

THE DYING TYPO.

TO MY FRIEND E. M. M., MONTREAL.

By J. A. Martin, Printer, Montreal, Canada.

Come here and sit beside me, Tom,
 For I have much to say,
 And, perhaps, before you come again
 I may have passed away.
 I do not wish to trouble you
 With thoughts that may be sad,
 But leaving loved ones to your care
 Would make my dying glad.

I know that I've not saved up much
 Of this world's goodly store,
 Yet, still, I know that they'll not want
 Whilst you are to the fore.
 I know I have not long to live,
 There, Mary, dear, don't cry,
 My PROOF will be with the AUTHOR soon,
 He'll correct it bye-and-bye.

Dear Tom, there's Ned, my eldest boy,
 He works now on my FRAME,
 And, may be, in bad company
 He'll cause his mother pain;
 But, oh! dear Tom, it rests with you
 To then stretch forth your arm
 And save him for old friendship's sake,
 From every coming harm.

There's little Tom, his mother's joy,
 (I named him after you),
 And busy-fingered little Jane
 And pretty Nelly too,
 They all will miss me soon enough,
 Ah, perhaps, before they wake:
 Befriend them all—now won't you Tom?
 I soon shall end my TAKE.

I feel I'm going, yes, dear Tom,
 I know I'll soon be there,
 Where the Typo's free from his earthly stir
 And its attendant care.
 There, take my hand, my dear old chum,
 Now—gently raise my head,
 Remember me to the boys, dear Tom—
 Mary!—Oh! God!—he's dead.

Those intending to subscribe for the *Miscellany* should lose no time, as in a short while, back numbers cannot be furnished.

Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality.—*Cecil*.

A Pup in a Press-Room.

The Virginia, Nev., *Enterprise* relates this canine experience:—"State Printer Putnam, who has been sojourning in this city for a few days past, returned to Carson last Sunday noon. He was presented with a fine Newfoundland pup while here. For safe keeping this juvenile son of his mother was placed in the *Enterprise* press-room last Saturday night. As he was now the property of a printer he felt it a duty he owed his master to get an insight into the business at once. After inspecting the running of a job press for some time with much interest, he went up to it and stuck his nose between a pair of cog-wheels. Leaving between the wheels a piece of the skin of his nose about the size of a trade dollar, he retired to a corner and sat down for a time to reflect upon the first lesson. After he had for some time pawed and licked his wound his attention was attracted to the bed of the power-press, which seemed to be shooting in and out in a playful manner. After this he started, encouraged by seeing that it retreated from him, but was almost instantly knocked down by the swift return of the bed. Here he thought he had found a "foe worthy of his steel." At it he went, tooth and nail, and was regularly knocked down, as each paper was struck off, for about three hours. He then sat down and watched the "thing" the rest of the night, bobbing his head up and down, as the bed-plate moved in and out, but cured of battling with it. Being shut up in the room and left to his own devices till noon on Sunday, he found an empty ink barrel on its side and made that his home. Being black as ink himself, the condition of his coat was not discovered until his master had taken him aboard the train for Carson. It was then found that he was as full of ink as one of the ink-balls used by printers in the early days of printing. Being an affectionate and playful little cuss, the consternation which he created aboard that train can well be imagined. At last it was found necessary to wrap and tie him up in a lot of newspapers, and thus the printer's dog rode away with his new master as newspaper carrier to begin with.

Conceit and confidence are both of them cheats; the first always imposes on itself; the second frequently deceives others too.—*Zimmerman*.