The fragrance of the hyacinths in his coat came to him in the crisp air, so he were to leave for a visit to the south

"I love her! I love her! And she? Have I not had the confession in her eyes-in her kiss? Who has helped me -who has understood me like her? How can I pain her-how can I leave her?"

For himself, if the reckless ambition mastering him required it, he could put love away, blot it from his life, and the ought had some of the ecstasy of martyrdom. But Virginia loved him, and he his necessary departure, mingled with a knew it. The thought of hurting her was cruel, and in the agonized tumult of the moment cold drops stood on his brow. Again as in the morning came the inward avowal of his own weakness. Oh, what if Delatole had spoken truly, and the sovereignty of love meant the enslaving of the talent he had sworn should make him famous! Then-oh, then, to what depths his ruined hopes would fling him! And he would drag her with him in his fall, perhaps making I will say goodby to you now. You canher taste a bitter anguish to which this younger disappointment was but little.

And the other side of the picture—the life of the artist purely, the untrammeled, easy, earnest life, where great things would be accomplished-was it not bet-

Hours passed in this mute conflict. Love with dove's eyes first pleaded, then changed to a fury and scourged him. Doubt, fear of himself, insatiable ambi-

When he rose from the seat, he was benumbed. The frost seemed to have made a casing for his heart. The midnight traffic of the town, like the throbbing of massive machinery, swept across the white silence of the square impera tively rousing him to a sense of action. Yes, there lay his world, his life. No more dreaming. He had dreamed long enough. The conflict was finished. Love

had received its death wound. Day by day the breach widened be tween the life Tom had led and the one newly opening before him. The atelier had been transformed into an eastern nest, fragrant, harmonious. He had given Delatole the money that paid the bills, had also advanced half a year's rent for the suite and stood hopelessly com-

mitted to the agreement. The hours spent in Chelsea square were like the rigor of an unsought pen-ance, but the days drifted on while his new home awaited him, and still he could not find the courage to cut the old ties. He was in continual antagonism to his better nature. His honest instinct asserted themselves only to be stifled, for his decision had been taken, his steps set upon a road that allowed no turning

So a fortnight dragged by, bringing Christmas snow and greens to the town. Chelsea square was a patch of crystal brightness, the snow undisturbed in the seminary grounds. The bells in the chapel pealed gladly morning, noon and He went first to his own room as

Christmas cheer, were black and cold to her. Tom was changed. He avoided her eyes. When left for a moment alone with her, he relapsed into a constrained silence. His life became daily more irregular, his moods more uncertain. The simplicity that matched his blue eyes was slowly vanishing before new, insin-

cere mannerisms. When Virginia remembered the kiss that had opened paradise to her, shame burned her, and her pain changed to burned her, and her pain changed to fierce self contempt. It was the fruit of looked at him steadfastly, coldly and uta moment's passing impulse with him, and it had meant everything to her. He had forgotten or set aside the unfinished sentence that had shot like a rainbow across her life. He had forgotten, and she had remembered. She had hugged these things to her heart as memorie

precious beyond words, a half spoken promise of a love that matched her own. Furious pain, wounded, aching pride, sometimes made the defiant little head droop wearily and a passion of wild sobs leave her lips in a stifled cry. But only when she was alone. Let him come and go as he pleased, let him hurt her by this other side of his nature daily revealing taelf more fully, but he must not guess she had dreamed of that which might

But, oh, to see him, speak to him, and never by a single glance mirror the muher brain-"Why-why-why has he and particular kind that dwarfs in its penetrating torture the endurance re-

quired for larger griefs. And worse to bear than all was her father's assumption of a secret understanding existing between them.

"I say, now, you and young Murray are not quite so indifferent to each other as you'd have me believe, are you?" he

"Tom will always be my friend, I He dropped her cold hand in silence hope," Virginia answered steadily, but and half turned away. almost inaudibly.

Mr. Kent gave a sharp side glance at her pale face and a shrug. 'You don't mean to say there's noth-

ng else? Stuff and nonsense! He was in love with you, whatever he may be now. Just before that play of his was put on, when he was on the tenter hooks many a time. The tender passion reveals itself now just as it did when I suffered from it, and Tom looked sheepish. I dare say I used to look so. I know my rivals always appeared so to me. Has anything changed him?" No word came from Virginia's quiver-

Do I strike you as that sort of person? dows falling in bars upon the fresh snow

told him the truth, and a haughty anger against Tom awoke within him. Virginia's love won and thrown away seemed an insignificant thing beside the thought that any man should indulge in desultory lovemaking with his daughter!

There lay the sting that was unbearable.

A ngnt tonce on ner arm made ner turn, and she saw her father. There was an angry light in his eyes, although he smiled.

As she drove away with him that day Virginia did not dream that the summer would be past ere she returned to live again at Chelsea square, but so it was. In Richard Monklow's home, where the softness and fragrance of modern luxury and then repent of it. His daughter!

There lay the sting that was unbearable.

The tragedy in her dilated eyes, although he said the rarm made ner turn, and she saw her father. There was an angry light in his eyes, although he smiled.

"Yes."

"M-m," and he pursed up his lips reflectively as he swayed lightly to and that the summer would be past ere she returned to live again at Chelsea square, but so it was. In Richard Monklow's home, where the softness and fragrance of modern luxury were more caressing than the breath of the perfect summer mornings, she nursed

"I asked for too much. Forget my words, Virginia," he said when he could suit, and that day virginia did not dream that the summer would be past ere she returned to live again at Chelsea square, but so it was. In Richard Monklow's home, where the soft mean has gone?"

"Yes."

"M-m," and he pursed up his lips reflectively as he swayed lightly to and the smiled.

"Yes."

"M-m," and he pursed up his lips reflectively as he swayed lightly to and the summer would be past ere she returned to live again at Chelsea square, but so it was. In Richard Monklow's home, where the soft mean has gone?

"I asked for too much. Forget my words, Virginia," he said when he could swill, and only live if you will expend the terms stated and said decree.

Dated October Dr. Miles' Nervine for Nervous Prostration.

penetratingly sweet it gave him a heart-ache—the flowers she had given him. With a groan he flung himself into a ginia remain his friend? Would she un-derstand? Oh, she must, she must. He

could not bear to think she would hate or despise him.

As he walked slowly up stairs he met Mr. Kent coming down. The old man's greeting was chilling, but courteous. Tom drew his breath hard and plunged into explanations at once. The words were feverish, rapid—polite regrets for recital of his future plans.

Mr. Kent heard him unmoved to the

end.
"I don't wish to bandy any words with you, Mr. Murray," he said in a calm, colorless tone. "One thing I must say, however. When I was young, people did not repay hospitality as you have done. Pardon me, if you please. Don't interrupt. Without plunging into stunot go too quickly to please me. I dare say you will succeed. The sensitive and forbearing man is often left in the back-

ground, but men of your stamp, never. He passed down the hall, leaving Tom hot and indignant. Had Virginia told him, or did he only guess? It was impossible to retaliate impossible to tell this selfish dreamer he had never been his guest. Besides the words did rankle, oh, so deeply! for, though uttered from tion, passed in mocking line and with a partially mistaken sense of wrong, shadowy lips whispered predictions that they were true. He had acted a coward

y part.
His face was worn and reckless as he turned to the hall window, endeavoring o conquer the quivering of his pulse before facing Virginia.

It had commenced to snow again. He could hear the students practicing a new Christmas hymn in the chapel opposite In a moment the years spent in the college, so different from his present life, passed in a series of pictures before him, and with them the thought of all he owed Virginia. But for her "The World's Way" would never have been written. Looking back, he saw how clearly her companionship had nerved him to con-tinual effort. Hers was the voice that had urged him on, hers the dauntless optimism that had sent a rift of glory into his darkest days.

An ache rose in his throat; the snow, in the light from the open chapel door, whirled mistily before him. Now that he was actually going the thought that he was leaving her was exquisite pain. The familiar landmarks frowned an un-

"What a fool I am!" he thought and gave his shoulders an impatient shrug. When I'm with Delatole, I see I've done right. When I'm here-pshaw! what's the use of these regrets? They lead nowhere. I can't turn back. I must go on. I'll never forget Virginia, we can be friends still, and some day, in a year maybe, when I'm sure of myself, if she but loves

He went first to his own room and sat down, looking before him in a dazed way. But the benedictory claimes were like Would it all come right? Did he believe mockery to Virginia. These days, when every window and shop gave evidence of at the last? Then for the sake of action and to keep thought away as much as possible he put his clothes and books in his trunk, locked and addressed it. Even when that was done he hesitated. A tumult seemed striving to tear his heart asunder. His hands were like ice. "I must go to her. I must. Why de-

lay longer? He found her leaning against the melo deon, her fingers buried in the fur of the little white kitten he had often teased. tered no word. It was evident she had heard his voice in the hall and was wait-

ing for him. There was a long and painful silence The words that came thronging to Tom's lips were those he dared not speak. "You have come to say goodby," Virginia said abruptly, still bending upor his face that full, disconcerting gaze. "I heard all you said to father.

no need to go over it again.' She held out her hand, and he seized it eagerly, only to find it cold and unresponsive. Oh, if she but uttered one pleading word, one reproach, that he might in some measure defend himself! But this chilling repose was a wall which

shut him away from her. "Do not misjudge me," he burst out passionately, his voice broken, and at the words she looked away. "I am going away for a time to work hard, very hard. And I want to believe that your changed?"-this was pain of that cruel good wishes go with me, that you still remain my friend."

No reply, but her eyes were upon him again, as eloquent with reproach as the eyes of the murdered Cæsar gazing on the face of Brutus.

That look told all. He felt it in his inmost heart. He knew himself contemptible. But Delatole's worldly wise, norously cynical counsel was with asked her one morning as he lingered over his paper and cup of chocolate. him, impressive and significant as the tenets of a new creed to a convert.

> "I'll come and see you very often, Virginia, if I may," he said haltingly. "New York is not a wilderness, you know. Whenever my work permits, I'll come and have a chat with you, just-just the

The words died on his lips. He knew he lied. He knew it would be long ere anxiety, I saw him watching you he should choose to see her changed face,

She held up her little head proudly,

The man who wants to marry my daughter must sue for that honor." that lovingly outlined every twig and ter must sue for that honor." must sue for that honor.

He studied her face hard for a moment, thronging out, still singing the chorus bauch in a paralytic stroke resembling kind his lips settled into a thin, straight of the Christmas hymn, passed from death. He had drifted to Monklow's all. and his lips settled into a thin, straight of the Christmas layma, passed from her tragedy in her dilated eyes her sight, and silence fell again.

fro his hands behind his back. "Just It's the way of the world. I know

specimen of the genus cad." ed her face with her hand. 'We don't want him. I've learned to er's love might have meant to her. snap my fingers at the pleasures that Then she came home again, and the won't stay and make the most of those days settled back to their wonted placidi-

But still Virginia looked out at the snow and felt each of the city's muffled eyes flashing beneath the puckered sounds like the surge from a sea on which her dearest had embarked, leav-

"We'll not miss him, Virginia," pur-sued her father in the meditative voice that maddened her to a dumb fury in that moment. She opened and closed her hands and set her lips hard. "I say we'll shed no tears for him. We'll for ing out its creases almost tenderly. Her we'll shed no tears for him. We'll for-swear all sentimental dreams if we had any. We'll remember that his leaving "You know what I am going to say," the church for the stage was, viewed in this latter light, but an evidence of the that has been like no other to me. many rowdiness inherent in our young friend. Very, very rowdy. We will console ourselves by remembering how much we are above him and that we couldn't have expected more from a man whose the years are dark before you, dear, but father was a brown fisted Irish immigrant, his mother an ignorant girl of the

He lit a cigar with a nice deliberateness and put on his cape and hat.
"I'm going for a walk in the snow



"Have you nothing to say, Virginia?" back, I'll have you play that little thing

He turned her lightly to him and kissed her on the brow. If her flesh had been touched by marble lips, the caress could not have chilled or sickened her more. She could not cling to her father and sob out her pain. He had always quietly transferred his griefs to her. How could she expect him to help her

became unbearable. His voice could at least keep the shadows from closing around her like a tomb. Her heavy glance took in each familiar thing. The girl with the mask laughed at her from the corner. The keys of the organ flashed back an eerie intelligence.

"Never again," they seemed to say A trembling seized her. She fell face downward on a couch and threw her arms out wide. How cruel it was, this sting of human love flung back to feed in bitterness upon itself! Oh, was there nothing more in life than this? Was this all? How had she failed? What had she forgotten or passed by that might

have held him? For, say what we will, a woman's faculty but sight and speech he uses heart does not beat only for the strong them to advantage. Of course you're and true. Weak men and bad ones have without effort controlled a love the angels He is genuine. He is stanch. He has a ght have coveted. There is sometime sufficient fascination in a trick of man- allow an impatient lover-what of it? ner, just the fall in a voice, to outweigh He is younger than half the emasculated, in love's inconsequent balance all the Christian virtues.

It was Tom Virginia loved. No one better, no one higher. He alone had un-derstood her. His sympathy, his smile had made her sunshine. And now he

A soft purring at her side, an animal warmth against her throat, aroused her, and she saw that the white kitten had crept under her arm and now lay cuddled against her like a ball of down, lapping her flesh in soft sympathy with its

scrap of a tongue. A cry broke from her. She caught it wildly to her heart. It was something living that pitied her. But the little thing wriggled from the violent em-brace, spat at her and scratched her on

Virginia started up, laughter heavy with sobs leaving her quivering lips. She pushed the kitten from her with a franpushed the kitten from her with a tran-tic movement, and then with contra-dictory tenderness picked it up again and held it against her lips, weeping wildly, as women de when painis robbed of hope. Why should she hurt it? What had it done more cruel than Tom? She had held him too closely to her heart. He turned and scratched her.

A year went by unmarked for Virginia by a single incident out of the common, gray as the wastes of a sea unruffled by

a storm, unmarked by the approach of a Another year came, and when the opulent sunlight of early summer was deluging with its gold the dusty streets a coupe stopped one day at the door of the house in Chelsea square, and a man, a stranger, asked for Virginia Kent.

Crossing the threshold of her home, he

Crossing the threshold of her home, he had entered her life. Looking into her eyes, full of unforgotten days, something of his lost youth had awakened in his

heart that could only die with death. This man was Richard Monklow. Vir-This man was Richard Monklow. Virginia had often heard her father speak of him, especially of his meeting with him in the auction room the day he had purchased "The Masker"

The patience and silence of the past fled away like shades, and resistance, fully armed, took their place.

No word came from Virginia's quivering lips. No word could come.

"Then you are not secretly betrothed to him?"

She went hurriedly to her father's side, and holding his arm tightly looked at him with dry, burning eyes.

"You must not fancy such a thing. I am nothing to him. Oh, you wouldn't speak to him about this, father! You wouldn't! No; it would kill me if you wouldn't! No; it would kill me if you wouldn't! No; it would kill me if you are not secretly betrothed to him?"

She held up her little head proudly, so one could see who looked into his eyes, and his smile had a warm, bright sympathy. There were times when he looked startlingly youthful with his white hair. There were unguarded moments of sadness when the chronicle of his years flared eloquently—a confession in every deepened line. Then one knew he had lived the full life of a man in a crowded 40 years, in the sowing and har hourt in her heart in watching the even hurtin her heart in watching the even wouldn't! No; it would kill me if you

rooms and lay where he had fallen.

her father to a semblance of health. Her lonely heart won back a little o it. I have seen my friends depart on-by one. Only the few stanch ones have remembered and remained. But there Friendship that rang like gold had been

is one consolation. We haven't lost generously poured into her life. Her much. Our young friend was a fair gratitude went out with equal strength to Richard Monklow, and to his sister, a Virginia winced at the word and shield-ber face with her hand.

soft voiced, sympathetic woman, who made her dimly realize what her moth-

Then she came home again, and the that will. We'll snap our fingers, Vir- ty, but with this difference-that a bent ginia. He's gone away like a puppy and shrunken figure lay limply in a with a bone he wants to eat alone. Let great chair, and the energy and pride in her father's still stubborn heart could only be read now in the hollow, morose

She stood beside the window one September morning, a letter crushed be-tween her hot hands. A mild rain was drifting like tangled skeins through the gray air. Beyond lay the college grounds.

imes the words I longed to speak hav trembled upon my lips, but something in vour eyes always silenced me. Virginia. I can be silent no longer. I love you so pain, should touch you. Too old and sad, perhaps, you think me. The years have left their ashes on my hair. I am asking too much when I ask for your youth. Yes, yes, I know. But, oh! child, your eyes lured me to dream again. You woke my poor, chilled soul, and it is yours. It but responded to your unconcious call. Turn from me, if you must, and I will put away my dream, but my soul is forever yours. You possess it, and I would not have it back. But, oh,

f you would come to me, Virginia!" How the words awoke all the old pain he drew her breath in hard, the lips fell over her heavy eyes, and reading Richard Monklow's letter she thought of fom. These words of searching strength quivering with the rejuvenating breath of love, had been the lever that rolled he stone from the old grave, and she stood looking at memories she had beieved were crucified.

"My soul is forever yours. I would ot have it back." The words were in her mind. She seemed speaking them in the darkness to that other who had not listened. Was it so always? Must one speak and one not hear? One live, the other wait?

"You have a very interesting letter there, Virginia. You haven't made a sound for half an hour." And at her father's voice, reduced now to a petulant piping that anger made shrill, she start-



"So you'll be a fool, will you?" "It's from Monklow. He's asked you to marry him. There, there, I know When a man is robbed of almost every jnvenile dudes floating around this town. He is the most picturesquely handsome man I have ever seen and in the meri dian of his strength. He is a gentleman by birth. The blood of ladies and gen-tlemen for generations flows in his veins. Ah, ha! lots of girls in his own set would stay at home and chase no more the poverty stricken duke if they thought there was a chance of catching Richard Monk-

low. I have no objection to him. He is everything I admire and commend. I give my consent, Virginia."
Since his illness Virginia had grown accustomed to treating her father like a pettish child. She went to him, laid both her warm palms on his bald crown, and smiling looked tenderly at him.

"No, daddy. I don't want to marry I'll stay with you yet awhile." The sudden fury of his gaze was like the leaping of an unlooked for flame from a dead fire.

"So you'll be a fool, will you? You'll say no? You'll fling away wealth that could give me, in my last accursed days. a few of the luxuries I was accustome to? And why? Oh, you fool?" and his blue, quivering lips seemed to spit out the words, "and why? Because you are still thinking of that fellow, that scamp, that Murray, who gave you the go by Don't I know? You sentimental idiot, he had no romantic memories to hold bread will be plentifully buttered. Read today's paper. After a splurge in Europe, a courtship on the steamer coming

home, he's going to marry General Baudoine's widow—a woman worth millions. Do you hear? Refuse to marry
Monklow, and I'll never forgive you."
He was a terrible sight in this sudden spasm of rage—repression, his lifelong habit, fallen from him like a garment loosed by his palsied fingers.

Virginia straightened her young figure, her arms hanging loosely at her sides and as white as "The Masker" laughing

he should choose to see her changed face, if indeed ever again.

Her silence maddened him.

"Have you nothing to say, Virginia?"

"Goodby," she said, and smiled—but such a smile! There were agony and scorn

"Ithere were agony and scorn such a smile! There were agony and scorn shoulders had been strong, farreaching, manity was deep, strong, farreaching, with my hands, my brain, at anything I small find to do—yes, often while you manity was deep, strong, farreaching, as one could see who looked into his eyes, and his smile had a warm, bright slept. Now you have said all you could

wouldn't! No; it would kill me if you did."

"Speak to him? I? What are you talking about? Am I likely to do so? The chapel yonder was ablaze with light, rainbow coloring from the win-He had come to bring Virginia to her father's bedside. The tremors against which the old man had struggled so long had culminated after an excessive dehad come to bring Virginia to her faught had not strong arms caught her. She looked up and saw Richard Monklow. One glance at his face, drained of the hue of life undernead the complex of the co kind eyes sad, and she saw he had heard

"I asked for too much. Forget my

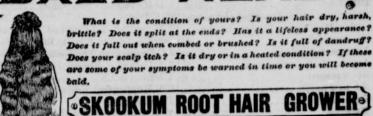
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and to enforce that certain decree of fore closure and sale made on the 26th day of ginia had often heard her father speak of him, especially of his meeting with him in the auction room the day he had purchased "The Masker."

The first glance at him gave an impression that forever remained. He had followed the sea and followed it as a commander. His straight, powerful shoulders had a fearless poise. His glance at his glance way your money while you could. You say your money while you could. You for the past fleet away like shades, and resistance, fully armed, took their place.

"Then you'll never forgive me, for I do refuse," she said steadily, but scarce ladefendants, William Bond and Hannah Bond, in United States gold coin, the sum of four thousand and forty-nine dollars and 25 cents (\$4,049.25) with interest therese way your money while you could. You sympathy. There were times when he looked startlingly youthful with his white hair. There were unguarded months of sadness when the chronicle of his years flared eloquently—a confession in every deepened line. Then one knew he had lived the full life of a man in a crowded 40 years, in the sowing and harvest time, had garnered barren hopes and pain, yet without bitterness had tied the sheaves.

He had come to bring Virginia to her for the solution of the same and the same and the sheaves.

Now you have said all you could be very on the rew as an angry.

Solution break in the accusing voice. "I could bear even that. But you shall not take all, father—not my body, my soul. They are my own."

Everything was dark as she went blindly from the room. She had a faint intention of going out in the rain—a sense of supreme and awful loneliness. The door closed upon her, and she would have stumbled had not strong arms causit for the records of deeds of said county, and excepting, also, from said premises to deed to said county, and excepting, also, from said premises to said all you could be verned and suprise. A. D. 1836, at the hour of eleven o'clock a, m. of said day, sell at public auction for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real premises, towits. The donation land claim of Edward R. Geary and Nancy M. Geary his wife, chaim the following described real premises, towits. The donation land claim of Edward R. Geary and Nancy M. Geary his wife, chaim the following described real premises, towits the fol

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