## FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

**All About Yankee Doodle, Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan.**

We use Uncle Sam as a facetious name for the United States; Mr. S. Grant Oliphant explains its origin thus: "Uncle Sam Wilson" was the Government inspector of supplies at Troy in the war of 1812. Those edibles of which he approved were labeled U. S., then a new sign for United States; the workman supposed that these letters were the initials of "Uncle Sam," and the mistake became a joke, and a lasting one. So "Brother Jonathan" had a simple origin: Washington thought very highly of the judgment of Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, then Governor of Connecticut, and constantly remarked: "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The name soon became regarded as a National sobriquet. Mr. Southwick, in "Quizzism," gives some curious information about the term Yankee; of course, we all know that it is the word English as pronounced by the American Indians, but we do not all know that "in a curious book on the 'Round Towers of Ireland' the origin of the term Yankee Doodle was traced to the Persian phrase Yanki-dooniah, or inhabitants of the new world. Layard, in his book on 'Ninevah and Its Remains,' also mentions Yanghi-dunia as the Persian name of America." The song Yankee Doodle, Mr. Southwick tells us, is as old as Cromwell's time; it was the protector himself who "stuck a feather in his hat" when going to Oxford; the bunch of ribbons which held the feather was a maccaroni. We know that maccaroni was a cant term for a dandy, that feathers were worn in the hats of royalists, and that Oxford was a town of the highest importance during the civil war. I do not quite see how round towers, the Persian language and Old Noll came to be so intimately connected, even though, as Mr. Southwick tells, the song was first known as Nankee Doodle. Americans must not, as some of her sons have done, imagine that the dollar-mark $ stands for U S, the S being written upon U. For both the dollar and the sign of it were in use long before there were any United States. Both Mr. Southwick and Mr. Oliphant gave the very probable origin indicated by the design on the reverse of the Spanish dollar—the pillars of Hercules with a scroll round each pillar, the scrolls, perhaps, representing the serpents which Hercules strangled while yet he was a child in his cradle. There is also another theory that the dollar mark is a form of the figure 8, because in old times the dollar was a piece of eight reals. The expression "almighty dollar" was first used used by Washington Irving in his sketch of a "Creole Village," 1837.—*United Presbyterian.*

## THE EDITOR EXPIRES.

**A Feminine Apology Which Caused the Death of a Good Man.**

"I have called," began the lady.

"Ah, yes," said the editor, with a deep sigh, "in regard to that MS. story of yours which I returned with thanks last week?"

"Yes. I—"

"I know," interrupted the editor, nervously, "but you see we are so overcrowded with matter at present that—"

But, I—"

"Exactly. Your story had much to recommend it. I read it with great interest, I assure you—"

"I—"

"With great interest, really; but I regret to say that it did not exactly meet our requirements. You might send it to—"

"If I—"

"No, I don't think it would suit us, even if you rewrote it, as you were about to suggest, for—"

"But—"

"No, I assure you there was no personal feeling in the matter—not the slightest."

"I have—"

"My dear lady, I am aware that you are the sole support of an aged mother and an invalid sister—all our feminine contributors are—but still—"

"Mr.—"

"Yes, of course, your friends all say that your story is equal to any thing that ever appeared in our columns, and I—"

"But, sir——"

"You might send us something at some future time—say in about a year and a half, or two years. Then we——"

"*Will* you listen to me a moment, sir?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am."

"I only called to say that, having reread the story I sent you, I am convinced that it is destitute of merit, and I wish to apologize for having ever sent it to you."

The editor rose to his feet, uttered a low, blood-curdling laugh, and hastily took his departure from a world which had become too good for him.—*F. A. Stearns, in Tid-Bits.*

### A Peculiar Mistake.

W. G. Baily, of Dallas, hired a colored cook. After she had brought home the wrong change from market four successive days, he said:

"You are coming it just a little too strong. There is a mistake in the change again."

"Dar's a mistake in de change, did yer say?"

"Yes, and as usual, the mistake is in your favor."

"Look heah, white man, you doan' s'pect a poo' culled pusson ter make a mistake in de change agin kerse'f, does yer?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Patients healed by divine aid," is the sign of a faith doctor in Boston.

## AN UNCONSIDERED EVIL.

**Dangers Growing Out of the Return of Criminals From the Gaols.**

While we are so nervously anxious to limit physical sickness we deliberately continue year after year to spread and to perpetuate another sort of disease which is eating at the very vitals of society. Vice and crime not only prey upon society, they poison it. And what we do is this: Over and over again we return again into the community all the crime that finds its way into our jails. The fever hospitals, the smallpox hospitals do not send their patients out till they are cured, till there is no risk of spreading the contagion of their several diseases. The inmates of our jails, or a vast number of them, are never cured. They are incurable. They are either born criminals—of which, in the nature of things, there must be very many thousands in a population like that of England—or they have become infected with crime and hardened in it, as may easily happen, considering the condition in which a man finds himself after imprisonment for even one serious offense. It is a common belief that our prisons, our convict establishments, are little better than huge factories for receiving criminals at one end and turning them out at the other with their original depravity confirmed and intensified. Some of those who have the most intimate knowledge of these things tell us that almost every one of the poor wretches whom we shut up in order to let loose again leaves the prison more dangerous to society than when he entered it. It is extremely likely. In one man's case the brand of crime is where it was not before; in another's it is deepened. The shame which so often passes into desperation seizes on the less guilty the hardened criminal is yet more hardened now. Yet we, knowing what these men and women are, knowing that they are not only vicious in themselves, but centers of contagion, and breeders and perpetuators of crime constantly turn them back from jail into the community of which they are the dregs and the poison. This is done methodically. We do it over and over again with the same men and women; and, after a generation or two of what in the precisely similar case of the hospitals would be thought downright madness, we are startled by the extraordinary number of "roughs" that we seem to possess.

How many of us ever give a thought to this extraordinary system of constantly returning criminal offenders from the gaols, where they are too often exasperated and hardened, into the general community, where nine-tenths of them can do nothing but continue in their old courses? Very few, we imagine. And the public indifference to what really is not a law of nature is the more remarkable because the problem of criminal discipline is of the very essence of that condition-of-the-people question which, for all sorts of curiously compounded and contrasted reasons, has so closely and painfully engaged attention of late. The misery of the unemployed, the poor estate of the half-employed, the gnawing anxieties of many who yet contrive to find fairly regular work and wages—these are topics that are found in the mouths of many who would be very sorry to pose as philanthropists merely because they acknowledge the common instincts of humanity. But while they worry the husk they refuse to probe the kernel. At the heart of the evil lies this perennially prolific mass of hopeless vice and crime, and with it we shall have to deal if we mean to do anything worth the doing. If the thing is in any way practicable we ought to change the present system and take measures for moving out of the community the worst members of the criminal classes. Even as a factor in the question of pauperism and destitution this matter peremptorily claims attention. It would be very cruel and very absurd to say that want is in every case the result of misconduct; but it is true that the inherited repugnance of large numbers of our fellow-men to honest industry alone makes distress unmanageble. Thousands of the "unemployed" earn no wages because they do not want to work. They do odd jobs, they loaf, they tramp, they pilfer, they steal, and so on through the whole gamut of laziness and vice. Why is this? We have already said. Human nature is far from perfect yet. Many rogues are born; many others are easily turned into rogues by circumstance. It is likely enough that the instinct of evil living is transmitted; it is certain that the contamination of vicious surroundings has its natural effect. Necessity holds the born felon in a pitiless grip. Birth gives the infant the fatal bent home-life develops it. The unwieldy bulk of modern society is traversed by hard lines of moral as well as of social cleavage. Crime runs into pockets like ore in the mine. The Ishmaelites dwell alone and propagate among themselves. There is nothing to attenuate the vicious strain. We have on the fringe of the decent population a class of creatures who at best are worthless and too often are pure pests. It is recruited, but it is not regenerated, from the outside; on the other hand, it feeds the ranks of the thriftless, the reckless, the ne'er-do-wells. What must be the result of such a state of things? With a rapidly increasing population, with a greater mass of poverty, a greater number of viciously disposed people crowding into "East-ends" in all our great cities, what can we expect from a continuance of the present system of dealing with the criminal classes? Reason answers that we are to expect nothing but evil.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied "that scattering shot would hit the most birds."

## CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES.

**Commodities Producible from Purely Inorganic Materials.**

It will be a long time before the farmer finds himself supplanted by the chemical laboratory in the production of such commodities as sugar, tea, alcohol, drugs and dye stuffs, though sanguine chemists tell us that the recent triumphs of their science indicate the probability that these and other articles will some day be profitably produced from purely inorganic materials. Synthetic chemistry, or the forming of compounds by recombinations of chemical elements, is making steady progress, and has already affected agriculture.

Mr. Robert Hugh Mills, in a recent lecture, called attention to the fact that the cultivation of madder has been almost destroyed by the chemical discovery that its identical coloring matter can be cheaply produced from coal tar. The production of indigo is also threatened by an artificial product which the chemists have discovered. A while ago it was found that the cinchona tree could be profitably planted in India, and a fine new field of industry was believed to have opened for the farmers of that country. Scores of chemists, however, have been at work upon the synthesis of quinine, and their researches have advanced so far that the prediction is now confidently made that the manufacture of the principle of quinine will soon be a commercial success, and that cinchona planting will become a thing of the past. These chemical reproductions of the valuable principles inherent in natural products are often easier to handle and utilize than the products from which they have hitherto been derived, and thus the tendency of manufactures is to substitute artificial for natural sources of supply.

The problem of sugar-making from inorganic materials has engaged some chemists for a number of years. The synthesis of glucose last year by Fischer and Tafel, is said to promise an ample supply of this commodity without the aid of grapes or starch. Two years ago some German chemists announced that they had produced saccharose, the equivalent of cane sugar, by passing an electric current through a mixture of starch, sulphuric acid and water. Nothing has yet been heard of the commercial value of this new product, and there is no reason to think it will prove a dangerous rival to the sweets we derive from the cane and the beet. Some sugar growers, however, have been prophesying for years that something would happen to ruin the sugar industry, and their alarm receives a fresh impulse at every new discovery like that of Remsen's saccharine, an exceedingly sweet article produced from coal tar. The day may come when processes of sugar-making by the use of inorganic materials will seriously affect the sugar planter, but there is no reason as yet to believe that his industry will soon be imperilled.

Legislation has intervened in some places to protect the dairy farmer against oleomargarine even where this product is honestly sold as artificial butter. It is not to be expected that in many cases where science supplies us with a desirable substitute for any product, the law can be successfully invoked to keep the world from reaping the benefit of increasing knowledge. Future discoveries may compel the farmer to cease raising some produce by which he has thrived, or to change and improve his methods of agriculture; but it is certain that the tillers of the soil will continue to supply the chief resources of food and apparel.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## ARTESIAN WELLS.

**Their Origin Traceable to the Time of the Ancient Egyptians.**

The sedimentary rocks in their great thickness enclose a succession of water-sheets or water-levels occupying distinct stages and extending with uniform characters under whole countries like the strata to which they are subordinated. It is proper to remark here that by the term water-sheet is not meant a dead bed of water lodged in a cavity between solid masses that serve as walls to it, but water filling the minute interstices of the cracks of a rock. Continuous and regular in sand, these sheets are usually discontinuous and irregular in limestones and sandstones, in which the water only occupies more or less spacious fissures.

When natural issues are wanting human industry is able, by boring, to make openings down to the subterranean waters, which it causes to jet up to the surface and sometimes to a considerable height above. The thought of undertaking such works is a very ancient one. The Egyptians had recourse to them forty centuries ago; and they were executed in France in 1126 at Artois, whence the name of artesian wells has been given to them.

The water levels of the cretaceous strata, from which the French artesian waters issue, are not always of advantage; but in the north of France and in Belgium they constitute the most formidable obstacle which miners have to encounter in reaching the coal beds.

A striking confirmation of the theory of the source of supply of the artesian waters has been observed in Tours, where the water, spouting with great velocity from a well a hundred and ten metres in depth, brings up, together with fine sand, fresh water shells and seeds in such a state of preservation as to show that they could not have been more than three or four months on their voyage. Some of the wells of the Wady Rir have also ejected fresh water mollusks, fish and crabs, still living, which must, therefore, have made a still more rapid transit.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## DOING YOUR BEST.

**Good Advice for Young Men Desirous of Developing Themselves.**

The only way for a clerk to develop himself is to do his best. He can get along, no doubt, with less than this, but he ought to wish to get along as far as possible—to make the most possible of himself—and this he can not do if he stops short of what we may call strenuous endeavor. There are plenty of employes who will "take things easy" whenever the eye of the boss is not on them; and if you are of this category there will be little to single you out of the ordinary run of clerks. But a proper-spirited young man will not be content to think of being merely an average man of a lot of average fellows; he will rather find satisfaction in thinking that he may become separated or distinguished from the others in the mind of his employer, and to do this he must have other and higher standards by which to measure himself than have those clerks who wish to get along as easy as possible, and who think they are making a personal gain when they take advantage of a chance to do less than full service to the man who employs them. As a stream can not rise higher than its source, so your discharge of your duty to your employer will not be superior to that of a dozen other clerks unless your motives, and your conceptions of duty, are higher than theirs. "I will have as easy and as slightly laborious a time as I can have, and appear to be doing my work," is not a conception of duty which is likely to single you out as a young man of a different stamp from most young men who work for wages. As a rule it is the clerk who is worthy who gets promotion, not the one who is bent on having an easy time; and a man who gives less than his best service is not giving worthy service in the true sense of the word.

The chance, therefore, of getting on with your employer is promoted by giving him your best, and so is the probability of your mastering the business and becoming an adept in it. But there is another point of view which also presents a reason for doing your best. A man is a unit, a single thing, and he can not think, or do, or be anything without its affecting his entire individuality. He can not slight his duty to his employer without slighting his duty to himself. The employer may never find it out, but the man who does the slouching service when he should have done the thorough service has to that extent developed himself into a fraud, and so done himself a serious wrong. To the clerk given to self-examination, is this a satisfactory reflection? Is the doing of half-service the sort of training to draw out your best powers? Is not the doing of poor work for your employer training you to do poor work for yourself? Is it not true that what a man does that he is? If you defraud your employer are you not a fraud? If you cheat him out of full service, are you not a cheat? Can you do less for him than conscience tells you ought, and still feel sure that you will obey conscience in other matters.—*St. Louis Grocer.*

## HE HAD NO SHOW.

**A Colored Martyr Who Was Prepared to Take His Medicine.**

An old negro who was on trial for stealing a calf was asked if he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I jis wanter say dis, jedge, an' den I's dun, fur I reckon you's gwineter hab yo' own way putty much, nohow. I didn' steal de ca'f."

"Why, you were seen leading the calf to your house."

"Dat's possible, sah. You see I wuz out on de road, an' er white generman come erlong leadin' er ca'f, an' says ze, 'Woan you please hole dis yere ca'f tell I goes 'cross dat fiel' ter see er pussen dat owes me some money?' Wall, bein' ez accommodatin' ez I is, I couldn' he'p it, an' I took holt de rope, an' de man he went away. I waited an' waited, an' he didn' come back, an' not knowin' whut else ter do wid de po' ca'f, I led him ober ter my 'ouse."

"Yes, but you killed the calf."

"Yas, sah, an' I'll tell you 'bout dat. W'en I got home I gunter feed de po' ca'f, an' de fust thing I knowed he dun choked hisse'f on a year o' co'n. I worked wid him, I did, an' den seein' dat he gwine die er awful hard def in spite o' all I could do, w'y I knocked 'im in de head to git him outen his misery."

"That's all very well, but you cut the calf up and hid the meat away."

"Yas, sah, I did dat, an' fur dis reason: De niggers out my way wuz gwine ter hab er church supper, an' I knowed that ef da seed so much meat at my 'ouse da'd want me ter 'tribute de mos' o' hit ter de feast."

"Ah, hah, but when an officer went to you and asked you concerning the calf, you denied all knowledge of it."

"Yas, sah, fur, you see, I jis' thought he waz er 'quisitive sorter pusson, an' bein' er shy man merself, w'y I didn' want him ter come pryin' inter my my fam'ly erfairs."

"Yes, but when he found the meat you swore that you raised the ca'f and ——"

"Hole on, jedge, hole on. I sees how dis thing's driftin'. I sees dat you prejudiced ergin me, an' is jis' tryin' ter hem me up in er cornder. Ef you wants me ter go ter de penitenchy, w'y, jis sesso, an' dat'll settle it. Ef hones' man ain't got no show in dese yere days o' politics an' c'rupshon, an' I ain't gwine ter try ter hole out ergin yer. De martyr is er waitin' fur yo' action, sah. Do yo' wust."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Several European specialists have made the curious observation that acute rheumatism is more prevalent in dry than in rainy weather.

## AN ENGINE'S VICTIMS.

**A Georgia Engineer Tells What He Has Killed on the Track.**

"I killed a buzzard this morning," remarked an old engineer of the Georgia road to a reporter the other afternoon.

"Rather strange game to be hunting with a locomotive. How did it happen?"

"A dog or something had been killed the day before, and the buzzard was so interested in the carcass that he didn't take any notice of me until I got right upon him and he was knocked off into the ditch. I hit him a pretty hard lick, and I guess it killed him."

"Isn't it an unusual occurrence to run over birds and the like?" he asked.

"O, no, not at all; we frequently kill partridges, doves and sparrows without number. Sometimes a whole bevy of chickens are ground up at a time. Although all kinds of poultry are run over from time to time, I believe guineas are smartest in getting out of the way. When a flock of them is encountered on a track, they usually strike out in a run directly ahead of you, sticking to the track, until you get right upon them, and then dart off to one side. If one gets off the rest follow. I never knew it to fail. If you get one of them, you get the whole flock."

"How is it with other animals? I guess you have run over nearly every kind in your time?"

"Yes, I reckon I have," said the engineer, thoughtfully, a shadow passing over his kindly face as he finished the sentence. "I suppose I have run over nearly every thing, from a man down to a toad."

"One day I was running at a high speed, considerably behind time. Just as I turned a curve a colored man, seated on a load of wood and driving a mule, was crossing the track ahead of me. Although he had ample time to get over, I involuntarily shut off the steam and threw on the brakes. It was too late, however. The poor fellow became frightened and struck his mule a blow with a switch, and the stubborn animal came to a dead stop right in his tracks. The man was paralyzed with fear and unable to move. The next instant I struck the wagon and knocked it into a thousand pieces, carrying the unfortunate man more than thirty yards before I could stop. The mule plodded on the road as unconcernedly as though he were still attached to his load and nothing had happened.

"But, speaking of animals," continued the engineer, "sheep seem to have less sense than any thing else. If a flock of them should happen to be grazing near the track when a train comes along, and they don't manage to get in the way of it, it won't be their fault. I have killed as many as a dozen at a time. We don't kill many nowadays, though, because there are very few in the country.

"Goats are just the opposite. I have never killed more than one or two. They are smart enough to get out of the way from the time they are two days old. Let one be in the way of an approaching engine, and when he wants to get off the track that is just what he does, and without any foolishness, either. If he should happen to be in a cut he starts up the bank, and gets there, too.

"While running a freight one night I ran into a drove of about half a dozen horses. It was quite dark, and I could see them only when I would get close upon them. With their characteristic stupidity under such circumstances the frightened animals made straight ahead of me at the top of their speed. I suppose I ran them in this way for several miles, sometimes stopping entirely to let them get out of the way, but whenever I reached a descending grade I would be upon them again. At last they were caught and two of them killed before the rest got off the track.

"A good many hogs and cattle are also killed on the track. Of course, these all have to be paid for, and there is something remarkable in the fact that only Jerseys, Berkshires and the like are so unfortunate as to get in our way. Whenever a cow does get off the track and out of danger we have no reason to feel gratified, because we know she is only a scrub, and of no value, any way."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## FAIR AND SQUARE.

**A Real Estate Transaction Which Made Nobody Rich.**

"Those Western fellows can give us twenty-five points and then beat us every game," said a Detroit real estate agent who returned from a Western trip yesterday.

"What do you mean?" was asked.

"I mean cheek," he replied. "I had speculation in my eye when I went West, but I got scared before I reached St. Paul. Why, sir, there were no less than thirteen real estate agents in my particular coach and every one made a dead set at me. One chap who wanted to sell me business property in St. Paul was the best talker I ever heard. I looked up the land after I got there and it was just eleven miles from the center of the city. Some of the pieces of suburban property mentioned to me at a bargain were forty miles away. They took it as an insult if you wanted to ride out and see the property."

"And didn't you buy?"

"Yes. At Kansas City a man stumped me to trade a piece of land I had in Saginaw County for a suburban farm he had there. It was unsight and unseen."

"And did you make or lose?"

"O, I came out about even, I guess. His suburban farm was a hill in Arkansas, while my Michigan farm was a cattail swamp two feet under water the year round. We are both trying to sell to second parties now, and perhaps the man who gets my hill will arrange to fill in for the man who gets the swamp."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## NOSOLOGY EXPLAINED.

**What Poets and Philosophers Have Found to Say on the Subject.**

Thomas Moore differs from me, for he writes, quite oblivious of Lavater:

In vain we fondly strive to trace,
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked nose and short proboscis.
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato and the stagyerite;
And many sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull.

Noses have, however, been held in respect for many reasons by the learned. As an oracle the old writers held that it was a sure sign of faithful affection. Writes Ronister: "Did my nose bleed in your company?" And, poor wretch, just as she said this, to show her true heart, her nose fell a bleeding. Bleeding of the nose did not always indicate this, however, as the learned Grose pleaded, for he held: "If a nose bleed one drop only, it forebodies sickness; if three drops, the omen is still worse." While Milton, who wrote the "Astrologie," said: "If a man's nose bleeds one drop at the left nostril it is a sign of good luck." Dekker, on the other hand, held that the principal use of the nose was to foretell the coming of strange guests:

We shall ha' guests to-day—
My nose itcheth.

There are lots of expressions in popular parlance, too, to show how important the nose is considered. For instance, one speaks of a dupe as a person who is "led by the nose," and Iago says of Othello:

He was led by the nose as asses are.

"Paying through the nose," again, is held to be a condition of too much trustfulness, and Grimm says that this saying had its origin in an old practice of King Odin, who levied a tax of a penny on every nose or poll. "Tweaking" the nose indicates not only a nose puller, but a nose owner who is weak enough to let people wring his proboscis; and not only did Papists in the old days slit the noses of the Protestants, and Roundheads slit the noses of cavaliers, but in the war of 1877-78 the Montegrins generally cut off the noses of all the Turkish prisoners that they chanced to take.

Still, though suffering the occasional indignity of a tweak, a good nose only belongs to the clever man—a man who is able to find out secrets. For, as the Latin poet says:

Non cuicunque datum est habere natum,

which freely rendered into English means:

It is not given to every body to have a nose (keen wit.)

Still, as I have remarked, the nose is not treated with the respect that it should be, and this is possibly because it is often the medium of ridicule. You will remember Barham's lines:

The sacristan expressed no words
To indicate a doubt,
But he put his thumb unto his nose
And spread his fingers out.

Naturally the hands placed tandem in front of the nose put the organ itself in some peril, and hence it gets hit occasionally in a fight, as witness Hudibras, who notes that:

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
—*London Echo.*

## ESSAY ON NEWSPAPERS.

**Some Clever Characterizations by an Albany Printer's Devil.**

The souvenir dancing orders of the Albany Printing Pressmen's Union contain the following contribution from "a printer's devil," which is too funny for publication in so-called comic papers; at least, they seldom have such genuine humor. It is entitled a "Prize Essay on Newspapers:"

Newspapers is called vehicles of information.

Reporters is what is called "the staff"—so many of them being "sticks." They work hard—at refreshment bars.

Proof-readers is men what spoils the punctuation of compositors. They spell a word one way to-day and another way to-morrow. They think they be intelligent persons; compositors think different.

Compositors is men as sets up the type—and sometimes the drinks. Compositors is very steady men when they is sober—which they seldom is when they can help it.

Editors is men what knows every thing in the heaven above and the earth beneath. They is writers who doesn't write any thing whatsoever. They is the biggest men you ever see.

Managers is men as takes in the tin and gives patent medicine "ads" tops of columns next to reading matter, thirty-seven columns out of thirty-two.

Proprietors an't any body. They an't ever seen.

Printers' devils is the most important persons in a printin' office. They does the hardest work and gets the least pay.

Pressmen is—well, there wouldn't be no newspapers, no circus bills, without pressmen to print 'em.

Feeders is men what feeds on the fat of the land.

If I ever start a paper of my own I'll call it the *Umbrella*. Every body will take it.

I heard the foreman tell this funny story to one of the "staff" the other day. It must have been funny, 'cause they both laughed. This is the story: "A gentlemen was promenading the street with a little boy at his side when the little fellow cried out: 'O, pa, there goes an editor!' 'Hush, hush,' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet."—*Albany Argus.*

—"Did she have a raw hide when she assaulted you?" asked his honor of a meek gentleman who accused his wife of assault with intent to kill. "No, your honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly; "I'm the one that had the raw hide; in fact, your honor, I have it still."