

## "SORTS."

Not amiss—A pretty widow.

A hard thing to sharpen—The water's edge.

An ex-spurt—A dilapidated public fountain.

Design for a policeman's monument—A jack of clubs.

Speaking of lamp-posts, is a whipping post a lam post?

A vessel resembles a reptile when its toad into port.

Those we shall Miss—Our daughters till they are married.

No first-class hotel will let a guest wash his shirt in the china pitcher.

When business it good, carpenters are always sure to come-plane the most.

Have a care, girls, have a care! A French maiden has been hugged to death.

Samson was an eminent tragedian in his day, and his last act brought down the house.

A married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

"Buy your leave, sir," as the landlord said when he paid an undesirable tenent to vacate.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

What word is that composed of five letters from which if you take two one remains? Stone.

The climate of England is favorable for brewing, they have so much "muggy" weather there.

The schoolboy manages to be more perfect in "recess" than any other exercise of the school.

The *Alexandrian*, of Thayer county, Nebraska, advertises for 2000 bushels of corn at that office. It makes the bristles rise to think of it.

An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the "fleshy part of the thigh bone." Fatal, of course.

Men are like a cold: Easy to catch, disagreeable to have about, and hard to get rid of. So says Jerusha Green, on the authority of her married sister.

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconception his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for Men."

It was a Vassar girl who, when a sailor of forty years' voyagings had been pointed out to her as an "old salt," subsequently alluded to him as an "ancient chloride of sodium."

When a Chinaman makes love to a girl he doesn't rave about his heart panting for her, etc. No—He simply tells her that he loves her better than he does rats, and she believes him.

A Norristown girl, who was vaccinated with virus from the arm of a certain young man, is acting very strangely indeed. When sitting on

the sofa she is seized with an irresistible impulse to place the innoculated arm around her own neck. One of our leading physicians says it is the first case of the kind that has ever come under his observation.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recent publication for young men. Most excellent advice, but what if she screams?

"Set 'em up again!" as the irascible foreman said to the unfortunate print who made a wrong font of the whole "take." "Oh, in 'case' that's the 'rule,' I'll have to 'stick' to it, I suppose," replied the unlucky comp.

The *Elmira Gazette* recently published an article headed "An afternoon in the poor-house." Even an editor gets homesick sometimes, and likes to visit his home, if he can't stay longer than half a day.

When the Pilgrim fathers arrived with the *Mayflower* they took her to the village editor, as being the first of the season. The editor returned thanks, and the custom of bringing the first mayflowers has been continued ever since.

Proof positive: A small boy testified in an Austin justice court that the affray took place on a Sunday. "How do you know it was Sunday?" Because I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer instead of the front one."

A number of writers in New York papers are claiming that heaven will contain more than two thirds women. If they wrangle up there as much as they do in getting up church entertainments on earth, the few males will have a nice time of it.

Law Professor—"What constitutes burglary?" Student—"There must be a breaking." Professor—"Then if a man enters your door and takes \$50 from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student—"Yes, sir, because that would break me."

Nothing undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the church so much as to see him stick his hands down deep into his pockets as the contribution box is traveling his way, look astonished, and then remark to his next neighbor, "I've got on my other pants."

There are certain times in the life of a country newspaper man when he is compelled by the most contemptible circumstances to ask his proud soul J. Madison Wells' conundrum: "Am I a vassal or a peer?" And his consumptive-looking pocket book seems to say, "Ask us something easy!"

A boy had always declined to eat oatmeal, although his mother had urged it upon him as a strengthening diet. Suddenly he surprised her by one morning eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. When she asked for an explanation, he replied. "I'm bound to eat oatmeal till I get strong enough to whip Georgy Scott."