

"SORTS."

A stuck up thing—a show bill.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

All earthly joys must pass away, and even little Tom Thumb is getting bald-headed.

An editor says that he never dotted an i but once in his life and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

Everything was admitted to the ark by pairs, and they were "good," for there was not three of a kind in those days to beat them.

It is a strange but melancholy fact, that the less water there is on the bar, the more schooners go over it.—*Bridgport Standard.*

Prof. Swift, of Rochester, stays out until one or two o'clock in the morning, and then tells his wife that he has discovered a new planet.

It was a darkey who exclaimed, as he rose from his knees at a prayer meeting the other night: "Here I raise my ebon-knees-sir."

"I can't go myself, but I'll send a hand," remarked a mother, reaching for her boy and giving him a box on the ear.—*Steuenville Herald.*

Sh! don't give it away. We keep a bottle with a stick in it constantly on our table. And we find that it adds much to lighten our editorial labors. It paste to keep it.

Among many surmises as to what will become of the last man, it is strange that nobody would suggest that the last man is destined to be talked to death by the last woman.

We knew that our turn to be victimized would come. Counterfeit five cent pieces have at last invaded the security that hedged in and about the average newspaper man.

Never blame a person for that which he can not help. The young man who carried off a half pound of ink on his light summer suit last press day, didn't know the cover of the ink keg was in the chair when he sat down.

Will newspaper reporters ever get through writing that a man seriously ill or badly hurt is in a "dangerous" condition? A man may be dangerous when in full possession of health and strength, but quite harmless when prostrated with illness or wounds.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The *Boston Transcript* reports that "every man has his preference and every woman her bias." It might have added every soldier has his gore.—*Albany Journal.* Not to mention every after-dinner speaker his hem, and every Irish car-driver his baste.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"What does 12mo. mean?" asked the innocent wife of a daily newspaper compositor as he was lazily partaking of his mid-day breakfast. "12mo.? Why, don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&weowiy. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?"—*Oswego Times.*

"Threw up the sponge, did he?" said Mrs. Spilkins, as her husband finished reading an account of a prize fight. "Why, he might have known he couldn't keep a sponge on his stomach. What did he swallow it for, anyhow?"

Thanks to the piscatorial industry of the Princess Louise, the royal family of England have been living of late almost exclusively on salmon. The increased phosphorus in the queen's recent speech was very noticeable.—*New York Telegram.*

A great many of our modern young ladies resemble the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin? But they spend a pile of money and lay around the house and let their mothers do the work. That's the kind of hollyhocks they are!—*Elmira Gazette.*

When a young fellow arrays himself in his best clothes and on his way down town is for the first time accosted by the bootblacks with "shine yer boots," he may consider that he has crossed the dividing line that separates boyhood and manhood, and that it is in order for him to purchase a meerschaum pipe.

"Young man," said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork." "How so, sir," asked the student. "Because," answered the stern old professor, "you can't get enough of it."

A hen out in the country is laying eggs measuring eight and a half inches around the waist. She is evidently tired of hearing of "hailstones the size of hen's egg," and is determined to inaugurate a reform in this particular. It is hoped all the hens in the country will turn in and assist her in her laudable effort.—*Norristown Herald.*

Nothing is more picturesque than a woman at a picnic in the rain. Her finery dampened by the moisture of heaven, her skirts bedraggled in the wet grass and mud, her spirits in the basement of the thermometer, she reminds one of a chicken that has been making believe it was a duck, and got beyond its depth.—*New Haven Register.*

He was a new apprentice just put at the case, and when he collided with the word "gum-boil" in his copy he brought the manuscript to the editor and asked him if he didn't mean gum-bile? Ten years hence he may be the editor and sole proprietor of a patent outside newspaper, and writing financial editorials under the head of "Pay Up—We Want Money."

The editor-in-chief of the *Shreveport Standard* has had his hair mowed. He relates how the barber vexed him during the shearing process with narratives, and in supposed obedience to a request that he "cut it short," reduced his capillary substance to its present state, in which his head would serve for a phrenologist's model. A curious theory advanced is that he likes it short, now that it cannot be helped, "because the flies light on his head and tickle" him.