

TOM TYPO.

Tom Typo was a printer's lad, Bound in the good old way; And when he'd served his seven years, The devil was to pay.

So when his boss had paid him off, To put himself to proof He swung his bundle, took his stick, And left his master's roof.

He started in on odds and ends Pertaining to his trade; For well he knew that much depends On first impressions made.

Where duty called him he was found, Still working in his place; He stood while setting up a job, Which really was the case.

He never swerved an inch from rules, To make his matter fat; But spread life's paragraphs, that fools Might never scoff at that.

In course of time his honest heart Twined round a maiden's dress, And as the weaver was agreed, Their fond lips went to press.

He married pretty Emma Grey, With many haws and hems; This little joke he used to say: "He'd like ten thousand ems."

Sweet Emma proved to honest Tom A true and faithful wife, And freely was admitted to The sanctum of his life.

Time's roller passed across life's bed, But never took Tom's wealth; His troubles bore a double lead; Still he composed—himself.

And so he kept his pages clear, And grew to be a type Of all that manhood holds most dear When Tom with age was ripe.

At last, when came the final rest, Without one sigh or moan, He said: "My friends, above my breast Place no insupporting stone."

He made his last impression here, While yet his heart was warm; Just in the nick closed his career, And death looked up his form.

Here lies a printer—many a tear In sorrowing eyes shall swell; For though he handled much distresser His life was nonpareil.

Copy his virtues in the land Which gave to him his birth; When such editions are worked off, We lose the salt of earth.

TAMING A BEAUTY.

"Will, who is that tall, fine-looking girl standing by the piano?"

"That? Why, that is Miss Mowbray, the most self-willed, petted and spoiled butterfly of our society. She hates contradiction; and, indeed, I know of no one who ever dared attempt it. If you wish to see the blood mount to her cheek, why just try it. Shall I introduce you?"

"As you please."

"There is but one way to win her regard, and that is by assenting to everything she says. Pardon the hint my dear fellow."

"Certainly, Will; but there is a better way to conquer this beauty than that."

Miss Mowbray was standing by the piano, a pretty little frown distorting her face. She was petulantly tearing a rosebud to pieces and strewing the petals on the floor. Evidently she had been slighted; some rash cavalier had doubtless ventured to differ with her and had been immediately snubbed. Miss Mowbray was so absorbed in her present occupation that she did not notice the two gentlemen who were bowing before her, so much so that she did not look up until spoken to for the second time.

"Miss Mowbray, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Willis."

She slightly nodded in response to the courteous salutation of the cool, self-possessed gentleman who stood before her.

"Quite a crush, Mr. Willis."

"Well, I hardly think so. I was under the impression that the room was nicely filled."

"Indeed!" She met the calm gaze of the keen black eyes, and bit her lips in vexation.

"The room is uncomfortably warm; do you not think so?"

"I must confess I cannot agree with you, Miss Mowbray. I thought that the temperature was very agreeable."

"You contradictory icicle!" thought the lady. "I shall not like you."

The gentleman nonchalantly twirled his mustache, and contemplated his foot.

"I understand you have just returned from a European tour. Of course you found traveling delightful?"

"On the contrary, Miss Mowbray, I thought it a perfect bore."

"Indeed! And what do you think of Rome?"

"Misery and elegance, dirty streets, and swarms of dirtier beggars."

"Ah! How did you like Paris?"

"Monotonous architecture, pronouncing Americans, coquettes, and many-hued politicians. Its principal streets are nothing to compare with our Broadway on a fine afternoon."

The band struck up a Strauss waltz. The lady brightened.

"Of course you waltz, Miss Mowbray?"

"No."

"Thank you." And the next moment they were gliding about the room.

"I think I will sit here, Mr. Willis," said Miss Mowbray, in a becomingly flushed condition, going toward a bay-window.

"Pardon me, but I do not think it would be prudent. There may be a draught there."

She was about to decline the proffered seat, but a look from the black eyes decided the question.

"There! you have torn the lace from your fan."

"It was an accident, I assure you," with a pouting lip. But the black eyes, looking quizzically down, thought differently.

"Your friend is quite an enigma, Mr. Nelson," said Miss Mowbray, as she stood in the vestibule waiting for her carriage. "I cannot make him out, and I am sure I shall never like him."

The object of these remarks approached to bid the lady good-night.

"May I have the pleasure of calling upon you, Miss Mowbray?"

A refusal was upon her tongue, but as there was no reason for refusing the request she faintly assented.

"What success, Willis? Any sharp encounters?"

"Very easy to manage, Nelson. There is nothing like being decided with such a woman. You fellows don't know how to do it. I detest this assenting and agreeing to everything, whether you believe it or not. There is no sincerity or independence about it. It is fashionable and polite to do so, I know; but I look upon it as a false rule. To tell the truth, I have taken a fancy to this young lady, and mean to win her after my own fashion."

"A la Benedick and Beatrice, I suppose?"

"Possibly."

Miss Mowbray writes to a friend: "I met a Mr. Willis at Mrs. Austin's last reception, and a more exasperating compound of contradiction and self-possessed I never saw. He would not agree with me upon a single point, though he is a gentleman with it all. He asked permission to call, and is here quite often. The other day he sent me a bouquet of purple columbine, lady's slipper, and mistletoe. In what spirit I know not. In return I sent him a nosegay of love-in-a-mist, narcissus, and mountain pink. I am sure I shall never like him. I never could bear the self-opinionated men; there is too much independence about them."

Mr. Willis became a frequent visitor at Miss Mowbray's, so much so that people began to look upon him as her suitor. He escorted her to parties and receptions, and seemed quite devoted in his cool, easy way. As for the young lady, she was gradually getting over her old habit of contradiction, and evidently beginning to like that "exasperating compound of contradiction and self-possessed."

The spirit of opposition was a novelty to her, and woman-like, she rather liked it. This handsome, strong-willed gentleman had an influence over her which was only possible to a person possessing strong magnetic power. He was just the man to manage a spoiled self-willed beauty, and she knew it. But with a spirit worthy of a better cause, she made a determined stand against all opposition, preliminary to the final surrender, and this is how it resulted.

One morning Miss Mowbray was sitting in her boudoir, when Mr. Willis's card was handed to her with the request that she should see him. At first the idea occurred to her "not to be at home," but remembering that it was his intention to leave soon for another part of the world, she slipped on her favorite dress and descended to meet him.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Willis. Did you find it disagreeable walking?"

A pretty blush appeared upon her cheek, which quickly died at his answer.

"The walking, Miss Mowbray, I found very pleasant." She was almost ready to die with vexation.

"I don't see how you can say so, sir, when the dust is perceptibly ankle-deep in the road."

"It is very easily explained, Miss Mowbray. I used the sidewalk."

"Oh! and so you are going to California?"

Her eyes were obstinately fixed upon the carpet as she spoke.

"It was my intention to do so, and I called to announce my departure."

She assumed indifference, but the effort was very transparent.

"How long do you expect to be gone?"

"That depends entirely upon circumstances. If I can make a little arrangement which I have in view I will not be gone for long."

The blush again came to her cheek, and her heart began to throb strangely. Mr. Willis took up the album and began to turn its leaves carelessly.

"May I inquire whose picture this is?"

"That? Why, that is one of mine—an excellent likeness they tell me."

"Hardly like the original, in my opinion, though," and, coolly taking it out, he put it in his pocket.

"Have the kindness to ask my permission before you make the appropri-

tion, Mr. Willis!" haughtily ejaculated the astonished young lady.

"Had I asked in due form, Miss Mowbray, my request would doubtless have been refused. To avoid all risk I take the thing for granted." (This with a good-natured smile, and the black eyes looking straight into hers.)

There was a silence for a few minutes, and then Miss Mowbray, looking at his coat-lapel, said:

"That is a peculiar-looking flower. What do you call it?"

"It is called the 'Venus fly-trip.' Allow me to present it. You can look for the sentiment at your leisure."

And before she could reply he had placed it in her hand.

"Will you attend Mrs. Austin's last reception before you go? I think they are very enjoyable."

"I do not think I will. I detest these receptions. One feels stilted, being pent up in crowded parlors."

She gave an impatient little stamp of her foot.

"Why do you always oppose and contradict me? Does nothing that I say please you?" Tears of mortification stood in her eyes.

A strong arm was thrown around her.

"Blanche!" said its owner, "what is the matter?"

"Matter!" exclaimed the fair one. "You do not acquiesce in a single assertion I make. It is mortifying!"

She made an attempt to remove the arm, but without success.

"It was part of my plan, Blanche."

"What plan?"

"Will you ever like me, Blanche?"

"You, you —"

"I love you."

"I do —"

"Yes, you do. May I have the picture?"

The arm was trembling now, and the deep voice had a quaver in it.

"No."

"Oh, pshaw! That was said in the spirit of contradiction. Let's have done with it. Is my love returned?"

"N—Yes. But why have you acted so?"

"It was the only way to win you. Forgive me."

And having effected "that little arrangement," he went to California. Of course they married.

A SOUND SLEEPER.

On Sunday night one of the most astonishing cases of somnambulism conceivable occurred in Allegheny. It is not altogether unprecedented that a sleep-walker should walk out of a second-story window, but that he should continue his unconscious walk for some distance on the ground is something well-nigh without precedent. But this was the experience of Mr. James Henderson, of Allegheny, on Sunday night. Mr. Henderson resides on Rebecca street, nearly opposite the Allegheny Gas Works. On Sunday night he had an attack of somnambulism, and started out for a walk without knowing anything about it. He walked out of the second-story front window, and fell to the pavement below. Just under the window is a little "stoop," surrounded by a railing. How the sleep-walker avoided falling on this railing, and thereby breaking his ribs, at least, passes comprehension; but he did avoid it, and the worst injuries he received were several severe bruises and a lacerated foot. The most wonderful part of the transaction, however, was the fact that the fall did not awaken Mr. Henderson, and he got up and continued his walk in a state of unconsciousness. After going a short distance, however, he was awakened either by the pain of his injuries or some other cause, and returned to the house, where he was properly cared for.—Pittsburgh Commercial.

REMARKABLE INCREASE.

An item has been going the rounds in the papers in regard to a cow in Indiana that had three calves at one time. This can be beaten in our county.

Mr. Samuel Huston, of Victory township, has a cow which gave birth to a heifer calf; and this heifer, before it was a year old, gave birth to a calf, while the young cow's mother, about the same time gave birth again to twin calves, which made an increase of four bovines in one year from one cow.

Now, before she is two years old, this heifer has another calf, which is again remarkable. They are all alive and doing well. We can furnish abundant proof to substantiate the above statement.

H. F. BLOODGOOD.

SANDWICH, ILL.

An investigation made by a British physician into the facts and data relating to human longevity, shows the average of clergymen to be 65; of merchants 62; clerks and farmers 61; military men 59; lawyers 58; artists 57 and medical men 56. The medium duration of life in Russia is stated to be about 21; in Prussia 29; in Switzerland 34; in France 35; in Belgium 36 and in England 38. The idea is now strenuously urged by some, that under ordinarily favorable circumstances, man can live six or seven times longer than the years—fourteen—required to attain puberty. Statistics are given showing that medical men in

England stand high in the scale of longevity. Thus, the united ages of twenty-eight physicians who died there last year, amount to 2,354 years, giving an average of more than 84 years to each. The youngest of the number was 80, the oldest 93; two others were 92 and 89 respectively; three were 87, and four were 86 each; and there were also more than fifty who averaged 74 to 75 years.

THE SEA SERPENT OF 1818.

On Aug. 21, 1818, several persons of Boston stopped at Lynn on their return from an excursion of pleasure from Nahant, and stated that while crossing the beach, schools of fish, perch and hardheads, were thrown upon the beach, left high and dry by the receding waves, and at a short distance a large animal was playing in the water, and had driven these fish on the shore. It being twilight, they came on to Lynn. This news soon spread. I arose at 3 o'clock a. m., on the 22d, and proceeded to Red Rock, a short, rocky promontory running into deep water; there were about 100 persons on this same errand. We waited patiently until 5:30 a. m., when one person said:

"Look at the Nahant end, three-quarters of a mile; what is that which looks like long planks, bobbing up and down, showing an unequal surface? The serpent!" The whole crowd rushed as if by command, clambering over fences, gullies and through long grass, until they reached the plain beach. When half-way across we came up to him, right about face. We ran parallel with him until we reached within 80 to 100 feet of Red Rock, when a boy threw a stone toward him. He sunk immediately, and I saw the wake he left when half-way across Swampscott Bay or harbor, which was the first I saw of him.

He moved in a steady, rapid, spectatorial manner, as if unmindful of any spectators, between us a clear sunshine unobscured by cloud or mist, the sea calm, from 100 to 150 feet from us; his length apparently 100 or 110 feet; of the diameter of a large barrel; of a glistening brown or dark color. The head up, just inclined to a perpendicular, from 3 to 4 feet from the sea; more flat and blunt than a horse's head. He moved as fast as we could rapidly run.

On the 22d thousands came down from Boston, of whom there was the United States Marshal Prince, who gave a long detailed, correct, and interesting account. He saw him on the eastern end of Nahant, at times between 12 m., and 3 p. m. Another day Mr. T. Hodgkins, a seafaring man, whose description is little varying from my own, says he was "120 feet long, larger than a barrel, the humps on the back 5 to 6 feet apart, head like a seal. His motion was up and down, more like a caterpillar than like a snake or eel, sidelong, which gave the appearance of protuberances."

These persons saw him on the 20th of August, at or near Cape Ann, 30 to 40 miles below Nahant Beach. I saw it on the morning of the 22d. So there is but little discrepancy in the accounts. —Boston Cor. of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Hamilton was once applied to for professional assistance by a man from New York city, who held the guardianship of several orphan children. These children, then very young, would, on coming of age, if they had their rights, succeed to the possession of a large and valuable estate. In the title-deed of the estate the guardian had discovered material defects, and he thought he saw the way, with the assistance of an able lawyer, by which he could secure the title of the whole property to himself. He opened to Hamilton the whole business, exhibiting copies of the title-deeds and explaining how he would proceed; and he promised the great jurist a large reward if he would undertake the business. Hamilton said that he must give to a matter of so much importance due thought before he decided, and he set a time for his client to call again.

The guardian called according to appointment. Hamilton had put in writing faithful minutes of their former conversation, which, upon his second visit, he read aloud.

"I think," said Hamilton, "that is a true statement of your plans?"

"Yes, sir," answered his client.

"That is correct. And now, if I may ask, what have you decided?"

"I will tell you, sir," replied Hamilton, sternly; "you are now completely in my power, and I consider myself as the future guardian of these unfortunate orphans. I have decided that you will settle with them honorably to the last penny, or I will hunt you from the surface of the earth!"

It is unnecessary to add that the false-hearted guardian did not pursue his nefarious scheme any further.

A COMPANY has been formed in London with a capital of \$1,000,000 to provide in the heart of the city an aquarium and summer and winter garden, and, in connection therewith, to afford facilities generally for the promotion and encouragement of artistic, scientific, and musical tastes. A freehold site has been procured facing the House of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

MORTALITY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The returns for the first quarter of the year 1874, in Great Britain show a rate of mortality below the average. In England, according to the exhibit for the quarter, the annual death-rate would be 23.4 per 1,000 persons, in Scotland 24 per 1,000, and in Ireland only 19.5 per 1,000. This low rate for Ireland will occasion great surprise, as we are apt to associate poverty and squalor with disease and death. But the Irish returns show also uncommon longevity. There is mention of one death in Scotland at the age of 100 years, while the "Irish Register" notes the death of sixteen centenarians, one of whom was aged 106, one 107, one 108 and another 111. The "Register" of Kilshegan, Mallow, notes the death of a woman aged 108, and adds: "Up to three days before her death she was able to walk about and attend to the business of a farm-house."

Whether owing in part to emigration, or wholly to longevity, the fact exists that there is a much larger proportion of deaths of sexagenarians registered in Ireland than in England. The ratio was only 26.2 per cent. of the whole number of deaths registered during the quarter in England, while in Ireland it was no less than 39.6 per cent. The "English Register" ascribes the unusually low death-rate to the increased efficiency of administrative sanitary measures; but the Irish Register-General can but attribute it to the mildness of the season. Poor Patrick has not materially improved in his habits of living. Among the local reports sent to the "Irish Register" are sadly significant statements like these: "In my opinion, nearly half the sickness here (Emily, Tipperary) is due to overcrowding in the damp, filthy cabins of the poor, where it is not at all an uncommon thing to see four or five human beings, two pigs, a goat, a cow and a score of fowls, with perhaps a donkey, living in common in one room." No. 2 District, Newry: "Several cases of typhus fever have occurred, all of them in houses unfit for human habitation, badly ventilated, and kept in a filthy condition. In other parts of the town, where cleanliness was observed, fever of this kind was absent."

In Ireland, 787 deaths occurred from fever, and 760 deaths from scarlet fever; also, 141 deaths from small-pox, 130 of which were in Ulster. The benefit of vaccination and revaccination was abundantly shown by modified disease and trifling mortality. A case of small-pox in an infant was cited, where six children who had been vaccinated were living in the same room, and not one of them took the disease.

LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

A few days since an elderly gentleman had got out of business and considered that he was too advanced in age to do hard work, concluded to start a grocery store. He secured a stock of goods, and yesterday morning, while preparing for opening the establishment, concluded that he would tap the kegs of beer left on the previous day. A friend who was present, seeing him approaching one of the kegs with an auger, inquired what he was going to do, and learned that he intended to "tap that beer." The questioner suggested that the proper way was to place the faucet in position and drive in the cork which the revenue stamp covered, but the old gentleman concluded that his way was the best, and forthwith forced a hole through the top of the keg. Of course the beer ascended like a fountain as he withdrew the auger, and he endeavored to suppress it by putting his hand over the hole, and failing in this, by inserting his finger; as a last resort he sat down upon it, calling loudly for some one to hand him a faucet, but meanwhile the beer had forced its way through his pants, climbed upward, and was oozing out everywhere—emerging from his waist-band, and even at his shirt-collar, and the bystanders were laughing so hard that they were unable to do anything to relieve him, even if they had dared to venture within the area of beer spray. It was not until every drop of liquid had left the keg that the old gentleman felt warranted in getting up.—Sacramento Union.

The Spiritualists have been holding their national camp meeting at Plympton, Mass. One of the preachers, Daniel Hull, preached a sermon from Numbers xi., 31:

"There went forth a wind from the Lord and brought quails from the sea and let them fall by the camp, a day's journey on this side and a day's journey on the other side, and two cubits high on the face of the earth."

The preacher said that estimating a man's journey at thirty-three miles, measuring from the center of the camp, would give an area of 3,421 square miles. The quails were sent to supply a demand for meat, and were to last a month. The quails were two cubits, or two to three and a half feet deep. We are told that Israel numbered 600,000 men, exclusive of women and children. From this he estimated the nation at 3,000,000 souls. Said he: "It is bad for the quail story if the number was less. A computation of the space and depth covered with the number of individuals, shows 2,880,203 bushels of quails for

ENGLISH MATRONS AND ENGLISH OLD MAIDS.

each man, woman and child. To have eaten all of them would have required each individual to eat 69,621 bushels per meal for a month. But we are told of the great quantity that was left—6,265,771,441,829 bushels of quails. We are told that they spread them out to dry; but where did they spread them, since the quails were three feet deep all over the country?"

There was a time, says the Pall Mall Gazette, when "old maids" were looked upon with an eye of pity, if not contempt, and it was thought that marriage alone gave women any claim to consideration. Of late years, however, there has been a change of opinion in this respect, and unmarried women not only rank as high in general estimation as their married sisters, but bid fair soon to surpass them. Nor is this to be wondered at. A very few years ago it was a rare sight to see a married woman dancing at any ball given in the London season, whereas now wives dance with greater pertinacity than their sisters or daughters, and balls are even given expressly for married women. The character of the British matron has, in fact, completely changed; instead of being grave and decorous, she has become a hopping, skipping creature, delighting every one by her grace and activity, but at the same time losing in weight, moral as well as physical, what she gains in enjoyment. In the meantime the spinster is rapidly rising—scorning flirtation, she leaves vain pursuits to the wife and mother. The Emperor of China has set a good example in the encouragement of spinsters. According to a Shanghai journal he has just decreed that special honors be paid to two old maids, one of whom lately died after a life of devotion to the memory of her betrothed, while the other, who is still living, declined in her youthful days to make a most tempting match, on the ground that she could not leave her home. Some few old ladies in England have an equal claim to recognition of their merits, and it would both elevate and appease them if they were in like manner rewarded.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CITIES.

It is not only individuals who have suddenly increased in prosperity and as suddenly gone down into nothingness; there are cities of which the same can be said. Such a one is Pithole City, Pa. Within one month from the completion of the first house this city had a telegraph office and a hotel, costing the owners \$80,000. In one month more there was a daily paper established, and in the next a theater; in another month another theater, and then an academy of music. In six months there were seventy-four hotels and boarding-houses; in the seventh month the city had reached its highest prosperity. It then had 15,000 inhabitants, elaborate water-works, a city hall and an expensive city government. Then occurred the completion of a labor-saving enterprise, the so-called Miller Farm Pipe line, by which the petroleum was sent off independent of the laboring population. At once 4,000 persons were thrown out of employment, while 2,000 houses became useless; this was the death-blow to Pithole City. At once the hotels, the theaters and the telegraph office were closed, and the daily paper gave up its ghost, while almost every one packed his trunk and moved out. Only nine families remained out of a population of 15,000 souls, while the railroad from Pithole and Oleopolis runs only one train a day, consisting of a locomotive and a single car, which is usually empty; but the company is obliged to keep running, otherwise the charter for the road would be lost. They still hope against hope for better times for that unfortunate city, which, in only seven months, was born, fully grown, got sick and died. Undoubtedly this is a case unparalleled in history, modern or ancient; neither Egypt nor Greece can give examples of such rapid changes.—Boston Sunday Times.

The Lansing Republican has compiled, from authentic sources, a comparative table of State taxation in a number of leading States. The following shows the State taxes of the different States mentioned for the year 1872, as given in their Treasurers' or Auditors' reports:

Table with 3 columns: State, State tax, Mills on \$1. Rows include California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New York, Ohio.

This calculation is made on the basis of the cash valuation of property. Iowa has no State debt, and is the only State bearing a lighter tax than Michigan in 1872.

SUSIE LIBERTY, of La Crosse, has thirteen lovers, and every one of them exclaims: "Give me Liberty or give me death!" And she's a red-headed girl that!