

"SORTS."

My first is my second and my whole Papa.

What did the rose say to the sun? Blow me.

What is most like a horse's foot. A mare's.

What is the best day for making pancakes? Friday.

When is a door not a door? When it is a jar (ajar).

Why was Eve made? For Adam's Express Company.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaper.

How can you shoot 120 hares at one shot? Fire at a wig.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," and yet there isn't anything very funny about a locksmith.

A Chicago editor advertises for a wife who knows less than he does. Some men are mighty hard to suit.

I think of thee, dear William,

And I long to hear from you;

Send me a missive, won't you, please,

Oh, come now, billet-doux.

If you were invited to a ball, what single word would call the musicians to their post, and, at the same time, tell you the hour to begin dancing? At ten dance (attendance).

Why is the Ohio river like a drunken man? Because it takes in too much Monongahela at Pittsburg, runs past Wheeling, gets a Licking opposite Cincinnati, and falls below Louisville.

Definition of a yacht by a longshoreman: "Well, you gets any sort of craft you choose and fill her up with liquor and seegyars and get yer frens on board and have a hell of a time—and that's a yot."

A printer being asked the other day how many children he had, replied, "Seven boys, and each boy has two sisters." This may be called the new puzzle of fifteen for those who think he has an unusually large family.

Perspiration never rains, it simply pores.—*New York Express*. And a boil never flies, but it sores.—*Oswego Record*. And apples never fall without cores.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. And a newspaper office is never without borer.

Sedan Journal: "The editor of this paper received a small package on Wednesday last, which was labeled—'Girl: weight seven pounds.' It came in an imaginary lightning express, post free. It is a 'fat-faced nonpareil' in size, but its yell justifies with 'double pica.'"

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes, but would not believe it. Said one, "Gang into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out."

The editor of the Port Perry *Standard* has been presented with a dish of lettuce. That's rushing the season, surely.—*Lindsay Post*. Lettuce have no further remarks.—*Ottawa Free Press*. Hold your peas and more will turnip soon.

When a life insurance agent comes in and tells us that only last week a man insured with him for \$20,000 and paid one premium, and to-day he is dead and his family has the money, it doesn't make us any more anxious to insure, though it may be a convincing argument in favor of the beauties of the system.

What is that stands aloft and regulates our daily movements, yet feels no interest in our concerns; directs when to go and when to come, yet cares not whether we attend or not; still, thus indifferent to our fate, he often strikes a heavy blow to urge us on, and we feel no resentment when the blow is given? A clock.

"You are my bete noir," said the printer's devil's sweetheart, when he became a little too forward. "What is a bete noir?" asked he. "Bete noir," she answered, "means a black devil always hanging round." The young man pondered a good while before he answered, very thoughtfully: "Ah, yes, I understand; I am your ink-you-bus."

"Uncle Pomp," said Colonel M. to a former slave, "I hear that some of you darkies down on the lower place are afflicted with the itch." "Bein' as it's you, boss," replied old Pompey, hesitatingly, "I must confess dat de Lawd has seed fit to affick us dat way, for a fac." "Ah! Doing anything for it?" "Yes, sah; oh, yes, sah!" "What?" "Why, we—er—we am scratchin' fer it."

Quite a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down on Wilson's wharf, the other day, when a boy of about twelve fell off, and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Mose. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed. "Is the boy your son?" asked the sympathetic spectator. "No, boss, but he moujt just as well a been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

"Jennie Dare," whoever she is, has come out with a new song, "Love me a little while the roses bloom." Well, it isn't exactly the thing, so long as we are out of the market, but we'll do it. And then, when the roses peg out, we'll love you a considerable through the verberna season; then we'll keep it up while the—*how* do you spell those flowers that sound like Xenia, Ohio? Zinnia? thank you—while the zinnias flame out, and then we'll hire a conservatory and keep the old thing going till along about Christmas. Bless you, there's nothing mean about us, and if the young men of this country have got so slow you have to make appeals of that nature to the public, we'll discount all the roses between here and the vale of Cashmere.