

## "SORTS."

A compositor makes money hand over fist.—*Phila. Sunday Item.*

Why is a soldier who has been shot in battle not a solid man? Because he is leaded.

When Adam remonstrated with Eve for biting the apple, Eve replied, "that will be all right in the fall."

Husbands never meet their wives with "smiles" on their lips; they wipe them off before they get home.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"Throw him a rope," is the proper thing to say when you see a friend of yours over-bored. The effect is magical.—*Philadelphia Transcript.*

When the dentists of this country can discover a way to pull teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.

Pious old lady: "Just think, Rose, only five missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals!" Kind-hearted niece: "Goodness! The poor cannibals will starve to death at that rate."

If it wasn't for fear of frightening all the turkeys and chickens to death, we would like to call the attention of the country to the fact that the days of Thanksgiving are near at hand.

Buskins, in referring to the time his wife complimented him, says the coal fire needed replenishing and she pointed toward the fire-place with a commanding air and said: "Peter, the grate."—*Braford Era.*

"Whin do yez intend to go back, Mike?" asked one exile of another. "If I live till I doye, and I don't know whether I will or not, I intend to visit ould Ireland once more before I lave this country."

An exchange tells of two Ethiopians trading children. This answers in the affirmative that great conundrum, which has vexed mankind for ages, viz., "Can the Ethiopian change his kin?"—*Whitehall Times.*

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

The *Chicago Journal* says "that, while Carlotta Patti is of Florence, one of her legs is of Cork." There must be some mistake about this, as we have always understood she was brought up at Brest.—*Musical Review.*

A devout church member, approaching a worldly brother, asked him if he did not think it would be a good idea to organize a meeting to pray for him. The W. B. replied: "Wouldn't it be better to get up a clambake or a picnic?"

A young lady was endeavoring to impress upon the minds of her Sunday school scholars the sin and terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, and said that for seven years he ate grass like a cow, was astonished by a little girl, who asked, "Did he give milk?"

"Dearest," said a sick wife fondly to her husband, "if I should die I wonder if you wouldn't marry again?" "No, indeed," was the prompt reply. "I have tried it once, and that's enough for me." She was so mad that she recovered almost immediately.—*Andrews Bazar.*

Lampton, of the Steubenville *Herald*, is unmarried. If he ain't, he ought to be to insure his life, for he has come out with a declaration that "the difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that there are times when one can shut up an umbrella."—*Oswego Record.*

Georgie is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said, "Now, mamma, I'm a kid." "Yes, my dear," said she. "You know what kind of a kid I am, mamma?" "No, darling." "Well, naked."

A waxwork figure of Franklin, on exhibition in France, is labelled, "Franklin, inventor of electricity. This savant, after having made seven voyages around the world, died on the Sandwich Islands and was devoured by savages, of whom not a single fragment was ever recovered."

The *Maritime Farmer* is a Provincial paper. A maritime farmer must be one of those that plough the sea.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.* Our Boston contemporary is wrong, the editor of the journal referred to is an Archer and not a Fisher.—*St. John Telegraph.* Thus, we get at the truth by Inches.

Rev. Mr. Pogson, of Bridgeport, is the father of a boy who will probably distinguish himself. The evening before the last circus in that city, the reverend gentleman was talking to his son about the beauty of Heaven, when the child suddenly observed: "Papa, let's drop Heaven and talk circus." Heaven was dropped.—*Dorchester News.*

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty summers remarked to her gentleman companion, "Tunnels are such bores!"—which nobody can deny. But a young lady of sweet eighteen, who sat in a seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hat, brushed her frizzles back, and said to the perfumed young man beside her, "I think tunnels are awfully nice."—*Norristown Herald.*

An extremely short preacher changed pulpits with a tall brother, and as he rose to open the service much amusement was caused when with only head and arms visible to the congregation he announced his text: "It is I, be not afraid." In the afternoon he was provided with a stool to stand upon, which brought him to a proper level. He announced as his text for the afternoon: "A little while ye shall see me and again awhile and ye shall not see me." Raising his arm and moving one foot backward beyond grace to his opening gesture, he stepped beyond his stool and disappeared from sight, thus making a practical illustration of the truth of his text.