

"SORTS."

Will playing ten pins make a man bowl egged?

A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

The livery man's motto—"Sleigh and spare not."

A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing. A man can't.

The machinery of a steamboat is often a mere screw driver.

The dog with the longest tail is the biggest wag of the pack.

A great curiosity—A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, give us an easy boot.

Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be kissed by the mouth of a river?

Hoop skirts are to be revived and there is a great deal of bustle in the feminine world.

The wise editor should sail lightly down the stream of life, because he is a good clipper.

No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

The lilies of the field "toil not, neither do they spin," but they have their blowout just the same.

The fatted calf was killed that a forgiving father might re-veal his feelings towards a prodigal son.

Woman tempted man to eat, but he took to drinking of his own accord. "Got me there," said an old toper.

Getting up in the morning is like getting up in the world. You cannot do either without more or less self-denial.

Eighteen hundred and eighty one does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is one at each end.

Some editors are born lucky, some acquire luck in after life, and others have libel suits thrust upon them. There are many bright sides to the profession.

"Hades" looks very nice in print, but it lacks the ring of true wickedness when an editor is looking for an expletive to spit in the face of a delinquent subscriber.

A fashionable paper says "gathered waists are very much worn." If the men would gather the waists carefully, and not squeeze so hard, they would not be worn so much.

Sunday-school teacher (reprovingly): "Boys, do you know what day this is?" Street boy: "Hi, fellers! here's a feller that don't know what day this is! I guess he's been out all night."

When a Kansas editor takes his affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high in an effort

to carry him off, it is simply one solitary instance of the wonderful richness of the soil of that state. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper and use him to hunt rats.

The way to get real well acquainted with people is not to sit on their front door steps but to loaf around their back yards. The man who is the same in his back yard as he is on his front doorstep is the party you want to tie to.

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law objected to her daughter marrying a printer, because there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she didn't think the country could support three. Her prophetic vision was limited.

A Rhode Island man called a neighbor a "lantern-jawed cockroach." A suit for slander resulted, and the jury returned as follows: "Not guilty on lantern-jawed, but away off on cockroach, and we find damages in the sum of three cents."

"Did your son contract any bad habits while in college, Mrs. Mulvany?" "Sorry the wan of him, sorr; he contracted all the good ones he had when he went there, and small enough they were, sorr, widout any contraction. It's losin' he'll be on the contract, I'm belavin'."

A Moncton girl stuffed the sleeve of an old coat with straw and placed it around her waist as she sat in the bay window wrapped in the soft June twilight. It looked all right and natural from a distance, and broke the neighbor girls all up with envy, but the satisfaction she derived from the hug was about as thin as strained moonshine.

WANTED—A compositor. One who uses neither tobacco or rum." Thus read an advertisement, and we'll bet our boots to a laden dollar, that that man's place was crowded with applicants, and that the passers-by thought there was a funeral there. The idea of a compositor drinking or chewing! Pretty soon they'll accuse editors and reporters of staying away from chauch.

When a Western editor becomes indignant there is no end to his sarcasm and fury. The editor of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* refers to a contemporary by saying: "Since the humorous editor of the *Republican* took to wearing a liver pad at the back of his head he has developed wonderfully." And a Leavenworth (Kan.) editor, speaking of an odious rival, says: "He was not born to be clubbed or shot to death. A higher fate (about twenty feet) awaits him, and it is a consciousness of this that harrows his soul by day and shadows his dreams by night, till his mind, what little he has, is overcome by a morbid sensitiveness that sees the ghosts of his murdered victims behind every corner, and an office in every bush. Let him alone. He is undergoing, every day that he lives, the expiation of his crimes, unmistakably evidenced in the lines of hell that burn in his heart and flame out of his face. Outraged law and nature are gradually getting even with him."