HE READS THE GROCERYMAN A LEC TURE.

"Come Ay, come in," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he stopped on the doorstep outside of the grocery to go down in his pistol pocket for a little change for a tramp that had come out of the grocery just ahead of the groceryman's boot, "Come right in, don't stand there talking with such cattle," and the groceryman looked as mad as though he had left the spigot of the molasses barrel running.

"What's the matter with you?" said the bad boy, as he watched the tramp go into a bakery and come out with a loaf of bread and go off chewing the end of it as though it was the sweetest morsel a white man ever put a tooth into, and the smile the tramp showed on one side of the bread as he saluted the bad boy through the window was worth a dollar to the boy. "You seem to have got out of the wrong end of the bed this morning. What ails you?"

"O, the tramps, and beggars, and subscriptions, and games to beat an honest man out of his hard-earned money," said the groceryman, as he threw a hatchet on the floor with which he had been splitting up a box, and kicked a market basket across the room. "There is not a day but some one comes in here after money. Why don't these tramps go to work? Why don't people that haven't got any money go to the poor house? Why don't sick people go to the hospital? Condemn it, I have had people come in here for help for the old ladies' home, and the old men's home, and to sell ball tickets to help people that have been sand-bagged, and I hope I may never see another person asking for help as long as I live."

"And you never will see another person asking for help, or coming to buy any of your old decayed groceries, if they knew what kind of a hardhearted old pirate you was. Why, blast your old vinegar countenance, you haven't got a heart bigger than a mustard seed," said the boy, as he picked up the hatchet for fear the groceryman would split him for kindling wood.

and he appeared a little ashamed of what he had said. "My heart is all right, but they play it on me. The other day I gave a tramp five cents to buy bread, and he went and bought a glass of beer at a free lunch place. That made me mad."

"Well, bread, plain dry bread, is pretty hard eating. How would you fike to go out on the sidewalk and gnaw a dinner off a loaf of dry bread? The tramp knew his business. He part," and her bright eyes glowed in could go to a caloon with that nickle the mellow light of the turned down and buy a glass of beer as though he had a bushel of money, and while he was drinking it he could go to the lunch counter and get sausage, and bread, and head cheese, and liver, and firmed pessimist. cold ham, all for nothing. If you had only a nickel left, and had a full sized stomach, perfectly empty, which would his eyes as if she would read his inyou do, stand out on a cold corner and most soul. chew bread, with no water nearer than the lake, or would you go into a nice warm saloon, buy a glass of beer and have a big dinner thrown in for a ness, a don't-forget-it-ness in the tone chromo. By gosh, you would go to the saloon, and you would make the was spoken. lunch counter book sick. Nobody else keeps a warm place for tramps to eat free lunches by buying five cents worth of goods, and a tramp would be a fool dicated a mind wholly given up to the 4f he didn't take advantage of such a gnawing inroads of a sharp toothed chance, when the thermometer is thirty despair. degrees below zero."

"I swow, I don't know but you are right, Hennery," said the groceryman, an incentive to induce me to become with a forced amile. "I guess I would your bride?" paralyze that lunch. But a man has no business to be a tramp, Why don't pect of a rise next spring." He said they go to work ?"

"Work? Why don't you give one of them work? Nobody has any work for a tramp. A tramp may be a son of a member of Congress, but if he has been on the turf until he has had to pawn his clothes, one article after another, to keep from starving, and looks hard, you don't want him. He may be more honest than you are, and about?" asked a fashionable New better educated, but his clothes are York young lady. thin, and he looks seedy and cold, and hungry, and hasn't got any money, You do not stop to think that he may be a thoroughbred. You fire him out. and he gets so he thinks there isn't a man in the world with a soul. . If he They are celebrating his birthday." steals, it is to keep him from starving, and not to lay up money, like some mother.

grocers."

"Hold on there, boy. I don't steal -much," said the groceryman. "But over him." ramps are all right enough. These old people's homes, where old men and women are kept in idleness, is what makes me tired. Why don't they go and live with their folks ?"

"Well, you are a smart Aleck," said the boy. "Why don't they live with their folks? That is good. Do you suppose these old people would go to a charitable home if they had one of their own. They have outlived relatives and friends who would take care of them, and go to the home. where kind hearted strangers made the last days of their lives as happy as possible, and they depend upon what they can get from people whhave hearts, to pay the expenses, and it is not often that any person with : soul kicks at a little contribution to wards banking up the stomachs of the old people who have been pioneer when the country was new. Many these old people, whom you find fau with for being old and poor, were ric and respected when you were poor an iguerant, and it is possible you ma be losed out by your creditors son day and have to go to a poor houand then you can appreciate it whsome other blasted skinflint refuses to contribute to your support. But you will not be troubled any more by peo ple calling for aid, for I shall have a sign painted and nailed up on the corner saying there is no use of any person in need of aid to keep them from want and suffering calling on you, for you are down on poor people and consider them dead beats, and that you will kick any person out doorwho comes in asking for anything, and that you growl and grumble more over giving away a nickel than some peode would in giving five dollars. I will fix you so you can enjoy a quiet life. Let me take that box cover and

a paint pot a minute, please." 'No you don't," said the groceryon, pale with shame and excitement. You don't put up no sign. What I said about giving to the poor was said in a moment of passion, when I had a pants, did you, Uncle Nelse?" hot box, but you have shown me what a blasted old fool I am, and hereafter "Yes I have," said the groceryman, I will give freely to anybody that thing. Showed dat he didu't hab no comes. Great Cæsar, I wouldn't have such a sign put up for a thousand dollars. It would ruin my business."

"Well, don't ever say anything again about charity, that you would be ashamed to see in print," and the let on the Eye."

## She, Likewise, was Sincere.

"One word," she said, "before we lamp. "Are you sincere ?"

"I am sincere," he replied, in tone whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save the most con-

"Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into

"I cannot," he answered.

"Not even a brown-stone front?" "No." There was a wonderful firm-

"Not even a cottage in the suburbs? "Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his accents that in-

"What can you offer me, then?" she asked: "What can you offer me as

"A share in \$7 a week, with a prosthis with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands.

"It is sufficient," she said, with s smile: "I am yours, Algernon. A balf loaf is better than no bread."

# Philadelphia Culture.

"Mother, who is this Martin Luther that the papers are talking so much

"Martin Luther-Luther," mused the mother, "the name sounds familiar enough. What has he been doing?"

"I can't exactly make out, but it must have been something very nice.

"Is he a foreigner?" asked the

"He must be, or the people in this She Couldn't Love One All Day. country wouldn't make such a fuss

"Luther-Luther," continued the mother : "I met a Mr. Luther in Paris last year-that delightful gentleman, you remember, who took us to drive, and who afterward borrowed \$100 of your father and forgot to return it, but I don't think his first name was Martin. This gentleman is probably some celebrated Englishman, who is coming to this country to lecture, You must speak to your father about ickets for the opening night."

### Wouldn't Have Taken Them.

Old man Nelson stood on the side valk muttering, when a white man ame along and asked :

"What's the matter, Uncle Nelse?" "I'ze troubled in my mind. Dat hat's de matter."

"What has gone wrong?"

"Eberything's gone wrong. Dat hat s gone wrong."

"Have you lost anything?" "Look aheah, man, what does ye anter terrygate de old man fur? Ye in't help me none, so jes wush me

ell an' pass along." "I might be able to help you."

"No. yer kain't, but if yer mus' know I'll tell yer. I'ze been a wuckin' ur dis man what libs in hear. I vucked fer him all day. Dis mawnin' when I come heah, dar wuz ez nice a let 'em stay dar till night, what made | help it." 'em put 'em dar in de fust place? Spoke ter dat white man mighty perlite dis mawnin'. Called him marster. Think o' dat, will yer? Call a man marster twenty years arter freedom

an' den be treated dis way. "You had no idea of taking the

"Co'se I didn't. Wa'n't thinkin bout dat. It am de principum o' de conferdence in me. Showed dat he wa'n't easy in his mind while I was aroun'. Didn't want de britches, eben if dese what I'se got on am mighty nigh gone, but I think dat it woulder been little as dat man coulder done bad boy went out whistling, "The Dot- ter let dem britches stay dar a while

## Consider the Source.

"Father," said a young man, "I am urprised at you. Why didn't you knock the follow down when he called you a liar? Had it been me, I should have spatted him in the mouth.'

'Yes, but you see, my son, I am several days older than you are."

"What did you do ?" "I told him that I considered the source, and right here let me say that considering the source has saved many a nose. To wisely consider the source is the acme of human intelligence. relishing the idea of being called a delight. They laughed and roared and h bet he considers the source, and judicious consideration it is, too. The other lawyer, instead of calling him a coward, looked on him as a man of discretion and quiet nerve. The doctors are pretty much the same way, and in fact I do not think that the pulpit is entirely free from it. I am a man of much experience, son, and weigh well what I say. When a man who is your physical superior calls you a liar, tell him you consider the source. If he be of an irritable disposition, and you think that he might place a violent construction on your remark and knock you down, don't tell him that you consider the source,

A GERMAN, lately married, says: "It vas yoost so easy as a needle cood valk oud mit a camel's eye as to get der behind word mit a vomans."

but go away to some quiet place where you can consider it without interrup-

A bright-eyed little five-year-old girl tripped gaily along the street a few days ago, clinging to the arm of a gallant about her own age. Another little fellow of about their ages apsleeve, and with a look of mild re proof in his eye, exclaimed:

"I say, are you going back on me for that fellow?"

The miss eyed her young interro gator for a moment, elevated her nose, tossed her head, as she resumed their promenade, replied:

"I guess I've got a right to walk with another fellow if I want to; you don't expect I can love you all day.' Two Durned Fools with a Single Thought.

An old man of fifty-eight and a ather lively looking widow of twenty ight were wailing for Justice Millwhen he returned to his Trenton, N I., court from dinner Wednesday.

"Will you marry two durned fools?" aid the old man, smoothing the single ock of iron-gray hair that was trained p over his otherwise bald head.

The Justice seated himself, looker t the couple thoughtfully for a mo nent and then remarked: "Trot ouyour fools."

"Here we are, 'Squire, and tie us as quick and as cheap as you can," the old man said, as he stood up with the willing bride. After a few preliminary a'r o' britches ez I eber wanter see a qu stions the Justice ascertained that pangin' on de banuisters ob de back the desire for marriage was mutua with the couple, and in a very few tu' da hung dar till I went home ter minutes he had them securely tied. git a snack o' somethin' ter eat dis The old man put a plain ring on the benin', but jist now when I cum back woman's finger, and, after paying the I seed dat da'd been tuk'en way, necessary fee, started away, remarking What did da want ter disa'p'int a man to her as she leaned on his arm : "I lat way fur? Ef da wanter gwinter know I'm a durned fool, but I couldn't

> An experienced showman, in explaining how fat women are made says: They start with a pretty fat woman to begin with. Then with a silver needle little holes are made through the adipose or fatty tissue, clear to the muscle. The tissues are then blown up as a butcher blows up meat, until an increase in bulk is obtained, which in the arm, amounts to as much as a balf or three quarters of an inch. It when in the progress of the inflating process, a blood vessel be pierced and air gets into the blood, death instantly ensues. The fat woman takes her risk on that. The business, if persisted in, will kill off a healthy fat woman in about six years, and don't make a great deal of money either."

# A Monkey and Dog Fight.

Moore had a big fighting stump-tail dog by the name of Rattler, and one day a little Italian came along with an day a little Italian came along with an organ and a monkey, and, as the crowd gathered around, he asked the man it his monkey could fight. "Oh, yes, he fight," said the Italian. "Will he hight dog "I said Moore. "Oh, yes, ho fight dog his whip dog quick," said the Italian. Moore pulled out a \$5 hill and said, "I'll bet you this that I've got a dog he can't whip." The little fellow covered it with another five and the money was handed over to a stakeholder, and they went through the back yard, followed by half the people of the little town. There lay the dog on the grass asleep, and at the word the Italian tossed the monkey upon him. In lessed Without this disposition, our courts tossed the monkey upon him. In le-than a jiffy the little brute had his would be the seats of violent brawls teeth and his claws fastened like vice and our medical profession would be a in the stump of that dog's tail, and was failure. When a lawyer who has a well established reputation as a bruiser, arises and calls a modest and physically inferior contemporary a liar, the contemporary, knowing that forcible tesentment would cause pain and the disgrace of a thrashing, but still, not the disgrace of a thrashing only a still that the contemporary is not to the top rail and watched the dog's flight with a chatter of perfect satisfaction and danced along the rail with delight. The crowd was convulsed, coward, arises, and with a gravity befitting the department of a states ran,
replies, 'I consider the source.' You

They laughed and notice and notice tumultuously, all but old man Moore,
tumult Here, Rattler, here! Here, Rattler, here! But Rattler wouldn't hear. Rattler rattled on and on, across field after field, until he got to the woods and was gone from human sight. The little Italian shouldered the monkey little Italian shouldered the monkey affectionately, and walking up to Moore said: "Your dog not well to-day; may-be your dog gone off to hunt rabbeet. Your dog no like my monkey—he not acquaint. May be ven I come again next year he come back and fight some more. Ven you look for him for come back?" Moore gave up the wager, but he asserted solemnly that Rattlerwould have won the fight if he hadn't run. "The surprise, gentlemen, the surprise was what done it," said he, "for that dog has whipped wildcats and a bear and a she wolf and every dog in ten miles of Watkinsville," And all that evening and away in the night and early ovening and away in the night and early next morning an inviting mournful voice could be heard at the back of the garden calling "here, Rattler, here," and in three days after a man brought Rattler home, but he had lost his integrity, and never could be induced to fight anything any more.—Bill Arp.

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