

"SORTS."

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

Fighting for passes in the Balkans, thinks the Brooklyn *Union Argus*, makes many dead-heads.

A rural editor, in his financial article, says: "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

Max Adeler is the father of a seventh child already, and he has only been a journalist for nine years.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, but the proof of the printer's pi isn't anything—you can't take a proof.

If "time is money," some of our subscribers must be wealthy by this time, for we have given them time enough.

A rural editor says that the good are never successful in catching fish. He has proved it by personal experience.

"Great emergencies," says some one, "are great men's opportunities." Please hand a great emergency this way.

An old subscriber writes to us that since his daughters have discarded the old style bustle, his paper is no longer in arrears.

An editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace he was requested by the jailor "to give the prison a puff."

Our city contemporary has an edition of the Detroit *Free Press* man on its staff now. It is heavily bound in calf.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

The editor of the Panama *Star* apologises for the non-appearance of his paper by saying that he had to leave off to dig shot out of his legs.

An old bachelor seeing the words "families supplied" over the door of a grocery, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

"Avoid that which you blame others for doing," says one of our wise men. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife.

The mathematical father now gets in his winter's coal, and dividing it by his number of daughters, calculates what the quotient of marriages will be.

At a social gathering in this city, a few days since, the following toast was proposed and drank: "In ascending the hill of prosperity may we never meet a friend."

In Greece it is known by the way a woman wears her hair whether she is married or not. In America it is known that a man is married if he doesn't wear any hair at all.

An editor received a letter from a subscriber asking him to publish a cure for apple-tree worms. He replied that he could not suggest a cure until he knew what ailed the worms.

A witness on the stand, in reply to a question

as to what the character of Mr. — was for truth and veracity, said: "Well, I should say that he handles truth very carelessly."

According to *Truth*, the wife of a gallant Colonel and M. P., being told by her husband that he would bring her home "Dombey & Son," ordered beds to be made up for them.

During the storm of last Monday a South Hill wasp was struck by lightning, and a more astonished streak of lightning never climbed back into the empyrean and hid behind a thunder cloud.—*Hawkeye*.

"Why is it, my dear sir," said Waffle's landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men never get rich?" "I do not know," was the reply, "except it is that the dollars and sense do not travel always together."

"What are you doing—kicking the old clock all to pieces?" exclaimed the wife. "Blamed if I'm going to have anything around me that strikes!" yelled the man, as he gave it a final lift into the street. It was excitement and prejudice that did it.

Hippopotamuses are down as low as \$5,000 apiece, and a menagerie-man says this is dirt cheap. But until they come down to \$5.50 they will be classed among the luxuries in poor families, who will continue to worry along with two or three dogs.

A Mr. Steele recently married a Miss Lemon in New York. We have our opinion of any man who would Steele a Lemon, but we suppose it was well squeezed before he took it, which lightens the offence. Or, maybe, he wanted some lemon aid.

There are three hundred and twenty-five newspapers in London, and when it is a good day for geography, three hundred and eleven of them can place New York city in the State of Missouri or Texas, or the Province of New Brunswick in Halifax, and not half try.

The other day the Butler, Pa., *Eagle*, in a brilliant report of a tony wedding that occurred in that town, announced that "the bride's trousers were the loveliest we ever saw." He wrote it "trousseau," but the intelligent compositor made the fatal *faux pas* and went West.

"When does a man most feel the value of a true wife?" asks a writer. That depends upon what the writer means by value. If he means estimated value, we should say just after he gets her; if intrinsic value, when he pays his first bill for the Christmas presents she has made him.

"Now, girls," said our friend, Mrs. Bigelow, to her daughters, the other day, "you must get husbands as soon possible, or they'll be murdered!" "Why so, ma?" "Why, I see by the papers that we've got a most fifteen thousand post offices, and nearly all of 'em *dispatcher a mail* each way every day—the Lord have mercy upon us poor widows and orphans!" and the old lady stepped briskly to the looking-glass to put on her new cap.