

FROM DOUBT TO FAITH.

Shall I then kneel with those and raise
My voice with theirs, who know of old
The century's and disease which slays
Our faith and strikes our yearnings cold?
I, who have listened while the earse,
Glibly, unbelief, marshaled out
His legions of unfaithful Doubt,
And found no other god but Fate;
And laughed the Christian tale to scorn,
The God-like Victim virgin-born,
The atoning pain, the mystic cross,
The sacred sanitary loss?
What care I? God there is I know,
Who rules the worlds and made its be;
But shall He care for things below
And show His hidden face to me?
Far, far away He seems to stand,
Too bright, if present, for our need,
Nor else than through the Faith His hand
Has given us, know we Him indeed.
No other gave He. The strong hours
Have wreathed in vain their age-long powers,
Unchanged as from His lips it came,
Today it lives and rules the same.
Enough for me, and for my need,
Enough for dear lives dead and gone:
No other faith is ours, nor creed,
To speed the laboring ages on.
Then since He is, and since no more
Without Him can I live and move,
I join the ranks of faith and love,
And rise and enter and adore!
—Lewis Morris.

THE CAUSE OF A SQUIRREL.

Tom Belton had had an easy morning of it. He had walked softly into the old forest of chestnuts and hickories, rifle on shoulder, sat down on a log, laid his rifle on his knee and waited.
The "hunting" had been preceded as follows:
A chatter, a bark a little way in the woods. Tom would draw back the hammer of his rifle and lean forward, a streak of gray would flash down a tree trunk, then all would be still.
Next minute the streak of gray and the noisy chatter would be in a tree overhead, perhaps Tom's rifle would come up, Tom's head would lift, there would be a sharp crack and a little bundle of gray would come whirling down heels over head, a long bushy tail flying out like the tail of a comet, and Tom would get up, walk over a few steps, pick up the little bundle of fur and drop the squirrel into his game bag.
This was the rather tame way the hunting had gone, and Tom had a good bag long before noon.
Nevertheless Tom was soon to have an adventure.
He had concluded to go home and had walked down towards the creek and was coming out of the edge of the woods when he heard a loud bark.
A big buttonwood tree hung over the creek, and on one of its branches, more than half way up, he saw a squirrel larger than any he remembered having seen for a long time.
It was lying along the limb, its body flattened close to the bark, and only its sharp nose and beaded eyes showing. He would never have noticed it if it had not barked when he came out of the woods.
Tom quickly brought his rifle to his shoulder. The little black knob on the sight of the barrel showed against the rusty gray of the squirrel's fur. A sharp crack. The squirrel held on with the claws of its fore feet, then its hold gave way and it dropped.
But twenty feet lower down its body fell across the fork of a small branch, and, after a minute's swaying, remained still, the head and fore part of its body balancing the weight of the hind-quarters on the opposite side of the branch.
It was too big a one to lose, even though he had several already.
It was not hard climbing, and he had soon reached the main branches.
Just there the tree split off, going up in two shafts. At the juncture of these the wood had rotted away in the centre and left a dark cavity.
Immediately above the cavity and about ten feet over Tom's head was the squirrel caught in the limp. Catching hold of a small limb he drew himself up so that his hand just reached the limb on which was suspended the object of his climb.
Suddenly the wood cracked, the limb broke and he felt his feet slip.
He grasped at the trunk, but there was nothing to hold. He knew he was falling into the opening below.
Another instant and he was in darkness and he sank into some soft, spongy substance, which broke his descent. He came to a stop standing upright.
A strong, pungent, woody odor filled his nostrils. A cloud of stifling powder almost choked him.
He tried to bring his hands down to feel about. But there was not sufficient room more than just to crook his elbows. He couldn't get his hands below the level of his ears.
He knew he had fallen into the hollow trunk of the buttonwood. The soft stuff under his feet must be the rotten pulp and sank of the walls which had fallen down to the bottom.
Looking up he could see an irregular circular patch of sky partly blotted out by a mass of twigs and leaves on the upper branches. The opening, as near as he could tell, was six or eight feet above his head.
It was not a great distance; but, with his hands above him and nothing to catch a hold upon, it might as well have been a hundred.
He felt all around the inside surface of the hollow with his fingers; but he only sank his nails into soft punk which broke off when he put any strain upon it.
He began to be somewhat frightened. It really was a bad business. He could not stand in his present cramped position long and obtain the use of his muscles. Already he felt a numbness in his fingers, as the blood left them.
He couldn't climb up without something to grasp; he couldn't get out below.
The sides of his prison? They were too thick to dig through with his nails, for outside of the lining of rotten wood he knew there was a heavy rind of live, tough fibre and bark, how thick he could only imagine.
The thought of cutting suggested to him that he had a knife with him; but where was it? At last he recalled that it was in the upper breast pocket of his flannel shirt; he had on no coat.
But it wouldn't do him any good. The blade would be broken or dulled long before he could cut an opening through the walls.
He began to grow desperate, when there came a sudden idea to him, which made him rack his mind for some plan to get at his knife.
The upper pocket of his shirt was

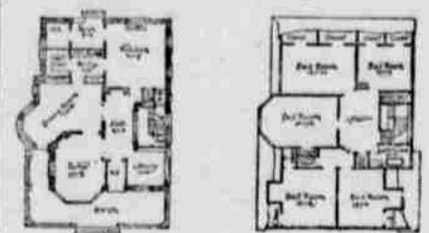
TASTEFUL COUNTRY HOUSES.

They May be Beautiful and Attractive at Small Cost.
An ill-planned and ungainly country house is more conspicuous than a similar house in the city, because it comes in immediate contrast with the surroundings of nature. The country house may be made graceful by surrounding it with trees and shrubs, or it may be built so as to beautify and harmonize with the landscape.
The attractive and beautiful country residence of which we give a perspective view and floor plans from the Architectural Era, was designed for A. B. Bigelow, of Cranford, Conn., by M. N. Cutler, architect, of No. 203 Broadway, New York. It is a good modern adaptation of the Dutch colonial farmhouse, and represents an architectural style that is superior to any other for a farmhouse. The very aspect of the house speaks of home comforts and seclusion, and of the rocks and hills of nature. Half hidden among trees, such a house would seem as much a part of a country landscape as are wood and field and hillside. The interior of the house affords abundance of room both for domestic purposes and hospitality.
The country home should represent the highest development of social life. The founders of the republic were rounding it with trees and shrubs, or it may be built so as to beautify and harmonize with the landscape.
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Country House—Interior.

Overfeeding Stock.
Overfeeding an animal is worse in its effects than a spare diet. A great many more young animals are checked in their growth, and otherwise injured, by overfeeding than by a deficiency of food. In illustration of this statement, a correspondent tells the following story of his own experience:
A rather opinionated and willful hired man, who requires the closest watching in feeding the stock, in defiance of strict orders, gave some Berkshire pigs some cotton-seed meal in their feed, in the expectation that it would help them to grow. Their feed had been skimmed milk, with a quart of wheat middlings to the pailful. Considerable more cotton-seed meal was added to the feed during my absence from home for a day and night, and on my return the next day two of the young pigs were taken with convulsions and severe spasms. They died the next day, when two more were taken, and soon after two more. The whole six died in the same way. First they slowly turned around and around, then stood with the head in a corner and pressed against the wall or yard fence; the jaws were chopped together, and they foamed at the mouth. After a few hours they lay upon their sides and struggled violently with the legs until they died. A dose of lard oil allayed the symptoms for a time, and had it been given at first would probably have saved them. On opening them the lungs were found congested and very red in patches, and the brain, also, was much congested, the blood vessels being dark blue. The stomach and intestines were filled with cotton-seed meal, the milk having been digested. So short a case of indigestion, or stomach staggers, as it is popularly called, is rare; but the pigs were but two months old, and had probably been misfed previously.
We have but little doubt that charcoal is one of the best known remedies for the disordered state into which hogs drill, usually having disordered bowels, all the time giving off the worst kind of evacuations. Probably the best form in which charcoal can be given is in the form of burnt corn, perhaps, because when given in other forms the hogs do not get enough. A distillery was burned in Illinois, about which a large number of hogs were kept. Cholera prevailed among these hogs somewhat extensively. In the burning of buildings a large amount of corn was consumed. To this burned and partially burned corn the hogs had access at will, and the sick commenced recovering at once and a large portion of them got well. Many farmers have practiced feeding scorched corn, putting it into the stove or building a fire upon the ground, placing the ears of corn upon it, leaving them till pretty well charred. Hogs fed on still slops are liable to be attacked by irritation of the stomach and bowels, coming from too free generation of acid, from fermentation of food after eating. Charcoal, whether it be produced by burning corn or wood, will neutralize the acid, in this way removing the irritating cause. The charcoal will be relishing to the extent of getting rid of the acid, and beyond that it may not be. Hence it is well to let the wants of the hog be settled by the hog himself.

Weak Lungs

may be inherited; not Consumption. Thin, narrow-chested children are the ones to look out for. Everybody with a tendency toward Weak Lungs should take

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BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.
CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

| | |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Butter per lb. | 22 |
| Eggs per dozen | 22 |
| Lard per lb. | 14 |
| Ham per pound | 14 |
| Pork, whole, per pound | 07 to 08 |
| Beef, quarter, per pound | 06 to 08 |
| Wheat per bushel | 80 |
| Oats " " | 50 |
| Rye " " | 80 |
| Wheat flour per bbl. | 3 50 |
| Hay per ton | 18 00 |
| Potatoes per bushel | 70 |
| Turnips " " | 25 |
| Onions " " | 1 00 |
| Sweet potatoes per peck | 25 to 35 |
| Cranberries per qt. | 10 |
| Tallow per lb. | 08 |
| Shoulder " " | 12 1/2 |
| Side meat " " | 14 |
| Vinegar, per qt. | 08 |
| Dried apples per lb. | 05 |
| Dried cherries, pitted | 15 |
| Raspberries | 18 |
| Cow Hides per lb. | 03 |
| Steer " " | 05 |
| Calf Skin " " | 40 to 50 |
| Sheep pelts | 90 |
| Shelled corn per bus. | 05 |
| Corn meal, cwt. | 2 00 |
| Bran, " " | 1 25 |
| Chop " " | 1 25 |
| Middlings " " | 1 25 |
| Chickens per lb. | 10 |
| Turkeys " " | 12 |
| Geese " " | 10 |
| Ducks " " | 10 |

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Outpost Duty in the Russian Army.

In the German army every soldier is taught to act intelligently on outpost service and in scouting operations, and this is not too much to require in a country where every soldier reads and writes and can readily understand a map and compass. In Russia, however, where nine-tenths of the people cannot read or write and have lost the faculty of thinking consecutively, the army cannot teach the soldiers much more than to move as with a machine. In order to have a force of good men for picket work and advance skirmishing they have adopted this plan:
Each company sends four of its most intelligent men to a select body called the scouting corps, and as the Russian regiment has four battalions, with four companies each, that gives a regimental scout a force of sixty-four. This service is very popular, for it is full of variety; and though the hardship is great the food is good, for hunting and fishing are in the programme. The men are expected to develop as much ingenuity and self-reliance as an Indian scout in our service. They must sail, row, swim, climb, find their way by map and compass, slip through the enemy's lines, and procure every variety of information at all hazards.

A Premium on Ignorance.

Because a juror looked at a cable train as it sped past him, Judge Henry granted a new trial of the \$5,000 damage suit of Frank Jackson against the Kansas City Cable Railway, in which Jackson was recently awarded \$1,400 damages. Mr. Ashley, for young Jackson, contended that if a new trial were to be granted in suits against cable companies every time a juror happened to glance at a cable car, no verdict for the plaintiff could ever stand. He also said that if a man were so deaf, blind and stupid as not to notice passing events such as the approach of a cable train he had no right to a place on the jury. Judge Henry held, however, that the inspection of Juror Hickman was sufficient to warrant the granting of a new trial. Trial by jury, he said, would be a farce if jurors were permitted to get information out of court.—Kansas City Star.

Prejudiced Against Lady-Fingers.

"There is one prejudice," says an English woman, now residing in this country, "that I have had to overcome since coming to America, which was my antipathy to spongecake and lady-fingers, as so often served over here with ice-cream. My associations with them are of the gloomiest sort.
"Lady-fingers are served in all parts of England, with light refreshments, at funerals, and usually go by the name of 'funeral biscuits.'
"In the Yorkshire dales if you are asked to a funeral and are unable to attend they usually send you, with a memorial card, a piece of spongecake and several lady-fingers folded in a sheet of black-bordered paper and fastened with big black seals.
"So American hostesses, when they know this, must not think it bad taste on the part of their English guests if they decline these cakes."
—Chicago Times.

One Creditor Who Got Left.

"Hard luck Jones is in."
"How?"
"Took a railroad ticket for a debt, couldn't sell it, and had to ride fifty miles before it expired, and then were out a pair of new shoes walking back."
—Atlanta Constitution.

STOCK NOTES.

A blocky, beefy, square-built cow is a good one to sell, and so is her steer calf.—National Stockman.
Watering conveniences which do not require long distance trips of the stock on cold days, contribute much to the score of economy.—Orange Judd Farmer.
To dry horses' legs after washing there is nothing better than sawdust well dried and well rubbed in. It is both clean to handle and pleasant to the animal.—Indiana Farmer.