

"SORTS."

How to drown a cat—In the water pitch her.
A hollow mockery—A mismatched stovepipe.
A boil in the kettle is worth two on your nose.
Said he, "Let us be onc." And she was won.
An honest milkman is the scarcest work of God.

Match games are not always played with Lucifers.

A good printer can always tell how the case stands.

A butterfly was never known to go back on its grub.

When trains are telescoped the poor passengers see stars.

When a man buys a penny paper he becomes a missionary, simply because he is one cent out.

One of the cheapest things in the world is a pleasant smile.—*Talmage*. If you are "asked" it is.

"Will you have some more beans, Johnny?"
"No." "No what?" "No beans," said Johnny.

Friendship goes a long way when it can go on tick, but when it comes to a cash basis it isn't worth \$1.

"Brass Works," remarked Smedders, reading a sign-board; "yes, brass works its way anywhere."

It usually takes twenty able-bodied men to stand and look at one poor little sign painter while he is at work.

Professor Proctor alludes to the earth as a mere mustard seed. The *Buffalo Express* says that this is because it is hot inside.

Some people inherit faith and are happy. And then, again, others inherit a brick block and several government bonds and are happier.

"Damn the newspapers; why can't they leave such items out?" exclaimed an undertaker when he read an article warning people not to eat green fruit.

If you watch a woman's mouth closely when she dresses the children for Sunday-school you'll find out where all the pins come from, and, of course, it must be where they all go.

Emerson says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use, would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff, says an exchange, by applying dry buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.—*Rome Sentinel*. We are going into the oil business immediately. When one can get a barrel of oil at the small outlay of a little buckwheat and an old piece of carpeting, you may count us in.

"What's the time of day, uncle?" inquired a young smarty of an old darkey, wearing a very loud watch chain, the other day. "Look at de town clock, chile. Dat's built for po' folks," was the ready reply.

Did you ever notice that if you go into an office where the man is on the street talking politics all the time he isn't in bed, you will always see a framed chromo motto hanging up over the desk, "Time is Money."

"Clothe me in dreams," says Miss Fanny Driscoll, in a recent poem. And the *Elmira Free Press* man, spreading his fingers open before his eyes to hide his blushes, shouts: "Oh, now, see here, dear—that's too thin."

The very latest style of female stocking is bound way up on the top side with a little band of "old gold" lace, and we ain't married either, and the late wet spell had nothing to do with it. We saw 'em on a real bona fide l—ine.

The intelligent printer got it into type that it was a "damnation" party, and the poor minister who had been afflicted with a donation party didn't kick a bit, or ask any of his sturdy congregation to go round and kill the editor.

The clergyman in a certain town having, as the custom is, published the bans of matrimony between two persons, he was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Deluded souls that dream of heaven."

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the street with his arms hanging in curves from his body like the wings of an over-heated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."

"Pa," asked little Blodgers of his parent, "What is paper made of?" "Lies!" roared the elder Blodgers, who is running for office. "Lies! Infernal, outrageous, villainous lies!" And the innocent boy wrote it down that way in his composition.

"Well, there," said Spriggins, as he laid down the New York —, after studying the war department weather map intently for fifteen minutes: "I am blamed if I believe there is any man living that can make such shots as that on any billiard table in the world."

Matron (to her boy, screaming)—"Willie, how long are you going to keep my tooth-brush?" "I'm through with it, mammy; Sallie's using it now." "Tell Sallie to bring it here immediately; that girl won't have any teeth left if she keeps on scrubbing them."

A woman residing on the hillside—a very definitely defined locality in this city—became greatly alarmed a few days ago by the loud cries of her child, a little girl some eighteen months old. She hastened to the door just in time to save it from being swallowed by a clam. The little one's finger was in the clam's mouth and fast disappearing. What an inscription for a tombstone, "Swallowed to death by a clam."