

"SORTS."

A sound investment—Buying a telephone.

Women are leaping this year; they will walk next year.

A newsboy's appetite for smoking is a stubborn thing.

"Out of sight, out of mind." A blind patient in a lunatic asylum.

A man who will stand around waiting for drinks displays a lack of cents.

A man with the toothache should make for the nearest dentist's at a tooth-hurty gait.

A hypocrite is a man who tries to be proud and can't, with a preponderance of can't.

It is easier for a needle to go through the eye of a rich man than for an editor to please everybody.

The survival of the fittest is aptly illustrated in the case of a Moncton tailor, who is 104 years old.

We wonder if gentlemen's vests will be made with handles on, this year—to pull them down, you know.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have your girl sneeze at the moment of osculation.

Since Beecher has done away with the big blaze, the future for many does not look near as bright as it did.

London has a Beefsteak Club, but Philadelphia women generally pound it with a rolling-pin.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

The best time to gather apples is in the dark of the moon—when the farmer is in his little bed.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The proof of the pudding is all right, but, alas! Mr. Printer, how about the proof of the pi?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Weather Signs.—When you see a doctor and nurse take charge of the house, look out for squalls.—*Wheeling Leader.*

A seaskick lady declined the steward's invitation to dinner and called the chambermaid instead. A case of basin gratitude.

Give a girl long eyelashes and small hands and she will put up with No. 6 feet and marry all around a curly-headed girl wearing one's and a half.

An old salt sitting on the wharf the other day very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since."

"Nothing," says Colonel Forney, "so quickly dries up a woman's tears as a kiss." Weeping women may call on us at any hour.—*Wicked Editor.*

Mr. Greeley once wrote an editorial in which the words "Erin go Bragh" occurred twice. One compositor set it up "Eris yer dough," and another set it, "Indigo Blue." Horace was so mad he kicked himself down two pair of stairs.

A Georgia newspaper informed its readers that it was not worth their while to raise boys. The agonized editor insists that he wrote the word *hogs*.

The young man who rejoiceth in the waning of the ice cream season, takes a fresh breath and cusses the untimely arrival of the oyster.—*Scientific American.*

The Toronto *Globe* recently published a three-column cable message from London, which ended with "God bless us." So said all who waded through it.—*Advertiser.*

A pitcher of silver pieces was found at Indian-town the other day. Pitchers of pennies can be found almost any morning at the corner of Canterbury and Church streets, this city.

A person sends us a poem entitled "What is Death?" No need of asking us that question. You should have hired somebody to read you your verses, and found out for yourself.

When Noah was hailed by a passing ship and asked what State he hailed from, he always gave Ark-answers.—*Atlantic Monthly.* And his boat gave a Little Rock.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

There was a young couple bent on a spark, Who invariably courted in a room that was dark. Their conduct they explained in the following terms,

They wanted to eat figs without seeing the worms.

Davis, who is something like eighty inches round the waist, generally gives his tailor three months' notice when about to order a new pair of breeches, and by this means prevents a famine in the cloth market.

Talk about a woman being at a loss for an expedient. She's never at a loss for anything but a man. If she's in a crowded street car and wants to scratch her head, she simply changes the location of a hairpin.—*Public Opinion.*

The editor requests the party or parties to holding possession of the stool of repentance to leave the same at this office, as he expects his local reporter will have use for it before the next issue of the paper.—*Gazette, Ponchatoula, La.*

The Kingston *Freeman* speaks of beefsteak, and then tells of a Newark gentleman who was choked to death "while trying to masturbate a grass widow's tenderloin." A grosser insult to the gentler sex was never perpetrated.—*Lowell's Living Age.*

As the sp'ling r'formers seem anx's to adopt smethod of sp'ling words with't usg any lettr tall, wh'not try s'mother style, s'mthing af'th manner of the c'mmerc'l, "D'r Sr," and "Y'r try." Twould develop cors'pond'ts ing'n'nta.—*North American Review.*

"I wish it would rain, if it's going to," said a Vallejo wife to her husband. "And, why, dear?" he affectionately replied. "Oh," said she, gazing vacantly at a pin on the floor, "I don't see any use wearing monogram stockings in this kind of weather."—*The Nation.*