

BUILDING A FOUNTAIN.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he placed the nozzle of the street sprinkler and braced it with bricks so it would squirt straight up, "my dear, that makes considerable of a fountain, I wish I had thought of it before."

GIRTH AND GOODNESS

Very Few Fat Men Fall From Grace. New York Sun.

"It is by no means certain, sir," the old observer said, settling himself comfortably back in his easy chair and just managing to lock his fingers over his ample vest, that in an improved state of society, when great truths now but guessed at shall be fully known, the scales will not play a very important part in the administration of justice.

This time he held the umbrella straight out before him, groping along behind it with the key. He almost reached the rod when the stream struck the outside of the umbrella, and as in it whirled, Mr. Spoopendyke spun around, landing in a sitting position on the fountain, which lifted him about a foot and rolled him in the gutter.

"That's what ye were waiting to see, was it?" he shouted as he climbed to his feet and shook his fist at his trembling wife. "Been roosting up there to watch this display of genius against brute force! Got an idea hid away somewhere that this fountain and me suit on friendly terms?"

"Ain't I?" roared her husband, "P'raps you know more about the personal habits of this dod gasted squirt than I do?" and he stammered at it with umbrella and kicked at it until his leg was loose.

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Spoopendyke's head and shoulders. "Don't be alarmed ladies!" he squealed. "There's no danger!" and he smashed the umbrella down over it, like an extinguisher.

"This is what I mean, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, boldly approaching the fountain, kicking the nozzle over and turning the water off. That's what I wanted.

"Are you wet dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, regarding him affectionately. "Wet!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Man is four-fifths water, and the other fifth of me is a little moist; that's all!"

Mark Twain's Early Life.

W. D. Howells contributes to the Century a sketch of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), in which the following incidents of his early life are given: "He got very little learning in school, and like so many other Americans in whom the literary impulse is native, he turned to the local printing office for some of the advantages from which he was otherwise cut off."

"But it was in the Enterprise that he first used his pseudonym of 'Mark Twain,' which he borrowed from the vernacular of the river, where the man heaving the lead calls out, 'Mark twain!' instead of 'Mark two.'"

Dear Cholly's Set. The Horse Reporter Sharpens His Wit Against an Animated Cigarette Holder.

"Editor in?" "Yes," replied the horse reporter to the person asking the question—a young man with a table-spoon hat and a papa-mustache, who stood in the doorway.

259 pounds. It would take a long search over the records to find any more coming near that figure. Fat men seem to be too good natured to like to injure other people. I'm not prepared to say whether fat, develops goodness or goodness develops fat, but they seem to go together.

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The postoffice at Iron Rod, Montana, has been discontinued, and the explanation is thus given by an officer of the department: A post-office agent, while officially visiting various offices in Montana Territory for the purpose of correcting any irregularities of post-masters, stopped at Iron Rod. Going into the postoffice he found the room divided into three sections—first a saloon, next the postoffice, and last a faro bank.

"Sinc' Barnes tells a racy story of his experience at Santa Monica, the new summer resort of Southern California, I was down in that section a few months ago," said "Sinc' and pretty nearly busted when I fell in with Jones, the Senator, and told him my condition. He fell right up abreast of the situation and told me he could give me a job.

"Well, I caught the idea, and agreed to furnish the crowd at \$20 a day, and we closed the bargain. I hired eight men at \$1 a head to bathe there all afternoon, and I pocketed the balance. I got a green and blue striped suit, with the flag of the Union across the stomach, and rushed about keeping the gang alive. The second day they struck for \$2 because the water was so cold. I tried to explain about the trade winds and the harvest moon tide, but they wanted the money all the same. Then they quit, but Jones didn't miss 'em. I kept even financially. Then two froze to death right on the beach, and I had to get a coroner's jury to find a verdict

I never saw such a provoking thing in all my life, and last night I was talking with my room-mate about it, and we got real angry, and it looked once as if we should strike each other. I wouldn't have had a row with Cholly for anything, you know, because we have been in the same store for nearly three years now, and when he was promoted to the ribbon counter he always spoke to me just the same as when we were both in the threads.

"In the threads—the thread department, you know, and I always said that nothing could ever make me go back on Cholly—you know how anything like that makes two fellows awful chums."

"Yes, I know," said the horse reporter, "but what is your question?" "Well, you see, some people are playing croquet and a rover is driven up close to the home stake. Now another man he is dead on the ball, but having a stroke he plays on the rover and forces it against the stake. Now I say the rover is dead and the other fellows they say it isn't and we've been having an awful time about it over on the West Side, and"

"Yes, you told me that before. Our croquet editor is away on his vacation. He spends it in the asylum for feeble-minded people, getting pointers from the inmates, but like enough I can fix this thing for you."

"Oh! that's awfully jolly. Have a cigarette?" "No, thank you. I am over nine years old. But about the croquet matter? You say the rover is close to the stake?"

"Yes." "And the next player knocks it against the stake?"

"Yes." "And then the player after him claims that the rover is dead?"

"Yes, that's it, and they can't agree." "Well," said the horse reporter, "I should say that the man who got the first knock down ought to win."

"But they don't knock each other down. The don't quarrel at all." "You said this was a croquet game, didn't you?"

"Why, certainly." "And they didn't quarrel?" "Why, of course not."

"Then the faries are indeed kind to the dry goods clerks and I can only say that your best plan is to disguise yourself with a cigar and ride down in the elevator."

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time-Table in effect on and after March 1, 1897.

Table with columns for Train Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Bellefonte to Snow Shoe and Snow Shoe to Bellefonte.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Table with columns for Station, Direction, and Time. Includes Erie Mail, Erie Express, and Niagara Express.

A NEVADA MAN'S BATHING STORY.

"Sinc' Barnes tells a racy story of his experience at Santa Monica, the new summer resort of Southern California, I was down in that section a few months ago," said "Sinc' and pretty nearly busted when I fell in with Jones, the Senator, and told him my condition.

from over-vesting in the water. The balance of the gang left, and I had to go it alone. I got so injured to the cold that I could rush out of the water, skip up to the English tourists and tell 'em it was just lovely and keep my teeth still all the while. I got my \$20 every night, and spent it for warm drinks. Then I quit, as my constitution was giving way. When I left he had eight Irishmen off the railroad doing the bathing for the hotel, and they had a fire going on all the white back of some rocks, where the men could get up between swims. That is a great climate down there."

A RHODE ISLAND RUSTIC'S ADVENTURE.—A countryman on a visit to friends went fishing. He caught a small pickerel. The fisherman was near-sighted and his mouth had the habit of standing ajar, and therefore, owing to the shortness of sight, the fisherman's mouth came very near the fish when it was unhooked. Unexpectedly, need one say, the fish, by a sudden jerk, unhooked itself, jumped into the man's mouth and made straight for his throat and ran part way in. A cat and a fish are alike in one respect—they cannot be pulled by the tail the wrong way of the fur or scale. When the man attempted to take out the fish his back fin stood up and interfered, and the man ran home to his friends, who pushed the fish down, and the fisherman had dined. You may rise up and denounce the foregoing as a base fabrication, but persons can be produced who will swear to the main facts in the case.

THE Burlington Hawkeye says: "The women in Kansas vote at the school election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the poll and she had forgotten to deposit the ballot."

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