

## WITH THE WITS

### QUITE CORRECT.

Some children may be quick and alert when dealing with the concrete, though dull with the abstract.

One of the inspectors was examining a class of young boys in mental arithmetic.

"Now, my boy," he said, pointing to a youngster in front, "how many do four and three make?"

The lad scratched his head, looked inquiringly at the ceiling, but gave no answer.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "supposing I first gave you four canaries, and then afterwards gave you another three, how many canaries would you then have altogether?"

The boy turned his eyes upwards again for a moment, and then cried out confidently, "Just eight, sir."

"Eight, you dunce!" said the inspector, sharply. "However do you make that out?"

"Cos, sir, I've got a canary of my own at home!"

### READY FOR HIM.

A conductor stumbled twice over the foot of a small boy. Looking back at the mother, the conductor said—"Some people seem to have very awkward children. 'Yes,' said the mother; 'I was just thinking your mother had one.'"

### AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

Bertie—"I've been having a lovely game with this post office set you gave me, auntie. I've taken a real letter to every house in the road."

Auntie—"How nice! And where did you get all the letters?"

Bertie—"Oh, I found a big bundle tied up with pink ribbon in your desk."

### EXPERIENCED.

"Save me! Save me!" screamed the girl, who was struggling in the deep water. The young man on the bank hesitated. "I'm a married man," he said, "and I've three children at home. You must understand that." "Yes, yes, but save me," cried the girl. "I can't marry you if I do," explained the young man. "No! No! Only save me. I shall drown if you are not quick." "Yes, I will. But you must promise that you won't fling your arms around me and call me your hero!" "I promise." "Right, I'll save you. You see, I have to be cautious because I rescued a girl once before—that's how I came to be married."

### DEFINITE.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. James to her husband, as she left for a short visit to her mother. "I've put everything in order for you. If you can't find anything write me and I'll let you know where it is." Two days later Mr. James missed a favorite hat of his and wrote to ask where it had been put. This is the reply—"I think I put it in the wardrobe in the front bedroom, but if it isn't there you might try in the hat-stand drawer or the hall table. Or perhaps it has fallen behind the dressing table in our bedroom. I think it's upstairs somewhere. P.S.—Perhaps after all I changed it at the door for some ferns."

### ARTFUL.

Housewife—"Now, what do you want?" Pedlar—"I have here a soap for removing stains from paints, carpets, furniture, and—but, really, I don't think you need it, for there isn't a stain on your paint nor hall carpet, and if your furniture within is as spick and span—which no doubt it is—as everything appears here, I have come to the wrong house. Good morn—" Housewife (pleasantly)—"Never mind. You may let me have half a dozen cakes. I dare say it will come in handy some day."

### THE BOOTS.

Hear the lodger with the boots—  
Heavy boots!  
What a world of somnolence their noise  
uproots!  
How they tumble, tumble, tumble,  
When he drops them late at night!  
While the stairs down which they tumble  
Are the stairs whereon the stumble  
Echoed from that upper flight;  
Marking time, time, time,  
In a sort of rueful rhyme,  
To the fierce expostulation finding vent in  
wild cahoots  
At the boots, boots, boots,  
Boots, boots, boots—  
At the fumbling and the tumbling of the  
boots!  
—Life.

### COLLEGE HUMOR.

A real joke was sprung by a student at a university last week. This student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly weak recitation, the professor said—"Alas, Mr. Blank. You are better fed than taught." "That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me—I feed myself."

### ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

Side by side they sat, at peace with all the world, whilst the cruel wind howled outside the house. "How the wind howls," yelled the maiden, shivering violently. "Yes," cried her lover. "Why does it howl?" shouted she. "I don't know. Perhaps it has the toothache," replied the man, holding her close. "The toothache? What do you mean?" "Yes, the toothache! Have you never heard of the teeth of the gale?" And then the wind howled with increased fury, and the maiden broke off the engagement.

### THE COLOSSAL BLUNDER.

"You have pointed out my mistakes in dress," said the wife, "and my mistakes in buying furniture, and my mistakes in decorating the house, and my mistakes in making acquaintances, and my mistakes at bridge, and my mistakes in marketing—and all my mistakes you seem to be able to observe." "Only because I feel it to be my duty, my dear," explains the husband affably. "Well, I have often wondered how it happens you have never minded me of my greatest mistake of all." "Indeed? Have I overlooked it?" "Yes, it was marrying you."

### THE USE OF CHIVALRY.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in the national movement for good roads, and had many a tale to tell about the incredibly bad roads of some sections.

"I once had thirty miles," so Mark Twain began, "to go by stage in Mississippi. The roads were terrible, for it was early spring. The passengers consisted of five men and three women—three large women, swathed in shawls and veils, who kept to themselves, talking in low tones on the rear seat.

"Well, we hadn't gone a mile before the stage got stuck two feet in the black mud. Down jumped every man of us, and for ten minutes we tugged and jerked and pulled till we got the stage out of the hole.

"We had hardly got our breath back when the stage got stuck again, and again we had to strain our very hearts out to release her.

"In covering fifteen miles we stuck eight times; and in going the whole thirty we lifted that old stage out of the mud seventeen times by actual count.

"We five male passengers were wet, tired, and filthy when we reached our destination; and so you can imagine our feelings when we saw the three women passengers remove their veils, their shawls and their skirts, and lo and behold—they were three big, hearty, robust men.

"As we stared at them with bulging and ferocious eyes, one of them said—

"Thanks for your labor, gents. We knowed this road and prepared for it."

### HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.

"You have some fine ducks this morning?" said a schoolmaster to a poulturer. "Yes, sir, all fresh to-day." "What is the price?" "You can take your choice, sir. I have them at all prices." "Well, I want to give my boys a treat; but I do not want them to be too tender. There are a dozen here—pick out the four toughest." The poulturer obeyed. "Here, sir, you have the four toughest birds in the shop." "Thank you, sir," said the schoolmaster. "I'll take the other eight."

### ONE GOOD THING.

Of two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine, this story is told. The former's style, it should be mentioned, was very verbose, while the latter's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. In court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in these words—"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden, and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

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### GETTING EVEN.

A miser in the north of England once received a letter from a friend in London, but the only message it contained was, "I am well," and for this he had to shell out 2d, as there was no stamp on the letter. Anxious to have his revenge, he packed a huge stone in a box with some shavings, and sent it to London, but did not pay carriage. There was 5s 6d to pay when it reached its destination. The charge was met, but when the box was opened the message inside was: "When I heard you were well this great load rolled off my mind."

### FORCED OUT OF HIM.

He was a middle-aged working man. He had been standing all day, and was impatiently waiting on the station platform. Fifteen minutes elapsed ere the train rushed in. Every carriage, as usual at that time of evening on a suburban line, was crowded. Hastily scanning a dozen compartments in the hope of finding sufficient room to rest his weary limbs, resignedly he inwardly groaned, springing into one of them as the train moved slowly out. There was just a last hope that the train would empty considerably ere he reached his destination. Several stations, however, were passed, and no one moved. Mere flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and turning round, he exclaimed—"Ain't none o' you blokes got any 'omes?"

### THE COST.

Johnson—"My wife had a queer accident befall her the other day. As she was walking along the street a man's hat blew off and struck her in the eye. It cost me ten dollars for the doctor's bill." Dobson—"Oh, that's nothing! My wife was walking along the street the other week, and as she passed a milliner's shop a bonnet in the window struck her eye, and it cost me fifteen dollars."

### ALL THEY WANTED.

The playwright had had many failures, but he thought at last that his latest was bound to be a success. The first night arrived, but the audience greeted his new drama with hisses and groans. The playwright was heartbroken, and said, "It's hard to find out what the people do really want nowadays." "It's easy enough in this case," said a friend; "they want their money back!"

### QUESTION ALLOWED.

"I understand that you called on the complainant. Is that so?" demanded the browbeating barrister of a man he was cross-examining. "Yes," replied the witness. "What did he say?" Counsel for the other side eagerly objected that evidence as to a conversation was not admissible, and half an hour's argument ensued. Then the magistrates retired to consider the point, announcing on their return some time later that they deemed the question a proper one. "Well, what did the plaintiff say?" repeated the cross-examining barrister. "He weren't at home, sir," was the answer.

### WHERE THE SYSTEM FAILED.

"Perhaps you have heard of the Wangle Memory System?" suggested the seedy-looking man, laying his bag on the table and annexing an office chair. "Perhaps I have," replied the busy merchant. "It is an infallible system," went on the stranger. "You sometimes forget things; don't you? Listen. For three guineas you may learn how to remember everything. Will you take a course?" "No, thanks." It is absolutely infallible." "I don't care. I don't want to know it!" "Good-day, then," snorted the seedy-looking man and stamped out of the office. Two minutes later he came dashing into the office again. "Sorry to trouble you," he said. "But I left my bag behind me when I went out!"