TRUST.

A bird has flown beyond thy sight: Its song was light and life to thoo: Now brightest days are tinged with night, And earth holds nothing fair to see. But list, my friend, 'tis well, 'tis well: All lives lie rooted deep in pain: Today's heart-sobs and saddening knell May be for thine eternal gain.

The lessons hardest to acquire Bring greatest recompense at last; Souls broader grow when bathed in fire; God still guides rudder, helm and must! We do not understand the path; To us it seems a trackless waster But in the soul's sweet aftermath Each hidden purpose will be traced -Katharine H. Terry, in Good Housekeeping.

THE OLD SETTLER.

His Uncle Snebecker's Story of the Widow Pudgecrack.

"Wull, Squire," said the Old Settler, "the summer is past an' the harvest is ended. How's yer pigs fattenin'?"

"Only so-so, major," replied the Squire. "That Yorkshire breed o' pigs don't seem to gether heft suddent ez

they mowt." "Is them pigs o' your'n Yorkshires?" asked the Old Settler.

"Nothin' shorter!" exclaimed the "Yorkshire from tail to noz-Squire.

"Yorkshires?" said the Old Settler, maliciously. "Wull, now, b'gosh, from the build on 'em 1 thort they was plowsheers?"

"Meanin' their heads?" said the Squire.

"Jedgin' 'em from their heads. Yes," replied the Old Settler.

"Come to think on it, major," said the Squire, "them heads is a lectle sharp an' p'nted, an' ca'c'lated pooty well to turn up the sile, but I don't keep pigs for their heads. I keep pigs for their hams, an' tenderlines, an' shoulders an' setch. Our folks don't winter over on head cheese, our folks don't."

"Whose folks does, b'gosh?" demanded the Old Settler, testily.

"I didn't say as anybody's did," replied the Squire.

"But ye sinniwated!"

The Squire didn't say whether he had insinuated or whether he hadn't, but a suspicion of a smile lurked about him. There was silence for awhile, which the Old Settler broke abruptly by saying:

"Speakin' o' the summer bein' past an' the harvest bein' ended alluz puts me in mind o' the story o' the Widder Pudgecrack an' the harvest on her clearin', ez my uncle, Snebecker Giles, usety tell it. It all happened in the Wild Gander Ridge deestrie', fer I don't think tha was a man in the hull o' the Sugar Swamp deestrie' ez could 'a had the heart to do w'at Shadrack Biff o' Wild Gander done, an' tha was men in Sugar Swamp mean enough, b'gosh, to pass lead sixpences on a blind fiddler at B dance, an' one of 'em were Tobin Tidfit, which I hadn't orter say, I don't s'pose, Squire, bein' ez he were a relation o' your'n; but facts is facts."

The Old Settler paused to see how this little reference affected the Squire, and he seemed disappointed when the Squire said:

"That's so. He were meaner than cow itch. Uncle Tobin were"

"But had his good p'ints," said the Old Settler. "He know'd which dimmyjohn had the best stuff in it."

"That runs in the fam'ly, major," said the Squire, smiling again.

"An' he never drinked alone," snid the Old Settler. "That don't run in the fam'ly.'

"That's onfort'nit for you, major." said the Squire, with a still bronder smile.

The Old Settler looked hard at the

Pudgeerack kim along about then, an', thinkin' Tabithy Ann mowt be a savin' sort of a wife to tie to, he ast her, an' Tabithy Ann didn't waste her time asayin' no. Sampson he bought this here land an' put up that air cabin yender, an' him an' Tabithy Ann set down bempson he buckled to like a house afire an' cleared off the brush, an' by the Care the snow went of he had n climin' the' no only could sneeze at. He sewed it to rye an' he plowed it for 'taters, an' left room for corn an' buckwhit an' setch. " 'Jist ez Sampson got things in that

kind o' shipshape he were onconsid'rit enough to leave Tabitha Ann a widder with all that clearin' an' things on her hands. It wa'n't jist the thing fer Sampson to do, an' when 'tater plantin' time an' corn plantin time kim round sumpin' had to be did. Tha had to be somebody to 'tend to them things, an' so the Widder Pudgecrack done the bes' thing she could, an' married Potiphar Bubb. Potiphar he pitched in an' got in the corn an' 'taters, an' made the garden, an' sowed the buckwhit an' got a pig to fatten, an' things was mov-in' nicest kind. Potiphar cut the rye an' the hay an' got it in, an' then w'at did he do but foller Sampson an' leave the Widder Pudgecrack clearin' without no head ag'in.'

"This were hard on the widder. Course the rye were cut an' the hay were in an' the 'taters an' corn an' buckwhit was planted, but what o' that? The 'taters had to be dug, the corn had to be cut an' the buckwhit harvested and thrashed. Somebody had to do that. So the widder didn't raise no objections w'en Job Saprider said he'd be willin' to do that for her, an' she changed her name to Saprider. Job were a snorter to work, an' he kep' things a runnin' right up to the handle. He dug the 'taters and got 'em in, an' cut the buckwhit an' thrashed it, an' gethered the corn an' shelled it, and got in the garden truck and stowed everything all away snug an' proper, to'inj'y it durin' the winter. But Job didn't hev no better jedgment than Sampson and Potiphar had, an' w'at does he do but go an' leave the widder a widder ag'in, an' she jist a ca'c'lating her pootiest on having somebody to cheer her up w'en the winter winds begun to beller!

"This is tough on me!' said the widder; 'this is pooty tough!'

" Job had stayed long enough to git the pig good an' fat, an' if he'd waited a week or so he could a killed it for the widder, but he didn't, an' so she had to away in the cellar herself. But winter were comin' an' she were lon some, an' so, 'long about Thanksgivin' time, w'en Shadrack Biff, that druv team fer the tan'ry, took pity on the widder an' tol' her that she needn't pine, 'cause he'd make it a p'int to cheer her up. She were so thankful to him that she said yes, an' she quit bein' the Widder Saprider an' begun bein' Mrs. Shadrack Biff. But her joy were too suddent, I guess, for two weeks ago she quit bein'n widder or anything else in this vale o' tears. I think,' says this mushrat-skinnin' chap to my Uncle Snebecker, 'that I tol' ye awhile ago that she were in, didn't I? An' that ye mowt run ng'in her one o' these days if ye were a good, stiff Hardshell Baptis' an' didn't backslide? Wull, that's where she is.'

"'An' w'at did the widder do but leave to Shadrack all that clearin' an' all the rye that Sampson Pudgecrack sowel, nn'all the 'taters an' corn an' buckwhit and garden truck that Potiphar Eubb planted, an' that Job Sap- in self-defense. Then he turned and rider gethered an' thrushed an stowed away so snng, an' the pig that Job fattened, and that the widder packed away in the cellar, all fer Shadrack to ist lay to this winter an' in'jy an' feel bover! An' what do ye s'pose Shanhe's gointer get hitched to the anappy little Widder Bly, o' Lost Crow Barren, an' jist sit her down on the Widder Pudgeerack elearin' to help him inj'y them blessin's! Now w'at do ye think o' Shadrack Biff?' says the mushratskinnin' chap, larfin' like a hyeny ag'in "'I think he orter be tarred an' feathered an' rid outen the kentry on a rail!" says my Uncle Snebecker. 'An' I'd like to be the one to do it, b'gosh!' says he. "'No,' says the chap, droppin' his mushrats. 'Wull, says he, 'I'm Shadrack Biff!"

AN ENORMOUS MEAL. A Michigan Man Eats Five Sirloin Steaks at a Sitting.

James Hall, a tall, hollow-eyed, rawboned Michigander, is not exactly the sort of a man one would like to feed on contract. He has been in New York only three days and already threatens to smash all previous records as a steak-cater. The Stall Berlin hote, sl Fourth avenue, was honored by his presence on Thursday, and it took the whole time of one able-bodied man to keep him supplied with ment and drink. At an early hour the other morning Mr. Hall walked into the dining room of the hotel and drank a tumblerful of whisky. "Bring five sirloin stenks," he said, reflectively, wiping his mouth with a napkin. The waiter fell back a step and stared with jaws dis-tended and bristly hair slowly rising. "Say, see here, sonny," remarked Mr. Hall, abstractedly laying his hand or



THE GUESTS ROSE EN MASSE.

his hip pocket, "you've got to bring them steaks, and hurry them quick, or there's going to be trouble."

The guests rose from the tables and crowded around Mr. Hall, as the second in the list of five vanished with a suddenness that would have turned Daniel Lambert yellow with envy. The third came and went, and then the ruling passion asserted itself and the crowd began to bet eagerly on the result, with Apoplexy a strong favor-ite at seven to ten. Now the fourth vietim appeared and Mr. Hall took it in about a dozen bites. The murmur of voices had sunk to a gasping silence git it killed, an' cut up, an' packed as the fifth and last in the line came up. Mr. Hall was now in the homestretch and running easily. From this point the contest was a mere hand-gallop for him, and without the slightest urging he passed under the wire the ensiest of winners without having turned a hair.

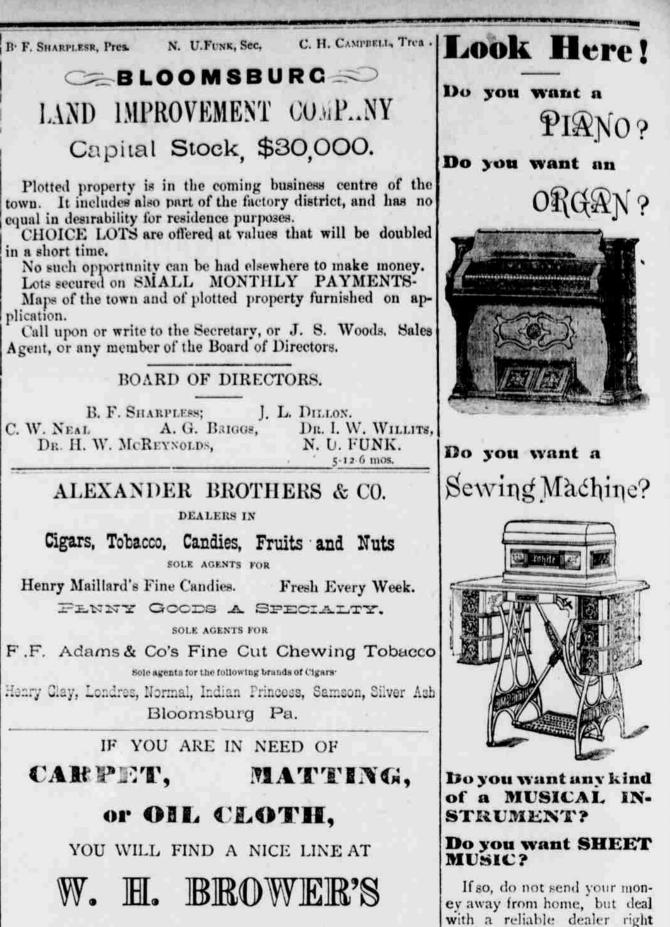
Then Mr. Hall, after a short nap, began to yell like a Cherokee on the warpath and evinced a disposition to clean out the hotel. Two policemen dragged him to the station, and thence he was taken to the insane ward at Bellevue hospital. He is thirty-seven years old.

A MAGNANIMOUS DOG.

Noble Deed of a Elg Newfoundland Attacked by a Cur.

A big Newfoundland was going peaceably along a street in Pittsburgh when a cross-grained cur began snapping at him and snarling savagely. This started one or two other dogs hich joined in the attack. The big dog took no notice until compelled to



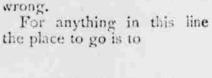


2nd Door above Court House.

A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.



Shoes for a family cost more than any other article. My experience of over 20 years in handling shoes enables me to Ware-rooms, Main Streit beselect my stock in such a manner as to give you the most com- low Market. fort and service for the least money. Come and see me and 1



here, who will make things

right, if there is anything

J. Saltzer's.

Squire for awhile, but let the subject of Tobin Tidfit drop and went on with the story of the Widow Pudgeerack's eleaving.

"My uncle, Snebecker Giles, were goin' through the Wild Gander Ilidge deestric' 'iong late in December, wunst, sellin' medicine fer snifiles in sheep, an' he came to a clearin' where the were a slommickin' great big chap sot out on the woodpile skinnin' mushrats. Uncle Snebecker pulled up his hoss an' hollers out to the chap:

"'Hullo, neighbor! What clearin' is this?'

"The Widder Pudgeerack clearin'," says the chap, keepin' on with his mushrat skinnin'.

"'Is the widder in?' says Uncle Snebecker.

""Wull, ruther!" says the chap, larfin' like a hyeny. 'She's ben in these two weeks-way in,' he says.

"Uncle Snebecker didn't know e'zactly w'at to make outen this, but he savs

'Kin I see the widder, think?'

"'Wull,' says the chap, larfin' ag'in. 'not jist now: but if yer a good, stlil Hard-shell Baptis', an' don't backslide, the chances is that ye'll run ag'in her one o' these days,' he says.

"Uncle Snebecker begun to git mad now, an' he says, pooty loud:

"'See here!' he says. 'If ye think ye kin pick meup fer a consarned idjit yer barkin' up the wrong tree fer coons! What's the reason I can't see the widder now?

"'Wull,' says the chap, larfit,' more'n ever, 'I dunno why ye can't, unless it's 'cause the widder's dead!'

"Then the chap went on skinnin' his mushrats, an' Uncle Snebecker were goin' on, w'en the chap hollers to him an' says:

"'Guess ye den't know about the Widder Pudgeerack, do ye?' he says.

"Uncle Snebecker said he didn't. "'Wull,' says the chap, 'ye musn't go

'way without hearin' 'bout the widder,' says he. 'It'll be wuth yer while.' "So Uncle Snebecker stayed to hear

about the widder.

"'A year ago, now,' says the chap, 'this wa'n't the Widder Pudgecrack clearin', 'cause tha wa'n" no Widder Pudgecrack then, an' tha wa'n't no clearin'. The Widder Pudgeerack then were jist plain Tabithy Ann Flint, ez teached the Wild Gande : deestric' school. Tabithy Ann were gettin' to'ards the time w'en it wa'n't no trick at all fer her to recomember back fer forty year

"I tell ye, Squire, it's a durn good thing fer that mushrat-skinnin' hyeny that my Uncle Snebecker didn't hev no tar an' feathers with him. Ez it were, he shook the dust o' the Widder Pudgecrack's clearin' offen his feet an' got away from it ez fast ez his hoss'd let him, he were so consarned disgusted with Shadrack Biff!'-Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

An Officious Smart Man Gets Himself Into Trouble

The smart man was getting off a train, when he saw a couple ahead of him who at once challenged his atten-tion and indignation. The husband was walking off with his hands in his pockets, while the wife carried a baby and a large basket and valise.

This was too much for the smart man and, stepping up to the overloaded woman, he said:

"Let me assist you, madam," and, seizing the basket and valise, he ran after the husband, whom he grabbed without ceemony.

"Here, sir, carry these things for your wife. I should think you would be ashamed to call yourself a man, and permit your wife to bear all the bur-dens in this way. Let this be a lesson to you, sir, to-" "Hello!" interrupted the stranger, in-

dignantly, "she ain't my wife. I never saw the woman in my life till now."

At the same time the woman was shricking at the top of her voice: "Stop thief," and it took the smart man's utmost eloquence to convince the depot policeman that he was not a sneak thief, instead of a self-appointed reformer of other people's morals and manners.-Detroit Free Press.

on' better, an' the chances was that inshe'd be Tabithy Ann Flint when she prased over Jordan. But Sampson of their affectionate relations.

A NEWFOUNDLAND SAVES A CUR.

sent the crowd of persecutors flying in all directions; all except the ringleader, which fell sprawling in the middle of the street, and was beginning to get the drubbing he deserved when things took a very unexpected turn.

A cable car came dashing down the hill, with clanging bell, right upon the logs. Nobody is expected to warn dogs of danger, and so the car was almost upon them when the policeman cried: "Get out!"

The big dog saw the danger and sprang aside, but his late assailant was on his back and too much in dread of his punishment to see anything else. There he lay and in a second more would be crushed.

The Newfoundland saw the situation, and, after he had partly turned away, sprang back and snatched him, still whining and begging for mercy. out of the very jaws of death. He laid him in the gutter, and then, as though further retaliation had entirely escaped his mind, he gave a good-natured wag or two of his tail and started on up the street.

Queer Advertisements.

Here is a queer advertisement cut from an English newspaper: "For Sale -A bull terrier, two years old; will eat anything; very fond of children. Ap-ply at this office." A Florida paper has this: "For Sale-An upright piano, the property of a young lady with silk scarf and carved legs."

Singularity in Names.

Dr. Rupert, of Greenbrier county, W. Va., is the father of fifteen children, whose names all begin with the letter L and end with a vowel.

will save you money on your shoes.

·TRY·IT ·

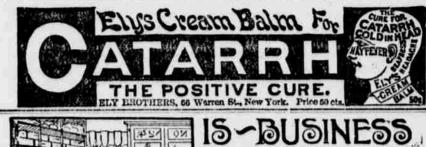
AND SEE YOUR STORE

CUSTOMERS

atta My lines of Dry Goods, Notions, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Groceries, &c., are complete.

W. H. MOORE.

called the Kettle Black The Pot because the Housewife didn't use SAPOLIO





THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS

CORRECTED WEEKLY. KETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb\$,28
Eggs per dozen	.22
Lard per lb	.14
Ham per pound	.16
Pork, whole, per pound 07	to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound ob	80. 01
Wheat per bushel	.85
Oats " "	.50
Rye " "	.80
Wheat flour per bbl	4.00
Hay per ton	16.00
Potatoes per bushel	.65
Turning is it	.25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck 25	
Cranberries per qt	.12
Tallow per lb	.08
Shoulder "	.14
Shoulder "" "	.14
Vinegar, per qt	.08
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.18
Raspberries	.18
Cow Hides per lh	.03
Cow Hides per lb	.05
Calf Skin 40	
Sheep pelts	.90
Shelled corn per bus	.65
Corn meal, cwt	1.00
Bran, "	1.25
Chop "	1.25
Middlings "	1.25
Chickens ner lb	.10
Chickens per lb Turkeys ""	.14
Geese " "	
Geese " " Ducks " "	.10
COAL	
No. 6. delivered	2.50
" 4 and 5 "	3.50
" 6 at yard	2.25
" 4 and 5 at yard	3.25
PARKER'S	3.25
Cleanse and heatilities Provincies a luximizant of Never Tails to Restor Hair to its Youthful Curre scaip disease a half	the hair. with color. falling.

HINDERCORNS.