

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters, and form the title of a popular poem.

My 12, 27, 23, 7, 5, 19,—a light house.
My 14, 6, 26, 11, 17,—a light musket.
My 20, 4, 13, 1, 4, 10,—to stop a wheel.
My 24, 3, 15, 5, 21, 16, 4,—popular.
My 8, 13, 9, 2, 25, 23, 18,—to shine.

B. E.

THE CRITIC will be sent free for one year to the person giving the only correct answer to above puzzle. When two correct answers are sent in, THE CRITIC will be sent free for six months to each of those answering correctly. Answers should arrive at CRITIC office before Wednesday, marked answer to puzzle.

Answer to Epistolary Puzzle published last week.

Dear A,—We were sailing from St. John. The tug was merrily swinging us thro' the gulf. A motley crowd. One did smuggle medicinal oils and gums from other shores. Another is finding his reward for molesting a drafter. Some charlatan is professing to cure warts with hot straw. Here is a very thin man. He would surely not weigh a ton. Another has brought a memento from the famous battle field of Lodi, which he treats as he would an idol. A learned-looking man is observing the tide. He formerly did edit the telegraph. The showman sung to his horrid Gnu. The Quaker bard kept on his drab suit persistently, and I believe would still do so if only a road from death's door. There was a man from the classic ground of Elton in old England who wanted to give a note for his passage.

On deck and at table the sexes intermingled freely. It is better for the sexes to do so at such times.

There was a fair-tressed young girl who invariably came to dinner and dessert. For a while we could not understand what ailed Delia, for that was her name. Then we saw that all the soul of Mr. DeVolf flowed out to her, and that whenever she spoke the bald spot on the tops of at least two crowns would grow red, each in apprehension she was addressing the other.

H.

TIT-BITS.

"May I help you to alight?" asked Jimson, politely, as Miss Le Jones drove up in her carriage. "Thank you. I never smoke," she returned coldly.

A woman in Georgia lived 48 days on water and then died. Water is a pretty thin diet, for a fact, but we know some sailors who have lived nearly all their lives on water.

I notice however much a girl struggles when you try to get a kiss, if she hears her pa's step approaching she always lets up on the struggle long enough to nab the kiss before the old man appears.

Dry goods merchant—"You would like a place in my store, Mr. Shawmut? Have you had much clerical experience?" Mr. Shawmut—"Well, no. The fact is I am not a church member."

Some one has estimated that time thrown away in this world in courting the girl you want to marry, and who is ready to marry you, would build all the railroads and bridges and tunnels and factories and public buildings.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly; "sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" They no longer speak to each other.

In an Austrian town thirty female printers were introduced. The members of the Typographical Union tried many ways to get rid of them, without success. At last the members of the Union who needed wives married the girl printers and that solved the problem. The women were boycaught.

A drunken parishioner was admonished by his parson. "I can go into the village," concluded the latter, "and come home again without getting drunk." "Ah, meonistor, but I'm sae popular," was the apologetic reply.

A few evenings ago a party of gentlemen were comparing notes as to the relative importance of husband and wife. "My wife and I are one," elicited the trite observation, "Which one?" The quietest man in the room said, "I can do better than that; my wife and I are ten." On being asked for an explanation, he rejoined, "She is one and I am the cipher."

"Can you tell me," he asked, as he entered the office the other day, "why the railroads should discriminate so heavily against dressed meat over live stock?" "Certainly, sir; dressed meat is dead, isn't it?" "Of course." "Well, anything that can't kick is always bulldozed by a railroad company."

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, and he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.

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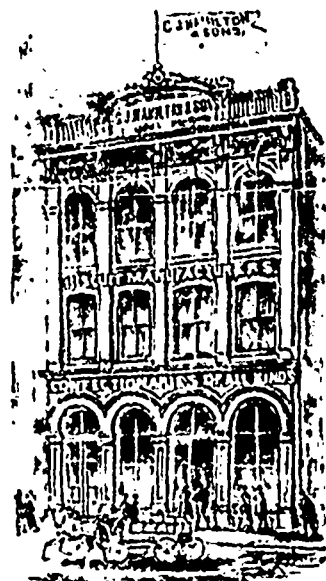
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