

"SORTS."

Passion makes more mistakes than ignorance duz. — *Josh Billings*.

The two honey bees that went into the ark lodged in the archives. — *Scientific American*.

Ajax must have been a sea captain. We frequently hear of A-jaxs-crew. — *North American Review*.

The railroads are bringing in great quantities of game—especially euchre. — *Oshkosh Christian Advocate*.

Women wear lingerie now. They used to wear—well, call it underclothing. — *Atlantic Monthly*.

If a little stream is a streamlet, isn't a little team a team let—when it is hired? — *Scientific American*.

To-morrow, in our city, several hundred blacksmiths will strike—while the iron is hot. — *Atlantic Monthly*.

Uncas is the ominous name of a New York race-horse—Uncas was the last of the race. — *Pewee Methodist*.

The circus spring-board vaulter never gets arrested for "jumping his board." — *Oshkosh Christian Advocate*.

If a hotel clerk smiles pleasantly when you ask him a question, that's a sign he hasn't been there long. — *U. S. Grant*.

Snake stories should not generally be credited unless the name and residence of the snake are given. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

A music seller announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou hast loved and left me," for three cents. — *Musical Times*.

Job has been marked down in history as the patient man. The fact is that at one time he was just boiling over. — *Pewee Methodist*.

Some influential papers announce that they are "entered in the post-office as second-class matter," and they do not lie. — *Pewee Methodist*.

Simon Burlingame, of Wisconsin, has just married his fifth wife. It is believed that the Republican party of that state pay him a salary. — *The Nation*.

Since Chinese is being taught at Harvard, the students speak broken English in the following elegant manner:—"Sayee, walkee upee, takee drink?" — *Temperance Journal*.

"What is statesmanship?" asks the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Statesmanship, we believe, is the peculiar gift some man have of robbing the country without being caught. — *Truth*.

A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied: "The end what's got the head on." It is understood, however, that this boy is not a walker in Gilmore's garden.

Why do the *savans* talk so much about the "parent tongue," and remain silent about the parent slipper, which is much more of a terror? They were not always so silent on this behalf.

The girl that complains of a lame foot when her mother wants some milk from the corner grocery, will walk about seven miles of an evening with her young man and not feel a bit tired. — *Nineteenth Century*.

Two Javanese princes are the present lions of London. It is possible they Malay their heads together to pay a visit to America. — *Popular Science Monthly*. Javanese time making that joke? — *Littell's Living Age*.

We are told that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" but the demand for the work has been so limited that I have thought that a large share of the fust edishun must be still in the author's hands. — *Josh Billings*.

It has been said that when you see a person wearing his best clothes every day that he is going down hill. If this be true, all we've got to say is that we're traveling down an almighty long hill. — *Popular Science Monthly*.

The Detroit *Free Press* speaks of Mr. Campbell's piper as wearing "low-necked pants." What bosh those *Free Press* men do talk, he don't wear low-necked pants at all; his costume is a low-necked dress, only the "lowness" is at the other end.

We always believed that the real name of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, was Ramrod. However that may have been, it is safe to bet that he wasn't quite so much of a Bible man as he ought to have been when both barrels hung fire at a good covey.

Your truly great men are never great in size. Napoleon and Cæsar were little fellows, and so was Jack, the giant-killer; and the future recorder of deeds—that is, the coming historian—will set down the fact that we ourselves were not above the average stature.

We remember now an old farmer whose seal at grace was hardly sufficient to repress his appetite, and he used to end his prayer in the following unpunctuated manner:—"and bless us all for Christ's sake Joe pass the potatoes." — *Oshkosh Christian Advocate*.

Bridgeport claims a man who fell a distance of seventy-five feet and merely broke one of his legs. It admits that he is seventy-five years old, but we don't care for that. A man 75,000 years old couldn't fall that distance without being totally smashed. — *Medical Adviser*.

The papers are continually telling what some rich man has left. Why don't they tell us what he has taken with him? We'll wager a cookie that it isn't half as pure and beautiful as what some departed penniless orphan's spirit has carried with it to the great Beyond. — *Pewee Methodist*.

A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her matter-of-fact old father, saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins by thunder!"