

WIT OF CHILDREN.

Grandpa—Who was the first President of the United States? Four-year-old—Don't know. Grandpa—George Washington was. Now you know, don't you? Four-year-old—No, I don't know it. I only have your word for it.

A youngster sat watching his mother while she "pitted" cherries. She inadvertently passed one without removing the stone. Hopeful immediately picked it out with the remark: "Here's one you didn't unbutton, mamma."

Little Fanny looked intently at her mother for some time. Then she said: "Mother, you ain't a girl, are you?" "No, Fanny." "What are you?" "I am a woman." "You were a girl once, weren't you?" "Yes, Fanny." "Well, where is that girl now?"

"Yes," said Bobby's father, as he stroked his little boy's head fondly. "Bobby is keeping a bank for his odd pennies and nickels. And how much have you got saved up, Bobby?" "Twelve cents," he replied, "besides the \$3.25 you owe it."

Old gentleman (putting a few questions)—Now, boys—can you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit? Small Scholar (like a shot)—Please, sir, th' won't no commandments then, sir! Questioner sits corrected.

"Jimmy, what did you do with all that cake?" "I put it in the table." "Why, the cake on the table? You can't not have eaten it all?" "I put half of it in my mouth and ate it up." "Well, where's the other half?" "The other half? Oh, I put that in, too."

Enfant Terrible (in presence of the assembled family)—Does Sister Annie sit in your lap? Young Sprigg (terribly agitated and anticipating a breach of promise suit)—No, no, no—certainly—of course not; how do you do you little fellow? Enfant terrible (impatient of subterfuge, sternly interrupts)—She said—you was as soft as butter, and if she did not sit on your lap how did she know?

Philanthropist—My dear little children, you should not play in these dirty alleys. Don't you like the public parks? Child—Oh, yes; they are beautiful. "Yes, indeed, and you should go to them as often as possible, breathe the fresh air and learn to love the beauties of nature." "Yes, sir." "Remember, my dear little ones, that God made the country, but man made the town. Now, my good little girl, tell me what you first observe when you visit those delightful homes of nature?" "Keep Off the Grass!"

Rival Seaports.

Dan McGary, of the Houston Age, recently paid a complimentary visit to the city of Galveston, which is the great commercial rival of Houston. McGary, owing to his many good qualities of heart and stomach, was invited to the Galveston Elite Club, where the prominent Galvestonians assembled to do him homage.

McGary was asked what impression Galveston made upon him. He replied that it was a very nice, quiet little town, but that the people did not possess the intelligence that was noticeable in Houston, "present company of course excepted." He kept on making odious remarks about Galveston and the natives, always, however, courteously excepting present company.

Among the Galvestonians present was Tom Dealy, of the Galveston News. McGary asked Dealy if he had ever been to Houston. Dealy replied that he had been there.

"How did you like the people?" "Very much indeed," replied Dealy, "they are the handsomest and the most intelligent people I ever saw, present company excepted."

Ten minutes afterward McGary had sent a telegram to his managing editor to strike the Galveston News from the exchange list of the Houston Age.

Obedient Orders.

A nobleman who loved society was in the habit of frequently inviting a few friends to dinner. He was not rich, however, and only kept one servant. One day, as he sat at the table with a guest, a new servant entered with a covered dish.

"What have you got there, John?" asked the nobleman. "A roasted fowl, my lord."

"The nobleman said nothing till after the departure of his friend, when he called his servant before him. "John," said he, "you would have done the house more honor if you had said 'roasted fowls.' Remember that hereafter."

"Yes, my lord." A fortnight afterward the nobleman invited several more friends to dinner. Upon the servant entering with an assistant, each carrying a dish, the master said:

"What have you got there, John?" "The man had not forgotten the correction he had undergone, and replied,—"Roasted oxen and calves."

The company burst into a fit of laughter, and the host joined them.

Signaling a Street Car.

"It's fun watchin' the way folks signal to us," said the driver. "I can call 'em up every time. First, there's the kitchen mechanic, the real potwopler. She stands in the middle of the street and says 'Hullo!' a wavin' both arms as though she was shootin' the cows out of the garden. Then comes the up stairs girl—the gentel kind. She turns coyly to one side and waves her hand as though somebody was pullin' the string. As for the missis, she stands on the curb and gently but impressively lifts one finger. The old chap with spectacles and a black suit shakes his gold-headed cane at you and roars 'Stop that car, you rascal!' while the dude stops sucking the head of his big stick long enough to hold it up languidly with an air that means 'Hold up, fellah, though he hasn't enough lungs or energy to say it. Last of all is the business man who never opens his head or looks at you, but just stands there beside the track thinking up some new scheme, and when the car comes along he makes a grab at it and swings on. Yes, there's plenty of fun in this business if you only know how to get a hold of it."—New York Tribune.

Dennis a discussion of religious topics young Brown said: "I tell you that, if the other animals do not exist after death, neither will man. There is no difference between man and a beast." And good old Jones mildly replied: "If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."

Telling Jokes on Himself.

A very funny scene, of which the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was the central figure, occurred a few days ago in a Fourth Avenue car, New York. The doctor and some ladies had just taken their seats when a man who was considerably under the influence of liquor boarded the car and sat down opposite them. His conduct soon became rather boisterous, and two men who sat near by began to swear at him and threaten to put him off. This naturally did not improve matters, and Dr. Crosby, seeing that the ladies were becoming frightened, signaled the two sober men to stop their tantalizing while he went over and sat down beside the drunkard. After the minister had spoken a few words in the fellow's ear he stopped his noise, and the doctor went back to his seat. For nearly a mile further the man traveled without causing the least disturbance, and then Dr. Crosby saw that he wanted to get out. He signaled to the conductor and the car stopped. The drunken man rose from his seat, but before going out turned toward his late tormentors with a most horrible frown, and then stepped over to Dr. Crosby, while over his face spread a maudlin, idiotic grin. Patting the minister on the shoulder two or three times, he said in a very audible tone, "You're a good feller. I guess you know how tis' yourself."

The doctor told that story to a party of gentlemen a day or two ago with a great deal of relish, and said it was the best proof of sympathy that he had ever experienced. He followed it up with the following, which happened several years ago:

A pisca orial friend sent him a huge and palatable-looking salmon, the receipt of which greatly delighted the good doctor's heart. In his generosity he straightway invited half a dozen gourmand friends to share his good fortune and help dispose of the fish. Dinner time came, with all the guests on hand, and they adjourned with great anticipations to the table. For the second course the salmon was served, and every man's mouth watered. The doctor served the dish, and they all fell upon it. The first gentleman who took a mouthful stopped suddenly, his face turned pale, and with a quick movement he raised his napkin to his mouth. The host noticed it, as did the other guests, but too late.

A stonishment was seen in every muscle of Dr. Crosby's face, when a sharp ring at the door bell announced an arrival. It was a boy with a letter from the donor of the salmon, who stated that it was the finest specimen that he had ever caught, and, as he knew Dr. Crosby was connected with the Museum of Natural History, he had taken the liberty of preserving it in alcohol, and—Dr. Crosby has never yet had the courage to read the rest of that letter, but all the guests present, with their numbers augmented by the person of the donor of that fish, soon ate a dinner at the doctor's house for which that reverend gentleman paid in hard cash.

An Awkward Mistake.

A clubman relates to his own expense the following reminiscence of his visit to London last summer. Wishing to take advantage of the alleged cheapness of clothing in London he carried with him no more than he actually needed for the voyage, and on his arrival he posted up to London in his shabby steamer dress to find an important dinner engagement awaiting him, only a few days off. It was an extremely hot day, and he was tired, but he went at once to the establishment of a tailor who had been recommended, and asked to see the proprietor, Mr. X. That gentleman appeared, and the following conversation ensued:

"You are Mr. X?" asked the American. "Yes."

"I met your customer, Mr. A., on the steamer I have just landed from, and he advised me to come and see the clothing looking anywhere else," said the American. "But really, my man," the tailor said, looking the travel-stained visitor over from head to foot, "I am awfully sorry not to oblige Mr. A., don't you know, but really we don't need any more help at present."

The American was neither vain nor lacking in a sense of the ludicrous, so that instead of becoming mortally offended, as many might have done, he simply laughed and explained that he wanted some work done himself, and on this footing he was at once treated with a consideration designed to atone for so awkward a mistake.

Giants in Those Days.

Pliny mentions the giant Galbarr, who was nine feet nine inches tall, and two other giants, Poison and Secundilla, who were half a foot taller.

Garpolis tells of a young giantess who was ten feet high. Leat speaks of a Scotch giant eleven feet six inches in height. A giant eight feet high was exhibited at Rouen in 1755.

A Swedish peasant, cited by Buffon, was eight feet and eight lines in height, and the stature of the Finnish giant Ujanus was the same, while Frederick William, King of Prussia, had a guard of nearly equal stature.

The giant Gilie de Trent, in the Tyrol, and one of the guards of the Duke of Brunswick, was more than eight feet four inches in height. The Grecian giant Amanab, now eighteen years old, is seven feet eight inches tall.

The Chinese giant, Chang, eight feet three inches. The Austrian giant, Winckelmeier, who was recently exhibited in Paris, measuring eight and one-half feet, may be regarded as a specimen of the highest stature attained by the human species.

At the opposite extreme may be found numerous dwarfs not more than twenty inches, and some even as little as sixteen and even twelve inches in height; but such dwarfs are only monsters with strophied limbs, whose age is usually exaggerated by their barnums.

Blood Well Tell.

Charlie, aged eight, brought home a sinking yellow pup, brown-legged, drooping-tailed and shamed-faced. He cared for it tenderly, fixed a dry goods box in the back yard for a kennel, and on every possible occasion exhibited the animal proudly. His sister Ella, aged eighteen, asked him fastidiously:

"Where did you get that dog?" "I bought him from a man for twenty-five cents," with the pride of ownership. "Mercy! The idea of paying twenty-five cents for that horrid beast!" "Charlie's eyes flashed indignantly. "He ain't horrid. That shows how much a girl knows. The man told me he is a full-blooded cur."

THE FAITHFUL RETAINER.

He Was Forced to Confess That His Venerable Master Was to be Queen of the May.

The following story comes to the listener from a Maine city, and it strikes him that for "to be may king, in its behalf, the old rule never to call a story a good one before it is told."

One evening, not long ago, there was arres ed in this city an old gentleman of position and cheery habits. The policeman said he had found the old gentleman on the street very drunk. The complaint was entered against him, but as he seemed to be able to get about, he was released on his recognizance and sent home in a hack, which he paid for with great alacrity. When his case came up in Court the only witnesses summoned to prove his condition were the policeman and the old family servant of the accused, a faithful and devoted retainer.

The policeman had given his testimony, which was unqualifiedly to the fact of the old gentleman's intoxication. Then the old servant was called to the stand. There was a mingled expression of indignation and determination on his countenance. He testified flatly, to the surprise of the Court-room, that the old man was sober when he came home. The Prosecuting Attorney proceeded to question.

"You say that Mr. — was sober when he came home?" "Yes, sir."

"Did he go to bed alone?" "No, sir."

"Did you put him to bed?" "Yes, sir."

"And he was perfectly sober?" "Yes, sir."

"What did he say when you put him to bed?" "He said, 'Good night.'"

"Any thing else?" "He said as how I was to call him early."

"Any think else?" "Yes, sir."

"What was it? Tell us exactly what he said—your word."

"He said as now I was to wake and call him early, for he was to be Queen of the May!"

The Court-room roared. And in spite of the old servant's very positive testimony the accused was convicted and fined.

Enlightening a Barkeeper.

A friend told me an amusing experience the other day which illustrates the ingenuity which a man when he wants a drink very badly will exercise in order to obtain relief for his inordinate appetite. It appears that a young man approached him on the street, and telling a piteous tale of privation and woe, solicited sufficient to purchase a meal. My friend, who is peculiarly open to these appeals, much to the detriment of his purse, gave the fellow all he had about him in change, ten cents, telling him that would at all events keep him from starving. Seizing the money, the man started off, and was joined by a companion who had been watching developments from a short distance, and the two made off at a round pace in earnest consultation, and were followed out of curiosity by my friend. The two entered a saloon where whisky is retailed at ten cents a glass, and the first man, throwing down his dime, called for whisky straight. Seizing the bottle, he poured out a level tumblerful, much to the secret indignation of the bartender, who muttered something about "taking a bath." Raising the glass to his lips, the fellow drank half the contents, when, suddenly stopping with a look of disgust, he said, "what's the matter with this whisky anyhow?" "Nawthin," replied the knight of the white apron and the Alaska diamond headlight, "you must be off yer base, there ain't nawthin the matter with it."

"Let me taste it," said the friend, and taking the glass he drained it to the dregs. "I don't see nothing the matter with it." "Well, I may be wrong," said the other, and the two were leaving the saloon when the bartender, whose anger had changed into admiration, said: "Look here, you two chaps, if ever you are hard up for a drink, come in here and I'll stand treat. I've been in the business for ten years and thought I knew all the ropes, but this takes the cake." My friend was of the same opinion, and said if he had another dime in his pocket he would have bestowed it on the ingenious rogues.

He had to Give It Up.

Patiently she sat and waited for his football. His football was busy filling engagements at other points. A tear trickled from her eye and burst into countless sparkling atoms, as it fell on the mantle which hung gracefully from her shoulders. The gaiter flickered dimly in the dim hall. She let it flicker, and heeded it not. The policeman's club struck the curbstone on the next block with a hollow sound, and she started in terror. What if—oh, sickening thought! But no—George was always fly enough to take a cab after he had finished going out with the boys.

At last he came. "Where have you been so long, George?" she asked.

He scarcely seemed to hear her. For several minutes he stood motionless, but his face wore a troubled expression. At length he spoke these words:

"My—lick—dear, I hash ter give it up. I've got ter poorest man's try of 'em shaw. Ashk me shumpin' easy. I'll fin' out fer you to—hic—morrow from shom of ozzher—hic—fellahs. Good-night."

On the Front Gate.

"John, do you remember when we used to swing on my father's front gate?" "Yes, Maria, I do."

"And the moon used to look so beautiful, John."

"I did, Maria."

"They were so bright."

"I wonder if the moon is so beautiful and the stars as bright now as they were then, John?" "I presume they are Maria."

"Then why can't we swing on the front gate now and look at the moon and the stars and the blue night skies with their fleecy clouds, as we used to do then?" "We can, Maria, if you want to."

"Then, John, let us go out to the front gate for a while and see if it will seem anything like it used to."

"All right, Maria. You can go out and try it awhile, and if you like it maybe I'll take a turn at it."

But Maria thought him too much of a brute to do anything of the kind.

THE JUDGE 'GOT.'

How He Got Even in the End.

Judge Whibledon, of the Twenty-ninth Judicial Circuit, is, while on the bench, a man of severe dignity, but in private life he is known as a gentleman of many admirable social qualities. Several days ago the Judge went out into the mountains to rest and amuse himself, and had just dismounted from his horse when a peculiar-looking old fellow came along the rough path that wound its way among the jagged rocks. The old fellow, upon spying the Judge, stopped, looked earnestly, and then an odd smile crept about the corners of his mouth, and then, as though seeking ambush, secreted itself in the old fellow's whiskers.

"Good morning," the Judge pleasantly called.

"Hi."

"Do you live about here?" "Ab, hab."

"Any fish in this stream?" "Dunno."

"Plenty of squirrels up there, I suppose."

"Dunno."

"Think we'll have rain?" "Dunno."

The Judge, somewhat disgusted, turned away and threw his line into the water. "Chag," a stone struck his cork. He turned quickly, but saw no movement on the part of the old fellow, who sat on a stone, with his hands shoved deep into his pockets.

"What was that?" the Judge demanded.

"What?" "Something struck my cork."

"Don't know nothin' about it."

The Judge turned away, and the next moment another stone struck his cork. The Judge turned quickly, but the old fellow sat with his hands in his pockets.

"Look here, sir, I believe that a you."

"Yes, this is me."

"I say I believe you threw those stones."

"Which stones?" "Those that struck my cork. Don't you do it again?"

The Judge again devoted himself to his fishing, but not without interruption, for a stone came down and knocked his cork off.

"You confounded old wretch! What's the matter with you?" "Nothin'. What's the matter with you?"

"You good-for-nothing old rascal, you don't know how to treat a gentleman."

"Never had a chance to treat one at all."

"Don't talk to me that way. You don't know who I am."

"Yes, I reckon I do." The smile sprang from its ambush in his whiskers and pranced over his face. "Some time ago," said the old fellow, "I was a witness in yo' Court, an' while I wuz that you let one o' them lawyers ketch me in a lie an' frowned at me an' rid over me an' hil me down an' stunk yo' head at me an' done everything you could to make me wuz that I wuz dead, an, now you must git."

"What do you mean?" "Mean that you must git; mosey 'way from here. It's my time to make you feel mean. Drop that pole an' git."

"I won't do it, sir."

"Won't you? Wait, we'll see."

He drew an enormous horse-pistol. "Git!"

"Look out, I—"

"Git!"

Let me get my hat and coat."

"Never mind. Git!"

The Judge got, and when he returned home he told his wife that he had given his hat and coat to a poor blind man whom he had found in the hills.

"Ah, Robert," she said, as she put her arms around his neck, "your generosity and benevolence will be rewarded, if not in this world—"

"That's all right, Mary. The poor man needed help."

"Why, you've torn your trousers and lost the heel of one of your boots."

"Yes, I jumped into the water to save a little girl."

"You're a noble man, Robert."

Another Act Required.

Candid criticism is sometimes very useful to an author.

A New York playwright who had recently brought out a very sad tragedy, asked a candid friend if he had been to see it.

"Only the first act," was the reply.

"And do you think the first act sublime?" asked the dramatist.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "It is somewhat sublime, but I think you might have added an act that would have been more so; an act that would have been a benefit to the people of this great city."

"And what is that?" was the anxious inquiry.

"The act of throwing the whole thing into the fire. That would have been an act of humanity, a noble act."

Was Talking to the Other Fellow.

"Hello, Shorty," said a gamin, looking at a man of about five feet two in front of the Globe building yesterday.

"Don't call me Shorty, you little cuss," answered the man of low stature; "if you do I'll warm your jacket."

"Ain't yer name Shorty?" replied the kid.

"No, it ain't Shorty," said the man. "Den don't answer an' get mad when somebody yells Shorty if yer name ain't Shorty. I was talkin' ter Shorty. If yer ain't the man I was talkin' ter what's the matter wid yer?" said the youngster.

A Fair Divide.

First Tramp—"Now we've got to divide fair, he."

Second Tramp—"Cert pard. I ain't had nothin' to eat since Friday, an' you ain't had no sleep for four nights. I'll take th' pulks, an' you take the feathers."

"I go over in that air barn 'n enjoy yourself."—Tid Bits.

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