

The Proof Boy's Vengeance.

He was the worst little galley-slave that ever haunted a composing-room. He would take a proof off with a vicious twitch of the slip from the type, and he gazed at a revise, as he trolled around with it in his hand, as though it were a personal enemy. He was very small, but there wasn't a man about the room, from foreman down, who didn't have a sort of fear of him, he was so venomous. Only one man dared to cross him, and that was the lunch vendor, who came up with a huge basket of indigestibles at twelve o'clock every night to satisfy, at exorbitant rates, the needs of hungry compositors. This man had refused to trust the proof-boy for cranberry pie, and the little wretch determined upon revenge.

The plan conceived by the boy was simple, but certain in results. The forms ready for the press-room were conveyed to the elevator by means of little stands on wheels, and after the forms had gone down, it usually devolved upon the proof-boy to run the vacant stands back to their places—a work which he invariably performed with great gusto and much danger to legs in the vicinity. The lunch man, in reaching the place where he sold his pies in the composing-room, had to pass close by the elevator, and here the proof-boy laid his trap. Securing unperceived the basin of concentrated lye used in washing off the forms, he smeared the floor about the elevator with the soapy stuff until it was as slippery as ice. Then at about twelve o'clock at night, he stationed himself beside an empty stand at the elevator and waited. The lunch man entered the room, staggering under the load of his huge basket of pies. As he neared the edge of the space so treacherously soaped, the proof-boy darted forward with a whoop, rolling the stand along before him. Instinctively, the lunch man jumped forward to get out of the way. His feet struck the soaped surface, they shot fiercely apart and forward, his arms went up spasmodically, and the basket of pies described a grand curve and came down with a spat, but right side up, behind him. Frantically the lunch man struggled for his equilibrium, but in vain, his feet, away before him, played upon the soaped floor like trip-hammers, his arms whirled about like weather-cocks in a cyclone, and down he came like lightening upon his own provender! Down, through seventeen thicknesses of pie he bored

his way, until the seat of his pantaloons fairly ground against the wickerwork of the bottom of the basket! It was awful! When the man finally crawled off the soaped space on the floor and raised up, \$3.25 worth of pie was clinging to him, and the proof-boy was dancing about in an ec-tacy and shouting:

"Hi, yah, Mr. Foreman! Yere's a galoot has been and gone and pried a form! Hi, yah!"

And then the little demon slid away among the ca-es, and for a week afterwards went about chuckling to himself like an insane boy. He had settled accounts with the lunch man.

A Magic Table.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell in which column or columns her age is contained; add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is to be found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:—

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a city office.—"Yes," replied the occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note book. Said the man, edging toward the door, "That paint you are leaning against."—Such are the loads a newspaper man must bear.