

A Printer's Devil and his Love.

A printer's devil was pierced in the heart
 With the charms of a little miss;
 Quoth he to the lass, "my dear, ere we part
 Let us seal our love with a kiss."
 The maiden replied, as the imp she eyed.
 "Dost think that I'll let you revel
 Where others before have vainly tried?
 No, no! I'll not kiss the devil."
 Years rolled along, and the sweet little lass
 Became an old sorrowful maid;
 She lived like a queen—was rich, but alas!
 Her beauty had all decayed.
 Once again they met, and the old maid tried
 To recall the former issue,
 But he gaily smiled, and only replied,
 "The devil now wouldn't kiss you!"

An Eccentric Typo.

An itinerant printer stepped into a house in this city recently and requested something to eat. He was ragged and dirty and looked suspicious. The good lady of the house, who was alone at the time, felt somewhat uneasy in the presence of so rough a guest, and hesitated in complying with his request. The old "comp." becoming impatient, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Madam, in the words of the immortal Shakespeare, 'delays are dangerous.'" The poor woman, feeling alarmed and frightened, quickly furnished her unwelcome visitor with a good "square" meal. He sat down and slowly and steadily devoured all that was put before him. After he had finished, he took from his pocket an old red cotton handkerchief, flourished it across his mouth a few times, folded his arms and leaned back in the chair in a careless, self-satisfied manner, and began to sing in a low, monotonous tone, "Hold the Fort." He got up and slowly walked to the door, turned around, and, gazing intently on his kind hostess, said, in a solemn strain: "Fare thee well, and, if forever, then forever fare thee well."

A young man writes to the *Graphic* that he wants to be an editor, to which the *Graphic* replies: Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale, and fry them at five minutes' notice? Canst thou write an editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment four inches from the beginning, and nine inches of humor in the middle, and an outburst of maxim and precept, nine and three-quarter inches long, at the close?

PUZZLE FOR NEWSPAPER READERS.—We recollect having seen the following puzzle for newspaper readers about twenty years ago, and no doubt many of our readers have also seen it; but it may possibly be new to some, therefore we reproduce it for their benefit. It is a very good reminder for delinquent subscribers, and, for all the space it takes, is worth reproducing to almost any newspaper that is not carried on under the "strictly cash in advance" system:

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A West Hill man got up in a vague state of mind the other morning, and feeling round in the dark for his socks, got hold of his wife's stripped stockings. When he pulled them on and stretched them up, he felt so completely dressed that he didn't think of putting on anything else, but went mooning around until he found a lamp, and fell to the floor in a fit of terror at the sight of his legs. When they restored him to consciousness they couldn't make him believe that the house hadn't been burglarized by a circus clown or an escaped convict because, he said, "I saw him the minute I struck the match, just as plainly as I see you now. Nobody's safe in these awful times."

A certain rural editor thus harangues his aristocratic readers: "When you feel disgusted with the weather, the roads and walks, imagine yourself a farmer out watering a drove of stock in a creek five miles from home, with the ice twenty inches thick, the snow two feet deep, the mercury clear down in the boots of zero, the wind blowing like a one thousand horse power grinding mill from the north west, and every animal in the crowd trying to horn you in the back because you don't chop holes fast enough."

The meanest and greediest man after a newspaper is the man who is too mean to subscribe. He is always waiting for the latest paper, and is not two minutes on the owner's premises when he pounces upon it and never lets up until every line is read. Then he will perhaps cast it aside with the remark that he could make a better one himself.