

PARAGRAPHERICAL AND HUMOROUS.

A gentleman who was present at the wedding of Mr. Job Wall and Mary Best, took it upon himself to write thereupon the following lines:

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blessed
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left alone;
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.

Schnitzenheim remarks: "I dinks dem Engliche vellers vind dot Sout Africa vash a leedle too Zulubrious, aindt it?"

The lawyer lieth on flowery beds of fees.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker if you would call your sole your own.

Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe. "Why, Tom, it strikes me that you made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I am sensible it is a round one," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of getting it squared."

On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

At a wedding recently, the officiating priest put to the young lady the home question.

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

The maiden dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with modesty, replied, "If you please, sir."

Mrs. Chibbles—"Oh! good Mr. Sailorman, do you think there is any fear?" Old Salt—"Sartin, marn, sartin; lots o' fear, but not a bit o' danger!"

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

A young gentleman who had just married a little beauty, says, "she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature couldn't afford it."

"It appears to me," said a small apple-faced man, "that they make a great deal of fuss about this fellow, Shakespeare, I'd just like to know what it is all about! Why, if it wasn't for his writings he never would have been heard of!"

Nine times in ten, if you run against a man in the dark you will say "Hello!" The other fellow begins to say the same; often he omits the last syllable.

A woman appeared in the court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you." Judge—"I say, what has she got?" "Chills and faver, plaze yer honor."

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair was grey, replied with great earnestness, "Oh, no, I'll dye first."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin!" replied the other; "botherashen! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, so I have."

SENSTRUCK—"Sam, wharfo' am de 'casion ob yer sore nose?" "Ise been sunstruck, Clem." "Dasso? How kin de visitation?" "Well, yer sec, dat boy Rem an' me was heffin' punkins last night, and hem p'inted one f'ords me rather sprightly, an' dar's de record ob de 'clision."

CURRAN'S DINNER.—After Curran left college and went to London to study for the bar his finances were very low. A story is told of his going dinnerless to St. James' Park, where, sitting hungry on a bench, he began whistling an Irish tune. An elderly gentleman paused to rest on the same seat, and, seeing the melancholy look of the youth, inquired how he came to be sitting there, whistling an Irish tune, when other people were at their dinner. Curran replied that he would be at his dinner too, but a trifling matter of delay in remittances—obliged him to dine on the Irish tune.

Science has given us many instances of striking resemblance between children of the same mother. The old adage that Nature never makes two things exactly alike is, therefore a myth. We heard, the other day, of two brothers who were so nearly alike that they frequently borrowed money of each other without knowing it.

THE OPEN GATE.—A gentleman, having occasion to praise a kind-hearted Irishwoman for her good deeds, said to her, "Well, well, Kate, if there's a heaven in the next world, you will get into it." As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of the race, "God bless ye, Mr. P., an' sure if I do, I'll lave the gate open for you."

The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are His gifts to all like. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

This from the journal of Julian Charles Young:—

Henry M., Q. C., now perhaps the wittiest man of the day, found himself entering the same railway carriage with Lord W— when he was Lord Chancellor. "Why, M—, what a size you have grown! You are as fat as a porpoise! I'm almost ashamed to be seen with you!"

"I don't see why you should, my lord. Nothing is more natural than for the porpoise to be in company with the Great Seal!"

IRISH WIT.—Plunket, an Irish lawyer, whose eloquence and ability made him a leader in Parliament, was noted for his caustic wit. "A witness who, though very ready to reply to the questions on the direct examination, was by no means so when cross-examined, was taunted by Plunket with this.

"The excuse made by the witness was, 'The counsellor's questions put him in a doldrum.' The judge, Chief Baron Lord Avonmore, repeated the word, 'A doldrum! What is that?'"

"I can tell your lordship," said Plunket: "a doldrum is a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart."

"An acquaintance of Plunket's, who was not remarkable for his brilliancy, was said to have foretold an event. 'I always knew he was a bore,' replied Plunket, 'but I did not know he was an augur.'"

THAT PRESCRIPTION.—A domestic in an up-town New York family, one morning before breakfast, took the following prescription to a druggist in the neighborhood: "Please give the bearer a double dose of castor oil with taste disguised." Handing it to the clerk, she sat down to await the preparation, but was agreeably surprised to be soon asked if she would like a glass of soda. Having drunk it, she resumed her seat and waited for about fifteen minutes. She then ventured to remark that she was "afraid the folks would be ready for breakfast" if she did not go soon. "Well, said the clerk, 'what are you waiting for?'" "Why, for that glass of soda," she said. "Why, I gave it to you in that glass of soda-water some time ago." "O, law!" was the reply, "it was not for me; 'twas for a man down at the house."