First Irishman: "Sure, Pat, and what’s that?"

Second Irishman: "Mick, me boy, sure I think that’s to commemorate the death of Jim Blaine."

First Irishman: "Indade (reading the words around the top)! ‘Faith, Hope,— faith, but I don’t think there is much hope for him now; and ‘Timperence,’—be gorry, Pat, but that looks as if Jim was going to try the St. John ticket."

To Be Undone.

Yes, you may kiss me once,
Just once, not even twice;
You wicked wretch, you gave me two—
No, no, it is n’t nice.
You have your orders, sir,
Once, only once, I say;
How very strange, you cannot count,
Now, sir, will you obey?
Just understand me, please,
I told you only one,
And if you do me out of four,
They ’ll have to be undone.  

Ex.

Lady to Hackman — "How much did you say I have to pay?" "One dollar." "What’s your number?" "Fifty cents, you mean, stingy old fraud!" — Texas Sifts.

Nobility At A Disadvantage.

Stolid proprietor of German restaurant, to new waiter. — "Dot letter fer you, eh? You was der Baron von Schinkelberg?"

New waiter, meekly. — "Yes, mein Herr."

Stolid proprietor. — "Den you vas n’t no regular waiter, eh? Vell, I dake a dollar a veek off your vages." — Puck.