

Humorous.

Black Yer Boots.

BY W. BEARDSLEY.
Black yer boots, sir? Shine 'em up;
Doin' for a half a dime,
An' you lean agin' the wall
An' 'Til 'ix 'em less'n no time.
No 'T ain't 'werry old—
Somewhere nearabout ten,
Where do I live? Why, enywhere—
Sleep jest where I kin.
Father livin'? Guess he is,
Mother? No, she's gone;
Never seen her—so I's pose
She died 'fore I was born.
Friends? Why, what d'ye take me for?
Friends is whet yer said?
Only rich folks has such things;
I've no friends 'cept Ted.
Ted? Why, that's him over there,
A-leanin' on his crutch;
That feller with his leg took off—
He isn't good for much.
Afore doctors went for him
He used to black boots too—
There wasn't a feller in this yer town
Could beat him, I tell you;
An' him an' me was alters chums,
'Cause I was small, yer see,
But Ted was big, an' used to keep
The boys from lickin' me;
But when he got his leg smashed up
He couldn't work, in course,
An' so things sorter changed around
An' I became the boss.
So now he only sup'intends,
An' kinder takes his ease;
I does the work, he takes the stamps—
The other foot, sir, please—
Yes, sometimes biz is pretty slack,
An' things gets sorter blue;
It's awful hard when stamps are skerse,
To pick up grub for two;
But Ted—he never minds such things,
He says we needn't care
How rough it is down here below—
If we only get up there!
Why, stranger, y'oughter hear him talk
'Bout things up in the sky;
Where Heaven and the angels is,
An' good folks never die.
I wonder if them Mission chaps
Is tellin' him what's true?
I hope they ain't a-foolin' him
He'd feel most awful blue
If he found it only was a jibe—
About this dyin' biz.
An' going up to Kingdom come,
Where they say his mother is,
I'd like to know just what is so;
'Cause mister, don't yer see,
If all these things is really true,
Why, what 'ud come of me.
If Ted should kick the bucket fust
An' double up some day;
I couldn't find him when I died,
'Cause how'd I know the way?
An' what d'ye think I'd do up there,
Agoin' it alone.
While Ted was off with the high-toned
chaps
A-singin' round the Throne?
No, sir!—it wouldn't be no fun—
And I wouldn't give a red
If I couldn't go where Heaven is
Along with dear old Ted!
There y'are, sir, neat and trim;
Come agin' some day.
How much? Oh, give the stamps to Ted,
He alters takes the pay.

Rustic Courtship.

I hitched my cher close to hern an' sbet my
eyes an' said:
Sal you're the very gal I've been bankerin'
arter for a long time. I luv you from the soul
of your foot to the crown of your head, an' I
don't keer who knows it; an' if you say so,
we'll be jined in the holy bonds of padlock:
Egular on sions, gloria Monday morning, sick
temper tarantula, non compimentus, world
without end, sez I, an' I felt like I had thro' an
alligator, I felt so relieved.
With that she toched a scream an' arter
awhile she sed:
Peter!
What is it Sally?
Yes, sed she, hiding her face.
You may depend upon it, I felt brifol good.
"Glory! glory! sez I, I must holler, Sal, or
'Il bust wide open. Hoorsy! hoorsy! I can
ump over a ten rail fence; I can do anything
a fellow coot or ort to do.
With this I sorter blashed myself down he-
side her, an' pinched the bargain with a kiss.
Talk of your sugar, talk about your lasses,
talk about your nite blooming serious, they
weren't nowhere; you could not have got me
at 'em, they would have taste sour arter that.
O broomstraws with lasses on 'em! Ef Sals
olddad hadn't dawled out, "It's time that all
bones folks was in bed," I do believe I'd stayed
thar all nite.

At a recent prayer meeting in Louisiana the
following intiqe explanation was given by the
colored preacher as to the origin of the white
race. When Cain killed his brother Able, the
Lord missed him, and axed Cain: "Whar's
your brother Abel?" Cain answered: "I don't
know, massa—I didn't seed him." Then the
Lord hunted around the cornfield. And by and
by he came back and looked over de fence, and
again axed him: "Whar is your brudder Abel?
you grand rascal, nigger you!" Then Cain he
got skeered, and if it had not been for that nig-
ger running so, while we never would have been
bothered with this sassy set of white trash.

A Kindred Tie.

She was a lame woman. She limped, and
she carried a cane, and it was natural to infer
that she was lame. As she entered the Twen-
ty-second street depot to wait for the train, she
was closely followed by a lame man. He had a
stiff knee, and he also carried a cane. Two
lame persons are no great sight in this big city.
Lame men and women limp their way up and
down Manhattan island every day and few peo-
ple ever remark them.
The lame woman took a seat, and after a lit-
tle she was joined by the lame man. He wore
a bright smile, and as he dropped down he
cheerfully remarked:
"Quite a coincidence."
She made no reply. She was ugly looking,
but she looked him over and made up her mind
that she would go and hang herself if she look-
ed as homely as he did.
"I am lame and you are lame," continued the
man.
"Who are you talking to, sir?" she deman-
ded, giving him a contemptuous look.
"Madam, there must be a kindred tie between
us," he softly replied. "I 'im lame in the left
leg, and you are lame in the left leg."
"Are you addressing me?" she exclaimed
flushing very red.
"I am, madam, I say there must be a kindred
tie between us."
"There is no such thing, sir, and I don't
want you to speak to me again, sir," she an-
swered.
"I am lame, and you are lame," he went on.
"Rheumatism got into my kneejoint and spoilt
one of my best legs in New York State.—
Was it rheumatism in the case of your leg,
madam?"
"You drunken loafer you! how dare you talk
to me?" she gasped.
"I can furnish the best kind of reference as to
my character," he replied, "and I suppose you
could. But doesn't it strike you as a curious
coincidence that we are both lame in our left
legs, both in New York at once, both waiting
to go home, both so ugly looking that we can't
get married?"
"You—you—" she choked.
"I am fifty years old and I dye my hair," he
coolly continued, "and you are about the same
age, and I observe that you die your hair; I
wouldn't go a rod to see a circus procession, and
I judge you wouldn't. I love onions and I
should say you did. I love—
"I'll have you arrested!" she yelled. "I'll
have you jailed in two minutes."
"An' I was going to remark, madam, how
'G'way I 'g'way!" she shrieked, clutching her
cane.
"Nevertheless, I am convinced that there is a
kindred tie, madam. Two persons, lame in their
left legs, must—"
She whacked him vigorously with the cane,
and rushed off to another seat, while a gentle-
man came over to the lame man and told him
he would get into trouble if he didn't look out.
"I'm through," quietly replied the lame man.
"I thought there was a 'kindred tie but there is
not. I'll never kindred tie to any living female
who is so stuck up that she won't listen to phi-
losophy. She can take her old lame leg and go
home!"
And he sat down to read an almanac for
1876.

A Bibulous Court.

During a recent trial in the Elko county
court, our friend Bishoff, of the Humboldt
brewery, was called as a witness. Mr. Bishoff
is one of the "sober men" of Elko, where he
has been in business since the town was
started in the winter of 1858. Upon being
sworn, Counselor Band, one of the attorneys in
the case, who, by the way, is a resident of Elko,
said:
"Mr. Bishoff, where do you reside?"
"Where do I reside? What a foolish thing.
You drink at my place more than a hundred
times."
"That has nothing to do with the case on
trial," Mr. Bishoff, state to the jury where you
reside."
"De shurry! de shurry! Oh, by jiminy! Every
gentleman on dis shurry has a string of
marks on my cellar door just like a rail fence."
His Honor here interceded in the counselor's
behalf, and in a calm and dignified manner re-
quested the witness to state where he resided.
"Oh, excuse me, Shudge, you drinks at my
place so many times and pays me nothing, I
dinks you know old Bishoff vat keeps de
brewery."
Yesterday forenoon an honest-looking man
called into the office of a Justice of the Peace,
and wanted to know if he could commence suit
against a neighbor for assault and battery. He
was informed that he could, and he brightened
up, and continued:
"Well, make out a lawsuit right away. He
kicked me mighty hard, and I want you to plug
the law right into him."
As the Justice reached for a warrant the vis-
itor asked:
"How much will you fine him?"
"I can't tell anything about the case until it
is tried," was the reply.
"Then he may get off?"
"Yes."
"And I may have the costs to pay myself?"
"Yes."
"An' you won't agree to fine him?"
His Honor began to read a frigid law letter
on the practice of law, but the man for whom
it was intended started for the door, saying:
"I won't flog around with law. I've got
three dogs and two grown up sons, and I guess
the pile can lick him blind in two minutes."

A widow informed a friend at the funeral
that she couldn't tell whether she would wear
mourning or not until her husband's will was
read.
"Yes, I know it. I make a mistake and gave
him too much medicine," frankly said a West-
ern doctor when he was told that his patient
was dead.

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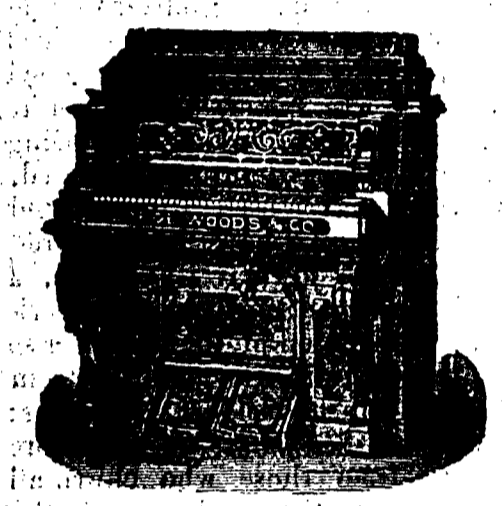
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