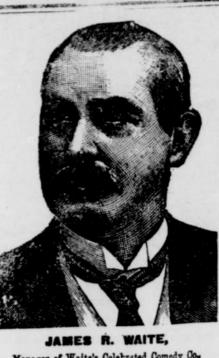


AT THE

## Burns Meat Market.

It is first class in every respect. The proprietor having been raised in the business knows just how to conduct it. Meat at retail and wholesale prices You can buy by the quarter, less or more, and at prices as low as you would have to pay ranchers. Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage K. A. MATTHES, Proprietor. etc.





Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co., Premium Band and Orchestra.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. You will remember the condition I was in five years are, when I was afflicted with a combina-tion of diseases, and thought there was NO NELF YOR ME I tried all kinds of medicines, and scores of eminent physiciaus. My nerves were prostrated, producing dizzine-s, heart trouble and all the ills that make life miserable. I commenced to take DR. MILES' NERVINE

and in three months | was PERSECTLY CURES. In my travelseach year, when I see the thousands of physical wreeks, suffering from nervous pros-HAS local physicians who have no knowl-cdge of their case, and whose death is cortain, I feel like going to them and saying,



## ROXIE.

## From People's Home Journal. CHAPTER IV.

When supper was over, Mrs. Joe began: "Let's take a look at your fortune Roxie," and she made the girl twirl her cup round and round, and turn it upside down in her saucer. Then she examined the little stragling black tracks made by the shaken up grounds, and says she: "Here's a lover at your right hand, rich and splendid-none of your common sort, none of the millhands, but one that'll make a lady of you, and give you silks and satins, and carriages and servants, Roxie."

"Stuff," said Roxie, and Sandy Blake's face grew black as a thunder cloud

"Heres a wedding ring at the bottom of the cup," went on Mrs. Joe. "He's a going to put it on your finger. Didn't I always tell you your face would make your fortune, child? He's a young man,

reckon, ain't much given to picking wives out of the gutter. Plympton folks say the squire's mother is as proud a woman as the ever shone upon. She'd as soon see her son admiring a kitchen-maid as your daughter. If you've any sense left in that uncombed head of yours, don't talk to Roxie of young Trevor, or anybody like him.

Carlos and a state of the second

Mrs. Joe bristled up like an angry old hen.

"You're an ill mannered fellow!" srid she. "If you wasn't Joe's nephew, I'd never bear with you. Who cares for the squire's mother? Isn't he of age? Yes, that he is, long ago! You'd better mind your own business, Sandy, and let Roxie and her affairs alone. Everybody knows what your medling means."

He gave her a wicked black look.

"Some one ought to keep an eye on Roxie," he grined," and it might as well be me as anybody else."

Then he lighted his clay pipe, and stalked out of the house.

horse to speak to her again The