

"Here, you fellows, take up a proof each; they're shockingly dirty, too; full of abominable errors; outs and doubles wholesale! Brainless lot—can't spell—got no idea of punctuation! That fancy dress ball is all jumbled up into a hopeless mixture! I'd get better work from niggers! Plain reprint, too! Bless my soul—can't—oh, I'm simply disgusted with such galoots!"

Recovering his breath, he continues:—

"Here! What's this? Farmer Twinkle's death mixed up in sporting news: 'The deceased suffered from an internal complaint, and with 9st. up, led nearly all the way, till passing the grandstand when Sourgrass came with a tremendous rush, and the pie-bald gelding won by half a nose. He lived a goodly virgin's life, and despite the efforts of the medical man, passed peacefully away.' And here's another nice mess: 'The bride was given away by her father who looked charming, being prettily attired in a beautiful cretonne dress, and wearing the usual bridal veil. Great Heavens, that birth rate article of mine has got stuck in the stock report! Grossly libellous mistakes! Are you all mad? You infernal empty-heads! I'll get rid of the lot of you, making the paper ridiculous with your cursed silliness!"

"Better pay up that six weeks' screw you owe me, or there'll be trouble," mutters Lean Bill from the corner frame.

The B.E. disappears, and there is a lull for a few minutes until he again scrambles upstairs, and exclaims:

"Come on, Mooney, move round, can't you? Express is coming; heard her whistling down the line; and the other rag is out! Now don't hang back, slap the stuff together; we must make a rush for it!"

Mooney, the foreman, has not yet recovered from the previous night's carouse, and is not exerting himself in the least.

"Nearly a column short," he mutters sulkily in reply.

"Goodness gracious! whatever—" gasps the B.E. in alarm. "You lazy hounds! Stick in a couple of those Sarsparilla blocks; and that Rabbit Board Meeting can go in again, nobody'll be any wiser."

In a hurry-scurry fashion, the "matter" is carried downstairs, and is slid off.

The B.E. is fearfully flurried, and as a consequence is responsible for piles of pye and sundry other damage.

In one breath, he shouts, "Where's the mallet—find the plainer—got some leads—have you spaced out those columns?—I've lost my rule—who's got the shooter?—confound it! that blessed boy hasn't altered the date line, careless young devil, not worth his salt!"

More delays occur.

The B.E. is waxing yet more furious every moment, and vents his wrath on Mooney.

"Why the devil don't you damp the galleys, Mooney. Been on the wine again, you drunken wretch, eh?"

Mooney is indignant, and a heated cross-fire follows. Mooney threatens to leave at once, but is subdued when the B.E. whispers something about "having a drink after."

At last, the formes are on the machine, and the command is sounded, "Man at the wheel wanted." Lean Bill performs this duty, which consists in turning a handle attached to a dray wheel, three revolutions being given to each paper. The handle is released, and the lumbering, broken-down wharfdale set going.

"She's in, and the five minutes' bell's just gone!" exclaims "Peter the Devil."

A couple of papers have been printed, when Mooney cries out, "Stop, stop! Type under the forme! Column rules cutting the paper!"

The B.E. raves and swears. A