

The Bad Boy Becoming Good.

HE TELLS THE GROCER WHAT HE THINKS OF THE JEWS.

"Say, I don't want you around here no more," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in with his breeches tucked in his boots, and wanted to borrow a fish pole. "I have noticed you lately going around a good deal with that 'sheeny' boy. Those Jews are no good, and if you go with that boy you will be ruined. Now keep away from here until you let that boy alone," and the groceryman looked mad, though he was polite enough when a Jewish lady, who lived in the same block, came in and bought some groceries.

"Well, what's the matter with that boy?" asked the bad boy, the blood coming to his face indignantly. "Has he done anything that wasn't right? I have never seen a boy that was any straighter than he is."

"That don't make any odds. Jews are all alike. That boy will cheat you out of your eye teeth. He will pinch a penny until the goddess of liberty will grunt. You ask your pa what he thinks about your going with the Jew boys," and the groceryman looked as though, if his advice was taken, the bad boy would be saved.

"O, go way," said the bad boy. "Pa says he had just as soon borrow money of a Jew as anybody. Say, that 'sheeny' boy, as you call him, has done me more good than any boy I ever played with. He has taught me more about the proper way to treat my parents than anybody. You ought to see him at home. He never plays any jokes on his parents, and just as tender to his ma as though she was his best girl. His ma isn't very healthy, and he is always on the lookout for something he can do to save her a step or make her enjoy herself. His pa is a close trader in business, but at home the family has a regular picnic all the time. There is never anything but smiles in their house, and the poor who come there to beg, always go away with baskets full, and if the baskets are too heavy this 'sheeny' boy that you abuse, goes and helps carry the baskets home for them. He will work all day to put up a swing for a poor neighbor's children, and furnish the rope. I have seen him unscrew the top of his little savings bank and take all the money out to give away to those who are destitute. And his father and mother encourage him in doing good. Why, he is the tenderest hearted boy I ever saw, and I am going to stand by him. I don't care a darn whether his nose is put on sideways, or endways, whether he says, 'has do koch' or 'tra-la-la,' as long as his heart is as big as a peck measure, and as tender as new asparagus, he is friend of mine and don't you forget it."

"Well," said the groceryman, a little taken back, "this one may be all right, but you ought to know that the Jews crucified Christ, and you ought to have some pride about you, and go back on them like the rest of us. It is fashionable to abuse Jews."

"O, give us a rest," said the boy, mad enough to kick somebody. "Suppose a few of them did lynch a man eighteen hundred years ago, they did not know what they were about. Didn't Christ say so, and didn't He forgive them? If the one crucified could forgive them, what are you monkeying about at this late day? You poor old fraud haven't got any right to make that old affair a personal matter, and put on any style over people better than you are. I have never heard of a Jew being in jail or in a poor house. They don't steal. They don't put sand in their sugar. I never knew a Jew to refuse to contribute to any charitable object, or to turn a deserving applicant for assistance away from his door. Some of them may be as mean as some of us United States fellows, but they have got to be awful men if they are. Was the crucifixion of Christ the only crime that was ever committed in this world that should be remembered, and the people prejudiced against the perpetrator? Your ancestors in New England burned people at the stake on account of their religious convictions. Suppose every New Englander who wears spectacles and eats beans, should be looked upon as you look upon the Jews, because their forefathers roasted Christians on the half shell, what kind of a society would we have, any way? Their religion is

none of your business or mine, but you could learn a great deal that would benefit you if you could attend their synagogue for a few months, and listen to the teachings of a good Rabbi. The only thing I have against them, is that they won't let their young people marry amongst our folks, but they will get over that someday. If Jews should get to marrying Gentiles, it would be millions of dollars in the pockets of the people."

"Well, they won't eat pork," said the grocer, as a last argument against the Jews. "Any people that will go back on one of the greatest products of this country, are to blame. If the Jews would eat pork it would go up two cents a pound, in a week."

"O, you darn old fool," said the bad boy, perfectly disgusted. "That is a pretty argument. Whisky is as great a product of the country as pork, and you don't drink whisky, so you go back on a great national product the same as they do. They don't need pork in their business, and you don't need whisky in yours, and neither of you need to use it. No, sir. Until you can show me some reason for going back on my 'sheeny' friend, beside the fact that his ancestors did wrong eighteen hundred years ago, and the fact that he is not mashed on pork spare ribs, he can consider Henry his friend, and I will follow the examples of kindness and charity which he always displays, and in time I may see that there is a good deal of fun in the world without playing tricks on people. Now give me that fish-pole," and the boy went out, leaving the grocer thinking what a fool he had made of himself.—Peck's Sun.

Made Him Tired

Mr. and Mrs. Nettleson are just well enough matched to hold each other's own, as the saying goes, in whose little domestic arguments which sometimes arise between the devoted. They agree that fresh air is essential to health, but differ as to the best means of ventilation.

"Now, Mary," said Mr. Nettleson the other night, "what's the use of arguing with me. The medical journals say that the window should be raised from the bottom, about five inches for instance."

"John, you are wrong. The medical journals say let down the window from the top. I reckon I know anything when I see it."

"A woman beats anybody in the world. Why, hang it, don't you know that the warm air stays down and that the cold, pure air goes up? Want to raise the window to keep the foul air in, don't you?"

"This discussion has gone on long enough," and the determined gentleman raised the window, put a bottle under the sash and went to bed.

"Didn't you leave your clothes on a chair by the window?"

"Yes. Think that they'll keep the air from coming in?"

"No; I was thinking how easy it would be for a thief to reach in and steal them. Did you take out your watch?"

"No."

"Well, you'd better get up and get it."

"Don't you know that a thief couldn't come tramping around here without my hearing him? Didn't I hear the dog that trotted across the yard the other night?"

"I thought you was a sound sleeper?"

"Sound sleeper," repeated Mr. Nettleson, almost contemptuously. "Women beat anybody I ever saw. If a man is wide awake they say he is sound asleep. After awhile you'll say I snore."

"You do snore."

"I'd hush if I were you. Never snored in myself."

"How do you know?"

"Confound it, I reckon I'm there when I snore."

"But you are asleep and can't hear it."

"Hush, if you please, and let me have a moment's peace. When a man works as hard as I do, he don't feel like being tormented to death."

"Oh, I won't torment you, gracious knows. I'll hush and never say anything more to you."

"There you go. Keep on and drive me wild!"

"You are driving yourself wild."

"Keep on and I'll be in an insane asylum before long."

"You can go there now, if you want to."

"Keep on, I tell you," and Mr. Nettleson flounced over and went to sleep.

Next morning, when he got out of bed, he went to the chair, looked in astonishment and exclaimed:

"What's become of my clothes?"

"Didn't you leave them on the chair?"

"Of course I did, but they are not here now."

He pulled aside the curtain and saw his vest hanging on a rose bush. His trousers lay on the ground.

"I'm robbed?" he exclaimed.

"Watch is gone," he gasped.

"I told you that somebody might reach in and—"

"You didn't tell me anything of the kind," looking around in dismay.

"I told you that the window should be let down from the top."

"Oh, you told me a thousand things. That's the trouble; you have been telling me something ever since I first saw you, but my watch is gone all the same."

"I thought I heard somebody at the window during the night."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You said that you always heard everything."

"There you go again. Mary, you make me tired. Here I am, a robbed man, and there you are with your blamed foolishness. I suppose you saw the thief when he reached in and stole my watch. Oh, no, it didn't make any difference with you. No loss to you. Wouldn't care if somebody were to come in and assassinate me!"

"I told you that somebody might—"

"You tire me to death," and the wearied gentleman dropped on a chair and glared at his wife. "Robbed in my own house," he went on. "No protection for me anywhere. That watch was left me by my father, and I wouldn't have taken three hundred dollars for it. Nobody cares but me. Got no sympathy."

"Here's your watch," said his wife, handing him the time piece. "I got up early this morning and took out the clothes merely to show you what might occur."

He took the watch and said: "You make me tired. Why did you want to treat me that way. Never saw such a woman. You make me tired."—Ark. Traveler.

TICKLERIB is a practical joker, but he is very much afraid of consumption. The other evening he got to coughing and went to the telephone and called up Dr. Whitey, and told him he was pretty sure he was in the first stages of consumption. Now Ticklerib had played a good many jokes on the girl at the central station, so as soon as she heard what he said, she rung up a store where a young man is in the habit of practicing on a bass-horn about that time, and told him in her sweetest tones that she would like him to blow a short sharp blast right in front of the transmitter of his telephone, as soon as he heard the bell tinkle. The young man got ready.

"Oh! I guess you're mistaken," said the doctor.

"No I sin't. Lose no time. Come right over at once."

"Hold on! Cough in the telephone."

The girl who had been listening jerked out the plug connecting Ticklerib, put that connecting the bass-horn in its place, and tinkled the bell according to previous arrangement. The young man dropped the receiver from its hook and blew a terrible blast. The girl immediately restored the connection, and the doctor, after recovering his astonishment, asked:

"Did you cough?"

"Yes. Ain't it pretty bad?"

"I should remark!" exclaimed the doctor.

"What shall I do?"

"Confine yourself to a diet of oats and baled hay."

"Oats and baled hay! What do you mean?"

"Why you are turning to a jackass very rapidly, and you better begin your new way of living at once. You have symptoms of the consumption of oats and baled hay."

While the doctor wondered, and the patient raved, the telephone girl split her sides with laughter, and the innocent young man tooted his horn in ignorance of what he had done.—Through Mail.

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