

He Was no Thief.

"Gentleman," said an Arkansas Colonel, as he stood under the limb of a tree from which depended a rope, "I must protest my innocence. I did not steal the mule. I am above petty theft. I know that you all have the interest of the community at heart, and I do not blame you; but there are times when we are all liable to be too rash. If I had stolen the mule, my guilt would oppress me until I would beg to be put out of the world in the most summary way."

"The mule was found in your possession," said the leader of the mob.

"Very true, my dear sir."

"Did he jump into your lot?"

"No, sir, I conducted him to the confines of my premises."

"Did you buy the animal?"

"No, sir."

"Did you trade him?"

"I did not."

"Then who stole him? Let down the rope, boys."

"Gentleman, I hope you will give me a chance to explain. The mule in question was the property of one of our distinguished fellow citizens, Maj. Rugsberry. Some time ago the Major and I exchanged a few words of an uncomplimentary nature. I intimated that the Major's blood would be highly satisfactory to me, and the Major said that my gore would please him mightily. Well, we separated thoroughly agreeing with each other. The next day the Major and I met, I got what is vulgarly called the drop on him, and relieved him of the top of his head. When he fell off I saw that he had no practical use for the animal, so I took charge of him. Now, if I had dismounted in the way he did, I should have interposed no objection to the Major taking my horse."

"I hope, sir, that you will excuse us," replied the leader of the mob.

"We thought that you stole the mule. Your explanation is most satisfactory, and I hope you'll excuse us. Let us all take a drink."

"Are you still a member of the Temple Baptist Church?"

"Yes," she answered, "but it's very poky, and I'm getting awfully tired of it."

"Tired of it! You surprise me."

"Do I. Then you can't imagine what it is. In Mrs. Sprawl's church they're trying the clergyman for bigamy; at Mrs. Chizleton's there's a jolly row among the deacons; Mr. Jorkins tells me a big scandal is brewing in their congregation, and unless something exciting happens in our church pretty soon I know I shall have to attend divine services somewhere else."—*Peck's Sun.*

A BOY was standing at East One-Hundred-and-fourth street surrounded by seven dogs of seven sizes and lengths of hair. He was feeding them with small pieces of bread and scraps of meat which he pulled from his pockets at exasperatingly long intervals.

"You seem to like dogs," said the man to the boy.

"Yes."

"Are all these dogs yours?"

"Naw."

"What are you feeding them for, then?"

"Cuz."

"Because what?"

"Cuz they catches easier w'en the pun's open."—*New York Sun.*

"It's deuced queer, y' know," said a duds Englishman to the conductor during a brief chat in a smoker on the Pennsylvania road, "and I can't understand it."

"Can't understand what?" asked a drummer who sat in a seat behind.

"I beg pardon, y' know, but I think it is ah, very strange that you Americans make so much fuss over human monstrosities, y' know."

"Not at all strange," said the drummer; "in fact, we take a pardonable pride in them."

"You surprise me, sir," gasped the Britisher, opening his eyes so wide that his single-barreled glass fell out of its socket. "Why should such horrid creatures be thought of so highly y' know?"

"Because this is a freak country," chuckled the commercial traveler.—*Travelers Magazine.*

Dialogue between two individuals in a furious rage:

"You are an idiot!"

"And you are a fool!"

"You shall give me satisfaction for this insult."

"I am at your orders."

"Your hour?"

"Whenever you please."

"The place?"

"Wherever you wish."

Both in the same breath:

"I will be there!"

And they separated, convinced that they had arranged for a hostile meeting.—*Et.*

"Captain," said the reporter, as he elbowed his way into the circle, "how large waves did you see on the lakes?"

"Well, let's see. Do you mean within the last five years?"

I mean any time since you have been sailing."

"Oh—ah! Well, sir, twenty years ago, when I used to sail the bark *John B. Skinner*, I saw waves on the Saginaw Bay which must have been

"Say," observed the captain, "please ask some of these gentlemen their opinion."

There were six other captains in the circle. Two of them said they had seen waves fifteen feet high; two more agreed on twenty feet, and the other pair thought they had seen a few waves running around loose which must have been all of twenty five feet high.

"Now, then, captain," said the reporter to the first.

"Well, sir," replied the captain, "being that the other gentleman have given in their figures, I will say that I have seen waves on Saginaw Bay exactly fifty one feet and seven inches high. I took a ladder and a tape-line and measured 'em and I know I knocked off at least ten inches of their tops in reaching up!"

He came last, and the other captains could only nurse their desperation.—*Et.*

"Cleminta," said a sorrowful swain to his heart's desire, "this is the third time that your father has requested me to remove my person from these premises."

"Heed him not," sobbed the fair one; "do not go."

"I must."

Just then the farmer's steps echoed adown the hallway.

"You need not come in, old gentleman," said the departing lover; "three removes are as good as fire."

And he clutched his sombrero and departed.—*Boston Courier.*

A young man who was going to marry a girl concluded he would back out and told her so.

"But I'll hold you," she said.

"No, you won't either."

"I will, too."

"Well, you won't all the same. You've got no contract or anything else."

"All the same, I'll hold you, and all the law in the country can't help you."

"How will you hold me, I'd like to know?"

"I'll hold you in contempt, you nasty mean thing."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THERE is a new waiter in the House restaurant, and yesterday when Representative Blackburn went down to get his lunch, the waiter brought him the bottle and a regulation whisky glass. Mr. Blackburn glared at the waiter and then at the glass, and finally blurted out:

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter.

"I am a senator-elect from Kentucky," replied the Hon. Joe.

"From Kentucky!" ejaculated the waiter. "Oh, I beg pardon, sir."

And he quickly brought the Kentuckian a goblet.—*Washington Hatch et.*

"WELL, Dick when is that wedding of yours coming off?"

"I'll be doggone if I know; but it'll be as soon as I kin git enough money ahead to buy the weddin' license."

"Got your wedding clothes yet?"

"No; but them a feller kin git on tick most any time; but these doggone license fellars won't trust a day."—*Ky. State Journal.*

If a big roll of bank notes and a letter from her fellow were put in her box in the post office, on the condition that she could take out either and let the other remain, you can safely bet all you're worth she'll take the letter.

It may be a little late in the season, but we want to give our gardening friends a brand-new and strictly reliable method of making a hot bed in short space of time. This is the way: Apply a lighted match to the straw ticking.—*Oil City Derrick.*

It's a fortunate thing for the male sex that malaria is prevalent about the time that spring house cleaning arrives. It enables a man to pretend that he is very sick, to escape the torture of putting down the carpets.—*Traveler.*

"Did you reveal your identity?" asked a New York politician of one of his minions. "Well you bet I didn't. I just told the fellow who I was, and it broke him all up."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The other evening when Ferguson was making a call on the Simpkinses the smallest scion of the latter house remarked to his mother:

"Ma, I don't see it."

"Don't see what, my dear?" asked the lady.

"Mr. Ferguson's axe replied the child.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why, you know pa said that Ferguson would be here to-night and he always had an ax to grind; but I don't see the axe."

A MAN on Roosevelt street, New York, is the proud owner of a white monkey, and nothing so disgusts him as to have his innocent little pet mistaken for a dude.

DUMLEY, who is a hearty eater as well as a very polite man, always asks to be excused when leaving the table. His landlady thinks that he ought to "beg pardon."

A YOUNG lover attempted to serenade his girl one night and he never got any farther than "Hist! Bella, put your head out of the window, quick, and call off the dog."

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Quick Railway Time. Rockford, Ill., Jan. 1880. This is to certify that we have appointed Frank P. Blair, sole agent for the sale of our Quick Train Railroad Watches in the town of Bellefonte.

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DIGHTON, Jan. 27, 1882. The Rockford watch purchased Feb. 1879, has performed better than any Watch I ever had. Have carried it every day and at no time has it been irregular, or in the least unreliable. I cheerfully recommend the Rockford Watch. **HORACE B. HORTON,** at Dighton Furnace Co.

TARENTON, Sept. 18, 1881. The Rockford Watch runs very accurately; better than any watch I ever owned, and I have had one that cost \$150. Can recommend the Rockford Watch to everybody who wishes a fine timekeeper. **S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.** This is to certify that the Rockford Watch bought Feb. 22, 1879, has run very well the past year. Having set it only twice during that time, its only variation being three minutes. It has run very much better than I ever anticipated. It was not adjusted and only cost \$20. **R. F. BRYANT,**

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