

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 frolic. Harry was the doctor's son as low as you would have to pay ranchers. Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage | When we went out together Frank etc.



Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase

The Vision of a Pream.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. From The Illustrated Home Guest CHAPTER I

sexes were taught. The boys sat had ever dimmed them. But I a steamer, and told their story. on one side, the girls on the other. We had very little to do with each other during school hours, but after its close and on holidays we played together constantly.

For my part I liked none of the girls as well as I did two of the boys, Frank Fair and Harry Myrtle. They were not in the least like each other. Frank was the son of a sailor's widow, a brown-haired. black-eyed fellow, full of fun and K. A. MATTHES, Proprietor | was always "finding some bit of water to sail his boat upon, and | Harry always sat down to sketch something. He called it "drawing pictures" then. He had "drawn' me doing all sorts of things-fishing, reading, picking blackberries, at my desk at school. I have many f these sketches now, and I have. beside, the little schooner that Frank made me, with the cordage if yeliow silk cord and little silk flags, and my name painted upon her side. I keep it under a glass case, and it really is a wonder.

Harry's sketches were wonderful for a boy, and when he told me that he meant to be an artist, I was sure he would be a great one, and old him so.

It d 's not take long for a child o grow to be a girl. One day, as it by magic, I found that I had be o me sev inteen. It was the day on which Frank, who was nineteen, had asked me to be his wife, and I had secepted him.

When I told my parents, my fath er said that Frank was a fine fellow out my niother let me know that she was disappointed. She had hop d I should marry Harry Myrtle His social position was higher; he was more to her taste. But, after the sersible fashion of American parents, they agreed that I had the right of choice, only the engagement must be a long one, for I was young and Frank poor. For our parts. we were in no haste, so that we were free to lo e each other, and to look forward to passing our lives together But I was sorry that mothe: had spoken of Harry as she did. 1 had never considered him anything but a friend. A few days after this, he also made me an offer. His father intended to send him to Furope to study, and he wanted my promise before he went. He said much more than Frank had. He was more romantic, and had read more, and had a greater command of language. If he really loved me as he seid he did, it seemed very terrible that I should have to tell him that I did not care for him. What I did say was: "I am engaged to Frank Fair." Not a word more or . word less. Neither did he answer a word. He only arose, and kissed my hand and went his way. And when he was gone I was sorry for him. But I loved Frank, and I did not love him, although I was fond of himvery fond, as I might have been of a brother, had I one. And shortly he went to Italy, and I had no doubt he would soon find some ore who would suit him better than I could ever have done-a beautiful

my mind.

We had the happiest courtship saved. great uncle who had more savings bought part of a vessel, and then being captain and ow er, he came holdly to my father and asked him when we might be married.

Father had always liked him. and he left it to mother. Mother had begun to like him also, and somehow the fact that he had named his vessel the "Dolly Fair," after his own mother, who was a plain little woman some sons would have been ashamed of, touched her

"A good son will make a good husband," she said, and with that gave him a kiss. So we had a merry wedding-day and a gay honey-moon.

Before any trouble has come to one it is hard to believe that it ever an. I had no fear when the "Dolly Farr" set sail.

I grieved to part with my husand as I had never grieved before. out I felt sure that he would come back to me.

Italian, perhaps, with such a face Even when the others began to us he could put into his pictures, be alarmed, I felt only anxious to while I was only a little Yankee hear from Frank, and when they girl, with cheeks like those of a told me that there were doubts of milkmaid, and a little up-tilted the ship's safety. I had none. At nose, and big, baby eyes, bright last her wreck was seen, and some When I was a little girl I went to enough, to be sure, for I had had men who had been on board, when a school where children of both such a happy life that few tears she went down, were brought in by

> never regretted that I had chosen When they left the wreck Captain Frank instead of Harry-not a Fair was still upon her. She was thought like that ever came into fast sinking, but he would not leave ner until every other soul was

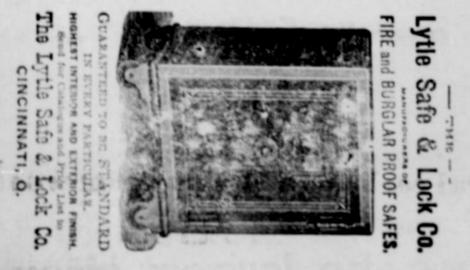
> hat ever was known. Trank went "Do you think that God would to sea, it is true, but his voyages desert a brave man like that?" I were short, and one day an old cried. "No; he'll come home yet." And for days I hoped for news. than any one ever dreamed of left until at last a fever fell upon me. him some money. With it he and at it lowest stage I sunk into a strange sort of swoon or trance, in which I lay like one dead, for seven days. Indeed, some of those around me thought I was dead, and said to one another that it was better that it should be thus, for that I would never be happy again while I lived. Ehose were women who were them selves widows, and knew what it meant to be left so desolate.

> > TO BE CONTINUED.



To every person sending us the amount o





ANHOOD RESTORED



one yearly subscription to The HERALD together with ten cents extri, we will send free a copy of The World Almanac for 1895. Single copies may be ordered at this office for 25 cents

