CARE OF THE TEETH

REMEDIES FOR DEFECTIVE CONDITION OF THE MOUTH AND GUMS.

Kind of Food for Babies—What Was Discovered by an Examination of the Various Museums.

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In the monitions which visit one that life is not endless, one thought that always brings a certain comfort to my mind is that if I were called away early between fifty and sixty, I shouldn't need to have my teeth fixed. Persons to whom this view is confided are apt to assert that it is next to dying to have teeth repaired. Thanks to skillful and humane dentists, I cannot agree with this feeling; but to no mortal is tooth saving one of the things undergone for the pleasure of it, though I once heard of a man staying for his health at famous Hot Springs, who wrote that it was so deadly dull he had some teeth pulled to pass away time. The misery of it, like so many other woes of our existence, is that there is no need of all this expensive and nerve trying dentistry. If our fathers had not eaten sour grapes and had not permitted us to eat them, our teeth would not be on edge or in want of filling. Our teeth and other bones are bequeathed to us from the third generation back, and though it is possible, by close and costly care, to replace defective bones and aching nerves by sound ones, few know the process, and fewer still achieve it.

The prospective mother wrongs the child to be of nerve force and lime salts for its little frame of bones, pearly and sound. The neglects of health pay up all arrears at this time, and the disturbance of digestion, aided by misguided hygiene, leads to a semi-starvation, a restricted diet, which would have been, perhaps, in place as preparation for the task, which, alas, seldom is prepared for in time. In place of generous and supporting food, the new life forms itself from the tissues of the devitalized mother, and to this cause are traced the raging toothaches, which add weeks of useless torture to what must be borne. More than this, the advent of the child leaves the mother's system so depleted that her very teeth are brittle for lack of the lime salts which have gone to furnish half rate teeth to the child. Scientific dentists are urgent in protesting against this robbery of both, for a good dentist takes pride in rendering his profession needless, as far as may be, and has an artistic pleasure in finding and preserving a set of sound, natural teeth. The poor little newly born, with his teeth in his head, though not in sight yet, enters on the modern traditional nurture of a glass bottle and horrid black rubber substitute for nature's warm and yielding tissues, and is further defrauded by being brought up on patent food or "condensed milk," to which his parents conscientiously restrict him. The baby is fat as a prize Cheshire—only raising a baby is not raising pork, and fat is not the desirable over and above everything else for him.

DENTISTS DON'T REGRET.

Nothing awakens such silent, unending protest as the miserable mistakes in the rearing of babies, fair, smooth little things, four out of every five of whom will sleep with the daisies before their third year, done to death by those who love them best. Better so than they should live to the entailed horrors of facial neuralgias such as come under the treatment of every one of the forty thousand dentists caring for the defective teeth of the country. I could not bear to follow the painful details of cases reported in a meeting of scientific dentists the other day, where this year's sufferers undergoing eight and nine distinct operations for facial neuralgia by most skillful surgeons without relief, finally achieving desperate cure by the harrowing process of removing a whole ganglion of nerves. To be born with defective nerves and bones is to be born to the fate of Damiens, or Prometheus, rather, for Damiens endured but one long day's execution. Think of having a raging toothache for thirteen years! That is what facial neuralgia amounts to. And that is what the misfed baby is preparing for unless a merciful childish disorder carries it off early.

The many prepared and artificial foods for children are mainly carbonaceous, fat forming food, destitute of the lime salts which go to form sound, painless bones and teeth. And there is a mighty difference in growing up with teeth able to crack nuts, compass fine, refined food, and the brittle, chalky, soft teeth common. The modern brought-up American has very white teeth, for he is taught the value of good dentifrices and brushes; but those brilliant teeth do not always wear well. The "white decay" of the dentists sets in between twelve and sixteen years of age, and works so quickly that I have heard people say their beautiful teeth need filling in seventeen to twenty cavities in two or three months. The enamel becomes thin as paper, the teeth soft as chalk, as a dentist describes them. Decay sets in around the crown of the teeth, close to the edge of the gum, and the teeth wear off or break off, leaving roots and stumps in a mass of active abscesses and act as a constant menace to health. No inflammation is more dangerously seated for affecting the entire system than these gatherings in the mouth, which unconsciously drain their secretions into stomach and throat, and quickly infect the whole body with blood poisoning where cause is seldom suspected.

The breath betrays a bad condition of things, but people are not trained to detect danger by this most urgent symptom. Foul breath, like other bad smells, is popularly considered something disagreeable, but, like other disagreeables, to be endured and made light of, instead of taking it as the danger signal it always is.

CAUSE OF DECAYING TEETH.

The immediate cause of decay in teeth is the acid ferment of the secretion from the gums. In health this fluid is alkaline and inodorous, but commonly is neither one or the other. In certain States, the best practitioners tells us, the teeth are clean, but the fluids of the mouth are sharply acid, which keeps the teeth white, while the enamel is wasting, the bone growing chalky, and a thin line of decay at the gum is sawing teeth from crowns, the necks remaining firm but exquisitely sensitive. In others, the gums secrete a viscid corrosive fluid, yellowing the teeth and destroying them by internal decay. In either case, the teeth will be sensitive and give pain when sweets are taken or a toothpick used. They waste, and are drawn without in the least affecting the rapid decay of the first. We hear of children under three years old having five teeth pulled by the dentist, and others, from three to five years old, with teeth discolored and worn almost to the gum line. Their teeth were poor to begin, and the mouth acids would corrode glass in time, so their little show-teeth had no possibility of resistance. The further cause of decaying teeth is not in the mouth, but lies deeper, in acid or bilious indigestion, and it is hopeless to think of having good teeth or saving affected ones until this disorder is corrected. Disorder once set in, the mouth and stomach are continually acting and re-acting on each other, digestive ferment rendering healthy secretions of the mouth impossible, and the viscid acrid secretions of the mouth furnishing the best possible culture for micro-organisms which it constantly receives from the air and returns to the stomach as seeds of further mischief. The teeth are tender and sore, the gums swell and fester easily. That detestable detail of common experience—a gum boil—is a symptom of general internal disorder, and it is a thing which ought to be without the pale of refined experience as an attack of itch. An intelligent dentist will not operate on teeth in such a condition without what he calls systematic treatment first, to get the tissues and teeth in a safer state for working. We have it from the best of them in plain words that "local applications do not cure." The stomach is simply poisoned by putrid, corrosive excretions of the mouth. The inflammation of dental tissues, which makes teeth sore and gums swollen, is due to excess of acid in the system, the cause of rheumatism and neuralgia, both of which are closely associated with disease of the teeth. Further, diseased teeth are forerunners of these two great scourges of constitutional disease. The ferment in the mouth develops lactic acid, and in some fissures of the teeth decay begins. I am giving the very words of the best men of the profession in this country, where we are told our bad American teeth have given us the best dentists in the world. A hypersensitive, nervous and bilious subject suffering with raging toothache is ordered to take half a bottle of citrate of magnesia, and a teaspoonful of Epsom salts at once, and lie down, keeping the head high to assist the flow of blood away from the tooth and temple arteries, which aggravates the paroxysms of pain. In half an hour the rest of the citrate and another spoonful of the salts follow, which will draw off the circulation in such wise as to have done a very great deal toward producing relief." Thank you, Dr. Flagg, for giving us this good common sense, which is very pretty treatment, promptly used in any case of toothache or neuralgia.

WHAT TO TAKE.

In the acid state of the mouth fifteen grains of carborate of soda—common baking soda—are ordered to be taken every night, and a two-grain assafetida pill, with quassia or calisaya, three times a day, and the patient who has dreaded the dentist's operations finds that sensitive teeth can be extracted without protest. Cream of tartar lemonade drunk freely through the day will correct the acidity of the system and change the ropy mucous of the mouth to a clean and wholesome secretion.

That trouble of the teeth is due to disorders of digestion is clear from the fact that persons with sound digestions who never used a toothbrush in their lives yet have magnificent, clean teeth and a sweet breath. But the misbehavior of the stomach makes the toothbrush the savior of both the teeth and internal appartus, as it completes the work of antisepsis, without which cure is impossible. That is, in disordered digestion the brush and dentifrice will not save teeth from final decay, but they will go to pieces speedily without such care. Indigestion and neglect at maturity will bring a fair suit of teeth to ruin inside of five years, and whether or not they go faster than this depends on whether they were built of sound material in the beginning. The ordinary morning use of the toothbrush only amounts to neglect, and in acid conditions of the system will make the mouth a china closet with "store teeth" within less than five years. One lady very much better be content with washing his hands once a day only than with putting his teeth off in that way. The mouth, exposed to double harm of fermentation from within and decomposition of germs from without, needs to be cleansed far oftener than is imagined. Observe, not only the teeth must be brushed, but the whole mouth wants cleansing in a thorough manner, lined as it is with slimy secretion on gums, lips and tongue, which need brushing as much or more than the teeth. In the morning the deposits of the night need to be removed before any one has any comfort of himself or is fit to move among his fellow beings. After eating each time the teeth must be quickly brushed free of every particle lodged between them, or left around the gums, and no niggardly glass of water will cleanse them properly. Your expensive tooth brush is unnecessary, but plenty of water is essential, and an occasional pint of pure filtered fluid is not too much for the brushing, rinsing and laving of the mouth before it can feel clean to a sensitive person. At night one wants to go to sleep with a clean mouth as well as a clean conscience, and let me tell you this, that a mouth well cared for at night feels infinitely better in the morning than one which goes without. A dyspeptic should pay as much and strict attention to his tooth brush as to his medicines and diet. I won't quote the woman I know who gets up in the night to brush her teeth at times for the comfort it affords, but people who wake up and quarrel with bad taste and evil sensations will find thorough deodorization and asepsis of the mouth a short way to blissful sleep again. It pays to keep a good physical conscience. And five minutes a day is all the time it needs to give the teeth their five decisions. A minute is quite time enough to give the mouth more attention than one dawdler in a thousand ever knows how to give at all.

USE A GOOD BRUSH.

An expensive brush is not needed, but a good one you must have, for the danger of loosened bristles getting down the throat and causing endless irritation is not to be sneered at. A good, elastic, firm brush is a luxury, and the far East sends us the best ones known. The Chinese and Japanese use their toothbrushes with a devotion which our civilization knows not yet.

The coolies brought over to San Francisco in the Pacific Mail steamers always had among their poor baggage a dozen short handled toothbrushes, with brass chain attached, to hang them by, and I never found anything better at four times the price than a Japanese brush with olive-wood handle, which cost but 10 cents. The value is in the brush, not the handle, and a box of these cheap brushes is excellent brushes are the best things for children's use. Any toothbrush should be well rinsed and hung or laid on the window till dry, or it will become anything but safe and sweet. A toothbrush shut in a close china holder, or the fusty scent will warn you the better.

Beware of the acid tooth wash, or the cuttlefish powder, of the powder with alum in it. As if diseased secretions could not wear out our teeth fast enough, these destroyers come to the aid of neglectful people who want their teeth white for occasions without the trouble of keeping them so. The offense is punished speedily, for not only the teeth chip and black specks of decay appear in pinholes on the surface where the enamel has given away, but the teeth ache and grow too sore for eating with comfort. Enormous twaddle is talked by the hygienists who follow each other in a goose march about the injury to the teeth from hot and cold drinks. They would take away our hot coffee mornings and our grateful ice water midsummer noons but that the sense of the community and the facts are against them. The enamel of sound teeth is one of the hardest things in nature, and capable of resisting heat and cold to a degree beyond anything lips or mouth could endure. The hot or cold drink which any being can take into his mouth at a time will never injure his teeth if other things are right. But the acids of the mouth and of dentifrices corrode the teeth, which crack and suffer, coffee and ice water getting all the blame.

The best dentifrice is alkaline and antiseptic. A dentist's advice to his patients with tender teeth is to rub them about the roots and insides with precipitated chalk on going to bed, which prevents the mouth acids from working on them at night. For whitening teeth and keeping them so nothing equals fine French charcoal, which comes so impalpably fine that it can be used without injury to the enamel. Pure soap is excellent for cleansing the mouth, and for general purposes no routine exceeds brushing the mouth first with soap and water, washing the tongue and gums searchingly, then dipping a clean brush into powdered charcoal and polishing the teeth well, brushing once more with plain water to remove specks from the crevices, and rinsing the mouth well with half a glass of water and one-third teaspoonful tincture of myrrh, the best antiseptic in common reach. As much more water and myrrh may be swallowed with benefit in keeping the breath and inside sweet. A teaspoonful of borax and two tablespoonfuls tincture of myrrh in a pint of half alcohol and half pure water is a good household lotion, pouring half a teaspoonful into the water for cleansing the mouth. It is not a very pleasing preparation, however, and an ideal dentifrice should smell good and taste good—enough to tempt one in its use, especially for young folks. A peppermint tooth wash, or one of borax and myrrh, intensely bitter, is not half so likely to be faithfully used as a pleasanter one. For disinfecting the mouth and stomach a very efficient preparation is oil of cinnamon one part, carbolic acid three parts and oil of wintergreen three parts, diluted with one-half as much oil of anise and twenty times as much alcohol and water in equal parts, a few drops being added to a glass of water for the mouth. This will restore health to teeth and gums as far as any local application will.

OTHER REMEDIES.

To insure the purity of the breath for some hours few things are better than a teaspoonful of Epsom salts taken in hot water. The dose is not laxative, but purifying, and corrects acidity for the time. A teaspoonful of powdered charcoal, thoroughly mixed in water, has a similar effect. Bad teeth must be scrupulously cared for until they can be filled or removed, and the carbolic lotion above should be applied in brushing them five times a day.

For children's toothache from taking cold in a defective tooth or from inflammation and swelling of the gums, give the citrate of magnesia and Epsom salts at once as advised, or a double dose of salts if the citrate cannot be had, giving them in weak coffee to mask the bitter taste. Then apply very hot silk or flannel to the side of the neck where the tooth is, covering cheek and ear and hold a hot plate or tile against the compress to keep it warm. Few pains will resist a steady heat, and when it ceases, rub a few drops of warm oil of clove on the neck and around the ear where the artery and nerves run, and keep the compress on. A hollow tooth can be temporarily filled with cotton dipped in clove oil and ether, the cotton being worked in with a toothpick gently and the cavity sealed with melted wax of any kind, or with chewing gum, which answers a grateful purpose here.

When children are allowed to have toothache and abscesses in the milk teeth, we are told it injures the permanent molars or grinding teeth. Do not extract their teeth until it is absolutely necessary. Children and grown people go through a world of needless suffering that a little intelligence would avert. It is painful to see how few persons know what to do for a simple case of cold in the face or gathering around a tooth. Briefly, physic first should be given in doses to work promptly, then a hot bath, immersing the body to the neck in water as hot as can be borne, wiping with warm towels and hurrying into a warmed bed in a warm room, with fresh air, and a hot soapstone under the pillow to keep the face warm. Very few colds or aches can stand such kindly treatment. People agonize for days and weeks, use ounces of ether without avail, and then in desperation go through operations which might be saved by intelligent use of hot water and twenty-five cents' worth of citrate and salts. Cases like the following pure reported every week. A woman had suffered dreadfully for weeks, and was going to have a surgical operation for "tumor of the jaw," that is, to have a piece sawed out, which is pleasant to think of, when a friendly dentist happened to look at her mouth. He detected a fungus growing in the cavity where a tooth had been drawn, which he punctured and washed out with a ten-per-cent. solution of chloride of zinc in warm water. She had all the symptoms of blood poisoning, and one eye closed with the inflammation, but this simple treatment brought relief, and in a few days she was cured without the ugly operation or the big surgeon's bill to pay. Often a wise and humane dentist will ease a nervous child's toothache and seal a cavity with a drop of Canada balsam, which lasts comfortably for years until the tooth loosens itself and drops out without the horror and pain of pulling it.

A really good dentist is never indifferent to the pain he inflicts—he will never give a trembling child or a nervous woman or man one start of needless pain, one moment's needless tension. By the way, when you must have a tooth pulled and take gas, do it in the afternoon, when the nervous forces are depressed, as far less gas will be needed to produce unconsciousness and risks will be lessened accordingly. Furthermore, if you have teeth with deep canals and hollows to be filled, don't endure the ordeal of any other than a filling of pure natural cotton, saturated with aristol, packed in the root and capped with plaster. The cotton fillings have been taken out thirty years after, pure as any filling ever removed, and if anything goes wrong there is no torment in getting out hard fillings. If a dentist can work three hours getting a hard filling out of a girl's tooth, it doesn't follow that nervous girls and women need to submit to such treatment. Young people should have soft fillings for their teeth in place of gold, for with development come various conditions which make it desirable to remove and alter fillings with the least possible nerve strain and loss of time.

The recent examination of all the skulls in the great medical museums of this country brought curious facts to light about ancient dentistry. In prehistoric crania in the Peabody Museum, the Army Medical Museum at Washington, the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, the Davenport Academy Museum and the Historical Society collections at St. Louis were scrutinized, measured and details tabulated by careful scientific men, who seem to have found the work of thrilling interest. They found among other things that the female skull had a larger jaw than that of man, also that teeth do not correspond in size to the jaws, very small persons frequently having very large teeth, while colossal persons have narrow and small teeth. In very ancient skulls from the region of Copan, Honduras, the teeth were recognizable only by the enamel. Some had square notches filed out of the front teeth, and others had inlays of green jade, in the face, beautifully polished, and one jaw had a tooth of stone inserted which had evidently been worn through life by the tartar at its roots. Imagine a giant with green teeth and the corners filed out of them! That must have been done to pass away time. SHIRLEY DARE.

BATTLE OF THE YALU.

Commander McGiffin, of the Chen Yuen, Describes the Fight.

Century Magazine.

The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sub-lieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal flag. As each range was called the men at the guns would lower the sight bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that in case of fire no time need be lost. The range was about four miles, and decreasing fast. "Six thousand meters!" "Five thousand eight hundred"—"six hundred"—"five hundred"—"five hundred!" "Five thousand four hundred!"

The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the king Yoshino's starboard barbette, "opened the ball." Just as the projectile threw up a column of white water a little short of the Yoshino, a roar from the Chen Yuen's battery seconded the flagship's motion. It was exactly 12:20 p. m. The range, as found on the Chen Yuen, was 5,200 meters; on the Ting Yuen it was assumed to be 5,300. On our side the firing now became general, the main batteries, but it was about five minutes before the Japanese replied. As they opened fire, the Chinese quick-firing Hotchkiss and Maxim-Nordenfelt, three and six-pounders, joined in, and thenceforward the conflict was almost incessant. Like ours, the enemy's first shots fell short, but with an evident jerk we noted that a shot from one of our twelve-inch guns had struck one of the Japanese leading ships.

The bridge of the Chen Yuen, although some thirty feet above the water, was very soon soaked, as was, indeed, the entire exposed surface on the engaged side, by spray thrown up by the line shots that pierced the water a little short. Many of the men at the guns on deck were wet through, and indeed the water was flung on board with such violence as to sting the face and hands like hail. Every one in the conning tower had his ears stopped with cotton, yet the din made by projectiles rattling up against the outside of its teninch armor was a severe annoyance.

During this early part of the engagement the Chinese fleet as a whole kept their indented line, and preserved intervals fairly well, steaming at about six knots—the Chao Yung and Yang Wei being still out of station on the extreme right. The Tsi Yuen, with her faint-hearted commander, Fong, had bolted very soon after the enemy had opened fire. At 12:45 we saw this vessel about three miles astern on our starboard quarter, heading southwest toward Port Arthur. She was followed by a string of Chinese anathemas from our men at the guns. She reached Port Arthur at 2 a. m. next day (seven hours in advance of the fleet), spreading there a wild tale that we had been overwhelmed by a vast Japanese armada, etc.

Upon our arrival Captain Fong claimed that his entire battery had early been disabled, and that he had been obliged to run to save his defenseless ship. But upon an examination of his battery by a detail of line and engineer officers, it was found in perfect working order, excepting the six-inch stern chaser—the one projectile which struck his ship having passed beneath the ironclad's bottom, lifting from its seat. But this shot had entered from the stern, having evidently been received after the retreat had begun—administered, it would seem, as a contemptuous parting kick from the enemy.

Captain Fong's outrageous example was at once followed by the commander of the Kwang Chia, who escaped being scarcely exceeded by his knowledge of navigation; for, about midnight, he ran upon a reef outside of Ta-Lien-Wan, which he said was a most unaccountable mishap, as he had laid his course (in a 100-mile run) "to clear it by one and a half miles!" This vessel had not been in sight at all, but some days later was blown up by her crew upon the approach of some Japanese vessels. Our force had thus early been reduced to eight vessels.

As the Japanese fleet approached it steamed along our front from left to right, at perhaps double our speed, and each vessel thus could exchange shots with each of our ships in turn. The Japanese principal squadron kept at closer range, upon the whole, than did the flying squadron. The latter, upon reaching our right flank turned it and poured in a heavy hot crossfire on the extreme wing, the Chao Yung and Yang Wei receiving the most of it. From the first these two old-fashioned cruisers were doomed. Two passageways in each superstructure connected the bow and stern ten-inch guns, on the outboard side of each being officers' quarters, etc., the partitions and bulkheads being of wood highly varnished and oiled. The vessels were early set on fire, and the draft down these passageways at once turned them into alleys of roaring flames. The machine guns overhead were thus rendered useless, the deck being untenable, and the bow and stern guns were isolated from each other and from their magazines. As a forlorn hope, the ill-fated vessels made for the nearest land.

The Use of Perfumes.

Harper's Round Table.

Perfumes are used sparingly by elegant people, yet a touch, a vague sense of fragrance, does add something of daintiness to a girl's toilet. It is right for you to have perfumes about you if you love them. Fresh rose leaves thrown into your bureau drawers, scattered in the boxes where you keep your laces and handkerchiefs, and sprigs of lavender or lemon verbena left there to dry will impart a pleasant sweetness to whatever lies among them. Orris root powder in little sachet bags of china silk, or strewn lightly between folds of tissue paper, will give your clothing in closet or wardrobe a delightful faint odor of violet. If you use delicate soap with a sweet, clean perfume, net of musk or anything strong or pronounced, and put a few drops of alcohol or ammonia in the water when you bathe, you need not be afraid of any unfavorable comment on your daintiness. Perfect cleanliness is always dainty. Soil and stain, dust and dirt, are never anything but repulsive.

MAXWELL'S DUKEDOM

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT HIS GREAT RANCH IN ITS PALMY DAYS.

He Enjoyed Princely Revenues, Kept Retainers of Many Kinds, and Wound Up Life Like a Prodigal.

Santa Fe Letter in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

To Missouri this corner of the country is indebted for its nobility. From that State came the "Baron of Arizona." Years before, another Missourian had made for himself fame and fortune as the "Duke of Cimarron." Perhaps the romance of Lucien B. Maxwell's career furnished some of the inspiration for the life work of James Addison Peralta-Reavis. But times had changed. A dukedom in New Mexico was possible in 1848. A barony spread over the best part of Arizona with the five-storied Casa Grande ruins as its castle was impossible in 1895. Maxwell lives in history as a striking character. About him cluster traditions and reminiscences of fascinating interest. Reavis struggles in the clutch of the strong arm of the law, with a trunk full of archives, portraits and depositions as the only apparent assets of his ventures. Reavis began his career as a street-car conductor. Maxwell was a herder before he married a Mexican grant.

Maxwell was a St. Louis boy. That part of the city where he lived was known as Vide Poche, "Empty Pocket," when he left it for a life on the plains. Colonel Bergman, the warden of the New Mexico penitentiary, himself a splendid specimen of manhood, with the manners and speech of a cultured gentleman, knew Maxwell more intimately, probably, than any one now living. It is thirty-eight years since Colonel Bergman became a resident of New Mexico, and at that time Maxwell was a man of far-reaching influence in this region.

"He must have come out here," said Colonel Bergman, "as early as the twenties. For a long time he was the companion of Kit Carson. Together they hunted and trapped all through these mountains. And the information they had gathered in their years of wandering subsequently made John C. Fremont famous as the Pathfinder. The most notable period of Maxwell's career, however, came when he married the daughter of Don Carlos Beaubien and settled down. Don Carlos was fond of his son-in-law. He gave him a part of the great Beaubien and Mirandi land grant and stocked the tract with cattle and horses. From that time, which was about '48, until after the war, Maxwell wielded great power all through this country, and Maxwell's ranch was a famous place. The hospitality of the owner was without bounds. Everybody who came that way was entertained. Maxwell never thought of charging for such a small matter as board or lodging. He had a large rambling house, or, rather, a collection of them, for the kitchen and the dining rooms were separate from the sleeping rooms. Then there was the store, the mill, the stables and other buildings, giving to the place the appearance of a town. But Maxwell owned all, and the country as well for miles and miles in every direction. He had as many sheep, cattle and horses that he did not know within thousands the number of them."

MADE A DUKE BY ELKINS.

"Duke" was the title which Stephen B. Elkins conferred upon the head of this lordly establishment. Maxwell was well satisfied with American citizenship. He kept the Fourth of July as his chief holiday. A six-pound cannon was part of the equipment of Maxwell's ranch. It had been hauled across the plains when Doniphan's expedition eclipsed Xenophon's Anabasis. During the rest of the year this piece of artillery rusted in the weeds, but on the glorious Fourth it was hauled out and, at a safe distance from the window panes of the ducal palace, thundered for liberty. The government recognized the duke's importance by making his place the station of troops. On Independence day, 1867, the cannon was brought into position and Maxwell, as the greatest honor he could show the official representative of the United States, invited the captain of the cavalry troop on duty there at the time to assist in firing the national salute. The duke took his station at the breach and covered the old-fashioned touch-hole with his thumb. The captain, at the muzzle, rammed home the charge. Several rounds had been fired. Suddenly there came a flash while the two men were in the act of reloading. Maxwell sailed one way and the cavalry officer went the other. The old gun had gone off prematurely. It had taken away an arm and an eye from the captain. Maxwell ruefully contemplated a mangled thumb. The nearest surgeon was fifty-five miles away, at Fort Union. A sergeant mounted on the fastest horse in the Duke's stable of thoroughbreds rode the fifty-five miles in little more than four hours. He rode into the fort the horse which had carried him staggered and dropped dead. The surgeon started at once and reached the ranch in time to save the officer's life. He then turned his attention to Maxwell and dressed his thumb, which seemed like an inconsiderable matter compared with the sailor's dangerous injuries. But the shattered thumb grew worse. There were symptoms of blood-poisoning. In a few days it became evident that an amputation would be necessary. In Maxwell's stables was kept every kind of a vehicle from a huge stage coach down to a buckboard. The coach was chosen for the trip. The Duke was put into it, and, with his best friend, Kit Carson, he made the trip to Fort Union. There, with Carson holding a big lamp, the Duke sat in a chair, refusing to be put under the influence of any drug, and saw the surgeon cut away. The perspiration stood in great drops on his forehead, but he never allowed a sound to pass his lips. As the surgeon completed the work a glass of whisky was handed to the patient. Before it reached his lips Maxwell slipped off his chair in a faint. The pain had reached logical limits to the pain endurance of even such a man.

A TABLE FOR THIRTY.

The standing order at Maxwell's was that the table should be set for thirty. This was the daily provision for "the Duke" and guests. The women of the household had another dining room. Transient comers and goers saw very little of the women. Even the waiters in the dining room were boys. The table service was of solid silver.

Across one entire end of the house was a room big enough to be called a hall. In that the Duke held his receptions, sitting in feudal state, and transacted business according to his own peculiar methods. In this hall the furniture was very plain. It was limited to a few chairs and tables. In the diagonal corners were huge fireplaces, where the logs crackled winter nights. But the chief object of interest in this room was a great bureau, which stood against one of the side walls. It did duty as the receptable of the Duke's cash on hand.

"Many a time," said Col. Bergman, "I have seen Mack—that was what we usually called him—go to that bureau, pull out the drawer, and toss in a roll of bills. Gold, silver, paper currency, vouchers and drafts went in there all together, and the drawer was left unlocked. It was said that the bureau drawer often contained as much as $30,000, and I have no doubt of it. But money came easily, and it went freely. At the time we were partners in the Aztec mine I used to come down to the ranch every Saturday night from four hundred to five hundred ounces of gold to divide with him, and at that time it was worth $22 an ounce. He furnished supplies to the government, ran a mill and a store, had flocks of sheep, from which he got a great wool clip, and drew on herds of cattle which were unnumbered. Yet he was always more or less embarrassed financially.

"Just to show you how things went with him, let me tell you a little story," continued Colonel Bergman. "At the time I was operating the mine I speak of in partnership with him, he had another mine running which was costing him expenses. He told me how much the other mine was losing, and I asked him one day:

"'Mack, why don't you close down that mine?'

"'I can't,' he said.

"'Why?' I asked.

"'I haven't got money enough to pay off the men.'

"'How much are you behind?'

"'About $3,000.'

"I told him that I could probably raise him the amount, and in a few days I laid out before him six packages of $500 each. He took up one package, put it in his inside coat pocket, carried the other to the mine, paid off the men and stopped work. A few days afterwards I was down to the ranch when Mack's daughter came in and said:

"'Father, I want some money.'

"'Money,' said he in his quick way. 'I haven't got any.'

"'I must have some,' said she.

"'I don't know where you'll get it, unless Bergman will let you have it,' he said.

"I asked the young lady how much she wanted. She said $100 would do, and I gave it to her. Mack sat there in silence for a few moments, and then asked suddenly:

"'Didn't I get $500 from you the other day?'

"'You got $3,000,' said I.

"'I don't mean the $2,500 I paid to shut down the mine. What did I do with the other $500?'

"'You put it in your coat pocket.'

"Mack ran his hands into his coat pockets and looked puzzled.

"'That ain't the coat you had on the other day,' I suggested.

He jumped up like a shot and went into another room. Pretty soon he came out holding a coat. There was a broad smile on his face. In his hand was the package of $500. The money had worked through a hole in the pocket and down between the lining and cloth of the coat.

"'Isn't it lucky the women didn't find that first?' he said with a laugh."

HIS INDIAN VASSALS.

This hall of the castle was the gathering point of the Duke's numerous retainers. He had cowboys to look after his herds. He had trainers and jockeys about his stable of thoroughbreds, for racing was his chief sport. In the valleys of his principality Mexicans lived and raised grain, which gave business to his grist mill. But strangest of all his vassals were the Ute Indians. As a companion of Kit Carson, Maxwell had spent years among the Indians, especially this savage tribe. When he set up his establishment at Cimarron his dusky friends "returned the call." There was seldom a time that a band of Utes was not loafing about his ranch, living on the bounty of the Duke. The head men of the tribe would come down and stop for days. They would gather in the hall at night, the wood fires lighting up the strange scene. For hours not a word would be spoken, but Kit Carson and Maxwell would sit there carrying on continuous communication in the sign language. An occasional "Ugh!" from some chief was the only sound save the snapping of the pine boughs. And when the soiree was over Indians and white men would lie down in their blankets on the floor, so thick it was almost impossible to turn, and sleep.

The influence of the Duke over the Utes was wonderful. It was recognized by the government, and the agency for this tribe was located at the ranch a long time. In recognition of his good services as mediator the Duke received no salary but munificent compensation. He was paid hundreds of thousands of dollars by the United States for supplies for the army and for the Indian agency. The time came when this close relationship with the Indians proved of great value to Maxwell. In return for the food and the drink the Duke had given them the Utes became protectors of the rights of property he claimed. The white man, prospector or settler, who came upon the Maxwell grant without the consent of the Duke was in danger of losing his scalp. Yet Maxwell was not a desperado, a "killer," as they say out here. Very few, indeed, are the reminiscences of bloodshed about the feudal hall on the Cimarron, at least so long as its palmy days lasted. Later on there were conflicts between the purchasers and the would-be settlers on the Maxwell grant. It is said that five hundred men lost their lives before the title was quieted. But the Duke's reign was singularly free from homicides.

In Maxwell's retinue of servants there were cowboys, Mexicans, Indians and half-breeds. In some way he maintained harmony among them. Perhaps it was by the other excitement he furnished. Something was always going on. If there was nothing else the Duke would plan a trip, and away he would go with his coaches and buckboards and cavalcade, making dashes of hundreds of miles, and for no other apparent purpose than the entertainment of motion.

He had a code of morals of his own—this Duke. If he liked a man he could forgive much.

"I remember," said Colonel Bergman, "one who came out into New Mexico as an Indian agent. His name was Jack, and he formed the acquaintance of Mack, who took a liking to him. Jack spent much of his time at the ranch, and was engaged in some mining enterprises with Mack. One day he asked for a horse, saying he wanted to go down to Santa Fe on some business. Mack gave him a horse. As Jack was starting off Mack went to the bureau, drew out some vouchers, and said:

"'Here, Jack, take these vouchers along with you and get them cashed for me.'

"Jack took the papers and rode off. In the course of a couple of weeks he returned and handed Mack a roll of bills, saying:

"'Here's the money on those vouchers.'

"'All right,' said Mack. He didn't stop to count the bills, but just crumpled them up in a bunch and threw them into the lower drawer of the bureau.

"Some days after that a visitor came to the ranch. He was sitting under the portal talking to Mack, when Jack passed by.

"'Who is that?' asked the visitor.

"'Mack told him.

"'What does he do?'

"Mack explained that Jack was an Indian agent.

"'Ah,' said the stranger, 'that accounts for it.'

"'What do you mean?' asked Mack.

"'I saw him in a game at Vegas the other night,' was the reply. He dropped $2,000, and he didn't turn a hair.'

"Mack sat there reflecting a few minutes, got up, went to the bureau, pulled out the drawer, picked up the roll of bills and looked at it. Coming out of the door, he called:

"'Jack, come here.'

"Jack responded.

"'Jack, asked Mack, 'how much money did you give me the other night when you got back from Santa Fe?'

"'I gave you $3,000. There should have been $5,000, but I used $2,000,' was the ready reply.

"'Huh,' said Mack. He put the roll of bills back in the bureau, returned to the conversation with his guest and never referred to the $2,000 transaction again."

SOLD OUT FOR $750,000.

Great sums of money slipped through the Duke's fingers. He played at cards, but it was for amusement rather than for gain. His favorite games were poker and old sledge, but he was not a gambler, and he did not play with gamblers. It might be supposed that a man so careless in money matters would be reckless in his stakes. Here was where one of the peculiarities of the Duke came in. No matter what the limit or who the players were, Maxwell would insist on the strictest accounting of the game. He exacted to the penny all he won while the game was in progress. The next day, if applied to for a loan, he would hand over perhaps five times that his opponent had lost the night before.

The time came when Maxwell could no longer maintain the peace of a New Mexican Duke. Settlers were crowding in and incroaching on the great estate. Capitalists saw a fine opportunity for a profitable venture. The far-reaching Beaubien and Miranda grant, when Maxwell set up his dukedom, was magnificent in its measurements, but land was worth very little. Maxwell had gradually acquired the interests of other heirs. Toward the end he went in for mining. Gold, silver and copper were found on the grant. His interest in the mines are said to have yielded the Duke $20,000 a week at one time. But he wanted still greater returns. He joined in a scheme with lesser lords of the land grants to wash out the placers in the Moreno valley with water from the melted snows of the Old Baldy range. A ditch big enough to carry a river, was dug, forty miles through mountain and plain, and when it was finished there was no snow left for that season.

Then came the tempter telling the Duke how much more comfortable he would be if he turned his dukedom into cash and "lived on the interest of his money." Maxwell hankered. He parted with all his interest except a homestead for $650,000. The homestead he sold a little later for $125,000, receiving $75,000 in cash. And when he gathered up his belongings and followers to move out it was like a caravan taking the road.

The men who bought out Maxwell went to London and sold the title to the great block of land fifty miles across and sixty miles long for $5,000,000. And the English buyers went across the channel and took in Dutch investors at Amsterdam on a basis of $10,000,000.

Maxwell went to New York to close the deal. He received credit for $750,000. As he started to leave the bank the cashier asked:

"Mr. Maxwell, would you like some of this in currency for immediate use?"

"Yes," said the Duke, turning back, "I believe I would."

"How much will you take with you?" asked the official.

"You may give me $50,000," was the reply.

The cashier looked at the Duke a moment and then handed out the package of bills. Maxwell stuffed them into a pair of saddle bags hanging on his arm and walked out on Wall street, up Broadway and into the hotel. Placing the saddle bags on the counter he asked the clerk to put them away for him. That functionary, with a careless glace at them, took the bags and buried them under a desk. Ten days went by. One morning Maxwell came downstairs from his room, ran his thumb and forefinger into his vest pocket and found it empty.

"Give me those saddlebags will you?" he said to the clerk.

The bags were fished out from under the desk and put on the counter. Maxwell opened them, drew out package after package of bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk. Then he handed back the bags. Before he left New York city he had spent $30,000 in presents for friends in New Mexico.

"How long do you give him to spend that money?" a brother-in-law of Maxwell asked Colonel Berryman when it was known the sale had been made.

"Five years," was the response.

"He'll get rid of it in less time than that," said the relative with a shake of the head.

And he did. From the day the Duke had $675,000 put to his credit and walked out of the bank with $50,000 in pocket money, it was less than five years until he died in Las Vegas, leaving a few thousand head of cattle as all that belonged to him. Had he lived another year he would have died a pauper.

CLEVER MARKSMEN.

Their Skill Has Proved of Great Value During War Times.

London Tit-Bits.

It has been frequently asserted by cynics, who sneer at the art of rifle shooting as exemplified at Bisley, that your crack shot is absolutely valueless in actual warfare, that he finds moving men very different from stationary targets, and that all sharp-shooting in action is mere haphazard guess work, in which the duffer is just as likely to do execution as the expert. There may be some truth in that view of marksmanship, but that there have been cases in which the services of crack shots have been invaluable the following instance will prove:

At the time of the Indian mutiny young Hercules Ross, son of the famous sportsman and marksman, Capt. Horatio Ross, and brother of Edward Ross, the first winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, was the crack rifle shot of India. He subsequently won the Indian championship three years in succession, and on the third occasion put on ten cons