

## "SORTS."

"The evil that men do lives after them." Cows likewise do not give oleomargarine until they are dead.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the reply.

An Englishman, who is boarding, says he can stand Ash Wednesday once in a while, but 'ash Monday every week is too 'ard.

Vennor, the weather sharp, is frantically making about twenty guesses a minute, in the wild hope of striking it right some time between now and Christmas.

Jim Currie is reported as on his way to St. Louis, to have an interview with the *Globe-Democrat* editor, who in a head-line called him "the hell roaring Texas desperado."

Diet, but not die yet. Don't despise the lowly; the under jaw does all the work. Riches take wings, and the man who bought on a mortgage says he has seen a house fly.

The new colors in Paris are "raspberry cream" and "crushed strawberry." Hereafter, we suppose, crushed strawberry will be the proper term to use in speaking of red-headed girls.

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly closed door, and caused a great disturbance.

"It isn't the bones I object to," said Jones to his landlady, while he was dissecting a bit of shad; "but it is the very stupid way in which the fish mixes its flesh up with them." And then he gave up the job and tackled the ham and eggs.

An observing correspondent testifies that at Atlantic City one sees more slender, shapely women and petite figures than at any other place. Yes, and if their husbands are examined after the dear creatures get home you will find more petite, slender pocketbooks than in any other place.

Men are selfish creatures, when you think the matter over impartially. Many one will grumble just because his girl hints that she wants a plate of ice-cream, and yet he will sneak off when the two are out for the evening, every time he gets a chance, and get a lone drink without ever asking her to join him.

Says Nora Perry, in a sweet little poem, "Out of the window she leaned and laughed. A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet—Foolish and idle it dropped like a call into the crowded street." But Nora whispered fifteen different languages when she read the proof and discovered that the compositor had made the last line read: "Foolish and idle she dropped like a ball, into the crowded street."

Three Irishmen, who had dug a ditch for \$4, were quite at a loss to know how to divide the

pay "aqually." But one of the number had gone to school, and reached division in the arithmetic, so it was left to him. He did it at once, saying: "It's aisy enough. Shure, there's two for you two, and two for me, too." The two received their portion with a greatly increased respect for the advantage which learning gives to a man.

The other day a census-taker presents himself at a house where all is in confusion and several women are running to and fro with pieces of red flannel, camphor and the like. "Have you any children," says the employé to the agitated head of the household. "I have two," replies the latter, "and—as it will save you the trouble of calling around again—if you will have the goodness to take a seat for a moment, I will have three—at least three."

It is wonderful what fools boys are. A charming widow of our city owns a nice boy, and a man from St. Paul wants to be appointed deputy father to the lad. It was only last Sunday that while the St. Paul man was strolling down the street with the lad, he asked: "Bub, does your mamma bang her hair?" and that foolish boy answered, "Oh, no, but you ought to see her bang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know everything when he told pa to prepare to die. Prepare! why, he was aching to die."

There are smart widows in Ohio, as well as smart politicians. The shrewdness of some of them would be creditable to a wall street broker. The following story is told of one of them. It seems that she cultivated a farm and she owed one of her hired men \$320. In order to cancel the debt she married him, and then got a divorce, which cost her \$60. She cleared \$260 by the transaction, besides having the fun of getting married. She thinks that she couldn't have made the same amount easier in any other way.

A Hugoistic sketch: He was a newspaper man. He carried a big club in his hand. He walked firmly and determined up stairs to the composing-room. He had a bad look in his eye. He walked straight up to where the intelligent compositor was eagerly butchering manuscript. He raised his club on high and felled the i. c. to the floor. He clubbed the i. c. into a jelly. He was arrested and tried for murder. He asked for a jury of newspaper men, and got it. The jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide. Solid.

The editor with a projecting, lofty forehead, blue eyes, intellectual face and slim legs, toll year after year in the dingy back room he calls his "sanctum," and leaves a legacy of debt and railroad passes to his children. The fellow who "can't do much fine writing, you know," and who hasn't much editorial ability or inclination—who would rather get up a job of letter head than to write a leader on political topics—goes to work one day and invents a new quoin or gauge pin, and becomes suddenly rich. There is some kind of a lesson to be drawn from this, but we can't stop now to dig it out.