A Letter and a Face.

BY ROSE HAWTHORN LATHROP.

CHAPTER III.

From Harper's Bazar.

"I wish to tell you that. Can't we go out on the piazza?"

"Oh yes. It is the first thing to do here in the morning." Lucy replied, all at once leaving him behind as she ran to the open hall door. By the time they were seated, and looking off at the expanse of fields and sunlight before them she seemed to have forgotten the particular remark which Michaelis had made, and which had struck her as odd. "Tell me what you think I shall like best about Europe," she asked, leaning back in the large cane chair she had alighted in, with her hands clasped over her head—"the Alps?"

"They will have to wait a moment," replied Michaelis, in a downright way; and he shot a look over his shoulder as though he half expected an Indian grand. "You know, I want to talk to you about our being destined—" He hesitated, glanced up hurriedly into her face, and then away over the fields And then he bent toward her with a deep gaze into her eyes, and a blush, too, that made him look all at once as if he had been camping out for a week in the sun and wind. "Did you never hear that our mothers hoped and prayed that we should marry each other?"

Lucy caught her breath, turned pale, and bowed her head till he saw the light lie on her lashes, and clasping the arms of her chair with both hands.

"You must not hate me," implored Michaelis. "I am obliged to speak to you now or forever hold my peace; for your stepfather has told me you are to make a more brilliant marriage than this would be, and that I am not welcome here even for a day. It is astonishing how perfectly unfeeling our elders can be when they try. Don't seem to loathe me in this way, Lucy," he begged again. "I came here because I had a request from my mother some years ago to meet you and love you I never dreamed I should love you. I mean— But heavens! She must have possessed a spirit of prophecy! Love you? I don't know that that half means all I think, feel, hope! No matter whether you can love me or not, you must marry me; that is all. Oh, I did not mean to be so rough about it! Still that isn't the way for you to look at me, really. I am not a leopard. But I adore you. Won't you just let me hold one of your hands? Always known each other? I should think so! I see now that I was born because I was in love with you. You hate me; you shrink from my very touch. But marry me, Lucy; I must insist upon that!"

Lucy made a great effort to master her fears, and gave him her hand Her eyes were full of tears; and Michaelis wanted dreadfully to kiss the tears away before they rolled over her cheeks; but he only dared to watch them as they brightly did so.

"To tell me what you mean very clearly," she said; "as if you were teaching algebra or something puzzling"

Michaelis understood at once. "Why, you see my mother and yours were such intimate friends—"

"Yes; I know all about it."

"Well, they determined that you and I were to marry, because they thought us the dearest children that ever lived and naturally supposed that their children could make each other's lives blissful."

"H'm!" murmured Lucy, tho'tfully.

"And of course it was my mother who left me a letter, when she died which told me—Here it is, dear."

Lucy's free hand closed over the letter which Michaelis pulled from his pocket with his free hand, and held toward her. She peeped up at his face, and then turned away blushing, and trying to get her completely obscured hand away from him.

"So, you know," Michaelis went on, with loving tones that began to tremble, "I always bore in mind my mother's words, no matter where I went. I used to think myself in love, but I never, never forgot her words. Then I came here at the time she suggested for my first visit to you I fancied I should go back to the gay world heartwhole, but not till after having done my duty as far as possible. See?"

"Oh yes."

"But it fell out that I loved you instantly. It was inevitable. You are positively fatal to ideas of independence."

A smile flickered at Lucy's lips, and she hid her eyes with the back of the only hand she could call her own.

"Lucy!"

She peeped at him with one lustrous eye from behind the letter. Suddenly their eyes met squarely, flashing joy, and Michaelis's lips were on the girl's cheek.

For some little time the two young people existed in a happy trance, which remained a mystery to them ever afterward; but they always remembered that they were in Lucy's garden, among her flowers, when the breakfast bell rang thro' the hall.

At this meal, rich with numerous viands, but informal in an easy fashion, Mr. Romer indulged himself in being testy, and in wearing a puff velvet smoking jacket. Lucy glanced at him with incredulity, for she had never known the old gentleman to be disagreeable before. He was outrageously rude to his nephew, and asked him if he had his valise packed. It may be imagined that Michaelis's spirits could not be dampened.

"Now, Lou," went on Mr. Romer irrelevantly, "you know you are to catch a scion of some royal house over on the other side, eh?" And added, ostentatiously: "There's to be no paying a price for your nobleman either. In this case an American girl is to marry money and title both."

The beauty carelessly laughed. "Papa, you are having a nightmare over your coffeecup Please wake up. You've always inveighed so against foreign husbands! Come wake up, dear; you are so cross! And when were you ever cross before?"

"Now, Lucy Somerset, I am not in jest. You are to do something creditable to me in your choice of a husband, and were brought up to move in courts. Bah! where can you have a salon except in Paris? Did you never wish to follow in the footsteps of great French women like Madame de Stael and the rest?"

"You should have mentioned all this to me before," coolly answered Lucy, peeling a tangerine. "Now, dear, you know how to be funnier than this."

Michaelis stared at his uncle a little solemnly.

"Mention it before? You are just ready to hear it, Lou. Michaelis can you tell us something of Paris, something of the English and the Dutch grandee, the Pole and the Spaniard. Say, Dan, what are our prospects today for finding a tittle pretty enough to satisfy a girl more charming than a star? Or where is the millionaire who makes his name to shine with the light of diamonds and electric drops galore?"

"Oh, papa, something is certainly the matter with you," sobbed Lucy, in an agony of distress.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TOO OFTEN THE CASE.

INTERESTING PROOFS.

A young society lady, after a round of gayety, becomes suddenly conscious of an unusual sensation. She has frequent attacks of *dizziness, her back aches,* and she feels *blue* and generally run down.

Mothers, look well to your daughters!

Daughters, look well to yourselves!

Let the first symptom denoting the approach of disease receive your instant attention. Healthy women are the hope of the race, and it is well nigh criminal to neglect anything which promises relief.

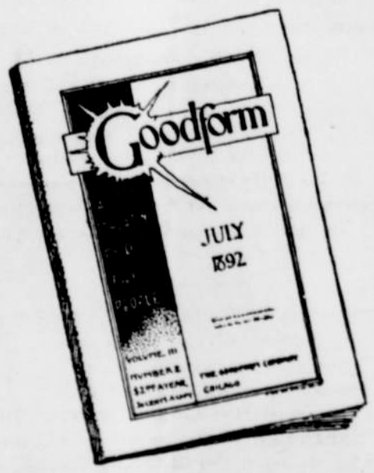
There is *hope* for *all* sufferers from *Nervous Diseases.* Read what follows:

Mrs. Jennie C. Davis, a fine artist and an accomplished authoress, of Westfield, Wis., had been subject to headache ever since she could remember. So severe were her attacks as to cause at times temporary delirium. All treatment had failed to relieve her, but after using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine she writes: "My record is to me, at least, satisfactory. No headache, constantly increasing appetite, and a consequent gain in weight of two and a half pounds in just one week."

Six weeks later she writes: "Have read and sewed immoderately of late, but my headaches do not return."

Mrs John R Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., was attacked three years ago with tumor of the in its worst form. It finally went to her head, and all indications were that it would result either in insanity or softening of the brain. Her husband thus writes: "it would be impossible for me to *attempt a description of her sufferings* during all this time She was treated by our *very best* local physicians, with but temporary benefit. She has taken four bottles of DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE, and is cured She has gained twenty pounds in weight. I tell you, she often blesses you for what you have done for her."

Recollect that for the CURE of all Nervous Diseases there is no remedy which approaches *Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.* It is free from dangerous drugs and opiates. Sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



A BIG OFFER.

Wishing to secure as many renewals and new subscriptions as possible before Jan. 1st we have decided to make a proposition that should be accepted by every one. The Goodform, a wonderful magazine published in Chicago—the World's Fair City—if you have not seen it you cannot appreciate how nice it is.

Notwithstanding it is only a year old it already outranks many of the oldest and most popular magazines of the world.

YOU ASK WHY? Simply because it is published to please the people and not the editors. In fact any information of high character that will tend to make the people wiser better and happier, always finds a place in Goodform.

It has no hobbies and does not take sides on any questions except those of honesty, justice and purity. Its eighty pages are filled each month with serial and short stories of the highest order, select and choice literature, poetry song and art.

Matters of dress, Woman's Sphere, House Decorations, Bodily Grace and Beauty, Conduct and Character, Health—The Nursery Our House Affairs, Plants and Flowers, Practical Amusements etc., etc., are ably discussed each month by editors who are thoroughly posted on these department of life

Of course you want Goodform everybody does, and our arrangement with the publishers makes it possible for you to get this most beautiful and valuable magazine for nothing during a limited time only.

The HERALD is $2.50 a year and the Goodform $2 00. Now we make our subscribers the following offer, which will hold good as long as we run this notice: to all delinquents who will pay up and one year in advance and to all new subscribers, we will send to their P. O. address, the Goodform "gratis." This is certainly an offer that no one should overlook, and we sincerely hope our readers will accept.

GREAT SPEAR HEAD CONTEST.

CHEW

SPEAR HEAD

THE P. J. SORG CO

AND

SAVE THE TAGS.

One Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars,

in valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for

$173,250.00

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 CHAIN 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 CHAIN 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.

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

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

Do You

FEEL SICK?

RIPANS TABULES

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you SUFFER FROM HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, . . . TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If you are BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED, or have LIVER COMPLAINT, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

If your COMPLEXION IS SALLOW, or you SUFFER DISTRESS AFTER EATING, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

For OFFENSIVE BREATH and ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, . . . TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

RIPANS TABULES *take the place of* A COMPLETE MEDICINE CHEST *and should be kept for use in every family...*

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.

SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Box (6 vials), 75 cents. Package (4 boxes), $2.

For Free Samples address

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.

10 SPRUCE STREET, - - NEW YORK.