THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S.

By Permission of American Humane Society.

CHAPTER XI.

John Shane's neighbors came promptly to his assistance, as they always do in farming communities. They came with their teams and tools, prepared to put in the corn, and the work of plowing up the ground and replanting the corn went merrily on. The birds came and did their share of the work. They followed the plows all day long and caught every worm that came to view. The men plowed and harrowed it and stirred it all they could, so the birds might get the worms. Shane's horses went to work with a will, and did as much as any team on the farm. It was a glorious day, and a jollier crowd of men never got together than these same farmers. They felt happy because they were doing a generous deed, and they worked with a will until noon. The dinner bell rang and they went to the house to meet a fresh surprise. Every man's wife and daughter was there, and they had spread a long table under the trees, and put on it a feast that would tempt the appetite of an epicure.

They had gotten Mr. Shane in a chair and placed him at the window, where he could see it all; and Mrs. Shane sat by his side, husband and wife, happier than they had been in many years. What a great feast that was under the trees. What appetites the men had and how eager the women were to satisfy them. They laughed and joked and ate, and there never was such a jolly time as they had on the Shane farm.

They worked all day and came back the next day, and worked until every hill of corn was planted again. The next day the rain fell and moistened the ground, and the sun came out and warmed it, and the corn sprouted and grew, and there was a great prospect for the future. 'Tis true the worms took some of it, but they had put an extra grain in each hill for the worms. The birds could not get all the worms, but they got most of them. The Shane farm was getting in accord with the plan of the universe, and prosperity was smiling on it.

Shane felt that he was in the right path now, and he studiously followed it. During the time he was confined to the house with his broken limb Edith has induced him to read the books loaned her by Cora Tracy, which treat of animals and birds and their uses.

In a few more weeks Shane recovered so much that he could walk about the farm on crutches. He could not help but mark the difference in the appearance of things. There was a look of content about everything.

The first time he went to the barn Dick came up to him, and putting out his nose touched Shane's hand.

"I actually believe the horse is trying to ask my pardon," said Shane. "It would be more proper for me to ask his pardon for mistreating him so long."

He patted Dick's neck and said: "I think we understand each other now, old fellow."

"I tell ye, Misther Shane, I never see horses work nicer than these same horses of yours," said Mike. "I think we'll have Dobbin prancin' around again purty soon."

"Poor old Dobbin. I'm afraid he'll not get much more enjoyment of life, but he shall have an easy time of it as long as he lives."

But ere another year had gone by old Dobbin found a resting place beneath the sod, and the question was again asked: "Who knoweth that the spirit of man goeth upward and the spirit of the beast goeth downward? God created him and made him subject to the will of man, and in the end God took him. The part that was mortal went back to the earth. If there was and immortal element in him God took it and knows what to do with it.

The work went on merrily on the Shane farm and everything prospered. The birds did their duty nobly, and the crops were looking splendidly. Shane completely recovered from his broken limb, and the people remarked that Shane didn't seem like the same man as he used to be. He had learned that the birds were his frieds; he had watched them in their work during the summer, and noticed how diligent they were in searching for insects. They took a few cherries and berries, it is true, but when he came to estimate the value of the fruit taken he saw that its value was greatly overbalanced by the benefits he received.

He had been accustomed to employing men to work for him, and he would have to pay these men in comparison with the profits he could make out of their labor. If the balance was on his side of the account he employed them, and if not he didn't. He estimated the same way in regard to the birds.

The corn crop destroyed by the worms in the spring was worth more than all the fruit on the farm, and the second crop planted, which he believed now was saved by the birds, was worth all the fruit he could raise in several years. So he reasoned the matter with Edith.

"But, papa," she said, "isn't there something grander and nobler in this question than the mere money side of it?"

"Oh! yes, Edie; I see that side of the question, too. I recognize now that they are God's creatures, sent for our benefit, and that as he has given them to us he can take them away."

"And isn't there something more than that?" asked Edith.

"Yes; I appreciate their sweet songs as I never did before. There are a great many beauties in nature that I never saw before. I begin to appreciate the gentleness and docility of our domestic animals. I don't blame Dick for running away with me; he only retaliated for the ill-usage I had given him. I do not intend that any dumb animal shall ever be mistreated on this farm again."

"Faith an' I don't thing there's iny body on the farm now that wants to mistrate 'em, Misther Shane," said Mike, who had come in with Tom.

"I can trust you, Mike, for you always was opposed to mistreating the animals, but I didn't know but what Tom might have some of the old ideas yet," said Shane.

"Niver ye fear that bye, Misther Shane. Begorra, he's a bigger crank than Misther Tracy himsilf, an' I think it's a young leedy of that name that's having a dale of influence wid 'em on thim points, eh?" and he gave Tom a vigorous poke in the ribs.

"Oh! shut up," said Tom, "that rattle-clap tongue of yours is always clattering about something."

"All right, me bye, 'tis Michael McCarty knows a thing or two, an' he has the tongue to tell ye of it wid. Arrah, I've been kapin' me two eyes open mesilf, this summer, an' I've changed the song I sung ye in the spring like this:

Tom Shane's a bye of some good sense—
He's goin' to use it all,
An' from the looks of things just now,
Bedad he'll marry this fall,
Bedad he'll marry this fall,
An' from the looks of things just now,
Bedad he'll marry this fall.

That is, ye know, if he can get his feyther's consint."

The laugh was at Tom's expense, and they retired in good humor.

Mike's surmise was correct, for Tom Shane and Cora Tracy were married the next winter, and it was her influence which had worked a change in Tom's thoughts and actions towards the lower animals.

The summer wore away and the winter was coming on. Shane's corn crop was in the crib, and had yielded far beyond his expectations, and his horses were sleek and fat and happy. He had brought the carpenters up from the village to repair the stables so that no cold blasts of winter winds would blow on his horses. He had bought blankets for his horses—something he had never done before.

The cold weather came on apace, and about the middle of November there came a snowstorm. The pitiless blasts of wind drove the snow in blinding sheets across the fields, and made the warm fireside in the Shane household seem doubly dear to all who love a home.

Edith was standing at the window watching the gusts of wind drive the snow about.

"Oh! say, papa, there is some animal down at the gate," said Edith. "Are any of ours out?"

"I think not," he said, coming to the window. "Ah! it is that old mule that has been living in the highway all summer."

"Whom does it belong to, papa?"

"I don't know; it is a stray. It looks like a shame to let the old fellow stand out there and starve," said Shane.

"Let's take him in until the storm is over, anyhow," said Edith.

"Well, it shall be done," said Shane. "Tom, you an' Mike go an' put that old mule in the back stall an' give him something to eat."

The mule, much to his astonishment, was driven into the stable and put in a warm stall. Corn and hay were put in for him to eat, and he proceeded to fill his empty stomach without any thought of saying grace.

"How is this?" he cried to Dobbin; "there's been some changes since I was here before."

"Well, I should say so," said Dobbin. "We have everything heart could wish for now."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said the mule, "and if I can get a job here I'm going to stay."

"I hope you will," said Dobbin, "for we all feel kindly towards you for instructing us how to carry on the strike."

"Well, there's one mule thoroughly surprised," said Tom, after they had returned to the house. "I never saw an animal look so surprised as he did when we put him in the stable; an' the way he shook the snow off his old faded hide and went for that corn was a sight to see."

"Well, it won't cost much to keep him, an' I guess we'll just let him stay this winter," and the mule got his job.

"That's right, Misther Shane, an' the good God will give ye credit for it in the nixt world," said Mike.

"And all God-fearing people will give you credit for it in this world," said Mrs. Shane.

"The satisfaction of a good easy conscience is all the reward I want," said Shane.

Prosperity shines on John Shane's farm, and no consideration would induce him to return to the old way of living. May the time soon come when all men will recognize the fact that the laws of God and humanity require us to be merciful to the dumb animals, and to grant the same justice to them we would ask for ourselves.

[THE END.]

DEMOCRATIC PRAYER.

Delivered at the Closing of the Sermon.

APPEAL TO ALMIGHTY CLEVELAND

A Terrible Arraignment of the Democratic Administration by an Old Admirer.

"Oh, almighty and all-powerful Cleveland, who art in Washington, when not fishing; thou who art father of Ruth and Ruth's sister and the godfather of the democratic party (its father wouldn't own it if he were here) we hail thy name as the great political prophet of the century. We bow down before the in humble political obedience. When thou sayest go, we go; when thou sayest come, we come. We have no desire but to serve thee. If thou sayest black is white we will swear to it, and lick the everlastin' stuffin' out of the man who disputes it. When thou takest sunff we will sneeze; when thou sayest free silver we will echo thy words; when thou sayest gold, then gold it is. We are democrats after the improved modern type. Our business is to vote the ticket and vote 'er straight. What is it to us whether we have free silver or not? We are but dogs that eat of the crumbs that fall from our master's table. When the crumbs fall we wag our tail: when they fall fast we wag faster; when they don't fall we stand and wait till they do. This is democracy. This is the kind of democracy which elected thee, our great and almighty Cleveland. Oh, most adorned master, we love thee for what thou hast done for us. We love thee because thou art Cleveland. We humbly surrender ourselves to thee. Do with us as thou wilt. Though wheat is but forty cents a bushel we love thee; though cotton is low we love thee; though business is dull we love thee; though thousands, millions are out of employment we love thee; though our children are clothed in rags we love thee; though our wife, the dear companion of our bosom, is scantily dressed and looks so shabby she can't go to church we love thee; though we are sinking deeper in debt and poverty is knocking at our door and hunger is staring us in the face we love thee still. This shows our great faith and love for thee. Our wives and children we are willing to sacrifice, even as the Hindoo mother sacrifices her offspring by throwing it under the crushing wheels of the juggernaut. Oh mighty Cleveland, words cannot express our love for thee. We love our party, too. What care we about the many promises it made. We know it promised free silver and we know it won't give it to us, but we will stick to the party. We know we said if it did not do the things it promised to do we would leave it, but we lied when we said it. We thought then that we had some manhood about us, but we haven't. We have no independence. Thou, oh Mighty Cleveland, hast all the manhood and independence in the party. We are fools, liars, lickspittles and mudsills. We have no business to want anything or to say anything. Last year we favored free silver, and now we have to oppose it. We favored then because we thought it was right. We oppose it now, most adored master, because thou tellest us to. Aren't we a money of the first water? Did ever a dog serve his master more faithfully. Did ever a dog get less for it? Oh mighty master, we are ready to serve thee and thy party. All the pay we ask is to be patted on the back by some local politician and called a good democrat. We haven't got any sense. We don't want any, only enough to vote the ticket. It don't take any sense to be a good democrat. What a joyful thought! We don't have to think. We don't have to worry. Our work is all mapped out for us. All that is expected is to do what we are told to do. We thank thee, oh Cleveland that we are democrats. We thank thee for the panic. We thank thee for the hunger and the idle men and women in the land. We thank thee for low prices. We thank thee for the banks that busted and the thousands of business failures since thou hast come into power. We thank thee for the hard times. We thank thee for the rags our children wear. We thank thee for the clothes our wife needs and can't get. We thank thee for what thou hast done for the banker and what hast done for the people. We thank thee for all these things because it is our duty as a good democrat to do so. It may be 'against the grain,' but we will take our medicine. We will work our wives to death, sacrifice our homes, crucify liberty and kill prosperity, but will never go back on our dear old party, and on thee, our most adored Cleveland. Thou art more account than all of us put together. Thou knowest more than the South and the West. Call us fools; spit in our face; wipe your feet on us; we will love thee all the more. And now, our great political father, we leave ourselves in thy care. Do with us as thou wilt. Kick silver into the middle of the next century; give more privileges to the national banks; issue more bonds; preserve the McKinley bill; establish state banks; foster trusts; bribe congressmen with patronage; fish whenever thou carest to, and we will indorse everything thou doest, carry Cleveland roosters, campaign torches and forever more sing thy praise."

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

Under the subjects of "School Discipline" would naturally come the subdivisions, commonly called teaching, training, cultivation, method of government, rule, order and punishment.

Teaching being the most familiar term it will be considered first; in fact, in ordinary thought and conversation it is the principal idea.

How often do we hear the commonplace question and answer among teachers: "What are you doing now?" "I am teaching in district No. so and so."

First, what is teaching? According to definition "it is informing the understanding in that of which it was before ignorant; advising, counselling, laying down precepts, conveying knowledge.

There are as many ways of imparting this information as there are teachers; for no two teachers have the same ideas clothed in exactly the same words or have the same methods of conveying them. Hence, the effect upon the susceptible minds of children will be different; consequently they will be led to think in a certain direction by one person and perhaps in an entirely different way by another; yet each instructor leaves impressions upon the minds of those who are under her care that are never erased.

If the teacher's ideas are not clear and well formed and her thoughts well trained and systematic, so they may be imparted in a way to develope and discipline the young minds, much harm is done the child, and the teacher falls short of her high calling.

Training under the subject of school discipline, does not apply to the intellect only, but to morals and manners as well. Children should not only be taught to do and to know, but should be trained in these things that make scholars good and noble men and women also—men and women who are fully prepared to go forth into the world to win for themselves not only glory and honor, but the everlasting gratitude and love of their fellowmen—men and women prepared for the great stage of life so that all may rejoice at their coming and all mourn when they finally disappear from the last scene and take their final departure hence, leaving a void never to be filled.

Cultivation should include improving the talents already given. If the mind is not naturally inclined to work in a systematic way, and many children seem to have no natural ability for systematizing their thoughts, words, sentences or work in any direction, then cultivate a desire for system and order by example as well as by precept. The teacher who has the happy faculty of cultivating in her pupils the habit of observation, both in lessons assigned and in the material world around them, will find her efforts crowned with proud success.

The method of government is all important for upon it depends much success or failure. Good government brings a great good; bad government, a great evil.

The method should be simple, clear, exact, easy to learn and still easier to be enforced.

He whose rule is kindness and firmness is better equipped than he whose rule is the rod.

Rather rule by teaching the young minds to rule themselves. Let them know that you consider them responsible beings; that they must depend upon themselves and be upon their honor. When a child feels that it is responsible and that it can do things of itself that are of an important or responsible nature, then it learns one lesson in self government. If it feels that it is considered only a machine, without care or thought on its part, then it will be far more difficult for the teacher to rule that child than when its every effort is put forth to rule itself.

Following rule comes order. It is well said that "order is heaven's first law," and it should be the teacher's law, first, last, all the time. Without order but little can be accomplished; the teacher looses control of her pupils, which fact is readily grasped by them and soon all is confusion, insubordination and many times down-right failure. Misrule and disorder go hand in hand and are the sunken rocks which have wrecked the hopes and aspirations of many young teachers.

Lastly, we are obliged to consider the much dreaded subject, of "Punishment."

A teacher who is thoroughly interested in the welfare and advancement of her pupils and who loves them all for humanity's sake, at least, dislikes to think of the unpleasant subject. But sometimes it becomes necessary that the disagreeable must be performed and the question arises, how? Not in a passionate way, but calmly and in a manner that will leave a lasting impression upon the child's mind that it is for its own good and for an example to others that it has received such punishment. Neither shall the punishment be inflicted too often, for in such case the desired effect is lost, and the teacher, instead of gaining the respect of her pupils, will secure their contempt only.

Thus we see that school discipline is not to be considered as a single factor, but a multiple of many, and, for it to be a success, all parts must be carefully considered.

One should not be rigidly enforced to the detriment of another; but the teacher who can reach and put into practice the "golden mean" will win the everlasting gratitude of humanity in general and the respect and love of her pupils, whose regard can not be measured by dollars and cents, but which is far more precious than gold and as enduring as time itself.

The Oregon Agricultural College foot-ball team wades to glory today, Friday. The Multnomah Amateurs meet them on the flat, back of the cow stable.

Krause's Headache Capsules—warranted.

For sale by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

A DRESSMAKER'S DILEMMA—A FACT.

I'm but a simple dressmaker in quite a humble way,
Who tries to do her duty and would never disobey
A plain commandment given in the Scriptures unto men,
For I read my bible every night from half past nine to ten.

Now Uncle Jim, who preaches in the chapel over there,
And knows his bible backwards, (though I've also heard him swear,)
Came to me the other night and solemnly sat down,
And said: "Maria, let me see your last unfinished gown."

I knew he hated fashions, but I humbly brought the dress;
He took the sleeves, examined them, and cried in triumph, "Yes,
I feared as much; your style in gowns has gone from bad to worse,
Until at last you've brought yourself beneath the prophet's curse!"

I looked in blank amazement at my uncle. Was he mad?
What could he find so awful in a simple shoulder pad?
This year, since fashion willed that ladies' shoulders should be high,
We had to pad the dresses; Paris to blame, not I.

He took my bible from the shelf before my wondering eyes,
And found the thirteenth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecies,
And "read," said he, "the eighteenth verse,
'Thus saith the Lord God: Woe
To the women that sew pillows to all armholes.' Is it so?"

The words were there as clear as day. "And now," said Uncle Jim,
"Just choose between the prophet's curse and fashion's latest whim;
'Tis you Ezekiel had in mind, to you the Lord saith 'woe!'
If in your dresses from this time another pad you sew."

Thus saying he departed, and I turned the matter o'er,
And after half an hour felt no wiser than before.
At last I thought I'd venture forth, to ease my troubled mind,
And ask our learned rector, who is always very kind.

I found him in his study, and in listening to my case
I thought he laughed a little, though I could not see his face.
And then he opened certain books, and certain foot-notes read,
"The authorized translation is not quite correct," he said.

—Spectator.

$500 Reward.

For any trace of antipyrine, morphine, chloral, or any other injurious compound in Krause's Headache Capsules. Price 25 cents.

For sale by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of la grippe, when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Hillsboro Pharmacy. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

TO ——.

I sang tonight "The Arrow and the Song"—
I have not sung it since I sang with you—
I sang, and wondered if the words were true,
And whether sometimes you—amidst the throng
Who flatter—love perhaps—but love not long,
Or live all selfishly, as most men do—
Remember one, who did not care to see
As they—preferring, whether right or wrong,
To take what you should give, and ask no more;
Content to leave, if you would have it so,
Your presence and continue, as before,
His singing to the air—nor ask to know
The false of one poor word, till death's sweet shore
The truth or falseness of the song shall show.

WASECA, Minn., Nov. 25, 1890.
Mr. Norman Lichty, Des Moines, Ia.
DEAR SIR:—Please send us at the earliest one carton Krause's Headach Capsules. We can't run the machine without. Send at once, as we are out, and oblige. Yours, truly,
SUDDETH & PRESTON.

For sale by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind Bleeding or Protruding, yields at once to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50 cts. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Dr Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Brock & Sels.

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being gelatine-coated and oviform in shape, are easy to take, not affected by atmospheric changes, and are very soluble and easily dissolved.

RED CROSS TANSY PILLS

ARE PERFECTLY HARMLESS,

PURELY VEGETABLE,

(excepting the tonic Iron they contain) safe and sure as a monthly regulator. The most eminent physicians of this age do not hesitate to recommend these pills when they are advised of the formula. Many things might be said of their many virtues, many voluntary testimonials might be published, but this liberty will not be taken. Many grateful ladies have written us letters without even marking them "confidential." We do not solicit testimonials, nor do we care for them, as we cannot use them. 6

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DON'T

Find fault with the cook if the pastry does not exactly suit you. Nor with your wife either—perhaps she is not to

BLAME

It may be the lard she is using for shortening. Lard is indigestible you know. But if you would always have

YOUR

Cakes, pies, rolls, and bread palatable and perfectly digestible, order the new shortening, "COTTOLENE," for your

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SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One tabule taken at the first symptom of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating, or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Ripans Tabules may be obtained of nearest druggist.

Ripans Tabules are easy to take, quick to act, and save many a doctor's bill.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic.
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Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

GREAT SPEAR HEAD CONTEST.

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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	$51,650 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	57,750 00
115,500	LARGE PICTURES (14x28 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.

READ.—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.

Very sincerely,
THE P. J. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, 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.

HAWKES CRYSTALIZED LENSES TRADE MARK

BUY NONE BUT THE GENUINE

3,000 Merchants sell Hawkes' Spectacles. 2,000 of them handled other Spectacles without success.

Showing the great popularity of HAWKES' Glasses over all others.

His optical plant and factory is one of the most complete in the U. S.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.

These famous glasses are fitted to the eye at the store of

BROCK & SELS

NORTH PACIFIC CLAY WORKS.

A Full stock of

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Constantly on hand.

Orders Solicited.

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