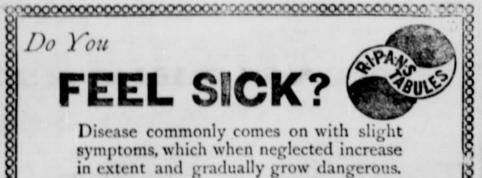


AT THE

Burns Meat Ma ket.

It is first class in every respect. The proprietor having been raised time she drove after butter and 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 etc. K. A. MATTHES, Proprietor.





Miss Stone.

BY BEATRICE CAMERON. From American Nation.

CHAPTER II. He rushed to the window to watch her-a slender and charmagainst the dark ground of the phæton. He felt a sudden regret,

which amounted to poignant anguish, that he was a trivolous, flippant minded city man.

Miss Stone was very favorably impressed with Mrs Briscomb's new aired man. She met him the next egga.

Mrs. Briscomb persuaded her to stay to supper, and the hired man had unexpectedly presented him-

solf at the table. He was very pleasant looking-almost handsome in spite of his rough boots and his ill fitting clothing-and he was not half as awkward and red-headed as Hank Grimes. He did not eat with his knife, either; nor scrape his chair on the floor; and the few remarks he made were sensible and even granmatical.

Miss Stone almost disliked to call him "Eb-n," but Mrs. Briscomb had introduced him as Eben, and she had no choice.

It seemed quite natural th t the hired man should pelitely and res- ally. pectfully offer to drive her home. She had walk down, since the day was cool, and it was growing a little dark.

It did not seem at all unconventional, either, that they should take the long st road, in order to see a pretty ravine which Miss Stone had described to the hired man. But when they had reached the ravine

they had quite forgotten it. They were talking interestedly on other topics.

"You ar fond of form work and the country?" Miss Stone was say ing

der it, and the scent of the fresh very well informed on a surprising crops filled the air.

Certainly the hired man was not to be blamed for driving past Miss cession of studious night-vigils. Stone's gate when they had reached She could hardly wait to tell Mrs. it, with a glance at his companion Briscomb. which was the perfection of respect-

ing figure, with a peachy face, to be blamed for not noticing the Eben's horse saw it as he and Miss gate.

> gone to bed that night, whether she Miss Stone screamed faintly, and had gone to bed that night, whether she should not have noticed it, and when they were safe on the other whether they should not have got side the hired man's was around back, before half-past nine. But her.

she went to sleep guite sweetly and peacefully. For-in view of her you always, Miss Stone-Gerstaunch beliefs she felt a pleasant trude?" he whispered, in sterotyped triumph in the fact-she had found phrase. "I know you will!" Mrs. Briscomb's hired man remark ably agreeable and-nice. She should tell Mrs. Briscomb about it

the very next time she saw her She did not see Mrs Briscomb again, however. Eben came over

with the butter and eggs. He brought them in small quantities. and came often consequently; and he came when he had no butter or

eggs to bring. And Miss Stone, Eben. quite necessarily, saw a good deal of him. He came with Mrs. Briscomb's carriage sometimer, and Miss Stone could hardly have avoided driving with him occasion-

She thought, at the end of four weeks, that she must certainly go to see Mrs. Briscomb, and tell her how delightfully her own hired man proved her theories.

Eben was, to say the least, ex tremely interesting. He was bright and apprecirtive; he was pleasantly humorous on occasion; and he was

variety of subjects

Miss Stone pictured a long suc-

It needed only a distant locomofur deference, nor was Miss Stone tive to bring matters to a climax. Stone drove over the track one She wondered, when she had evening, and reared and plunged. clung to the hired man's arm, and

"Will you let me take care of

"What will people say?" she murmured.

"I thought you didn't care," said the nired man, in tender reproach, loosening his arm.

"I don't-I don't!" cried Miss Stone, pulling it tightly again. "You are all I want. I don't care for for anybody. And we shall live out here on a little farm of our own!" she said, presently.

"Well, perhaps-summers," said

"What shall we do winters?" said Miss Stone, wonderingly.

TO BE CONTINUED.



"Very," Eben rejeined, with much ONIV TEN OFMITO L'UTD I To every person send-

