

"SORTS."

A short paragraph—this one.

A literary spittoon—the waste basket.

Let us be thankful that we live, move and have our potatoes.

What most newspapers suffer from about this time of year—Rumor-tism.

To a newspaper man three lines of a news item is worth a barrel of poetry.

Sweet girls—Mo-lasses. Sharp girls—Cut-lasses. (The editor trusts these are not fal-lasses.)

The bald-headed paragrapher of the *Courier-Journal* says "it is the steam from the brain that makes men bald."

There are too many men trying to solve the problem of how to live without work, and this is what keeps up hard times.

If dates are left out of marriage or death notices by the writers, should not the compositor be expected to insert the right date?

"Solid brevier!" shouted the foreman, and the heart of ye poor typo went down into his boots. Yea, verily, to his innermost sole.

The Czar is accompanied by Suwaroff. We have heard of the latter frequently about the 1st of January, but never saw him in the flesh.

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was "an adjuster of moveable alphabets. He was a printer.

People who seldom read newspapers are spared at least one mortification. They have no idea how frequently they make fools of themselves in conversation.

A St. Joe editor had an article headed, "What is it we drink?" and a rival editor went over to the nearest saloon and ascertained that it was usually the clear corn juice.

Some men can sit on a candle-box and lay out the European campaign, and tell almost everything that is to occur in the future, except where their next dinner is to come from.

Sainte Beuve says, "In every man there is a poet who dies young." The editor's waste basket indicates that the man doesn't know the poet is dead, and keeps on with his nonsense.

Rhode Island has a satin quilt over one hundred and ninety years old. Think of the thousands and thousands of curtain lectures and recriminations it has been a witness to, etc., etc.

The editor of a Virginia paper was asked by a stranger, "if it were possible that little town kept up four newspapers." And the reply was, "No; it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

The *Markham Economist* says:—"We are a puzzled editor." So are we, Bro. Corson, and from the same cause as yourself, viz: "to know why in thunder people don't pay up their subscriptions."

Beccher's idea that there is no hell is bad for newspaper publishers, as so many subscribers may now utterly refuse to pay up if they have the most remote suspicion that Beccher knows what he is talking about.

"What is to be done with the devil, now there is no more hell?" asks the *Buffalo Express*. And the *Hawkeje* replies: "If he is through taking proofs let him distribute brevier until it is time to go for the mail."

"Pa," said little Jemmy, "I was very near getting to the head of my class to-day." "How was that, my son?" "Why, a big word came all the way down to me, and if I could only have spelt it, I would have gone clear up."

A man recently wrote to a paper in Western New York, saying that he wanted the paper, but had no money, and offering to send for it two undershirts, worth \$3.00, which had been given to him, but were too small. The paper was sent.

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window, of a serenading party. "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucket of slops fell, "like the gentle dew from heaven," on those beneath.

The press is not all that it should be, but still its condition is not hopeless. A contemporary up North says that the editor of the *Colingwood Bulletin* had a church social in his house recently. The fourth estate is slightly amenable to religious influences.

Sue H. Hogg edits an Illinois paper, and it won't be long before some paragraphist observes that the difference between the Sue H. Hogg pen and the ordinary hog pen is that while the one bristles with wit the other bristles with material for wax ends, brushes, etc.

SPOILING AN ITEM.—A splendid item about a man getting kicked all to pieces by a horse the other day was utterly spoiled by the carelessness of the man himself, who climbed into the hayloft, and stayed there until the horse stopped kicking. And yet a cold world may blame the reporter for this.

A woman in Kansas city is bothering the editors—ten degrees below zero—with luncheons of chunks of poetry "Roses red, morning glories, fairer love, rivulets, bees on the wing, nightingales and breezes that lightly fan the cheeks." As for us, give us good pork and beans, stout sauer kraut, and thick gravy.

The trade mottoes of some of the London associations are curious. The blacksmiths, for instance, have "By hammer and hand all arts do stand;" the distillers, "Drop as rain, distil as dew;" the foundlers, "God the only founder;" the inn holders, "Come, ye blessed; when I was harborless, ye lodged me;" the joiners, "Join loyalty and liberty;" the saddlers, "Hold fast, sit sure;" the weavers, "Weave truth with trust;" and the needle makers, "They sewed leaves together and made themselves aprons."