

## "SORTS."

Kissing goes by smacks.

Talk is cheap—unless a lawyer does the talking.

A cat down south eats onions. As if its yell wasn't bad enough.

After man came woman. And she has been after him ever since.

A novel cross—the marriage of "George Eliot" to Mr. Cross.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

When a farmer puts a ring in a hog's nose he strikes at the root of the thing.

A good batter can be made of buckwheat flour, but a good catcher cannot.

A gap in the carving-knife betokens that a spring chicken has been in the house.

Live business men advertise in newspapers, dead ones on the graveyard tombstones.

Two souls with but a single thought—a married couple. Each wants to boss the other.

"Waiter, a newspaper." "Which one, sir?" "The handiest." "We do not subscribe for it here."

Salt water will prevent the hair from falling out, but to prevent its being pulled out get home early.

A new species of fowl recently discovered in Alaska is called the "plumber," because it has such a big bill.

Head in a Chicago paper: "The pimple quintette." "Five children in one family have the small pox."

A female writer asks: "What will my son be?" Why, one of the boys, of course, you foolish woman.

"I am a broken man," said the poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

"Paper bricks" are spoken of in a Western article. We have 'em here—fellows that pay their subscriptions in advance.

When Joseph's brethren put him into that little excavation we read about, did he remark, "A pit it is, and true it is a pit?"

The simplest cuss word in the Chinese language would more than fill this line, but the Chinese have plenty of time and lots of alphabet.

The question is, how much did Tennyson get for his lines on the birth of the baby elephant—if that was what his recent poem referred to?

Many a timid, shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.

The idea that gunpowder and whiskey will make a soldier feel brave is all nonsense. Put him behind a stone wall if you want to see his spine stiffen.

Some one inquires: "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to waist, long ago.

"God bless our home," worked in different colored silks on cardboard, would be a good motto to hang over the desk of the judge of the divorce courts.

Sankey has written a new hymn entitled "Is Your Lamp Burning?" We burn gas, so the conundrum doesn't interest us. It is addressed to wicked people.

New spring bonnets and lavender pants got a set-back recently, owing to a heavy hail-storm, but we noticed that the boom in beer seemed to go on all the same.

A young lady just home from boarding-school, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed, "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

Play spades if you would win potatoes; play clubs if you would deal with a ruffian; play hearts if you would win friendship; play diamonds if you would win a woman.

A stranger from Union City, stopping at a prominent hotel, being asked by the waiter if he would have green or black tea, replied that he "didn't care a darn what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetenin' in it."

A confectioner advertises "Fifteen kisses for ten cents." Too dear. In these days of returning prosperity, a young man can get more than a hundred kisses by simply carrying her a pint of peanuts on Sunday evening, 'tis said.

A drunken Scotch parishioner was admonished by the parson. "I can go into the village," concluded the latter, "and come home again without getting drunk." "Ah, meenester, but I'm sae popular!" was the fuddled Scotchman's apologetic reply.

"What earthly use is it," exclaimed a languid Washington swell the other morning, "our twying to be awistocwatic, monarchical, and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States eats peanuts when riding in the street cars."

A contemporary says: It is all right for church choirs to serenade newly-married people, but there are more appropriate hymns for such occasions than "What shall the harvest be?" "Ninety-and-nine" wouldn't be just the thing either. It is too many.

It has been proven that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a \$1000 mortgage out of sight.

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said the Widow Smith to the irrepressible small boy. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when little Jack Horner was sayin' to our Jule that he'd take her, even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I burst 'em."