

"SORTS."

A female compositor has been aptly termed a calico printer.

Why is an author a queer animal? Because his tale comes out of his head.

Editors never commit suicide. They haven't the time to waste for such foolishness.

What is the difference between an editor and his wife? One sets articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set.

"There's but a 'hair space' between me and the better land" were the last words spoken by an old printer who died recently.

The editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, promptly replied, "Well, that covers the ground, any how."

The apprentice of the *Trenton Public Opinion* says it is quite possible for a "devil" to become a Christian—that is, imp-possible.

An enthusiastic editor, speaking of a new prima donna, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

Honest men are called the noblest work of God, but there are so few that a greater part of the first edition of that work must be still on the author's hands.

"Does he drink?" asked one of the *News* compositors of another this morning, referring to a fellow-craftsman. "Drink! He's got a breath that would pi a form."

The *Amherstburg Echo* says:—We wish no bodily harm to any of our friends, but think it would be a blessing if some of our subscribers were taken with a *remittent* fever.

If *Harper's Weekly* stubbornly insists on putting six masts into whale ships wrecked in the Arctic regions, there will come a day when shipbuilders will grow pale with despair.

A western editor met a well-educated farmer recently, and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9.75 for it.

Why do not printers succeed to the same extent as brewers? Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains.

A western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please everybody. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

"My poem is rather lengthy," she said, "and may be you won't have room for it this week." The editor yawned and replied, "Oh, yes, we could find room for it if it was twelve times as long—our stove is a large one, you see."

A year ago the Boston newspapers were chronicling the movements and recording the sayings and doings of Rev. E. D. Winslow, the skedaddling clergyman. Now they are equally busy with Moody and Sankey. How transitory is fame.

We can stand almost anything from the type-setting fiend; but when our friend "About Town" writes "Pew rents have not fallen," we decidedly object to having the types say "Peanuts have not fallen." It argues a low grade of Christianity among printers.—*New York Mail*.

A furrier lamenting in an advertisement the tricks played upon the public by unprincipled men in his own trade, "earnestly requests ladies to bring him their own skins and have them made into muffs."

A western editor was serenaded, and in the next issue of his paper complimented the serenading party on their "judicious taste in the selection of pieces." He was informed by a listener, after the publication, that they had played the "Rogue's March."

The editor of a western paper takes much pains to show that he isn't bald headed. "A woman's hand," he says, "how beautifully moulded! how faultless in symmetry! how soft and white and yielding, and oh! how much of gentle memory its pressure conveys. Yet we don't like it in our hair."

Our "devil" Jimmy, while setting up a lot of long primer "caps," which had been knocked into "pi," pounded the following conundrum: "Why is this the best kind of pi?" "Give it up," chorused all hands, when Jimmy exclaimed, with a bland smile, "Because it is *capital* pi."

An editor in Illinois having engaged a new reporter, received the following as his first effort: "We are informed that the gentleman hoo stood on his head under a pile driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of butes druv on, shortly afterward found himself in Chicago perfectly naked and without a cent in his pocket."

About the sickest typographical error we have seen for some time is the recent announcement that a certain gentleman would deliver a lecture "on the small-pox, for the benefit of the poor." The editor wrote "on the sixth prox."—and the intelligent compositor will accompany the colony to Texas next month.—*Norristown Herald*.

A newspaper published in the regions of the lakes of Memphremagog and Winnepesaukee says that "the fish of Holleyhunkemunk, Maine, are said to be superior to those of either lake Weeleyobacook or Moosetockemungantue. Those of Chaungugungamaug were very fine, but they all got choked to death trying to tell where they lived."

The *Home Journal* objects to the wearing of diamonds when travelling because it is vulgar. It is a position which we assumed years ago and we are glad to say that no one connected with this paper has ever been guilty of such vulgarity. We have occasionally taken a ride with a lawyer, but there are some depths to which we cannot sink.—*Stratford Herald*.

In a printing office near Temple-Bar, recently, when the boys by many out-number the men, the proof-reading is almost crazy at times with the proofs. By way of correction, the other day, he said to the boys that if they did not improve, he should send Lindley Murray to them. "Who's he?" inquired one of the lads of his neighbor. "Oh, suppose he's the new cove as is coming to be overseer," was the reply. "Oh, well, we can check him then," returned the other.

During the late session of the New Brunswick Assembly, one of the M. P. P.'s lost his head covering under peculiar circumstances. Having occasion to transact some business in the library, he placed his hat on a chair near by; but when he returned in a few minutes, the fashionable tile was *non est inventus*, while in its place lay a dilapidated slouched felt, bearing this inscription: "Please ex." The editor sadly accepted the situation, but he never again cast eyes on the glossy beaver.