

Peck's Bad Boy.

"Say, mister," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in burying his face in a California pear.

"What's that," said the grocery man turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear.

"No, sir-ree," said the boy, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same though."

"O, say," said the grocery man, "there is a rumor that your minister is a reformed prize-fighter, and an old maid that was in here yesterday says he has been fighting with your pa. Do you know anything about it?"

"Know anything about it? I know all about it. It was me that brought about the meeting between them. You see, me and my chum have a set of boxing gloves, and we go down in the laundry in the basement and box with each other evenings. Last night the minister called to talk with pa, and they heard us down stairs warming each other with the gloves, and pa said the boys were having a little innocent amusement with boxing gloves, and he asked the minister if he thought there was any harm in it, and the minister said he didn't think there was. He said that when he was in college the students used to box in the gymnasium every day and he enjoyed it very much and got so he didn't take a back seat for any of them. Pa asked the minister if he wouldn't like to go down cellar and see the boys box, and he said he didn't mind. Me and my chum boxed a couple of rounds, and the minister told us where we made several mistakes, and then pa got excited and wanted the minister to put on the gloves with him, the minister took off his coat, let his suspenders hang down, rolled up his sleeves and they put on the gloves. Pa pranced around, and the minister kept his face guarded, cause he didn't want to have to preach with a black eye, but pretty soon pa made a pass at the preacher and took 'biff' right on the nose, but he rallied and landed one on pa's stomach, which made pa grunt. The blow on the nose made the minister perspire and he danced around pa until he got a good chance and then he landed one on pa's eye, and the other under pa's ear, and pa gave him one on the eye, and they clinched, and the minister got pa's head under his arm and was giving it to pa real hard, just as ma and three of the sisters of the church came down cellar to see ma's canned fruit, and the minister got pa's legs tangled and threw him against ma and they both went into a basket of wet clothes, and ma yelled 'police,' and the minister turned suddenly and one glove hit a deacon's wife on the bangs and knocked the hair off, and the minister was excited and said 'whoop! I'm a bad man.' Ma picked pa out of the clothes basket, and held his head, and wiped his bloody nose on a pillow case, and pa was mad at the minister for striking so hard, and the minister said he wouldn't have struck hard only pa patted him on the nose, and the women all said it was a perfect shame to see a minister descend to become a slugger, and I guess they are going to bring the minister up before the committee and bounce him. Say, do you think it is right for a minister to hide his talents under a bushel, or should he put on the gloves when members of his church want him to?"

"By gum, I don't know," said the grocery man. "But if I was a minister and could box, and anybody went to putting on any scollaps over me, I would knock his two eyes into one. I have seen some ministers go around in a meek and lowly manner, taking slack from every deacon in the church. But it is fashionable for ministers to seem to be dependent sort of people, and I suppose it always will be so."

"Well, I must go and get a couple of oysters to put in pa's eyes to take out the black," and the boy went out and put the sign "take one" on a pile of dressed chickens.—Peck's Sun.

Washington's Love Affair.

Warlike entiments on certain subjects lingered in the heart of Washington on that peaceful morning 100 years ago when he resumed possession of this city. As he crossed Spuyten Duyvil Creek and made his way upon the island the night before he received a message to tarry, as Sir Guy Carleton was not yet embarked. So he directed his steps to a great imposing wooden house on Washington Heights, still standing and known as the Jumel place. This house twenty-seven years before had been his Mecca. Here he

courted the beautiful and wealthy Mary, Phillipse; here for weeks he lingered in the light of her blue eyes; here he left her at her father's till he could hurry off and capture Fort Duquesne and come back and here at that fatal interval came Captain Morris and captured Marry Phillipse and before Washington's return. It was an awful lesson to the father of his country and he solemnly resolved never to be caught out again in matters of that kind. It was the second blow; first the lowland beauty, Miss Grimes' afterwards mother of the Lee family, and then the faithless Mary. He had somewhat recovered from the jilt on this peaceful morning I speak of, for the Morris family had largely multiplied by this time; but the spot was still sure. Tradition has it that he went over and sat again in the Phillipse parlor and meditated.

Where is your master? he inquired of a darkey on the porch, concerning his former rival.

"He gonned wid the British, sah, wen de wah fust bruk out," said the humble servant, "an' missus she is cross de ribber and is very porely, sah and mahsa he was shot wen he was 'aken' Fort Moidetree down in Carliny, fo' years ago."

The visitor knew that well enough, but he was fond of hearing it over again.

"And, mahsa, dey du sah dat all his great fine estate heah is guine to be confiscated by the devilsh rebel. Dat can't be, sah."

Washington evaded the question. But a year later the great fine estate was confiscated and sold to Jumel by the government and Washington does not seem to have interposed to save it for Mary and the babies.

He ought to have been grateful to her for teaching him such a noble lesson, for he learned it so well that when Martha Curtis dawned on him he just sat down by her and didn't let her get away from him. But she was a widow and perhaps didn't want to get away.—Detroit Post.

Plantation Philosophy.

A bald head ain't allers design ob sease. De turpin ain't so sound airtter yer cut off de greens.

I has know'd tender hearted man dat would stan' an' lissen ter a tale ob distress an' cry, but at de same time dahid a mighty tigh grip on a dime.

I owed a man onet, an' when I spoke ter him about, it he said, "dout think ob dat, for it's all right," but I noticed airtter I quit thinking about it he tuck it up an' thought about it till it worried me powerful.

If a man thinks dat he's done suthin funny, an' yer laugh. It pleases him mighty, but of yer laugh at him fur boin' suthin' what ain't funny, he dont like it. All through life a man wants his frien's ter look at his own an' not da own pleasure.

De pusson what is only smart in one thing may make a big success ob bisse' but he oughten'ter think hard ob people case da gits tired ob him, fur we think more ob de mockin' bird not because he can sing better den any udder bird, but because he's got so many different songs.—Arkansaw Traveler.

She Wanted a Fighting Court.

"Your Honor," said a middle-aged Irish woman to Justice Murray in the Harlem Police Court, "I come here agin Mrs. Houlihan."

"What's the trouble?" asked Justice Murray.

"Sure, Judge, I own a wee bit of a house on the rocks, near the Park, and it has two rooms, so it has. Well, one of me rooms I lets to Mrs. Houlihan, and when I exed her for the rint divil a cent did I git."

"That's an action for a Civil Court." "A Civil Court, did yer say, Judge? When a woman throws stones through me winder when I ax her for me rint, is that civil?"

"Decidedly not." "Thin what do I want wid a Civil Court. Sure, I want me rint."

"You will have to go to the Civil Court, my dear woman. I can do nothing for you. They will get your rent for you."

As the lady went away she remarked: "To the divil wid a Civil Court. Mrs. Houlihan threw stones in me winder, and sure it's the fightin' court I want."—Truth.

A Terrible Revenge.

"That was a very brilliant wedding last evening, and, by the way, the bride was an old flame of yours, was she not?"

"Yes, the fickle, heartless thing, as soon as that foreign count put in an appearance she jilted me."

"I see by the papers that among the wedding presents were ten magnificent clocks. Rather odd that so many different persons should hit on the same thing for presents. But why are you smiling?"

"Ah! revenge is sweet! revenge is sweet!"

"Merely, man! are you mad?" "Never was more sane in my life." "Then how in the world can the presentation of ten valuable clocks constitute revenge?"

"Hist? Can't you see? She will, of course, put them in different rooms, and then will not have a minute's peace until she gets them to run together. She will begin by trying to regulate them herself. In six weeks she will be a raving maniac."—Philo. Call.

The Press

THE FOREMOST REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER

FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR, 1884. Weekly Press, - - - \$1.00 a Year. Daily Press, - - - \$8.00 a Year.

The coming year will be notable. Congress, divided between a Republican Senate and a Democratic House, will be busy Presidential-making. The great battle of Protection against Free Trade will agitate the Capitol and the country. The Presidential campaign will be the hardest fought and most exciting political struggle for a quarter of a century. Europe, in the opinion of the best informed, trembles on the eve of a great war.

With such an outlook a live newspaper which prints all the news and tells the whole truth about it is more than ever a necessity. Such a newspaper is THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS. Telegraph wires in its own office place it in instantaneous communication with a corps of over five hundred news-gatherers distributed all over the civilized world. Its special daily cable service which it shares with the New York Herald covers every phase of activity in European life. No paper exceeds it in all the elements which go to make up a broad, full, complete journal.

Being a complete newspaper, THE WEEKLY PRESS has several special features which put it at the top. The AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, enriched by constant contributions from the foremost writers in various branches, gives the practical things that people want to know on the farm and in the garden. The HELPING HAND FOR WOMEN or HOUSE DEPARTMENT, edited by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, is full of information, hints and happy thoughts for every wife, mother and head of a household.

A great feature of the coming year will be the highly valuable letters of J. W. WELLS, Editor of Wages of Working men, the general conditions of Labor and the Cost of Living in Europe as compared with America. Mr. Wells, who had charge of this subject for the Census of 1880, has made it a life study, and has been all this year conducting a special investigation. His letters will give the facts as to earnings in all the various industries, the purchasing power of wages, strikes, trades-unionism, arbitration, etc.

THE WEEKLY PRESS is full of choice home reading, with puzzles and other matter for the little folks, stories and pastimes for adults and children, fashion notes, recipes, gleanings from current literature, a careful summary of domestic and foreign news, and an earnest discussion of the great questions of the day.

Sample copies mailed free.

NEW TERMS OF THE PRESS: By mail, postage free in the U. S. and Canada. Daily, except Sunday, 50 cts. a month; \$6 a year Daily, including Sunday, 60 cts. a month; \$7.50 a year Sunday Press, \$2.00 a year.

Weekly Press, - - - \$1.00 a Year. Daily, except Sunday, 50 cts. a month; \$6 a year Daily, including Sunday, 60 cts. a month; \$7.50 a year Sunday Press, \$2.00 a year.

THE PRESS CO., Limited, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!



DR. J. C. WELLS' REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

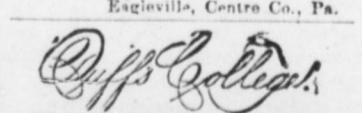
ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you distressed at night and broken at your rest by a sick child enduring and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Dr. J. C. Wells' REMEDY FOR CHILDREN'S TEETHING. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CANCER CURED.

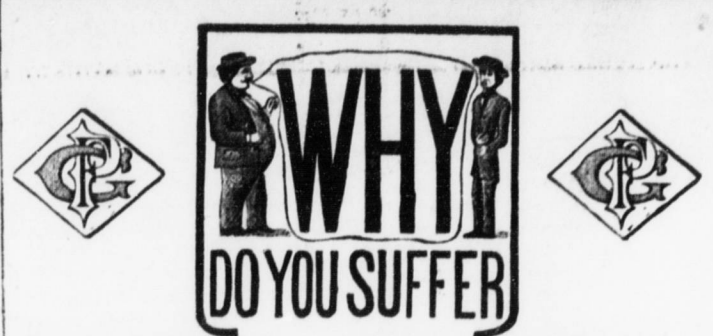
No diseases have so thoroughly baffled the skill of the medical profession as cancerous affections and as they have always been considered incurable, it has been thought disreputable to adopt their treatment as a specialty; and hence physicians have neglected their proper study. But of late years new and important discoveries have brought forth a course that now proves successful in any of its forms, with certainty, without the use of the knife or caustic plasters. We have a treatment that is comparatively mild. It is not poisonous, does not interfere with the healthy flesh, can be applied to any part of the body, even the tongue. We take nothing for our services until the cancer is cured.

Address DR. J. HULBERT, Eagleville, Centre Co., Pa.



The oldest and best appointed Institution for obtaining a Business Education. For circulars address P. DUFF & SONS,

To impart a Practical Business Education has, for many years and with great success been the aim of Duff's College, No. 45 Fifth Avenue. The faithful student has here facilities for such a training as will qualify him for an immediate entrance upon a business career in any sphere of life. For circulars address P. Duff & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa. Duff's Bookkeeping, published by Harper & Bros. printed in colors, 400 pages. The largest work on the science published, work for bankers, railroad, business men and practical accountants. Price, \$5.00.



WHY DO YOU SUFFER WITH CORNS?

They can be cured without pain or inconvenience, for the small sum of FIFTEEN CENTS.

EUREKA CORN CURE

Sold only at GREENS PHARMACY Bush House Block.

Liberal Discount to Merchants.

D. Garman & Son's New Store.



D. Garman & Son. LADIES,

do not think, because the cuts represent only gentlemen's wear, that we have not been particularly careful to select an elegant line of goods especially suited to you. You will find it to your advantage to call and if we are not able to supply you from our choice and varied stock, it will be a small matter for us to order what you may need. We think we are better able to meet your wants than any store in Bellefonte.



BUSH ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA. Lyon & Co., Merchants, Allegheny-St., Bellefonte, Pa.

SNAPS FOR YOU!

OUR WAY of Selling off A LARGE WINTER STOCK AT SHORT NOTICE.

\$40,000 Worth of Dry Goods

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c. at almost half price. Read this through to the end; there is something that will strike you.

Then come with your checks. Come soon because we will offer something at less than we can replace them for after they are all sold. We can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Wool Broadcloth, Gingham, Flannels, etc.

Shoes at One-Half Price.

Table listing various shoes and their prices, including Ladies' Shoes, Children's Shoes, etc.

We have no space to mention all the bargains we have but we have Forty Thousand Dollars' Worth Stock which shall go in the next Thirty Days at at most half price.

SEND FOR SAMPLES. Call on us and Save Money. Money Returned if purchase not satisfactory.

LYON & CO. Bellefonte, Pa.

Furniture.

THE Bull Dog Wins,

BECAUSE HE HANGS ON!

Nobody but A Fool Believes Advertisements.

It isn't true that R. B. SPANGLER & Co. sell FURNITURE below cost, although they have said so more than once. But R. B. Spangler & Co. do sell all kinds and styles of the best Furniture at an ADVANCE of a small per cent which just gives the firm a sufficient amount of money to pay wash bills and board and clothing, not one cent beyond this.

Now some fool will say that's a lie. But we refer to our boarding house and wash woman. We have no family and could not keep any if we had. We sell so CHEAP and CLOSE that we never expect to make any more than what we have at present.

We sell a Walnut Suit for \$38 and up to \$150.

We sell an all ASH Suit for \$29 50.

We sell solid Walnut Book Case with plate glass for \$32.

We sell LOUNGES from \$5 to \$20.

We sell Side Boards from \$9 to 40.

We sell Chairs from \$4 per half dozen to \$10.

We sell Cain Chairs from \$5 to \$21.

We sell Parlor Suits from \$40 up to \$150.

Call to see us at our Furniture Ware Room opposite the Bush House, Bellefonte, and if you ain't pleased we will present you with a PARLOR SUIT. RUB. SPANGLER, of

R. B. SPANGLER & CO. 38-17.