

"SORTS."

"Shake," as the medicine bottle said to the invalid.—*Medical Adviser.*

If Edison can render sound available in so many ways, why don't he utilize the "hum" that is heard in Canada?

"Shall prosperity ruin us?" asks the *Cleveland Herald*. Speaking for ourselves, we have formed a solemn purpose that it never shall.

The small boy who hates to work ten minutes on a mathematical problem will figure all day in a garret to find out how a pirate can escape from a dungeon.

If many of us knew the extent of the Lord's information, we would take less trouble to inform him that we were poor miserable sinners. *Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

It is a wonder J. H. Haverly never thought of organizing a mastodon company of evangelists. There's more money in it than anything else can show.—*Peewee Methodist.*

The best excuse for suicide we ever heard was of the fellow who said he wanted to get into the next world before all the soft places were taken up.—*Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

Another one of those things which no fellow can find out is, why a man's wife thinks he cares nothing for preserves and other choice dainties save when she has company for supper.

The *New Haven Register* presents the startling question: "Where would your wife be if it hadn't been for your mother-in-law?" We beg, for our part, to return to the original question.

"Let me supply the bustles of the women, and I will have the largest circulation in the nation?" was the laudable ambition of an editor. But he never thought the whole sex would sit down on it.

At Bastroville, a far west frontier town of Texas, is a Mr. M. L. Gosling, who edits a paper called *The Quill*. Judging from the number of saloons advertised in it we judge that he keeps his head above water.

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost, of Boston, in a sermon against round dancing, said that a very respectable and intelligent young woman had assured him that the hugging was, to her, the pleasantest part of a ball.

Two base ball clubs, composed entirely of deaf mutes, have been playing in Ohio. They say it is the saddest thing in the world, to see the club that gets beat swearing at the umpire and calling him a "hide-bound, lily-livered, black-hearted liar," with their thumbs and fingers.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

That man has no patriotism in his heart who can gaze upon George Washington's old breeches in the patent office at Washington, and not let his mind run back into the mystic past and wonder whether the tailor had those trousers "finished on Saturday night," according to promise.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Professor—Now, I ask you, as a practical miner, what spade do you think is the very best? Third year man (scornfully)—Why, the ace, of course. (Sensation).—*Peewee Methodist.*

An exchange heads an article, "Never say die!" But what would you have us say? "Throw up the sponge?" "Passed in his checks?" "Kicked the bucket?" No, sir, we cannot tolerate slang.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Young man, don't you try the handkerchief flirtation, or the hat flirtation, or any other code of signals of that kind, because some stalwart old gentleman may make you acquainted with the boot flirtation, and if one of those double-soled, square-heeled No. 11s should get to flirting around your coat tails, you will think you are signalled by a locomotive with a gravel train behind it.

A fashionable choir in this city "busted" on the first hymn last Sunday night. It is supposed, of course, that the organ was to blame. The sopranos pitched in all right, but the bass put on airs and put the sop.'s out. There is one thing a choir can't do: Its members can't see everybody that comes into three doors, their music and words, too, keep in time with each other, the organist and the congregation.

A father never thinks his ten year old son is stronger than a horse until he employs him to turn the grindstone to sharpen up an old axe that is about as sharp at one end as the other. The old man bears on until the lad's eyes hang out and his trousers' buckle flies off, and just before he bursts a blood vessel his father encourages him with the remark, "Does it turn hard?" Thousands of boys have run away from home and become pirates and greenbackers in order to escape a second siege at the grindstone.

It is given out that ladies will wear vests precisely the same as gentlemen's this winter. When a married man goes to bed he will have to put a chalk mark on his vest, or next morning he may slip on his wife's and not discover his mistake until he inserts his thumb and forefinger in the right-hand pocket for a pinch of fine-cut and finds nothing but a piece of chewing-gum and the stub of a short lead pencil. Then he will suddenly remember that there was a roll of ten-dollar greenbacks in the left-hand pocket of his vest—that is, if he is an editor, he will—and he will rush back home in Rarus time.

"See here, Jimmy," said his better angel to a boon companion, as they stood at a saloon counter; "you've been hoisting it in just as if you were a million bushel elevator. Taper off, now; take something mild; try some soda water, for instance." "So'a water?" said the boon companion; "so'a water—(hic). No, sir; it's too strong—too dangerous. You don't catch me taking into my stomach an explosive so powerful that they have to bottle it in copper cylinders a foot thick, and it sometimes busts a corner drug shop up and kills everybody on the block. Not much. Give me some Bourbon."