

"SORTS."

The spring caw-cus begins to agitate the farmers.

Why is beef-steak like newly made hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

A "head-gardener"—A maker of artificial flowers for ladies' hair.

A young man advertises for "position as son-in-law in a family of means.

Stilted opera singers hold the mistaken idea that one must B flat to B natural.

A man with a pot of green paint can stand where he pleases on the ferry-boat.

The fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair was informed that "It costs money, hair does."

The most appropriate society for a bungling printer to join would be the Phi Maka Pi Society.

The man who was tossed over the back of an irate bull was reported as not dead, but only gone beef o'er.

What is the difference between a seasonable poem and a child? One is on spring and the other is offspring.

When I can read my tight'll clear," warbled a bibulous typo, who could not get his visual organs to the right focus.

"Bridget, this dust upon the furniture is intolerable. What shall I do?" "Do as I do, marm, pay no attention to it."

An old lady, boasting the other day, of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, exultingly said, "He's in the mortification table."

"Sambo, kin yo' tell why dey invariably takes de pennies from de children at the Sunday-school?" "Couse I kin. That is to git de cents ob de meetin."

The editor wrote: A minister without a charge," but the compositor who set it up "A minister without change," knew as much about religion as the editor—if not more.

An exchange says; the man who fails in business, but continues to live in luxury, is a thief. What a blunt way of telling the truth! Couldn't you soften it down a little?

"Is the train behind time?" inquired a gentleman at the station. "No, surr," replied the porter; "it's not behoind toime, surr, but it's just behoind the bridge beyant there."

"Every time a man truly repents," says Josh Billings, "he is born again, but there is lots of people who repent every night regular, so as to be ready for active buzziness to morrow."

A maker's advice to his son on his wedding-day: "When thee went a courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

Bright little girl—"The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond ear-rings, 'cause papa's hid them. Visitor—"Where has he hid them?"

Little girl—"Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout, and he guessed they would stay there."

In this country a boy has too much to fight. First, it's his mother's slipper; next, Dominion Day; then green apples; and finally Santa Claus, a rickety pair of skates, and an airhole in the ice.

"Great truths are often said in the fewest words," says an exchange. Wonder if he means the remark of the Indian who, sitting down on a wasp's nest, arose and remarked, "Heap hell?"

A subscriber wrote to a journal to make some inquiries about the next World's fair, whereupon the wicked editor replied that he was under the impression that the next world wouldn't have any fair.

A housewife gives information that ground cayenne pepper will kill bedbugs, if applied with liberality. She don't mean, through, that it must be jammed down their throats with a whitewash brush.

"What would you do if mamma should die?" she pathetically asked her little three-year-old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant with downcast eye and a melancholy voice. "I thpose I should have a thpank myself!"

In one month more we'll have the rose,

Of love a true reminder;

And, be it said, we'll also have

The festive organ grinder—

With monkey attachment.

An enterprising firm shipped some wheelbarrows to Rio de Janeiro, and the natives filled them full of stone and such and carried them on their heads. They said it was a capital contrivance, and wondered how they managed to get along so many years without it.

A darkey, who was stooping to wash his hands in a brook, did not notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water, and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I duno 'zactly, but it 'peared as ef de shore kinder h'isted and frowed me."

Some editors say that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little muff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Nopoleon and the Battle of Waterloo; to which the *Chicago Advertiser* says—"Yes, that is a fact. Suppose a 'little muff' had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

An Irishman entered a printing office and asked the clerk to write an advertisement for him. "I lost me dog," he said. He gave a general description of the animal. "What name does she answer to?" asked the clerk. "Och, thin, d'ye think it's a parrot I lost, that I'dould a conversation with him?" "But," persisted the clerk, "What do you say when you call your dog?" "Faith, I say, come here, y'black thafe o'd the wurl."