

AT THE DENTIST'S.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man who rushed into a dentist's.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or pierce out his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing about it."

"How long does he sleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less."

"I expect that's long enough for it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

It was the day of a grand parade of a certain section of the King's Brigade. The company was marching proudly through the streets. Suddenly one of the boys happened to look down at the instructor's feet.

"Will you excuse me mentioning it, sir," he remarked, "but you are the only one in step."