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MISCELLANEOUS.

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ALL THE SAME.

An old Irish officer, after a battle, ordered the dead and the dying to be buried pell-mell. Being told that some were alive and might be saved, "Oh, bedad," said he, "if you were to pay any attention to what they say, not one, of them would allow that he was dead."

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PAT TO MICK: "I say, shut up that talking in your sleep."

Pat: "I was not talking."

Mick: "You was, I say." After quarreling for an hour or two, Pat said, "Alright, I'll keep awake to-night and see if I do."

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NEW TO HIM.

It is told of a certain Highland officer, who shall be nameless, that while dining at the house of a friend he was please to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the officer approached the boy and said: "Ah, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. What is wrong?" "Well, sir," replied the boy, with a glance at the officer's kilt, "you're all right, only won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?"

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MEANT TO FIND HIM.

Two Irishmen of the West Yorkshire Regiment, on service in the West Indies, were nearly distracted by the irritating attacks of mosquitoes. One night they went to bed and tucked themselves snugly in. Pat was congratulating his comrade on their having outwitted "the cunning bastes," when a brilliant firefly flashed its way suddenly into the darkness of the barrack-room.

"Oh, bedad, Mick," groaned the astonished Pat, "it's all up with us. Here's one of the little spalpeens come to look for us wid a lantern!"