

"SORTS."

The first step toward virtue is to abstain from vice.

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.

A street always runs in one direction or another; but its side-walks.

When a pork raiser goes abroad he is very indefinite when he speaks about the productions of his pen.

A wise writer says: "Bustle is not industry." Perhaps he will declare that the hoop skirt is not business.

"Thus do we burn the midnight toil," said the facetious editor as he consigned old Mumblepeg's manuscript to the stove.

A man never obtains anything like a correct idea of the miseries of life until he attempts to wear a No. 14½ collar on a 17 shirt.

A good many of our exchanges adopt the "No-credit" system in the matter of clipping. They don't give us credit, and it is no credit to them.—*Grip*.

The party who usually pays the highest compliments to the Lord, in his prayers, usually pays the lowest wages to the people he has in his employ.

A Georgia woman of sixty, with a fortune of \$200,000, is advertising for a "congenial spirit." Here's a chance for young Bartlett if the Burdette-Coutts affair falls through.

Since the ladies began to wear their dresses so tight about their forms, man has surrendered the exclusive monopoly of having the best place on which to strike a lucifer match.

The *Detroit Free Press* is ungallant enough to state that one reason why women are not successful dentists is because they can't get a grip with their toes while pulling a tooth.

The beautiful and fascinating Maud S. has arrived in town. Though voted a trifle fast, that won't prevent her from moving in the best society.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

There is implanted in the breast of the average young man a deep and ineradicable conviction that the first step towards human perfection is the conscientious cultivation of a moustache.

A valuable contributor to the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* recently sent that paper an article accompanied by the following startling request: "Please omit the D. D. It is too blasted common."

A Philadelphia clerk, who is somewhat smarter than his employer, was heard to remark the other day: "Thank fortune, the boss has stopped advertising for the season. Now we will have a rest."

"Science enumerates 588 species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in a breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe, and no free tickets!

"Why, Franky!" exclaimed a mother at the summer boarding house, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home." "I knew 't was no use," replied Franky quietly, as he proceeded with his pie eating.

The first P. D. was a job-printer. He worked on the *frame* of the man of Uz, and made a mess of his *form*. He failed to make an *impression*, however, and had to cut his *stick*;—then there was a *chase*.—*Grip*.

Just for the information of the outside world we will state that when desiring to harrow up the feelings of any paragrapher, we copy his best joke and credit to "Exchange." That's what makes him boiling mad.—*Boston Post*.

We like to see girls nicely dressed. That's the kind of newspaper men we are; but when a girl with a freckled nose and a man's hat on waltzes into the office and wants us to champion the Bloomer costume, we treat her with icy coolness.

Fanny Driscoll wants to be "clothed in dreams." It's plain to see that you're out of your sphere, Fanny; you'd better emigrate to the tropics. The winters in this country are too severe for any such airy costume as you are hankering after.

An Irish printer was boasting the other day of the success of his countrymen at Wimbledon shooting. A Scotchman listened quietly till he was finished, and in reply said: "It's little wonder they won the shield; look at the practice they've had at the landlords."

A writer in a magazine calls a laugh "a side-splitting recreational exercise," and adds, "The sudden ingress of a bold indelicacy upon our ordinary mental rectitude upsets the very foundation of our gravity, and the unrestrained torrent of emotive drollery sweeps us away."

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he was to go to the South where they were and do it. "That is worth thinking of," said Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," said the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business!" said Mr. Phillips.

"Tom and Jerry" are among the recent arrivals in town. They are registered at most of the hotels, and are very popular fellows. An interview with them these chilly days is not unpleasant, and reminds us that "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, when men who drink take whiskey straight, and neglect their lager beer."

A little girl in Belfast, Me., recently dropped her doll and broke its arm. The doll was a favorite one, and the accident was to the child a calamity of the severest nature. The tears started, the little lips were trembling with grief when a bright thought struck her: With a beaming face, she exclaimed: "Papa, I don't know as I care, after all. Perhaps it will be put in the paper!"