

## "SORTS."

A press of business—The printing press,  
How to acquire shorthand—Fool around a buzz saw.

"That's my impression," as the printer said when he kissed his sweetheart.

Printers never eat any of their own "pi;" they distribute it among the needy cases.

Anti-Fat is the name of a new medicine. Our compositors don't want any of that in their'n.

Talk about the sand blast, we'll put *our* towel against any kind of a blast. One sniff is a surfeit.

Our curiosity hunter is making a collection of old slippers and hats that have been used by printers.

A careless compositor who lost his "copy" called it a miss'd take.—*Stamford Advocate*. He must have been thinking of the galley loved.

An instructor asked a Freshman girl why beer in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

The last poetical effort of the sweet singer of Michigan is a success. It is a boy.—*Turners Falls Reporter*. Bound in cloth we suppose.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

Saratoga trunks are now much oftener strapped than disobedient children.—*N. Y. Times*. But neither are strapped as often as an impecunious printer.—*Stamford Advocate*.

An American exchange has an elongated editorial about the "Awkwardness of gold as money." We cannot follow the argument nor see the point. Gold may be awkward, but it's rather more awkward to be without it.

"If we would have a free country, we must have a press," heroically exclaimed the devoted daughter of a rich Nevada miner, as she slid down a grape arbour at two o'clock in the morning, and then cloped with a poor editor.

Fruit jar advertisements are beginning to sparkle in the newspapers, and between the first of June and the middle of September, a good natured porcelain kettle will travel more miles on a smaller circuit than a Methodist preacher.

A Chicago firm advertised for steady girls to help on pantaloons, and a woman—the mother of a family, no doubt—wrote in answer that a man who cannot help on his own pantaloons ought to be ashamed to advertise for girls to do it for him.

A country subscriber wants advice on the best way to raise his boys. It depends altogether on how high he wants to raise them. A number twelve boot might give them a moderate send-off. Keeping the jelly on the upper shelf is also a good idea.

Soon comes the time when the flies begin to contribute to the newspaper and other articles. The following is a small fly's last year's composi-

tion on "A Picture Frame;" at least it was on a picture frame until our better ½ washed it off: ..... and so on.

A religious exchange bids us "beware of riches." From our earliest infancy we have been so closely following up this advice, that it is probable riches would not approach within several miles of us. We have sat up nights and spent long days bawling them with the most gratifying results.

William Joseph, of Ackley, La., while drying his head with a towel rubbed off every hair, besides eye-brows, moustache and whiskers. It must have been a printing-office towel. The printing-office towel, it may be as well to explain, is frequently used to rasp off a brass rule when a file can't be found.

"Learn to smile," urges a contemporary. This is pretty advice for an editor to give whose task it is to mould public opinion. Young men learn to "smile" soon enough without any newspaper instructions on the subject. It is suspected that the editor owns an interest in a large distillery.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

No one can fancy the feelings of a newspaper man when he hears a delinquent subscriber whom he has but twenty-four hours before vainly implored to "settle that little bill," yell out on Sunday, "put me down \$50 for the good of the cause," when they are "raising the church debt."—*Utason River Chronicle*.

The New York editorial association met in Syracuse a few days ago. While there they visited the Idiot Asylum, and got mixed up with the lunatics. The keepers had an awfully hard time to separate them, being unable to tell "tether from which. It was decidedly rough—on the lunatics.—*Norristown Herald*.

The following, clipped from an exchange, is too good to be lost: "A Toledo German, who has been keeping a saloon for the accommodation of printers, has been obliged to suspend. On his books were found the following named members of the craft: "Der L im Brinter," "Der Leetle," "Der Pen Putler Brinter," "Der Tivel," "Der Brinter mit der red hair," "Der Brinter mit hair not shoost so red."

Oh, he was a sweet, young, lithesome man

And he moved with a tender grace;  
And a smile like the sweep of an angel's wing  
Played over his fair young face.

"I bring," said he, and the editor bowed,  
For he loved the sweet young thing;  
"I bring," he murmured, "a poet's song,  
A lay of the balmy spring."

Then the editor gathered his cross-cut saw,  
And the nail grab, all the same;  
The big sledge-hammer, the long crow-bar,  
And the club with the terrible name.

He sawed him in two, and he flattened him out,  
He tore out each quivering lung;  
He pinned them up to the sanctum wall,  
So scattered, and yet so young.