

"SORTS."

Philosophy is a good thing. Philosophy will give a man cheek enough to pay one cent for a newspaper and five for a poor cigar.

It tries a man's patience and faith in human nature most sorely to buy a coal stove and then see all his neighbors lay in a lot of wood for the winter.

Possibly it is true that Dr. Mary Walker chews tobacco; but we are confident that she hasn't stooped so low as to borrow her entire supply.

An 8-page newspaper will kindle a fire better than a 4-page, because there is more paper in it. That is the only advantage now claimed for the octavo form.

It is this lying awake nights trying to determine whether to leave your fortune to an orphan asylum or a home for old men that makes the newspaper editing business so wearing.

Country editors are so busy thanking people for big beets, squash, cabbage, second-crop potatoes, beans, etc., that they have no time to ask subscribers to send on that "little \$1."

"In the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school teacher, yesterday, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and shorter runs," promptly replied the intelligent pupil.

The journals of Denver have formed a Press Club. The objects, of course, are mutual improvement, the cultivation of literature, art, and cheap, co-operative drunkenness.—*San Francisco Mail*.

The Haverhill *Daily Gazette* is a good looking new daily, published by the proprietors of the *Weekly Gazette*, but somehow it has an air about it suggestive of the fact that whom the "gods love die young."—*Boston Herald*.

Blessed is he that advertiseth, for he shall inherit much greenbax, and men will rise up and call him bulleeboi; for by this name do the multitudes know him who scrabbleth together greenbax—which being interpreted, meaneth spondulix.—*Josh Billings*.

"Canvas suspenders," remarks the *Detroit Free Press*, "now seem to be worn by most ladies." That is a very strange remark. We shall ask no questions, but that is a very strange remark. Is the author of it attending strictly to business?

"Embrace every opportunity to help the poor," advises an exchange. Thank you, we will, and if that clothes line is full to-night when we go home, we know of one poor, unfortunate editor with a large family, whose heart will be made glad with a clean shirt to-morrow morning.

He told the editor that he had read proofs for twenty years, and he obtained a situation. When he spelled "introduction" with a big "I" and a "k," and Jehovah with a little "g," the editor dipped him in the ink barrel, wrung him out

between the rollers of the press, and hung him out in the alley to dry.

A Harrisburg paper informs us that "when a gentleman and lady are walking upon the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman." We shall not discuss the practicability or impracticability of this feat, but we may refer to the theory as illustrating the general disposition of men to harass and oppress the gentler sex.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—A few weeks ago among the arrivals in the *Telegraph* was the following: "On Tuesday evening Mrs. Foot of a son." In last Saturday's issue we are informed that "Mrs. Inch has a daughter." Twins and triplets by Messrs. *Furlong* and *Miles* will probably appear next.—*Borderer*, Sackville, N. B.

A Washington letter writer accuses Murat Halstead's wife of having eleven children, and hair seven feet in length. If he had reported the lady's hair as eleven feet long, and cut the children down to seven, it would have been a better story; but who ever knew a Washington correspondent to improve a story at the expense of the truth?

A correspondent asks: "Do you think it is wicked to smoke?" "Oh, dreadfully, awfully, sinfully wicked. Send your cigars to this office and let us burn them up for you, while you swear off and reform before it is too late. It is already too late for us. We went to swear off last week, but the office was closed and the man had gone to a tea party."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* would like an expression of the views of editors as to the relative degrees of their animosity against three classes of correspondents: (1) People who punctuate with dashes; (2) people who "quote" every phrase they have heard before, including all proper names; (3) people who underscore all their so-thought strong points.

"Say, what are you paying for poetry, now?" "Eh!" "What are you paying for poetry?" ! ! ! ——— ! ! ! ∞ † ! ! * * * His friends pretended to be kind of sorry when the corpse was brought home, but it was easily seen to be a mere tribute to the conventionalities of society, and several of them have since subscribed to the paper.—*Boston Traveller*.

The death of a fashion correspondent is reported from Grand Rapids, Michigan. She tackled a stray copy of Euclid, under the impression that it was a sewing machine company's book of patterns. She struck proposition 5 in spherical trigonometry, and gazed on it once and said, "I know what a fichu basting on a purple polonaise is, and I have met with barege cretonnes cut bias, but when it comes to making dresses for humpbacked women, and trimming them with isosceles and perpendiculars at right angles to the plane AEG, then, indeed, I feel that I am not fitted to solve life's terrible mystery."