

Something Quite Soft.

The editor of one of our western exchanges related with all due humility, to a bosom friend who promised secrecy, the following "touching" story about himself. He concluded the tale, his friend says, in a very "feeling" manner, and animadverted at great length on the awful uncertainties of this life.

"I was in the habit of visiting, perhaps oftener than was necessary, a cottage occupied by a very fine buxom young widow of about thirty summers. I had a feeling of the greatest friendship (to draw it mildly) for her. One evening, on entering and shaking hands with her, I remarked with perhaps considerable more earnestness than usual, owing to the nervous state of my mind when in her presence: "Why, your hand feels as soft as silk."

"Nonsense, William," she replied. "Here with some more of your flattery, are you? My hands are not as soft as your own this minute."

"Why your hand," said I, "feels so soft I'd be afraid to squeeze it. I never felt anything so soft."

"Now, William, just listen at you again! If you never felt anything as soft as my hand, and even softer—you know it has been your own fault," and I thought the widow blushed as though sorry she had said it.

"Pray," said I, becoming deeply interested, "what might I have felt that is softer than your hand?"

"Hush, now! You don't know, of course. You are very innocent;" and then I could have sworn the widow was blushing.

"Upon my honor I don't know," was my still more interested reply; "won't you tell me, or show me?"

"No, you know I won't tell you."

"Then show me, won't you?"

"I don't like to. But you are such a tease and such a duncé, one must do almost anything to get rid of you."

"Certainly."

And she took my hand mincingly in her's.

"Now shut your eyes, William."

I closed my eyes in an instant. She lifted my hand up and up. I held my breath, and, dear reader, before I suspected what she was doing, she had placed it gently upon—my head.

A personal editor, two shot guns, and a flour sack of assorted type, complete the outfit of a Black Hills newspaper office.

A Card of Thanks.—Bull-do(z)ging.

A San Francisco paper gives the following graphic description of a wrestling match between the "devil" and the schoolmaster. The former is evidently good on "phonetics" and belongs to the new school:—"The Town Crier is instructed to return the grateful thanks of the proprietor of this paper to the gentleman who kindly sent us as a present the large cream-colored bull-dog on Tuesday last. He also desires to say that our gratitude will receive an immediate accession if the philanthropist al-luded to will have the goodness to call and remove his canine testimonial at an early hour to-day. The following verbatim diary of the official record of this animal, as an *attache* of the *News Letter*, compiled by our printer's devil, and which he is willing to swear to if necessary, will explain conclusively the pressing reasons we have for desiring his immediate removal:—

Tuesday—Tied the nu dog 'Jim' to the leg of the editur's desk, bit editur, he kicked me, tied him to reporter's table, and then he did too. He et a stake. Wednesday—'Jim' killed our other dog, bit Mikel Rose, who kem in to luke at im, et a stake, then the fourman's lunch, bit fourman. Thursday—Bit 2 men, and a boy hoo wanted to pay fur a 'ad,' editur kicked me, wish somone wud ki' editur. 'Jim' et another cat, likewise a stake. Friday—Bit me, killed another dog. Saturday—He's in the cole box growlin', everybody is swering, can't get no cole, all hans freesing, bit fourman, editur up on bukcase 4 hours. The above speaks for itself."

It may interest the "craft" to know that the original "Mose" celebrated in song and in the drama as lover of "Lize," and the doer of prodigies in "running with de macheen," was a printer named Mose Humphreys, who worked on the New York *Sun*. Chanfrau, the actor and personator of "Mose," heard Humphreys give an order in a restaurant, in this wise:—"Look a-heah! gi' me a sixpenny plate o' pork 'n' beans, and don't stop to count them beans, neither."

The following ludicrous sentence is the result of a compositor's erroneous punctuation:—"Cesar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, and an angry glare."