

through the forme. Such a melancholy heap of small type and rules was never before seen in a printing office—or since! Such a torrent of vituperative abuse never escaped from mortal mouth as gushed forth from the blanched lips of poor Jenkins! He was an irascible Welshman. He vociferated alternately in English and Welsh, and when he ran short of expletives, he coupled Welsh words as long as his arm with compound adjectives and nouns in English and fired them at me like a gatling gun. He pranced, danced and skipped around me like a madman, while I stood dumbfounded and petrified with terror. How he fumed, and sputtered, and stuttered, and stammered, and hammered at me in a volcanic eruption of the scoria of two languages, to arouse in my dazed intellect a conception of the enormity of the mischief I had wrought! Didn't I know that he had worked on that forme for six weeks—*pwllgerygotrobsantyfddth!*—six weeks—*cuthrel deowl!* What did I do that for? Six weeks!—worst job he ever tackled in all his life!—'nough to drive a man out of his mind!—all gone to smash!—not the ghost of a pick-up in the whole adjectival *mawrgwaithogogoch!* Look at it, *cuthrel deowl!*—*pied, squabbled!*—all got to be set over again!—take a week to dis. the pi before a stamp could be lifted! O you combined, concentrated, conglomerated, amalgamated, unsophisticated *kyacadruse-chariad-bach!*—contemporaneous villain-of-a-villain!—*ein-di-tri-pedwa-pinque-quaith-syth-ooith-now-theg-einapumptheg!** The logic of this was unanswerable. I was conscience-stricken, and fled in guilty dismay, closely followed down stairs by Worcester Unabridged and consolidated coagulations of elongated elocution too numerous to mention and too prolix for any Sassenach brain to comprehend.

I was detained at home for the remainder of the week by an indisposition that baffled the diagnosis of the family physician, who concluded to try what an aperient and a few days' rest would do for me. I protested that what I really needed was a complete change of air—a sea voyage, for instance. Denied this, I took to boating on the river, and inadvertently showed that I was speedily recovering by going for a swim every day. On the following Monday morning, however, I had a serious relapse, and was unable to leave my bed until a note came from my employer to the effect: "Come back to work, and all will be forgiven."

Looking as penitent as I could, in fear and trembling I crept up stairs to the composing room, much relieved to find that the man I most dreaded was absent. Poor Jenkins had not yet returned from an unpronounceable place in Wales, whither he had gone, on the day of the catastrophe, to attend the obsequies of a thrice-deceased grandmother. He had left for me, with his kind regards, an expression of his personal opinion concerning myself and future welfare that led me to believe that, if what I had heard at Sunday school was true, his own outlook, at that particular time, was more lurid than cheerful. When he did come back in sackcloth and ashes, the havoc of grief for his lamentable bereavement was touching to behold. We may know what it is to lose a grandmother, but who can imagine the utter woe of one who had lost three grandmothers—or, rather, one grandmother dead for the third time? No wonder that his hand trembled, that his eyes were bleared and red with weeping, that in the absorption of his affliction he had returned without his coat, which he supposed he had left where he had mislaid his money. His first words were:

"Is that tabular forme on the press yet?"

On receiving a reply in the negative, he went to look for his coat, continuing the search for ten days without success, but eventually turning up clothed and

* Or somewhat to this effect; I cannot be sure of the orthography. The Welsh language is treacherous to other than the native born. A friend of mine, a reporter, told me that in trying to catch a quotation from the Welsh classics in a political speech, he spelled it as he heard it, with the result that he was disabled by rheumatism in the wrist and his journal was involved in a suit for libel. This was the quotation in English: "Llewellyn, our king, behold us still true to the traditions of our country!" This is what a Welsh scholar made of it as it appeared: "Llewellyn's pork pies eat not: I, us nor we ejaculate dog!" The case, however, was dismissed, the judge, after hearing the Welsh of it, holding that this was as close an approximation to the original as might reasonably be expected of an untutored Saxon.