



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 etc.

K. A. MATTHES, Proprietor.

PURE

BEWARE of imitation trade marks and labels.

is the whole story about

ARM AND HAMMER SODA

in packages. Costs no more than other package soda—never spoils flour—universally acknowledged purest in the world.

Made only by CHURCH & CO., New York. Sold by grocers everywhere. Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.

ONLY TEN CENTS EXTRA.

To every person sending us the amount of one yearly subscription to The Herald together with ten cents extra, we will send free a copy of The World Almanac for 1895. Single copies may be ordered at this office for 25 cents.

THE WORLD ALMANAC

AND ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 1895

The Best Reference Book Printed.
A Volume of over 500 pages
It Treats 1,400 topics

Endorsed by STATESMEN,
EDUCATORS and
STUDENTS everywhere.

Has Reached Such a State of Perfection That it is a Veritable Encyclopedia of Facts, Statistics and Events Brought Down to January First, 1895.

THE 1895 volume is a whole library in itself. One can hardly think 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 and education. It is . . .

AMERICA'S STANDARD YEAR BOOK.

PRICE, postpaid by mail, - 25 CENTS.

Address THE WORLD, New York City.

The Black-Edged Envelope.

From The Ladies' World.

CHAPTER II.

BY FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.

And he'd got a very mad telegram asking him what he meant and he'd written back telling her she must know that he meant the mourning envelope, and that it would be a great deal better for her to acknowledge that she'd been inconsiderate, than to pretend she didn't understand—and then she wrote him the letter he'd got this morning. And Miss Waldron was as mad as she could be, and denied ever having used a mourning envelope in her life, and she said she never wanted to see him again. The way I felt, when I heard all this, was a caution to the rattle snakes.

And Mr. Johnson, he said:

"Why, Hilliard, it's nonsense for you two to quarrel. There's a mistake somewhere, depend on it. Perhaps she got hold of that envelope by mistake and slipped her letter into it without thinking." And he said he thought it was funny that a man who was as cool and clear headed as Mr. Hilliard, and who was as fond of a girl as he was of Miss Waldron, couldn't conduct his love affairs without getting all tangled. And then he slapped Mr. Hilliard on the shoulder and said: "Brace up, old boy; run down and see her and set this little matter straight."

"I can't do that," says Mr. Hilliard, and he shut his teeth together till his chin looked as square as a dry-goods box. "Come, Johnson, we'll drop it. Let's go to lunch," and before I could get a chance to speak to him, they'd gone.

Now, what I was going to do, I didn't know. I never thought when I played that trick, it was going to pan out that way. My! but I felt awful. I went to the window and looked down into the churchyard. There were some people walking 'round; lots of 'em always come in about chime time and wander about listening to the chimes and looking at the grave-stones. I saw a young man and a girl standing before one and laughing, and it's no wonder, for there are some of the queerest names and some of the queerest verses on those tomb-stones. They're awful old, you know. And I lolled out of that window and watched the sparrows hopping about in the grass, and felt so mean and unhappy I wished I was dead. Once, I thought I'd write to Miss Waldron and tell her all about it, and then I thought that wouldn't do. She'd think the letter was all a hoax. All of a sudden the idea came into my head to go and see her myself and explain the whole thing—and it grew and grew till it seemed to I'd die if I didn't go right off.

Miss Waldron lived a hundred miles away, and I'd need money to go with, for I couldn't walk there. And then I thought I'd break my crockery bank where I kept the money I'd been saving up for a bicycle, and that must have four dollars in it at least. I'd been saving up ever since I was a little kid. As soon as I got home that night I took the bank off the mantel in my room and broke it open. There were four dollars and ninety-eight cents in it, and the railroad fare would only be three. 'Twasn't enough to take me both ways, but I could walk part way home.

Then I wrote a letter to Mr. Hilliard, saying that "Important business called me out of town," and wouldn't he please excuse me for a little while. I was sure I'd be back in the evening, so didn't say a word to mother when I went away next morning. When I'd bought my ticket, I found I had a dollar and ninety-eight cents left, enough to carry me a good part of the way back. Anyway, all I thought of was getting there and seeing Miss Waldron.

As I got on the train, I saw a man with a coat just like Mr. Hilliard's, going up the platform. But I lost sight of him and when we got fairly off, there was so much to see out of the windows, and so many people inside of the car to look at, that I never thought of the man who looked like Mr. Hilliard again.

It was nearly noon when we got to B—. My! but it's a pretty place, all hills and trees and beautiful houses and wide, shady streets. I knew Miss Waldron lived on St. Paul's Street, but didn't know the number of her house. It was a long time before I found the street, and then I had to go along ringing door bells and enquiring if "Miss Waldron lived here." At last, when I was about tired out, I rang the bell of a house where the people knew Miss Waldron, and they told me her house was four or five blocks farther up the street. So I walked up and came to a house standing away back from the sidewalk, with lots of beautiful trees around it and flowers, and vines all over the piazza. I rang the bell and asked if Miss Waldron was in.

The girl looked at me kind of funny and said "Yes," she was in, and what did I want. I said I wanted to see her.

"Well, you can't see her now," she said, "for she's particularly engaged."

"Can't I wait till I can see her?" I asked. "It's on important business and I've come a long way."

So the girl said to come in, and she gave me a chair in the hall, the prettiest hall I ever was in, with rooms on each side of it. From one room where the door was closed, I could hear voices, but I couldn't hear what was said. On the hat stand was a hat that reminded me of Mr. Hilliard's, and there was a cane, too, that looked like his. A nice little dog ran in from some where and began jumping up on me. I was awful tired and hungry, and wished that Miss Waldron would see me and get done with it, but I dreaded seeing her, too. Soon the door of the room where I had heard voices opened a little and I heard a man say:

"So that's your final decision, Stella?"

And Miss Stella said, awful low: "Yes, Mr. —." I didn't catch the name.

Then the door opened wide and I saw a beautiful young lady dressed in white, standing in the middle of the room, and there, with the door handle in his hand, stood Mr. Hilliard as pale as a ghost, with that dry goods box shape on his face and his eyes as black as coals.

"Good-bye, Stella," he said. "Good-bye, Mr. Hilliard," she said.

But before he'd stepped over the threshold of the door, I made a jump and was hanging on to his hand.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Hilliard, Miss Waldron don't mean it," I said.

And he said, "Jack, where did you come from and what do you mean?"

Then I said, "Miss Waldron, you didn't send that black-edged envelope at all, it was me." She was sitting on the sofa, looking awful white, and holding on to the arm very tight. "I did it to play a joke on Mr. Hilliard," I said. "I don't know how he came to get mad at you about it, nor how you came to get mad at him for being mad, but somehow you both did. And I've heard Mr. Hilliard talking to Mr. Johnson, and I knew it was all my fault for playing that stupid trick on him. And I felt just awful about it, and made up my mind to come and tell you how it all happened."

Miss Waldron looked awfully puzzled, and she said:

"I don't understand. Will you come and tell me what you mean?" and she motioned me to come nearer.

"I mean," I said, "that it was me who put black edges on the envelope you sent your letter in to Mr. Hilliard. I did it with India ink one morning before he came down, so he thought something awful had happened to his mother; and when he found that nothing had happened to her, he thought you meant to fool him and were very mean."

Miss Waldron gave a queer little laugh.

"Oh! you don't know what a deal of harm you've done," said she, and she, and covered her face up with her hands.

"Jack," said Mr. Hilliard, putting his hand on my shoulder, "go and wait for me in the hall; will you, my boy?"

"But will you forgive me, Mr. Hilliard?"

He only patted me on the shoulder and pushed me gently through the doorway. I heard the door close and then went and sat on the chair, where I'd waited so long.

It was a long time before Mr. Hilliard came to me. When he did come, he looked very handsome and kind, and he said:

"Miss Waldron wants to see you, Jack." And when we went into the room Miss Waldron came up to me and she took both my hands and gave me a kiss, which I didn't deserve at all, for it was all my fault there'd been any trouble. And she and Mr. Hilliard were awfully good to me and took me in to see old Mrs. Hilliard; and I had a splendid dinner, and Mr. Hilliard telegraphed to my mother that I'd be home on a late train, and not to worry about me, and I liked it all, but felt awful ashamed to think I should be made so much of, when I'd behaved so badly, but some people never get their deserts.

And now Mr. Hilliard and Miss Waldron are away on their wedding tour.

Leave

Doubtful Seeds alone. The best are easy to get, and cost no more. Ask your dealer for

FERRY'S SEEDS

Always the best. Known everywhere. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895 tells you what, how, and when to plant. Sent Free. Get it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.