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THE McCOOK TRIBUNE.

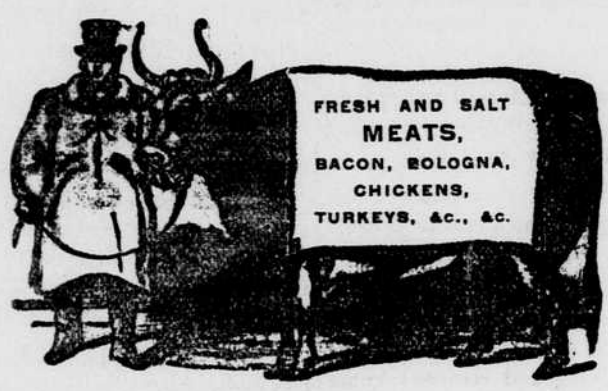
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SAVE THE TAGS.
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\$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for

SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

- | | |
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| 1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES..... | \$34,650 00 |
| 5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, BLACK ENAMEL TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC..... | 28,875 00 |
| 23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES..... | 23,100 00 |
| 115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS..... | 57,750 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 distinctly 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 F. J. BORG 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.

LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on maple and sumac leaf,
When sorrowful winds waft through the rushes,
And all things whisper of loss and grief,
When close and closer hold Frost approaches
To snatch the blossom from Nature's breast,
When night forever on day encroaches—
Oh, then I think that I love you best!

And yet when winter, that tyrant master,
Has buried autumn in walls of snow,
And bound and fettered where bold Frost east
Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe;
When all earth's pleasures in four walls center,
And side by side in the snug home nest,
We list the tempo that cannot enter,
Oh, then I say that I love you best!

But later on, when the siren season
Betrays the trust of the senile king,
And glad earth laughs at the act of treason,
And winter dies in the arms of spring;
When birds and birds all push and flutter
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,
I thrill with feelings I cannot utter,
And then I am certain I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly summer
Reigns over the earth and the skies above;
When Nature kneels to the royal comer,
And even the sun flames hot with love;
When pleasure basks in the luscious weather,
And care lies out on the sward to rest—
Oh, whether apart or whether together,
It is then I know that I love you best!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Cheerful Even In Death.

At a dinner some time ago a jolly old astronomer related the following story about a departed friend, Mr. F.:

Mr. F. was such a good natured man that the approach of death itself could not disturb his peace of mind and appreciation of humor. He lay dying, and his poor wife was nearly worn out with anxious watching. She was so tired that by mistake she gave her husband instead of the doctor's medicine a dose from the castor oil bottle. When she discovered her mistake, she was almost frantic. She summoned the doctor at once and awaited his coming with tearful eyes and bitter self reproach. The doctor came and assured her that no particular harm could have been done; that her husband was dying, and medicine could not save him now. Still the poor woman wept and grieved.

The doctor tried to comfort her, but to no purpose. If she had only given the medicine and not the oil, perhaps her dear husband might have got better. She had killed her dear husband—killed her dear husband. The doctor began to argue, when the dying man spoke up: "Never mind, doctor, I've had my oil. Let her have her blubber."—Washington News.

The Story of "David Copperfield."

Some interesting facts connected with Dickens' "David Copperfield" have been revealed by Charles Dickens, the younger. "I have," he says, "my mother's authority for saying—she told me at the time of the publication of Mr. Foster's first volume and asked me to make the fact public if after her death an opportunity should arise—that the story was eventually read to her in strict confidence by my father, who at the time intimated his intention of publishing it by and as a portion of his autobiography. From this purpose she endeavored to dissuade him, on the ground that he had spoken with undue harshness of his father and especially of his mother, and with so much success that he eventually decided that he would be satisfied with working it into 'David Copperfield.'"

Providing In Time.

A man who had been a warm friend of Henry Ward Beecher tells this: "Almost the last time I saw Mr. Beecher," he said, "I was with him in company with a group of men, one of which was Colonel Ingersoll. The colonel was airing some of his well known religious opinions, but Mr. Beecher for some time took no notice of the half challenge of his remarks. "He sat silent, with his head bowed. Finally, in a pause after an especially daring assertion from the colonel, he spoke slowly: "On my way here," he said, "at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway, where the press of vehicles is close and dangerous, a man, a cripple, was trying to cross the street. A stout crutch supported him, and he was making progress when a fellow ran out and knocked his crutch from under him, leaving him helpless against the dangers bearing down on every side. "That cripple, sir," he went on, suddenly raising his voice and throwing back his lionine head, "is humanity; his crutch is Christianity, and you are the one who would push it away, offering nothing in its stead."—New York Times.

Electricity In Photography.

One of the greatest difficulties that the photographer has to contend with is the preservation of the natural expression of the sitter for the period of exposure. Notwithstanding that this period has been greatly shortened in various ways, particularly by the adoption of the magnesium light in photographic practice, nervousness plays such a large part in the temperament of the great majority of those who are anxious to hand down their presentments to posterity that the operator has often found the interval even too prolonged for the accomplishment of his perfect work. This difficulty has been overcome by Herr Haag in Stuttgart by means of a change in the management of the magnesium light. Herr Haag has made some lightning cartridges, which cause a tremendous development of light and are set alight in one-tenth of a second by means of electricity.—New York Telegram.

The Fatal Secret.

She was 37 and some months, if she was a day, yet she sought to conceal the fact. "Gracious me," she twittered, "how time flies, and how we fly with it! Just think, I was born in 1870." The man looked at her, stupefied. "B. C.," he inquired, absentmindedly. "Godey's." Applying a Precept. "This is the fourth time you have applied for an office," said the candidate's friend. "Yes, but it takes lots of application to succeed in anything, you know."—Washington Star.

Prehistoric Ruins In Africa.

"I have just returned from Europe," said Howard Hoffman, "where I have sojourned ever since my return from Zanzibar six months ago. I have been pursuing a course of investigation in the British museum that I had hoped would throw some light on the recent discoveries that have been made in Africa. Not far into the interior of Africa from Zanzibar I in company with others recently discovered traces of a prehistoric city of no small dimensions. This city that I speak of must have been a capital of some ancient province or kingdom. It was some five miles square and was surrounded by a wall of masonry, the foundations, with a few projections, of which still remain and indicate an excellent knowledge of masonry. The wall was undoubtedly meant for protection against enemies, for it was strongly built and must have been at least 20 feet high. It is now overgrown by great tropical vines, and parts of it extend through impenetrable morasses.

"Inside a few remains of houses still exist, and the outlines of a great temple or palace on the highest ground within the inclosure. Some excavations have been made and a few relics brought to light, such as pottery of the Egyptian type and broken bits of welded copper that may have come from a suit of mail. Some idea of symmetry must have obtained in that distant period, for the houses were built along streets or winding lanes, the precursor of our modern thoroughfares. The whole is overgrown at present by a mass of tropical plants and great old trees that have been standing for hundreds of years. To what nation those people belonged cannot be told, but the ruins would indicate that once Africa's shores were the seat of a great civilization and a great commerce."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Did Life Begin at the Poles?

As a matter of fact this earth of ours has long passed its youth. It is now verging on old age, and with its poles covered by everlasting ice it may be likened to a body whose extremities are bleached and paralyzed with years. Even in the geological period which immediately preceded our own, and which is known as the postglacial, or quaternary, great changes took place, and man has been a witness to them. The rivers of today are mere brooks compared to what they were then, and in North America we can trace the shore lines of immense quaternary lakes which no longer exist. But while this fact may interest and perhaps, surprise us a little it does not tax our credulity so much as when we are told that once instead of snow and ice a luxuriant vegetation flourished not far from the poles. Indeed the French naturalist Buffon believed that on our planet, which was slowly cooled and consolidated, life began at the poles, and that from thence it spread in the direction of the tropics, where at first the heat was too intense to admit of any kind of life. But it is only within recent years that we have been able to get a glimpse of the ancient arctic zone, which is much more accessible than the antarctic, and what has thus far been brought to light makes Buffon's daring conjecture appear not so very improbable.—Catholic World.

An Illustration by Beecher.

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