

"SORTS."

A hen with a clipped wing has a defective flew.

Going the rounds of the press—the girl who waltzes.

Why is our devil like a horse at auction? 'Cause he will go for what he'll fetch.

What's the difference between an editor and his wife? One writes things to set, the other sets things to rights.

A champion pedestrian makes \$20,000 by one week's work, a champion reporter \$20, showing the superiority of mind over matter.

A married printer in town advertises for a situation. Wages not so much of an object, so long as the money will be forthcoming when earned.—*Mitchell Advocate*.

A colored woman in Oswego gave birth to her fourth pair of twins on the 11th ultimo. She counts ten children in eight years. That is bringing darkness to light pretty fast.

If you pick a paragraph up for a fool, simply because he writes foolish things, and a printer for a saint, simply because he sets up hymn-books, you'll get most terrible fooled in both instances.

When the doctor announced to the rich printer, who ardently desired a son and heir, that it was a girl, the man of stamps pathetically implored him to mark it "w. f." and send it back to the foundry.

The compositor who knew more than the writer and ruled out the phrase, "The boy is father to the man," as nonsense, changed it into "The man is father of the boy," is in search of a new situation.

The foolish man foldeth his hands, and saith: "There is no trade, why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. He whoopeth it up in the newspapers, and verily he draweth customers from afar off.

"No, thank you; I never waltz; ma', says if any of the young men want to hug me they must do it on the sly; she won't have them musing my dress up and leaving finger marks on my white waist, so long as she does the washing and has to support me."

Now Jennie June tells us a most exasperating story about a newspaper man who fooled around till he married the young widow of a railroad president. It would have been money in our pocket if we had been put on that lead in the heyday of our youth, but Jennie advanced the idea too late—too late.

Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, was travelling not long ago in his diocese when a breeze sprang up, then a squall, and at last matters got so bad that the skipper went below with a grave countenance. "My Lord," said he, "in a very few minutes you will be in heaven." "Dear, dear!" ejaculated the Bishop, "how very, very horrible."

Two Irishmen were travelling to Portland, a few months since, when they stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," exclaimed one. "Sax miles apace, jist," said the other. And they trudged on apparently much gratified at their sudden proximity to the forest city.

At a recent wedding, according to the frantic reporter of the local paper, "the jellies upon the bridal supper tables were pure amber masses of quivering translucence, catching the wine-colored prisms of perfumed light, and holding them in tremulous mirrors of rosy beauty. That's enough to send a man off to propose to the ugliest woman he knows, on the chance of having sueh things as that for supper.

"Suddenly, and without a moment's warning," says an exchange, "the plank broke, and the unfortunate carpenter fell to the ground. Well, now, what would you expect of a plank? Would you expect it to give warning, 'Look out, everybody, everybody! can't stand the pressure much longer, and if this blamed carpenter don't get offen me he'll get his head busted?'" Would you expect a common two inch plank to do that? The thing's absurd.

Walking down Avenue A the other morning our attention was attracted by the sight of a young man who was holding out a well worn overshoe toward a veteran goat who sniffed at it cautiously, and then indignantly tossed the would-be caterer down into an old cellar. On coming nearer we noticed protruding from the young man's pocket a copy of *The Burlington Hawkeye*, and heard him mutter: "Darned lie, I knew they wouldn't eat 'em." Thus does paragraphic humor mislead and victimize the ordinary philosopher.

Spring, sweet, sweet spring, will soon be here. The green grass will soon sprout; the knee player and the lambkin will gambol; the turtle dove will turtle to his mate; the young man's fancy will lightly turn to thoughts of love; the bumble-bee will bumble his first bumble; the festive yellow-jacket and the small boys will renew relations; straw hats will come out; the will dusters, white pants, strawberry festivals, boils and campaign papers, and the spring poet will mount the editorial stair with cheerful face and ten pounds of manuscript. Spring is at hand.

A woman in a Kansas Pacific Railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said, "Why do you look at me, sir?" He said he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to its left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and compliment combined to put the woman into a good humor.