

Only a Printer

"He is only a printer." Such was the covering remark of the leader in a circle of aristocracy of the codfish quality. Who was Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What were Prince Edward Williams and Prince Napoleon? They were proud to call themselves printers. The present Czar of Russia and Duke of Battenberg are printers, and the Emperor of China worked in a printing office almost every day.

William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gale, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax? Printers all, and practical ones. Also Bayard Taylor, the poet.

Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bert Hart, Pie Reid, are plain printers, as were Artemas Ward, P. V. Nashby and Sat Lovingwood. Senator Plumb was a printer and so was James Hogg of Texas and the leader of science and philosophy, Benjamin Franklin, in his day made his boast that he was a printer.

In fact thousands of the brilliant minds in the country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of the large cities and towns. It is not every one that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.—Ex.

THE VICTIM OF INDIAN POLITENESS.

A Boston girl who recently witnessed an Indian sham battle in the West tried to talk to a young Indian brave sitting next to her. "Hip much fight," she said.

Her Indian neighbor smiled and replied:

"Yes; this is indeed a great exposition, and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attractive here. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The girl had been addressing one of the Carlisle Indian school Graduates.—Ex.

Papa's Kiss

"Why don't you kiss like nana?"

Asked the little maid of three,

As she ran to greet her papa,

And climbed upon his knee.

"Her tisses taste like candy.

And is good enough to eat

But your mouf do taste awful,

And aint the least bit sweet."

"That is so," replied the father—

Her eyes he dared not meet—

"There's no reason why, my darling,

My kiss should not be sweet."

To him the thought was galling,

That each evening with his kiss,

He had thoughtlessly polluted

Those innocent young lips.

"Come here, dear wife and mother,

And help me take this vow;

Neither liquor nor tobacco

Shall touch my lips from now.

And oh, dear Heavenly-Father,

Thou who art good and wise,

I thank Thee for this angel

Who has opened my blind eyes."

Ex.—