

Vit-Bits.

An Attack of Modesty.

Great Editor—"I think it would be a good idea to print our circulation at the head of our editorial page. What's the population of this country?"
Business Manager—"About 70,000,000."
Great Editor—"Well, we'll not claim a circulation of over 60,000,000. No use being hoggish."

Short Lessons in Ethnology.

Mr. Chugwater (drawing on his boots at close of curtain lecture)—"Samantha, I've stood this about as long as I intend to stand it."
Mrs. Chugwater—"What are you going to do now?"
"I'm going out to take a walk with the only living creature about this house that never says a cross word to me."
"Who is it?"
"My dog Ponto."
"Your dog is always kind and affectionate to you, is he?"
(Emphatically)—"Always!"
"That's because he recognizes you as a kindred spirit."

Rare Good Luck.

Fond Mamma—"Why, what have you in your apron?"
Little Daughter (breathlessly)—"Oh, mamma! Such good luck! Potty Dimple's cat had six kittens, and her mamma would not let her keep but one, so she gave me the other five."

Useless Knowledge.

Cookery School Projector—"I have called. Mrs. Slimdiet, to ask if you would not like to join our cookery class, just forming."
Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding-house keeper)—"Oh, I don't care to spend money learnin' how to git up a lot of Frenchified dishes."
"Ah, but you understand. Our lessons are devoted to the preparation of all sorts of nice and palatable dishes just from things left over, you know."
"No use to me. We never have anything left over."

It Is It Is.

A little bitter and a little sweet—
Thus it is that the world rolls on.
A cross to carry and a crown to meet,
Lilies of love and a winding sheet;
Thus it is that the world runs on.

A little bliss and a little pain—
Thus it is that the world runs on.
A shaft of sunshine and a shower of rain,
A burial crowding a bridal train;
Thus it is that the world runs on.

How He Answered.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested?
Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer Honor.
Judge—Explain.
Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.

No Use Disputing.

Father—My son, you must not dispute with your mother in that way.
Boy—But she's in the wrong.
Father—That makes no difference, and you might as well learn, my child, once for all, that when a lady says a thing is so, it is so, even if it isn't so.

A Modern Education.

Fond Mother—"How did you get along in school to-day, Susie?"
Tired Child (wearily)—"Oh, I missed in my geography again. I forgot whether the Putumayo is in the Amazon east or west of the confluence of the Marañon and Ucayali Rivers."
Same Child (years later; wife and mother)—"What is it you want to know, pet?"
Little daughter (struggling over a primary geography)—"Where is the Amazon River, mamma?"
Mamma (after long reflection)—"I think it's somewhere in Africa or Asia, I forget which."

Chance for a Bargain.

Small boy (rushing in)—"Oh, mamma! I know where I can buy a double ripper sled awful cheap. Won't you give me some money?"
Mamma (doubtfully)—"How cheap?"
"Well, I don't know. I haven't asked, but I guess I can get it for 'most nothing; 'cause Mrs. Nobbs hasn't any use for it any more."
"Mrs. Nobbs?"
"Yes. Johnny Nobbs had it, you know."
"But where is Johnny?"
"Why, in ridin' down-hill on it just now, he struck a post an' killed himself."

His Family.

George—Speaking of your wife, I have never seen her yet.
Jack—"Is that so? You must come in with me. By the by, I have a new dog I want to show you, too; most wonderful fellow—a setter. Here's my house. We'll go in the back way—dog's in the yard"

All the Conveniences.

Tourist—(in a coal mine, after passing around cigars)—"Everything seems to be wet and damp. Where can I strike a match?"
Miner—"Roight here, sor. Dinis, lift the rubber cloth offen th' powder keg!"

Nature's Thoughtfulness.

His wife is back!
No more at night,
When seems the town to have a sombre light,
Too dull and gray,
May he go forth with paint to make it bright,
He's had his day,
His wife is back.

But who is that,
With glossy hat,
And step as springy as the step of fawn,
Who leaves at night returning with the dawn!
It is the other man whose wife's just gone!
He'll see the paintings done!
He'll have the fun!
The town shall never stay,
So dull and gray;
His wife has gone!

So gentle nature makes
A compensation sweet,
She gives for what she takes,
And it is sweet,
So where the flower is plucked another springs,
As she's providing for a myriad things.
The town may not be left to stay
All dull and gray:
One wife comes home to-day,
Another goes away.

Old Heads for Counsel.

Young Maid—"What is the best time to marry?"
Old Maid—"Whenever the man is willing."

Waist Not.

Miza Van Coot—They do say she is very extravagant.
Mr. Van Coot—Still there seems to be very little waist about her.

Mitigating Sorrow.

Mrs. Jones—"I'm afraid I will be but poor company for you to-day. Perhaps you had better go home and leave me alone with my sorrow."
Mrs. Smith—"I saw one of your old sweet-hearts as I came along and he was inquiring very kindly after you. He said he'd meet us at Huyler's in an hour."
Mrs. J.—"Who was it? John?"
Mrs. S.—"Yes."
Mrs. J.—"I guess I can go out for a little walk. I don't think my being a widow makes it necessary for me to keep indoors all the time."

The Hired Man Has His Day.

Mrs. Kirkus—"How awfully rigid and dogmatic Dr. Canonius has become since he was made Bishop."
Mr. Kirkus—"Yes; he's in no danger now of receiving a request for his resignation from his congregation!"

Playing Smart With a Outo Negro.

The other day I was one of a party that attended the midwinter session of the Wisconsin Press Association, which met at Janesville, an old and attractive town, snugly lying on each side of Rock River.
On peculiarity of Janesville is the length of time every man has lived there. A negro barber declared that he had lived there forty-nine years.
"You do not appear to be that old," I remarked.
"But I is, sah, ever' day o' hit. Sumfin cuss dater way in our family. We all looks young till we gets erbout eighty years old, an' den we sorter falls into de ways o' ole age."
"So you have lived in this town for forty-nine years?"
"Yas, sah, ever' minit o' de time, putty nigh."
"Didn't I see you in Arkansaw?"
"Daan see how you could w'en I neber wuz dar."
"I would almost swear that I have seen you there. It strikes me that you once kept a shop in Little Rock and that I owe you two dollars."
"What did you say?" he asked with decided interest.
"Little Rock."
"Look yere, dat ain't in Arkansaw, is it?"
"It is the capital of the States."
"Wall, I declar, I's larnin' gog'afy now, sho'. I uster lib dar, ef dat's whut you talkin' erbout—libed dar an' uster shave you, ef I ain't might'y off in my mine; an' I knowed dat some generman down dar owed me two dollars, but I couldn't zack'ly fix him in my ricollickshun."
"I suppose you would like to have the money?"
"Yas, ef you pleases, sah, 'caze I got ter pay de taxes on my property dis ebenin'."
"Let me see. Don't I owe you three dollars, instead of two?"
He began to scratch his head. "I declar, sah, my ricollickshun ain't been so powerful good since I had dat spell o' de 'foid feber. Five is er five an' twice is twenty, wid nothin' ter carry. Six fo is ten, wid nothin' off. I b'lebe, fo' greshous, sah, dat it wuz three dollars—yas, I knows now dat it wuz. W'y, you's got er powerful memory, boss, an' I'll hatter compermen' you on it. Dat's been er good while ergo, an' I dun almos' furgot it. Gimmy," he added, holding out his hand.

Then I began to laugh at him. I told him that he was a liar, and was about to leave the shop when he bade me stop.
"Gimmy dat money."
"I don't owe you anything."
"Wall' we'll see about dat, Jim," he added turning to a fellow who sat near, "didn't you yere dis man say dat he dun owed me three dollars fur er long time?"
"Yes, I heard him acknowledge it," Jim answered.
"Jim is er jestic o' de peace," the barber complained, "an' less you put up dat money right now well take you up befo' de cou't dat is er settin' an' er waitin' for jestic dis'minit. Is you gwine pay?"

I began to argue the case, but soon saw it was of no avail. Jim put his hand on my shoulder and then I reached for the few dimes I had borrowed on the train. I lacked fifty cents of having enough but the barber was generous enough to knock off that amount. I walked about during the entire afternoon, but did not attempt another sharp trick.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

Mary Ann all Right.

"An' have ye heard frum Mary Ann since ye was tellin' me she tuck sick, Mrs. O'Raherty?"
"Indade an' I have, Mrs. O'Flaherty."
"An' what was the matter with her?"
"Nothin' but newmooce I belaves it is they calls it. It's a very catchin' disease among the female actors ivery now an' then. It sames that they all so git sick once in a while wid it; an' av coorse, Mary Ann, a studyin' for the shstage, was liable to git it any day. Now, the Langtry, they say she had it in her fry, a tryin' to lead the shstage, ye know, havin' it in her fate. Who iver av the newmooce bein' in w'?"
"An' is Mary Ann sh'?"
"Yark?"
"She is; an' I'm so gh' newmooce she's got—I'm moight be the typhoid f. havin'."—Kentucky State.

All Wool With One Exception.

The other day a seedy gentleman dropped into a cheap clothing establishment. He nosed around and finally laid his hands upon a coat and vest of loud color and coarse texture.
"How much?" he said laconically.
"Dree dollars."
"Three dollars."
"Dot vas cheap, mein freund. Dot vas a goot goat und vest."
"Are they wool?"
The proprietor held up his hands.
"Are they wool?" he repeated. "So gracious, mein freund, dey vas all wool except the button holes."—Detroit Tribune.

Other Duties to Attend to.

Sister Goldbug—"I'se berry sorry, Bro'r Whitetop, to see you' comin' out o' dat saloon."
Brother Whitetop—"Can't help it, Sister Goldbug. I'se can't expend all my time in dere; I'se got ter go home wunce in a while."

What Started the Fight.

Mrs. Figg—"You little wretch, you have been fighting again, I know you have. What was it all about?"
Tommy—"It was just this way. You see, Jimmy Brown and me, we put in our pennies together to buy apples, an' I was to have the cores of what was bought in the morning and he was to have the cores of what was bought in the afternoon."
Mrs. Figg—"I do not see any unfairness about that."
Tommy—"Yes; but in the afternoon he went and bought bananners."

Won by Her Tongue.

Sowders—"How long did you know your wife before you were married to her?"
Riply—"Two days."
Sowders—"Wasn't that rather a short acquaintance?"
Riply—"If you had heard my wife talk you wouldn't ask such questions. At the end of those two days I felt as though I had known her for five years."

Couldn't Think of Two Things at Once.
The following pathetic remarks were overheard by a small boy at a picnic:
"Darling, I am going to let go of your hand for a minute, but you mustn't be angry. I wouldn't lose it, only some kind of a caterpillar is creeping down my back and I can't fix my thoughts upon you and the caterpillar at the same time."

Her Ineffective Traps.

Minnie—"I am afraid I cannot attend your party, dear. I am going away the day after and I will have such an awful lot of traps to pack."
Mamie—"It's strange, if you really have such a lot of traps, that you have never been able to catch any one yet."

A Prude t Miss.

Sister—Wendell, will you do me a favor? Wendell—Certainly, if I can. What is it?
Mr. Hoyt has been here and asked me to become his wife, and I told him I would give him his answer next week.
Well, what is the favor you ask?
I want you to get his financial rating for me.

Tired of the Old

Soulful Yomi
at mmmmm
how str
thousan
Slee-r
saws
of 30 ye
I malad
paid to a
thas or then
supplied.
Ireland