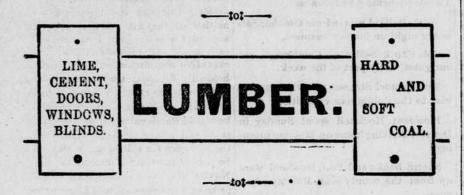
The Semi-Weekly State Journal Man's Best Friend. O thou whom men call death, but angel's life, Thou com'st in varying moods and various shapes, In battlefield and carnage, blood and strife, Or to the somber couch that friendship drapes. A terror and a dread thou meetest some, A chilly fear, a vague and startling cry. A chilly fear, a vague and startling cry.

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For a short time only, we can offer the Great Twice-a-Week State Journal, and the McCook Tribune for only \$1.50. The State Journal gives two complete papers each week, one on Tuesday and one on Friday-104 papers a year-giving the most complete national and state news and market reports while fresh. It is almost as good as a daily. This offer applies only to persons who are not now subscribers to The State Journal. Our old subscribers can take advantage of this great offer by paying up arrearages and renewing. Come in and get a sample copy of the State Journal and give us your order, as this is a special offer and will not last long.

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\$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Civen Away in Return for

SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES\$24,650 60
1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES
23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED 23,100 00
115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH 57,750 69
715,500 LARGE PICTURES (14x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them
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.....

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.

KNIFE.

Fo 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

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

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 2894. 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 life ent piece of SPEAR HEAD you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

THE P. J. SORG COMPANY, Middlerown, Ohio.

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

BON'T SEND ANY TAGS COTONS JANUARY I. 1984.

Who welcome thy approach without a sigh
To younger hearts thou oftenest art a dread.
To those whose sun beyond the middle sky
Has passed, and who have laid to rest their
dead,
With glad and welcome sound thou comest
nich.

nigh. Man in his bondage often feareth thee, But thou his best friend art to set him free.
-W. A. Buxton.

> Oulet Ways Are Best. What's the use of worrying.

Of hurrying
And scurrying.
Everybody hurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us To settle down and end the fuss,

For quiet ways are best. The rain that trickles down in showers A blessing brings to thirsty flowers; Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup The gentle zephyrs gather up.

There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in the voice of wrath;
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove by their serene estate
That only ways are best That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying, By hurrying
And scurrying,
With fretting and wich flurrying
The temper's often lost.

And in pursuit of some small prize We rush ahead and are not wise, And find the unwonted exercise A fearful price has cost. Tis better far to join the throng

That do their duty right along. Reluctant they to raise a fuss Or make themselves ridiculous. Calm and serene in heart and nerve. Their strength is always in reserve, And nobly stands each test! And every day and all about By scenes within and scenes without, We can discern with ne'er a doubt That quiet ways are best.

-Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. The Golden City. Have you heard of the Golden City Mentioned in the legends old? Everlasting light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told.

Only righteous men and women Dwell within its gleaming wall. Wrong is banished from its borders, Justice reigns supreme o'er all. We are builders of that city: All our joys and all our groans Help to rear its shining ramparts; All our lives are building stones But the work that we have builded, Oft with bleeding hands and tears

And in error and in anguish, Will not perish with the years. It will be at last made perfect In the universal plan: It will help to crown the labors Of the tolling hosts of man; It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right;

t will merge into the spiences.

Of the City of the Light.

-Felix Adler. It will merge into the splendors Her Virtues. Once on a time there lived a maid

Who never was of mice afraid, A perfect game of whist she played, This maid entrancing.

Of gowns and styles she never talked, Attempts to compliment she balked, For exercise she only walked— She hated dancing.

She woo no loud, queer colored glove, She never yet had been in love, Her bureau held no picture of The latest actor. And, furthermore, she never went To matinees, nor never spent

Her change for soda; roses ser Could not attract her. Of slang she never used a word, Of flirting she had never heard, Society—it seems absurd— She did not care for.

At gay resorts where men were not She never seemed to care a jot, Until the mothers wondered what The girl was there for.

No one will know from whence she came, She left no record but her fame, Not even can we learn her name Or what her station. When did she live? How did she die? She lived in fancy. It's a lie. I've only tried to practice my Imagination.

-J. G. Burnett. A Happy Philosopher. Some folks they're complainin Because it ain't rainin, An some 'cause the weather is dry,

But I kinder content me With all that is sent me An don't go to askin 'em "why."

There's lots o' good fun in The world the Lord's runnin, Though it's sometimes a song an a sigh, But when troubles are rilin, I jes' keep a-smilin An don't go to askin 'em "why."

Jes' hear the birds singin When death bells are ringin An thrillin the world an the skyl They'll sing so awhile hence When I'm in the silence— But I don't go to askin 'em "why."

If life has one flower, One beautiful hour, One song that comes after a sigh, For me there'll be fun in The world the Lord's runnin-An I won't go to askin him "why!"

-Frank L. Stanton. Peanut Candy.

Some gloomy day, when young folks yawn And wish the weary hours were gone, Go to your storeroom and there get Brown sugar, heavy, almost wet; Send some one to a peanut stand— A quart, fresh roasted, you'll demand. Set all the children shelling these, And make them whistle, if you please.
When these are shelled, chop, not too fine;
Butter some plepans set in line;
Then take a pound of sugar, turn
Into a pan and melt, not burn, But add no water. When 'tis done, And like thick sirup, quickly run; Your chopped up peanuts lightly salt And turn them in. If there's no fault, Stir just a minute, pour in tins And cool—and then the fun begins. -Good Housekeeping.

If fairies lived, and one should visit me And say, "A favor ask, I'll grant it thee," Think you I'd seek the power craved by my

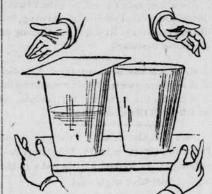
brothers,
To see myself as I am seen by others?
Ah, no; this would I beg the gentle elf—Let others see me as I see myself. -B. A. Heydrick.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With troubles that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will help
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears to the woods and initial the sweet look that Nature wears.

—Longfellow

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The trick I will explain calls for two classes, one of which must have water in it. Put the one containing the water at your left hand and cover it with a piece of cardboard. Beside it, at your right hand, is an empty glass just like the first one in shape and size. You now invite some person on your side of the table to make the water glass appear on the right and the empty one on the left



without touching or moving either glass or allowing any one else to do so. After they have given up this problem you hold your hands near the glasses to show that the water is on the left, and by simply passing around the table and fac-ing the glasses from that side you have the water on your right. This is simple and easy, but it will cause a laugh. Big bets have been won and lost on more trivial tricks than this little one.

Princess and Little Boy.

A fellow guest at the Savoy with the Princess Eulalie tells of the satisfactory achievement of the full measure of one small boy's ambition. The little fellow greatly admired the Spanish woman, but always at a distance until one day he took his place at the end of the corridor leading from her rooms with the avowed intention of at least waving his hands as she passed. When his patience was finally rewarded by her approach, the child's speaking face at once arrested the infanta's attention.

Stopping, she said, reaching out to her delighted admirer: "What a dear little boy! I must have a kiss!" and she got it at once, with a hug thrown in, an enthusiasm which so pleased the royal woman that she asked the name and residence of the young hero. Finding he was living in the hotel, at her next leisure she sent an invitation to his parents to come with him to her apartments, where they were received with great cordiality and the small boy petted by the child loving princess to his heart's content.—New York Times.

> In the Dollroom I'm going out a little while, And you must promise, Dolly, To sit as quiet as a mouse. And not go romping o'er the house With pussy cat and Polly,

For pussy's claws are very sharp, And they are sure to scratch you, Or if you get in Polly's reach She'll give an awful, awful screech, And with her beak she'll catch you.

And don't go mussing up your things Or get your dress in creases; Don't put your hands up to your hat; Your bangs are loose-remember that-And they may come to pieces.

Don't pull the buttons off your shoes Or laugh when Polly chatters; Von mustn't mind her talk a hit But only shut your eyes and sit And think of other matters.

And promise, Dolly, not to pout, It makes you look so simple, For every time you frown, you know, It makes the horrid wrinkles grow And spoils your pretty dimple.

You'd better go to sleep, for then I'll have no cause to scold you. By by, my dear-now try and see How good you really can be-Remember what I told you.

—C. M. Snyder.

Rather Sour For a Little Girl.

Midget was such a very busy little person that she could never see anything lying on the table in her reach without handling and sometimes tasting it. One day her mother had left an open package of lump alum on the table, and no sooner did she turn her back when Midget put a large lump in her mouth. When her mother turned around, the little girl said, with a very wry face, 'That is awful sour ice, mamma."-Youth's Companion.

The Real True Way to Catch Bullfrogs. When we were at Chattanooga, we learned how to catch bullfrogs where they inhabit ponds. Just take a light and wade in around the edge after dark, and they will sit on the edge and look at the light until some one on the bank can catch them. Mr. Saunders, near Ringgold, was the man to try it, and he caught 36 the first night.—Walker County (Ga.) Messenger.

A Babe In the Woods.

A little daughter of blacksmith Grossenbacher, who lives on North Fourth street, Plattsmouth, Neb., strayed away from its home during the recent storm. The neighbors turned out, and for several hours were engaged in a fruitless search for the missing girl. Officers Fitzpatrick and Black didn't give up as easily as the others, and finally succeed-



ed in finding the little one asleep under some brush in a thickly wooded ravine, less than two blocks from the home. This was after midnight, and the child was soaked from head to foot with the rain. The strange part of the proceedings was that the parents gave up the search and retired for the night long before the officers found the child.

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