

an adjacent gin mill, and hoisting a couple of drinks into him, he took him up stairs and sat him on his stool, with a stick in his hand and a piece of copy before him. Any one who has seen a person not a printer handling a stick and type, can imagine what kind of a looking figure he cut when the foreman came up and wanted to know why he didn't set up his take. The poor fellow was about half sprung, but managed to explain that he had been a little off for a few days and didn't feel much like working that night. He was advised to go down stairs and get a little fresh air, which he did, and never returned. The next day Dick was asked about his sub and made a clean breast of the whole affair. As he was a rusher, he didn't lose his frame but he had a narrow squeak of it.

#### PUTTING UP A JOB ON THE FOREMAN.

Was there ever a finer, more genial gentleman than Gerard Stith, foreman for so many years of the *New Orleans Picayune*? He had at all times a hearty word for a strange printer, and the writer well remembers the good advice given him on many occasions. Col. Stith was at one time mayor of the Crescent City, and never was the chair better filled. He was very proud of his signature, which was a handsome one, and one day a few of us young fellows took advantage of this fact to put up a job on him. Climbing up those weary stairs to the composing room, Col. Stith was found, and the conversation being led in that direction, he was induced to write his signature on a blank piece of paper. The paper was passed round, and accidentally held near a gas light, when the words appeared, written in sympathetic ink, "Joe Walker will please send up half a dozen bottles of Roederer to the *Picayune* office, and charge the same to—Gerard Stith." He kicked a little at first, but fell in with the joke, and in foaming bumpers his health was drank again and again.

#### A Curiosity.

CLINTON, ONT., Feb. 24.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—How is this for work on a home-made press, from tin column rules, and some of the type cast in plaster-of-paris moulds? The type marked X I got a 3-A of caps and 5-a of lower case—amateur font—and enlarged it myself. I started with six dollars. First, I built a scroll saw, with which I cut out patterns from the cover of a dry goods box, got castings made from them, done my own blacksmithing, and now have a regular agricultural press. The balance wheel was part of an old gang plow, the cog wheel was out of an old reaper, the other I made myself by making two iron

disks and riveting bars across them; one shaft was a piece of a cart axle, the other was from a thrashing machine; the connecting arm that works the rollers was formerly a draw iron of a cutter. My cabinet cases, of which there are ten, I made by boring holes  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch deep in pieces of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch pine plank. I can just print two pages at a time of *The Gem*, and, as I got out 1200, I had to give the whole issue 14,400 impressions.

I like the *Miscellany* and will subscribe as convenient, without cramping.

Your humble nibs,

R. H. CALL.

[The above has reference to a 24-page monthly paper called *The Gem*, printed at Clinton, Ont., by R. H. Call, to whom we are indebted for a copy of his curious production. The pages are about 6x9 inches. Of course, the printing is not good, nor is the make-up pleasing to the artistic eye; but under the circumstances it is remarkable—the tin column rules are good, while the extra sorts made by him are hardly distinguishable from the others. Taken altogether, it is a wonderful production, and one finds it hard to believe that such a state of things should exist in Clinton, Ontario, as would necessitate such an exercise of ingenuity. One would not be much surprised to receive such a specimen from the extreme limits of Manitoba or the great Northwest—where civilization has hardly had time to penetrate. We quote a few paragraphs from his salutatory.—ED. P. M.]

"In issuing this, the first number of *The Gem*, we are pleased to say that our efforts have been crowned with more success than was at first anticipated. We had made preparation to issue a sixteen-page paper; but, thanks to a forwardness of an appreciative advertising public, we are enabled to add eight pages to it on the start, making twenty-four pages in all. \* \* \* Since we first thought of going into business in Clinton we have met with, and climbed over, innumerable difficulties. Our stock-in-trade at that time was an empty pocket, a couple of old files, a buck saw, an indomitable determination to go ahead, and heaps of check. First, as we could not do without a press, we had to invent and build one. We got an old packing box, made patterns; got castings made from them for which we had to go in debt; turned blacksmith for the first time, and built a press, on which, we are proud to say, finer printing can be done than is being done on any other press in the county at the present time. We then went to work and made a stock of wood type; bought a quantity of new and second-hand plain and fancy metal job type, and we have now got a stock of printing material with which, for fine printing, we are enabled to compete with any and every office in the county."