

Peck's Bad Boy

THE QUESTION OF WHETHER A DIFFERENCE IN RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OUGHT TO SEPARATE TWO LOVERS WORKING IN THE HEAD OF THE INDIGENOUS YOUTH.

"Take care there, you will run right over the stove," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came along the floor, his eyes fixed as though he was looking into the future about two years, and his mind so occupied that he did not seem to see the stove.

"What you thinking about? Lately you have got so you think too much, and by and by you will be one of those vacancies, that don't know beans. People are getting so they think too much, and especially boys. Nothing hurts a boy so much as to get in the habit of thinking. What did you have on your mind when you came in?"

"Oh, I was thinking of that feller down in the Third ward that killed his girl and then killed himself, all on account of their religion being a different brand, so they couldn't marry each other. Gosh, it don't seem as though religion ought to bar a feller out of the heaven of his girl's love does it?" said the boy.

"Well," said the groceryman, as he wiped some syrup off his hands on a coffee sack. "You can't drive two kinds of religion to the pole, in a family, with any kind of success. You may drive two kinds of religion single or tandem, but when you hitch 'em up together and they try to travel along at a good road gate, one will go off its feet and gallop while the other trots, and then the galloping religion will catch and come down to a trot and the other will break up, and there they are, sea-sawing, and the air full of creeds, and doctrines, and there is danger they will run away and smash something. No, it is better for the people who are going to marry, to have their measures taken for the same kind of religion, and then each can wear the other's religion, and all will be lovely."

"I don't know," says the bad boy, taking an apple, "about this thing of waiting till you find out about a girl's religion before you love her. Sometimes you can't do it. If a girl has not got any sign out warning a fellow what kind of religion she has got concealed about her person how is he going to know until it is everlasting too late. When a young feller falls in love with a girl, it is like falling down on skates. Everything seems to give way at once. It strikes him like a sand bag, and there he is, asphyxiated the first thing. He knows that she is perfect, and he takes her right into his heart and wraps his heart around her, and puts rubber weather strips on all the cracks so she can't get out, and her religion is the last thing he thinks of. If her religion pulls her one way, and his heart pulls her 'tother way, something has got to bust, sometimes it's the religion that busts, and sometimes it's the heart. I think there ought to be a convention composed of delegates from all kinds of religion, and let them make a law that any religion shall be legal tender anywhere, like a gold dollar. Religion ought to be pure gold, good anywhere. If a man comes in here to buy soap, and gives you a gold dollar, coined in Rome, or Jerusalem, or California, or China, or Russia, or the Feejee Islands, he gets his soap. But if your son is in love with a Hebrew girl, her religion says your son's religion is counterfeit, and she goes to her grave with your son's love in her heart, and he goes to the devil with her image in his heart, and both are ruined for life 'cause they couldn't match their religions. A Baptist girl falls in love with a young fellow that is a perfect specimen of manhood, brave, noble, intelligent, tender to her and as kind as a man can be, and they begin to plan for the day when he can take her to a home and be all the world, and a small section of heaven to her, when some day a friend says to her, "your lover is one of the noblest men I ever saw, but it is a pity he is a Catholic." Then the trouble commences. He believes his religion is the grandest in the world, and she believes hers is no slouch, each tries to induce the other to adopt another religion, but it is a failure and they drift apart in all except the buried love that can never be quenched on earth, or in heaven. I tell you it is pretty tough to have so many different kinds of religion that can't be made to jibe, don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is rough," said the groceryman, "but a little difference like that hadn't ought to make a fellow kill the girl he loved."

"Course not," said the boy. "This feller surely didn't love the girl, else he wouldn't shoot. Say, 'pouse you loved a girl, regular old spontaneous kind! Could you pull out a revolver and send two bullets into her pretty cheek, and cord her up against the fence dead? Naw, you couldn't. Nor anybody else. He didn't love that girl. He thought he did, but it was something else. You see, if he had loved her, not having any particular religion himself, he would have let her take him by the hand and led him to her church like a child, and he would have got down on his knees and prayed with her, and become her brother in the church, and then married her. But when he found that she loved her church he got jealous of her religion, that was all, and as long as he couldn't

kill her religion, he killed her. By Jinks, if it was some fellows, they would join any church that ever was for the girl they loved. Pa says he knew a man that got in love with a Jewess, and her folks tried to stand him off but he joined their church and opened a pawn shop, and got a Rabbi to marry them on the sly, and when her folks came blowing around he put up his hand and shook it and said, 'Haast dogeshen. Vot you going to do about it? Ma says she and pa had a good deal of trouble about their religion before they were married. She was a Baptist and pa was a Democrat, but pa kicked when they nominated Greeley, and goes to her church now. Well, I must go down to the morgue and see the lovers that couldn't agree about going to heaven,' and the boy skipped.—Peck's Sun.

She Got It

"There!" called out a woman who was a passenger on a Bay City train leaving Detroit a day or two ago. "I've went and gone and left my satchel in the depot. Somebody call the conductor."

A benevolent man with a bald head and a double chin volunteered his services, and after a time the conductor was brought in.

"Can't you stop and run back?" asked the woman.

"No, ma'am; but I'll telegraph to have your baggage sent on. What is it?"

"A satchel."

"Very well," he said, as he began to write. "It is an old satchel with one handle off and the lock broken of course."

"Y-yes, sir; but it's none of your business if it is. You don't buy my satchels."

"No, ma'am—of course not. Let's see! I'll telegraph them to open it. The first thing out top is a night-cap."

"S'posin' 'tis," she blustered up. "I guess there is no law agin wearing night-caps."

"No, ma'am, and the next thing is a pair of black woolen stockings which have been darned in the heels. What next?"

"The next thing is that if any man in this 'ere State of Michigan dares to open that satchel and go to pawing over the contents, I'll make a corpse of him!" she exclaimed, as she untied her bonnet.

"I must telegraph."

"Then you call it a black satchel kinder busted in one side and kinder busted all to Goshen by you railroad wretches on both ends, and let it go at that. I won't have it pawed over."

"Not another word," she said, as her spectacles danced on her nose. "Do as I tell you, and if they can't find it I'll come back and stir things up and bounce folks around till they'll think it's a bad year for hurricanes. Just say a busted black satchel, and add that if it comes along with the other handle pulled off I'll begin a lawsuit to make this railroad flicker."

The busted black satchel left on the next train.—Detroit Free Press.

She was Not to be Beaten

Mrs. Percy Yeger is one of those ambitious women who never allows herself to be surpassed by anybody in anything. She actually crowded over the neighbors, because one of her children was worse broken out with the measles than all the rest of the children in that part of Austin put together.

He Knew How

"Do you want any brakemen?" inquired a seedy-looking chap of Mr. Master, at the general superintendent's office, yesterday.

Mac said they did; road rushed with business and men all overworked.

"Guess I'll try it a spell," said the stranger.

"All right, sir," replied Mac. "Ever on any braking?"

"Y-ess."

"What road?"

"The Skowlegan Turnpike; broke on lumber trucks down Johnson hill for two years. That's an awful hill, stranger—two miles long and steeper than roof there, and you bet it took a power of muscle to hold her. If a wheel slipped she was gone. I reckon I'm the man you want."

He was taken on probation, and in side of an hour returned, saying that the conductor of the crew to which he had been assigned wanted a gallon of red oil for the danger signal lanterns on the rear of the train.

Honeymoon Hints

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but a rolling pin frequently gathers in the husband's hair.

A New Jersey man had been put in jail for having fourteen wives. That must be a great relief to him.

"I am down to bed rock," said a hen-pecked Pittsburgh husband, as he swayed the cradle containing his howling son and heir.

A good wife is beyond price, and yet nine out of every ten husbands will grow for a year before paying for a ten dollar bouquet.

A New York paper asks: "Who are the fools?" and it has received letters from over one thousand married men, wanting to know if it meant to be personal.

The sweetest music in the world," says a writer, "is the human voice." Young parents will do well to paste this sentiment at the head of their first cradle.

Nero is credited with being the cruellest person that ever lived, and yet there is no record that he promised his wife a seal-skin sacque and then refuse to get it for her.

"You say the prisoner is insane; what makes you think so?" "Because he has been married four times, and two of his wives are cross-eyed," was the reply, slowly made.

A humorist describes a baby as "a bald head and a pair of lungs." This is not quite as sentimental as some poems we have seen but will be more likely to be pasted inside the hats of fathers of families.

So Very Becoming

One day last week old Mrs. Newyears, one of the wealthiest old ladies in Austin, made an official call on Mrs. Fizzletop. Mrs. Newyears was dressed in an elegant silk dress made in the very highest style of art. It attracted the attention of Johnny, who could not help admiring it, and finally the imp said:

Horr Hans Yeager's Opinion of Matrimony.

"Well, Mr. Yeager, what do you think of matrimony?"

"Vat vos dese?"

"The married life, you know."

"Ugh! You bet mein schweed life I know. Dat been a humbuggin' pusiness. Dat been a sheat and a pird drap to catch fellers mit. Penfore I got me married I think I been so habby like an angel pird, and burry soon rild away, quick dereatie, I finds me mein mistakecond."

"Then you didn't marry happily?"

"Oh, yes; to been schure I married me dot vay. Dot's vot der tradder vas mit dot pusiness. Dem honey noon schesse weeks I vas more habby in as a hundret and feunfy year dereafter, out I fit me dot long."

"Yes, but married life, take it all in all, is the happiest, is it not?"

"I dinks it vas petter out a mans him got married to fight der ding drough; aber onf him don't god married it vas petter for schillieren vat don't vas got pored yit to schtop midout marry. Dot safe droubles in dot world and all der older world, und don't it fargot you?"

A Good Salesman

"Them pants is too short," said a huckster who was bargaining for a pair of trousers in Canal street.

"But dey vill stretch, my fren, dey vill stretch. Yust hang weights on de legs and stretch dem every night, dot keeps the pags out of de knees."

"They are too dark," continued the customer.

"Dark," said the dealer, "vat matter ish dot; de color ish not fast, und dey vill fade dree shades in two days."

"They are too wide in the legs," objected the huckster; and the accommodating dealer in accommodating garments said:

"Vell, ven you stretch dem de long vay ton't dey get schmaller sidevays? De more you vears dem de petter dey fits you."

"Look at that big grease spot," said the particular buyer.

"Oh, dot's nothing," said the dealer. "You vill haf dem all over vaggin crease in less as von week. I drow off den cents for dot spot. You dake dem for a tallar vorty."

He took them.

The Missing Saw-Mill

The good old stories of by-gone days are often the best. Dick Steele is just reviving this about our fellow townsman.

WHY DO YOU SUFFER WITH CORNS 15 Fifteen Cents 15 EUREKA Corn CURE GREEN'S PHARMACY, Bush House Block, BELLEFONTE, PA. Liberal Discount to Merchants. D. Garman & Son's New Store.

BEAUVILLE MOYNE LIONEL D. Garman & Son. 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.

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

&c., at almost half price. Read this through to the end: there is something that will strike you.

Then come with your shekels. 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 Threaded Fine Dress Goods... 15c a yard, elsewhere 20c.
Another lot... 8c a yard.
One lot of good Ginghams... 7c a yard.
White Red goods... 5c a yard.
Cotton Flannels... 6c a yard.
Best Calico... 4c a yard.
New Strappings... 8 and 9c a yard.
Plaid Flannels... 10c a yard.
Red Tulle Laces... 12c a yard.
Double-width Cashmere... 12 1/2c a yard.
All-wool Black and Colored Cashmere... 12c a yard.
Ladies' Gossamer... 10c a yard.
All-wool Cashmere, Black and colored, at least 1-3 Cheaper than anywhere else.
Plaid Dress Goods... 7 1/2c a yard.
Appleton A Quality... 7 1/2c a yard.
Red all-wool Flannels from... 30c up.
One Extra Quality Black Silk... 50 and 75c. Elsewhere \$1.00 and 1.25.
One lot Extra Quality Black Silk... \$1.00. Elsewhere \$1.25.
One lot Extra Heavy Quality Black Silk... 1.25. " 2.00.
One lot Extra Heavy Super Quality Black Silk... 1.50. " 2.00 & 3.00.
Colored Silks, Extra Heavy... 75c, in all the new shades.
Colored Silks from... 80c a yard up.
Silk Velvets from... 1.00 and 1.25 up.
The finest quality 1-3/4 yd width all wool Dress Cloth and Flannel \$1.00 per yd. Same qual elsewhere 1.25.
Silk Fishnet from... 75c up.
Velvet from... 25c up.
Colored Blankets from... 75c pair up.
White Blankets from... 1.00 a pair up.
Cassimeres and Drapers from... 25c.
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for... 25c.
Children's Hose 4 pair for... 25c.
Men's Socks 4 pair for... 25c.
Men's Wool Hose... 18c. Elsewhere 20c.
Men's Very Fine Seamless all-wool Hose... 18c a pair.

Shoes at One-Half Price.

- Ladies' Shoes, good A Quality... 1.00 per pair.
Ladies' Shoes, good B Quality... 1.25 per pair.
Children's Shoes... 25, 30 and 40c a pair.
Ladies' Button Shoes from... 1.00 per pair up.
Ladies' Button Shoes, Finest Quality... 1.25.
Ladies' Button Shoes, Best Quality, warranted... 1.50 and 2.00.
Ladies' Button Shoes, French Kid... 2.50 to 3.50, Wright's best Rochester make.
Children's Shoes from 1.00 up... 1.00 and 1.50 per pair.
Men's Overtaxed 3.00, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00 up. Men's All-wool Boots from 6.00 up.
Men's Fine Boots 4.00 a pair. Men's A Heavy Boot 1.00 a pair. Boy's Boots 1.00 and 1.25 per pair.
Ladies' Overtaxed Kid-Glove Shoe a pair. Men's Overtaxed Black-Glove Shoe 0.50 a pair.
Men's Heavy Buck Overtaxed from 75c up. Boy's Overtaxed.
Ladies' and Children's Dolmans, Vests, Circulars, the largest stock, and marked down 25 per cent. from last month's prices.

We have in stock to lotation all the bargains we have but we have Forty Thousand Dollar's Worth Stock which change 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.