

the office in which the writer was at the time employed, but in making the request, in emphatic language, gave us to understand that he disdained a "collection" and wanted a few day's work. He was directed to "peel off" and enter the "fray." Before his appearance the proprietor of the establishment had occasion to give the engineer a sound rating for letting the steam get too low, but when "our friend" set in everything was progressing smoothly in the press department. During the dinner hour he started on a tour of the "lower regions," but returned in a few moments and put on his coat and hat. Approaching the proprietor he solicited an advance of 25 cents on his morning's work for the purpose of insuring his life for \$3,000 for the period of 24 hours.

This novel request excited surprise and led to the natural rejoinder, "Why do you insure?"

The reply was confusing — "Simply because I want to leave my daughter provided for when I take a sudden departure for the unexplored country — which the indications are, *several* of us will shortly, if we may judge by the appearance of things."

"I do not understand you clearly," was answered. The old "vet." chuckled quietly and slowly replied: "Will be in kingdom-come in a *little* while from now, mister! *The gauge registers a pressure of eighty pounds to the inch, the safety-valve is tied down to the furnace door, and the engineer is absent!*"

The proprietor did not remain to ask any more questions—he "streaked" for the open air of Heaven. "Our friend" chuckled again and smiled with evident satisfaction as he leisurely made his way back to the engine-room. Inside—his movements are faster—90 lbs. indicated by the gauge—a rapid stride—the rope cut, the furnace door jerked open, and the pump put in motion—the escaping steam startling the neighborhood and bringing out the fire department—danger averted—excitement subsides.

"Our friend" returns to his stand, and in the same peculiar quiet manner he has speaking, remarks as he picks up his stick and rule: "Engineers ought to have more consideration for other people—if the thing had have bursted you boys would have lost your 'sits.'"

"Our friend" still holds a frame in that office.

"PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT."

That typo who caused a "ripple" in an office in the interior of Indiana when he said he was

"not much on nonpareil, but *little hell* on double pica," is being sought by his mate, now on the "war-path." He secured employment in an office not a thousand miles from Richmond, and was given a take of leaded pearl, octavo measure. In the course of two hours the foreman discovered him seated on the round of his frame patching the soles of his shoes. Approaching, he inquired the progress on the take and was answered: "I've set up one line of the critters five times, and five times have I knocked that one line wrong end up. *I'm now waiting for 'em to GROW a little before tackling 'em again!*"

A SELF-INTRODUCTION.

A compositor on the *Washington Patriot* carelessly emptied a stickful of matter, and, in turning to leave, jarred the galley and threw his take into pi. "I wish some one would kick me" had barely escaped his lips, when he was accommodated with a "lifter," well delivered.

"Who the hell are you?" he demanded as he faced his assailant, an undersized specimen of *genus homo*.

"Shorty Chandler, at your service—a 'tourist' artist in typography, looking for a subject." Shorty "took," and he yet graces the capital with his presence.

A FORCED PRAYER.

Some half-dozen disciples of Faust recently banished the surroundings of their calling for the time being, and, equipped as Nimrod of old, sought a day's recreation in the falls of the river. One of the number was huge in proportions, and his abdominal expansiveness had stood him in good need when fiery liquids flowed freely. Not relishing clambering over rocks and wading through water in pursuit of the finney tribe, at his own solicitation he was delegated to keep an eye on the "groceries" and lay the "spread" for dinner. In due time our sportsmen returned to camp with whetted appetites and parched throats. ts, ts, *s, (ast — ta). It was horrible to listen to. Their expletives were pardonable, perhaps, under the circumstances. Not a drop of the ardent was left in either of the six bottles, and the solids were scattered in every direction. Knowing the failing of their "housewife," the opinion was unanimous that he had made a "beast" of himself and brought on the "jim-jams." He was not in sight, but their search was an easy one, being guided by groans and sobs. When found, he