

The steady wit of a true-born Irishman, however humble his station, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A gust of wind took a parasol out of the hands of its owner. An Irishman dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its ascent, and presented it to the owner with bow.

"Fresh, ma'am," said he as he did so, "if you were so strong as you are handsome it wouldn't have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first" asked the lady, "the service or your compliment?"

"Fresh, ma'am," said Pat again, touching the place where she stood the brim of a hat, "that look of your beautiful eyes thanked me for both."