

"SORTS."

A great bore—the knat.

A good prophet—100 per cent.

A practical choker—the hangman.

Marriage is a life sentence. The pardon board is the divorce court.

Jones, who is engaged to an heiress, calls her Economy, because she is the road to wealth.

A German, lately married, says: "Id was yoost so easy as a needly cood valk out mit a camel's eye as to get der behint vord mit a voman."

Bob-tailed coats, it is said, will be all the style this summer. This reminds us that there ought to be a great deal more kicking done than last season.

A clergyman meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed: "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded: "Sho am I, parson!"

A lady called at a drug store the other day and said: "I want a tooth brush—a real nice one. I want it for a spare bedroom."

A Boston man is going to lecture on "What Disturbs Our Sleep." If he lives in a boarding house, we are willing to bet that it is bedbugs.

It would be far cheaper for the Irishmen who want to blow up the Lord Mayor of London to slip a love-letter into his pocket: then his wife would blow him up all that is necessary.

A French chemist can take sugar, flour and other substances and make a nicer egg than any hen ever left in a nest, and now the only excuse for keeping fowls is that they may annoy the folks next door.

The ~~of~~ of the Yonkers girl of the . are small, tapering and beautifully shaped, her I I are as brilliant as * *, and she is without a ll; her frown is a †, and her figure excites !!! of surprise and a hankering — her.

"I understand," said a Galveston recorder, "that you are a confirmed drunkard." "Dat's whar you is too soon, jedge, I ain't been con-confirmed in no church yit, but the blue light Baptists is gibben Satan a heap of worry about me."

"A collection will now be taken up," said the minister; "Deacon Swipes, will you pass" — and the good man waking suddenly, with his hands full of hymn books, responded: "No, I'll order it up, by thunder," and minister dealt him a dreadful look, and the good man passed out.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who returned from a walk at ten o'clock. "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not allow me out later than seven o'clock." "Oh! you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than you ever had."

A woman's rights advocate asks: "Is there anything man can do that a woman can't do?" Is there? Why bless your dear soul, ma'am, a man can see a cow without wanting to climb a fence.

"Did you find Mr. Spriggins, Patrick?" "I did sorr." "What did he say?" "Niver a worrud, sorr." "Not a word? Why not, Patrick?" "Because he was out, sorr." "Out? I thought you said you found him." "I did, sorr; I found him out."

A famous surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor; "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator." "How so?" "We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times."

"My friends," said the political speaker, with a burst of ingenious eloquence, "I will be honest —." There was a large number of his neighbors present, and the terrific outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to introduce.

A card has been distributed in our streets headed "Two Roads," and conveying the information that the broad road leads to death, misery, hell, while the narrow road leads to life, happiness and heaven. One of them recently came into the hands of a wicked wag, who endorsed upon it: "Since this card was printed, both roads have been consolidated."

Two Bohemians meet: "What are you doing, now?" "I'm making up a 'Travelers' Guide.'" "But there are plenty of them already." "Yes, but not such as I am making." "One gets a lot of advertisements, yet I imagine hotel proprietors don't give much simply for a puff." "Don't fret about that. I only put in my Guide the names of houses which are not recommended, and places where one should not stop. Those only who want me to scratch them off the list have to pay."

An Albany editor was just writing an editorial entitled "Gentle Woman," when his wife came in and said she had found a perfumed note in his other coat. After he induced her to go home, he crawled out from under the lounge and wiped the dust from his eyes and caught sight of the editorial and stuffed it in the stove, and then went and looked at himself in a mirror that he might see the man who wasn't fit to write editorials.

A young lady visits the milliner to order a hat, and the artist shows her some startling and attractive combinations, none of which, however, suit the lady, who says, "I want something more simple than that—something in better taste." Milliner, (with a haunthy sneer,) "O, you want something to wear when you are out walking with your husband. Here, Jane," (to youngest apprentice,) "show this person something cheap and virtuous."