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115,500	ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS	57,750 00
115,500	LARGE PICTURES (18x28 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.

Beginning. First Week. Second Week.

WEAK MEN

INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 14 days. Never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow sufferers a prescription to enlarge and strengthen weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

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Will be at the Golling House Thursday, June 22d. Special attention given to CATARRH, EYE, EAR, THROAT and LUNG DISEASES. Also, RECTAL, UTERINE and PRIVATE DISEASES. 36y1

ALPENA ARGUS

MISCELLANEOUS.

GROWING OLD.

The fairest lilies droop at eventide,
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem;
The rarest things on earth cannot abide,
And we are passing, too, away like them;
We're growing old.

We had our dreams, those rosy dreams of youth;
They faded, and t'was well. This after prime
Hath brought us fuller hopes; and yet forsooth,
We drop a tear now in this later time
To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past—
A saddened smile, almost akin to pain;
Those high desires, those purposes so vast,
Ah, our poor hearts! they cannot come again;
We're growing old.

Old! Well, the heaven's are old; this earth is too;
Old wine is best, maturest fruit most sweet;
Much have we lost more gained, although 'tis true
We tread life's way with most uncertain feet.
We're growing old.

We move along and scatter as we pace,
Soft glances, tender hopes on every hand;
At last, with gray-streaked hair and hollow face,
We step across the boundry of the land
Where none are old.

IN COYOTE GULCH.

Circumstances certainly pointed to the fact that John Logan was a thief. The horse had been found in his possession, and he had been unable to satisfactorily explain how he came by it. Everybody in Coyote Gulch knew the horse. How was it possible to mistake that white nose and evil eye? The owner was willing to swear to the animal, and the owner was an honest man. What further evidence could be desired?

John Logan protested his innocence, but so would the most hardened of criminals. No, no! The jury were quite correct in their verdict of "Guilty," and the judge improvised for the occasion stood up and solemnly pronounced the death sentence.

John Logan heard it unmoved. He was not afraid to die. He had been a citizen of Coyote Gulch for three years, and had not made a single friend. He was the most unsociable man alive. During the day he worked at his claim; when night fell he sought his lonely cabin and kept it. Three times he had saved a little money, and three times he had been robbed of it all. Some people hardly blamed him for his universal condemnation of mankind; but no one liked him, and when he was sentenced to be hung for horse stealing there was little regret manifested.

It was a clear, calm day when John Logan was led out to his doom. He walked bravely to his station beneath the giant arm of an oak tree, but he was resolved not to die an ignominious death by hanging; he would force his executioners to shoot him; so when his hands were unbound just before the noose was put around his neck, he sprang away and ran.

If he had taken the open road he would have been riddled with bullets before he had gone three steps. He was too sensible to make such an error. Instead of striking off on the level he turned and bounded directly up the steep mountain side. A number of shots were fired after him, but the bullets flew wild. The underbrush was very thick and hid him from view. He could hardly hope to escape, however; and there is little doubt but that he would have been quickly captured if pursuit had been promptly given.

Fortunately there was a slight delay. The very audacity of the act paralyzed the beholders; and when finally Jack Hurley, the sheriff, followed by a howling mob of a dozen or more men, sprang away to recover the prisoner, John Logan had gained a start of several hundred yards. And he kept his vantage. He was acquainted with every inch of the mountain. He was strong-limbed and long-winded. Besides, with him it was a matter of life and death, while with his pursuers it was merely a question of sport.

On, on he tore; his eyes were wild and glowing; in a short time the bushes had torn his clothing to shreds; his breath came in great gasps; the sweat stood in drops upon his brow; each look, each movement denoted agony of mind and body, but still he struggled on.

Just as the sun was setting he came over the brow of the mountain and looked back at the country spread out like a panorama below. It was very beautiful, but he had no eye just then for the charms of nature. He sat down to rest. His thoughts turned back to the years when he was a boy. He had been brought up on a farm in an Eastern State. When the gold fever swept all before it he was among the first to desert the prosaic plow and hurry to wider fields of labor. But luck had been against him from the first, and the fortune that had seemed within his grasp so many times was now as far removed as ever.

"If I get away," thought Logan, "I'll quit the West and return to the old farm. I will, by Heaven!"

Strengthentd and cheered by the thought of such happiness he sprang to his feet and, though weak with hunger and fatigue, was on the point of hurrying away when a sound, proceeding from a clump of bushes on the right, struck his ear.

"What's that?" he exclaimed in alarm.

Again the sound—unmistakably a groan. Logan drew a pistol and waited. A third time it came—a low, wailing moan.

"There's some one in distress," he thought.

Hesitatingly he approached the bushes, and drawing them aside gave a start of surprise. There, lying at full length, his face pale and emaciated, his eyes staring and delirious, was a boy eighteen or twenty years of age. He seemed feverish and ill. Logan wondered how he came there.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The lad did not seem to hear.

"Water! Water!" he muttered.

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makes no difference what kind. Using greasy and inferior soaps is one road to premature decay—sore hands—sore hearts—clothes never clean. Not so when

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Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published

For Job Printing,

Call at ARGUS Office.

There was a stream only a few feet away. Logan brought some water in his hat, gave it to the sufferer, and bathed his forehead. He knew well enough now what was the trouble; the lad had the mountain fever. He must die soon unless he had medical aid.

Logan stooped and raised the slight figure in his powerful arms; then suddenly it flashed across his brain, "I am a fugitive. It won't do. It is his life or mine, and in such cases every man must look out for himself."

He laid the lad down and bent over him for a moment. When he arose his face was very white. He had drawn a letter from beneath the suffer's torn shirt, where it lay against the heart that now beat so feebly. It was torn in many places, and the writing half illegible; but he knew it at once; it had been written by his own hand and sent to his brother Jim—little Jim whom he had left upon the farm ten years ago a boy of nine. How well he remembered the day when they had parted—he so brave and hopeful, Jim so confiding, so absolutely certain that nowhere in this wide world lived the peer of his tall, broad-shouldered brother!

Logan was sure this was Jim. He recalled him feature by feature as he lay unconscious there. He had not changed so very much, after all, since those happy days of ten years ago. But now—now—

"Oh, my God, what shall I do?" cried Logan, wringing his hands. "If he should die—and he will, unless—unless I sacrifice myself for him!"

He passed his hand across his brow. What should he do? Desert his brother? Monstrous! Give himself up? No, no! And every moment the breath of the sick boy came in fainter gasps, and the beating of his heart became less and less perceptable. And the brother stood beside him staring ahead, but not seeing—only thinking.

* * * * * *

John Hurley, the sheriff, and the body of men who had accompanied him in pursuit of the escaped prisoner, were weary, footsore and disgusted. The chase had proven to be anything but sport. As night fell, the sheriff was forced to confess himself defeated. It would be almost impossible to follow the trail in the darkness.

"We might as well give up and go home, boys," he said despondently.

The "boys," were willing.

"Only let's have supper first," said one.

Fortunately a member of the party had secured a few provisions before starting. So the men sat down in a circle and proceeded to make a hearty meal from crackers and dried beef. In the midst of it there came in rapid succession six pitsol shots.

"Come on, boys, we've got him!" shrieked the sheriff.

In an instant supper was abandoned, and the men rushed, trembling and eager, up the mountain side. As they neared the summit they came to a halt, for with his tall figure visible against the mountain side, stood John Logan, glaring down upon them.

They retreated more rapidly than they advanced; they were not cowards, but they feared some trap. Their alarm was but of momentary duration; then the sheriff, with drawn revolver, called upon Logan to surrender.

"I do," answered the man.

"Chuck me down your pistol."

The empty weapon came bounding from rock to rock and fell at the feet of the sheriff.

"Now come down yourself," said Hurley.

"No," answered Logan, "you come up here. I wish to speak with you."

The sheriff consulted his followers.

"There's somethin' queer about all this," he said.

"You bet!" agreed the rest in chorus.

"It may be a trap," said Hurley. Then he called up, "What do you want?"

"Won't you let me speak to you alone?"

"Do you think I'm a blame fool?"

"Then listen," said Logan. "Not twenty feet from where I'm standing there lies a boy dying from the mountain fever. His life can be saved if he is carried down to camp at once. Do what you like with me only do it quickly. Each moment is precious."

"Too thin!" said some one.

"Shut up!" retorted the sheriff, sharply. Then he shouted to Logan, "What's this feller to you that you take such an interest in him?"

"My brother," said Logan, simply.

The sheriff did not say another word. He began to ascend. When he reached the place where Logan was standing he said:

"Now where is he?"

Logan pointed to where Jim was lying.

Hurley went over and knelt beside the lad.

"He's pretty far gone, but we'll save him," he said cheerfully.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Logan.

"Now, then, boys," said the sheriff to the rest of the party, who had by this time come up, "scurry round and let's get started on our way back. We'll take turns carrying the lad."

"Shall we hang Logan here or take him back to camp?" Asked one luckless man.

Hurley turned sharply round, stared the unfortunate questioner into a very uncomfortable state, and then quietly knocked him down.

"I'm runnin' this here game," he said pointedly if inelegantly, "an' what I say goes. Now mark this: The man that lays a hand on John Logan I'll fill so full of lead that Salt Lake wouldn't float him."

And it was evident Jack Hurley meant what he said.

Well, Jim didn't die. He recovered, and he and his brother worked on the claim together. And it turned out that there were two white-nosed horses, and that each had an evil eye. So John Logan's name was cleared, and the sheriff apologized for the error very handsomely.

John and Jim, two years later, went back to the old farm, each with twenty-five thousand dollars in his possession. And, as the stories say, they married and settled down, and lived happily ever after.

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When you can be Cured

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Pins 1c a paper. Thread 10c dz. Laces in cotton and linen torchon, fine orientals, valencienn, in new and pretty patterns.

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These articles and many of similar value have been offered by public spirited and charitable merchants to lend interest to the great *Puzzle Combinations*, which is issued for the benefit of the fund for Sick and disabled journalists. **PRICE 10 CENTS**, and if you solve the puzzle you can have any one of the prizes you select which will be given away to those solving the puzzle. Don't fail to secure this latest craze at once for 10 cents and thus amuse and instruct yourself and at the same time aid a worthy cause.

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The Wrong Man.

Several years ago, when a landscape painter was making a very beautiful sunset picture, he had one evening succeeded in fixing his canvas where he could catch the last fiery glow—a peculiarly gorgeous one—to a nicety, when a well-dressed man came somewhat hastily round the bend of the road, and seeing the artist, paused to inquire if he had noticed a gentleman attired in a suit of rough gray tweed pass within the last half-hour.

The artist replied that since his arrival no one had passed the spot. Whereupon the new-comer briefly explained that he was in quest of a gentleman who was a lunatic, and had, through exceeding cleverness, given him the slip that morning. The keeper further remarked that his patient was to all appearences as sane as himself. Indeed, he said, strangers had frequently held long conversations with him without discovering that he was suffering from any mental affliction.

Just at that moment, approaching footsteps were heard, and the man, lowering his voice, exclaimed:

"He is coming! I hear him, so I will hide behind the hedge, and you must pretend that I have taken the lower road."

Scarcely had the speaker time to get behind the hedge when a man attired in a rough gray tweed, his face wearing the wild flush of excitement, dashed down the road, and drawing up sharply in front of the painter's canvas, pantingly demanded:

"See a man pass this way lately?"

"Just a few minutes ago."

"A big man dressed in dark blue?"

"I noticed that he was tall, and wore dark clothing, certainly."

"Which way did he take? Quick!"

The artist made no reply, but pointed with his brush towards the lower road, and in accordance with this direction the heated pedestrain dashed off again.

As soon as he had got out of sight and hearing the other man crept from his hiding-place, and said:

"You did that very cleverly, sir. I must bid you good-day, and cut across the fields to waylay him." Then he added a sentence which caused the artist to start with amazement. It was this: "Before I go I should be glad if you would look at my head. You see, it is a cabbage, and I am anxious to learn whether it is growing or not."

Rainfall and Population.

The results of the last census have shown that the distribution of the population in the United States is regulated by the abundance or scarcity of rain. The largest part of the population is distributed in those regions where the annual rainfall varies from thirty to forty inches. These comprise three-fourth of the people.

The destiny of the population diminishes very rapidly where the amount of rainfall differs considerably in either direction from these figures, which may be taken as of mean value.

Greatest destiny is found where 40 to 50 inches of rain falls yearly, the number of inhabitants in such districts being 59 per square mile. Where the rainfall is 30 to 40 inches per annum the mean destiny of population is 43.1 per square mile.

The dry region of the east, where less than 20 inches fall in a year, which include two-fifths of the territory, contain actually less than three hundredths of the people of the States.

The population has multiplied most rapidly with a rainfall of 20 to 30 inches, in the great plains extending from Texas to Dakota, where the destiny has increased from 16 to 18.1 per square mile.

These figures show that, as might naturally be expected, in the variety of climatic conditions found in the great expanse of territory constituting the United States, those most favorable to increase the number of inhabitants are a moderate temperature and a moderate annual rainfall.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at J. E. Field & Co's. Drug store. 5

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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 did 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 Bottle at J. E. Field & Co's. Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. 5

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