

Selected Funnigraphs.

WHEN the office-boy emptied the editor's waste-basket into the furnace, there was a splendid display of "words that burn."

A FELLOW in Smithville who couldn't spare \$2 a year for a newspaper, sent 50 two-cent stamps to a down-east yankee to know how to raise beets. He got an answer: "take hold of the tops and pull for all you are worth."

AN Irish journal has this gem in answer to a correspondent: "We decline to acknowledge the receipt of your post-card." Which is very much like the Corkonian who traveled into Kerry to an insulting enemy to "tell him to his face that he would treat him with silent contempt."

ON Washington Street near the bridge, in Brooklyn, is a printer by the name of Kick, his sign reading, "Kick the Printer." This is an invitation not often extended by the printer himself, but there are times when most advertising men would thoroughly enjoy kicking the printer whose composition has ruined some good bit of display.—*Weekly Journalist*.

AN exchange says that an editor once applied at the door of Hades for admission. "Well," replied his sable majesty, "We let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up a continual row with his former delinquent subscribers; and, as we have more of that class of persons than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of editors."

A PRINTER'S error is amusing the Queenslanders. Their leading newspaper reviewing a work prognosticating the wonders of science, remarked, "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguards' works of imagination." The correction appeared in the issue of the following week, as follows: "For 'other blackguards' please read 'Rider Haggard's.'"

"Your husband is the editor of the Bugle, I believe?" said the neighbor who had dropped in to make a friendly call. "Yes." "And as you have no family, and have a good deal of leisure time on your hands, you assist him now and then in his editorial work, I dare say?" "Oh, yes," answered the little wife of the young newspaper man, hiding her strawberry-stained fingers under her apron. "I edit nearly all his inside matter."

THERE are 945 printing and publishing concerns in Chicago.

A Newspaper Defined.

It is a library. It is an encyclopædia, a poem, a history, a dictionary, a timetable, a romance, a guide, a political resumé, a ground plan of the civilized world, a low-priced mul-tum in parvo. It is a sermon, a song, a circus, an obituary, a shipwreck, a symphony in cold lead, a medley of life and death, and a grand aggregation of man's glory and shame. It is, in short, a bird's-eye view of all the magnanimity and meanness, the joys and sorrows, births and deaths, the pride and poverty of the world—all for a few cents.—Bill Nye.

A FARTHING newspaper is the latest novelty in Paris. It is called *La Vie*, and is edited by Pol Martinet, an anarchist, who has spent no inconsiderable part of his life in prison for his violent writings. As a farthing, or, to speak more precisely, a two-and-a-half centime piece is unknown to the French currency, the new venture is faced at the outset by a serious practical difficulty, but the projector gets over it in a rather ingenious fashion. The paper is to be printed in two different colors, each color being used on alternate days. Purchasers of a paper of one color, will be charged a halfpenny, but they will get in exchange for it on the following day, without further charge, the paper of the other color.

A CORRESPONDENT having asked for a list of books useful to a journalist, Mr. G. A. Sala replies: "I consider the following books to be absolutely essential to the education of a journalist:—The Bible, Shakespeare, Hume, Burke, Robertson, Junius, Cobbett, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Macintosh, Lingard, Adam Smith, Macaulay, Froude and Swift—every line of Swift. Also keep a journalist's diary."

"THE fourth estate" as applied to newspapers is credited to Burke in Carlyle's *Hero Worship*, and the *Heroic in History*. "Burke said there were three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sat a fourth estate more important than they all."

WHEN editors of metropolitan papers sneer at and attempt to override their country cousins, they frequently run against a circumstance. The size of a paper is often regulated by the size of a town in which it is published; but the size of the editor's brain does not depend on environments.—*York (Neb.) Times*.