

"SORTS."

The season for "hops" has arrived.

They now call retired printers ex-press men.

An ism no one is willing to adopt—rheumatism.

There's one thing about this kind of weather, hand organs are impossible.

A western paper speaks of the attempt to "charley-ross" the remains of Lincoln.

A Montreal evening paper advertises for "a live boy who can write eligibly and rapidly."

Gough has scored his 7,500th lecture. Isn't it about time he'd Gough the platform?—*Stratford Herald*.

The late Presidential election in the United States has made it pretty hard for the "I-told-you-so" fellows.

You can tell a married man now every time by the agitation he displays at the sight of an empty coal scuttle.

The long evenings have come, whereat the gasman smileth and the oil-dealer singeth the song of rejoicing.

"Shut the door," now greets everybody just as they are smilingly about to make some remark on entering the office.

A bashful compositor refused to accept a situation in an office where girls were employed, saying he never set up with a girl in his life.

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him; but, woman-like, she strove to catch him. He was a flea.

They talk of putting editors in gaol for libel in Missouri, and it is thought that the prospect of laird for the winter will result in a plentiful supply of libels.

The time is here when men will sit down hard upon coal-hole covers, and rise with a ghastly smile upon their lips, and murder in their hearts toward the lookers-on.

A country debating society has decided that the only person who can put up a refractory stove pipe without indulging in audible profanity is a deaf and dumb man.

The Pekin (China) *Gazette* is two thousand and ten years old, and its present editors seem to have no doubt that it will keep right on for three or four thousand years more.

Sewing bees will soon be in vogue, and at every meeting three or four African heathens will be provided with clothes, and the characters of eighteen citizens will be ruined.

A St. Louis tramp offered a cancelled postage stamp for sale at a high price as a sacred relic, declaring that it was from one of St. Paul's letters to the Corinthians. This is a hard winter.

Mr. Wick was "picked up" in the streets of New York in an inebriated condition the other day, and when asked why he didn't go home, said he couldn't, "because he was burned out."

It is reported that the defaulting teller of the Park Bank, New York, will be allowed to "fix" things and return home. If this be true we may infer that punishment for crime is a fix-shun.

Sound the loud timbrel

O'er Egypt's dark sea,

If Tilden's elected—

There's an office for me.

—*Democratic Chorus.*

This is the time when a man realizes how much better it is to be an innocent child sliding down the banisters, than to stand around a bulletin board and not know which side to "holler" for.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

The *Camden Post* man is clamoring for a course of lectures this winter. If he is married, he has not got the right kind of wife, or she would accommodate him with a course. Let him try smoking a vile pipe in the parlor.

In New York it is considered a sort of self-abasement to voluntarily sleep in the kitchen.—*N. O. Bulletin.* Yes, but you hear a room attic complaint if the sleeper is in the upper apartments.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A country editor offered to make his "devil" a Christmas present of his printing office; but the boy declined it, with the remark that he had rather work for two dollars a week than to run in debt nine hundred dollars a year.

A gleam of delight passes over the anxious brow of the housekeeper, like a wintry sunbeam falling across a stock-yard, as she sees the flies that have made life a burden to her flattened hopelessly against the ceiling with chilblains.

Deadwood City, Black Hills, has one editor and twenty saloons. After the editor has visited all the saloons to glean the news his paper is so intoxicated that it doesn't come out, and the Deadwooders don't miss it until they want paper for gun wadding.

Do you know how a church fair works? The principle is a very ingenious one. Some ladies borrow money from their husbands, buy materials, and make up fancy articles which they give to the fair. Then they change places, borrow more money, and buy the articles back again.

A man killed another man's dog. The son of the man whose dog was killed, therefore, proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested by the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man assaulted and killed.

Our old young friend C. E. A. McGeachy, late of the *Danbury News*, later of the *Danburian*, and latest of the *New York Sentry*, has followed the instincts of the true American, and taken to lecturing. His subject is "Cheek, as a good Thing." We presume his lectures will be rather autobiographical in character, as "Mac" is a most perfect personification of his subject.—*T. Feb Reporter.*

A Hayes and Wheeler club in Boston, having secured a band and a drum corps, began to consider the expediency of investing in a transparency. Said one of the members: "Misther Chairman, ye've got a brass band, ye have a got a dhrum corps, and now ye want to get transparency. Now, all I want to know is, who the—in this crowd can play a transparency?"

He came in very quietly, and said he merely wanted to suggest how our paper ought to be managed to increase its circulation to five hundred thousand. As we had been warned about this man who knew how to run a newspaper, the mine was laid and the trap was set for him. A proof impression was taken of his body on the proof press, his fingers were cut up into dash rules, his eyelashes were preserved for exclamation points, and his bones ground down into m quads. If this paper shows signs of typographical improvement, let the honor rest on that humble individual who sacrificed himself in a noble cause.