

## Humorous.

The Lawyer and His Fee.  
A MELANGLED BALLAD.  
There was a little Advocate  
That loved a good big fee,  
And in the course of a debate,  
Was none so skilful as he  
To throw the Court into a state  
Of dire perplexity.

This little advocate, one day,  
Was sitting in his study;  
When in there walked a damed guy,  
Of aspect fair and ruddy,  
Much faster than the month of May—  
Or any other body.

She looked upon the man of law,  
With eyes soft, sweet and saffy;  
She made a little model pose;

Then said, in tones of honey,  
"Oh, Sir, I pray you plead my cause;  
And do not ask for money."

"Master of the little man replied,

And fell upon his knees,"

"In silent days men would have died

For glances such as these—

But death alone can't divide,

A lawyer from his fees."

Yet, Madam, be thyself my fee,  
My love, my bride, my wife!

And in all Courts I will for thee

Do battle to the knife,

I shall love thee, thou wilt love me,

As long as we have life!"

The girl agreed. "Therefore was lost,

Her money all was swamped,

Its income, with increase of cost."

He found severely cramped,

His love for her, likewise, was most

Considerably damped.

For, O! She was a fearful scold;

Quite quite beyond conjecture;

Shed'd cry, "Now sir, I won't be told

By you that you're he-speded. You're

Not too wise, nor yet too old;

To stand a certain lecture!"

"Where's my money? Where's your own?

You patry little sinner;

We've had the same cold motion twice;

The whole week-through for dinner,

And I"—she interposed a groan—

"Am getting hourly thinner."

They quarrelled, for she lived on "I's,"

And no restraint would stop her.

Their money went, and following quick;

Her friends began to drop her.

The little man's a lunatic;

His wife became a pauper.

"Lost Cow, or Shrimpy?"

As a rule there isn't a class of people in the world easier to deal with than the Germans, but occasionally you will find one whose ideas concerning certain business transactions are amusingly peculiar. For instance: A German subscriber to the Journal recently called to advertise a lost cow; and according to the long established customs of this well regulated priesthood we immediately wrote, "Publis' notes and tennies."

"What is it?" asked our friend placing the butt end of his whip on our little sum of multiplication.

We inform him that it would cost him

as much for advertising the lost cow

three weeks.

"You make me pay for that?"

"Certainly, we always take pay for ad-

vertising."

"I makes pay, eh?" Veil, dat ish an

base shrinle. I schribre mit dat. Shrim-

paper done tree years, und, now, you

charge me roost for dot leetle advertise-

uv mine gow."

"But we—"

"You shrim mine Shrimour papers?"

"You shrim mine Shrimour papers,

und I got some more in Day taw by

shrimy, und you gone leetle end dat

horn out."

"But see here, my friend—"

"I go right away und don't get sheated

mit you, by Krashus. Think you got

sleek mit a weasel, und you? Shrim-

yeoost for advertise one cow! It was

better uv you dont geot me vell 1-

come here, und I schribre mit dat. Shrim-

paper done tree year, but, you makes me

und you shrim mine bapers before

uv got it next time. Dat ish vat man I

not kin uv, by shrimy!"

We tried to explain; we tried in vain

we lost him and a three weeks' advertise-

ment of a "lost cow, by shrimy."

**A Man who didn't over-estimate himself.**

A Hebrew merchant from a Western city went into one of our large wholesale houses, the other day, and said he wished to buy about \$1,500 worth of goods. He was willing to pay \$1,200 cash, and give his note for ninety days for the rest of the bill. The firm look'd up the house which the customer represented and came to the conclusion that his note wouldn't be of much value. They concluded, however, to sell him the goods he desired making a sufficient advance in the usual price to cover the amount of the note. The sale was made, and the bill "amounted to \$1,450." The purchase paid the \$1,200, and drew his note for the remainder.

"Now, mine, my friend," said he. "I wants you to give me note, but, you can pick out a necktie for yourself, if you wish."

"No, no, I wants no neckties. I wants a silk dress for mine wife."

"O, we can't do that," said the mer-

chant, "but I tell you what will do. We will give you your note."

"My note! No! my gracious, I takes ze necktie!"

**Saved the Mule.**

One of the anchor line boats the other day was a young mule of decent look, but a good deal the worse for whisky. He persisted in singing at the top of his voice, and it was the poorest kind of singing.

After a brief pause, he removed his hat and said:

"Now I am going to sing something else."

"Hadn't you soon wait until we get to Vicksburg?" inquired a passenger.

"Wh—wh—wh?" quaffed the young man.

"Because, I've got a young mule on the lower deck; and if he gets in, then he can sing, you see; you'd never have to work a mule to Bray."

There was no more singing.

They have a female barter in Brooklyn. She is seventeen, soft-handed, sweet of breath, pretty, plump, and graceful, and what is better than all that?

A Milwaukee wife says that before marriage it was "My darling angel Lucy, heaven above knows the depth of my love for you," but after marriage he found the bottom very quickly.

"It will only be a small candidate for Mayor of St. Louis this other day, while making a storm speech, and all the while it was that Romeo found of Rome."

The origin of Easter eggs, a bon-

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