Humorous.

DISCIPLINIG AN EDITOR.

Years ago, when a certain Western State (which we shall not name) was a territory, and withh few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old states emigrated thither, and settled in the town of K. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favor. He had been there nearly two years, when he induced a printer to print a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S. was pleased for awhile with editing a paper. He was a man of very low stature, but he used the editorial "we" as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and each as big as Daniel Lambert.

Strange to say, there were at that time men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be; a thing which probably never happened before, and never will happen again.

Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory, there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security.

At length he published an article more severe and cutting, against malfeasance in office, than any that had preceded it. In fact, though pointed at no one in particular, it was a "scorcher."

Some three or four days afterwards he was sitting alone in his office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment; his pen was busy with a paragraph, when his door opened without much ceremony, and in stalked a man about six feet high in his stockings.

He asked, "Are you S., the proprietor of this paper?"

Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man, with one of his blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative.

The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor it was intended for "him." It was in vain that S. protested that he never heard of him before. The wrath of the visiter rose to fever heat, and from being so long restrained, boiled over with double fury. He gave the editor his choice, either to publish a humble, a very humble recantation, or take a flogging on the spot. Either alternative was wormwood; but what could he do? The enraged office-holder was twice his size, and at one blow would qualify him for an obituary notice. He agreed to retract, and as the visitor insisted upon writing the retraction himself, he sat down to his task.

Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing-office, with a promise be back in time to sign it when it was finished.

S. had hardly gone fifty rods when he encountered a man who inquired where Squire S.'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he, too, was on the same errand as the other visitor, he pointed to the office, and told him he would find the editor within, writing an abusive article against office-holders.—This was enough. The eyes of the new-comer flashing fire, he rushed into the office, and assailed the stranger with the epithets, "liar, scoundrel, coward;" and told him he would teach him how to write. The gentlnman, supposing it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet and a fight ensued. The table was upset and smashed into firewood, the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor, the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow with the rapidity of lightning.—First one was kicked on the floor, then the other, each taking it in turn pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. The noise and uproar were tremenduous. The neighbors ran to the door, and exclaimed that two negroes were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared seperate them At length, completely exhausted, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known, and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homeward, convinced that they had attained very little satisfaction from the attempt.

WANTED A TESTIMONIAL.

They had quarreled Sunday evening. He got mad and swore he'd leave her. Then she got vexed and told him he could do as he pleased. He left. The next night he came around again. He asked to see her alone. She readily complied. She was all of a tremor. Her heart went out to him in a gush of sympathetic love. She stood ready to throw both arms about his neck, and cry out her joy. There was not much color in his face, and his voice was husky. He said:

"I have been with you six months, Matilda, and I tried in all that time to do what was right." He paused an instant to recover the voice which was faltering rapidly, while her trembling increased. "I know that I have got considerable temper, and that I do not always control it as I ought. But I have tried to be faithful to you, tried to do everything that I thought would tend te make you happy. And feeling this I have called to see if you would be kind enough to give me a sort of testimonial to this effect, so that I could show it to any other young lady I might want to go with. It might help me."

He looked at her anxiously. All the color left her face in a flash. She made a great effort to swallow something which threatened to choke her. Then she spoke:

"You get out of this house as quick as you can, you miserable whelp, or my father will kick you out."

He didn't toy with time. He left without the testimonial.

HE WENT AWAY SAD.

As the rain came drizzling down yesterday, half a dozen men were seated in a tobacco store on Jefferson avenue. While they talked about the Indian war, politics and Susan B. Anthony, in came a stoop shouldered man, whip in hand and a leather belt around him, and he asked for a plug of tobacco. The wink was passed around and the clerk handed out an old file used to open boxes with and said:

"There's a new brand of plug, and I think you will like it."

"Plug! Why, that's an old file!" exclaimed the man.

"Anything ail your eyes?"

"No, sir; my eyes are all right."

"Then why do you call this plug of tobacco an old file."

"Because it is. You don't think I'm a born fool, do you?"

The clerk took up the file, passed it from man to man, and as each one took it in his hand he remarked:

"That's a plug of tobacco, of course, and a very fine plug, too."

The unanimity and gravity rather frightened the stranger, who took up the file, looked it over, smelled it, and said:

"Well, if that isn't a file I never saw one."

He turned around as if hesitating what to do, and the clerk removed the file and laid a plug of tobacco in its place.

"Ah! this is what I wanted," said the man as he caught sight of it.

"That's a file we use in the store, and we can't sell it."

"File! Why this is a plug of tobacco.

"You are becoming blind," answered the clerk, and he passed it around the circle. The men looked at it, drew it across their hands, and each one said:

"That's as nice a file as I ever saw."

"Can I get a plug of tobacce here?" asked the man, looking around in a half wild manner.

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk, and he laid the file on the counter.

"Now, by thunder!" exclaimed the man as he took it up, "I am either blind, a fool, or else the crowd here ought to go to a lunatic asylum!"

The man put down the file and walked out. He was seen rubbing his eyes and looking around, and as he approached his team, on the opposite side of the street, he walked very softly and reached out for the hitching post as if he expected it would turn out to be something else.

A KNOTTY QUESTION.

A Raleigh lawyer was interviewed lately by an agriculturists living a score of miles from the city, who said he wanted to secure a divorce from his wife.

"You don't live happily with her, eh?" inquired the attorney.

"No; we don't seem to hitch wuth a cent," was the quiet reply.

"Does she scold and fret, and make your home a hell on earth, so to speak?" continued the lawyer.

"That's her exactly."

"And you are prepared to prove that you have a peaceful disposition, and that you have done everything you could to make home pleasant?"

"You bet I am! anybody as knows me will swear that I wouldn't hurt a flea, and that I I move around home like an angel!"

"Well, I guess we can make out a case," said the lawyer, as he took up his pen and began to jot down the points. After a moment he inquired:

"Do you think you will contest the case?—Has she any defense?"

"Waal, now, I never thought of that," slowly replied the farmer. "I didn't know as she had anything to say about it."

"She may have. Has she any grounds for complaint against you?"

"I don't know much about law," answered the client in a hesitating way.

"I know I've got a hankering after her sister Mariar, and her sister Mariar has a hankering after me, but whether them is good grounds for complaint I don't know."

The lawyer hasn't filed a bill yet.

TOM COOKE, THE ACTOR.

At a trial in England in 1813, between certain music publishers, as to an alleged piracy of arrangement of the song of "The Old English Gentleman," Cooke was subpœnaed as a witness by one of the parties.

On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett for the opposite side, that learned counsel questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different; now what do you mean by that, sir?"

To this Tom promptly answered:

"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with different accent, the one being in common time, the other in sixty-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different."

"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing of music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke: "Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note in the same manner as you would a stress upon any given word, for the purpose of being better understood.—Thus if I were to say: 'You are an *ass*,' it rests on ass; but if I were to say: '*You* are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Shouts of laughter by the whole court followed this repartee. Silence at length having been obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the counsel thus:

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James (who had become scarlet in more than name) in a great huff, said:

"The witness may go down."