

"Passing the Salt."

I am not what you call disbelieving, and at times I never should stick,

But sometimes the yarns people tell me are really a little too thick;

For instance, when dining last evening at Lady De Gossip's, you see,

I was listening to old Major Braggart who was sitting alongside of me.

He was gassing, as usual, of deeds he had done, I took them all in till he came to this one:—

"In the war, when three miles from my army,

"Fifty Boers were advancing on me;

"They came in line, straight as a dye, sir, and I had but one cartridge, you see.

"So I aimed at the flank of their line, sir,

"It meant death if my sight proved at fault;

"But the bullet went clean through the fifty at once!"

I said — "Would you mind passing the salt?"

A captain who had sailed the Atlantic, said
"Ah! that reminds me, don't you know?"

And then in a manner pedantic, he started the wretched
to know - thus:-

"We were just thirty miles out of harbour, when a storm
struck our vessel 'midships;

"I didn't have any palaver, but down all the canvas I
strips;

"But nothing would save her; the vessel went down -

"I swam for three hours, and I thought I must drown.

"But just near me I spotted a shark, sir, with its mouth
opened wide, don't you see;

"And I saw I was in for a bark, sir; for shark-catching
is fine sport for me.

"So I swam and caught hold of his tail, sir, and on to
his back did a vault;

"Then made reins of my braces, and steered him ashore".

I said - "Would you mind passing the salt?"

Another man here at the table, a racing yarn started
to sport;

To tell a good yarn he was able, there wasn't a
manner of doubt.

He was riding a horse, so he told us; and for pots he had backed it to win;

But he found his gee-gee was a jibber, and he looked well like losing his tin.

But he suddenly thought of a wonderful scheme; it came to him, all as it were, in a dream;

Yes; the race of the day was a grand one, Ah! but few knew the issue at stake

If the people discovered my secret I'd be warned off the course, no mistake!

For I'd put a false nose on the nag, see; for shortness of nose was his fault,

And the nose came in first - by an inch and a half!
I said, 'Would you mind passing the salt?'

A grey-whiskered mining perverter, said:
"When I was only a youth, of a strange scene I was an observer; and what I shall tell you is truth.

"It was while I was living in Paris a man guillotined I once saw,

With the details your minds I won't harass,
He was killed just according to law.

His hands they were tied to his back with a rope,

They chopped off his head - he was dead, without hope. Ah! but then came the wonderful part, sir; for the man wasn't dead; no, not he:

For he sprang to his feet in a moment, picked his head up again, don't you see, and stuck it ~~on~~ on!

I said "Hold hard a minute; his hands were tied; so there you're at fault".

He said "Oh! no. He picked his head up again with his teeth!"

I said, "Would - you - mind - passing - the - salt?"