

"SORTS."

One of the earliest printers on record—the Emperor Trojan, who set up a Roman column.

A harder subject to deal with than even an old deck of cards, is a man who doesn't advertise.

Is there a paper in the country that didn't mention the "Hayesiness" of the political atmosphere last month.

"Do you take sugar?" asked a hostess of a western editor. "Yes'm, one lump, and just a mite of bitters."

Why ought a blind compositor receive more pity than any other person? Because he is deprived of "setting" any more.

A printer apprentice wants to know if the man that invented italic types is squint-eyed. He is still waiting for an answer.

Why does a compositor, on reaching the bottom of his case, resemble an angry person? Because he is getting out of sorts.

The scriptural quotation, "There is no rest for the wicked," does not apply to the average run of newspaper reporters.

The *Danbury News* has a new girl in the mailing room. There was a golden hair three feet long in the last wrapper that came.

M. Quad of the *Detroit Free Press* is inventing a flying machine, and wants to fight a duel with the editor who knocked the "f" off flying.

The *Worcester Press* asks: Why is an ugly woman like a Hoe printing press? Because she can't make an impression till her form is made up.

A new beginner at type-setting, says that he often gets the nicks the wrong way, for which he gets old Nick for it round the ears and other tender parts.

You may brag on your big-buckle belts, but for genuine warmth and comfort a masculine coat-sleeve carries it by a large majority with Florida heard from.

A western paper chronicles marriages in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of one with power to add to their number."

Some slanderer asserts that paper makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transform beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

A Boston typographer very seriously remarked to his landlady, that "the equal adjustment of the establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash and more in the mattresses."

The local editor of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye* reports that "the false alarm of fire on Columbia street was caused by a young lady with cardinal red stockings falling out of the back seat of an open wagon."

Copy was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something 'About a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor; "the first disturbance ever created in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

For practical brevity, commend all readers to the following: Two printer friends, one residing in New York, and the other in Boston, often corresponded. The one in the former city, being in a hurry, wrote in one of his epistles: "I'm well." The other, not wishing to be outdone, answered, by saying, "do." Can condensation go farther?

We breathe easier now. The new counterfeit \$500 notes now in circulation can be detected by their "greasy feel." It eats into the editor's salary fearfully to get "stuck" with four or five such notes in a week.

A guest at a hotel found a lady's nightgown in his room, and went to the clerk with it saying: "Look a here, mister, this is a hollow mockery, a delusion, and a snare. If you can't fill it up, I don't want the darned thing in my room."

The *Danbury News* man claims that two days after he lectured in Boston, Mass., the United States government got \$18.50 conscience money from a Boston man. How true is it that affliction leads to repentance.—*Stratford, Ont., Herald.*

We are much obliged to some folks for a seven-pound copy of "The Report of a Select Committee to inquire into the Mississippi Election." People who have copies of similar works to spare had better keep away from this office if they don't want to get hurt.

Mumford, of the *Talbotton Standard*, was once known as the boy editor. He is now the editor of the liveliest girl that ever nibbled at a teething ring. But let us be content. Change is written upon everything except a three dollar bill.—*Charleston Courier.*

The *Herald* came to hand yesterday morning upside down; and as we vainly tried to balance ourselves on our head that we might peruse it with becoming dignity, we were forced to the conclusion that we were never made to stand in that position.—*Halifax paper.*

This is how the *Belleville Ontario* explains a slip of the quill: "We were merely 'joking' about a much-magnified subject, and not in our usual sober, earnest mood." It is much better to keep sober, but honest confession is not to be despised.—*London Advertiser.*

A modest young lady desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said; "I'll take the part which ought to be dressed in drawers!" A young gentleman opposite immediately said: "I'll take the part that ought to wear a bustle!" Hartshorn was immediately administered to the lady.

An editor on the frontier, says an exchange, became martial, and was made captain. On parade, instead of "Two paces in front—advance!" he unconsciously exclaimed, "Cash—\$2.00 a year in advance." He was court-martialed and sentenced to read his own paper.

A disciple of Faust was paying court to a young lady, with a view to amalgamation. A practical jokist told the old gent that the favored one was going to Secor and then to Havre. At the next meeting, the old man innocently wanted to know when he was going to those places—Secor and Havre. "Why, bless your soul," replies the young man, "I have been to seek her, found her, and will shortly have her, as I have her consent, and all I want now is yours." It was given without a murmur, with suppressed smiles.

Two printers, one named Fuller, and the other Knight, the former noted for his practical jokes, and the latter for his soberness, met each other one day. Fuller, expecting to have a good laugh at the expense of Knight, asked him, in the presence of a third person, why a friend of his was like a bird of the night. "Well, I don't exactly know," dryly drawled out Knight, "without it is that he is fuller in the face, fuller in the breast, fuller in the limbs, in fact, I don't know," snickered he, "but that he is fuller all over." The trio became full of laughter and dispersed.