

## "SORTS."

As soon as a young fellow begins to make rhymes, he is sure to get type-us fever.

The best journalism — printing the true and the beautiful only on memory's tablet.

An intellectual pauper has appeared in Boston, who can beg in ten different languages.

"I have worn my thinnest pants, and yet suffered with the heat terribly."—*Dr. Mary Walker.*

Nothing brightens the life of an editor more than to be given a ticket for a free lecture for advertising.

An absent-minded editor copied from an exchange one of his own articles, and entitled it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

An editor is a man who chronicles the departure of other people for the cool and delicious summer resorts.—*Rochester Democrat.*

When a man stops his newspaper, it is amusing to see him borrow his neighbor's the following day to see if it says anything about him.

Somebody has taken the trouble to write a book about "How to find the Stars." Don't wait to read it—step on a piece of orange peel.

The man who sues a newspaper for damages is a half brother to the chap who thinks he has discovered perpetual motion.—*Turners' Falls Reporter.*

A Chicago merchant advertised recently "a boy wanted," and before he got down town his clerk met him breathless, and told him that his wife had twin boys. It pays to advertise.

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who had learnt a new fact by experience, says that the most improved way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep it out of other people's business.

Life-preserving Rules. 1.—Never disturb a dog when he is eating. 2.—Never interrupt an editor when he is reading proof. 3.—Never call upon a housewife when she is up to her elbows in a wash tub.

"If it was not for the years couched upon his head," wrote the obituary writer; and then he got right up and howled when the type-setter rendered it, "If it was not for his ears he could have stood upon his head."

"It seems to me," said an old lady to a reporter, "that there haven't been as many puns in the papers since last year as there used to be." "Of course not, madam," said the reporter; "it was such an no-pun winter, you know."

"Thank heaven," said a tormented passenger, "there are no newsboys in heaven." "No," replied the newsboy, "but what comfort do you find in that?" The man didn't say, and everybody else looked pleased.—*Harvey.*

Many people judge the value of newspapers by their size. The larger the paper the better it is, in their estimation; and according to their judgement, a copper cent is of much greater

than a gold dollar, because it is the largest.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. It was for a dog. In twenty-four hours over five hundred dogs answered it with a howl of joy, and there were still two wards, the poor house and a sausage factory to hear from.

A young man applied for the position of humorous paragrapher on a new paper, and when asked what qualification he possessed for the duties, he replied that he was born on All-Fools' Day, and suffered a great deal with the toothache. He got it.

Don't tell a man you sweat. It is vulgar. Inform him that you are being deprived of the saline and oleaginous fluids of your material substance through the excretories of your pellucid cuticle, with a sensible condensation of moisture upon the superficial exterior.

An editor is pretty certain to loose a patron when his foreman inadvertently puts a marriage notice under the head of "Another swindle come to light." The groom, instead of accepting the blunder as a new sample of American humor, gets awfully mad, and wants to murder somebody.

When a young man "enters journalism" he weaves a spider's web of words around a fly of an idea. In time, he learns to secure the fly without any net, and when he holds it up for inspection everybody can see just what it is. A good idea in a sea of words, is like Venus with a linen duster on, buttoned up to her chin.—*Turners' Falls Reporter.*

When a fellow goes into a printing office the first thing for him to do, and the one that will most deeply interest the foreman, is to take up a handful of matter from the imposing stone with his thumb and forefinger. Perhaps he will not be entirely successful; but then it amuses the pious foreman to watch the amazed expression on the fellow's face as he observes that he "thought it was all one piece!"

A newspaper man may puff and extol any man or set of men to the seventh heaven, and the men all the time imagine that that is part of the newspaper's business; but the moment the editor ventures to brush the fur the wrong way, even be it ever so little, all the former good words go for naught, and he rushes into the sanctum with fire in his eye and an order on his lips that he wants that thing made right. An exchange vouches for the correctness of this remark.

A very wicked little Philadelphia school-boy put some newspapers under his arm and presented himself to Mr. G. Washington Childs with the newsboys to whom the great obituary poet was giving tickets for dinner. The attempt at fraud was detected, however, by a newsboy, who cried out: "No ya-aw don't nuther, cully! What yer giving us? Reg'lars don't sell Monday's papers on Chuesday, like them is. I know yer, young feller; yer only a schooley, you are."