

A JEW'S CHRISTMAS SOLIDQUY.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

Messah, vas you hear dot shure-poll ring!



It was make me madt like donder... Vas I hear dot shure-kvair sings;

SAVED BY A SOCK.

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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.

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 have been obliged to wear rags the year round.

On the evening before Christmas he had eaten of the scanty meal furnished by his wife and grumbled over it, possibly because he felt he had no moral right to make the slightest objection, and merely wished to assume the dictatorial with his spouse.

"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 remembrance," she answered.

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

"O, Jem, do please give me a little money. Just a little, and I am strong, Jem, and I may not live to have a chance to give her anything next Christmas," she pleaded piteously.

"Poor folks like us ain't got no right to spend money for presents."

"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 money?" snapped Jem. "Why, yes, Jem, I—I—I didn't mean anything like that—I—why! Don't be cross, please; I don't feel well."

"I'll shame him if I can find him," she said to herself, as she wrapped a torn muffler about her head and placed a battered basket on the table.

Little Dot awoke, and, seeing her mother ready to go out exclaimed: "Um do too, mamma."

Molly hesitated a moment, then said: "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 cutting, but Molly heeded neither. Once, as she passed the mansion of Jem's employer, she held 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 romping in glee around it.

The sight made her green with envy; but Dot raised her little hands in ecstasy and exclaimed: "Pity!"

"Yes, 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 chiming of St. Nicholas 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. The officer peered into her face as she came beneath the street-lamp.

"Arrab, is that yerself, Mrs. Pinchem? A merry Christmas an' long loife ter ye! By me sowl, it's bad weather fer yer ter be out, so 'tis. Phawd do be kavin' ar ye out, axin' yer pardun fer me imperdunness."

"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 thinkin' he'd not be afthur thankin' me fer tellin' ye."

"O, please do, Mike. Do tell me, he shall never know who it was."

"He couldn't help but know it, mum. But, betur powers, Oi'll do it ef Oi've me hod bruk fer it! Shure it's a dirty shame fer 'im ter be drappin' his money at Slippery Dick's, masha, bed cess ter 'im, an' 'ho leavin' yerself an' the kid—Eivin' bless her—widout money. Begorra, Oi'm knowin' to it; ye naden't say a wurrd. Coom erlong wid me now, an' we'll shame the laggard, savin' yer prisenoone, mum! But shure it's no more than 'e desearves, so 'tain't."

The officer took Dot in his arms and led the way down several back streets, and at 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 inside, mum, an' Oi'll soon be afthur fetchin' him out ter ye. No! Wurra, avick! Oi'll do bethur thin that. Gimme that sock yeas have hangin' on the basket," said the officer. "Thayn' noo, darlint, yer father's inside that door, divil take 'im! Shure, but Oi can't help it, mum, bad scan ter me! Whist, noo! till Oi be afthur gettin' ther door opened."

on? Shure Oi'll pull yer dirty box an' arrist the whole av yeas av ye doon't open the door."

The bolt flew back, and the "lookout" opened the door for the officer to step inside, where he placed Dot on her feet.

"List to me, noo, darlint," he said, and he bent low and whispered in her ear, then pointed to a man who sat back towards them.

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

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 started him like an apparition.

A tattered woolen shawl fell from around its form, and soft flaxen curls fluttered over his costlevere. A smiling face with trusting eyes looked squarely in his. A tiny

Jem dragged his load of chips off the card and stacked 'em before him.

"Gimme eranother pin," he said to Tim, in a hoarse voice, and again the man complied.

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:

"Here, Dot, 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 muffled 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 shoulder and passed through the door.

Five minutes later a yell of disappointment 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."

labul, it is stumblenak ob de blind ob Krist, but when you gets tu mutch at de corner grogery it's simblenak ob de devil.

De theaters wad do a heep better business ef they had er lot ob anamula, so fokes cud take thia r childrun tu see 'em.

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, Arabella Topcrust and Cholly Weakpasta

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

were engaged. Cholly works as clerk in a dry-goods house and sells tape out on the bias, and Arabella's father is a pork-packer who has higher aspirations for his daughter 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 present.

"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 snowed-in near a small mining town and its passengers obliged to spend their Christmas there.

"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 sure have it out fer yeas," 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 moment, and a gentleman of the party had taken charge of a ministerial troupe, and an 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 pullin' av yeas up," replied the ministerial man, as he lowered Mike further down the shaft, and winked at the bystanders.

"Indade yer not; yer hoistin' me down, ye blaggard!"

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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 sealakin saquee I could go with you.

ROCKED THE TURKEY ASLEEP. "Oh, you good-for-nothing wretch! exclaimed Big William's wife, as she reached her hand out of bed and felt in the cradle to see if the baby was covered up.

"What'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."

"Did bring him up. He'sh in the cradle."

"No such a thing. You've drank too much hard cider. You wrapped the Christmas 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. Shrinkum, as he entered the house at midnight with a sixteen-pound gobbler whose skin was hanging from his carcass in shreds.

"Wan him at er Chrishum raffle, m' dear. Nishe t—tur—tur—hic!—ky. Coesh me four—hic—teen—dollash."

"Well, what is the matter with it? What makes it look so queer?"

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If the "bett" 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!

POP-OORN AND CIDER. A FAIR exchange—The compliments of the season.

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."

WHAT though your purse is empty, pray, 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 gifts.

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

SAY not that Christ has been born 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 extravagant.

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

BRING the new year by buying a new umbrella and a diary; then just make a note of the one you keep the longest.

A NOTICE, 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 most to cheer the hearts of the needy poor will have the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year. Try it and see.

KNOW all men by these presents (Christmas presents) that this gift of human kindness is still sweet.

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

SWORN off, though your companions rail; You may succeed; but, if you fail, 'Tis better to resolve and fall Than never to resolve at all.

BIGGS—Morning, Diggs; hang up your stocking Christmas Eve? Diggs—No. Hang up my watch. Wife wanted a new pair of gold bracelets for a present, and I had to get 'em.

A CHRISTMAS PROPOSAL. To-day is the day to marry be And say things sweet and pleasant; Now, darling, will you marry me, And be my Christmas present?

I'm 'traid 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 Christmas day?" said Jim Pinchem's wife on a Friday afternoon.

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

CHRISTMAS REVENGE.—"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 poor And such as stand in need; This is the way to celebrate A Christmas true indeed."



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

arm thrust forward a wee sock that gaped at both heel and toe, and a childish voice exclaimed: "Merry Twistas, papa!"

The gambler gazed first at the sock then at the stack of chips.

The sight of the tattered sock froze the blood in his veins and a paralyzed action of his brain.

His pile had won, and he was deprived of the power to move it.

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