

Peck's Bad Boy.

HIS CHUM HAS GOT RHEUMATIZ, AND THE BOY TELLS THE GROCERY-MAN ABOUT IT.

"There, now, what is your lip hanging 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.

"Nothing the matter with me," said the boy, as he looked around the grocery to see if he couldn't find something that would taste good to a sick boy.

"Well, that don't hurt you, does it?" said the groceryman, with one of his heartless expressions.

"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 fingers off for you, and go without eating and sleeping to make you happy, you could never talk that way.

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

"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. Haven't you got any Malaga grapes, or Florida oranges? Nothing but dried apples and prunes. Bah!" and the boy went off to stay by his chum.

Hor Flames.

"Bridget why did you remain up so late last night?" asked the lady of the evening.

"Begorra, mum! 'Twas not late at all, at all, when I was after retiring. Sure 'twas airy."

"Yes, indeed; early this morning."

"Sure an' yez are telling the truth galore, mum?"

"But why did you remain up nearly all night?"

"That's what I'll be after telling yez now, mum. Faith an' there be so many o' them con—config—(phat d'you call 'em?) con-flag-er-ations lately that its afraid to me bed I was, outirely, for fare I'd be cramatid, so I just thought I'd watch the fire till the morning. Sure it's me duty."

"But what was the young man doing?"

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

From Texas.

"You ought to see our moon, said the young lady from Texas at the boarding house table.

There was a painful silence over this, and the empty border at the foot of the table called for more pancakes.

"And you should just see our stars," pursued the fair astronomer.

"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 lover once said to me, and where is he 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 and begged to be excused.

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

CHICAGO is disgusted with Italian opera. In that city the hag instead of the monkey must dance around the organ.

Snakes.

"Do you suppose they will ever get so that they can train snakes?" asked one of the party, after the long pause 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 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 fed him, and after that the snake would do anything he told him to. He used to hunt deer with that snake. He'd lay for the deer, and as soon as it hove in sight he'd set that snake after it, and the cussed snake would jump through the deer's eyes and kill him dead!"

"I've heard 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 he had no trouble in keepin' wet all 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 arranged himself so that he didn't squirt any venom through his fangs, 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 wust of him was he'd steal things around the house, but when the tail end caught the mouth at any crooked business, it would rattle, and we always got there before he could get away with the goods. You ought to see the grateful wag of that tail when the mouth got left!"

"How did the mouth stand it?" asked the Iowa man.

"The mouth used to get mad," replied the Illinois man; "but it couldn't bite unless it stood up on its tail, and the tail wouldn't have it!"

"Got him yet?" asked the Michigan man.

"No, he back-capped us, and we had to kill him. One day he got caught, as usual, and turned around and bit his tail short off. That settled it, and we rammed him into a rifle and shot a sheriff with him."

"I had one a good many years ago," observed the Texan, "but he got into all kinds o' mischief, and we didn't take no comfort with him. He used to crawl into the chickens and eat the giblets, so there weren't nothing left to make gravy when we had a roast. As soon as a hen opened her mouth, in he went, and he'd stay there until he'd eat out the crop, and heart, and gizzard and kidneys, and all them things. The hens would lay well enough, but we had no choice parts when it came to cooking."

"You never can tell what they are going to do," smiled the Nevada 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 his 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 the 'bigs,' as we called it, he was the 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 was a bushel of rattles ahead, had caught the jack, and held the ace and

low in his hand!"

"Who pays for those drinks gentlemen?" inquired the barkeeper solemnly.

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 asked:

"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 they?"

"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 general 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 those of most of us, paints her life as it really was. If you never read it, it is 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.

"Here lies a poor woman, who always was tired who lived in a house where help was not hired. Her last words on earth were, 'Dear friends, I am going. Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing, but everything there is exact to my wishes. For where they don't eat there's no washing up dishes. I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing. But, having no voice, I'll get clear of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never. I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

"That may not be poetry," observed Mrs. Sotheran, with unconscious plagiarism. "but it's true. There is nothing much worse than over work."—James Payn in Langman's Magazine.

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 Sunday you were a Baptist?"

"Yas, sah."

"What made you change?"

"Case da got too high up for me, boss. 'W'y, sah, de preacher made a statement, an' I got up and called him a liar, an' da tuck me ter law 'bout it. Da said dat I oughter said dat he didn't tell de truf, but ter save me I kain't tell de difference twixt suthin' what ain't true an' er lie, so I thought ef da was gwine ter be so particular, I'd go ober ter de uuder church whar a man ken slesh er 'troun' nachel."

BURIED ANOTHER.—"I see," said Mr. Tomlinson, turning from his newspaper and addressing his better thirds, "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 know."

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 plaintiff.

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 unsuccessful. The last machine, invented by an Arkansas 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 hoghead of the weed fell on him and crushed him out of symmetrical proportions. It cannot be denied that tobacco in large quantities is injurious.



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