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CHEW SPEAR HEAD AND SAVE THE TAGS.

One Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars,
\$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for
SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES	\$34,650 00
5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, BLACK ENAMEL TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC	28,875 00
23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES	23,100 00
115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS	57,500 00
115,500 LARGE PICTURES (4x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them	28,875 00
261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO	\$173,250 00

The above articles will be distributed, by counties, among parties who chew SPEAR HEAD Plug Tobacco, and return to us the TIN TAGS taken therefrom.

We will distribute 226 of these prizes in this county as follows:

To THE PARTY sending us the greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS from this county we will give.....1 GOLD WATCH.

To the FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each, 1 OPERA GLASS.....5 OPERA GLASSES.

To the TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE.....20 POCKET KNIVES.

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM TOOTH PICK.....100 TOOTH PICKS.

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 LARGE PICTURE IN ELEVEN COLORS.....100 PICTURES.

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, County, State, and Number of Tags in each package. All charges on packages must be prepaid.

HEAD.—SPEAR HEAD possesses more qualities of intrinsic value than any other plug tobacco produced. It is the sweetest, the toughest, the richest. SPEAR HEAD is absolutely, positively and distinctively different in flavor from any other plug tobacco. A trial will convince the most skeptical of this fact. It is the largest seller of any similar shape and style on earth, which proves that it has caught the popular taste and pleases the people. Try it, and participate in the contest for prizes. See that a TIN TAG is on every 10 cent piece of SPEAR HEAD you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

THE F. J. SOBG COMPANY, MIDDLETON, OHIO.

A list of the people obtaining these prizes in this county will be published in this paper immediately after February 1st, 1894.

DON'T SEND ANY TAGS BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1894.

WOOD SONGS.

Ask me not why—I only know
 It were thy loss if I could show
 Thee cause as for a lesser thing.
 Remember how we searched the spring,
 But found no source—so clear the sky
 Within its earth bound depths did lie.
 Give to thy joy its wings,
 Unto thy heart its song, nor try
 With questionings
 The throbbing throat that sings,
 For in thy clear and steadfast eyes
 Thine own self wonder deepest lies,
 Nor any words that lips can teach
 Are sweeter than their wonder speech;
 And when thou givest them to me
 Through dawns of tenderness I see,
 As in the water sky
 The sun of certainty appear.
 So—ask me why,
 For then thou knowest, dear,
 —Arthur Sherburne Hardy in Scribner's.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

It was 5 o'clock of a hot August afternoon at Luc-sur-Mer. The bathers were roaming over the beach or ensconced in cozy, sheltered spots. Women, rosy pink with the heat, were leisurely crocheting and gossiping, emphasizing their remarks with the movement of the white ivory needles. Bright eyed men, their smiling listeners, idly traced hieroglyphics on the sand. Happy children, watched over by white capped nurses, made mud pies to their hearts' content.

Over one small group of loungers presided a young woman, whose pensively graceful, delicate featured face was of rare sweetness. Her hair was blond, her mouth fresh as a child's, while in her black eyes quivered lights and shadows as on a placid lake. A crowd of young men were gathered about her, each one anxious to claim part of her attention by some trivial little speech. Now and then she would quietly drop a word, and every one stopped talking to hear and applaud her.

Marguerite Helm was a Norwegian. She had married for love a countryman of hers, a painter, but he had died soon after. Gifted with a marvelous voice, she had resolved to make it her means of support. Going to Paris, she had shut herself up for a year with her grief and her musical studies. Her stay at Luc-sur-Mer was the first dissipation of her widowhood.

Just now the conversation had turned on a foreigner's difficulty in using French idioms. All her admirers seized the opportunity to compliment her on her proficiency in the language.

"Gentlemen," she said suddenly, "you shall each tell me which word in all your language you prefer."

After a moment's hesitation the contest began. To the men it was a pretext for new gallantries.

"Marguerite," sighed one.
 "Norway," murmured another.
 "Love!" suddenly exclaimed a boy's undeveloped voice—a voice just undergoing a change.

The word was so impulsively uttered that everybody started. Marguerite herself bent forward to see the speaker. It was Jacques Lespar, a mere boy of almost girlish beauty. His white forehead, his straight nose, with its sensitive nostrils, his slender, refined hands—all betokened good blood. His penetrating eyes fixed themselves upon those of Mme. Helm. Hers were filled with a sweet, indulgent curiosity.

"Well, there really are no more children. Make way for the young!" were the remarks heard from the men.

Happily the dinner hour was near, and the group dispersed. Jacques and Mme. Helm remained together. They both felt a little embarrassed at being alone, and neither knew what to say. Finally they began to talk of the weather, of the superb days and warm evenings. Then the boy escorted Marguerite to her hotel and went home.

Ever since the beginning of the season he had silently admired Mme. Helm. A subtle fascination irresistibly attracted him to her. When she took her morning stroll, he instinctively walked behind her, like a dog following his master. When she sat down on the beach amid her admirers, he furtively slipped in among them, envying, with all the strength of his ingenious youth, the young men who could laugh with her or the old gentleman who called her "Dear child." How often he had tried to speak to her! But the great sadness rising in his heart at his utter insignificance would choke the words in his throat.

An orphan from his cradle, he was entirely alone in the world. A distant relative had become his guardian and directed his education. He grudgingly managed Jacques' finances and bestowed only a scant affection upon his ward. The boy's generous nature was starved in this atmosphere of indifference, and he at once loved Marguerite with all the energy of long suppressed feeling. It was his first passion, and like a rich spendthrift he laid at her feet all the treasures of his heart. "As to being paid in return, he never dared think of that. He would have been satisfied if, like a priest at God's altar, he might be allowed to worship Marguerite all his life.

After that August afternoon Jacques and Mme. Helm were frequently together. They talked over their plans, and being mutually attracted learned to know each other well. Every day after breakfast they walked on the quay, and the boy made the young woman his confidant. Marguerite heard his grave speeches with a smile and reciprocated by giving good advice with almost motherly tenderness.

Time passed on, and often when returning from their walk the day died with the setting sun. The women coming home would greet them with some half audible, jesting remark; the ragamuffins would giggle at them on the road, and the men bow, with a sort of pleased, boorish politeness.

It was the first time since her departure from Norway that Mme. Helm forgot her sorrow. She liked her role of tender mamma and put an unconscious coquetry into her conduct. She would often prelude her remarks with, "I, M. Jacques, who am an old woman"—and she smiled to think of her three and twenty years.

She did not dream how this child adored her. Only once did a slight doubt

enter her mind, but Jacques' conduct quickly dispelled it. He treated her like an elder sister and did not mind appearing ridiculous in her eyes. To her this was sufficient proof that he was not in love. Anxious to warn him against life's snares, she continued to show him a calm, motherly affection, and the thought of having for Jacques any other sentiment would have shocked her.

After spending the greater part of an exceedingly hot day indoors, they went one evening for their accustomed after dinner stroll in the fields. The setting sun poured its purple rays over the country, tingeing sky and meadows, houses and trees with fire. The ocean was mottled with red spots, forming bloody streaks.

Hardly a haystack's irregular cone stood out in melancholy profile against the sky.

"Let's climb it!" said Jacques.

Marguerite gleefully clapped her hands. Jacques went on to reconnoiter. The road was deserted. No one was to be seen in the neighborhood.

She began the ascent with great difficulty. Her feet would slip, her fingers lose their hold, while the bits of dry hay scratched her face. Her more sturdy companion followed and helped her along. Reaching the top, they sat down and looked at each other, then burst out laughing like schoolboys stealing fruit or serious persons caught in a foolish act.

The descent was more easily accomplished. The gayety had passed, and both opened books they had brought. Jacques lay flat on the ground, resting upon his elbow. Marguerite was stretched on a pile of hay which formed a sort of chaise longue. Her tiny feet just peeped from under the hem of her gown. The thin cloth shoes perfectly outlined her arched instep and delicate ankles.

It was too hot to read. They were both silent. Jacques' eyes were riveted on Marguerite. Her red lips trembled like a flower under the breeze. Her soft, white throat was smooth as the surface of a lake. At every breath her bosom heaved, and the thin material of her dress swelled like a sail. Her whole personality exhaled the subtle perfume of elegance. It was the first time Jacques had noticed these charming details, and unconsciously he became absorbed in their contemplation. Little by little his thoughts became confused; his soul rose to his eyes. He breathed with difficulty, and a languor crept over him. The heat of the day mounted to his head and intoxicated him.

The country around was resting after the day's heat. In the far off fields women were gathering potatoes, and near them little boys threw clods of earth at each other. From time to time the cows lying on the grass would low and turn their heads toward the setting sun as toward a departing friend.

Suddenly through the silent fields rang the cries of an angry voice.

"The field guard!" exclaimed Marguerite.

In the distance was a man gesticulating threateningly at this couple, who had pulled down his carefully stacked hay.

Like two guilty children, their first thought was to fly from the ruined haystack. The boy was up with one bound. But in her haste Marguerite lost her balance and fell. He caught her in his arms and righted her.

They ran across the field. For an instant they hid behind a large mound of earth, then made straight for the beach. Here they sought shelter in a hut used only by the customs officers and kept very still, fearing to give their pursuer the alarm.

Seated on the narrow bench Mme. Helm leaned against Jacques. She had never seemed so beautiful. Out of breath from the run her cheeks were red, her nostrils quivered. With bended neck and wide open eyes she listened in laughing anxiety for the steps outside.

His ecstasy was complete. Putting his arm around her waist he drew closer to her. Turning to him in childish glee she said, "Jacques, we are saved!"

It was the first time she had called him simply Jacques, and the boy lost his head; with a brusque movement he seized Marguerite's hand and imprinted on her wrist a passionate kiss.

Very pale, she rose, not knowing what to say or think. A great remorse struck her like a knife. Had she shown too much affection for Jacques? Had she been guilty of coquetry toward him? The days of their intercourse flashed through her memory, and she found herself guilty.

Instantly she resolved by some cruelty which Jacques could not forgive to kill the love she had inspired. She cast upon the boy one last look of infinite tenderness; then, gathering all her strength for the deathblow, she said in her cold, beautiful voice:

"You little fool!"—Translated For Argonaut from the French of Albert Guinon by Alice Ziska.

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