ing down that way for?" said the groceryman to the bad boy as he came in with an expression on his face of sorrow, such as the groceryman had not seen before. "Brace up now and the matter?"

"Nothing the matter with me," said the boy, as he looked around the and give his muscles a twist, and then fed him, and after that the snake grocery to see if he couldn't find something that would taste good to a the neck and double him up and make sick boy. "I am all hunky, but my him yell. But I must go and do my He'd lay for the deer, and as soon as chum has got the rheumatiz.'

"Well, that don't hurt you, does it?" said the groceryman, with one of his heartless expressions. "You don't want to grunt until you are hurt your- away when I am there. I think it self. There is time enough for you to be limping around when you get sick yourself. I don't believe in worrying times, to whom your presence would when anybody else is sick."

"Well, you heartless old cuss you. You never had a chum, did you? If you ever had a chum that you loved, that had stood by you in all kinds of weather, who would work his fingernails off for you, and go without eating and sleeping to make you happy, you could never talk that way. My chum is just as tender as a woman, though he was strong as a giant afore the rheumatiz struck him, and now he is as weak as a little tiny baby, and we have to handle him just as though he was eggs. Every bone, and muscle, and drop of blood, and piece of skin about his body is just like ma's neuralgia, and sometimes they all ache at once, and then they take turns aching, and my chum lays there and takes it as calmly as though he was at a picnic, and never grumbles. He smiles his great big old fashioned smile when he sees me looking over the foot-board of Haven't you got any Malaga grapes his bed, and when I go up and put my hand on his face, and wipe the perspiration off his forehead, the tears come rolling down his cheeks, and he tries to raise his helpless hand to shake mine, but, he can't, and he says, 'Hello, old pard,' and then he shuts his eyes and the rheumatiz commences where it left off and goes to grinding him up again. Gosh, if I could pull off my shirt and things and get into his bed and take his place, and let the rheumatiz get in its work on me for a day, while my chum might go out and slide down hill or kick over a few barrels, and feel bully for a while, I would enjoy it. But you can't change works with a fellow that has got rheumatiz. Never had it, did you?"

"No, I never had it," said the groceryman, "but I had a brother-in-law lately that its afraid to go to me bed I man. who had it once, but he cured himself eating snow."

"O, get out," said the boy. "Since my chum has had rheumatiz, every old crank has told me a new cure for ing." it, and I think I will try some new remedy on him, but when I go to his room, and see the good doctor who has been brought up amongst rheumatiz, and tell him of the new remedy I have heard of, and he tells me it is all nonsense, that settles it. The idea of curing rheumatiz eating snow! Say, isn't it queer about catching rheumatiz? It is like a lottery. Forty fellows may have the same chance to draw a rheumatic prize, and only one gets it sawed off onto him. Now me and my chum were both in the same draft of air, and both had a right to catch the rheumatiz. All I got was wind on my stomach, and I slode down hill head first, on my sled, and the rheumatiz has all blowed away from me. My chum went riding in a coupay, and he got it. Sliding down hill knocks rheumatiz better than eating snow. Say, I would like to run this world for about a month. By gosh, I would arrange it so nobody but the mean people would be sick. It seems too bad to have these painful diseases strike the best people in the world, such a good fellow as my chum. I would have it lay for the thieves, and sand-baggers, and murderers, and high, way robbers, and wife beaters, and old and begged to be excused. sharks that never do any good nohow, and keep its claws off, of folks that never did any harm, and always had n kind word for everybody. But these tion." diseases seem to have their traps set for the best people, and the thieves the lot. If things were run right organ.

rheumatiz ought to be a detective that would catch a horsethief, just as he was stealing the horse, and make him drop the halter and send for a doctor. "There, now, what is your lip hang. have it paralyze the arm of the man about to commit murder or whip his wife, and lay him out colder than a wedge. I would have rheumatiz act around careless and picking on to have some style about you. What's thoroughbreds. I would have it watch a mean man, when he was going to do something mean, and take hold of him let up, and if he kept on, take him by and sit up with him. It is singular ing, and how the pain begins to go him dead!" would do you good to love some one, old man, some one that was sick some. be a sort of a heaven. If you loved anybody so that the touch of your hand would drive away pain, and the light of your eye would seem like a benediction, and you could cheer your friend by your light footfall on the carpet, and drive away nervousness by the sound of your voice, and cause happiness to take the place of misery when you were around, you would not be half as mean as you are now, and you wouldn't go off in the dark and hate yourself as you do now. What he had no trouble in keepin' wet all you got in this ranch that would taste

> appetite?" "O, I don't know," said the groceryman, "unless you try some of those dried apples, dried by steam."

good to a feller that hain't got no

"That is a specimen of the way you would treat a chum if you had one who was sick. You would fire dried apples down him. You make me tired. or Florida oranges? Nothing but dried apples and prunes. Bah!" and the boy went off to stay by his chum.

Her Flames.

Sure 'twas airly."

"Yes, indeed; early this morning." "Sure an' yez are telling the truth the mouth got left!"

galore, mum? "But why did you remain up nearly asked the Iowa man. all night?"

yez now, mum. Faith an' there bees bite unless it stood up on its tail, and o many o' thim con-config-(phat the tail wouldn't have it!" d'you call 'em ?) con-flag-er-ations was, ontirely, for fare I'd be cramated, so I just thought I'd watch the fire to kill him. One day he got caught, a liar, an' da tuck me ter law 'bout it,

"Oh, go long wid yez. Faith an' isn't he the spark I's afther watching."

From Texas.

boarding house table. "Why we have once in a while as you do here."

this, and the empty border at the foot

are much larger and brighter than when it came to cooking." yours, and they look as if they were just pinned to the sky."

"We nail ours on," said the thirsty youth next to the milk pitcher, and closed the discussion for the season.

Sold Again,

"Dost love me, Robert ?"

"Dost I? Do you think I'd come here every night I can possibly get here and kiss you until my lips give out, if I didn't love you ?"

"Ah, but that's just what a former don't it? If I had the running of lover once said to me, and where is he the 'bigs,' as we called it, he was the hings, rheumatiz should never attack now? Married to another girl! Oh! you men are so faithless!"

"No wonder you think so," said Robert, as he slowly picked up his hat

SLANG is always objectionable. Instead of saying "a dead give away" you should say "a posthumous dona-

CHICAGO is disgusted with Italian and the burglars are the healthiest of of the monkey must dance around the

"Do you suppose they will ever get so that they can train snakes?" asked one of the party, after the long pause If I was bossing rheumatiz I would that followed an account of how a Wisconsin woman had caught a rattlesnake by setting her husband's false teeth for him.

"I know of a case," said the man as a reformatory agent instead of going from Michigan. "A friend of mine out in the lumber destricks found one in his pocket one day and sewed the pocket up until the snake was nigh starved. Then he let him out and would do anything he told him to. He used to hunt deer with that snake. chum's chores for his ma, and then go it hove in sight he'd set that snake after it, and the cussed snake would how my chum knows when I am com- jump through the deer's eyes and kill

"I've hearn of it bein' done," assented the Iowa man. "When I was in the mines my chum lit onto one an' brought him home. The snake took to him from the start, and in less than a week he had the varmint drawing water."

"How'd he work it?" demanded the Michigan man.

"I never knew the rights of it," replied the Iowa man. "You know, when we were diggin' we didn't have no time to waste. If a man got dry he grudged the time to take a drink of water. He'd rather go dry. But this chum of mine fixed things so that the time. The snake would go off and fill himself up with water, and then he would come back and bite this chum of mine. The snake had ar- those of most of us, paints her life as it ranged himself so that he didn't squirt | really was. If you never read it, it is any venom through his fang's, only pure water, and as soon as he unloaded, off he went for more. He got so affectionate he almost drowned my friend one day, and chummy had to put him to death!"

"I had one," said the Illinois man, 'who was the best and wust snake I ever seen. One end of him was all off, and the other was the moral business in that neck o' the woods. The "Bridget why did you remain up so wust of him was he'd steal things late last night?" asked the lady of the around the house, but when the tail end caught the mouth at any crooked "Begorra, mum! 'Twas not late at | business, it would rattle, and we alall, at all, when I was after retiring. ways got there before he could get away with the goods. You ought to see the grateful wag of that tail when

"How did the mouth stand it?"

"The mouth used to get mad," re. "That's phat I'll be afther telling plied the Illinois man; "but it couldn't day you were a Baptist?"

"Got him yet?" asked the Michigan

till the morning'. Sure it's me duty." as usual, and turned around and bit Da said dat I oughter said dat he "But what was the young man do- his tail short off. That settled it, and didn't tell de truf, but ter save me I we rammed him into a rifle and shot kain' tell de difference twixt suthin' a sheriff with him."

"I had one a good many years ago," observed the Texan, "but he got into I'd go ober ter de udder church whar all kinds o' mischief, and we didn't a man ken slosh er 'roun' nachul." "You ought to see our moon, said take no comfort with him. He used the young lady from Texas at the to crawl into the chickens and eat the giblets, so there weren't nothing left moonlight nights all the time, not just to make gravy when we had a roast. As soon as a hen opened her mouth, There was a painful silence over in he went, and he'd stay there until he'd eat out the crop, and heart, and of the table called for more pancakes. gizzard and kidneys, and all them "And you should just see our stars," things. The hens would lay well pursued the fair astronomer. "They enough, but we had no choice parts

> "You never can tell what they are going to do," smiled the Navada man. "My brother brought one up from Arizona, wanted him for the children to play with. He slept in the clock nights, 'cause he liked to feel the works scratch bis back. It sort o' soothed him. But we noticed the most curious thing about his rattles. Sometimes they would be bigger than he was, and then again he wouldn't have but one or two little ones that wasn't no good to a snake of his size. When he had best natured snake in the town, but when they were small, there was no getting close to him."

"How did you account for the change in the rattles?" asked the Texan.

"It was a long time before we got onto it," returned the Nevada man-Where d'ye think we found that snake! He was out in the woods, playing seven up with three other snakes for rattles, and when we captured him he rattles, and when we captured him he out of symmetrical proportions. It cannot be defied that tobacco in large caught the jack, and held the ace and quantities is injurious.

low in his hand !"

"Who pays for those drinks gentlenen?" inquired the barkeeper solemn-

And then they got up and wandered out and were seen of men no more.

Were With Him.

When General Hancock passed through Little Rock recently, he was approached by a lean old fellow who

"An' air you the man what run for president?"

"Yes," the general replied, lifting his double chin.

"But they put it on yer, didn't

"I believe they did," replied the general, letting his chin down.

"Wall I wanter say this, general. Yer fit me an' my boys durin' the wah, but dinged if we ain't with yer. When my boys heard that yer was comin' through, they said to me, 'pap,' says they, 'go ter town an' ef yer see the gineral tell him that we are with him.' An' say, general, the Simmons boys fit yer but they're with yer," and as the train moved off the old fellow yelled:

"Say, general, tell yer folks that we air with yer."

A Tired Woman's Epitaph.

"Yes," she sighed, "the world is hard, especially to the poor. I often think that the good people who eulogize work so highly do not know much of over-work."

"Quite true," assented Mrs. Sotheran. Poor Sarah Dempster, yonder, |she pointed to a neighboring tombstone. was of your opinion; her epitaph, unlike worth your while to do so."

The tombstone stood in a neglected corner of the church-yard, overgrown with nettles and long grasses, but its inscription was still legible.

going e washing ain't done, nor sweeping nor sewing , verything there is exact to my wishes, there they don't eat there's no washing up dishes.

That may not be poetry," observed Mrs. Sotheran, with unconscious plagia. rism, "but it's true. There is nohting much worse than over work."-Ja Payn in Longman's Magazin

Too Particular for Him.

"What church do you belong to now, Abe?" was asked of a colored gentleman.

"Mefrodist, sah."

"Why, no longer ago than last Sun-"Yas, sah."

"What made you change?"

"'Case da got too high up for me, boss. "W'y, sah, de preacher made a "No, he back-capped us, and we had statement, an' I got up and called him what ain't true an' er lie, so I thought ef da was gwine ter be so particular.

> BURIED ANOTHER .- "I see," said Mr. Tomlinson, turning from his newspaper and addressing his better twothirds, "that old man Grettle has buried another wife."

"What, you don't say so? Why, his first wife only died two weeks ago When did he marry again?"

"He hasn't married again."

"Tomlinson, are you a fool?"

"Presumably, my dear, but why this outburst? Grettle has buried another man's wife. He is an undertaker, you

An Indiana editor was sued for breach of promise, but when he explained that the girl had a mania for making scrap quilts, the court excused him and imposed the cost on the

A WRITER of natural history says that he is at a loss to discover how long a dog lives. This should not cause perplexity, as the average dog generally lives until he dies.

EVERY effort to invent a cotton picking machine has proved unsuc-cessful. The last machine, invented by an Arkansaw man, tore off the operator's clothes, threw him over a fence, and then hobbled off like a wounded grasshopper.

THE life of a Kentuckian has been shortened by tobacco. A hogshead of the weed fell on him and crushed him



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