

TRUST.
A bird has flown beyond thy sight:
Its song was light and life to thee;
Now brightest days are tinged with night,
And earth holds nothing fair to see.
But hark, my friend, 'tis well, 'tis well;
All lives its rooted life in pain;
To-day's heart-ache and saddest 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 mast!
We do not understand the path:
To us it seems a trackless waste;
But in the soul's sweet aftermath
Each hidden purpose will be traced.
—Katherine H. Terry, in Good Housekeeping.

THE OLD SETTLER.

His Uncle Snebecker's Story of the Widow Pudgerack.

"Wall, 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 sudden ez they mowt."
"Is them pigs o' your'n Yorkshires?" asked the Old Settler.
"Nothin' shorter!" exclaimed the Squire. "Yorkshire from tail to nozzle."
"Yorkshires?" said the Old Settler, maliciously. "Wall, now, b'gosh, from the build on 'em I thort they was plow-sheers!"
"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 little sharp an' p'nted, an' ez I related 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 Pudgerack 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 a dance, an' one o' 'em were Tobin Tidit, 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 family, major," said the Squire, smiling again.
"An' he never drank alone," said the Old Settler. "That don't run in the family."
"That's comfort'nt for you, major," said the Squire, with a still broader smile.
The Old Settler looked hard at the Squire for awhile, but let the subject o' Tobin Tidit drop and went on with the story of the Widder Pudgerack's clearing.
"My uncle, Snebecker Giles, were goin' through the Wild Gander Ridge deestrie 'long late in December, wunet, sellin' medicine fer sniffles in sheep, an' he came to a clearin' where tha were a slomackin' great big chap set 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 Pudgerack clearin'," says the chap, keepin' on with his mushrat skinnin'.
"Is the widder in?" says Uncle Snebecker.
"Wall, rather!" says the chap, larfin' like a hyeny. "She's ben in these two weeks—way in," he says.
"Uncle Snebecker didn't know ezactly w'at to make outen this, but he says:
"Kin I see the widder, think?"
"Wall," says the chap, larfin' ag'in. "not jist now; but if yer a good, stiff Hard-shell Baptis, an' don't backslide, the chances is that ye'll ran 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 me up fer a consarned idjit yer barkin' up the wrong tree fer coons! What's the reason I can't see the widder now?"
"Wall," says the chap, larfin' 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 don't know about the Widder Pudgerack, do ye?" he says.
"Uncle Snebecker said he didn't."
"Wall," 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 Pudgerack clearin', 'cause tha wa'n't no Widder Pudgerack then, an' tha wa'n't no clearin'. The Widder Pudgerack then were jist plain Tabithy Ann Flint, ez teach'd the Wild Gander deestrie school. Tabithy Ann were gettin' 'wards the time w'en it wa'n't no trick at all fer her to remember back fer forty year an' better, an' the chances was that she'd be Tabithy Ann Flint when she departed over Jordan. But Sampson

AN ENORMOUS MEAL.
A Michigan Man Eats Five Sirloin Steaks at a Sitting.
James Hall, a tall, hollow-eyed, raw-boned Michiganander, is not exactly the sort of a man one would like to feed on contrast. He has been in New York only three days and already threatens to smash all previous records as a stealer. The Stadt Berlin hotel, 104 West 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 meat 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 steaks," he said, reflectively, wiping his mouth with a napkin. The waiter fell back a step and stared with jaws distended 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 favorite at seven to ten. Now the fourth victim appeared and Mr. Hall took it in about a dozen bites. The murmur of voices had sunk to a gasping silence 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 easiest of winners without having turned a hair.
Then Mr. Hall, after a short nap, began to yell like a Cherokee on the war-path 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 Big Newfoundland Attacked by a Cur.

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



A NEWFOUNDLAND SAVES A CUR.

sent the crowd of persecutors flying in all directions; all except the ring-leader, 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 SLIGHT MISTAKE.

An Obedient 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 attention 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 overboarded woman, he said:
"Let me assist you, madam," and, seizing the basket and valise, he ran after the husband, whom he grabbed without ceremony.
"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 burdens in this way. Let this be a lesson to you, sir, to—"

"Hello!" interrupted the stranger, indignantly, "she ain't my wife. I never saw the woman in my life till now."
At the same time the woman was shrieking 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.

"Wolfgang and I were young together," said Goethe's mother, speaking of their affectionate relations.

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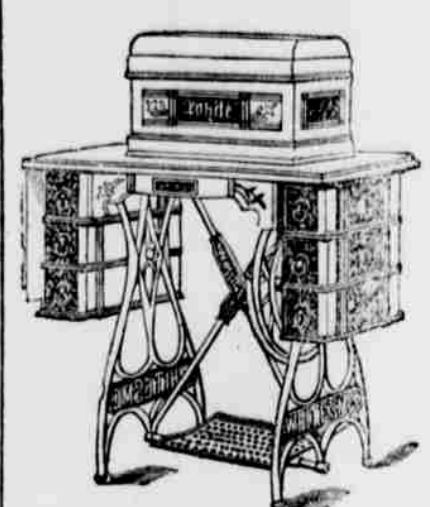
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Lard per lb.		.14
Ham per pound.		.16
Pork, whole, per pound.		.08 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound.		.06 to .08
Wheat per bushel.		.85
Oats "		.50
Rye "		.80
Wheat flour per bbl.		4.00
Hay per ton.		16.00
Potatoes per bushel.		.65
Turnips "		.25
Onions "		1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck.		.25 to .35
Cranberries per qt.		.12
Tallow per lb.		.08
Shoulder "		.14
Side meat "		.14
Vinegar, per qt.		.08
Dried apples per lb.		.05
Dried cherries, pitted.		.18
Raspberries "		.18
Cow Hides per lb.		.03
Steer "		.05
Calf Skin "		.40 to .50
Sheep pelts.		.90
Shelled corn per bus.		.65
Corn meal, cwt.		2.00
Bran, "		1.25
Chop, "		1.25
Middlings "		1.25
Chickens per lb.		.10
Turkeys "		.14
Geese "		.10
Ducks "		.10

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