



GOOD ARITHMETIC.

FRED.: Now, Sally, if I give you five apples, and you eat two, how many will you have?
 SALLY: Five.
 FRED.: Why no, Sally. If you eat two you will only have three.
 SALLY: Yes I shall. I'll have free in my hands and two in my tummy.

A well known author exclaimed, "During my life I have been guilty of only one mistake."
 "Where will that end," inquired Talleyrand.

It was when the late Professor Proctor was an English school examiner that a little girl defined the difference between a man and a brute as follows: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

Merchant—"What do you mean by using such language? Are you the boss here, or am I the boss?"

Clerk—"I know I'm not the boss."
 "Then if you are not the boss why do you talk like a blamed fool?"

"Those stockings are all wool, I presume," she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap her up a half-dozen pairs.

"Oh, yes, Miss," he answered in thoughtlessness, "they're all wool and a yard wide."

"Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, and before he fully realized what he had said she whisked out of the store.

"Dot was the worst poy in Brooklyn," shouted a frenzied grocer. "He puts 'take vun' on dose oranges every tay ven I don't see him, and I lose money."

"Whose boy is he?"

"Dot I don't know, but he ain't fid to live, he ought to bee shoted. I've got a poy of my own," he further remarked, "so I knows choost vot a pad poy is!"

Randolph could say a mean thing for a purpose. One day the cranky old Virginian met a disagreeable enemy on the sidewalk. The fellow came blustering up, and, occupying most of the walk, said:

"I never turn out for scoundrels!"

"I always do," said Randolph, politely stepping aside. (Laughter). Randolph was justified in this.

A friend of Mr. Blaine once asked Conkling if he would take the stump for Blaine in the campaign of '84.

"I can't," said Conkling spitefully, "I have retired from criminal practice."

Mr. Blaine got even with Conkling by telling a story about Conkling's vanity. "One day," said Mr. Blaine, "when Conkling and I were friends, the proud New York senator asked Sam Cox whom he thought were the two greatest characters America ever produced."

"I should say," said Cox, solemnly—"I should say the two most distinguished men in America have been General Washington and yourself."

"Very true," said Conkling, but I don't see why you should drag in the name of Washington." (Laughter).

When women cannot be revenged, they do as children do—they cry.

Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite.

The Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

The newest style of dude collar is called "The Pirate," because it is an adept at cutting throats.

Old Lady (in shoe store)—Have you felt slippers? Small Boy Clerk (solemnly)—Yes, ma'am, many a time.

There was an old game played on believing Spiritualists years ago by those naughty sisters—the old game of Fox and geese.

The conventionality of youth: Mr. White-tie—"Ah, won't you give me a kiss my little man?" Louis (hiding bashfully in his mamma's gown)—"You do it, ma."

Customer—Is that horse fast? Dealer—Well, he's not so fast as he used to be; but he's a fine horse yet. "He looks awfully old." "Y-e-s; he was fast in his youth, you know."

Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?" Wife—"Yes, and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained.

The graceful way in which Ida Green, of Covington, licked a postage stamp won the heart of Moses Smith, a Colorado cattle king, and next week they are to be married. When she comes to lick him, he may sing a different tune.

"'Tis the way of the world," the maiden cried;

"'Tis the way of the world to be glad.

"'Tis the way of the world," the old man sighed,

"'Tis the way of the world to be sad."

"What did you find in the pockets?" inquired Mrs. Hankthunder, anxiously. "There was a small hymn book," said the coroner, "together with a handkerchief, some postage stamps, a few tracks on total abstinence." "It wasn't the colonel," exclaimed the Kentucky lady, greatly relieved; he's probably coming on the next boat."

He loved a blushing maiden,
 But his soul was full of fear,
 So he spoke into a phonograph
 The words he'd have her hear.

Her father moved the lever,
 And before the day was done
 That phonograph was guarded
 By a bull dog and a gun.



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