

Jack Raktipe Hoad, Sie the Bar-Room of the St. Charles at Non-Schouns). "Propercy Two of them; Sen. 5 ans may, I have Sank. I tell thee what, if I cell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four came all a front, and mainly made as me. I made no more and, but took all their seven first in my face, call fact, they followed me close, and with a thought Seven of the Eleven I run aground."

[Compare Shankstrank, Fixed Part Heavy II., Act II., Scne 4.



Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what Jeff Davis will send you."





THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL "EXEMPT."

ENGLISHMAN (who has corked his fare and hands, à la Negro Minstrel)—"Hof course I'se a Hafrican, hand hexcupt, has hany chap wight see hef they 'd hise in heir' ed. Of course you'll ten pass!"

Orrican—"Hi right, Sands, go aband.—[Baglish Nigger escapes.]



FRIENDLY AID.

Mr. C.—Friend Broad, I know you take a great restrict is this was brefer to have your subsection to the Volumer Fesd.

Friend B.—There knows Friend Cash, I cannot give there monty for 80 will here the oversament potent, it is think.



In the first place it requires explanation (at this _ame), that Jony Buth's creed is, "Fair Play! — Never hit a man when he's down!"

In the second place, any decent fellow would instinctively help to kill a snake. Such, however, in the above instance, is not the remotest intention of old Buth.