and the market place I saw the pale, haggard, bent, and diseased figures. Every look meant hunger and weakness. Some crept along in apparent indifference and resignation; others acted as if mad, and cried: Bread! Bread! Don't let us die!"

"The mothers whose children have already succumbed to hunger lament day and night. Everything edible has been consumed. So long as there were weeds and berries life was possible, but when these were gone all felt themselves face to face with death. In their despair they stripped the leaves from the lindens, dried and ground them, and made them into a porridge. This concoction stilled the pain for about fourteen days, but afforded little nourishment. Then the lindens were stripped bare and the people began to die. Starvation makes such rapid ravages hereabouts that within eight days in one village of 150 families forty-seven families have died out entirely."

It Was Raining.

The other morning while the rain was pouring down and everybody's umbrella was trickling water over everybody else, two old friends met at the post office.

"Raining, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"What say?" asked Johnson, who was hard of hearing.

"I say it's raining."

"I don't quite catch what you say," said Johnson putting his hand to his ear.

"I say," roared Thompson with full force, "it's raining!—RAINY DAY!"

Johnson's face coloured with suppressed rage as he passed on. Then, turning suddenly, he looked after his friend and shouted:

"Thompson, step in this doorway a moment."

Thompson complied with this request, and whilst the raindrops were falling rapidly, the following conversation—accompanied by wild gesticulations—took place.

"Mr. Thompson," said Johnson earnestly, "you have known me for many years?"

"Yes."

"I'm generally rated a pretty shrewd business man, ain't I?"

"Yes, you are."

"Well, you see the rain running off this umbrella, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Your own feet are wet?"

"Yes."

"Now, I don't carry this umbrella to keep the sun off, do I?"

"Why, no."

"I carry it to keep off the rain, don't I?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, it rains. You know it rains. Everybody knows it rains. People are not idiots. Now, what reasons have you got in pushing aside my umbrella and saying 'raining, isn't it?'"

"But—But—"

"Now, that's all. You just let it rain. She knows her business. You just attend to your own affairs and let the weather alone. If you don't know enough to know when it's raining don't ask me. Good day, sir!"

And then Mr. Johnson shook the rain off his umbrella, stepped into his office, and commenced opening his letters with an air of contentment.

The Biggest Sailing Ship Afloat.

The French five-master France is the largest sailing ship afloat. She was launched in September, 1890, from the yard of Messrs. D. W. Henderson at Partick for Messrs. Bordes et Fils, and her dimensions are as follows: Length, 361 feet; breadth, 49 feet; depth, 26 feet. Her net register tonnage is 3,624, with a sail area of 49,000 square feet, and not long since she carried an enormous cargo of 5,900 tons of coal on her maiden passage from Barry to Rio de Janeiro. Cunning old sea dogs shook their heads and looked as though they could a tale unfold, but the sinister forebodings were not justified by the result. It is always awkward to prophesy unless we know, for she reached her port without mishap after thirty-two days' sail, or within one day of the fastest passage on record. She is square-rigged on four masts, but carries fore-and-aft canvas on the fifth mast, which is far aft. Her masts are only 160 feet high; nevertheless she looks heavily sparred. This leviathan is fitted with a cellular double bottom, and can carry 2,000 tons of water ballast, thus reducing the expense of ballasting to a minimum.—*Chamber's Journal*

A RAILROAD CAMP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An Incident of C. P. R. Construction.

There were other camps on the line of this work, and it is worth while to add a word about their management and the system under which they were maintained. In the first place, each camp is apt to be the outfit of a contractor. The whole work of building a railroad is let out in contracts for portions of five, ten, or fifteen miles. Even when great jobs of 70 or 100 miles are contracted for in one piece, it is customary for the contractor to divide his task and sublet it. But a fairly representative bit of mountain work is that which I found Dan Dunn superintending, as the factotum of the contractor who undertook it.

If a contractor acts as "boss" himself, he stays upon the ground; but in this case the contractor had other undertakings in hand. Hence the presence of Dan Dunn, his walking boss or general foreman. Dunn is a man of means, and is himself a contractor by profession, who has worked his way up from a start as a laborer.

The camp to which we came was a portable city, complete except for its lack of women. It had its artisans, its professional men, its store and workshops, its seat of government and officers, and its policeman, its amusement hall, its work-a-day-and social sides. Its main peculiarity was that its boss (for it is like an American city in the possession of that functionary also) had announced that he was going to move it a couple of miles away on the following Sunday. One tent was the stableman's, with a capacious "corral" fenced in near by for the keeping of the pack-horses and mules. His corps of assistants was a large one; for, besides the pack-horses that connected the camp with the outer world, he had the keeping of all the "grade-horses," so called—those which draw the stone and dirt carts and the little dump cars on the false track set up on the levels near where "filling" or "cutting" is to be done. Another tent was the blacksmith's. He had a "helper," and was a busy man, charged with all the tool-sharpening, the care of all the horses' feet, and the repairing of all the ironwork of the wagons, cars, and dirt-scrappers. Near by was the harness-man's tent, the shop of the leather-mender. In the centre of the camp, like a low citadel, rose a mound of logs and earth bearing on a sign the single word "Powder," but containing within its great sunken chamber a considerable store of explosives—giant, black, and Judson powder and dynamite.

Another tent was that of the time-keeper. He journeyed twice a day all over the work five miles up and five down. On one journey he noted what men were at labor in the forenoon, and on his return he tallied those who were entitled to pay for the second half of the day. Such an official knows the name of every laborer, and, moreover he knows the pecuniary rating of each man, so that when the workmen stop him to order shoes or trousers, blankets, shirts, tobacco, penknives, or what not, he decided upon his own responsibility whether they have sufficient money coming to them to meet the accommodation.

The "store" was simply another tent. It was kept a fair supply of the articles in constant demand—a supply brought from the headquarters store at the other end of the trail, and constantly replenished by the pack-horses. This trading-place was in charge of a man called "the bookkeeper," and he had two or three clerks to assist him. The stock was precisely like that of a crossroads country store in one of our older States. Its goods included simple medicines, boots, shoes, clothing, cutlery, tobacco, cigars, pipes, hats and caps, blankets, thread, and needles, and several hundred others among the ten thousand necessities of a modern laborer's life. The only legal tender received there took the shape of orders written by the time-keeper, for the man in charge of the store was not required to know the ratings of the men upon the pay-roll.

The doctor's tent was among the rest, but his office might amply have been said to be "in the saddle." He was nominally employed by the company, but each man was "docked," or charged, seventy-five cents a month for medical services whether he ever needed a doctor or not. When I was in the camp there was only one sick man—a rheumatic. He had a tent all to himself, and his meals were regularly carried to him. Though he was a stranger to every man there, and had worked only one day before he surrendered to sickness, a purse of about forty dollars had been raised for him among the men, and he was to be "packed" to Sprout's Landing on a mule at the Company's expense whenever the doctor decreed it wise to move him. Of course invalidism of a more serious nature is not infrequent where men work in the paths of sliding rocks, beneath caving earth, amid falling forest trees, around giant blasts and with heavy toils.

Another one of the tents was that of the "boss packer." He superintended the transportation of supplies on the pack-trail. This "job of 200 men," as Dunn styled his camp, employed thirty pack horses and mules. The pack trains consisted of a "bell-horse" and boy, and six horses following. Each animal was rated to carry a burden of 400 pounds of dead weight, and to require three quarts of meal three times a day.

Another official habitation was the "storeman's" tent. As a rule, there is a store-man to every ten miles of construction work; often every camp has one. The store-man keeps account of the distribution of the supplies of food. He issues requisitions upon the head storehouse of the company, and makes out orders for each day's rations from the camp store. The cooks are therefore under him, and this fact suggests a mention of the principal building in the camp—the mess hall, or "grub tent."

This structure was of a size to accommodate two hundred men at once. Two tables ran the length of the unbroken interior—tables made roughly of the slabs or outside boards from a saw-mill. The benches were huge tree trunks spiked fast upon stumps. There was a bench on either side of each table, and the places for the men were each set with a tin cup and a tin plate. The bread was heaped high on wooden platters, and all the condiments—catsup, vinegar, mustard, pepper, and salt—were in cans that had once held condensed milk. The cooks worked in an open ended extension at the rear of the great room. The rule is to have one cook and two "cookees" to each sixty men.

While I was a new arrival just undergoing introduction, the men who had come in from work, and who had "washed up" in the little creeks and at the river bank,

began to assemble in the "grub tent" for supper. They were especially interesting to me because there was every reason to believe that they formed an assembly as typical of the human flotsam of the border as ever was gathered on the continent. Very few were what might be called born laborers; on the contrary they were mainly men of higher origin who had failed in older civilizations; outlaws from the States; men who had hoped for a gold mine until hope was all but dead; men in the first flush of gold fever; ne'er-do-wells; and here and there a working-man by training. They ate as a good many other sorts of men do, with great rapidity, little etiquette, and just enough unselfishness to pass each other the bread. It was noticeable that they seemed to have no time for talking. Certainly they had earned the right to be hungry, and the food was good and plentiful.—From "Dan Dunn's Outfit," by Julian Ralph, in *Harpur's Magazine* for November.

WHY BOULANGER FAILED.

Part of the Alphabet and Several Digits Were against Him.

Through the labors of an ingenious writer in *Figaro* the superstitious will find a special source of pleasure in the life and death of Boulanger. This writer shows that the letter B was a fatal letter to Boulanger. He died at Brussels from a bullet, through despair over the death of Mme. de Bonmain. Queeney de Beaurepaire was his accuser at the trial which began his misfortunes.

In something the same way C is shown to have been his letter of evil influence, F his hostile letter, and L his friendly letter. But in the matter of numbers the hand of fate is still clearer. Mme. de Bonmain was born in 1855. The four figures of this number add up 19. She died in 1891, the four figures of which also add up 19. He was born in 1837, and these four figures add up 19. He died in 1891, and there you have 19 again.

Another article in the same journal shows the death of the General as more lamentable from a commercial than from the political point of view. He calls attention to the number of books and pamphlets upon Boulanger which the Boulanger movement called into vigorous and profitable life. Then there were the pictures of the "brave General" in every conceivable garb; and here comes out a singular fact—that most of these pictures sold so widely in Paris and in all France were manufactured in Germany, and that therefore the profits of this branch of commercial Boulangerism went into German pockets. It seems that the German manufacturers borrowed their ideas for devices from the cartoons of Boulanger frequently. A cartoon of Joan of Arc, Vercingetorix, Napoleon I., and Boulanger on the four faces of a pack of cards as "The French Trumps," appeared with the faces changed from smirk to enthusiasm as "The Four Aces of France," and carried districts for Boulanger in the great election.

One collector of Boulanger relics has nearly 600 songs composed in honor of him. The same collector has thousands upon thousands of pictures of him. Besides medals, lions, brooches, bracelets, of myriad designs, there were bottles, tobacco boxes, pipes, heads of canes, and vases bearing the brave General's features. His name was given to various kinds of clothes, to neckwear, to a brand of wine, to a kind of cigarette paper, to letter paper, and to perfume.

When Boulanger fell what was left of all these things became a drug in the market. Now, it is said many Parisian merchants rejoice not a little at his death, since it has made a market for what would have been unmarketable had Boulanger died in his bed.

FAMINE THREATENS CHINA.

Swarms of Locusts Are Eating up Every Green Thing.

In addition to the cholera plague now devastating China, famine seems to be staring the people in the face throughout the larger part of the empire, says a letter from Shanghai. This probability of famine is caused by the immense swarms of locusts, which eat up every green thing growing. Steamers coming from the interior river ports report passing through swarms upon swarms of these insects, which obstruct the view so that at times even the sun is hidden from sight.

The effect of a visit of these pests is simply appalling. The entire expanse of fertile country, which at this season of the year usually wears such a green appearance, is almost rendered like a desert. The rice and corn appear to be utterly destroyed, and of the grass (the sole dependence of the cattle and sheep) not a vestige remains after a swarm passes over it.

To make matters worse, the astrologers and local spies tell the common people that the visitation of the locusts is heaven's way of expressing its wrath against the present ruling dynasty in China, and that so long as they willingly submit to be governed by their present ruler each year, heaven will send a scourge equally dreadful. The peasants readily believe this, and the cry of rebellion and overthrow of the present dynasty and the establishment of one of real Chinese, as the astrologers claim heaven wishes, is fast gaining recruits throughout the devastated districts.

Should the effects of the locusts be as bad as reported, then the famine will be very general throughout central China, and in case of a rebellion the entire populace in the famine districts would probably engage in it, on one side or the other, and the results would be too horrible to anticipate.

Earnings of Celebrated Actors and Actresses.

Probably Mr. Irving has made as much by his profession as any living actor; he is supposed to net £15,000 per annum. One authority makes his income even higher than this, stating that for some time it has averaged £700 a week. Of actresses, Sarah Bernhardt is supposed to earn more on any living stage performer. For two short seasons in the United States she is said to have received from Mr. Abbey £37,000 for each. We are told that in twenty-five years this popular actress has netted from her performances the immense sum of £200,000. She has been engaged at over £50 a night. Madame Patti has surpassed this, but she owes her success to her voice, and not to her dramatic skill. Mrs. Langtry is believed to have accumulated a gigantic fortune. She realized nearly £9,000 by a late tour, and when travelling in America her terms are £800 per week, and all expenses paid. Mr. Hawtry is said to have cleared £50,000 from "The Private Secretary."

THE BATTLE IN UHEHE.

Shrewd Tactics of the Savages, who Nearly Annihilated the Germans.

The details have been received at last of the remarkable battle in Uhehe, East Africa, where the Germans were so badly defeated on Aug. 17 last. So bloody a battle with the natives has never been fought before in Equatorial Africa. It will be remembered that Lieut. Zelewski, with a force of about 700 men, set out from Mpwapwa to chastise the Wahehe, who had set the Germans at defiance.

He had to march south nearly 100 miles, and had fairly entered their country, which seemed deserted, when at 7 a. m. on Aug. 17, the enemy suddenly swooped down upon his column. The expedition had reached a dense bush, when, without the slightest premonition, an enormous force of the Wahehe, numbering, it is supposed, 3,000 warriors, rushed out of the bush. They were armed with guns, supplied to them by Portuguese traders, and with a horrible din they began pouring a deadly fire into the German column.

Plunging into the line of the German native levies, they cut the column in two, and, standing between the separated portions, they fired in both directions, while the fire of the German troops probably killed many of their own friends on the other side of the attacking Wahehe. In fact, the German soldiers only fired a half dozen volleys, believing that they were killing their own men. They then broke and fled in all directions, pursued by the victorious Wahehe.

Lieut. Tettenborn rallied twenty of the fleeing soldiers and took up a position on a hill. Here he was attacked by the Wahehe but he succeeded in beating them off. He attracted the attention of other fugitives to the rallying point and by 4 P. M., sixty soldiers and seventy carriers had gathered under his command. He then retreated in the darkness, picking up enough fugitives in the course of his retreat to bring the total up to about 300 men. About 250 of the ank and file were left dead on the ground, including nearly all the German officers and Lieut. Von Zelewski, the leader of the expedition. Ten Europeans were killed and nearly all the rifles and baggage were lost. The forlorn column which returned to Zanzibar reported that they had left 700 of the enemy dead on the field. There is good reason to believe, however, that they were in no position to ascertain the extent of the damage they inflicted upon the Wahehe, and it is probable that the estimate of the losses they inflicted is much aggravated.

The Germans have not yet taken any steps to punish the Wahehe, though they must do so if they expect to hold their own in East Africa. It will be a costly undertaking, but the probability is that before many months the Wahehe will receive so terrible a drubbing that they will be careful how they try to annihilate another white expedition.

Mr. Von Bulow, an officer just returned to Germany from East Africa, says the Wahehe richly deserved the punishment which Lieut. Zelewski had been sent to inflict. For months while he was stationed at Mpwapwa rumors came every day of Wahehe attacks upon caravans. Some of their chiefs and other influential men came to Mpwapwa where Von Bulow tried to induce them to behave themselves. They repeatedly promised to keep the peace, and then went away, and on the next day Von Bulow would probably hear that some new caravan taking ivory to the coast had been attacked and that those who could not escape had been murdered. Unfortunately he had not force enough to punish the marauders for these outrages.

He says the great weakness of the German expedition was the fact that it was compelled to follow a single narrow footpath, and thus was scattered over a long distance, instead of being in a compact body when the enemy made his unlooked-for attack.

BIG ANIMALS BECOMING EXTINCT.

New Facts About the Alarming Decrease of Large Game in Africa.

An article by Mr. Bryden in the last *Proceedings of the British Zoological Society* says the days of the giraffe are numbered. A few years ago herds of seventy or eighty of them were often met in various parts of Africa. Mr. Bryden says that nineteen giraffes are now a large herd. They have been hunted so mercilessly, both by natives and foreign sportsmen, that they are rapidly becoming extinct.

The intelligent African King Khama has, however, taken the giraffe under his protection and hopes to save it from extermination. He has forbidden the hunting of the giraffe in his large domain, and in this way he hopes they will multiply in his country. It is an interesting fact that Russia has preserved the European bison from extinction by setting apart a forest of Lithuania for them and permitting no one to molest them.

Recent explorers in southwest Africa say that the fauna has changed greatly during the last thirty or forty years. Dr. Henry Schlichter, in a paper he read before the British Association a few weeks ago, says that antelopes, lions, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, giraffes, and other large animals which were met with in abundance when the country was first explored are no longer to be found in any part of southwest Africa on account of their ceaseless slaughter by European hunters, as well as by the natives since the latter have possessed breech-loading guns.

The most important among these animals, the elephant, has wholly disappeared from this part of Africa, except in the neighborhood of Lake Ngami.

Anderson, one of the early explorers of this region, said that 1,200 pounds of ivory could be bought at Lake Ngami for a musket. According to Livingstone, in three years not less than 900 elephants were killed near the little Zonga River alone. How much their number has diminished is shown by the present very small ivory export from Wal-fish Bay, which amounts to about 1,500 pounds per annum, while in 1875 it was as high as 37,000 pounds. The various kinds of animals would doubtless increase again if some protective measures were taken in their behalf, but there are not many Khamas among the important men of Africa who have sufficient foresight to endeavor, in the interests of their own people, to prevent the extermination of these valuable animals.

"The first love affair is the malady which attends the cutting of the wisdom teeth."—[*Elmira Gazette*.]