

Trying his Father.

WHY THE OLD GENTLEMAN BATHED AT NIGHT.

'Wish you a happy New Year, and I will take it in oranges,' said the bad boy as he smiled on the groceryman, and began filling his pockets with the luscious tropical fruit.

'Just you hold on,' said the groceryman, as he stopped the boy from taking any more. 'Here's a herring. When anybody wishes another a happy New Year he should allow the victim the privilege of selecting the weapons, as they do in a duel. Now, oranges are liable to give you the winter cholera, and if they did, I would be liable for damages, but you take this smoked herring and eat it, and I will take the chances,' and the groceryman unloaded the boy's pockets and handed him the herring.

'Dear me, what a free-hearted old fellow you are,' said the boy, as he took off his mitten and began peeling the herring. 'Here, you'd better take back the head and skin of this herring and give me a cracker, and then I will tell you what a brave man pa is.'

'Tell me about your pa. I haven't heard anything from him for a long time,' said the groceryman as he handed the boy the cracker, and sat down on a half bushel measure by the stove.

'Well, you see, last night we got to talking about haunted houses, and pa said there was no such a thing as a haunted house. He said whenever any unusual noise was heard in a house, instead of investigating it, people got scared and went around talking about the house being haunted, and before long everybody believed it the reputation of the house was ruined and everybody was nervous. Pa said that haunted houses was on a par with spiritualism, and people of sense never took any stock in either. He said if I ever heard of a haunted house, to let him know and he would go through it and investigate it in the dark. I thought to myself, 'boss, you can't fool Henery,' and I laid for pa. That evening my chum's cat came over to visit our cat, and when it was time to go to bed the two cats were sleeping by the stove, and pa told me I better put the cats out of doors and go to bed. So I took the cats up carefully and raised up the cover to the piano, and laid the cats down in the back side of the instrument, among the strings, and petted them, and they went to sleep, and I shut down the cover, and we all went to bed. Pa and ma sleep right over the parlor, and I sleep at the back of the house. Along about three o'clock in the morning, about the time the cats usually get woke up and begin to prow around, there was a faint scratching of toenails on the strings, and a yowl, that sounded as though it came from the sewer. It was evidently music, such as you get at boarding houses where a boarder practices on the piano for her board. I listened and pretty soon there was two 'meows' and a 'spit,' and the strings acted as though they were being walked on the way a cat does when she puts her paws up in your lap and lets her toe nails go through your pants. I got up and went to pa's room, and ma was sitting up in bed with her nightcap off, her hair standing right up straight, and she was trying to get pa to rise up and listen, but it wasn't pa's night to listen, and he put his head under the bed clothes and tried to snore, but I knew pa was scared. I told pa that I wasn't afraid but I wished he would let me sleep on the lounge in his room, and pa raised up and wanted to know what the row was, and just then the cats in the piano seemed to have come together for their regular evening fight, and of all the music you ever heard, that beat everything. Pa listened and said it was somebody next door trying to play opera, but ma said something was in the house, and I told pa the house was haunted, and for him to get up and investigate. Pa was kind of 'shamed to be afraid, so he got up, and all was still, and he got his pants on and went out in the hall, and just then the cats got to fighting another round, and pa rushed into the bathroom and closed the door, and yelled for me to open the window and holler for the

police. I got up and asked pa, through the door, if he was afraid, and he said no, he wasn't afraid, but he thought, seeing he was in the bathroom he would take a bath, and I told him if he was afraid I would go down and investigate, because there was no haunted house that had any terror for Henery, and I went down and let the cats out, and they got on the back fence and had a real sociable time, and after it was all still pa came out with a towel in his hand and tried to make us believe he had taken a bath at two o'clock in the morning with cold water. I don't think it is right for a father to try to deceive his little boy that way. Pa must have washed himself real hard, for he was pale as a ghost when he came out of the bathroom, but he was paler still in the morning when he found the piano full of cat hair. He thinks the air from the register blew into the piano. But I am sorry for pa, as he has had trouble enough trying to keep from failing but he had to go to the wall.

'What! You don't tell me your father has failed?' said the groceryman, as he took down the ledger. 'Great heavens, he owes me seven dollars,' and the man groaned.

'Yes, pa says that is the only way he can make a dollar. I don't know anything about the business of failing but as near as I can get at it, by hearing pa and his attorney talk about it there is money in it if it is worked right, and if I was in your place I would work an annual failure department into my business. The way to fall is to get credit for all you can, and sell for cash, and when you sell the best things, have somebody that you owe, a relative, or a fellow that you got confidence in, get on his ear and get out an attachment and close you up, or else make an assignment to a fellow who stands in with you, and let him offer the creditors ten cents on a dollar in notes, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months. By the time six months are up, you can buy the first note fifty cents on a dollar, and you can fail again before the other note comes due. Pa says there is more money in it than running a bank, and he is awful anxious to have the thing fixed up in time for him to go to Florida for the winter, so they can get back in time to go to Saratoga next summer. I asked pa if it was honest to fail, when ma had property enough in her name to pay all debts and have plenty left, and pa said he and ma were two different persons. Gosh, I thought a man and wife were one. Well, a fellow learns something every day, don't he? Say, you would be a total failure on general principles, and if I was in your place I would have some style about me and bust. You can never amount to anything going ahead any. Let me tell pa's lawyer that I can get him a job putting you through bankruptcy, on shares.

'No, sir, never,' said the groceryman. 'I have always paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and I always will. It is true I cannot put on much style, not as much as some I know who have failed, but I can look everybody in the face and—but, say, Henery, you might tell your pa's lawyer to come in here this afternoon, and I will have a talk with him. If failing is going to amount to anything unless he has failed, and there is money in it, and your pa is honest and all right, I might conclude to fail once for luck, but keep it dark,' and the groceryman began to look about the store at the old back number washboards, and wormy dried peaches, and things that were not salable, and wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to fail and get rid of the old stock and buy a new one on trust, while Henery went out to break the news to his pa's lawyer that he had got another job for him.

'Pa,' said a little boy, 'a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?' 'Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?' 'Because I broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning.'

THE great trouble in investigating the affairs of the Standard Oil Company arises from the fact that it owns some of the citizens of the state as well as pipes, wells and other fixture.

A YOUNG woman called her beau 'Honeysuckle,' because he is always hanging over the front railings.

The Printer.

Texas Siftings tells about him in its funny way, as follows: We will attempt to describe the printer without making any puns on the words and phrases "take," "quoins," "proof," "out of sorts," etc., and if we succeed we will be the first who have written about the printer without distorting several languages to make puns on the technical terms of his trade. We would rather write of the modesty, diffidence and sobriety of the printer, and of his unobtrusive piety and his unostentatious domestic habits, but for the fact that the printer has none of these virtues. We would prefer describing him in the quiet retirement of the family circle in his cozy parlor on a winter night—the revered father of a numerous offspring—teaching his little ones their catechism; or as he sits in the mellow twilight of a summer's evening, on the honeysuckle-covered porch of his modest cottage, earnestly reading, by the fading light of day, comforting precepts from the inspired page. We repeat, that is how we would love to write of him, but alas! we cannot do such injustice to our reputation for veracity as to describe him thus, as he is—not.

The printer begins life as a devil, and remains in that chrysalis condition for a period of several years, during which time his duties consist of distributing type in wrong cases, harassing the editor for copy, falling down stairs with a galley full of type, and consuming early and unripe apples, mammoth watermelon, bottles of home-made wine, and such painful compliments that are presented to the editor, and which, not appreciating himself, he sends to the devil. When he ceases to be a devil he becomes a compositor, and assumes all the rights and privileges of the craft, especially that of raising the devil every Saturday night when he gets paid off.

The printer is gregarious and convivial in his habits, but that is no excuse for people who continually libel him by representing him to be in a condition of inebriety from one year's end to the other. These people are prejudiced, and they allow their prejudices to overshadow their sense of justice. We know the printer better than they do, and although he has treated us shamefully at times in the matter of insisting on having his wages paid more frequently than once in a while, and in declining to take out due bills in lieu of cash, yet we propose to fairly represent him, and we cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that we know more than one printer who has been sober for one consecutive week at a time. We would point to one who, we are satisfied, has not been intoxicated at any time during the last two years, and we will answer for his sobriety for the next two years to come, if Governor Roberts does not pardon him out before that time. The printer is migratory and impecunious as a rule, but he is usually honest, and pays as he goes. He has been slandered by writers in all ages, but no one has ever accused him of building himself a \$10,000 homestead and then compromising with his creditors and paying 10 cents on the dollar. It has been the habit of writers to represent the printer as making extraordinary blunders in composition, substituting one word for another, and thus altering the sense of a whole article. To those who are familiar with the sort of manuscript received in newspaper offices, the wonder is that the printer makes so few mistakes. If he had not more than average intelligence and patience, he would probably make as many mistakes as he gets credit for. He does occasionally try to improve on what the editor has written. He thinks that the editor certainly could not have meant it that way, so he drops in a word of his own selection "to make sense," as he expresses it, which subsequently causes the editor to use harsh and unfeeling language. Sometimes the printer really does improve on the editor's copy. Not long since we had occasion to write of the old Texas veterans, and we allude to them as "battle scarred heroes." It was printed "badly-scarred heroes," and when we said that "Governor Roberts was above being influenced by a bribe," the printer got it that he was "above being influenced by the Bible," which would go to prove that occasionally the printer is inspired.

The printer is one of the indispens-

ble adjuncts of civilization and progress, and in the United States, from the ranks of the army of printers, have risen more brilliant men in literature, and a greater number of statesmen, whose names will be set up in large type in history's pages, than have risen from the ranks of any other trade, calling or profession.

They Kick Him Out.

Bob Murphy, the three-card monte man who was convicted in Washington, was interviewed in jail. "Washington," said he, "is the only place where they make monte larceny. Why do you know how they do in New York? If a man loses his money in a monte or bunco joint there and makes a kick they fire him out on the street, and then if he makes a row they turn him over to the police for creating a disturbance."

"Then they must have the protection of the detectives and police?" interjected the reporter.

"Oh, yes. They do business with them, and they come round every week and get their whack."

"Suppose the man who is fleeced complains to the police, after being arrested, that he has been swindled out of his money, what then?"

"He don't get any sympathy for being a sucker; that's all."

You can tell the exact age of a tree by its rings, but this is not the case with a society belle.

A MORMON missionary in Georgia was pelted with eggs, and driven out of town by blood-hounds.

PLUSH mantel lambrequins with embroidered figures of birds continue to take well in New York and likely to be so for many years, as they are so becoming and help to dress off parlors, drawing and dining rooms to great advantage.

THE newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed "Horrors of 1883," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only seven dollars a week he said it had better remain under that head.

A COUNTRY clergyman who recently preached in an Austin church is an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the Bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus you see, my brethren as the Scriptures say, 'Barkis is willin', but the flesh is weak.'"

Two gentlemen were walking along the street. Meeting a colored woman, one of the gentlemen raised his hat and bowed.

"Why do you bow so politely to that woman?" asked the courteous gentleman's companion.

"Because she cooks at my house."

CRAWLEY, where did you get that diamond clumax and what did it cost you?"

"Suffice it to say I got it honawhly, Franklin, and it only cost me one dollar."

"Honaw bwright, Crawley!"

"Most trooly so. What did you's cost you?"

"The same as you's but I owe on it, a half dollah yet."

GOOD morning! Is Mr. Black in?"

"No, sah; he's gone to business, sah."

"Well, is Mrs. Black in?" "Dat depends, sah. What does ye want with her?" "Why here's a milk bill of \$32 I'd like her to settle." "She am not in." "But I know she is in."

"Can't help it, sah. De orders am dat she am never in fur milk bills and meat bills, and sich. Good mornin'; I has to go; she am a callin' me."

IN A CINCINNATI BOUDOIR.—Clara is coming next week."

"Clara who?"

"Clara Morris."

"Who is she?"

"A great artiste, the paper say."

"Oh, that's nice. We must see her. Does she play the piano or sing?"

"Neither. She appears in regular dramas like 'Man and Wife,' 'Article 47,' etc."

"Is there no music in the performance?"

"No."

"And no beer?"

"Not a bit."

"How stupid!"

WE Invite you to come and see the splendid line of TOOTH BRUSHES! We have just received Direct From the Importer, And which we are offering VERY LOW. Our aim is to keep the BEST GOODS and sell them at CLOSE PRICES FOR CASH, AT GREEN'S PHARMACY, Bush House Block, We have Telephone Connection.

D. Garman & Son's New Store. 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, BELLEVILLE, 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.

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.

- Wool Brocaded Fine Dress Goods..... 1 1/2 a yard, elsewhere 20c.
Another lot..... 80 a yard.
One lot of good Ginghams..... 7 1/2 a yard.
One lot of best Ginghams..... 9 1/2 a yard.
White Red Brocades..... 45c.
Custom Finishes..... 60 a yard.
Best Calicoes..... 8 a yard.
Best Shirtings..... 8 and 9 1/2 a yard.
Red Table Linens..... 10 1/2 a yard.
Double-width Cashmeres..... 15 1/2 a yard.
All-wool Black and Colored Cashmeres..... 25 a yard.
Red Fined Flannels..... 10 1/2 a yard.
Ladies' Gowns..... 80c.
All-wool Cashmeres, Black and colored, at least 1-3 cheaper than anywhere else.
Fined Dress Goods..... 5, 6 and 10 a yard.
Apples & Washes..... 1 1/2 a yard.
Red all-wool Flannels from..... 10c up.
Black Silk at..... \$0 and 70c.
One lot Extra Quality Black Silk..... \$1 00 elsewhere \$1 25.
One lot Extra Quality City Black Silk..... 1 25.
One lot Extra Heavy Quality Black Silk..... 1 75.
Colored Silks, Extra Heavy..... 2 50A 2 00.
Colored Silks from..... 75c in all the new shades.
A new and superior quality all silk, satin.
The finest quality 1 1/2 yd width all wool Dress Cloth and Flannel \$1 00 per yd. Same qual elsewhere 1 25.
Silk Plushes from..... 75c up.
Velvet from..... 1 00 and 1 25 up.
Colored Blankets from..... 35c up.
White Blankets from..... 75c a pair up.
Undershirts and Drawers from..... 25c up.
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for..... 25c.
Men's Socks 4 pair for..... 25c.
Men's Wool Hose..... 1 25.
Men's Very Fine Seamless all-wool Hose..... 1 50 a pair.

Shoes at One-Half Price.

- Ladies' Shoes, good A Call..... 1 00 per pair.
Children's Shoes..... 1 25 per pair.
Ladies' Button Shoes from..... 25, 30 and 40 a pair.
Ladies' Button Shoes, Street Quality..... 1 00 per pair up.
Ladies' Button Shoes, Best Quality..... 1 50 a pair.
Ladies' Button Shoes, Best Quality, warranted..... 1 25 and 2 00.
Ladies' Button Shoes, French Kid..... 2 50 to 3 00, Wright's best Rochester make.
Men's Heavy Winter Pants 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 1 1/2 and 1 3/4 per pair.
Men's Overcoats 3 00, 4 00, 4 50, 5 00 up.
Men's All-wool Suits from 6 00 up.
Men's Fur Boots 2 00 a pair.
Men's A Heavy Boot 1 50 a pair.
Men's Boots 1 00 and 1 25 per pair.
Ladies' Gator and Kid shoes 25 a pair.
Men's Gator Black Goggles from 90c up.
Men's Heavy Back Gloves from 75c up.
Ladies' and Children's Dolmans, Ulsters, Clozars, the Largest Stock, and marked down 25 per cent. from last month's prices.

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 almost half price.

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

LYON & CO. Bellefonte, Pa.