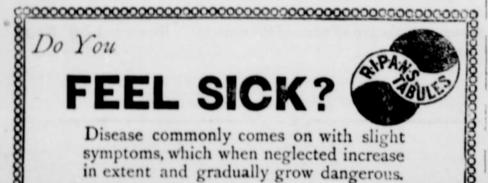


AT THE

Burns Meat Market. whole matter.

It is first class in every respect. The proprietor having been raised A human shadow fill across the The saw-mill was near at hand, in the business knows just how to conduct it Meat at retail and whole pine roots on which she sat. She and Trevor snatched her up and sale prices You can buy be the quarter, less or more, and at prices looked up and saw Philip Tr vor carried her there. A surgeon was To look at her now, no one would as low as you would have to pay ranchers. Beef. Pork, Mutton, Sausage standing by her side K. A. MATTHES, Proprietor. etc.





ROXIE.

From People's Home Journal. CHAPTER X

vine that thrust it's red berries der written plainly on the face of it; After all, Mrs. Joe's teacup told

awoke Roxie from her meditation. fell like dead to the earth.

He stretched out his hand. take it," he said, quietly, "for all is well nigh ruined forever.

over, Roxie." ".Vhat is ov-r?" said she.

honor, my plighted word-al have all.

"This is a strange just for you to such fidelity. make," said she, bitterly.

He looked h r full in her lovely face.

"It is no jest, but heavens honest truth, Roxie! I love you! I will te on y too glad to marry you tomorrow-o day-as soon as you will give yourself to me."

He streached out his arms to her with a flush on his cheek and his leepy eves all aglow; and just then a bit of dry undergrowth near the one yearly subscription t. Fas Harvas together with tea coats extra wo cracked sharply. Something we will send free a copy of the World Minando for 1895. Single copies

b oken with me-H-aven bless her! lead to his apprehension, but with to the match. As for my mother she must like the out result. Nobody in Plympton Of course Roxie has made the

tonishment, and scarcely able to be- believed one of his blood capable of goes by.

nor partridge, nor squirrel-some- But in spite of his mother-in thig flashed out from bohind a spite of all the Plympton folks who rough pine-tole at Philip Trevor's declared her good looks gone forever back-a dark, cruel face-the glit- sick and scarred as she was-he tering muzzle of a gun pointed married her and carried her away Roxie sat silently pulling up the straight at the young squire's breast. to some country over the sea, and I long, green fringes of the squaw-toul, jealous image, with black mur-years.

through the brown, sweet smeller g and, with a scream that rung far a true story. Yesterday I met pine medles at her feet I doubt and wide through the wood, she Roxie's carriage rolling across the if she didn't wish she had accepted flung herself before Philip Trevor. bridge, and she sat among its satin Mis Trevor's offer, and gone to "Fly, Philip! He will kill you!" straight from Worth's, and looking Powhatan Milis, just the... She And the next moment there was as handsome as a princess To be was miserable enough to have a deafening report, a puff of smoke sure, the mark of Sandy Blake's thrown herself into the mill brook, curling through the woods, and, bullett is still to be seen on her and there made an end of the with the blood streaming from the face, but it doesn't seem to hurt flower-like face which had bewitch- her bearty. I hear the squire is ed Squire Trevor into forgetting very proud of that scar, because it Presently an approaching step pride and name and station, Roxie is the price she paid for his life, he ISAVS.

Well, I always knew that Roxie had brains. She has put on all the airs and graces of a born lady. sent for in hot haste, and in half au | dream that sh. ever wore a calico On his face was an odd, pale de hour the whole town knew that dress or carried a pail of water in termination altogether new to it. Roxie Blake had been shot by a her life. She had the good sense, jealous lover in Millbrook Wood, vou see, to fit herself for her posi-tion. Her husband adores her; . You need not be ashamed to and that her wonderful beauty was and since the birth of that baby boy, which a white-capped Sw:ss

They never found Sandy. Philip nurse parades through Plympton's Trevor offered a thousand dollars streets every fine day, even his 'My stroggl- concerning you. I reward for any clue that would haughty old mother is reconciled

st of the world, yield to the in- ever saw his dark, ugly face more. fortune of the Blake family. You evitable. I will not fight against Of course the scoundrel didn't in- can't touch one of them now with a i am worn out! For days and tend to harm Roxie-he loved her ten-foot pole. They live in that w eks I have been in purgatory. I too well for that. She received the big house beyond the bridge, and e mot I ve without you. Pride, shot meant for Trevor-that was old Joe is owner of the saw-mill where he once worked as a common

g ne down to fore you. Roxie. I At first the surgeon thought she hand. Some people are born to love you with all my heart. I ask would die; but she was young, and good luck in this world, and no Straightforward and manly, was had a good constitution, and she mistake. Gracious! here's Roxie's he not? The Trevo: blood improves pulled through the danger, and carriage coming over the bridgewith tim . I think Roxie arose two months after Philip Trevor high stepping horses, livered driver, from the ne knots, white with astonishment, and scarcely able to be-

THE END.

To every person sending us the amount of





EDUCATORS and STUDENTS everywhere. Has Reached Such a State of Perfection That it is a Veritable Encyclopedia of Facts, Statistics and Events Brought Pown to January First, 1895. THE 1895 volume is a whole library in itself. One can hardly think

It Treats 1,400 topics

of a question it cannot answer. It tells all about party platforms, election statistics, the new tariff, religions of the earth, population everywhere, state and government statistics, occupations of men, foreign matters, literature, science It is . . .