

"SORTS."

No style of a pocket seems to *take* so well as a pickpocket.

An article bound to sell—Books.—*Yawcob Strauss*. Another article bound to cell—A shackled Sing-Singer.

A Western newspaper says: "Some of our subscribers are trying to kill us with kindness." So are ours, with unremitting kindness.

"She never told her love"—because the young man, suspecting something of the kind, hasn't called to see her since the leap year opened.

When a woman runs after a street car, waving her handkerchief wildly, the conductor knows well enough what the wild waves are saying.

A Savannah man invented a water velocipede, and thereby won the everlasting gratitude of the shark, who took in both the inventor and invention.

A western editor says that one hug is worth a dozen love letters, and they cannot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

A Detroit dentist gave a free tooth-pulling, and pulled two hundred and twenty-nine teeth, using seven hundred gallons of gas to quiet the patients.

A man can run into debt, but he has to crawl out. If it was just the other way we would all be sitting in bank parlors, with our legs cocked on the mantel.

What is the most popular color for a bride? asks a correspondent of the *Montreal Witness*. We may be a little particular, but we should prefer a white one.

A lady being asked how old she was, replied: "I was married at eighteen; my husband was then thirty. Now he is twice as old—that makes me twice eighteen. I am thirty-six."

A Michigan woman cured a setting hen by placing a red-hot glass egg in the nest. Hens know when not to set as well as the man who gets up off the tack.

The notorious Woodhull woman is to be married some more. This time in England. London papers announce that "when Mrs. Woodhull loves, she loves entirely." She do, she do!

A bright little girl who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the t had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush of what value is a bee in the bonnet?—*Boston Globe*. Hum, yes; let's see. B-b-b; um; ah, here it is: b-o-n-n-e-t would not be a bonnet if it had no bee in it.

A man has been stabbed in Alabama with an umbrella. We have always contended that the umbrella was a dangerous weapon. Just suppose that the man had opened it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

In-doors—Panels.—*Steubenville Herald*. Out of doors—The carpenter who has sold them all.—*Yawcob Strauss*. We would like to have some of our advertisers' promissory notes in-doorsed by that carpenter.

It may be possible that a man aroused from sleep at night by the fire alarm bells, can unhurt run down the stairs and put on his trousers at the same time, but years of disastrous experiments have failed to produce the individual.

"Why, my dear," said a lady to her friend, "where did you get that beautiful monkey?" "Oh," was the reply, "my husband travels a great deal, you know, and he gave me the monkey that I might not forget him in his absence."

A wheelbarrow that can be folded in a flat package by simply removing two nuts and a bolt, has been invented by a Syracuse man. It has the important advantage that when not in use it can be stored in some place where everybody will not be falling over it.

The laugh of the school girl—"He! he! he!"—*Salem Sunbeam*. The laugh of the farmer—"Hoe! hoe! hoe!"—*Yawcob Strauss*. Our laugh when we receive a subscription for the *Miscellany*—Well, ah, let's see; it's so long since we've had occasion to laugh we almost forget how it goes.

In this country a person would be arrested for stealing a wheelbarrow from a day laborer; while in England one can walk off with the carriage of an emperor, without detention.—*Yawcob Strauss*. The man who would undertake to carry a St. John dray down the street would feel like taking a rest every ten feet of the trip.

Some time since the *New Haven Register* asked how the goat could be worked over into oleomagerine. The thing can't be done, since the goat is a real butter, and none of your cheap imitations. We have been trying to answer the *Register's* question for the past three weeks, and now we put a pillow in our chairs before we sit down.—*Boston Globe*.

As an innocent looking old man was going down Washington street, a drayman nodded at him and asked: "Want a dray, Mister?" "No—o, I guess not," replied the old man; "I'm too far from home, and can't pay freight on it. Much obliged, though. Vicksburg is a powerful nice town. A fellow back there asked me if I didn't want a coat; another inquired if I wanted a hack, and now you offer me a dray. I wish I lived here."—*Vicksburg Herald*.

James H. Gallup and Emma Canter were married at Grand Rapids a few days ago. Give 'em time and they'll make a spanking team.—*Boston Globe*. And when he takes his little Gallup on his knee there will be a grand rapid movement.—*Hackensack Repub.* Paragaphers, trot out your puns! This is going to have quite a run.—*Yawcob Strauss*. When Jimmie finds the little Gallups teeming into the world so rapidly that he can't care of them all, he will likely shout, whoa! Emma.