

## "SORTS."

It won't be long before bare-footed boys will be drawing their legs up turkey fashion to warm their feet.

An Indiana editor says: "Coal oil, rubbed on the neck and head, will cure hog cholera; we have tried it."

If any merchant thinks advertisements are not read, let him try the experiment of advertising to give away a calico pattern.

The St. Louis *Journal* says: "Many thanks for that little poem on 'Autumn,' but guano and piano won't rhyme in our type."

Many a young lady who has not energy enough to wrestle with a ten cent broom, can come the Lancashire-twist on a hub of green corn as long as your arm.

One quart of cheap whiskey, the cheaper the better, judiciously applied, will do more business for the devil than the smartest deakon he has got.—*Josh Billings*.

Patti is to receive two thousand dollars a night. Though our editorial duties are pressing, still at these figures we might be induced to favor an audience with a solo or two ourselves.

It should be a rule for every typo to carry a stick when he takes his Em. out walking. In this case also he should change his tympan-sheet so that his form may make a good impression.

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write, as well as to row a boat?"

A competent author says you must always lie with your feet to the equator. We have known several excellent liars who have shortened their lives many years by neglecting to observe this rule.

"Ho! Tommy," brawls typo to a brother-in-trade, "the Ministry are to be *changed*, it is said." "That's good," replied Tom, "but it better would be, with a trifling erratum." "What?" "*Dile* the c."

No young woman of any pretensions whatever thinks of wearing anything now-a-days but blue stockings and sandals.—*Montreal Star*. This is rather ahead of the Georgia costume of a shirt collar and spurs.

It is enough to bring tears to the eyes of a potato to see a Burlington man on "lodge night" brace himself up against the office door and try to open a postal card to see what is in it and who it's from.—*Hawkeye*.

"I am very particular about my bathing dress, for there is everything in a bath suit," remarked a spare but beautiful belle to an admirer at Atlantic City. "Yes," was the dry reply, "and very little sometimes." *Tableau*.

A company of printers from Constantinople have joined the Turkish army. They ought to be good at a — at the enemy in the sized region of Bulgaria.—*New York Commercial*. It is surprising that they should be so foolish in their lives where shot and shell may put an untimely . to their existence.—*Graphic*.

An old bachelor editor thus, in his spite, comments on a recent moonlight night: "We left our sanctum at midnight last night, and on our way home we saw a young lady and gentleman holding a gate on its hinges. They were evidently indignant at being kept out so late, as we saw them bite each other several times.

*Red Ribbon* is the name of a new Bay City temperance paper. Whether or not it is the result of *tor eating* deponent saith not. To make the "Red" a fast color it should be set with the vowel a, thus, re(a)d. This is equivalent to an extra rib to a single born. Send on the N, brother Rose, and may you never have to peddle the *Ribbon*, say we.—*Ex*.

It is to be hoped that President Hayes don't read the Burlington *Hawkeye*. It says that the other night, after a late Cabinet meeting, when he went home and set the night lamp on the floor, and then sat down and tried to pare his corns with a button hook, without taking his shoes off, Mrs. Hayes, who was awakened by his gurgling, said she never would have believed it if she hadn't seen it.

A newspaper office hired a colored janitor some time ago named Thomas Jefferson; not long afterward a vacancy was made, and another colored man took his place, named John Adams. John left for certain reasons, and his place was filled by James Madison, colored; James talked some of leaving the other day, and at once there were two applicants for the expected vacancy, one named George Washington and the other Benjamin Franklin.—*Fact*.

Our "Devil" has been s——g, not smeking, or snuffing recollect, but really s——g—well, say swearing, ever since he set that doctor's article on tobacco last week, and even now the doctor says he took the wrong prescription. "Genuine" should have been "gererie," "raphelengi" should have read "rasphelengi," "volatile" was erroneously made "soluble," "physiological" again "phreological," "hychocyonie" should be "hydrocyanic," "diseases caused by its use" should have read "diseases in which it is used." After so much medicine our readers will forgive him for spelling apoplexy with an extra "po," but "anamises" ought to be "amaurosis." Although the poor d—l has spent a week over Ballard & Carrods' "Materia Medica," he is not yet quite sure about these corrections. He came to us beseechingly this morning not to give him any more medicine for at least six months, in hopes that he may find a "sal" somewhere else before the expiration of the time.—*Ex*.