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New Meat Market

REVISTON BROS.

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Shop located opposite the public square. Everything fresh and clean. Fresh and salt meats, game, poultry, etc. Please give us a call and we will guarantee to give you satisfaction.

Remember the slogan "Honesty. Highest market price paid for hides and tallow."



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Lisbeth was standing behind the back door evidently, and immediately appeared.

"This young city swell wants some dry crackers to keep him alive. My rhamatiz is so bad tonight I couldn't think of climbing way down off here just for a pound of crackers."

The loafers guffawed at this, and Alec wanted to get away as soon as he possibly could. He felt himself in a very nest of enemies. Everybody and everything seemed to have changed since morning. The morning seemed ages ago, so long he could hardly remember it. He felt as if he were in an entirely new and disagreeable world.

Lisbeth walked directly toward him, and in her bearing he felt a little bit of sympathy amid all the hardness. But it embarrassed him, and he only felt the more like running away.

"Will you have these round ones," she asked, taking a cover off a large barrel, "or would you like these soft soda crackers?" indicating a box, toward which she immediately walked, followed by Alec, who was vaguely comforted by the soft tone of her voice.

"Makin' a mash on 'Lisbeth'" whispered one of the meanest looking of the loafers. Alec did not look around at all, but the girl gave the offender a quick, threatening look, which she distributed around to the rest of the company as well, and no laughter followed the salty. There was a dead silence while Lisbeth went on in a light, easy tone, "I like these soda crackers ever so much the best, and they cost only a cent a pound more."

"Give me a pound of those," said Alec gloomily, and the girl proceeded to weigh them out.

"I heard you ask for some cheese," she went on as she busied herself with the crackers. "We haven't any cheese, but we have some gooseberry jam mother made herself, and I could give you 5 cents' worth in one of these little wooden dishes. Would you like 5 cents worth?"

"If you please, I would," responded Alec, touched by the girl's thoughtfulness and kindly interest.

The jam was put up and paid for with the crackers.

"There is nothing else?" asked the girl, with shopkeeper's courtesy and a smile.

The boy thanked her and was gone amid a profound silence from the loafers. He was lighter hearted now, and the world seemed natural again. One human being had been kind to him. He had a profound feeling of gratitude, and stopped short to look back and wonder how he could ever repay her. He felt as if he must thank her in more than the formal words he had used in the store.

Fairly away from the store and the hateful crowd of loafers, he began to think what he should do for the night. He sat down on a stone in the light of a window and ate his crackers and jam,



The jam was put up and paid for with the crackers.

and as he sat eating, and a more and more cheerful feeling about life came over him, he remembered that there was a barn back of the tavern, whose side door he had seen standing invitingly open, revealing a mow of old hay beyond. He would go and sleep 'on the hay. An hour later he was fast asleep in the barn.

CHAPTER IX.

HE MAKES JO HIGGINS GIVE HIM A JOB.

His walking on the morrow was very different from the first walking in Ashton. The birds were singing just as loudly and merrily, but Alec did not seem to hear them. The gray morning light streamed through the cracks of the barn, and the cows and horses could be heard munching their hay or now and then bringing their feet down heavily to shake off some insect intruder.

Alec lay half buried in the hay, looking up into the dark, dusty, cobweb woven roof, trying to put the dull, lonely ache out of his head long enough to think what he must do, could do. The town was against him, now that he had failed and failed. He knew that clearly from the atmosphere into which he had stepped at the store the previous evening. Mr. Higgins seemed at first to be his friend, but he, too, had grown cold and gruff. Lisbeth seemed kind, but she was only a girl. What could a girl do?

He would have set out on his northward tramp immediately, but there seemed now no more before him than was behind. His skill at mowing he did not wish to put to the test again, and besides this morning he felt so stiff and his back and limbs ached so persistently.

With a merry twinkle he looked at Alec sharply and said:

"Ef you're going to work for your board, I s'pose you want to begin with breakfast. Well, if you step inside there, I cal'late 'Lisbeth will sort o' fix you up."

Then the man looked slowly about the store, and at last remarked, as if it were the conclusion of his thought:

"Mebbe I do need somebody to help me. I'm getting sort of old and rheumatic. I ain't as spry as I once was. And your victuals wouldn't put me out o' pocket so very much, a-seeing's we've got to cook anyway and I get things at wholesale."

Then with a merry twinkle he looked at Alec sharply and said:

"Ef you're going to work for your board, I s'pose you want to begin with breakfast. Well, if you step inside there, I cal'late 'Lisbeth will sort o' fix you up."

Then he lumbered off toward the postoffice department, which was at the end of the counter nearest the door. Alec watched him a moment, and then timidly made his way into the dining room.

Lisbeth was sitting alone at the end of the table finishing her breakfast, for she had been waiting on the others.

"Good morning," said Alec tentatively.

She nodded welcome, with a smile.

"I'm going to work for your board, and he said you would give me some breakfast," he went on after moment's pause for her to speak, of which she did not take advantage.

Lisbeth immediately rose from her place, and motioning him to another said:

"If you'll sit down, I'll get you some breakfast right off." With which she hurried into the kitchen.

CHAPTER X.

HE SELLS A SPOOL OF THREAD AND MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE CHILDREN.

After his breakfast was finished Alec went into the store and began to look about in the light of his position as clerk, and dimly realized that he knew not where to find any particular thing whatever, nor what price to set upon it when he did find it. As soon as he came in Joe Higgins immediately lumbered off, leaving him to mind the store. At first he occupied himself in looking slyly into tempting cubby holes and corners, and gingerly picking up one thing and another, speculating oftentimes upon its possible use.

He soon abandoned this prying of curiosities, and stood silently behind the counter waiting for his customer. About 8 o'clock he arrived, a small boy of 6, who came into the store in such a way that he seemed to have tumbled into the middle of the floor without Alec knowing exactly how. On reflection Alec concluded that he must have stumbled over the doorstep. But when he had recovered himself, the little fellow stood staring stupidly at Alec, as much as to say, "How in the world did you come here?" Then suddenly he beat a hasty retreat, and a moment later a dozen little faces might have been seen at the door, peering curiously in to see the strange white fellow behind the counter whom everybody had heard of the day before.

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After pausing a moment at the door she went in and stood supporting herself by a hand on either hip, for she was decidedly well favored—the boys said she was fat.

"Joe Higgins ain't about?" she inquired, looking toward Alec, but not approaching him.

"Mr. Higgins is out," replied the young man. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I wanted a spool of Burt's 36," she answered without moving, and looking at Alec as if she very much doubted his understanding anything about the matter whatever. By this time the children, little barefooted girls in short dresses and boys with broad brimmed straw hats which had quite lost their shape from various drenchings, had gathered about the woman and were staring with dumb, vacant faces.

"Thread, did you say?" asked Alec, catching at the word spool, for he did not know what "Burt's 36" meant.

"Burt's 36," she replied glumly, and Alec went to a little case of small drawers which seemed to contain thread. After searching for some time in several of them he found a spool of thread with 36 on it, but it was black, and the woman said it was of a no count cheap make, anyway, that Joe Higgins kept just to make money off of; she wanted "Burt's."

At last he found what was wanted, but he didn't know what the price was and spent some time looking over the spool for a mark. The children saw what he was searching for, and when he turned to the woman and asked lightly if she knew the price of it the children cried out in chorus, "Five cents," for they had been aching to tell him. He handed the spool to the woman and took the 5 cents she held in her hand. But as she didn't move he stood politely waiting for her. At last she held the spool out to him, saying:

"I s'pose you're not too busy to wrap this up, are you?"

The children tittered, Alec blushed, and the woman walked away.

At 9 the stage driver came lumbering up to the door and threw out the mailbag for the mail to be changed. Mr. Higgins immediately came lumbering into the store and started directly for his place behind the little barrier of glass covered boxes, crying out to Alec as if he had always done it:

"Come, hustle that mailbag in here. We ain't got over five hours to change that mail—in fact, we ain't got five minutes if Michael catches the 10:30 train."

Alec spoke earnestly and eagerly as he went on and advanced nearer and nearer the counter, till he fairly leaned over it, and Mr. Higgins shrank back against the shelves with his hands in his pockets, for a moment taken aback by the fierce onset.

But as soon as Alec paused he recovered himself. He looked at the boy sharply for a moment and seemed satisfied.

"You ain't no city chap up here for a lark, be you?" he asked suddenly.

"No," replied Alec simply, but in a way that apparently satisfied Mr. Higgins.

Then the man looked slowly about the store, and at last remarked, as if it were the conclusion of his thought:

"Mebbe I do need somebody to help me. I'm getting sort of old and rheumatic. I ain't as spry as I once was. And your victuals wouldn't put me out o' pocket so very much, a-seeing's we've got to cook anyway and I get things at wholesale."

By this time half a dozen men were standing about the store, many of whom were among the loafers of the evening before. They stared at Alec, and Alec lowered his eyes, for he knew what they were thinking about, and he was thinking of the same thing. Mr. Higgins was supremely unconscious of everything and seemed indeed to have forgotten that he had put jests at Alec the night

# NEW UNDERTAKING.

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## A NEW HEARSE

And first class funeral furnishings have been provided, and special pains will be taken to merit a share of the public's favors. Mr. Overton has

## CAREFULLY FITTED

Himself for this work, having been for some time under the instruction of one of the best practitioners in Chicago.

before. Alec felt his power. He was backed up now, and Joe Higgins for his own selfish interests must take his side. It could not be otherwise. So, in a moment, he glanced, smiling, at the men, and without a word or even look of disapprobation they walked out of the store.

During the forenoon there were few visitors at the store,