

"SORTS."

How about those glass hair-spaces?

Quakers stick by their friends.—*New Orleans Picayune*. Printers will also by their side-stick.

The editor who saw a lady make for the only vacant seat in the car found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

A dose of castor oil will humble a boy faster than thirteen boot-jacks. You can't hit his palate with a boot-jack.—*Ex*. You might with a "slap-jack."

The advertisement of a certain stone-cutter reads: "Those who buy tombstones from us look with pride and satisfaction upon the graves of their friends."

Alluding to Hader's estimate that one female house-fly will lay 20,000 eggs in a season, the *Danbury News* thinks "it is a pity a fly couldn't be grafted on a hen."

"Vinnie Ream sings." She should be a great singer, since it takes twenty choirs to make one Ream.—*Boston Post*. Sheet ought to sing well; there's nothing remarkable about it that we can see.

The editor may count among his acquaintances from Grand Dukes down to the man who peddles apples and is willing to trust, but he rarely knows a bank cashier or director even by sight.

"Reaching after the unattainable"—A man feeling up under the back of his vest for the end of a parted suspender.—*Hawkeye*. Or trying to catch hold of the front door knob about two o'clock, a. m.

Our printers think that brevier leaded is the soul of wit.—*London Advertiser*. Ah, that's it? We always thought it would come out sometime why the majority of editors insist on marking their copy "solid."

A young man writes to ask if we want to engage a "puzzle editor." No, thank you, is our reply. We have a puzzled editor, and that is sufficient. He is puzzled to find out why in blazes people don't pay for their papers.

Regular old rounders now carry canes with crooks for handles. With such a handle the owner can hang his cane on his arm while he works a lunch counter.—*N. O. Picayune*. We suppose most people would style this a counteraction.

Have you ever noticed a woman's tongue how it helps her in the composition of the letter she is writing?—*N. Y. News*. Yes, when a big drop of ink falls on the paper, and there is no blotting pad handy.—*Stamford Advocate*. "To what base uses," etc.

A somewhat novel editorial difficulty was announced in an Indiana paper as follows: "We have to apologize to our readers for the paucity of matter in to-day's issue in consequence of some of our staff having absconded after having drawn more pay than was due to them."

The harder a compositor works, the more he takes his e's.—*Stamford Advocate*. There is no x q's for such * † ‡ § ¶ to our honorable calling; besides, it's a well-known fact that the more he takes his e's the less e's he has, and also the more he o's. Let him have p's.

The soil of New Jersey is read. So is the *Hackensack Republican*.—*Greenslitt*. Brother Greenslitt should never spoil a good joke to spare a friend. He meant to say: The *Hackensack Republican* is red, and so is the editor's hair.—*Stamford Advocate*. That's a red-iculous joke.

When the *Bungtown Bugle* conspicuously prints the name, number and street of its London agency, it gives one a hint of the far-reaching influence of the American country press.—*Stamford Advocate*. Yes, as far-reaching as the traditional slipper usually thrown after new-married couples.

Our devil thinks Satan should have presented Job a proof sheet to correct—that would have settled him.—*Youkers Gazette*. It might be a bigger job than he would care to tackle.—*Stamford Advocate*. That's so. If one of our modern editors had "fixed it in the proof," it would be a job for a job hand, (too).

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and ivory handle to the slate roofed grocer's shop he will hear something to his advantage as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it.

The following is a neat thing in the way they did business-like advertisements half a century ago. It is an epitaph in a London church: "Here lies Sarah Smithers, the loved wife of Thomas Smithers, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his art. Monuments of the same style £25 each.

Printer's "sticks" will not make a fire.—*Eainburg Herald*. Won't, eh? We once fired one at our "devil," and he made an all-fired fuss about it. They are also the means by which many flaming controversies are kindled, and, besides, if it were not for printers' "sticks," how would newspapers cinder 'round their bright sparks and flashes?—*Dan. Sentinel*. How? Why they would have to "set-off," of course. Ask us a hard one.

The young couple glided deftly through the giddy dance. Their countenances beamed with the light of love and pleasure. She seemed to move in a delirious ecstasy, when, crash! they came into collision with an elderly pair, who seemed to have taken lessons in dancing late in life. The young maid fell; tenderly her partner assisted her to rise, and poured a stream of condolence and apology into her ear. "Oh, it doesn't much matter she said, "as I had my new cardinal-striped stockings on."