

Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa.

THE BOY HAS GOT A JOB KEEPING HIS PA OUT OF POLITICS.

"Get out of here now, pretty lively," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in rubbing his hands and trying to be pleasant. "A boy that will loaf around here and eat things, and kick when I ask him to help me sort over potatoes, can't stay in my store. Git!" and the groceryman picked up a link of sausage and looked mad.

"O, go hate yourself," said the boy as he drew a knife and cut a slice off the groceryman's weapon, and began eating it, as unconcerned as possible. "When you want work done, say so and I will help you, but when you say 'let's go and have some fun' sprouting potatoes or carrying in coal, that is too thin. When you say that, you are a gay deceiver, and you are guilty of false pretenses. But quit lying and call it by its right name, work, and you catch Henery, but not with funny chaff. But I have got all the work I want on my hands now. I have been appointed pa's guardian, by ma, and I am straining every nerve to keep pa out of politics."

"Good gracious," said the groceryman in alarm, "I am sorry for your pa, if he has got his head set on going into politics. I was in politics one year myself, and it has taken me five years to get out and pay my debts, and now every ward politician owes me for groceries. You see they came to me and wanted me to run for supervisor. They said I was just the man they wanted, a man with a large head, one who was a business man, and who would not kick at the expenditure of a few dollars when he could make a barrel of money. They said if I was on the board of supervisors I could be placed on a committee that handled the funds, and I could make the purchases of groceries and provisions for all the county institutions, the poor house, house of correction, insane asylum, hospitals, and everything, and I could buy them at my own store at my own price, and in two years I could be rich as any man in town. Well, I never had a proposition strike me so favorably, and I went in head over heels. For a month I went around our ward night and day, spending money, and the politicians came to the store and traded when I was out, and had it charged, and when the caucus was held I only got one vote for supervisor, and I voted that myself. Well, the politicians tried to explain to me, but I bought a revolver, and they kept away. Do you know, the next day after the caucus I didn't have twenty dollars worth of groceries in the store, and the clerk was dying of lonesomeness? Whatever your pa does, don't let him go into politics, for he will bring up in an insane asylum, sure."

"Well, pa has got it bad, but he is too numerous. He has been yearning for two years for a political campaign to open. I don't suppose there is a citizen who enjoys politics as much as pa. He stays out nights till the last place is closed, and is the first man on deck in the morning. He has drank with more candidates, more different times, than anybody, and when he is so full that he can't drink he takes a cigar, and brings it home. His guests have been smoking up old election cigars ever since the Hancock campaign, and some of them are awful. But this time they are going to run pa for alderman, and he has opened the campaign with a cork-screw. Pa thinks that the position of alderman is greater than governor, because aldermen wear a badge, and have influence. But pa is overdoing the thing. He wants to please everybody, and he has promised to put ninety-seven men on the police force, has promised forty-four men the position of bridge-tender, and there is only one bridge in his ward. He promises the saloon keepers to reduce the price of licenses, and allow them to keep open all night, and he has promised the prohibition temperance people to raise saloon licenses to a thousand dollars and close every saloon in town. The result is going to be if pa is elected he will kill himself, and if he is not elected the people will kill him, so somebody has got to save pa."

"You can't do it as long as the fever is on," said the groceryman. "You have got to watch him, and when he meets with defeat or reverses in politics, then fire some sense into him. But as long as he is red hot in a campaign, nothing will stop him. I have seen a politician who was full of enthusiasm and beer, fall into the river and drown, and the police pulled him out and then rolled him on a barrel, and pretty soon he came to and the first thing he said was 'Rab for Tilden. Set 'em up again!' You would have thought that man would quit politics, and try and lead a different life, but the next day he was going whooping around, electioneering in the saloons and on street corners, with a cork life preserver strapped around him. He is alive yet, and is an alderman. When a man gets into politics it takes possession of him, and wherever he is he is getting in his work for his party. There was a ward politician that I knew once that used to make a specialty of laboring with the working men. One day he was on top of a building that was being erected, arguing with a brick layer, when his foot slipped and he fell off. As he was going down he passed a hod carrier going up with a load of mortar.

You would think that man would forget politics, as he was falling, and say his prayers, or pick out a soft place to strike on the side walk, but he didn't. As he passed the hod carrier he yelled to him, 'Don't forget the caucus to-night in your ward and get out all the boys.' He struck in a bed of soft mortar, which saved his life, and as they took a hoe and pulled him to the surface he scraped the mortar out of his eyes, and as a doctor came up to set his bones he asked the doctor if he had made up his mind how to vote this year. No, sir, there is no room in a politician for anything except politics. I was never so annoyed in my life as I was once in church when they put a politician in my pew, and when we got up to sing and opened the hymn book, the politician had a Republican presidential ballot under his thumb, and I had to read it all through. Dear me, if you can get your pa out of politics, do it, if you have to scare the life out of him."

"Let ma and me alone for that," said the boy. "We are experimenting with phosphorous, and some night when the campaign is fairly opened, and pa comes home late at night acting crooked, he will see the handwriting on the wall of a dark room, and the skeletons and snakes and animals and things that will visit him will break him up. If every politician had a good little boy to look after him he might be saved or killed, which would be better than lingering in politics to be cut down like a flower after he had gone through his property and lost his health," and the boy went out to learn how to draw a skeleton on the wall with phosphorous, and the groceryman sat and thought of his own experience as a politician.—Peck's Sun.

Taking All the Christmas Fun Out of His Wife.

It was coolly planned and deliberately executed in cold blood. They sat by the fire, and as he perused his paper she was busy with thoughts of Christmas. By and by he walked up and asked:

"Did any parcels for me come up to-day?"

"No, dear," she replied, as her face grew white as snow. "Have you been buying anything?"

"No, nothing much. I happened in at Blank's this afternoon, and, as he was selling out his slippers at cost, I bought me three pairs. Guess I'll be fixed for the next ten years to come."

"You—bought—slippers?" she gasped as she pressed her hands upon her heart.

"Yes, and Dash came to the door as I was going past, and asked me in to look at his stock of dressing gowns."

"And—and—"

"And I bought me a couple. Rather handy garments you know, and these are something extra nice."

"Do you mean to tell me that you went—and—"

"Why dear, how you tremble," he interrupted. "Yes, I bought two of 'em and when Dash happened to mention that I ought to have a smoking cap, some new shirt and a smoking set and a cane, I told him to go ahead and send 'em up. I'll order a new silk hat, wristlets, gloves, sleeve-buttons and neckties to-morrow, and then I guess I'll be provided for. Come and kiss your dear old hubby."

But she didn't. She rose up and clawed and gasped and rushed out of the room with tearful eyes and clenched teeth. All her Christmas surprise was handicapped.

A LAWYER WAS summoned as a witness in a certain case. The judge finding that the witness was lying badly, interrupted him, saying: "I beg of you to forget your profession for a moment and tell us the truth."

A MEDICAL writer says that girls are so constructed that they cannot jump. If he is a respectable young man, let him propose matrimony to one of the girls and he'll soon see her jump—at the offer.

"Was Early Man a Savage?" asks a magazine writer. That depends. If the early man was dressing to catch the 4 P. M. train, and his collar button fell behind the bureau, the probabilities are that he was about as savage as they make 'em.

A WOMAN in Georgia wants a divorce because her husband refused to let her know the combination of his safe. For sake of keeping peace in the family a man should let his wife know the combination of his safe—and keep all his money in bank.

WHILE a Chicago girl was bending over a washtub a man slipped up behind her and kissed her. She had him arrested and a jury has just decided that he is not guilty and that she must pay the costs. The majority of the jurors had monkeyed around washtubs themselves.

A VOICE voice: "I'd give \$500 for a voice like yours," pleasantly remarked a Chicago man to a middle-aged Boston woman with a keen eye, a snallow visage, and a long jaw. A smile of grateful vanity illuminated her face at the implied compliment as she coquishly asked: "And what would you do with it?" "I'd use it to frighten my wife's mother away from the house," answered the prairie-red brute.

The Hunters from New York.

HOW THEY WERE TAKEN IN BY OSKOSH KOSH BLOODS.

The ignorance of foreigners, and even people of the east, about the west, is lamentable, but it has to be put up with. There are people in New York who think that west of Buffalo it is an unbroken wilderness as far as Chicago, except a few settlements like Detroit and Toledo. They think that Chicago is like Paughkeepsie, and Milwaukee something like Orange, N. J. Tell such a New York man that Chicago has more and better hotels than New York, and he would not recognize you on the street after that. The most that people out west can do, is to make the best of it, and when they find such an ignoramus, have all the fun possible out of him. There is a story being told, privately, about a joke played on some New York hunters recently, that is important, if true. Just before the great Astor ball in New York, it was announced in the eastern papers that Astor had sent a party of hunters to Wisconsin to procure game for the grand supper, and it was said that every variety of game, deer, antelope, moose, buffalo, etc., would be on the table, killed by Astor's special artist on the spot. The men came to Chicago and took an afternoon train north, and it was not long before they attracted attention by the guns and equipments they had, and as they told the conductor the object of the expedition, it was not long before everybody on the train knew them. There was a party of Oshkosh lawyers and business men on the train, and they are the worst men in the world, the very worst. They are bold and bad, and they glory in it. These wicked Oshkosh men decided to get acquainted with the mighty hunters, which was an easy job, and by a few well directed inquiries they found out that the hunting party actually expected to find all the kinds of game mentioned, within a hundred miles of Chicago. One lawyer was so astonished at the ignorance of the eastern men, that for some time he could not believe but they were joking. The Oshkosh citizens held a consultation in the smoking car, and decided to play it on the hunters, so one of them sat down by them and confidentially told them that their party was too small to cover all the different kinds of game, as a place where buffalo abound would be no place to find moose, and the same about antelope and deer. He said there was only one place in the state where it was possible to find all kinds of game, and that was a point about five miles above Oshkosh that puts out into Lake Butte des Morts. He said there was something about the water there that caused all the animals to come there to drink, from miles around, but he said the Indians were very jealous and would be apt to make trouble unless the hunters would cook a dog and keep the meat on hand to treat the Indians to a free lunch when they visited the camp. The hunters were greatly taken with the scheme and arranged to go there. The Oshkosh men offered to procure a dog for the sacrifice, and also agreed to lend the hunters dogs for each kind of hunting, claiming that they must have a small dog for moose, to worry the animals after they were wounded, a long dog for buffalo, and a setter dog for deer and antelope. The men concluded to stop at Oshkosh and go to the place suggested. They put up at a hotel and the next morning the Oshkosh men were on hand with the dogs. They had stolen a fat yellow dog and put a card on him labeled, "For the sacrifice," they had a small rat dog with a card on his neck labeled "To be used only for moose," and a long hound that nobody claimed, for buffalo, and they promised to send up a setter the next day. Well, the hunters hired a sleigh of a man who had been told the joke, and they were taken to a lumber-shanty on the point and left. The driver told them the game would not be apt to run much before afternoon, and maybe not till next day, as a tribe of Winnebago Indians had been there the day before. Impressing upon them the importance of cooking the dog the first thing, in order to be prepared to pacify the Indians, the driver left. Well, it snowed and blew great guns for three days, and nothing was heard from the hunters, till one day a man came down from Winnebago with a load of wood, and when he got to Oshkosh he told a policeman that some lunatics had escaped from the asylum and had gone into a shanty up on the lake. On being asked what made him think they were lunatics, he said as he was passing by the point he saw a fellow holding up a piece of white shirt, and he stopped his team and went to the point, when three men turned pale and said, "Please, Mr. Winnebago Indian, don't hurt us. Come in and eat some dog." The man said he thought they were lunatics at once, but when he began to back away and they asked him if he had seen any moose or buffalo that day he knew they were crazy. Two of the dogs got loose and followed his sleigh to town. He said the police had better notify Dr. Kempster where he could find his lunatics. Two days afterwards a couple of Oshkosh fellows thought they would go up and see how the hunters got along, but they found the shanty deserted, only a kettle of boiled dog remaining. They made inquiries of a farmer, as to when

the men left, and he said he went over to the shanty the day before, to see who was burning his wood, and found the men discouraged. They offered him some dog, but it wasn't his dog day, so he refused. They asked him about moose and buffalo, and he thought they were making fun of him, and was going to whip the whole party, when they told him what they were after. He said he thought he would split with laughter, but he finally told them what cussed fools they were, and that there wasn't a moose or buffalo within two thousand miles of them, and only a few deer up in the northern part of the state, and it was against the law to shoot them. The men held a consultation, and hired the farmer to take them to Winnebago, where they embarked for New York. The farmer said, when they showed him their "moose dog," a little black and tan, that would have difficulty killing a rat, he almost died laughing. The Oshkosh men have kept this matter very quiet for fear of being arrested for stealing dogs, but this story accounts for the fact that Mr. Astor didn't serve any moose or buffalo from Wisconsin, at her banquet. It seems singular that men will be deceived as these men were, but an Oshkosh man would deceive anybody.—Peck's Sun.

A Dark Cloud on the Face of a Young Moneyman.

"No, George, I'm not going to take my shoes off."

"You'd better, dearest."

"No, I shan't. Just like as not the train will run off the track. What a place this is for a lady to sleep in. Catch me taking off my shoes, nor anything else this night. Why, anybody can come along here and pull these curtains right back."

"Why, dear, it is just as private here as in your own room. No one disturbs any one else on a sleeper. You know I traveled a great deal before we were married. Now come, pet, let me untie your shoes for you."

"You shan't, George. I tell you I won't take my shoes off, and I won't, so there. I am going to sit up here and lean against this pillow and look out of the window all night, and I'll be ready dressed for breakfast in the morning. You can sleep down there if you want to."

He argued, reasoned, entreated and commanded, but the six-hour bride remained firm, and it was evident that a dark cloud was on the face of the young honeymoon. The last thing we heard before going to sleep was the beginning of what he said was his last appeal.

We didn't hear the end of it, but awoke next morning and found all quiet in the next berth. All the other passengers were soon up, and the porter had their beds metamorphosed into seats, but still the bridal couple slept. Finally they were roused by the conductor, and after forty minutes of floundering in the lower bunk, and frequent whispered inquiries for sundry missing articles, conspicuous among which was "my other shoe," there appeared a plump little woman with wavy hair and a pair of pretty blushes, which deepened and widened surprisingly as she met the gaze of her fellow-passengers. It was apparent that she had at last relented.

LET NOT your fields nor your minds lie fallow too long; they will produce a crop of weeds, and weeds are much readier to take root than to leave.

A CHICAGO girl said she couldn't remember the number of her shoes, and then got mad because somebody said it was a good deal to tax one's mind with.

A WOMAN applied for a place as a street car driver. "Can you manage mules?" asked an employer. "I should smile," she said. "I've had two husbands."

WHEN a Chicago girl goes into a shoe store with a sweetheart she winks at the clerk and asks for "Langtry two." Then they take her into the back yard and try them on.

If your wife begins to wheedle around you about this time and give you considerable taffy, don't regard it as an increase of affection. It is merely preliminary to a request for a new bonnet.

A WILKESBARRE man took his seat in the barber's chair; he asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used two days before. Being answered affirmatively, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform."

A BROOKLYN girl who was engaged to a Chicago man has mysteriously disappeared. It is supposed that some of his other wives called on her and they told her all about him. Some women are mean enough to do anything.

WHEN she called to consult the divorce lawyer she was in a terrible rage. "What charge do you prefer against your husband?" asked the hymenial bond breaker.

"Why," exclaimed the woman, bursting into tears, "I had two teeth pulled the other day, and caught a cold, which swelled my jaw so that the base miscalc told me to my face that he was going on an all-night racket because I wasn't in a condition to scold him when he came home. A man who will do that is actually too mean to live with: so there!"



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