

"SORTS."

A woman's belt is always waistful.

A slight of hand performance—Giving the mitten to a suitor.

A paper in New York is called the *Wheel*. It ought to circulate.

The sign "Beware of Dog" is stuck up that he who reads may run.

Some men's noses are like some books; the more immoral they are the more red they are.

Female economy—buying a half dollar straw hat, then putting \$11.50 worth of trimmings on it.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why is the letter R like the face of Hamlet's father? Because it's more in sorrow than in anger.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir, you generally expand them."

Solomon had seven hundred wives. That's the way the wisest man of his time Utah-lized women.

Why do girls kiss each other while men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

The Boston *Journal of Commerce* published a lot of dyeing recipes; but none of them beat the old way of fooling with an empty shot gun.

A young man sent sixty cents to a firm that advertised a recipe to prevent bad dreams. He received a slip of paper on which was written: "Don't go to sleep."

Mother: "Now, Gerty, be a good girl, and give Aunt Julia a kiss and say good night." Gerty: "No, no! If I kiss her she'll box my ears, like she did papa's last night."

At Ewalton, England, is the grave of Mrs. Freeland, who died 1741. Her epitaph reads: She drank good ale, good punch and wine, And lived to the age of ninety-nine.

A bashful young clergyman, recently rising to preach for the first time, announced his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

Father Time is pictured as an old and bald-headed gentleman, but he manages to skip around quite lively, all the same, in spite of being handicapped by agricultural implements.

An exchange frantically asks: "Are blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counterfitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?"

A printer's imp who was hauled up before a magistrate, charged with playing pitch and toss, explained it to his worship, who highly appreciates a joke, that when caught he was only endeavoring to turn an honest penny. That boy got off with a reprimand.

Boy (to a lady teacher): "Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me." Teacher: "Well, then, don't look at her." Boy: "But if I don't look at her she'll wink at somebody else."

A Down Easter, last fall, invented a new sled for coasting, which made it safe for the girls without being held on, as has been the ancient custom. It has proved to be the most unpopular invention ever brought before the public. The girls pronounce it "horrid."

He had just taken his seat in the street-car, in fact, had hardly got fairly down, when a lady entered. He immediately rose. "Don't rise, sir; I beg of you, don't!" she said. "Good Heavens, ma'am!" he yelled, "I must. There's a pin three inches long set up on that seat!" She made no further objection to his rising.

"I want to see the villain who wrote this article. Where's the proprietor of this paper?" "He's out." "Where's the managing editor?" "He's out." "Where's the city editor?" "He's out." "Where's the reporter?" "He's out." "Where'm I?" (Rickety-slambang-jam! Two panes of glass broken.) "You're out." Man found on the sidewalk and carried to the hospital. Verdict: struck by lightning. Still, they will do it.

A brilliant correspondent of the Putman (Conn.) *Patriot*, who evidently cares little for agricultural matters, suggests the following themes for discussion by Farmers' Clubs: "Why do not cows sit down to rest the same as dogs? Why does a dog turn around a few times before he lies down? Why does a cow get up from the ground hind end first, and a horse fore end first? Why does a squirrel come down a tree head first, and a cat tail first? Why does a mule kick with its hind foot, and a sheep with its fore foot?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said:
I wonder why the Printer's head

Is bald? 'Tis very queer!

That man should stop, observe the line,
His last receipt reads: "Sevnty-nine,"
That's why it is he sees it shine

More prominent each year.

What man upon this earthly sphere,
Can gaze upon the wreck seen here,
And coolly drop a silent tear,

With hairy head encumbered?

The day of promise dawns at last,
The editors will sweetly pass
Beyond the want of interest cast

On promises unnumbered.

'Tis oft been said, and so it seems,
That hair will grow like summer greens
Upon a head that don't know beans,

But never on a poet.

So if you, by chance, should see
A hairless cuss—not meaning me—
Although the hat fits to a T,

Don't mark him down a go at.