

Heaven, and with the most beaming expression of countenance; exclaimed, "God grant there may be a place in Heaven for you!"

2. A pale, emaciated female came in with the toothache. To say she was all nerve is too tame, she was a perfect battery. What a time we had of it! We spent the afternoon over her tooth, indeed until it was too late to operate. She finally concluded to bear it until morning. I advised her to do so, glad to see her go. Morning came, and so did my patient. I own I was mad at the sight of her, but soon made up my mind to have the tooth out or dispatch her—I mean out of the office. I laid out the lancet and forceps, she opened her mouth. I looked at the tooth. She had allowed me the same privilege fifty or a thousand times the day before. She thought herself safe, of course, while she had her hands at liberty and could close her jaw. It was the first upper superior molar to be extracted. I found no teeth in the lower jaw on either side back of the eye tooth. Deliberating for a moment I quietly and gently, but firmly, closed in upon her, with my left hand in her mouth, and then reached for my instruments. She suspected my intention and attempted to force me off, but too late, the noose was on, "darkey had to swing." I brought tooth, but paid for it. She kicked over my show case and sent the specimens in every direction, paid me a quarter of a dollar, and despatched herself.

3. A baroness came in to have her tooth extracted, was accompanied by her Lord the Baron. It was about one o'clock p.m. when my patient took the chair, and I took my position, forceps in hand, when the questions so familiar to any dentist commenced. What instruments to use? Let me see it. Will it hurt much? How long will it be in coming out? Won't the instrument slip off? Won't it break the tooth? Won't the tooth crush in? Are you sure you can get it out the first time? Won't you injure the jaw? &c., &c., for at least one hour. I lost patients and patience, and finally told her that I would charge for time. This made no difference. Her husband took his turn at coaxing, and finally at swearing; he was a dreadfully profane man. I never allowed profanity in my office, but then he was a Baron. At four o'clock she came to the conclusion to go home and send for me in the morning. She put on her bonnet and the Baron stepped up and inquired the fee. Five dollars. The stamps came down, my patient left. I have never seen her since, nor do I ever expect to again.

4. A great, coarse, burly Englishman took the chair. I took hold of the right upper superior molar, and at the first move he seized my hand with both his and he bellowed "let go." I replied, "you let go." He would not, and I could not. It was his deathly grip that locked