

### Old Buckleybroom.

The United States authorities at Little Rock received intelligence to the effect that old man Buckleybroom, of Faulkner county, had been for some time engaged in illicit distilling, so the arrest of that gentleman became a government necessity. Deputy Marshal Bescal, a man of undaunted courage, was sent out to lead the old man to justice. Mr. Bescal has never associated very much with the squatters, having hitherto operated in sections of the country where violence instead of craftiness is required.

While riding carefully along a narrow road, the deputy marshal saw an old man sitting on a log.

"How are you, sir?" called Mr. Bescal.

"How're yer?"

"Do you live in this community?"

"Wall, I hang erroun' here some."

"What is your business?"

"Preachin'."

"What denomination?"

"Fust one an' then tuther."

"What makes you chang?"

"Wall, you see, if I am a Baptist an' the season ain't good, I think that I oughter change. By tryin' all o' em, I'm mighty apt ter git the right one arter er while."

"I'd like to meet some good old Baylist, for I need a drink of whisky as bad as anybody ever needed anything in this world. Do you know who's got any?"

"Any Baptists?"

"No, any whisky?"

"Reckin' the Baptist have got some."

"Where can I find a Baptist?"

"Don't know, fur the only one what lives in this kermunity is dead!"

"How does he live here if he's dead?"

"Dam fi know."

"Does a man named Buckleybroom live in this neighborhood?"

"Old Tom Buckleybroom?"

"Yes, I think so."

"He utes live here."

"Where does he live now?"

"He don't."

"You mean that he's dead, I suppose?"

"Sorter."

"Isn't there another Buckleybroom in the community?"

"Yas, there's one named Jack."

"Where is he?"

"Wall, take this path up the hill keep on till yer come ter a spring, then take the left han' road. Airtur awhile yer'll come ter a little house. Git down, go out in the orchard and yer'll find him."

"How do you know he'll be in the orchard when I get there?"

"Cause he kain't leave. He was put there las' spring."

"You mean that he's buried there?"

"Sorter."

"He's dead, then?"

"Yas, fur we don't bury folks erlive in this country."

"What's your name?"

"Potts."

"Where do you live?"

"On the other side the hill."

"Were you in the army?"

"Yes; I fit for the Union."

"I'm glad to know it. You are no doubt a law-abiding citizen?"

"Yas, I allus have been."

"Would you assist any one in enforcing the law?"

"Oh, yas."

"There is a man in this communiti that I want. I am not certain about his first name, but his surname is Buckleybroom. Show me where he lives and I'll give you five dollars."

"That's sorter dangerous, fur if his folks seed me goin' round wid yer, it would far' bad with me."

"Well, direct me so that I can't miss the way."

"All right," and the old fellow, with many evidences of nervousness, gave minute directions. He received the money and exacted a promise from the officer that he would ever keep his mouth shut concerning the transaction. The old fellow watched the deputy marshal until he was out of sight, and then turned to a boy who stepped from behind a tree, and said:

"Nick, fetch the hoses, fur this here neighborhood is sorter bilious. Made five dollars by tellin' o' a lie when the truth woulde snatched me. Wall, he won't get so close to old Buckleybroom agin this season." —*Ak. Traveler.*

A REPORTER, who has business in a sail-loft the other day, heard some one moving about in a small room, partitioned off from the loft, and directly a voice roared out:

"All clear forward? Then let go the stern line!"

There was silence for a few seconds, and then the voice continued:

"Steady at the wheel! Port a little!

Meet her now as she swings!"

"Who is that chap, and what on earth is he trying to do?" was asked of the sail-maker.

"Oh, he was mate on a side-wheeler last year, and this coming season he is to be a captain on a propeller. He is getting his voice in shape for the opening of navigation."

Just then the voice roared and belled and rattled around, followed by the words: "Back her! Go ahead slow! Out with the gang-plank! Cast off that stern line!"

"What do you mean by getting his voice in shape?" was asked of the sail-man.

"I mean that he has been practicing four hours a day for the last month, and will continue it for a month more.

There is one standard for mates and another for captains. For instance, a mate may shout 'Is your line clear?' and not feel it necessary to freeze the souls of passengers aboard, but the captain views it in a different light.

When he utters an order or shouts an inquiry he expects to see splinters fly from every warehouse. Why, sir, when the captain of a first-class propeller cries out to go ahead or back her he expects to paralyze everything for a mile around."

"And he needs a voice?"

"Aye, sir, he must have a voice as heavy as the roaring sea lion. When he has the voice he must study pose. When he has the pose he must practice facial expression. To be a successful captain he must have a voice like McCullough, a pose like Barrett, and a dignity of look which might belong to an offended lion. Then he stands up like this—poses about like this—assumes an expression like this, and cries out: 'Ease off that bow line!'

And from the room at the other end of the loft came the rumbling, roaring thunder-clap of a voice saying:

"And hold fast to the stern!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

### Only One Chair.

Mr. Wilberforce of Main street, is not a bad man in his way, but he was sorely put out the other morning at breakfast. He had lent a neighbor most of his parlor chairs, and when he entered the room he found but one of these useful articles left.

He immediately called his daughter and turning angrily to her, said:

"You entertained Augustus Smith for two hours last evening in this room?"

"I did pa," confessed the maiden with a blush.

"And where did he sit?"

"On that chair."

"And where did you sit?"

"I—I—I—"

"No prevarication. Where did you sit?"

"I—oh, gracious! I—I sat on the coal hod, pa."

Mr. Wilberforce says he doubts the truth of the statement, but where could the poor girl have sat.

THE frightful scream of a woman was heard in a York street house yes-terday afternoon. Several men who were passing along rushed pell-mell into the house, thinking the woman was being murdered.

"What's the matter?" asked the man who had entered first.

"Oh, oh!" sighed the woman.

"Where is he? Where did he go?" asked another, as he rushed here and there.

"Oh!—in—oh!—that hole in the corner, I think."

It was a mouse. —*Ex.*

I AM told your wife committed suicide by jumping in your cistern, Mr. Tightman."

"Yes; that's so," replied Mr. Tightman.

"I truly pity you, for your wife was an excellent woman."

"Yes; but if she was bent on killin' herself, she had orter done it some other way. None of the family will drink the water in that cistern no more, and every drop of it will have to be pumped out, and I s'pose there are as much as ten feet o' water in it. —*Ex.*

JAMES, who was trying to sew a new button on his coat, murmured: "They say there's a new yacht that makes fifteen knots an hour, but this thread makes twenty knots a minute." —*Ex.*

In this office, when a man falls into the waste-basket he drops into poetry. —*Philadelphia Call.*

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A LITTLE girl who was watching a balloon ascension suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I shouln't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive." —*Ex.*

"WHAT is the greatest calamity in life?" asked a Boston schoolmarm the other day, addressing her class.

There was a pause of some moments' duration. At length the young son of a north-end politician put up his hand.

"Well?" asked the teacher.

"To be beaten at the 'lection and lose yer office."

The teacher put him at the head of the class on political economy.

"I WANT to give you a pointer," said a man to a friend from the country the other day.

"I don't want a pointer," was the countryman's reply.

"It isn't going to cost you a cent."

"You had better sell the pointer to some one," suggested the yokel, with great emphasis.

The man who was to give the pointer looked at his cornhusking friend in astonishment, when the latter said:

"I mean just what I say. I don't want your pointer for a gift. I had one last spring, and he tore up all the plants and raised ructions, and I ain't got no room for dogs on my place!"

And the professional financier commenced to thrust his head between the uncut pages of his morning paper, that the bean-raiser might not see the smile that was floating across his features. —*Puck.*

"What is the key to this great mystery of death?" solemnly inquired the orator, pausing impressively.

And the man in the front seat, who had been coughing all the evening, huskily replied that he reckoned that it must be a skeleton key.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower beds are concerned.

What is the difference between a little boy and a potato? One grows to be eaten, the other beaten to grow.

"What is that you are wearin'?" asked farmer John of his fair city boarder.

"Oh! that is my red Jersey." "All right," was the reply, "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in that field, unless you are good at climbing trees."

"There is money in hogs," says a rural exchange. It would seem so. We know a great many that have money.

"Mamma," said Harry, "What's the difference between goose and geese?" "Why, don't you know?" said four-year-old Annie; "one geese is goose, and a whole lot of geese is geese."

An old widower says when you pop the question, do it with a kind of laugh as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very good; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

"See, mamma," exclaimed a little one, as puss, with arching spine and elevated rudder, strutted around the table, "see kitty has eaten so much she can't shut her tail down."

Real estate is said to be good security because it never runs away. This, however, is not reliable. We have known lands to slope before this.

Being entertained by a romance isn't what is usually meant when the types say "a novel entertainment."

"You might think Scottie Chin was the nickname of some fellow out in the West, but it isn't. It's the name of one of the prettiest girls in Kentucky," says the Philadelphia *Press*. Yes, and one of the brightest girls in Eastern Ohio is Miss Emancipation Proclamation Coghill, of Westerville.

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