

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 whole sale 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.



THE TOWN OF PREWSEY.

A Flourishing Place 100 Miles From Perp'e's Home Joa 1981. from Ontario.

Idaho Statesman.

station.

"Don't hurry. Everybody in

DREWSEY, Feb. 14 - Drewsey is town is taking of you and the a small station o, the Ontario and squire. By the Lord! I've a good Burns stage road and ie 100 miles mind to throttle you where you from Ontario, the nearest railroad stand Roxie! you never had a sweet word nor a kind look for me in your

The stage leaves Ontario daily at life-you think I'm not fit to touch 4:30 p m. and arrives at Drewsey the tips of your fingers, and all the about 6 o'clock the following eve- while I'm ready to die for you ning. The country from Ontario to -fool that I am! Do you think Vale, a distance of about 16 miles, that I am going to stand by and let is fairly well settled. After leaving that fellow, with his fine airs Vale one travels all night and the and his money, take you from me? next day without passing a dozen I'd kill you first!"

She was a good deal scared, and houses, the better cattle ranches be ing located away from the stage she gave a little scream. road. The general appearance of "Let me go, I say, or I will call the country for 100 miles and more for help." "Call. There's nobody by to is rolling and covered with sage brush and scattering groves of hear you;" and he tried to take her juniper, a small busy tree about 15 roughly in his arms. I ran towards the 'wo, intent on feet hign. The water supply for all the country between Vale and helping Roxie; but, before I could

ROXIE.

CHAPTER VI.

"My cousin," answered she, as if loath to confess the relationship. "What claim has he upon you?" "None at all."

> "Don't deceive me; he is your over, also, is he not?"

"Who was that fellow, Miss

Blake?" demanded Philip Trever. Of course he couldn't be expected

to recognize his mill hands.

"He calls himself that, since you nust know," faltered Roxie, and she began to move away.

He placed himself before her. tall. feir and imperative.

"Look me in the face. Do you care for him in the least-mind, in the least?"

She tossed her head.

"Do I look as if I cared?" she said, with a nervous little laugh. Then she leaned over the railing and stared down into the brook, Hark! I hear him splashing through the water still. I wish he would drown. Good night, Squire Trevor-many thanks for your help, I am going home."