

"SORTS."

History tells us that Eve first tempted Adam, but we have never heard her story.

Let me make the paragraphs of a nation and I care not who writes their editorials.—*Boston Traveler*.

We never heard of a policeman getting lost, yet it is always impossible to find one. Singular, isn't it?

"This is the rock of ages," said the father, after rocking the cradle for two hours and a half and the baby still awake.

A young man who had recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

Sin abounds in San Francisco, says an exchange. We discover, however, that it is Ah Sin.—*Oshkosh Christian Advocate*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so secluded that we are never annoyed by stray predestinations and people of that sort.

If a goat were only as strong as some other kind of butter, the price of draft horses would go down fifty per cent.—*Stamford Advocate*.

Some one accuses Alice Coates of biting her nails while on the stage, and she wants it distinctly understood that it is her finger-nails.—*Boston Post*.

Some of those Northern papers sell for a cent apiece. As we are Christians, we are willing to go so far as to hope they are worth the money.—*New Orleans Times*.

When a paragrapher gets up something too stupid to go in the funny column he gives it to the literary editor, who puts it in a column headed "Pearls of Thought."

There's many a girl called a "daisy" before marriage, who after a few years looks like a faded old "buttercup." There may not be much poetry about this assertion, but it's the truth.

An innocent exchange has a dissertation on "Why the hair comes out." After the editor gets married he will write wholly on other subjects, deeming that too simple.—*Rome Sentinel*.

When two newspapers are printed in a town not large enough to support one, it is fearful to contemplate the infernal lies they print about their "large and constantly increasing circulation."

A colored preacher of Norwich a while ago gave out the following announcement: "Brothers and sisters, next Sunday, the Lord willing, there will be baptizing in this place, the candidates being four adults and three adultresses."—*Unknown Prevaricator*.

All the spelling reforms of all the men in all the world will not succeed in lessening the intensity of the school-boy's affection, who scrawls on his slate with a broken pencil: "i luv yu," and hands it across the aisle, with a big apple, to a pretty little blue-eyed girl who reads in the Second Reader.

An editor headed a column of selections "Men and Things," and his wife mused his hair under the impression that the last part of the heading referred to the other sex mentioned therein.

"Take it easy" is a very good motto, but the man who claims to have gone through life on that principle never had to set solid brevier at 20 cents a thousand and keep himself clear of the sheriff.

An English lord in disguise recently obtained a situation on a newspaper, and on a salary of \$3 per week kept a valet. Oh, yes, there is just room for one in the poorhouse, and the other can be sent to the asylum.

We are willing to admit all that mathematicians claim—even that X is a function of Y—but the problem we submit now is a stunner, you bet. It is: If a man is nine feet high and weighs three hundred pounds, and sixty-seven flies fall into his plate of soup, what is the best of his profanity?

A gentle, spirituelle woman, who can't go out into the back yard to hang up the week's washing for fear of catching cold, will gallivant all over a wet beach for two hours in a bathing suit, and flop around in the surf a whole forenoon, and never complain of her health as long as there's a man with a spy-glass sitting out on the hotel stoop.

When you see a lady running after a horse-car, shaking her parasol like mad and crying out frantically, "Here, Here!" the thought comes that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented had she been taught to whistle on her fingers. But her gloves? Ah, yes; we hadn't thought of that. Perhaps it is as well as it is.

We are credibly informed that they used to have calms, sometimes, at sea. That is all changed, in these days. Now, when it don't blow hard enough, the skipper skips out on the t'gallant caboose, with one match, and tries to light his cigar. This infallible process immediately brings on a hurricane—and even the poor landsman knows enough to corroborate this statement.

Now comes Johnny in from school, with "I've got to have a new slate and pencil and a sponge and a second reader and teacher wants me to study geography and I'll have to have an atlas and the new boy got a licking and says ma won't you ask pa to buy the books this noon because I'm in a hurry and all the rest of the boys have got their'n?"

Printers, as a class, are innocent, unsophisticated men. "Do any of you gentlemen know anything about gambling?" asked the editor of the *Oshkosh Christian Advocate* to his competitors the other day, and a cemetery stillness reigned throughout the office. And then the crafty editor cried: "First ball 27," and six or seven printers laid down their sticks and inquired how much there was in the pot.—*Rochester Democrat*.