Peck's Bad Boy.

NEW IDEAS ABOUT OLD SANTA CLAUS.

"Well, what did you get from Santa Claus," asked the groceryman of the bad boy as he came in the grocery must have remembered you splendid- you, you haven't got as much sense as ly," and the grocery man handed the a calf." bad boy a sour orange.

Claus," said the boy, as he bit into the bad boy. orange, and then went to the vinegar years of their lives about Santa Claus? Santa Claus was made of India rubber, mile. Your hair would turn gray do was to let the wind out, and then a city ought to pay firemen four bunhe would be small enough to get into dred dollars a month, and pension a gimlet hole. When I found that them when they get their lungs busted, Santa Claus was a fraud, and accused or get broke up, and support their said I was too smart for my boots."

you get ?" said the groceryman.

lot of my things for presents for some it in the eyes of his girl as she came denly appeared before the village shoeof getting all the children together man for New Year's. the night before Christmas, and having a Christmas tree, and it is cruel on the poor children. The rich parents put expensive presents on the trees for an old negro went to the door, feeling down here for a dollar, or I'll plow their children, and the poor children his way along with a cane. get a ten cent whistle, or a popcorn ball, or an orange. The poor children began to think Santa Claus showed partiality, and that he was in the employ of the rich folks, and they were go inter de house?" beginning to get sour on Santa Claus, all the presents we got at home, and there is no talking in this show." went and bought a whole lot of nice man began to distribute the presents, I'se hongry fur it." and the poor boys had their mouths "All right, old man, go up stairs," made up for popcorn balls, and they and a boy was called to show the old warm mittens, they yelled so the min-ister was afraid the church would be gallery and saw the old negro laughpulled as a disorderly house. I never ing "fit to kill himself." Going up did to see those poor boys rake in the angry showman said : presents. All I have got left is this "Thought you were blind." necksie and alum diamond, but the "Sah?" looking up with a puzzled fun I had, makes this forty-cent dir - air. mond, look as bright to me as though it was the kohinoor. Do you know what a kohinoor is? It is the biggest diamond in the world."

"That's a good boy," said the groceryman, as he shaded his eyes to look at the bad boy's diamond, and then tasted of alum. "But there is one thing I want to talk to you about. I saw you jump on a hose cart and ride here." with the firemen at the fire last night, and your pa said you were hanging around the engine house a good deal, Now, you want to let up on that. Those firemen are pretty tough, and you will be spoiled if you go with them. I wouldn't have anything to do with them, or you will bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Firemen are hard citizens."

"When was this that firemen were hard citizens?" asked the boy indignantly. They are just as good citizens as you are. If your grocery gets on fire down cellar, from the kerosene barrel, what do you do? Do you go down cellar and put it out? Naw. you don't. You grab your insurance policy and light out, and the firemen come and they go right down into the subterranean hell of burning kerosene, and squirt water till they are overcome by the smoke, when their pa-

saved, when you come back and kick because they tipped over a barrel of apples. They rush into burning buildings and save the lives of women and children. Do they do it for pay? Naw! All they get is seventy-five dollars a month, and you pay that much to the man who drives your grocery wagon. There is not a fireman who gets as much salary as a with a big blue necktie, on which was street car conductor, in any city in the pinned a piece of beer glass cut in country, and the firemen are the imitation of a diamond. "Santa Claus bravest men that live. Why, gol darn

"But, hold on, Hennery. Hear me," "O, don't talk to me about Santa and the groceryman tried to stop the

"Get out. I am ashamed to know barrel and drew some vinegar in a you," says the boy. "You and pa glass and took a swallow to sweeten have always told me that we should the taste of the orange. "Do you honor the brave. How do you do it? know I wonder there is a boy in this You pay a fireman, who risks his life whole world that does not grow up to every time he runs to a fire, just be a first-class liar, when they have enough to board and clothe him, and their parents lie to them the first seven when he is played out and is sick, he is discharged, and you forget him. What can a child think, when told it Every time an alarm sounds, a fireman is wicked to lie, and then find out that takes chances of not getting back to its paren's have been lying to it, about the engine-house alive. He protects the Santa Claus business. Do you your property and your life, and now lady was well advanced in years. She know I have watched for Santa Claus you tell me he is a bad man. I would left a last will and testament, of course? to come down chimneys, and when I like to see you jump up at an alarm of I have understood that she was very asked how a big fat fellow could come fire, slide down a pole with your pants wealthy." down such a small hole, and through half on, and get on an engine and be a stove pipe, pa would tell me that driven over a rough pavement half a

n was blowed up, and all he had to with fright the first time. I tell you pa of deceiving me, he got hot and families. Firemen ought to be loved and respected, and lionized, instead of Illinois. A burying ground had been turned and said: "O, that is all right, but what did having old idjuts call them bad men," and the bad boy took out his hand- the removal of the coffins. The pur "I got nice enough things, but I kerchief and rubbed up his diamond chaser finally took possession, and one wash and bake and mend, and are of haven't got them now. I traded off a and stood on the front step to flash day while engaged in plowing, he sud. a mild and forgiving disposition ?" boys down our way, that didn't get in after a mackerel, but she didn't maker and said : anything. I made a change in the see it and he went off feeling hurt, Christmas-tree business, at our church. while the groceryman made up his bones of your father up there." You see, they have been in the habit mind to send a turkey to every fire "Eh! Is that so?"

How He Got In.

The other night at the Opera House

"Whar's de show man?" he asked. "Here I am," replied the manager of a Humpty-Dumpty troupe.

"Would yer let a po' ole blin' man

but this time me and my chum sold old man. You can't see anything and seventy cents for the heap."

"Wall, lemme go in anyway. things for the poor boys, and when the ain't been ter a 'tainment in so long

got club skates and fur caps, and nice fellow to a seat. During the performhad so much fun in all my life, as I and approaching the old fellow the

"I say I thought you were blind." "Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"Whut made yer think dat?"

"Because you said so."
"Nor, sah, I didn't. "I axed yer if yer'd let a ole blin' man go inter de wet his finger on his tongue to see if it show an' yerse'f is de one whut said I couldn't see.

"Well, you'll have to get out of

"I say you'll have to get out of here.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you." "Jer' 'case I ain't bline? W'y, man, yer oughter be glad dat I ken see. Yer oughtenter want nobody ter be bline. Jes' lemme stay an' I'll shet my eyes, durin' de rest o' de show? Won't do it? Huh, fust man I eber seed what wanted folkes ter be bline. Oh, I'll go out ef dat's whut yer's a hintin' at. Wants me ter go jes' case I'se enjoyin' myse'f. Dar's some mighty funny folks in dis heah worl'

It is understood that the girls have adopted the following as their motto for leap year: "If you see what you want, ask for it."

"Your whiskers are unprofessional," come by the smoke, when their parents draw them out by the legs, and others take their places, and they keep never be too barefaced."

A Very Hard Boiled Egg.

A commercial traveler jumped from the train at a small station and shouted to give him a hard boiled egg and a piece of mince pie.

He ate the pie hurriedly, and was attempting to break the egg when the "What in Great Casar's name is

car, which he just succeeded in reach-

"Well, I'm blowed," said the prowith a knife, "if I didn't give the inquire: young man a china nest egg to eat."

HIS PORTION OF THE ESTATE .-'Well, old fellow, I hear that your grandmother is dead."

"Yes," replied "old fellow," somewhat sadly; "she died yesterday."

"It is the way of the world. We must all die some time, and the old

"Oh, yes; she left a will and testament," still more sadly.

"You were always a favorite of hers.

began to stream down his cheeks, "my bumped him into a seat. name was mentioned. I'm to have the

A FAIR OFFER.-It happened in sold by the town and time given for

"Henry, I've just plowed up the

"And what shall be done with 'em ?" minds me of Hanner. "Well, I dunno."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Henry. I'll box up the bones and bring 'em em under as a fertilizer and allow you fifty cents on what you owe me."

"Well," replied the shoemaker, after taking some time to think it over, "I solemnly and impressively observed: guess you may credit me with fifty cents; but if you find the bones of the "It won't do you any good to go in, old woman, too, I sha'n't take less than

> behind a stylish team. "Into bank- Let me know right now for this is a ruptey," was the quick reply of a by- good, place to prance around with a

NEVER interrupt a woman when she is scolding. A broken rail has been known to wreck a train, and if you break her rail it will certainly interrupt her train of thought.

WHAT SHE FOUND.-It is not true that Santa Claus will not put anything into a stocking in which there is a hole. Last Christmas a society belle found a chuckled the widower as he hitched a darning needle and a ball of yarn in little nearer.

looking up the title to some Texas lands, was sitting in his room at a hotel. A colored waiter came in with some clean towels. "What kind of weather is there outside?" inquired the man. "Is it raining?" "Yes sah," answered the waiter. "De fac' is, mos' all de wedder we hab in Texas is on de outside. We doan git much wedder on de inside, dat is, no hebby wedder."

NOT HEAVY ENOUGH .- "I want a heavy garden hoe," said a farmer entering one of our hardware stores. After looking at several he remarked that none of them were heavy enough-

"I should think this would be heavy enough for a man of your size." "Man of my size! Don't think I'm going to handle it, do you? No, sir;

it's for my wife."

WALKING dresses of velveteen are very fashionable. This fashion is adopted from England, where velvetteen is as much worn as cloth.

THE Pittsburgh Dispatch recommends that James Nutt plead guilty since seen her stocking, and is undeto murder and let the people of the cided whether to get in himself or to state rise up and demand his pardou, buy her a sewing machine.

Love in the Depot.

A woman arrived at the depot here recently from the East with several to the proprietor of the lunch counter children in tow, and at almost the same hour a man reached the same depot from the North with five offspring of various ages and sizes. She was a widow and he a widower, and conductor gave the signal for starting. the children had not been spanked more than once around before there the matter with this egg ?" he yelled. was a sort of mutual sympathy that "Is it rotten?" asked the proprietor. begot admiration and then friendship. "Rotten? No, but I can't make One of the widow's boys offered one of any impression on it, and here I am the widower's girls a bite of his fried as hungry as a wolf and the train half cake which was accepted in the spirit way out of the yard," and he made a tendered, and a 10-year-old girl bedash for the back platform of the rear longing to the man made up to the 2-year-old belonging to the woman, and soon secured the privilege of wiping its nose and combing its hair. prietor of the lunch counter, poking it Presently the widower made bold to

> "Madam, am I wrong in believing that you are a widow?"

"I have been a widow fourteen months to-day," she answered.

"Great Scots! but it's just fourteen months to-day since my Hanner died! Which way be you going?"

"To Illanoy." "That's just where I am going, too. Did you promise your husband never o marry again ?"

"No.

And I didn't promise my wife, either. Fact is, I believe I shall unite as soon as I find some good woman."

"And my children need a father's Your name was mentioned, of course ?" | care," she sighed as she pulled little "Yes," he replied, and here the tears John Henry off the window-sill and

> The man got up and walked around the waiting room and took a closer look at the children. Then he re-

"I suppose you've got a few hundred dollars, belong to some church, can

"Yes, that's me." "Well I'm kinder religious, eventempered and am worth about \$2,000. I'm sort o' struck on you. There's something about your eyes that re-

"And you look like Alonze around the mouth," she sighed.

Then he bent over and whispered mething about Chicago and getting married, and she nodded her head. He gathered bis children under his wing, took them into a corner, and

"Children, I'm going to git married to that woman over there and give you a new mother. If any of you are going to kick and boo-hoo about it, "Where do you suppose that man before the train goes. Henry, you are is driving?" inquired a gentleman, the oldest. Are you going to declare pointing to a flashily dressed fellow you'll run away or commit suicide?

Henry said he guessed it would be all right, and the rest of the crowd med to agree, and ten minutes later the widower and widow sat holding hands and trying to eat peanuts, and the twelve children were biting, and pulling hair, and kicking to see who should have a seat on the steam heater.

"This is kinder the work of heaven!

"You bet, love ?" she replied, as she sucked another peanut with her teeth

THE Japanese believe that the first man was not Adam, but Hu-Sing, who made his wife out of clay and baked

Young women should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead.

MINISTERS advise young people to marry for love but want cash down themselves.

"You look well fed, are well dressed and all that. Must have a good income, I presume?" "Oh, yes," replied Kosciusko. "I can't complain-I have my salary, \$1,500; then I make \$500 a year by my literary labors, that makes \$2,000; then I run in debt \$1,000 that makes \$3,000. A single man who couldn't subsist on that ought to be ashamed of himself."

FILLED IT -A Chicago young man in a rash moment, told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking on Christmas Eve he would fill it to the brim with something nice. He has







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