

"SORTS."

A passing event: "I make it next."

Every printer is a galley slave and his wife is the gal he slaves for.

Newspapers don't believe in old issues. They sell them to the rag men.

Thoughts that burn—Amateur poetry when the editor's waste-basket is overflowing.

Col. McClure says the rule for all after-dinner speeches is the rule of every newspaper office—"Cut it short."

"There's no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't."

A travelling printer, for want of work at his trade, went to work on a farm. He came one day to ask his employer if a hen should be set solid?

An editor wrote "An Evening with Saturn," and it came out in the paper "An Evening with Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman said it was the work of the "devil." And it looked that way.

When a man asks a favor at a newspaper office, and states that he has been a subscriber for a number of years, a denial becomes an impossibility. The argument is clinched, and he can have the entire establishment for the asking.

The venerable parson stands up in church and decries the follies of this world; but, if he is bald-headed, it is generally noticed that he scrapes the fringe of his hair above his ears up over the bald spot just as carefully as other men.

An enterprising New Yorker advertises to manufacture dimples, and the poet will feel kind of mean if he uses up a quire of best note paper and a bottle of ink, writing about the dimple on his girl's chin, and then finds out that she bought it.

There is to be a club of circus men. There will be no chairs in the club—nothing but trapezes. When they dine everybody will stand on his head. There will be no stairways. The members will get into the club by climbing the waterspout and coming down through the chimneys.

The funniest boy is the one who thinks he is a man. He wears a cane, smokes weak cigars, toys with the fob of his watch chain, and allows the barber to hone the feather edge of a razor on his face; but he can't fool the girls worth a cent. Nothing short of a real moustache takes with them.

Thomas Hughes gives this as the most characteristic negro verse he has thus far heard sung in Tennessee:

De debble he chase me round a stump,
Gwine for to carry me home;
He catch me most at ebbery jump,
Gwine for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet char-i-o-t,
Gwine for to carry me home.

The manner of newspaper reporting in a provincial village: "An accident, which might have resulted fatally, happened yesterday to Mme. la Marquiese de Bonbeck, aged eighty years." Editor-in-chief making corrections: "We must put her down forty-five or she will stop her subscription."

Believers in metempsychosis have had their faith refreshed by the recent birth of a child who, upon coming into the world, made a searching scrutiny of his surroundings, and, sinking back into his nurse's arms, said: "Thank, Heaven, at last I have got myself born into a family that is comfortably fixed!"

It must be rather trying to be married to an emotional actress, to have her clutching you by the throat at 3 a. m., and shouting in a hoarse stage whisper: "Slave, didst lock the kitchen door? the key, where is't, quick? I'll strangle thee. Didst lay the milk picher on the outer battlements? Aye, me good lord, I'm mad."

The American woman is nothing if not enterprising. A prize was offered for the mother who presented the greatest number of her own children at the Indiana State Fair. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Line each brought nine, but Mrs. Line gave birth to a tenth on the ground, and so took the prize. Mrs. Smith asked the judges to wait for further returns, but they wouldn't.

You have doubtless all seen the slightly sunburnt youth, fresh from some summer resort or other, who always perches himself upon street corners and talks loud about "taking a reef out of the quarter deck, hauling in the jibbom of the forecandle, and lowering the aft of the poop thlathway, bearing off the anchor to the lee of the starboard, and tacking the mainmast fast to the fore top of the sail after yanking the fore yard arm clear out of joint." He can't help talking thus; he has spent three days at some watering place, and learned all that can be known of the sailor's life.

Hear ye! hear ye! All paragraphers to whom these presents may come, greeting: The following, hereinbelow mentioned, staple standbys of the Paragraphers' Association, having from constant reckless usage become completely threadbare, are hereby retired from further service or circulation: All references to Bernhardi's etheriality. All references to the maternal ancestress of your own or anybody else's wife. All references to the hind legs, or any other part of the anatomy of a mule. All references to small boys, whether connected with green apples, mothers' slippers, etc. All references to the birthday of Anna Dickinson, Susan Anthony, Maggie Mitchell, *et id omne genus*. All references to banana peel, etc., etc., on the sidewalk. All references to umbrella borrowing or stealing, etc. All references to the veracity of Eli Perkins or Don Piatt. All combinations requiring young man, young woman, ice cream, etc. All references to David Davis. All combinations of cats, boot-jacks, etc. And all others of the same sort of like age and services.