

"SORTS."

Why is a cripple like a compositor? Because he can't get along without a stick.

Experience is a good teacher. But it takes a couple of score of bursting headaches to convince a man of the folly of mixing his drinks.

An old bachelor who was counselling a young friend, cautioned him in this wise: "Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in."

A fashionably dressed young lady was heard singing: "Backward, pin backward, oh, skirts in your flight; make me look small again, just for to-night."

A new idea in journalism is that of a down-east editor, who announces that his newspaper will be suspended for two weeks, to give the proprietor a chance to take a vacation.

We know an editor who offers to "take corn, wheat, rye, turnips, oysters, grindstones, rat-tail files, or any thing else one can eat," in payment of subscriptions to his paper. There is nothing stuck up about that man either.

Chromos being about "played out," a Kansas paper offers a handsome young woman as a premium for the biggest lot of new subscribers, and now the Kansas girls are changing their tune and singing "I want to be a premium."

A great admirer of "Avon's Bard," who asked an American paper where the following passage is to be found: "Is that a † that I C B 4 me?" was informed that it might be found in Macbeth, whose murderous † put a . to I Duncan.

An Ohio paper publishes its social announcements under the head of "Hatched," "Matched," "Patched," "Snatched," "Detached" and "Dispatched," as an improvement on "Born," "Betrothed," "Married," "Eloped," "Divorced," and "Died."

News comes that the backbone of the strike is broken, or the bone strike of the back is broken, or the broke strike of the bone is backed, or the strike back of the broke is boned, or the bone back of the broke is striked, or the—what is it, anyhow?

A contemporary says: "It is all right for church choirs to serenade newly-married people, but there are more appropriate hymns for such occasions than 'What shall the Harvest be?' 'Ninety-and-nine' wouldn't be just the thing either. It is too many."

Over this is the season for lovers to get spoony over ice cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing corned beef and cabbage across the table.

He was making a call, and they were talking of literature. "The 'Pilgrim's Progress,' she remarked, 'always seems to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?' He said he was—he had one on each foot, and they troubled him a good deal.

Fame consists in working like a bow-legged mule all your life, dying worth a lot of millions, causing a rough-and-tumble fight over your will, and then having a "reded," whatever that is, erected to your memory at the back end of the church you took your Sunday naps in.

Recipe for making a Russian name: Take three alphabets and shake them up in a hat, then throw on a table—like dice, pick out those that fall right side up, stick them in a line, then add either the "itch" or "koff," and you have a genuine, full-fledged Russian general's name.

"Do you enjoy the climate?" asked a Rocky Mountain guide, as he led an Illinois editor up the steep sides of Pike's Peak. "Enjoy this climb it!" echoed the poor journalist, as he gasped for breath—"no, you bet I don't." The guide gazed down sadly and pityingly upon his charge.

"Is that a type of Reading beauty?" asked he of the *Transcript*, as one hundred and sixty pounds of female loveliness boarded the morning train at Reading. "Yes," responded Spicer, "that is a piece of solid Reading matter," and they silently and sadly stole away to the smoking car.

For a printer's wife, Fm; for a sport's wife, Betty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Netty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a carpet-dealer's wife, Mattie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bidly; for a chemist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridget.

An exchange says that a young man who was doing a very strong piece of courting, one evening asked his darling to accompany him to the skating rink and enjoy an hour "gliding o'er the glassy ground." She politely declined, but when urgently pressed for her reason, replied "Because she had an *."

"Do you drink?" said one of the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to Weber, the bookbinder, when he went with a rummy breath to the ladies to deliver some of his work. "Vell, I don't care oph I takes a leetle," said the good-natured German, misunderstanding the question of surprise for an invitation.

The *Reading Eagle* is in distress. Its Monday's issue contained the following: "Not a lodger weak and weary, or a drunkard bleak and beery, not a tramp or vagrant dreery, had a cough upon the floor. The station-house was empty, not a mortal there to tempt the long-tailed rats to play at sentry, as they often played before. Said the turnkey, never more.

A patron of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher: "Mr. Printer, how is it you never call on me for pay for your paper?" "Oh!" said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" the patron replied. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?" "Why," said the typesetter, "after a certain time we conclude he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."