

Bordering on the Sumorous.

When a young man is lovesick he wants his beloved to sit up with him every night.

The happiest moment in life is when she says "Yes;" the next happiest is when he says, "Would you like the tooth to take home with you?"

You can't always judge a man by his clothes; but you can, sometimes, get some idea of him by his wife's clothes.

There once was a giddy young chamberlain,
Who went for a walk with his mam-ois;
When she said, "My dear child
I fear you are wild,"
The wicked young goat exclaimed,
"Damois!"

Mrs. Jones.—I suppose marriage is a lottery?

Mrs. Bickers.—Oh! I don't know. I consider it a game of skill.

Mrs. Peck.—Before we were married you vowed you would die for me.
Poor Henry Peck (with surprising spirit).—Well, this is a living death!

"I warn you," said the old gypsy, solemnly, "that an enemy will cross your path."

"Oh, ho!" laughed the scorcher, scornfully; "if he's going to cross my path, you'd better warn him!"

Gasleton.—Her husband claims to have perfect control over her!
Grimshaw.—Yes? suppose he can make her do anything she chooses?

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said, "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"John," said the dealer to his assistant "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

Too many men with bright futures before them are walking backward.

Probably Adam would never have got married if he had had to stand up in church with a frock-coat on before one thousand people and go through a ten-minute ceremony that seemed like two hours.

It is a cool frying-pan that a man will not jump out of in order to test the temperature of the fire.

The peculiarity of the pavement which is made of good intentions is that the travelling becomes faster as the material wears out.

It is doubtful whether the fountain pen is mightier than the sword.

When it is considered how much fight a pugilist can talk without injury it is hard to realize that his jaw is his most vulnerable point.

Perkins.—Brown started out a year ago to hunt for a wife.
Jorkins.—Did he get one?
Perkins.—Well, not exactly; one got him.

We should feel better disposed toward some of our neighbours if their fathers had been the last of their race.

The trouble with the average prodigal is that he won't stay at home after he returns.

No mouse is superstitious enough to believe that a black cat brings good luck.

"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street.

"As he proceeds the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and d'refu' whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape my friend whips them out, peppers 'em, and swallows them."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. I wish we had a bushel of the bivalves here now, they'd open easy."

In a hunter's camp different men began to unfold their yarns. Among others a Kentuckian said he once shot a buck in such a way that the bullet after hitting the right ear, passed through the heel of the right hind foot. Jeering and laughter greeted the story.

"Brown," called the Kentuckian to companion, "tell these fellows if what I say is not as true as gospel!"

"Why, yes," replied the other, "I saw it myself. You see, gentlemen, when he pulled the trigger of his rifle, the buck was just scratching his head with his hoof."

Then he whispered to his friend: "That was a narrow escape. Another time don't lie so far apart."—"New York Times."

Two commercial travellers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnston and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground."

"The argument got heated, and Johnston picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball believe me or not, as you like, the weather suddenly changed and became hot and summer-like, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was—er—scalded with hot water!"—"Tit-Bits."

Settin' on a log
An' fishin',
An' watchin' the cork,
An' wishin'.

Jus' settin' round home
An' slighin',
Jus' settin' round home—
An' lyin'.

Wife: "Have you ever thought, darling, of what epitaph you would like to have on your grave?"

Husband: "Nothing, complicated, my love; merely the words 'Alone at last!'"—"Le Rire."

"The average chronic liar has the luck of a boy who enlisted and went to the Philippines. This boy, whenever he wanted money, would write home from Manila something like this:

"Dear Father,—I have lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means. Kindly send 200 dollars at once."

"To the last letter of this sort that the boy wrote home, he received the following answer:

"Dear Son,—As, according to your letters, this is the fourth leg you have lost, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and hobble along on any others you may have left."

An Irishman got employment to carry bricks to the top of a scaffold. When he came up with the first load, not being accustomed to that sort of work, he asked the bricklayer, "How am I to get down?"

"Why, go down the same way as you came up," was the reply.

"No fear," replied Pat, "I came up head first."

"John, dear, hadn't you been drinking when you came in last night?" "That's just like a woman. Just because I had some difficulty in getting in. Because I couldn't pronounce a few words. Because I took off my clothes in the drawing-room, and wore my silk hat to bed, you rush off to the conclusion that I had been drinking."

When the late Baron Bramwell was on circuit at the judge's dinner there was present a learned Q.C., who did ample justice to all the good things on the table. The cloth having been removed, "I always think, my lord," said the learned counsel, "that after a good dinner a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm." "Oh, no, sir; oh, no, by no means," replied the Baron, smiling; "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

A southern humorist sums up the new Gaming Act: "Twenty-six years ago Parliament legalised the State Gambling Machine to put down the bookmaker; the other day Parliament legalised the bookmaker to put down gambling! Yet people say their is no humour in Parliament."

"We don't like the milk we get in Cannes" said the millionaire who was spending the winter abroad.

"Then why not have some shipped from Cowes?" inquired the humorist, with a hoarse laugh.

A bicycle policeman of the same nationality appeared against a man he had arrested for fast riding.

"How fast was he going?" asked the judge.

"Pretty fast," answered the policeman.

"As fast as a man can run?"

"Yis, your honor, he was going as fast as two min can run."

"You know Smith used to pay marked attention to Miss Jones. Well, he has ceased paying attention to her."

"How is that?"

"They're married."

"Have you been 'gymming,' Bertie?"

"Yeth; an' getting stwong. Cawn't wolla a cigawette now without bweakin' the papah."

"Stunning!"

Mr Jay: Was it a quiet wedding?

Mrs Jay: Of course. You didn't expect they would quarrel before the clergyman, did you?

"Barney's wooden leg has been paining 'im of late," said Scholes to his wife.

"How can that be?" asked Mrs Scholes irritably.

"Mrs Barney has been thrashing 'im with it," was the explanation.

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."—"Tit Bits."

She: "Don't you think a man ought to tell his wife everything?"

He: "No; only as much as he wants the neighbours to know."

Two Frenchmen who had quarrelled agreed that their wrongs could only be settled by a duel. So early one morning they repaired to the railway station, bound for a small village just outside Paris.

"A return ticket to F.," said the first at the booking office.

"Single for me," said the second man quietly.

"Ah," exclaimed the first, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you? As for me, I always take a return."

"I never do," said the other. "I always take the return half from my victim's pocket."

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

The origin of the tale of Mary, who had the little lamb, is interesting. The owner of the lamb was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer, a girl of Massachusetts.

The lamb, who was an orphan, followed its mistress to school one day, and a young student called Rawlston wrote the verses, and gave them to Miss Sawyer a day or two later. Rawlston died soon afterwards, unaware of the immortal character of his poem.

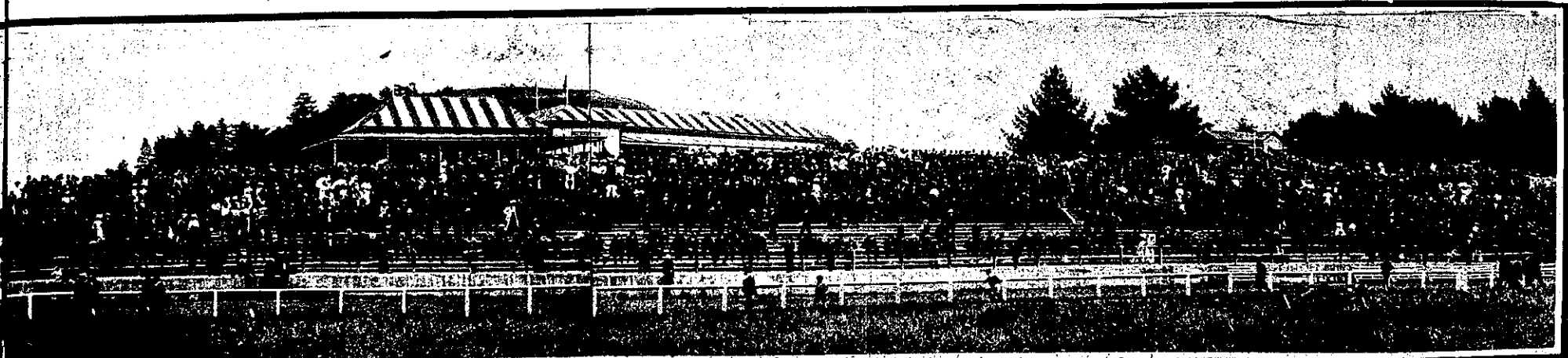
The lamb lived for many years, and was finally killed by a cow.

The Waikato train as usual crawled along and then stopped dead.

"Guard," shouted a humorous passenger, "may I get out and pick some flowers?"

"Afraid you won't find many about here," said the guard, good-humoredly.

"Oh, there'll be heaps of time," replied the jovial one, "I've brought a packet of seeds."



uckland, taken at the last Meeting.