



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. MATTHEW, Proprietor.

**PURE**

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.

### GUY HILLIARD'S SKELETON.

From People's Home Journal.

#### CHAPTER III.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

He turned back, aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the house. His head burned and throbbed, and a strange feeling filled his heart; he had never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant girl, chancing to meet him in the yard, shrieked and ran out of his way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured, quiet, well-disposed school-master. Truly, jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering, as he entered.

"You are early this evening, dear," she said, pleasantly.

He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his warmth; she was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved and trusted her so.

"Violet," he said, hoarsely, throwing himself on a chair, "you see I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it. As your husband, I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house again a few minutes ago—and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means?"

She bent lower over her work, but made no answer.

"Violet," he went on, his agitation increasing at a fearful rate, "I cannot live with you if you persist in keeping this secret from me. My wife must have no skeletons in her closet. I have borne it as long as I can—as long as I will. I command you now to tell me all, to make everything clear, or from henceforth our lives are divided."

Violet was very pale and her fingers trembled nervously as she stitched away at her embroidery; still, that little, dancing, mischievous sparkle lit her eyes.

"Violet, will you explain?" urged her excited husband.

"No, sir; I have no explanations to make."

He rose to his feet, white and stern. "Then you are no wife of mine. I cast you off—wash my hands of you. You can go back to your father, and tell him that you have blighted and blasted my life, and broken my heart."

She rose, also, and gathered up her babe. "I will go, Guy," she said, quietly.

He stood still where she left him, listening to her light footsteps ascending the stairs. Was he awake—in his senses? was it a reality? Was she leaving him—his Violet—the mother of his babe—the only woman he had ever loved? He was on the point of rushing after her and imploring her forgiveness; but that stinging pain came back to his heart and held him back. At that instant, he heard her voice calling softly from the head of the stairs.

"Guy, Guy, will you come up here, please? I want you a moment."

He went up. She met him in the passage. "Bear with me, Guy," she said humbly. "I will go directly; but I have something to show you first."

She led the way to a small room just beyond their chamber, the same little sparkle burning in her

eyes. Guy followed with a fierce, impatient stride. She threw open the door, and there, supported against the wall, was a portrait of herself, with the babe in her arms, as large as life. Her golden hair fell back from her smooth brow in shining ringlets, and her azure robe, sweeping off from the shoulders in clouds of misty lace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds. Never was anything so perfect or so lovely. And the babe, a mass of white embroidery, with a round, dimpled, laughing face, and chubby hands peeping out. Guy stared at the beautiful creation in utter astonishment; then forgetting his wrath, his jealousy, everything in his joy, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Violet! where did you get it? It is yourself over again, and the loveliest thing I ever saw."

"Today is your birthday, Guy," she replied, softly "and that is my present. I heard you say once that you would sooner have a portrait of me and baby than anything else in the world; so I coaxed the money out of father, and engaged an artist to paint it secretly, that I might give you a surprise. But he had to work hard to get it done against today."

Poor Guy! the truth flashed on him like lightning. That was the secret; he had seen the artist going and coming, and had doubted his wife while she was working to please and gratify him. His face turned all manner of colors, and he stood in silence looking heartily ashamed of himself.

"I am done now, Guy," Violet said, the mischievous dimples deepening about her pretty mouth; "I will go."

"Oh, Violet!" he burst out, "forgive me—forgive me; I have been a great fool, I know—but forgive me, Violet."

Holding her babe with one arm, she put the other round his broad shoulders and drew him close to her side. He bent his head to kiss her; but the babe gave a gleeful spring, and buried both fat fists in his heavy whiskers.

"That's right, baby," laughed Violet. "pull 'em hard, he deserves it;" but she added, the moment after, her eyes overflowing with tears, "yes, Guy, I forgive you; but you must never doubt me again."

"Never again, Violet," he answered, tenderly. "You have cured me completely; we shall never have another skeleton."

[THE END.]

### FOUL PLAY.

From Vicker's Fireside Companion.

#### CHAPTER I.

BY J. H. HESKELINE.

"What a fiend!" said Sir Tom Warburton, so suddenly and energetically, that he startled me.

"Who? Miss Decima?" I asked, innocently, for the letter he had been reading when he uttered the exclamation was from his fiancée.

"No, Dessie is an angel, bless her," he said. "But what a brute old Grendall, her guardian, is. He and his daughter have done their best to prevent Dessie marrying me. By her father's will, you know, all Dessie's property comes to Grendall if she dies unmarried. Here is his latest move. It seems, although Dessie did not know it, that when she was five, she had a sort of trance, and she was almost buried alive. The old villain has just

sprung the news upon, and persuaded her that she ought not to marry. As though the trance would make any difference to me!"

"Perhaps it ought to," I said; "one has to be careful. My friend, Dr. Dallinger, would tell you exactly what importance you have to attach to this announcement."

"I shall marry Dessie, whatever he says. But perhaps he may help me remove her scruples," said Sir Tom; and we walked over to the great brain specialist's together.

Dallinger's report, to my great relief, was very satisfactory. He said that the abnormal state of the nervous system to which the trance was due was not likely to show itself in any other form, or to be reproduced. Considering that fifteen years had passed since Miss Caryll's trance, it was highly probable that she had outgrown it altogether.

"It can only be induced now by a great emotional shock," he said; "and the only notice you need take of the matter, Sir Tom, is to exercise greater vigilance than is usually done against the lady ever being buried alive, even if she is pronounced by a medical man to be dead."

Sir Tom thanked him effusively, and he was impatient to get back to my place to write and put his fiancée's mind at rest. He was staying with me while he had to be in London having a house fitted up for his wife's occupation after the marriage which was to take place at the end of the month.

Miss Caryll was evidently not a good correspondent, and her lover had been obliged to wait almost a week for her first letter, the one in which she told him about the trance. It seemed as if another week was to pass after he had answered it, before he was to receive her reply.

As post after post came without the expected letter, even I became rather uneasy. He had written on Monday evening, and as the post to Linton Abby took a day and a half, he could scarcely expect a reply till Wednesday evening. When Friday morning came without anything of it, I was quite ready to hear the the young baronet express his intention of running down to the Abby by the first train, and sufficiently interested myself to offer to accompany him.

He appeared glad of my company and we reached Trimby, the nearest station to Linton, early in the afternoon, and in the absence of any conveyance, started to walk the ten miles to the Abby.

TO BE CONTINUED.



### Catarrh

Has troubled me for 11 years. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and am perfectly cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal, and believe that many who are in poor health and have become discouraged, would be restored to good health if they would only give

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

a fair trial." Wm. J. BERNARD, Astoria, Ore.  
Hood's Pills cure all Evering's, Mumps, sore, headache, etc.