A JEW'S CHRISTMAS SOLILOOUY. BY BURT ARNOLD.

Greech, vas you hear dot shurch-pell ring i Yas you hear dose shimes? Yonce er year I soldt me noddinks-Yonce er year I make no dimes. Yas alvays lose me monish Yen I geop der sohop und Greasmas; issples nefter puys er zent's vort-Hidt so vell pe onder Istmus.



It was magke me madt like donder Von I hear dot shurch-kvoir sing; Yor I know der whole tay long I vill soldt me not er ting. Poot your eye ridt on dot feilar Mit der hair shust like er tronk; Greasmas tay 'e vont puy noddinks, Putt on Zoondays 'e vas dronk.

Dot's der vay mit Greastian beeples-Ve vas neffer cot er show; Effery dime dot Greasmas comes, Tradt vas awvool slow. "Tvas kveer gindt ofe beeples, Greastians vas! Vicked ofe dey puy ofe me, dey say; Putt dey puy dem blendy visky Shust der same und Greasmas day,



BY BURT ARNOLD.

Jem Pinchem was a man who could rightly be termed a married bachelor; for, although he had one of the sweetest and most patient of wives and a beautiful little daughter, he clung to the habits of his single days, and merely used his home for a place in which to sleep and eat. He was not a dumback he news drank interiors not a drunkard; he never drank intoxicants of any kind. Yet he always came home in the small hours of night, about the same hour that some tired individuals come to roost when "all ze uzzer placish ish closed up." For many years his wife was ignorant of the reason why he stayed out so late, and it was equally as long before she learned the true reason why he never had any money, when she knew he earned a good salary. The truth was, Jem was a confirmed

gambler, and had it not been for his wife's little dowry, both Jem and his family would little dowry, both Jem and his family would have been obliged to wear rags the year round. But there is a limit to the largest dowry, and Molly Pinchem's was soon resched. For months after hr money was all gone she never complained; but Jem grew cross as he missed the many comforts The had formerly furnished from her dot. Sleepless nights spent over the gaming-table worked on his nerves and made him a changed man. He was annoyed and irri-tated at the slightest matter and nothing seemed to please him. He had sunk into dabt, and if any man ever stood in the peril of losing his reason Jem Pinchem was the of losing his reason Jem Pinchem was the man. Don't misunderstand and think he was a bad man at heart, for he was far from it. Naturally he was warm-hearted and of a sunny disposition; but he had existed with his nerves strung at a high ten-sion for so long that his peevishness and irritability were the very common results of turning night into day and giving his ner-

vous system no chance for recuperation. On the evening before Christmas he had esten of the scant

on? Shure Oi'll pull yer dirthy box an' arrist the whole av yees av ye doon't copen "I'll shame him if I can find him." she "Ill shame him if I can ind him," she said to herself, as she wrapped a torn muffer about her head and placed a bat-tered basket on the table. Little Dit awoke and, seeing her mother ready to go out exclaimed: "Um do too, mauma." Molly hesitated a moment, then said: the door." The bolt flew back, and the "lookout" opened: the door for the officer to step in-side, where he placed Dot on her feet. "List to me, noo, darlin't," he said, and he bent low and whispered in her ear, then pointed to a man who sat back towards them

'So you shall!'

She wrapped Dot in an old woolen shawl and started in the direction she had heard the den was located at which Jem spent his time and money. The night air was keen and the sleet cut-

The night air was keen and the sleet cut-ting, but Molly heeded neither. Once, as she passed the mansion of Jem's employer, such ald Dot on high that she might look in the window and see a Christmas tree that was glistening with candles and glass balls and loaded with presents for the little ones who were romp-

ing in glee around it. The sight made her green with envy; but Dot raised her little hands in ecstasy and exclaimed: "Pitty!

"Pitty!" "Yee, pity 'tis as well as pretty," cried out Molly, when she turned away as if in pain at the sight. She felt indignant that Jem's infatuation for the green board prevented their home from enjoying a like blessing. At the next corner she met a police-officer who was alternately stamping his feet and blowing into his fists to keep warm. The chimes of St. Nicholes sounded on the midnight air and sent a shudder through her frame. Christmas! What a Christmas might be in store for her!

She clasped Dot closer to her breast and hurried along.



May puts to bed her Christmas doll, Watched by the jealous Gyp and Pcll.

at the faro-table, nervously watching a double pile of blue-colored chips that lay on a queen of spades. Suddenly a little childish figure stood by

his side, and startled him like an apparition. A tattered woolen shawl fell from around its form, and soft flaxen curls futtered over his coatsleevo. A smiling face with trust-ing eyes looked squarely in his. A tiny



plied. Taking the tattered sock in his hand, he closed the rents with the pins and swept his chips inside. Then, pointing to the dealer, he said:

dealer, he said: "Here, bot, is your Christmas present. Go to him and get it cashed. Gentlemen, I've been taught a lesson, and I've played my last card." A silence fell upon the scene, and naught was heard save the muffied click of the chips as the dealer "sized them up," then, with a muttered curse, thrust their value into the tattered sock. "Good-by, boys, and merry Christmas to you," said Jem, as he perched Dot on his sboulder and passed through the door. Five minutes later a yell of disappoint-ment rang through the gamblers' den. "Boys, the bank's busted!" said the dealer, "and I've gone out of the business for good. That sock was a hoodoo!"

It is now ten years since that eventful night. Jem has not touched a card, and he is never tired of taking Dot on his knee and referring to the time when he was "Saved by a Sock."

JONAS JUTTON'S JAGGLES.

Thare's heep ob tork erbout capertul an' laber, but I notis every body keeps labering tu be er capertulis. When I sees er man alwas redin' de nus

papers I knows de sharper kan't wurk no thimbel riy on him. 'Er wumen's nursin' often dus more gud

Jem dragged his load of chips off the card and stacked t em before him. "Ginne ernuther pin," he said to Tim, in a hoarse voice, and again the man com-plied. Taking the tattered sock in his hand, he

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Arabella Topcrust and Choily Weakpate



Gyp barks with joy to see the doll Snatched from the crib by angry Poll.

ere engaged. Cholly works as clerk in a dry-goods house and sells tape cut on the bias, and Arabella's father is a pork-packer who has higher aspirations for his daugh-ter than to have her marry Cholly. On Christmas morning Softop met a chum, who displayed an embroidered hat tip his lady had sent him for a Christmas

"What did Arabella give you, Cholly?"

he asked.

"She gave me the shake, and her old man gave me a boot."

HE'D "COOT THA' ROPE."

A west-bound passenger train was snow-ed-in near a small mining town and its passengers obliged to spend their Christ-mas there. During the day one of the party suggested that they should visit an unused mine in the vicinity. As they were passing one of the small shafts a gentle-mer leaded down and in doing so dronned an looked down and in doing so dropped

his hat. "Hold on a minute!" he exclaimed to the rest of the party, who were walking toward the main shaft, "I've lost my hat down this

shaft." "Nivermoind, sorr, ut's not dape at all, at all. Oi'll sune have it out fer yees," said the Irish guide who accompanied them. His assistant lowered him into the shaft.

Soon a voice from its depths cried: "Oi have it! Pull up, Dinny!" Dinny had been called away for a mo-ment, and a gentleman of the party had taken charge of the windlass. The man was a member of a minstrel troupe, and an importing practical toker. incorrigible practical joker. "All roight, Moike," he said, imitating the voice of the man whom Mike supposed

to be at the top of the shaft. "Oi say, Dinny, phawt tha' divil air ye doin'?" shouted Mike, a few moments

later. "Shure, Oim pulting av yees up," re-plied the minstrel man, as he lowered Mike further down the shaft, and winked

at the bystanders. "Indade yer not; yer hoisting me down, ye blaggard!"

"Begorra, Oi oughter know; ut's meself as is tarnin' tha' crank." And he hoisted and lowered Mike a half

And he holsted and lowered Mike a hair a dozen times more. "Oi say, Dinny, baad soran ter yer! Will yer listen ter me a moment, jist?" hallooed Mike from the shaft. "D'ye moind whut Oi'm afther tellin' ye, noo? Ef yees doan't lower me oop, by Hivin! Oi'll coot tha roma!" rope!"

WANTED TO GRIND HER AXE FIRST.

Rignold-Sister, I think I'll ask pa tonight if he will buy me that five-hundred-dollar chronometer we saw at Benedict's for a Christmas present. I've been playing goody-goody for over a month now. Sister Arabella-I wouldn't to-night, if

POP-CORN AND CIDER.

A FAIR exchange-The compliments

A NEW YEAR'S call-Please remit. SAD is the heart that cannot rejoice at Christmas time.

No STOCKING is so small that Santa Claus will overlook it.

On Christmas Day, though the turkey's tender, the eaters stuff. "HAPPY New Year, Judge." "Chestnut,

Major."

WEAT though your purse is empty, pray, of if hearts are full of joy to-day? THE same good resolutions made last January will do for this year.

JUST notice how nice your best girl will be from now till after the holiday season. A CHRISTMAS goose-The man who thinks Santa Claus a fraud.

It is not always the largest stocking which catches the most valuable Christmas gift.

It's a wise husband whe prepares to pay for the Christmas gifts received from his dear wife.

SAY not that Christ has been bwrn in your heart if the poor be not borne upon it. NEW YEAR'S calls will never go out of fashion while there are bill-collectors to make them.

In giving Christmas presents be sure and keep your presence of mind. Don't be ex-travagant.



Now both are very much elated To find the doll is separated.

FASHION NOTE. This is the season of the year when every one is looking for something new in stockings.

BEGIN the new year by buying a new um-brells and a diary; then just make a note of the one you keep the longest.

A NICE, easy exercise for Christmas Day is that of counting the change you have left. It can be done generally with one hand.

"TIME is money." This ought to be cheering news to the man of leisure who has Christmas presents to buy and no ready cash.

THE person who shall do the mest to cheer the hearts of the needy poor will have the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year. Try it and see.



545

meal furnished wife and grumbled over it, possibly be-cause he felt he had no moral right to cause he feit he had no moral right to make the slightest objection, and merely wished to assume the dictatorial with his spouse. When he had finished, he arose from the table and glanced at the clock; then he hurriedly donned his coat and hat

then he hurriedly donned his coat and hat and began to draw on his gloves. "Jem," said his wife, with a suddenness that startled him, "please leave a little money with me before you go out." "What for?" he savagely questioned. "Why, it's the night before Christmas, Jem, and I have not a single cent with which to buy Dot the smallest remem-brance " she answered.

brance," she answered. "Dot don't need any gimcracks; she don't know nuthin' 'bout Christmas," grunted the man, as he buttoned his coat well around his throat and pulled his hat over his cars.

"O, Jem, do please give me a little money! Just a little. I am not strong, Jem, and I may not live to have a chance to give her anything next Christmas," she pleaded pitcously. "Poor folks like us ain't got no right to

"But I know you won't have a cent when you return, Jem, and I need the money so badly, too. Stay at home with me to-night, Don't go out, dear. You'll only gamble until your wages are gone, and then feel sorry for it."

Can't I do what I like with my own

"Why, yes, Jem, I-I-I didn't mean anything like that-I-why! Don't be cross, please; I don't feel well." And she sank on a chair by the tea-table

and sobbad as though her heart would break.

"I say, don't cry, Mo'ly; don't take on. I didn't mean to be rough. I ain't got no small change. See! It's all in a twenty-dollar bill. I'll go ont and buy a turkey, and send you some money by the marketboy when he brings the turkey home I'll not be gone long myself."

She raised her pale face and looked im-ploringly at him through her glistening tears. He returned her glance; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he opened the door and disappeared in the darkness outside. As he passed the window he saw her face. It wore the stony, fixed, agon-

her face. It wore the stony, fixed, agon-ized expression of one in despair. "Women is man's ruination," he mut-tered; -but no one save himself could by any possibility tell how such an extrava-gant statement applied in his case. Molly Pinchem cleared away the tea-table, washed, dried, and put away the dishes in the closet, then sat by the kitchen stove with little Dot in her arms. The market-box came and denosited a

The market-boy came and deposited a much battered chicken on the table-but

much battered chicken on the table-but no money. Eight o'clock, but no Jem with it. Nine o'clock; no Jem yet. Ten o'clock; still no Jem. Eleven o'clock, and no Jem. Half-past eleven. Dot lay dreaming in Molly's arms, while the tears, which could not be kept back, coursed down the moth-er's checks and her stifled sebs spasmod-ically raised Dot's head, causing her to start in her sleep.

"I can stand this no longer!" moaned the poor woman. "I will find him, wherever he is."

She laid the child gently on the sofs and kissed it tenderly, and the hot, scalding tears dropped on its winsome face. Quietly she stepped to her chamber and demod the meet pend to her chamber and

conned the most ragged dress she owned.

exclaimed:

11.15

The officer peered into her face as she came beneath the street-lamp. "Arrah, is that yerself, Mrs. Pinchem? A merry Christmas an' long loife ter ye! By me sowl, it's bad weather fer yez ter be out, so 'tis. Phawt do be kapin' av yez out, atin' yer pardun fer me imperdunce?" "Oh, Mr. Cahill," said Molly, quickly, as she recognized him, "do you know where I can find Jem?" "Well. Oi do that same: but Oi'm think-

"Well, Oi do that same; but Oi'm think-in' he'd not be afthur thankin' me fer tillin'

yez." "O, please do, Mike. Do tell me; he shall never know who it was." "He couldn't help but know it, mum.

"He couldn't help but know it, mum. But, be ther powers, Oi'll do it ef Oi've me hod bruk fer it! Shure it's a dirthy shame 'er 'm ter be drapping his money. at Slippery Dick's, musha, bad cess tew 'im, an 'be lavin' yersilf an' the kid—Hivin bless her—widout money. Begorra, Oi'm knowin' to it; ve naden't say a wurrid. Coom erlong wid me now, an' we'll shame the Ulaggard, savin' yer prisence, mum!. But shure it's no more than 'e desarves, so 'tain't."

tain't." The officer took Dot in his arms and led the way down several back streets, and it length stopped before the dark entrance to a hallway, from which the muffled click of some hard substances clashing together was plainly audible.

"Sthep roight incoide, mum, an' Oi'll soon be afthur fetchin' him out ter yees. Nos! Wurra, avick! Oi'll do betthur thin that. Gimme that sock yees have hangin' or the basket," said the officer. "Thayn' noo, darlint, yer faither's insoide that door, divil take 'im! Shure, but Oi can't help it, mum,

arm thrust forward a wee sock that gaped then de doktor's fisic. at both heel and toe, and a childish voice Sum peeple is alwa

SHE HELD DOT ON HIGH THAT SHE MIGHT LOOK IN THE WINDOW.

"Merwy Twistmas, papa!" "Merwy Twistmas, papa!" The gambler gazed first at the sock then at his stack of ships. The sight of the lattered sock froze the blood in his veins an i paralyzed the action of his hasin

of his brain. His pile had won, and he was deprived

of the power to move it. Again he looked at the stack, then at his



Mischievous Polly, left alone Croaks o'er the crib with doleful tone.

chips. The pile doubled once more, and the dealer grew nervous. A third time it won.

darlint, yer faither sinsolate the pit, mum, bad scran ter me! Whist, noo! till Oi be afthur gettin' ther door, opened." & He rapped on the door, and a slide was raised, making a sort of peep-hole, through which an eril-eyed visage peered at the the officer and his curly-haired burden. "Lave me in! Oi've a kid here at is half friz, becorra. Phawt ther divil yees waitin' Suddenly he clasped Dot to his arms, and the tears loosened themselves from his eyelids and poured down his cheeks. The gamblers stopped their betting and watched the pair. "Tim," he said to a man sitting next to to him "gimma a via"

Sum peeple is alwas wishin' thay cud liv thair lives over agin, but keep on in de

same ole rut. Thare wud be er heep more helthy fokes if it wa'n't fur de paten medersun advertismens.

I ain't got mutch respec' fur er wumen what is alwas goin' to sowin' servicetes an' makin' close fur de heathen, while her hus-ban' fastens his galluses wid er pin. Whenever I heares er lokermotiv whistle

I calls it er cheer fur genus. Diet kranks keep torkin', but senserbil fokes stil' hav fun eatin' when thair stum-

erks krave. As de simune heeps up san' on de des-ert, so det heeps up misery an' despair on

er man's soul.

When et pors man says enything funny de krowd only smiles; but when de rich man says enything amusin' de krowd lafs long an' lowd.

Sum men go tu kongres' fur hener; uthers go fur de gud ob thair kountry; while er heep ob them go tu see how mutch thay kan get fur thair votes. Er man an' his wife is like er pare ob sis-

sors; when they wurks tergether thay does sum gud, but when thay puls er part thay

don't do enything. De devil may hav' up er boom, but you don't never heare eny one axin' er bout his korner lots.

Nuspapers is what makes serciety bare-

De pas' kant be repared, but its er mity gud sine bord fur de future. Er old made is er wumen whut hed ruther

be singel then tu marry erskrub ob er man. When ever I sees er blind man I feels like he's got er heep more chances fur Heven then I has. They shake hands er cros de bludy

chasm; but heep ob them feels like givin' er little jerk an pullin' de uther one in. When you drinks wine at de sakerment

I were you, dear. Papa's had a toothache all day, and you know he's cross as a bear when anything alls him. Rignold—Umph! If he's got a tooth-

ache I'll put it off a week. Laughs at the ruin of the doll.

Sister Arabella (in the library with pa ten minutes later)-O, you dear, darling pa; you are so tired. You should take some recreation; you need it so much. Why don't you drive out in the afternoon? And if you will buy me that sealskin sacque I could go with you.

ROCKED THE TURKEY ASLEEP.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing wretch! ex-claimed Big William's wife, as she reach-ed her hand out of bed and felt in the cradle to see if the baby was covered up. "Whash 'er matter?" murmured Big, as he turned in his sleep. "Matter enough! Ough you! Wake up and go down-stairs and bring baby up here this minute."

this minute. "Did bring him up. He'sh in the

cradle.

"No such a thing. You've drank too much hard cider. You wrapped the Christ-mas turkey in baby's blankets and rocked it to sleep in the cradle, you wretch! And baby is down-stairs on the sofa catching cold."

"THASH ALL."

"Where did you get that turkey you have in your hand, Sim?" said Mrs. Shrinkem, as he entered the house at midnight with a sixteen-pound gobbler whose skin was hanging from his carcass in shreds. "Won him at er Chrishmush raffle, m' dear. Nishe t-tur-tur-bic!-ky. Cosht me four-bic-teen-dollash." "Well, what is the matter with it? What me kes differer?"

"Makes it look so queer?" "Thash nuthin'. I kn-knoc-hic!-ed a few p-p-pi-hic!-ets off er fenshe wiz him coming home. Thash all!"

On Christmas eve the right stocking was

never left.



And round the room doth skip and prance, And waits, impatiently, his chance.

The season of swapping presents is drawing near. The old-time custom of giving to those who could give naught but thanks and gratitude in return had much to commend it.

IF the "heft" of the pocket-book was, in every instance, commensurate with the promptings of the heart, what a glorious Christmas it would be for the poor! Gyp quick repents, but scornful Poll

KNOW all mon by these presents (Christ-mas presents) that the milk of human kind-ness is still sweet.

THE store clerk who gets seven dollars a week and spends twenty dellars for a Christmas present for his girl should be classed among "Christmas greens."

classed among "Christmas greens." BWEAR off, though your companions rail; You may succed; but, if you fall, "Tis better to resolve and fail Than never to resolve at all, BIGGS—Morning, Diggs; hang up your stocking Christmas Eve? Diggs — No. Hung up my watch. Wife wanted a new pair of gold bracelets for a present, and I had to to get 'em.

A CHRISTMAS PROPOSAL.



To-day's the day to merry be And say things sweet and pleasant ;

Now, darling, will you marry me, And be my Christmas present?

SHE. SHE. I'm 'fraid if I should marry you Our Christmas wouldn't last. And that the day you'd always rue Would be the Christmas past.

DEAD STUCK ON HIMSELF.

"I do like a pig," said Mr. O'Greedy, as he helped himself for the fourth time to a liberal plate-full of the viands at the

Christmas dinner. "You should be 'dead stuck' on yourself at that rate," said his landlady, with a smile, but in rather a cutting tone.

IF HE HAD LUCK.

"What will we have for dinner on Christ-

A pair of chickens, if I have luck and old Henman don't lock his coop to-night."

CHRISTMAS REVERIE. - "What are you going to buy your wife for a Christmas present?" asked Colonel Jones of Judge Johnson. "I'm thinking of getting her a piano." "Can she play?" "No, of course not. Do you think I'd be such a fool as to buy her a piano if she could play?"

"Feed well the hungry, clothe the pror And such as stand in need: This is the way to celebrate A Christmas true indeed."