

"SORTS."

A righting book — the Dictionary.

Setting hens — Female compositors.

The backbone of Summer is sprouting.

A lazy editor in Ohio reads all his exchanges in bed. He finds it the easiest way to fill up his sheet.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

An Irish lover remarks: "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer sweet-heart is wid ye!"

The origin of the word muff, applied to a fool, is said to be that a muff holds a woman's hand without squeezing it.

The compositor who set up "\$10,000" to read "\$1000," might have prevented his mistake by a little fourth aught.

In composing for the press run your pen as a rule through every other word of your writing. It gives much vigor to the style.

"Constant reader" wants to know if his poem was declined "because it was too long!" No, it was because it was too thin.

A careless printer made a dancing master's card read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

"Died while reading a newspaper," says a recent paragraph. On investigation it was found he had borrowed the paper from a neighbor.

The man who has written anything for the editor and didn't "scratch it off in a hurry" will please call at this office and hear of something to his advantage.

It is generally the man who doesn't subscribe for a paper who sends the editor a communication pitching into somebody or something, and signs it "Many Readers."

The experienced editor can always tell at sight the man who comes in with his first attempt at original poetry. He walks on tiptoe, and looks as though he had just passed a counterfeit bill or strangled a baby.

An editor having in a dense crowd accidentally stepped on the toe of the one next him, asked pardon for his carelessness. No matter, no matter, sir, was the good-natured reply; "it is only an error of the press."

A London reporter was knocked down the other day by a highwayman, who demanded his valuables. The poor reporter took out his scissors to pass them over to the highwayman, but the latter thought it a revolver and immediately retreated.

The Queen of England has presented a Dorchester woman with £3 for being the mother of three daughters at a birth. Victoria is hereby tendered the free use of these columns to explain whether she wishes to be understood as encouraging that sort of thing.

What agonies must the poet have endured, who, writing of his love, asserted that he "kissed her under the silent stars," and found the compositor had made him declare that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs."

A New Hampshire editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last "that beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet is now beaten by a beet that beats all the other beets, whether the original beet, the beet, that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet."

A tramp was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced for three months. The Justice, in explaining the sentence, remarked that, while there was no evidence that the prisoner had been guilty of any crime, he thought it prudent to commit him, as he had the wild, haggard look of a man about to start a newspaper.

Young ladies who are in the enjoyment of their first attack of love seldom finish their first saucer of ice-cream. If you want to see a frizzle-headed pull-back girl eat about half a gallon at a sitting, try one that has been engaged eight or ten times. She'll hide it, and go off muttering, "Yum, yum, yum! More!"

A poetically inclined contemporary comes down on the fly nuisance in the following style: "Oh the fly, the fly, the horrible fly, now on your nose, and now in your eye; robbing the sleeper out of his rest, and pinching your toes before you are dressed; will no one invent a poison or trap, that will murder the flies at one single slap?"

A BABY IN BOOTS.—When a man unaccustomed to running a newspaper gets behind a hand-press, issues a sickly sheet with more exchanges than subscribers, made up of meaningless editorials and puffs of business men written by the promoters of the sheet, and glances over a number of dead-head advertisements inserted for show, he feels something like a baby in boots, and claps his hands and roars with joy.

A young man applied at the *Star* office, the other day, for a situation. "Have you ever had any experience as an editor?" inquired the newspaper man. "Well, no, not exactly," replied the ambitious aspirant, cautiously. "But I've been cowhided a number of times, have been married quite a while, have worn borrowed clothes for three years, and never had a cent of money, so I thought I might work in." He was engaged.

Those who do not advertise are like the boy described as follows:—A man sent his son to the city with a bag of corn to sell, but at night he returned, and his father asked him what luck he had. "Well, dad," said he, "only one man asked me what I had in my bag, and I told him it was none of his darned business." And they sit around their empty stores and play checkers, and stand at the windows and see customers go to other places, and wonder why people don't ask them what they have got in the bag.