

"SORTS."

The man "overbored" was an editor.

A printer, who did not trust his memory, wrote in his pocket-book, "I must be married when I get to town."

It is a remarkable fact, and one, too, that printers cannot deny, that the letters w-r-o-n-g, are always pronounced wrong.

Our printer's devil wishes to change his title, and be known henceforth as a "typographical spirit of evil." Nothing more.

An inspector on a Pennsylvania railroad has been arrested for stealing brass journals. Next time he had better subscribe.

Mark Twain has a brother named Orion. He lives near Keokuk, Ia., and is a hunter. He hunts after potatoes with a hoe.

Monograms on garters are going out of style, and it's just as well. The country is being flooded with too much light literature anyhow.

An American paper says that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

A Nova Scotia editor apologizes for the deficiency of the first edition of his paper by saying that he was detained at home by a second edition in his family.

A compositor, setting up a report of a horse race, said the "fool-sellers were busy," instead of "pool-sellers." But it didn't alter the sense of the paragraph much.

Philander says that it makes him shudder to read the advertisement of a printer for a boy of "good moral character," when it is well known that he means to make a "devil" of him.

The editor of an Ohio river paper, on a puff of a hotel added a postscript, saying: "We don't know the custom up the Big Sandy, but along the Ohio we always have two sheets to a bed."

Next to that repose, which is the blessed privilege of the man who lives six feet under ground in a country graveyard, is the repose enjoyed by a gilt-edged Bible in a newspaper office.

There are ten printers in the United States Senate. This alarming state of things should have a tendency to keep boys from learning the printing trade, but we fear they will not heed the warning.—*Norristown Herald*.

A printer named Baker, noted as the "Brigham Young of Rochester," recently convicted at Auburn, N. Y., of bigamy, had at one time, it is alleged, no less than five living wives. Naughty Baker; your "pi" is cooked, dough not before it was kneaded.

A number of our exchanges have started a department of "original humor;" and when the foreman, in making up the paper, erroneously places the comic paragraphs in the scientific column, and the scientific items under the head of humorous, the readers never discover the mistake.

A Lebanon country editor has constructed a printing machine which "will set type, feed papers, and fold them ready for the carriers." He is now contriving an attachment to write editorials, collect subscriptions, and pay all bills presented; but it is feared he will not succeed.—*Norristown Herald*.

The newsboys of Washington are uniformed. This is a departure from the ancient and accepted uniform of the newsboys, which usually consists of a man's coat, one suspender and a cigar stump. Sometimes, under stress of very trying and destitute circumstances, the suspender and coat may be omitted.

We have received a poem of forty-six verses, entitled "Blasted hopes." There is something original in the title, but we don't want to blast the reader's happiness by publishing it, nor blast the author's hopes by rejecting it, so we have laid the blasted thing on the table for future consideration.—*Norristown Herald*.

Why will scores of able-bodied young men stand on the street corners, with their hands in their pockets, say the *Norristown Herald*, when a Baltimore man advertises "complete printing offices" for three dollars and a half? There is no excuse now for an idle laborer not to fill a long-felt want in the newspaper field—and suspend publication at the end of two months, five hundred and fifty dollars in debt."

A printer's devil who aspired to be a local editor expressed his wishes in poetry in this wise:

If I was a toke editur,
Wouldn't I have a time;
I wouldn't print a cussed word,
For less'n a \$ a line.
I'd get my grub and liker free,
& tickets to the shows,
I wouldn't spy for buggy lier,
& wouldn't I ware good close!

The following request was no doubt made by an editor under great stress of mind on looking in his copy-book and finding it empty:

Scratch, & vatch, scratch with care,
Something thit will please the editair.
Something startin' that will raise the hair
Of the readers of my newspaper.

Whereupon he received the following conundrum:

Suppose the readers of my newspaper
Are all bald, and have no hair.
What, then, shall I write, Mr. Editair,
That can be perused with profit and care.

The local editor of a Lynchburg paper, while in the act of taking his valise from the baggage car at a station, let it fall on the track and the whole train passed over it, smashing it up horribly and scattering shirts, paper collars and the like in every direction. As soon as the train passed, a crowd gathered around the wreck, and expressed their sympathy for the owner of it. But just then he thrust his hand into one end of the crushed valise, and drawing forth an unbroken bottle of whiskey, held it up triumphantly and exclaimed: "Never mind, gentlemen, I have saved the most important part of my baggage!"

'Twas in the heat of the day and the boys were fanning and puffing in the Sobriety *Eagle* office when an old darkey came in scratching his wool and grinning from ear to ear. Said he, "Ise got a little riggle for yer paper." "Riddle be d——d," shouted the editor, seizing the water pitcher. "It's—it's a mitey good un, 's marked the darkey. "Well, out with it then," said Slim, "if it's short." "All right, yeah it comes. Why is a pumpkin vine like an old umbrella?" "Well, 's grinning loon, why don't you tell us? You surely don't expect us to guess at it?" shrieked the editor. The old nig edged toward the door, and shot out as he yelled "Kase neither of 'em can turn a grindstone."