

"SORTS."

A Western editor returned a tailor's bill, indorsed, "Declined: handwriting illegible."

Emma Bailey and Emma Colby are billed to run a foot race on Christmas Day. This will be, we suppose, what the printers call a two-em dash.

Editors and reporters in Canada are warned against accepting their salaries without close scrutiny. Counterfeit five cent pieces are in circulation.

One of the editors of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* has been called to the pulpit. If it isn't nailed down he'll steal it.—*Rochester Democrat*.

A down town man who went to church last Sunday, remarked afterward that he preferred the organ to the preacher. He said there seemed to be a stop to the organ.

Probably the evenest tempered set of editors on the continent are to be found in the Black Hills. They seldom break over the rules of etiquette further than to call each other "damned liars."

"A generous accumulation of ignorance," is the mild way in which a Rochester paper characterizes the author of a recent article in a contemporary. The phrase is curt and expressive, and will bear repetition.

There is one consolation left, even if winter is in full blast. A man can sleep now as long as he pleases and not be worried by such sounds as "Here y'are, termattuses, terpunkins, terpairs, terpeaches! Four sents er kerwart!"

Did it ever occur to you what the meaning of "No cards," and "No cake," appended to a marriage announcement means? It is simply the exclamation of the editor thrown in, in a spiteful way, to show that he was not remembered.

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.—A young lady explained to her innamorato the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

The person who takes a paper nearly a year, reads it every week that it is published, and then evades the issue of payment on the flimsy quibble that he "never subscribed for it," might own all the steamboats on the river, and still it wouldn't make a man of him.

If your local paper doesn't exactly suit you don't go to running it down and abusing the editor, but go to work and help him make it better by furnishing your local itemizer or the editor-in-chief with such items of interest as happen to come under your observation.—*Salem Democrat*.

The Wayne County *Journal* recently printed an article headed "Talk About Stoves." There has been a good deal of talk about stoves in Rome this fall, but most of it has been of a con-

fidential nature and not calculated for public print. Our folks mix their stove talk up too much with Calvinism.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A North Hill lady writes to this office inquiring if "paragrappers ever go to heaven?" Good land, woman, they never go anywhere. They don't get a chance. They just sit around and do good and count their money and subscribe to charitable enterprises. We don't know whether any of them "ever go" to heaven or not.

An exchange has the following: "The daily newspapers in Deadwood, in the Black Hills, are not much larger than a sheet of foolscap, and are delivered for \$18 a year. Every subscriber is required, as announced in the prospectus, to 'down with the dust.' Yet, when we ask you for that 'mighty dollar,' you get your back up! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

It is a caution how the editors are skipping from public to private life. They act all the world as though the civil service clamps had reached the sanctum. About seven in ten of our exchanges announce the dropping out of Smith, Jones or Brown from the ranks and up pops a new head. Why this season of unrest, brethren? Is it a competency on which you are falling back, or your assets.—*Sainty Telegraph*.

Here is a warning to men too mean to advertise. One of this description wanted to sell some land, and so he put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was enquiring for a small farm was referred to the written notice, when he replied: "I can't buy land at a fair price of any man who does his advertising in this way. He'd steal the fence, the pump-handle and the barn-doors before he'd give up possession."

The "religious column" in a secular paper is usually a very unsatisfactory department to most readers. There is nothing the average man thinks less about, and at the same time feels more "touchy" in regard to, than his religious belief, though he himself may not be able to explain what it is. Therefor, ten men will read the religious column (often edited by a semi-infidel) in a secular newspaper, and nine of them will become more or less offended at what is there printed.

But a short while ago the newsboys kept the streets vocal with their never-ceasing cry, "Paper, hundred men killed in Shecago;" "Paper, great riot in Sanfy-cisco." No one could go anywhere and feel safe that he was out of the din of the turbulence and uproar spread broadcast over the land. Now the newsboys have gone back to their staples "all about the murder," and "full account of the Eastern war." What a grateful relief. Even the falling of stately buildings, the burning of whole cities, and the near approach of Santa Claus, seems not to excite them beyond a moment. The music must be all froze up in them. What a shout there will be the first heavy thaw.