

"SORTS."

A western editor, speaking of a concert singer, says that her voice is delicious—pure as moonlight, and tender as an old shirt.

An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said: "No person ever having once tried one of these air-tight coffins will ever use any other."

Six year old—"Mamma, what are twins made for?" Precocious older brother, quickly—"So that cannibals may eat philopenas."

There are 31,417,540 one-dollar bills in circulation, and it seems as if an editor might get hold of one once in a while.—*Lowell Courier*.

It is not proper to pick your teeth with a jackknife, unless you are the local editor of a city paper which runs an agricultural department, and want to assert your rights.

A rural editor, in describing the oratorio of "Esther," beautifully says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes."

A young lady sent a poem to a Canadian newspaper, entitled "I cannot make him smile." The beast of an editor ventures to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

It was an agricultural editor who, referring to potatoes, compositor who, setting it up, made it read "eating jack-asses." That compositor is now seeking a position as a pound-keeper.

Peter the Great was the first editor in Russia, and we have an uncommonly large amount of respect for the late Mr. Great. He never copied one of our items without only on one side.

"My articles do not receive a very warm reception of late," wrote a lady to the conductor of a monthly magazine. "Our fair correspondent is mistaken," replied the editor: "they meet with the warmest reception possible. We burn them all."

The cable sadly announced the other day: "The Pope has had another chill." And now the patent inside another child. "The holy father is justified in all his anathemas against type."

An exchange remarks that "the only jokes woman like to read are those which reflect ridicule on the men." It adds that they like to read marriage notices. This would follow from the first statement, for few jokes reflect more ridicule on the men than—matrimony.

An editor writes in this melancholy strain: "We didn't want our wife to go to the auction and so we hid her shoes afterward, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there; neither was our wife. It isn't any use."

A yankee editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaus." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaus."

"She may be a very good woman," gasped Thompson, his breath almost choked off by the tightness of his new shirt, while the wrists were so loose that they seemed not to be buttoned at all; "she may be a very good woman, but she don't understand the practical application of topographical engineering to a fine shirt."

The unprincipled scientist who has discovered a new variety of cockroach in Florida, probably would not have expended any labor in such research if he had ever been kind rise up over the top of a maulage bottle and inquire if there were any new discoveries at Mycenæ.

A New York reporter interviewed a Russian sailor on the situation in the east. "What do you think of the yzozoff ymistick asksofophy feelkindof drysky, wydont-sparkling with the pride," replied the sailor, his eyes said the reporter; "but how is it with regard to your navy?" Plumdaepshkovitch, wateredrog, yunknought-terminated, said the mariner significantly, and the interview

"Job printing!—job printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job, they've kept him printing week after week, ever since I learnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever lived, he never could have stood it so long, no how."

"The Art of Projecting," is the title of a book just published. It will probably find a welcome in every editorial sanctum in the land, for one of the things an editor most desires to know, is how to project a newspaper bore through a fourth-story window or down a flight of stairs without damaging the window or stairs.—*Norristown Herald*.

The editor of a Chicago educational journal having stated that whipping is a better mode of punishment than detention after school hours, because it sets the blood in circulation and causes increased activity of the brain, some of the boys sent him a letter of condolence on his misfortune in not having been whipped more and detained after school less frequently when he was a boy.

A young lady, wishing to entangle a young printer in the meshes of cupid, sent him the following invitation:—

"(O, will you come to tea with I,
And help me eat a custard pie?"

To which the young typo, with corresponding sentiment and grammar, replied:—

"Another one's asked me to tea,
And I must go and sup with she."

A Rochester man has just invented a steam hand organ for the use of farmers in welcoming tramps and hoodlums. An eight-horse power machine can be heard forty miles, and the voice is a cross between a congressional debate and the day of judgment. It was tried last week at Niagara Falls. The water stopped running for ten minutes, and ten men fell dead at the first revolution of the steam crank. The voice of the organ extended over six counties.

Poetesses, with gold chains round their necks and wit curls round their ears, and a weariness of the ultimate and penultimate, and the memphremagog and the magnetic algammon and gum drops, are now pettishly awaiting the advent of gentle springtime, when they may go out and pluck the first coy violet that awakens from its winter dream beneath its coverlet of snow—boy, bring us some more foolscap.

A wagghish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: "I went to the drug-store early the other morning for a dose of morphia for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to me giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing I meant to destroy myself. 'Pshaw,' said I, 'do I look like a man who would kill himself?' Gazing at me steadily for half a minute, he replied: 'I don't know; it seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

A contemporary prints the following opinion of women as expressed by a young man known to its reporter:—"I have recently gin up all idea of the wimmin folks, and they come back to perlitical life. I am more at home in this line than in huntin' the fair sects. Angels in petticoats and kiss-me-quicks are pretty to look at, I gin in, but they are as slippery as eels; when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you find yourself at the wrong end of the hook. You've stuffed 'm with fruits, pastary doggesperry, and jewelry, they will throw you away like a cold potato. Leastwise, that is my experience. But I've done with 'm. The queen of Sheba, Pompey's pillar and Lot's wife, with a steam engine to hold 'm, wouldn't tempt me. The sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

About this time the paragraphist strikes the new word "phylloxera," and a smile of fiendish delight emblazons his stalwart lineaments as he prepares to get off a regular old gizzard-wrencher. He takes a casual glance at it and says, "That's an easy one; anybody could get it." Then he thinks for a few seconds and says, "That's an easy one; anybody could get it." Still he wonders why the joke don't seem to come. Then he gets up and paces the room and meditates a spell. Light's a word proves intractable, and so he sits down, underlines cigarette, rests his forehead on his hand, and undertakes a good square wrestle with it. It's no use—five minutes afterwards he throws down the pen that he has been helplessly dipping into the ink a dozen times and retreats from the conflict utterly baffled and humiliated. "Phylloxera," is an inexpugnable word.