

ANECDOTES, ETC.

THE HIBERNIAN HUMORIST.

Ho, McLubberty!" saluted Police-man Hogan. "Oi hov wan or two for yez. Phwoy is a short man troyin' to kiss a tall woman loike an Oirishman considerin' about goin' up a volcano?"

"Oi give ut up," replied McLubberty "Oi t'ought yez wud! Wull, ut 's loike this:

"He t'inks he 'll hov to cloime to git to dhe mouth av dhe crater. D' yez see ut?"

"Oi do! Begorra, Hogan, yez hov dhe wit!"

"Oi hov. Here is anither: Phwoy is a man thot wroites a story dhe most peculiar person in dhe wor-ruld?"

"Yez may search me—Oi, hov n't dhe answer."

"Wull thin; his tale comes out av his head. How 's thot?"

"Ut's a burrud, Hogan! Begorra, Oi 'll spring thim jokes on me woife."

Arriving home, the astute McLubberty began:

"Hi-yi, Nora! Ut 's a wag Oi am!"

"Is thot so?" returned the partner of his joys and sorrows, in some surprise. "Phwat is a wag?"

"A wag is a felly whose tail comes out av his head—Naw, Oi am too fast! Oi hov a quistion for yez: Here, now! Phwoy is a tahl man considerin' about kissin' a short woman in dhe mout' loike a volcany?"

"Oi dunno. Till ut to me, Mur-r-rrty."

"Oi wull. Begorra, he has to climb dhe baste, b'cuz his head an' tail are both on dhe same ind. D' yez see ut?"

"Oi do not! Phwat is dhe p'int?"

"Whoy,—Oi—that is—Aw, 't is often said thot a woman has no sinse av humor, annyhow, an', be dhe powers, Oi belave ut!"

"Mebby that 's so; but d' yez know phwat Oi t'ink?"

"Na!"

"Wull, ut's dhis: Av yez iver was a wag, Mur-r-rrty McLubberty, ye hov not been wor-r-rkin' at ut for a long toime. Thot's phwat Oi t'ink!"

Judge Hawkins was only a junior when he "dumbfounded" Lord Campbell by correcting the latter's diction in Court in revenge for a similar snub previously administered by the Judge to himself. Lord Campbell was precise to the verge of pedantry. The case involved references to various descriptions of carriages, both public and private. Referring during his address to the jury to a brougham, which he pronounced with two syllables—broom—the Judge interrupted with this bland correction:—"Excuse me, but I think if instead of saying 'broom' you were to say 'broom' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable." "I am much obliged to your Lordship," replied Mr Hawkins, as he proceeded to close his speech and sit down to nurse his resentment. Presently the Judge, while summing up, said "omnibus." Instantly the daring, non-pedantic Mr Hawkins rose, and exclaimed:—"Pardon me m'lud, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying 'omnibus' your Lordship should say 'bus' and you would then be more intelligible to the jury and, besides, you would save two syllables." A smile fitted across the jury box and a titter rippled through the Court, and Lord Campbell looked at Mr Hawkins with thoughts too deep for words.

In a London auction room two men were disputing the possession of a picture by a celebrated English painter, which faithfully represented an ass. Each seemed determined to outbid the other. Finally, one of them said:—"My dear, sir, it is of no use; I shall not give in. The painting once belonged to my grandfather, and I intend to have it." "Oh, in that case," replied his rival, suavely, "I will give it up. I think you are fully entitled to it if it is one of your family portraits."

Have you heard of the pretty Irish girl who, caught in the act of playing on Sunday morning, and being accosted by the parish priest with the greeting, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil One," replied promptly, "Good morning, father."

A friend of Curran's was bragging of his attachment to the jury system, and said—"With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!" "Oh," said Curran, in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?"

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd, and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think if I were a sheep I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered—"Aye, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had mair sense," and Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story, and turning the laugh on himself.

It is not every one who enjoys a joke at his own expense. The judge who pointed with his cane and exclaimed—"There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was intensely enraged when the man looked hard at him, and asked coolly—"At which end, your Honor?"

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a country fair was disparaging the show of cattle. "Call these here prize cattle?" he scornfully said. "Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. You may not think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts." "I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot.

The sporting bishop was playing to his curate. The first ball was yards off the wicket. "Please bowl inside your parish, Jones," the bishop said playfully. The second ball yorkeed his middle stump out of the turf. "I think, my lord," the curate remarked with great respect, "that ball was within the diocese!"

A prominent lawyer, who formerly practised at the bar of Kansas City, tells of a funny incident in a court there during a trial in which a certain young doctor was called as a witness.

Counsel for the other side, in cross-examining the youthful medico, gave utterance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of so young a man.

One of the questions was: "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am."

"Then," continued the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.

A gentleman had bought a brand new billiard table, and, in order to celebrate the occasion, invited a few friends down to try it. When he turned the light up in the room he found that the pockets had disappeared! After a futile hunt round he called his wife and asked her if she had seen them.

"Do you mean those little net things?" said the lady.

He nodded.

"Why I thought they had been left there by mistake; they looked very clumsy sticking out beneath!"

The visitors turned away and examined the pictures intently. The husband asked weakly what she had done with them.

"I thought that I would make use of them, somehow," replied the careful little woman, brightly, "so I just filled them with wool and made pin-cushions of them!"

The late Mr Justice Hawkins was not one of those ultra-dignified Judges who affect an utter ignorance of things sporting. A sporting Bishop at a country house to which Mr Justice Hawkins arrived later than he had appointed, joined in the jocose conjectures that the Judge had been delayed by a race meeting. The sporting Bishop enquired, "Who has won?" Mr Justice Hawkins was as ingenuous as a Judge upon the Bench. "Didn't you buy an evening paper?" asked the sporting Bishop. "I didn't," replied the sporting Judge; "I heard I was to meet you here."

In an infant school the teacher chose the miracle of the water being turned into wine as the subject for the usual daily Bible lesson. In telling the story she occasionally asked a few questions. One of them was:—"When the new wine was brought to the governor of the feast, what did he say?" A little girl, remembering what she had heard probably on some festive occasion, called out, "Here's luck."

A newly enlisted fireman of only average pluck was serving at his first fire and the chief rushed up to him and shouted, "Shin up that ladder to the eighth story, crawl along the cornice to the fourth window, drop down three stories, and catch that wooden sign you see smoking there, swing yourself alog to the second window that the red glare is coming from, break the glass, and go in and rescue those three old ladies—well, what the deuce are you waiting for?" "For pen and ink, sir," said the new man. "I want to hand in my resignation."

The babies in the infant class of a Melbourne school were learning spelling (says the "Australasian.") The teacher wrote STAR on the black-board; but no one knew what it meant. She rubbed out the S. What does T-A-R spell?" she asked.

"Tar," said the boy at the head.

"Now, I'll put an S in front of it. What is it now?"

"S-phalt," said the boy at the bottom.

Less ingenious was the black boy to whom the station accountant undertook to teach arithmetic. A column of double figures was to be added up. The first column made a sum of 37. "Will I put down the 7 or the 3?" the tutor asked.

"Mine don't give a dam, boss," Jacky said, cheerily.

THE CUP.

You are walking down the street,
Mildly cursing at the heat,
And a friend you chance to meet

Walking up;
Unsuspectingly you pause,
And with no apparent cause,
He jaws an' jaws an' jaws
About the Cup.

It's the Cup, the Cup, the Cup,
"Wot's yer fancy fer the Cup?"
"Got no chance, 'e ain't my fancy"—
"Ain't a decent rider up!"
"Straight, I got 'im in a double—
Ten to one? 'Tain't worth the trouble."
So they boast and blare and bubble
Of the Cup.

In the eating-house at lunch
Ev'ry sporting group and bunch
Talk between each bit they munch,
And each sup,
Hardly have the time to eat—
"Tell yer, he'll be hard to beat,"
So they babble and they bleat
Of the Cup.

It's the Cup, the Cup, the Cup,
"Wot yer backin' fer the Cup?"
"Im! Why, blime, ev'ry time 'e
Starts 'e 'as to chuck it up!"
Thus they chatter ev'ry minute,
And I don't care what will win it,
For I don't know one horse in it—
In the Cup.

There's no safety in retreat,
In the office, in the street,
Every blessed man you meet

Brings it up.
On the train and on the car
On the corner, in the bar,
Here and there, and near and far,
It's the Cup.

It's the Cup, the Cup, the Cup,
It's the

Oh, d—n the Cup!
—T. O'Ruddy in "The Gadfly."

"WANTED ON THE VOYAGE."

The porter shouted, "Right away,"
The guard his whistle blew;
The train remained just where it was,
As if 'twere stuck by glue.

The stationmaster stormed and raved,
"What alls the blessed train?"
The brakes were tried; they acted
right.
The whistle blew again.

But still no move. What could be
wrong?
No signal blocked the way;
No bearings hot, no axles sprung,
The rails in order lay.

They made a systematic search,
And found out what was wrong:
'Twas nothing much; they'd but forgot
To hitch an engine on.

Mr. Isaacstein (reading).—Fire in Queen street! Loss estimated at £30.

Mrs. Isaacstein.—Any inzurance?
Mr. Isaacstein.—V'y, of course not—you don't subbose anybody would estimate a loss at £30, eef dere vas any inzurance, do you?

"Madam, I must request you to remove your hat," remarked the polite theatre attendant.

The lady smiled grimly.

"Does my hat annoy the little man behind me?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then you'll find it much easier to remove him."

The sport that pleased me when a baby

Remains to me of joy the source,
Save that my horse was then a hobby,
And now my hobby is a horse.

There is a good story told of a gentleman who arrived at home from the club at two o'clock one morning perfectly satisfied with life: The house, however, was wavering, wavering, wavering, around, but he watched his chance, and presently when the steps got in his neighbourhood he made a jump and climbed on to the portico. The house went on wavering and wavering, but he watched the door, and when it came his way plunged through it. He reached the stairs, and with difficulty got to the top. He raised his foot and put it on the top step. But his toe hitched, and he rolled down the stairs, fetching up on the bottom step with his arm round the newel post, and he said: "God pity the poor sailors out at sea on a night like this."

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