



CHRISTMAS IN A ROMAN HOUSEHOLD.

(FROM AN ANCIENT FREEZE.)

VINDHER!

AN ODE BY KARL KUMPOIL.

ACH, Vindher!
 A-a-ach! A-a-a-chew!!
 Py chiminy, you vas pooty mighty colt
 Somedimes!
 I kess meppe more as dot—chen'lly all der while,
 Aind dot so, chentlemen?
 Veel, ve'll haven a dhrink on it.
 Oh, don't I vish I could peen
 A shnow-pird,
 Mit leedle white vings und habby chirp!
 Dot shmall picheon vot dey use
 At shoodin' matches, you know,
 Dem shnow pirds vas contemptid mit der loit,
 Aber I vas not quite dot vay.
 For you see, mine vrient,
 I solt me dot lot
 To a spooklader last veek,
 Und, py kracious!
 Auf dot lot don't gone up
 Dree hund't tollars already yust nôw
 Ach, Vindher!
 Dot vas all on 'count you!
 In vindher dimes I losen to hear
 Der shnow gomin' down
 Und to seen der vind
 Plowin' everydings like romt among
 Der dall drees mitout any leaves on!
 I say, it's pooty dough on der drees
 Ven dey don't got some leaves on, I kess.
 Auf I was der drees
 I vouldn't shtand it!
 Aber vat vas Vindher
 But choy und colt und cladness!
 Gris'mas drees und shlippery sidewalks!
 Pracing air und pig icocles vallin' down your pack!

A dime to lofe,
 A dime to shvear,
 A dime to onchoy shlcebin' nature,
 A dime to dhrink somedings hot!

You get ub in der morning,
 Und you look outen der window
 Und see der great sun rise
 In all his beauty—
 Den you feel dere vas someding
 Vort lifing in lif for.
 Ven you go down shtairs

You vint a b'leeceman
 Mit a summonses,
 Pecause you didn't
 Vipe auf your sidewalk!
 Ach, Vindher!
 I bade you vas a raxel,
 Aber I lofe you der same all der vile.
 Ven I dink me aboud dem
 shleighin' barties,
 Dem drifes under soft moonlight
 Away in der pack downshib ouid,
 O, den I shmile yust like an anchel.
 How nice to drife dot vay
 Und haf some else von
 Do der drifin',
 While you vas behind mit Lena,
 Und der drifer don't could seen!
 Ach, Vindher!
 Somedimes you gome in slices,
 Offer dot you abbear in chunks,
 Next year ve get der whole cake!
 Aber, you pchavin' mineself,
 Und get on mit pizness,
 Und drifen der poys to mine sholoon,
 Und frozen shtiff some coal-men und
 blumbers—
 Und maken ice sheap next summer—
 Vell, you behaven like dot
 Und you can shtay.
 Odervisdom, git ouid!
 You hear me, Vindher?

T. T.

HORRIBLE RUFFIANISM AT A CLUB.

"YES, Maria," said Mr. Plugwinch to his wife, as he drew on his slippers, "we had a lively time at the club last night over the election of officers. You see, Weedelsnick and McChogger were nominated for the presidency, and it was just nip an' tuck atween 'em. Weedelsnick had a little the best show, but Joe Jagers was down on him like thunder, because, you see, Weedelsnick pulled his leg when he was running for alderman."

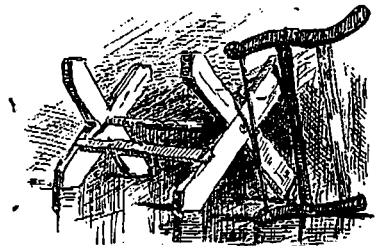
"Pulled his leg!" said Mrs. Plugwinch. "How very rude of him."

"Yes," resumed Plugwinch, without heeding the interruption, "so Jagers was bound to knife him if he could."

"Gracious, George! what a shameful thing! And did you have him arrested?"

"Well, no; you can't arrest a man for that, you know. But, as I was saying, he set out to down Weedelsnick. Oh, I tell you it was a lively fight. When the ballots were counted and Weedelsnick was declared elected, Jagers began to kick like a steer, but some of the boys jumped on him with both feet. Then Bill Blathers got the floor and chewed his neck for a while—laid him out in great shape."

"Oh, George, what a horrible, disgusting set of ruffians! Don't tell me anything more about it. I don't see how you can associate with such depraved villians."



OUR ARTIST'S HORSE AND CUTTER.