

"SORTS."

Many a man without principle marries a woman to get principal.

The only sin that mankind is not likely to be falsely accused of—Sincerity.

A design on wood—Prowling around your neighbor's kindling pile after night.

The young lady who married her father's coachman says she was driven to it.

Of course women can keep a secret, but it takes a good many of them to do it.

Freckles on the daughter create more noise in the house than spots on the sun do outside.

Lampton thinks "the man who white-washes ceilings is in a sublime business." This is a kiln-joke.

A cruel-hearted man says his wife's new bonnet isn't nearly as big as the roll of bills that bought it.

Charley de Flukey has discovered why gospel tents attract so many sinners. They mistake them for circuses.

The boy who has the wood to saw is ever ready to encourage any strivings after muscular development on the part of his fellows.

"I will now treat of the tariff issue," said an orator in the last campaign. "Be jabbers," said an Irish hearer, "ye'd better trate the crowd."

It is all very well to talk about the immense advantages of St. John as a great shipping depot, but, for terminal facilities, the wasp takes the cake.

Mr. Thomas thinks it is one of the most touching things in life to hear a Western hog singing to its youngest, "There's a litter in the mire, baby mine."

A Deadham minister asked one of his female parishioners if she was "a mother in Israel," to which she responded, "Oh, land sakes, no! I have never been married."

The late husband, when he finds that somebody has stolen the keyhole out of his door, and diffidently rings the bell, knows exactly who the "Coming Woman" is.

Emma Abbott says that the stage kiss is a "cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, elusive and empty." At five hundred dollars a night we don't see how it can be.

Mamma—"And David was able to kill that great big man Goliath because God helped him." Harry (aged six)—"Well, I don't call that fair, mamma; that is two to one."

An old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

The editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, an influential Liberal paper, has been knighted. How imposing it will be to hear the printer's devil come in and say, "Sir 'Enery 'Amilton, ve vants more copy."

A little Irish boy fell down and bit his tongue. He arose from the ground, crying and sobbing, and said to his brother, "Oh, Stephen, do ye think I will ever spake agin?"

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.

Small boy, watching his sister iron a piece of work with bird's nest of eggs done in crewels on it—"I say, sister, if you keep the iron so long on those eggs you'll hateh 'em."

A bookbinder had a book brought to him to be rebound. After the job was finished, he made the following entry in his day book: "To repairing the 'Way to Heaven,' twenty-five cents."

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one might see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so closely to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is another fellow's sister.

An exchange recently remarked that the Christmas goose was the one who bought more presents than his means would allow, but it might be added that on such an occasion it is better to be a goose than a pig.

A New York man offers to teach men to be polite in six lessons. Go you a heap better, sir! Send along the worst case you know of, and in one lesson we'll teach him to be polite, or we'll beat the life out of him.

A professor asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student, hesitating, replied, "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "That is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

"J'u'nalism," he observed, as he rested unsteadily with his back against the wall, while the moonbeams toyed coldly with his flushed but intellectual countenance, "j'u'nalism's gran' and gorg'us rainbow (hic) wi—wi—wiz one foot in er gin mill an' tuzzer foot i—i—in er poor 'ouse."—*Temperance Journal*.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm,—

I felt as soft 's a cake;

"Oh dear!" says she, "what liberty

You printer men do take!"

"Why, yes, my Sal, my charming gal,
(I squeezed her some, I guess);

Can you say aught, my chick, against

The freedom of the press?"

I kissed her some, I did, by gum!

She colored like a beet;

Upon my living soul, she looked

Almost too good to eat!

I gave her another buss, and then

Says she, "I do confess,

I rather sorter kinder like

The freedom of the press."