

Grace—But the breakfast! For mercy's sake, let's find out about that!

Mr. Pritchard—What have you got?

Waiter—Fire no muk yet, sah. But in less'n an hour, brile kidney, tripe, snappin' tuttle, poach aig, battah-cake, waffle, sall-lum, buttah-toas, rice-muffin, Irish taytah, tahmaytahs, corn-muffin, griddle cake, ham—

Mr. Pritchard—Stop man, and don't fire off all your stock in trade at first shot. Besides none of these things suit us just now. When we come to the sea, we want things out of the sea. Have you got shrimps?

Waiter—Bushel o' swimp.

Miss Julia—Oysters?

Waiter—Hee! hee! hee! Ishetah een July, missie!

Mrs. Courtenay—No Julia, of course we can't eat oysters now. Any crabs?

Waiter—Boatful jist cum een, mahm. Dey crawlin' obah one anuddah so fass, an tangle up so, yu cahn cont 'um. You like dem DEBBLE? Kin hab 'um cook enny way.

Grace—Fish?

Waiter—Fish? You yerry dat? Wuffah I ain' hab fish? Wot kin you like? Blackfish, trout, mullet, pompano, ounder—

Mr. Preston—Never mind. Just cook us the freshest fish you have, and bring anything else you like, shrimp-pie, grilled tongue, crabs AN NATUREL, ham and eggs—anything, so you are in a hurry about it. Hot coffee, not too red and white. Ladies, any wine?

All—None for me.