

"SORTS."

Why is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Because both have stopped quacking.

A Hamilton woman has married a Mr. Calico—has wedded a prints as it were.

A knitting mill is soon to be erected at Pittston, Penn. There's millions in knit.

Thoughts that burn—Amateur poetry when the editor's waste-basket is overflowing.

U. R. Sold, is the name of the editor of *Quiz*, the funny paper of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A country exchange announces that hereafter all free notices in its columns must be paid for.

It is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard very much.

If printing is called the "art preservative," why shouldn't the same term be applied to canned lobsters and peaches.

"Thus do we burn the midnight toil," said the facetious editor as he consigned old Mumblepeg's manuscript to the stove.

Do girls in a printing office like men to set up with?—*Puck*. Yes, but some old "sticks" are ruled out.—*New Haven Register*.

A New Haven editor announced that he had seen "a pure white swallow," and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* suggests that it was one of Holland gin.

"When I die," said an editor to his better half, "I want to go where there are no more fires to make." She cheerfully replied that she presumed he would.

A certain editor thinks when a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

Somebody in the *Hawkeye* advertises "slippers bottomed." Spicer says he does not know how slippers are bottomed, but when he was a little boy he knew—well, never mind.

ANOTHER CATASTROPHE.—He went skating yesterday: * * * * *

H— — — — — † — — — — †
O O O ! * * * Air-hole! Gone!

A marriage notice in an exchange commences, "Lynch—Pynn." All the puns we could think of in an hour wouldn't improve that, so we will let it stand stripped of all paragraphic adornment.

The *New York World* defines the art of teaching in schools to be "scrubbing the tablets of the minds of urchins to the end that they may obliterate the stains of hereditary stupidity or personal blockheadedness."

Actual occurrence in a Chicago street car. Stylish lady holding a lap-dog is about ready to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says, in her sweetest tones: "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her glove!" Passengers roar with laughter.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

"Hug me to death darling," is the title of a new song. If the authoress is young and handsome we will endeavor to comply with her request if she will drop us a note, give the number of her residence and the time when it will be most convenient for her to go to press.

1st. Intelligent Compositor.—Pretty tough "take" this eh? Most as bad as Horace Greeley's.

2d. I. C.—That? Bob, that's nothing! Why, where I worked last year I handled one man's copy that was so blazin' bad you couldn't have read it if it was printed.—*Puck*.

The reason the boy about a printing office is called a devil is because he is to become an imposter.—*Whitehall Times*. And very often he makes one impious.—*Meriden Recorder*. Likewise provokes one by his impudence.—*American News Reporter*. Any one would get a poor impression of you paragraphers.

It is eighteen hundred and odd years since a Christian gentleman named Paul wrote to one Timothy, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." And now as many as 29 women are advertised in the Chicago papers as conducting religious services and preaching on a single Sunday.

The editor of the *Rantoul News* has recently lost \$300 worth of horse flesh by thieves, and now he wants to organize a band to ferret out and punish the thieves. We advise the citizens of Rantoul to let him find his own horses. An editor who is able to own a span of horses deserves the severest condemnation, and ought to lose them.

A little three-year-old girl volunteered to say grace at the table, and did it as follows: "O, Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma and papa, and gamma and gampa," and here, casting up her eyes to her grandpa in the next seat, and discovering that he was smiling, the little 'un closed her prayer by saying, "Behave yourself, gampa—for Christ's sake. Amen."

A Zurich newspaper has the following "death notice." I communicate to all my friends and acquaintances the sad news that at 3 p.m. to-morrow I shall incinerate, according to all the rules of art, my late mother-in-law, who has fallen asleep with faith in her Lord. The funeral urn will be placed near the furnace. The profounding afflicted son-in-law, Brandolf Lichter.

"Turbel strike down town," remarked a South Hill man, in an explanatory tone of countenance, as he crawled vaguely into bed at 3 a. m. "All roleraid shops shut up. Dreffel excitement. Workinmen all on strike." And his loving wife sniffed the surrounding atmosphere suspiciously before she replied, "Yes? I should think by the way it smells, that all the bar-keepers were on a strike." And then he gave himself dead away by explaining that he had to chew cloves for his asthma.—*Herk-ey*.