

"SORTS."

We meet a great many warm friends these days.

A typo says that he is engaged at pick nicks every day.

Good rowers keep out of rows. They keep their oar route.

"M. Ike" complains of taking cold by leaving off his winter cane too soon.

Acorn stakes are always run on Oak's day in England. Oaks-cuse the joke.

The rise in printing paper has had the effect of causing a decline in bustles.

The chief use of a sea captain in these days is to explain how it all happened after most of the passengers have been drowned.

A man down town was presented with a pair of twin boys the other day. He remarked that it was a warm day, but he didn't expect two son-strokes.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O, Nature!

Little drops of water (in the milk), little grains of sand (in the sugar), are what make the big fortunes of the humble milk-men and the obscure grocers.

The paragrapher who labors six hours and a half grinding out five original jokes, and then labels them "Idle Moments," has a keen appreciation of humor.

A New York musical critic is looking for another situation. He wrote twenty-five lines about a concert and neglected to ring in the word "technique."

In concluding an article on the last corn crop an editor of a country exchange remarked: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a magnificent pair of ears."

When his cousin, Charlotte Dunne was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was being done, and not Dunne when it was done."

Don't despise a woman because she can't drive nails or hang pictures; if you want to discover your own weak points, just try to carry a 6x4 mattress down a narrow winding stair.

A writer advises that girls who wish to have small mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

An exchange says: "A full-grown man who throws his orange peel upon the sidewalk is no man." Well, what do you think of an orange peel that throws a full-grown man upon the sidewalk?

This is the season of the year when the small boy goeth to the barber and winketh at him and sayeth: "Cut off the ends of my hair." And, behold, the barber cutteth off the hair and leaveth the ends.

A young lady appeared recently at a paper carnival as a printing press. Nice kind of a press to print something on, no doubt. A gentlemanly compositor wanted to know if she could make "pi."

He was informed that a lady had called to see him in his absence. "A lady," he mused aloud, "a lady." Upon an accurate description he brightened up and added, "Oh, dot vas no lady; dot vas my wife."

"Why don't you come in out of the rain?" said a good-natured dominie to a ragged Irishman. "Shure it's av no consequence, yer reverence," returned Pat; "me clothes is so full of holes they won't howld wather."

The average person speaks about one hundred and twenty words a minute. This estimate is considerably short of that required when the speaker has a trunk lid fall on his head while he is hunting for a sleeve button.

"Zephaniah," said his wife with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

When a Western journal desires to be personally affectionate it alludes playfully to "the bald-headed old galoot who sweeps up the floor with his ears," or "our horn-swigging neighbor whose nose is the record of years of unpaid bar bills."

Mr. Wallace predicted that a sphinx moth would be found in Madagascar with a proboscis long enough to reach into the nectary of "anagæcum sesquipedale," and Mr. Pascoe refers to a rumor that such an insect has been discovered.

The "Naiad Queen" was given as an opera lately in Kansas City by amateurs to an auditorium filled to its utmost capacity by the male persuasion. Not a lady being present. The printer had done the business by making the programme read "The Naked Queen."

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven yeres, but if you kant spell enny better than you hev ben doin for the las to months you may jes stoppit."

"Trousers under the skirt," remarks a fashion paper, "are universally worn by equestriennes." Well, yes; we should think that was the proper place to wear them. An equestrienne with trousers outside the skirt would be a spectacle sufficiently startling to attract considerable human attention, if, indeed, it would not scare the horse. And, then, to consider the amount of ingenuity required to get both legs of them on over the same skirt.