

BELLEVILLE, PA.

A Mother's Disappointment.

A Detroit lawyer who had business in one of the northern counties a short time ago put in a night at a farm house. It was a log structure containing two rooms and such furniture as pioneers get along with.

"Do you wear such fine duds all the time?"

"All the time, madam."

"Is that a real diamond in your shirt?"

"It is."

"And I heard you tell the old man you had a horse and buggy at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And that watch and chain are real gold, I suppose?"

"Yes, the real stuff."

"Cost as much as \$200?"

"Yes, over \$300."

"My stars! Why, you must get as much as \$40 a month and board?" she gasped.

"Madam, I sometime make \$50 per day," he placidly replied.

"Sho! Why you are worth a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, ten times that."

"Stars and stars!"

There was an interval of silence as she recovered from her amazement. Then she tiptoed to the corner of the house to see if there were any eavesdroppers. Coming back she walked up to the lawyer and dropped her voice to a whisper and said:

"Say! We've been saving Sally these last two years for the boss of a saw mill four miles up the creek, but if you are struck on her and she is struck on you, I'll run the old man six miles through the brush after a preacher to do the splicing."

The lawyer had to decline on the ground of having a wife in Detroit, and the old woman felt so bad that the husband had to rise at midnight, and make her a mustard plaster.

Won't Do It.

The Hon. John Pearidge Wesley, Secretary of the Jones Cross roads Lyceum, Virginia, informed the Lime-Kiln Club, by letter, that on the 6th day of August next his society proposed to open a debate, free to the world, on the query: "What am de hereafter of animal creation?"

It was hoped that the Lime-Kiln Club would send at least four of its leading orators to participate in the debate.

"While we am much obleeged fur de invitashun," replied the President, "we shan't let de inquiry worry us a bit. While it am a sad thing to part from a dog which has stood by us fur a dozen y'ars, time spent in wonderin' whar he will bring up am time wasted. I reckon dat we dat git to dat better lan' won't be lookin' around fur hosses, dogs, cows an' cats. We'll be busy wid our wings an' harps, an' 'tain't likely dat we could whistle for a dog if we owned one. De hereafter of man, an' perticklerly of members of dis club, am of fur mo' concern to us."

One He Hadn't Met.

One day a pompous little fellow at a dinner table was boasting of the great men with whom he was on intimate terms. He had been in constant correspondence with Longfellow, had lunched with Tennyson, was in friendly relations with the Prince of Wales, and in short, knew everything and everybody. At length a quiet individual at the further end of the room broke in on the conversation with the question: "My dear sir, did you happen to know the Siamese Twins when they were in this country?"

Our hero who evidently had a talent for lying, but no real genius, at once replied: "The Siamese Twins, sir? Yes sir. I became very intimate with one of them, but I never had the good fortune to meet the other."

ONLY ON THE STAGE—"What is this?"

"This, my dear, is a star actor."

"Why does he throw his arms in the air, and then slap his hips with his hand and say, 'My heart is broken'?"

"Oh, that is merely the play."

"Then his heart is not broken?"

"Not quite."

"Why does he say 'my heart' instead of 'my heart'?"

"Because he doesn't know any better, child. He has not studied English sufficiently to distinguish between the objective and possessive cases."

"Small I say 'my heart' 'me shoes, 'me gloves?"

"If you say, my dear, I shall have to flog you."

A GENTLEMAN met an uncertain acquaintance, who said: "I'm a little short, and should like to ask you a question. Is mental arithmetic?"

"Proceed," replied the gentleman.

"Well," said the short man, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I should ask you for \$5. How much would remain?"

"Ten dollars," was the prompt reply.

Felt the Situation.

A German farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for assault and battery, and had pleaded not guilty. When the cross-examination came the opposing counsel asked:

"Now, Jacob, there was trouble between you and the plaintiff, wasn't there?"

"I expect dere vhas."

"He said something about your dog being a sheep-killer, and you resented it, eh?"

"Vhell, I calls him a liar."

"Exactly. Then he called you some hard names?"

"He calls me a sauer-kraut Dutchmans."

"Just so. That made you mad."

"Ouf course. I vhas so madt I shake all oaf'er."

"I thought so. Now, Jacob, you are a man who speaks the truth. I don't believe you could be hired to tell a lie."

"V-ll, I plief I vhas pooty honest."

"Of course you are—of course. Now, Jacob, you must have struck the first blow. You see—"

The other lawyer objected, and after a wrangle the defendant turned to the court and said:

"I doan' exactly make oudt how it vhas. I like to own oop dat I shtruck first, but I haf paid my lawyer \$5 to brove de odder vhay. I doan' like to tell a lie, but I fe I hadt to lose der money!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Truthful 'Tooter.'

"So you love my daughter, you say?" said paterfamilias to the young man, "and want to marry her. What is your occupation?"

"I am a tutor," was the reply.

"Ah! that is a very respectable occupation; very respectable, indeed. Teach the classics?"

"N-n not exactly," said the youth;

"I'm a musical tutor."

"A musical tutor! Well, that is sufficiently respectable. You may continue your visits if my daughter is willing."

Two weeks later the young couple were married, and the confiding father discovered that his son-in-law was no more than a member of an insignificant orchestra with a salary of twelve dollars a week.

"Why, confound you," he said, wrathfully, "didn't you tell me you were a tutor?"

"So I am a 'tooter,' replied the youth; 'I play the French horn, and you should just hear me tooting.'"

The old gentleman concluded to make the best of it.

Could Afford It.

Mrs. B.—"There, just as I expected; Mrs. D. has a new sealink sague. She has been getting new things right straight along ever since her husband was elected to office."

Mr. B.—"Well, she can afford to. Her husband has a big salary, and no end of perquisites."

Mrs. B.—"Then why in the world don't you get elected to something? Why don't you go to the political meetings, show yourself, make speeches, and work up what the papers call a 'boom'?"

Mr. B.—"It would not do, my dear. 'Booms' are played out now. I have a better plan than that."

Mrs. B.—"Great plans you have! All you do is loaf around the house all the time, and you can't even stick your nose out of the door without watching to see if anyone is looking. I suppose you will be sneaking in and out the back way next."

Mr. B.—"Hist! Not so loud. You have hit it exactly. Can't you see? I am in training for a 'dark horse.'"—Phila. Cal.

THE BALLS HE WILL GO TO.

"Hello, Beaky!" said young Yeast to his friend Crimsonbeak, meeting at the club the other evening. "Are you going to any of the bal's this winter?"

"Oh, yes, I expect to," answered Crimsonbeak, taking his friend by the hand.

"Which ones are you going to?" continued Yeast.

"Well, if the present state of my exchequer continues," replied Crimsonbeak, noticing the dilapidated condition of his clothes, "I expect to go to the three gilt balls."

AN ANCIENT ANIMAL.

New Yorker—"Talking about old horse, the oldest one in America lives in my state."

Philadelphian—"What is his age?"

New Yorker—"It can be reliably placed at forty-three years; an exterranean of Richmond county says he believes the animal's age is not under forty five years."

Philadelphian—"You don't say so? I should like to see that horse. What street car line is he on?"

THOUGH AN HABITUAL VALETUDINARIAN.

Moliere (dramatist and poet) relied almost entirely on the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health. "What use do you make of your physician?" said the King to him one day. "We chat together, sir," said the poet; "I never follow the prescriptions; I never follow them; and so I get well."

THE NEW 4 CENT STAMPS.

which will be convenient for use on letters requiring double rate postage, have been sent out to the post-offices. The stamp is of the same color as the old 3 cent stamp, and of the same size. The figure "4" is conspicuous at the two lower corners, and it bears a fine medallion of Jackson's head.

IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A MAN PERFECTLY MISERABLE.

send him an important message by telephone. Tell him to be sure to meet you at a hotel at a certain hour, say. But when he asks you who you are, don't understand him, and don't give him your name. He'll fret off a pound of fish an hour trying to make out who it is that has telephoned him.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME TO?

asked a criminal, addressing the detective, who had just arrested him. "I am taking you to the office," was the reply. "I wish to observe in this case, then," said the culprit, "that it is the office seeks the man, and not the man the office."

Wouldn't Move a Step Till She Could Get on Her Clothes.

An old maid from the country was visiting a city friend in whose house was a telephone. Early one morning there was a call for her and the servant went to her room.

"Miss June," she said, "there's a call for you at the telephone."

"I'll be there in a minute."

"Come now."

"I'm not dressed."

"You can't wait, its a gentleman and he's in a hurry."

"A gentleman? Good heavens, then I won't move a step till I get on my clothes. Do you think I'd go down to that telephone and talk to a man without a dress on? I don't know what your city style may be, but I do know what is proper in the country, and that man can wait till I'm ready or not see me, that's all."

How He Courted Her.

The following is Artemus Ward's description of why he courted Betsy Jane: "There were many affectations which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn squelched their thirst at the same spring; our nares both had stars on their forehead; the messes broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the neighbors used to observe: 'How thick the Warls and the Pensleys air.' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up, so that they couldn't sile 'em, affectionately bilin' soap tog ther and aboosin' their neighbors."

SOMETHING MORE USEFUL.

"I say, Matilda," snarled Mr. Pomgranate, "can't you do something more useful than to study the fashion journal?"

"Well, yes," answered Mrs. Pomgranate, "I was just thinking that I could do something else."

"And what is it, pray?"

"I will dress according to it, if you will allow me the money."

"I have already made enough allowances for your vanity and frivolity," was the brutal reply of the Austin husband.

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