

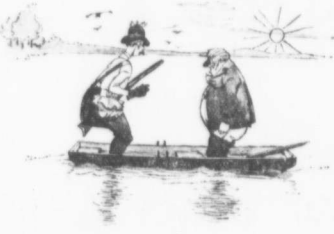
# Wit and Humor.

## THEIR SIZE.

*Foster*—“Have you seen those new cigars Barlow is smoking? They measure about four to the yard.”

*Trotter*—“Yes; and about eight to the graveyard. I’ve smoked one.”

## QUICK REPENTANCE.



*JACK*—“The boat’s settling fast, Tom, and we never can swim ashore with these heavy ducking boots on. If Providence lets me out of this scrap I’ll go to church regular and never swear again.”

*TOM*—“And I’ll never drink another drop or he cross to my wife any more.”

## EVIDENTLY A FOREIGNER.

“How will you have your hair cut, sah?” said the talkative barber to the man in the chair.

“Minus conversational prolixity,” replied the patient.

“How’s dat, sah?”

“With abbreviated or totally eliminated narrations.”

“Guess I don’t catch on yit, boss.”

“With quiescent nondescriptness.”

“Which?”

“Without effervescent verbosity.”

“Sah?”

“Let diminutive colloquy be conspicuous by its absence.”

The barber scratched his head thoughtfully a second, and then went over to the proprietor of the shop with the whispered remark:

“I dunno whether that man in my chair is crazy or a foreigner, but I kyanit find out what he wants, so I kyanit.”

The proprietor went to the waiting customer, and said, politely,

“My man doesn’t seem to understand you, sir. How would you like your hair cut?”

“In silence.”

The proprietor gave a withering look to his journeyman, while the latter began work and felt so utterly crushed that he never asked his patient if he’d buy a bottle of hair restorer.

## FOUNTING UP THE RESEMBLANCE.

*Hojnik*—“Mrs. Glanders can read her husband like a book.”

*Tomalik*—“Yes; and she can shut him up like one, too.”



Completely Done Up.

## AN INDEPENDENT.

*Mr. Hardluck*—“So you want a job, eh? Are you a temperate man?”

*Mr. Lincoln*—“Well, sah, I’ve kind of a mugwump on de liquor question.”

*Mr. Hardluck*—“What do you mean?”

*Mr. Lincoln*—“Well, sah, my principles is total abstinence—total abstinence, sah; but I takes a drink when I feels like it.”

## PRACTICAL ORATORY.

“Have you consented to deliver the address before the graduating class of the cooking school?”

“Yes.”

“Hard to find an appropriate theme, isn’t it?”

“No. Mine is: ‘The Proof of the Pudding is in the Autopsy.’”

## THE DIFFERENCE.

I bought Belinda Jane a rose

In summer time;

(Belinda’s twenty.)

She tilted up her dainty nose;

In summer time

Are roses plenty.

To-day I brought Belinda twelve,

It’s winter time;

(They cost me twenty.)

She kissed me twice, the winsome elf;

In winter time

They are not plenty.

**LORD NORTH**, often indulged in real or seeming slumber. One day he said to a friend at the beginning of a speech on the British navy: “Barre will give us our naval history from the beginning, not forgetting Sir Francis Drake and the Armada. Let me sleep on, and wake me when we come to our own time.” At length the friend roused him, and North exclaimed: “Where are we now?” “At the battle of La Hogue, my lord.” “Oh, my dear friend, you have waked me a century too soon!” On another occasion an opponent stepped in the middle of an invective to exclaim: “Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep!” “I wish I were,” rejoined the sleeper, fervently.—*Argonaut.*

## NEEDED LEISURE.

*Type Doodle*—“Kin ye tell me w’ere dey’s givin’ away free bread for nutin’?”

*Ben Eodent*—“Why do you ask?”

*Type Doodle*—“I wanten loaf.”



*JACK*—“She’s settled another foot, Tom. We haven’t long to live. Oh, why did I ever sniff at religion?”

*TOM*—“Try and pray, old man, while I hold the guns; try and pray.”

## NOT SOUND.

*Roundabout*—“What would you call this, a melodrama?”

*Silly-man*—“Mellow! I should say it was rotten.”

## IN THE LEGISLATURE.

*Foster*—“But what grammar and outlandish words that legislator is using in his speech. I supposed he was an educated man.”

*Crescent*—“Well, he is! But, you see, he represents a backwoods district, and the speech he is making is designed for home consumption.”

## LITERAL.

“How do you get on with your new mount, Mr. Von Miner? Do you ride much now?”

“Not regularly, Miss Lovely—only off and on.”

*Spotts*—“I’m very sorry for that boy. Your wedding cut him to the quick.”

*Blodwumper*—“That’s impossible. He has no quick. He’s a messenger boy.”

**DURING** the year 1883, threatening letters were sent to many public men in England. Among others, Lord Salisbury received a letter from the Chief Constable of Hertfordshire informing him that his life and that of the late Mr. Smith, First Lord of the Admiralty, were to be attempted the following Monday. This letter Lord Salisbury sent to Mr. Smith, with the accompanying grimly comical little note:

“My Dear Smith: The enclosed may interest you. I am afraid I am, in point of superfluities, the biggest mark of the two.—*SALISBURY.*”

**DURING** the Russo-Turkish war, while relations were very strained between England and the Czar, a member was indiscreet enough to put a question to Disraeli, who was then prime minister, as to the policy of the government in the event of the Emperor of Russia doing a certain act.

Disraeli, with a most funereal face, slowly advanced to the table. The question, he declared in a slow, measured voice, was one of such perilous moment, that the honorable member acted most unwisely in putting it on the paper; yet it was a question of such importance that the only course now open to the government was to accept the inevitable, and boldly answer. “It,” declared Disraeli, “the emperor takes this step, all I can say is—and I am speaking after a prolonged consultation with my colleagues—the government will then give the policy they are to pursue their very best consideration.”—*Argonaut.*

**SHE** had not known the young man long, and when he asked her to be his she referred him to her father.

He had tackled more dangerous men than a girl’s father, and he went in bravely.

“So,” said the father, observing how handsome and debonair he was, “you want to marry my daughter?”

“I do, sir,” he answered promptly.

“Are you prepared to make any sacrifices?”

“Certainly, sir.”

“I suppose you are a man about town?”

“To some extent, sir.”

“Then you must give up the club.”

The suitor was rudely shocked.

“Give up my club?” he exclaimed.

“Yes, sir, give up your club,” replied the father sternly.

“Great Scott, man, I can’t do it.”

“But you must.”

“I tell you I can’t do it,” he insisted.

“I’m a policeman, and have no other means of support.”

Then the father smiled serenely and told him to run her in at once.



*JACK*—“Well, Tom, who in ——— would have thought that this ——— pond was only two feet deep? Let’s have a drink.”

*TOM*—“I’ll go you.”