THE THIRD MRS. LARKINS

"My! but it's awful hot, in here! Don't you wish they'd come?" whispered one pretty village girl to another, as they sat in the crowded church, waiting the entrance of a funeral train.

"Hush, Jenny! They're coming now. I see the hearse," was the answer. And half the heads in the house were turned, to see the sombre procession pass up the narrow aisle. Many eyes rested curiously on the man who walked just behind the coffin, a tall, awkward farmer, stiff and uncomfortable in his Sunday suit, his hat in his hand, and a red cotton handkerchief protruding from his pocket.

"Just look?" whispered Jenny Seymour, as he passed them, "what a rusty old weed he's got on his hat! I do believe it is the very one he wore for his first wife, seven years ago."

"To be sure it is!" whispered Anna Gray, in answer, "Catch Josiah Larkins spendin' a cent, when he could get out of it! Poor Ellen! I'm real glad she's dead, and at rest at last. She never had any after she was fool enough to marry that man."

"No, poor soul! Mind me Anna, he'll find some other silly woman, in less than six months!"

"Then I hope she'll be a Tartar, and teach the old skinflint a new lesson! Hush, Jen! Parson Grimes is looking right at us!"

The two were still as mice in a second, while the preacher read the Scriptures, and the people gazed at the disconsolate widower, and the pair of awkward boys who sat and sniffled beside him. After the reading, came the prayer, the hymn, and a short discourse by meek Parson Grimes: And then the slow cortege wended its way to the quiet graveyard over on the village hill, and the tired wife and mother was carefully laid down to her long sweet rest.

One or two kind neighbors went back to the lonely home with the afflicted family, and Parson Grimes went too, to try to comfort the widower.

"Yes, Parson," said Josiah, placing the hat with the rusty weed on the floor beside his chair, and wiping the perspiration from his brow with the red cotton handkerchief, "its powerful onlucky, to hev this ar' stroke jest at this partic'ler time."

"Is it a special season with you, Brother Larkins?" vetured the parson.

"'Tis that, Parson. Hayin's a-comin' right on, an' I don't know who's to do the cookin'." And the widower heaved a tremendous sigh.

The minister looked slightly astonished at this effect of his essay at consolation, but mildly made another trial.

"The dispensations of Providence are often wonderful, Brother Larkins."

"Yes, so they be. I could a' dispensed with this, mighty well. Poor Ellen was a master hand at savin'—you never saw a savin'er woman. My fust wife warn't very savin'—but Ellen, she never kep' no help, not in the hottest o' times."

"Mebbe if she had, Josiah, you might a' had her here, now," put in Mrs. Mullins, who was helping to tidy up the house, before she went home.

"Wal, I dunno, Sarah. I dunno's it would a' saved her much. Hired gals is powerful wastin'. Ellen didn't waste nothin'. An' her keep didn't cost me much, neither. I hain't bought her but one dress in better'n three years."

"You ought to be ashamed to tell it, then, you old skinflint!" muttered Mrs. Mullins, setting a chair down hard, and wishing it had been Josiah's head.

"I dunno who's to he'p through hayin an' harvestin'," said Josiah, returning to his complaint. "Harvest hands eats a mazin' sight o' vittles, too."

"Didn't you value Ellen for anything besides her cooking?" Mrs. Mullins could not resist asking rather tartly.

"Why, yes, Sarah, I did. She was a great hand at patchin' an' savin', jest as I said. I dunno what I'm goin' to do, now."

The preacher cast a helpless glance at Mrs. Mullins, and rose, saying:

"I-I guess I'll go. Seems like I can't make you see this affliction in a spiritual light, Brother Larkins. I-I might as well go."

And go he did, leaving the widower to lament his loss alone.

"Josiah, would you like to have me stay and get supper for you and the boys?" asked Mrs. Mullins."

"Why, yes, if you can, Sarah. We'd be much oble'eged to ye. But don't waste nothin'—Ellen never did."

Sarah cast a scornful look at him, and almost repented her kind offer. But she went into the kitchen where Sue Morgan was filling the tea-kettle, and said:

"Sue, I reckon we'd better stay and give that old sinner his supper."

"Well, I'll help you, Sarah," was the ready answer. "But I'm doing it for the boys, not for Josiah Larkins. I just hate the stingy old thing! It's good for poor Ellen that she is gone."

"Yes so it is. Sue, I'm going to make some biscuits, and I'll use all the lard I want, too!"

"Do, Sarah! Let's cut that nice ham in the cellar-way, shan't we? Might as well give them poor young ones one decent meal—no knowin' when they'll get another."

"All right, you cut the ham, Sue. And bring out some of them quince preserves, that Ellen made. Dear! dear! I do wonder who he'll get to worry, next?"

"Marry, do you mean?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"Good land, Sarah Mullins! Do you think a single woman around these parts will have Josiah Larkins; after he's worked two good women to death?"

"Yes, I 'low there's plenty that would," Sue. He's right well fore-handed, Josiah is, if he is stingy, and somebody'll take him for a home."

"Well, I hope he'll get one that will make him toe the mark, the third time then! Where's the coffee, Sarah?—Or shall we give 'em tea?"

"No—make coffee—I feel like a cup myself, after this day's worry. Never mind if he does sweat and groan—make coffee, and make it strong, too, Sue."

So, presently a meal which delighted the boys, and scared Josiah, was smoking upon the table. But he made out to eat a fair supper, interspersed with renewed lamentations.

"I declare, Mis' Mullins, I dunno what we're goin' to do. Me an' the boys can't git along alone."

"You'll have to hire a housekeeper, Josiah," said Mrs. Mullins, as she handed little Joe a second cup of coffee.

"Land sakes! It'll take a power o' money to pay her wages."

"But you couldn't expect her to come for nothing, Josiah."

"No—I 'spose not," with a dismal sigh "But ef me an' the boys was to git the wood, an' he'p with the milkin' an' churnin', she orter come cheap. Who could I git for a spell, do you reckon, Sarah?"

"I don't know. Here's Susan; now she might come for a while, anyhow."

Mr. Larkins turned helplessly to Sue, asking meekly.

"Would you come, Sue?"

Sue tossed her head, and replied:

"I shouldn't care to, Mr. Larkins. What wages would you pay?

"Wal, I might give a dollar an' quarter a week."

"I wouldn't take the place for three dollars."

"Three dollars?" Josiah almost shouted "Why, la! that's most a man's wages I couldn't pay it."

"Then look further—and fare worse, for all I care," said Miss Sue.

Mr. Larkins looked towards Mrs. Mullins, as if to make another appeal to her. So she said:

"Well, there's Maria Petticord—she's a capable housekeeper. Maybe she would come."

"Would she come for—for a dollar an' a quarter, do you think, Sarah?"

Sarah shut her lips firmly, and shook her head:

"No, Josiah, you can't get any woman to come here and take care o' you and the boys for less than two dollars, anyway."

Josiah groaned.

"Wal, ef I must, I must, I 'low. But ef Ellen was bound to die, I don't see why she couldn't a' waited till this push was through with. I wouldn't have took it half so hard."

The two women cast an indignant glance at each other, but deigned him no answer.

"Sarah, do you reckon ef I was to—was to—marry again'—soon, ye know,—that folks 'ud talk much?"

"I shouldn't care if they did talk, Josiah, after a reasonable length of time."

"How long is that, Sarah?"

"Oh. I don't know! A year or two, maybe."

Josiah groaned again. To think of things at odds and ends for a whole year, let alone longer, was awful to him. But he went to see Miss Maria Petticord, and won her consent to keep house for him, at two dollars a week, and no grumbling at what she used.

That was the hardest part for poor Josiah. Maria was independent, and would have her own way, and keep up a good table, no matter how much he groaned. The boys were in clover, for they got many favors which the spirit-broken little mother would never have dared allowed them. And then Maria did keep things so nice and clean, that Josiah was fain to endure that which he could not cure, only resolving to make Maria's reign as short as could be done by introducing another Mrs. Larkins to the establishment.

He waited three or four months, which, in spite of what Sarah Mullins had said, seemed to him quite long enough and the proper time. Then he began to brush up. He had his hair as slick as glass, got a new necktie, laid aside the hat with the rusty weed, and actually appeared in church with a pair of gloves on his horny hands. People looked at each other and smiled knowingly when he came in, and mischievous Jenny Seymour almost laughed out loud behind her fan.

Josiah heard her—and Miss Jenny's punishment was straightway in preparation.

Old, sour and stingy as he was, Josiah had an eye for beauty. His first two wives had been as hard, sour and angular as himself. Now he determined to treat himself to a plump, buxom beauty, by way of change.

"I 'low she'll be a leetle skittish, an' hard to train, at first," he said to himself, with a chuckle; "But I kin break her in! I wouldn't mind a few trinkets, either, if she was right young an' purty."

So Josiah went to church, and it was soon noticed that he was casting sheep's eyes at the young girls.

"The old idiot!" said pretty Jenny. "If I catch him looking at me, I'll make up a mouth at him, right in meeting!"

And when, the very next Sunday night, he did look at her, she kept her word, and puckered up her rosebud of a mouth into such a shape that two or three of the girls got into disgrace by laughing out, in the middle of Parson Grimes' prayer.

But she looked so sweet and saucy that Josiah's heart was melted, and he resolved to make her his choice for the third Mrs. Larkins.

"She won't say no," he assured himself; "no gal would, when a man's got a good farm, an' plenty of cows an' garden truck, an' a kerridge to go to meetin' in. I'll write her a note, to-day. That's the way the young fellers do, I b'lieve. Mebbe I'd better git Maria to help me a bit—she's Jenny's aunt, an'll want to see the gal well settled."

So, with great labor he got up a note to Miss Jenny, asking her to marry him, and hoping she would be agreeable, and be ready as soon as she could, for it was expensive hiring a housekeeper, and he would like to be married at once. He said he would speak to her aunt, and she could send her answer by Miss Maria, if she chose.

Jenny got the note, and ran over to tell her friend, Anna Gray, almost bursting with indignation.

"Why, the utter old fool!" she cried, her bright eyes flashing. "If I wasn't already engaged to Will McCalip, does he think I would have him? I wouldn't not to save every gray hair on his grizzly old pate! And to think he's going to tell Aunt Maria! She'll tell everybody in town, and won't I get laughed at? What in the world shall I do, Anna?"

"I'll give you a plan!" answered Anna. "Let's marry him to your Aunt Maria! She can keep him straight, if anybody can.

"But how could we, Anna? I do believe she would have him, for she wants to marry awful bad. She says she don't care a cent for the men, but when she dies, she does want to have 'Mrs.' on her tombstone. Did you ever hear of such an idea?"

"Well, if she marries Josiah, perhaps she may get a chance to have it put there, before she cares to. Now listen to my plan."

The two pretty conspirators laid their heads together, and after a while they slipped over to Josiah's. He was out in the barn, but Miss Maria was in the kitchen, and they had a clear field.

Then those little witches told the good spinster that Josiah was thinking of getting married and wanted her for a wife. They said he was afraid to broach the matter himself, and had asked them to speak for him.

"I'd do it, if I was you, Aunt Maria," said wicked Jenny, with the most innocent air in the world. "He has got plenty of money, and a good home. To be sure, he is a little near, but you can manage him, I know."

"Trust me for that!" says Miss Maria. "Once I get the man, I'll bet you I manage him. I don't say that I'll take him, but if I do!—well!—he won't get the upper hand of me, I tell you."

"He'll speak to you when he comes in, Aunty, and Anna and I would like to hear what he says. Can't you hide us, somewhere?"

"It will be a good thing to have witnesses, you know, if he tries to fly the track," put in Anna.

Miss Maria tossed her head proudly and answered:

"The man who addresses me had better not attempt to fly the track! But, yes, girls; slip into the little bedroom, there, and you shall hear how I can manage Josiah."

The girls had hardly reached their retreat, when Josiah came in. His day's work was done, and as the plotters thought he would, he wanted to get the important subject off his mind. He sat down by the fire which Miss Maria had kindled to take the chill from the autumn evening, and began nervously:

ROYAL HEIR IN PROSPECT.

The Duchess of York Said to Be Looking Forward to an Interesting Event.

There are probably very few pieces of news which will give more general satisfaction to the loyal inhabitants of the British Empire than the knowledge that there is a prospect of the succession to the throne being secured in the direct line, says a London correspondent. These things are never officially announced till a very late period, and thousands are thereby deprived for a considerable time of a knowledge which gives them infinite pleasure. Where the matter is of such general interest it is not surprising that it should leak out and be gossiped over long before the official paragraph finds its way into the papers. The prayers and good wishes which were showered on the Duke and Duchess of York at the time of their marriage will now be redoubled. The duchess is looking remarkably well, and except for some anxiety as to the

HEALTH OF HER FATHER,

to be with whom she has sacrificed some of the gayeties that are held at Sandringham in honor of the Prince of Wales' birthday, is in very good spirits. Ever since the death of the Duke of Clarence there has been a very general wish among her majesty's subjects to see the throne secured to a child of the Duke of York. Although on her marriage to the Duke of Fife the Princess Louise of Wales renounced her rights to the throne, she had not the power of renouncing those of her children; in consequence at present the Lady Alexandra Duff stands next to the Duke of York in succession. Nothing is more unpopular than this uncontrovertible fact; for, although the Duke of Fife is very much liked, nobody appreciates the idea of him as the father of the possible future queen. The Duke and Duchess of Fife are fully alive to this, and are most careful to keep themselves as much as possible in the background. Instead of her highness keeping her state, she has entirely done away with any suggestion of ceremony, and a lady in waiting is a thing of the past with her. She is hardly ever in evidence unless it is at some charitable function where her name and presence are of material use. No one is more genuinely delighted at the good news than the Duchess of Fife, who has not the slightest desire that her quiet domestic life shall be disturbed by the ceremony which would necessarily surround the mother of the queen.

BRIDE OF DEATH.

A Man Murdered on His Marriage Eve—The Body Placed in the Naptial Bed—The Bride's Terrible Mental Condition.

A Rome special says:—The carnival season at Civita Lavigna, eighteen miles south-east of this city, has been brought to an abrupt terminaton by the assassination of one of the prominent residents of that place. In 1884, Signor Ciampanella, a resident of Civita Lavigna, became involved in a dispute with a young man named Falcini, and the latter was killed, it being subsequently proved that the killing was done in self-defense. Falcini had a brother, who at the time of the killing was ten years old. He determined

TO AVENGE THE DEATH

of his brother, and as the time passed he began to lay his plans to put an end to Ciampanella's life. The latter was to have been married to-day and great preparations had been made for the event. The invitations had been issued, and almost everybody in the village expected to have a dance and a feast. Early this morning Falcini, who is now twenty years old, treacherously cut the throat of the expectant bridegroom, and then placed the corpse in the nuptial bed that had already been prepared. Falcini then surrendered himself to the police, acknowledging his crime without a trace of remorse. The bride-elect was informed of the fate of her intended husband, and was taken to the room in which the murderer had placed the body. When she saw the corpse lying on the nuptial couch her grief was frightful. It is feared she will lose her reason. Falcini's sister and brother-in-law have been arrested, it being suspected that they instigated Falcini to commit the murder when he did.

Mother—"Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?" Small son—"I guess so. Shall I take my sled and go out and see if I can find one who wants to?"

Adele—"Would you marry a man simply because he's rich!" Mabelle—"No, but I would try very hard to love him."

A street-car conductor knows what the wild waves are saying when he sees a woman wave her parasol.

BEAST BRIMFUL OF FIGHT.

Lively Battle Between a Ceylonese Cheetah and two English Mastiffs.

Dore Lawton has spent some time in the island of Ceylon. "Speaking of Cheetahs," he said to a Washington Star reporter, "I want to tell you a story of a battle between English mastiffs and a thoroughbred Ceylonese cheetah. There is a very general impression that the cheetah and the royal Bengal tiger are just about the same thing, but this isn't so. The main difference in them is that the former is not so bloodthirsty as the latter. Right down in his heart he is not a man-eater, but he can digest that kind of meat when occasion requires. As a rule, he is willing to give the human brother a wide berth, but if you corner him there is no telling how hard he can fight. Stir him up and he will make the fur fly in a fast and furious fashion. He has been known to lie in wait along the mountain roads

FOR HUMAN PREY,

but these instances are rare, and his manivorous taste is not very highly developed. There are many authentic statements recorded where cheetahs, at certain seasons of the year, have appeared in the mountain villages, generally seeking the fires which have been lighted for cooking purposes on the hard earth floors of the rude huts. Then the population migrate, leave the cheetah to his glory and report at the neighboring village that the animals are working havoc among the hogs and humans. On one occasion of this kind Captain Baker, the great oriental sportsman, made an investigation on the spot, shot a cheetah as he stood before the fireplace in a hut, and made the discovery that the animal had sought the warmth because of a peculiar disease of the jaws and teeth. On examining the mouth of the dead cheetah he saw that the gums were full of maggots, and these when warmed by the fire would crawl far enough out of the sockets of the teeth to be reached by the cheetah's claws.

"There was a coffee planter who lived near Kandy, whose bungalow was in the mountains, and whose name was Dawson. He had a number of fine China pigs, which became the apple of the cheetah's eye. The feline tribesman made nightly calls and the porkers were borne off one by one. Attempts to shoot the intruder failed. Two English mastiffs, belonging to a neighboring planter, were invited over and placed in the piggery. Dawson, his neighbor and myself wrapped ourselves in heavy coats, for the nights in those parts are very chill, and climbed into a crow's nest, which had been built in a tree top near by. The early hours of the night were as dark as Erebus and lagged painfully,

THE OPPRESSIVE STILLNESS

being now and then broken by the cry of some wild denizen of the jungle. Toward 1 o'clock the pale light of the moon flickered through the dense foliage. Cooped up in the nest we were half asleep, when, with a cat-like screech, a magnificent cheetah bounded over the palings of the inclosure, and for an instant crouched to take a survey of the situation. The mastiff closest the outside, and very near as large as the cat, bounded at him and was struck dead with a single blow from the cheetah, which then quietly approached the pen. The other mastiff, a female, doubly enraged at the fate of her mate, with a terrific growl fastened her fangs deep in the throat of the cat. A redhot fight followed. With screeches, hisses and growls the cat and dog rolled over and over, the cheetah making desperate efforts to break the dog's hold, but it was no go. The mastiff had come to stay. Dawson got down from the nest in quick order and with a well-aimed pistol shot sent the cheetah to its last, long home. The dog was horribly injured, it having been literally disembowelled by the claws of the great cat. She was sent via rail to the Marine Hospital at Colombo, sewed up and carefully nursed back to health. The cheetah measured seven and one-half feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was about the largest ever killed in that district."

CREATURES THAT TUMBLE UPWARD.

Deep Sea Fish Face a Danger Unknown to Other Living Things.

It is only reasonable to suppose that the ability to sustain an enormous pressure can only be acquired by animals after generations of gradual migrations from shallow waters, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. Those forms that are brought up by the dredge from the depths of the ocean are usually killed and distorted by the enormous and rapid diminution of pressure in their journey to the surface, and it is extremely probable that shallow water forms would be similarly killed and crushed out of shape were they suddenly plunged into deep water. The fish that live at these enormous depths are, in consequence of the enormous pressure, liable to a curious form of accident. If, in chasing their prey or for any other reason they rise to a considerable distance above the floor of the ocean, the gases of their swimming bladder become considerably expanded and their specific gravity very greatly reduced. Up to a certain limit the muscles of their bodies can counteract the tendency to float upward and enable the fish to regain its proper sphere of life at the bottom; but beyond that limit the muscles are not strong enough to drive the body downward, and the fish, becoming more and more distended as it goes, is gradually killed on its long and involuntary journey to the surface of the sea. The deep sea fish, then, are exposed to a danger that no other animals in the world are subject to—namely, that of tumbling upward. That such accidents do occasionally occur is evidenced by the fact that some fish, which are now known to be true deep sea forms, were discovered dead and floating on the surface of the ocean long before our modern investigations were commenced.

The huntsman who brings home the antlers proves that he has been able to get a head of the game.

The girl who can skate has a good time but the girl who is learning has her hand squeezed the tightest.

He—"My love will have no ending, dear," She—"Now, I say George; aren't you going to marry me, after all?"

He—"There goes Hatton in his new over coat. What do you think of him?" She—"He is simply out of sight."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Mr. Villeneuve was elected Mayor of Montreal over Mr. James McShane by a majority of one hundred and seventy-six votes.

A draft insolvency bill has been prepared by the Dominion Government, and will be submitted to Parliament at the approaching session. It has 128 clauses, and is divided into six parts.

An attempt was made the other morning to burn the Michigan Central freightsheds at Niagara Falls, Ont. The fire was noticed in time to prevent much damage. A can full of waste, saturated with oil, was found blazing under the platform.

The temperance people of Hamilton, Ont., are making great efforts to entirely abolish shop licenses in that city. The City Solicitor does not believe that they can legally do so, but the aldermen will be asked to pass a by-law on those lines.

The exhibits of work done by Canadian women which were shown at the World's Fair, have arrived in Ottawa, and the work of returning them to the exhibitors who sent them to Chicago will be begun.

There is a great difference of opinion amongst the coal mine owners of Nova Scotia as to whether the removal of the duty on coal under the Wilson Tariff bill will be beneficial to the province or the reverse.

The Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act of British Columbia is to be amended. Salvation Army officers are to be given the legal right of christening, burying, and marrying, and other privileges enjoyed by ordained ministers of the Gospel.

The Ontario Fish and Game Commission met at the Queen's hotel, Toronto, and prepared their annual report to be presented to the Local Legislature. Several amendments and some new clauses will be asked for at the approaching session of the Legislature

BRITISH.

The Bank of England has reduced it rate of discount from three to two and half per cent.

The London Daily Telegraph says that there will be very general sympathy with the American decision not to permit commerce to become absolutely crippled by the wanton struggle waging in Brazil.

The London Jacobites held a memorial service in commemoration of the memory of Charles I., who was beheaded on January 30, 1649. They also decorated the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross.

There was a demonstration of the unemployed London Jews on Saturday in front of St. Paul's cathedral. A sharp encounter took place with the police, and twelve of the rioters were so seriously injured by blows from the batons of the police that they had to be sent to the hospital.

The British Board of Agriculture, in replying to the arguments of the Scottish deputation asking for the removal of the embargo on Canadian cattle, said that they have not yet been satisfied that the Canadian laws and regulations afford sufficient and reasonable security against the importation of pleuro-pneumonia.

UNITED STATES.

Inspector De Barry is endeavoring to have some twenty Canadian girls, who are training as nurses in the Buffalo hospitals deported under the Alien Labor law.

Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Ledger, and a most generous employe and a foremost philanthropist, died in Philadelphia early on Saturday morning.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, contemplates starting on a tour of the world, preaching and lecturing at his principal stopping places.

In the House Commitee of the Ohio State Legislature Dr. C. A. Pyle proposed that criminals sentenced to death should be appropriated to use in physiological research, and that they should be vivisected in order that medical men could study the stomach, heart, and brain in the living subject.

Mr. William Brown, a native of Binbrook Ont., and lately a member of the Pinkerton detective force, was murdered in Omaha while on his way to San Francisco, where he intended starting in business. Although the murder took place some weeks ago, full particulars of the tragedy have not yet come to light.

GENERAL.

Niethroy, a town across the bay from Rio Janeiro, is in the hands of the insurgents, which gives them an important strategical position.

The Spanish military tribunal has sentenced Thomas Alted, the author of the bomb outrage at Villaneuva barracks, to penal servitude for life.

A letter from Cairo says the Khedive's outbursts of temper terrify his Ministers. He is as petulant as a spoiled child.

It is reported at Berlin that the projected Russian summer manœuvres will be located at a great distance from the Prussian frontier, probably in the district of Smolensk

While out driving on Friday evening the Duchess of Manchester, who is temporarily sojourning at Pau, was thrown from her carriage and received injuries about the head and face, which, however, are not regarded as serious.

The women of Baden, Westphalia, and the Rhine provinces have formed a committee with a view to giving Prince Bismarck an elaborate present on his birthday, on the 1st of April.

Arrangements are nearly completed in Berlin for floating a large loan for the benefit of Italy.

The armed transport Itapu, owned by the Brazil Government, with Admiral Conclaves on board, has been captured by the insurgents.

New Tricks in Dentistry.

Dental surgeons have patented processes for imitating gold filling in false teeths This is done by burnishing gold foil upon them in the manner commonly termed "fire gilding." Nobody would be likely to suspect that grinders showing plain signs of repair were artificial. Several applications have been made for patents for processes for setting diamonds in the teeth—in the front teeth, of course—holes being drilled to receive the gems.—[New York Medical Record.