

"SORTS."

In the front rank—strong butter.

The bankrupt man often rests on his owers.

Motto for milkmen—To the pure all things are pure.

The general well-fare—Three cent beer and a free lunch.

The cheese makers talk of organizing a press association.

The first fire alarm is said to have been when Cain struck A bel.

If a printer *should* have the gout wouldn't it be a fat ache for him?

When a man's head is turned, of course it must be a block-head.

"I hope I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water.

Chatham street, New York, is said to be the best place for a clothes shave.

The brightest pictures one sees in a chimney-nook are taken from wood-cuts.

The New York *Graphic* is owned by the Messrs. Goodsell. It sells good.

When a man is said to have "snakes in his boots," does it refer to his boot 'eels?

Babies never cry for spilt milk. It is milk that hasn't been spilt that they cry for.

If you are troubled with sleeplessness imagine you have got to get up, and off you go.

A bar-keeper of long and world-wide experience says it takes a printer to "set 'em up."

Several newspaper offices signaled the advent of the new year by indulging in a clean towel.

Some say type never get tired; then why is it pressmen have to put it to "bed" so often, and lay on the sheets, too?

We know a printer's wife who says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.

If woman had the ballot, what would she do with it? It isn't long enough for a belt, or big enough for a bustle.—*North American Review*.

A country editor being asked "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years, and then have the postmaster send it back "Refused."

A Utica man wears a folded newspaper as a chest protector, and he claims that it beats any other sort yet invented. There's a good deal of heat in some papers.

The Boston *Post* says: "Tennyson always smells of tobacco." What does he smell of it for? Why doesn't he put it in his mouth and chew it like a newsboy?

The Rev. Jo Cook says that it is safe enough to marry on a four weeks courtship. That's so. You can't tell 'em, anyhow, until after marrying, and there's no use wasting time.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The emperor of Germany reads the Bible every morning, but you wouldn't think it, to hear what he says in the night, when he hears the fire bells ringing, and can only find one boot and no matches.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Let us, then, be up and clipping.

With an eye for every jest;

Still a pasting, still a snipping,

Fill our paper with the best.

—*Littell's Living Age*.

The man whose honor cannot be trusted in a business transaction is an infidel, though he superintends a dozen Evangelical Sunday schools, presides at the noonday prayer-meetings, and is accounted the most polished pillar of the church.—*Reckless Ex*.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be sad?" is an unanswered problem, but the man who has to get up in the morning, build the fire, and bake thirty-two 7x9 buckwheat pancakes for an invalid wife, thinks he might offer a suggestion.—*Tioga County Record*.

"Just suppose those abandoned sinners had sawed Noah's ark in two?" was a problem by the Albany *Journal*, but it was quickly answered by the New York *People*: "The result would have been the same in all human probability—there would have been no race."

A dental journal says the reason so many men fail as orators is because they have lost some of their teeth. Bosh! Look at a hen; hasn't and never had a tooth in her head, and did the dental editor never hear a hen mount the fence and deliver a two hours' oration over one egg no bigger than a lemon?

One of the most remarkable instances of human precocity is that of Mr. Wilbur F. Storey, the proprietor of the Chicago *Times*, who is said, by the *Baltimorean*, to have "begun life by selling candies." Very few infants adopt a commercial career at the start; but Chicago is a wonderful city.

"Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now; I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch, then, and I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."—*Littell's Living Age*.

A fashionable garment can now be made by taking your husband's ulster, dying it brown, cutting off the breast pockets, gathering it behind and sewing ten cents worth of black ruching around the neck. With one of these on, a middle-sized woman can sail into a 5-cent store with the air of a duchess.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Eat onions. We once knew a poor unfortunate editor who was the prey of every one. Dead heads bored him, poor people borrowed money of him, rich people run over him, book agents clung to him, insurance agents followed him from morning to night. He commenced eating onions. Now no one goes near him.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.