

But the Tooth Came Out.

ONE OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S FEMALE WARRIORS PROVES AN UGLY PATIENT.

It was late one night during the fair when Dr. Yeager's residence bell was rung. The visitor was a messenger from Manager Penny of the Dahomey village, asking the physician to come at once to the village and attend to a patient suffering from the toothache. The doctor went more for the sake of the adventure than for the fee. He was shown to the bedside of the woman and proceeded to examine the big teeth inclosed in a mouth that opened like a cellar door. To make sure which was the offending tooth Dr. Yeager began prying around with his little steel instrument so familiar to all who have visited the chamber of horrors known as dentist's parlors. He accidentally touched the nerve of the decayed and aching molar, and the amazon let loose a yell that drew to her side every member of the village.

It was an excited and wildly demonstrative crowd that danced about the woman's bedside. Dr. Yeager coolly continued his work, however, and finally, before the woman could prevent him, he had sneaked from his pocket a pair of shining forceps and hooked on to the pain-producing worry. Sari was not astonished, but she was hurt. As the steel instrument went crashing into the gum surrounding the aching molar the brawny woman set up a howl that set every one of her sisters and the black men wild with excitement. The louder the amazon yelled the harder Dr. Yeager pulled. She struck wildly at the man at the other end of the forceps, but the doctor's dodging powers are as acute as they were the day he left the college football team.

She finally leaped from the cot on which she reclined, and still the doctor pulled at the molar. Sari struck viciously at her torturer, but here the doctor showed great strategy by keeping the woman's head so far in advance of her body that the blows fell short.

Around and around the village went the doctor and the patient. The former tugged and kept cool. The woman made the night hideous with her cries and grew angrier every moment. Still the molar held its own. The men in the village danced about the struggling doctor and amazon and expressed their delight at the spectacle in wild dances and peculiar cries. The end came at last and in a most unexpected manner. Some of the villagers, perceiving that the doctor's strength was almost exhausted and admiring the pluck he demonstrated by holding on as long as he had, decided to take the matter in hand, separated the man of medicine from the insanely angry woman and at the same time protected the former from injury. Three or four men seized the woman, and two amazons seized the doctor. The two parties pulled in opposite directions, and suddenly the bond that united the doctor and she of the aching molar was broken. At the same instant the woman was thrown over the heads of the attacking party at her rear, and the doctor went sailing over the shoulders of those who had seized him. A moment later Dr. Yeager was seen sitting on the ground, holding aloft the offending piece of ivory that had once adorned the mouth of the troubled amazon.—Chicago Herald.

Early Morning Advice.

The policeman, at 3 o'clock a. m., had just turned the corner when he was met by a man who very evidently was not a suspicious character, yet who did not seem to be exactly where he ought to be. The policeman, however, had no intention of stopping him, but the man, much to the officer's surprise, stopped the guardian of the peace.

"Scuse me," he said somewhat thickly, "will you tell me what time it is?"

"Ten minutes after 3," replied the officer curiously.

"Thought so, or thereabouts," said the man, with some significance. "Are you a married man?"

"I am," said the officer, as if he were proud of it.

"Y'ought to be; I am, too; every man ought to be," said the man. "S' your wife living?"

"Sure, or she was when I left home after supper."

"Ain't you been home since supper?"

"No," and the officer smiled.

"What time d'you say it was?" queried the man.

"After 3 o'clock."

"Thought so," said the man, shaking his head sorrowfully. "Got a wife at home; ain't been there since supper; now 3 o'clock in the morning, and you are still out. Sir, I'm 'shamed of you," and bracing himself up with rebuking dignity the man walked away, leaving the officer almost prostrated.

A—I hope I will never see you ag'n B.—And so do I, and if I don't see you until I'm dead I'll survive it.

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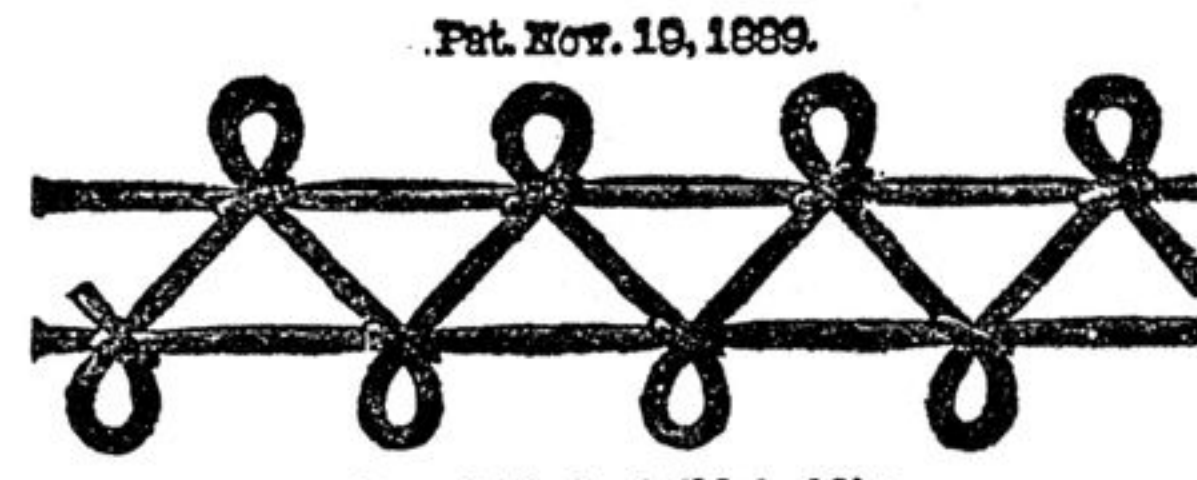
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NOTICE.

To the residents of Fenelon Falls. Take notice that any person or persons removing from any village or district infected with diphtheria to Fenelon Falls will be quarantined for a period of 14 days or longer, at the discretion of the Board of Health. The citizens of Fenelon Falls who do not wish to be so inconvenienced will govern themselves accordingly. By order of the Board of Health. A. WILSON, M. D., Medical Health Officer, Fenelon Falls, Feb'y 22nd, 1893. 1-t. f.

The "Fenelon Falls Gazette"

is printed every Friday at the office, on the corner of May and Francis streets. SUBSCRIPTION \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one cent per week will be added as long as it remains unpaid. Advertising Rates. Professional or business cards, 50 cents per line per annum. Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Contracts by the year, half year or less, upon reasonable terms. JOB PRINTING of all ordinary kinds executed neatly, correctly and at moderate prices. E. D. HAND, Proprietor.

The Future of Wheat. WHAT THE CANADIAN AND AMERICAN FARMERS MUST DO.

Statisticians have tried to prove that within five years the value of wheat would be at least two dollars a bushel, and that this price would be reached by gradual advance from now onwards, until the consumption of it would overtake the production and then surpass it, thus giving the wheat grower the absolute command of the markets of the world. It is doubtful if any farmer was deluded by this roseate view of the position of the wheat grower, for every intelligent person knows that the reserve of land suitable for the culture of wheat within the boundaries of North America alone is sufficient to more than double the present product, with even an improvement in the cultivation of this crop. And certainly every farmer knows that if the right methods were taken the present product might be easily doubled, without adding a single acre now under this crop. For, while the average product of wheat is not more than eleven or twelve bushels of wheat per acre, there are many farmers who produce three times this yield, and what these farmers are doing others may do and can do if they will only use the same methods.

But if we look abroad we find the very same conditions prevailing over enormous areas of territory suitable to the growth of wheat. There is that vast stretch of fertile land known as the Northwest Territory of Canada, and which is only now being simply touched by the plow, but when fully occupied may produce not less than two thousand million bushels of wheat, which is about the whole product of the world at this time. The farms of Europe may be wholly left out of the calculation, and only the at present undeveloped fields taken account of. And these will include Australia, a greater part of Africa and a vast area of Argentina just now opened to this enterprise, with other parts of South America that will yield the best quality of this grain. And to make our story as short as possible we may confine ourselves to Argentina alone.

Here are two hundred and forty million acres of fine wheat lands, that two years back no one thought of as wheat exporting territory. Indeed only a few years back this great country procured its supplies of wheat and flour from the United States, but last year it exported twenty million bushels as a beginning, and the present season expects to have a surplus of fifty million bushels to export. And by the use of the most improved machinery and large enterprise, wheat is now grown at a good and indeed attractive profit for twenty-five cents a bushel, which is about the cost of it in the Canadian Northwest Territory and the Dakotas. At only ten bushels an acre here alone is a doubling of the world's product. At the present time Canadian wheat is being carried from Winnipeg, in Manitoba, to England for twenty-eight cents a bushel, and the wheat of Argentina can be laid down in the same market for fifty cents a bushel. Considering these vast fields and their possible, not to say probable or certain products, in the near future, what is then the position of the American farmer? He must grow wheat, or change entirely his rotation and system of farming. The pivot on which his rotation revolves is wheat, and he cannot abandon it. Then he must make up his mind to compete with these foreign wheat growers and meet them on equal terms. And doubtless he will be able to do this and produce this grain for twenty-five cents a bushel, when he adopts the indispensable improved methods of culture by which the yield may be made to reach forty bushels to the acre. And this seems to be the present view of the future of wheat that must be taken, and indeed that presents itself to the American farmer.—American Agriculturist.

Every-day Farm Philosophy.

The more you love yourself the less you are sure to love others. A trifling dog is generally not half as trifling as the man who keeps him. Some fellows kick a horse every time they enter his stall, and then wonder why he does not love them. The stalk of corn that grows the tallest and appears the most conspicuous nearly always bears a blasted ear. Prodigality is no sign of generosity. It rather indicates a narrowness of both mind and heart too contracted to comprehend the real value of things. If some men would hoo with as much devotion as they appear to pray in prayer meeting, they would not have nearly so much complaint of hard times to make. Kentucky's latest freak productions in the animal kingdom are a lamb with four legs sticking up from its back, and another that resembles a kangaroo, and hops about like one, never using its fore legs for the purpose of locomotion.