

## "SORTS."

Does your umbrella keep Lent?

A printer's row—A quad-rangle.

An impressive man.—The pressman.

It doesn't hurt business to dispatch it.

Job was a patient man even when out of a job.

Miss Cellaneous is closely related to Hettie Rogeneous.

Lydia Thompson having left the stage is living an attired life.

The rise in straw paper has affected the price of Havana cigars.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

Jameson says "the bread of life is love." But it should not be inn bread.

Kite tails will feel lost when telegraph wires have been put under ground.

Now is the season to drive cattle on the ice, if you want cowslips in the water.

Adam and Eve had a hard time on their bridal tour. They never got home again.

Tin weddings are not half so expensive since the five-cent stores have been opened.

The expression, "It goes without anything," must have referred to that unloaded gun.

The Galveston *News* man says "Adam opened the Ark-an-saw." Did he saw his boat?

"There's music in the heir," says one of our cops. He has a bran-new baby at his house.

A Western journalist says he always gets one article without pay.—he gets bored for nothing.

Seven dollars a week with solitude will pan out further than ten dollars a week with twins.

A Colorada girl, Eunice Stone, always kisses the editor she visits. Oh, Eu-nice Stone; come East.

Soft-solder mends many a hole in a hard pan, and taffy heals many a wounded spirit, if judiciously applied.

"Fore-sail or torrent," is the style of a placard tacked to the mainmast of a schooner lying in one of our slips.

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

It is to be hoped that base ball clubs, when organizing for the coming season, will secure pitchers that will hold water—only.

A New York girl has started a novel scheme for the relief fund of the Irish. She sells kisses at fifty cents apiece. They are assister's kisses.

The editor of the New York *Truth* has been asked to whack up \$1500 bail. A judicial diagnosis of his case shows he is too much married.

A friend suggests that the rise in paper is only an attempt to strangle rag-babyism, and by high prices discourage the circulation of hard money newspapers.

Somebody discovers that it takes \$30,000,000 a day to run the world. If that's so, we'll take the contract for one day, and forfeit ten per cent. of the money if we fail.

"Give me your hand," said the schoolmaster, sternly. "And my heart, too," she replied, meekly. Being pretty, her soft answer effectually turned away his wrath.

"Indiana editors," says the New Haven *Register*, "are looking up." "Is this a mean insinuation," asks the Elmira *Free Press*, "that they have got to the bottom of the glass?"

"Look at that little girl over there. What do you think of her dress?" "She couldn't very well have less on." "That's the postal card toilet." "How so?" "No envelope."

Schoolboy with a big apple. Another boy without any: "Oh, Bill! give us a bite, won't ye?" "No, I wont." "Well, then give me the core." "H'm! h'm! I tell you there aint going to be any core."

A rural editor has lost faith in horse shoes. He nailed one over his door recently, and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven stops, and a man called with a revolver to ask "Who wrote that article?"

Care drives the nails in our coffin, but what man can feel jolly when his wife daily hands him a list of neighbors who have got twice as many bonnets as she has, and their husbands not earning half the salary.

A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast this morning, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?" She—"No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."—*Virginia Chronicle*.

The latest thing in India shawls is an embroidered spine up the middle of the shawl, so that it looks as though the wearer's backbone was showing clear through. We don't need to wear a shawl to show up our backbone.

Our devil is a jumpist—  
The devil thought the ditch he would jump,

But headlong into the ditch tell he;  
As he scraped the mud from his inky face,

He said "that was a devil of a jump for me!"

A clergyman recently left Liverpool in a large ocean steamer, and beginning to feel uncomfortable after leaving the mouth of the river, sought the captain to learn if there was any danger. The captain, in response, led the clergyman to the fore-castle, and told him to listen to what was going on. The clergyman was shocked to hear the sailors swearing vigorously, and expressed his horror to the captain. The captain merely remarked: "Do you think these men would swear in such a manner if there was any real danger?" whereupon the parson seemed satisfied and retired. A day or two after, during a severe storm, the captain saw the clergyman proceeding with difficulty to the fore-castle, and on his return overheard him exclaim: "Thank heaven, they're swearing yet!"