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THE McCOOK TRIBUNE.

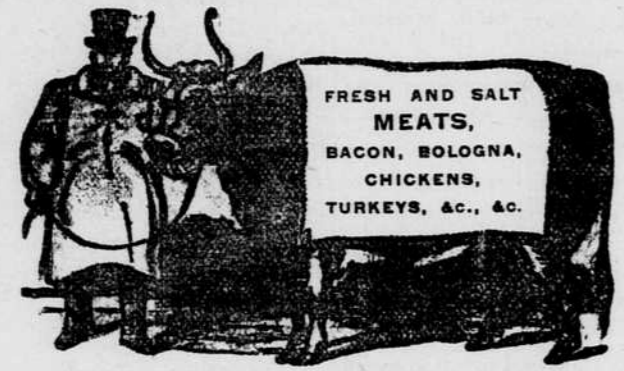
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GREAT SPEAR HEAD CONTEST.



SAVE THE TAGS.

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

\$173,250.00

in valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for

SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

- 3,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES\$34,500 00
- 5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, BLACK ENAMEL TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC..... 28,575 00
- 23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES..... 23,100 00
- 125,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS..... 57,750 00
- 125,500 LARGE PICTURES (11x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them..... 28,575 00
- 251,030 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 TEN TAGS taken therefrom.

We will distribute 250 of these prizes in this county as follows:

- 1. THE PARTY sending us the greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS from this county will give.....1 GOLD WATCH.
- 2. the FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each, 1 OPERA GLASS.....5 OPERA GLASSES.
- 3. the TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE.....20 POCKET KNIVES.
- 4. the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICK.....100 TOOTH PICKS.
- 5. 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.

HEAD.—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 plug 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 TEN TAG is on every 25 cent piece of SPEAR HEAD you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

THE F. 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.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Bobby Jones and I.
"When I was little," said Bobby Jones.
"When you were what?" said I.
"When I was little," the boy replied,
With a flash in his bright blue eye.
"Why, didn't you know I was little once?"
Said Bobby Jones to me.
"The littlest, teeniest little tot
That ever a man did see."
And I never confided to Bobby Jones,
And I hope he never was told
That he at that time was tiny still;
He was only five years old.
And I would say to all parents who
Are blessed with boys like him,
If they, though small, think they're great
and tall,
Just humor them in that whim.
—Gaston V. Drake.

When Jim Died.
When Jim died, all th' neighbors came from far
and near.
Pears like to me they held him just as dear
As mother did an me, for they all came in to gaze.
Once more on his calm, pale face, an a sort o' haze
Seemed to settle o'er their eyes, fer I seen th' tears
A-tricklin down their cheeks—maybe th' fust fer years—
When Jim died.

When Jim died, th' birds stopped singin in th' trees.
Fer they missed him, you know, an th' golden belted bees
Flittin o'er the meadows whispered to the clover
It would kiss his bare, brown feet no more, an th' plover
An the killdeer in th' twilight near th' fen
Seemed over to be callin that he'd never come agen—
When Jim died.

Jim was a curious chap—not like other boys;
He had his own way o' takin life, with its joys
An sorrows; he loved birds an flowers, an I'll bet
He never much as trod on a timid violet
Till a date,
The birds came to him, but their voices now are mute—
Since Jim died.

Since Jim died 'pears like to me mother ain't so spry
As she used to be; there's a sadness in her eye
An voice that sort o' cuts me to th' heart, fer Jim
Had alius been her pet sense he was born; she loved him
Better than the rest—he was her boy; she don't complain,
Mother don't, but then she's never been th' same
Since Jim died. —John N. Hilliard.

Trust the Children.
Trust the children! Never doubt them!
Build a wall of love about them.
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children! Don't suspect them!
Let your confidence direct them.
At the hearth or in the wildwood
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones! Remember,
May is not like chill December.
Let not words of rage or madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones! Yet guide them!
And, above all, ne'er deride them!
Should they trip or should they blunder,
Lest you snap love's chords asunder.

Trust the children! Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure.
Father's love in them confiding,
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children just as He did,
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded.
Trust and guide, but never doubt them.
Build a wall of love about them.
—New York Ledger.

Love's Service.
Love called to a young man winningly,
"Come, join the ranks of my company,
And take the field in my service."

But the young man said: "There are other things
Than blushes and kisses and flowers and rings,
Of far more worth than your service.

"There's business and sport and pleasure and art;
Your war is mere folly, your weapon a dart;
I've no time to spare for your service."

Love turned lightly away when he heard the rebuff;
Of young volunteers there were more 'than enough
To fill up the ranks of his service.

But time, passing by, made clear to the man
That they are the wisest who join when they can
The worshipful ranks of Love's service.

So he offered to Love his jewels and coin;
Forgetting his age, he thought he would join
The throng who pressed to Love's service.

But Love answered lightly: "The day has gone
By;
A sere autumn leaf is too old and too dry
For a garland worn in my service.

"You can buy, if you like, a friendly regard,
And perhaps it may seem, if you try very hard,
As if you were in my service.

"But the raw recruits for my household guard
I take from the young; the older are debarred
From taking the oaths of my service."

"The countersign's 'Youth.' Can you give it?"
"Ah, no."
"Then right about face. You're too old and
too slow
To learn the details of my service!"
—Charles F. Johnson.

Morning.
In this new dawn is found the last night's sun
That told of starry glory just begun;
Not lost, but hidden in God's mighty hand,
As hides some thought we cannot understand,
As hides some joy in sorrow's deepest stress
To blossom as the rose in wilderness!
The lily's heart of gold, its perfume shed,
Lies brown and sere, and yet it is not dead;
Its life is set in roots as firm and fine
As faith o'er death blooms with a bloom divine!
Last night its lidded eye was dark and dim;
This morn the radiance of the sun shines in!
—S. L. Thompson.

Sometimes.
Sometimes we feel that thoughts are not worth
thinking;
Sometimes that laurels are not worth the
wreathing;
Sometimes it seems that wine is not worth
drinking;
Sometimes that air is scarcely worth the
breathing;
Sometimes no friend seems worthy to be trust-
ed;
Sometimes on pessimism deep we border;
Sometimes with life we're very much disgusted;
Sometimes our liver's badly out of order.
—Kansas City Journal.

Good Night.
"Good night!"—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms fold us,
And, oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us.

"Good night!" we answer back and smile
And kiss the drooping eyes,
But in our trembling hearts the while
'tis wild queries rise.

Who, in the weary years to come,
When men are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good night!"

FEMALE, WOMAN, LADY.

The Distinction Between Several Words and How They May Be Used.

An interesting discussion is going on in the columns of some newspapers over the use of the words "lady" and "woman." There is no real difference as to the occasions upon which each word is to be used, but there is a frank acknowledgment upon the part of some that they do not use the word "woman" where their good sense tells them that they should, for fear that it might give offense to the person to whom it was directed "as not sufficiently polite."

There are certainly no words so abused as "woman," "lady" and "female." Among certain people the use of the second of these terms is like the wearing of fine clothes or jewelry. Originally belonging to a superior class they insist on appropriating it to themselves as proof that they are the equals of any other social body. Now, while all that may be true enough and while class distinctions have no place in this country this use of the word has led to some strange and amusing confusions. The humorist who depicted the servant as addressing her mistress, "Mam, the laundry lady is a-wantin to speak to the woman of the house," did not have to depend upon his imagination for his facts.

As absurd things as that may be heard in any one of the large dry goods stores in town any day, and almost any newspaper will yield a rich specimen or two. Bishop Warren, referring to this same point, says that he glanced at the wall opposite him at the moment and saw a diploma from the "Female academy," and then turned to a bookcase and read as the title of one of the volumes there, "Female Holiness." In the report of a southern woman's Christian temperance union convention appears the fact that "Mrs. Blank was chairlady."

Now the proper word in all this is "woman." That is always and ever right. Than it there is no nobler or stronger word in the English language. "Man" is a general word as well as a particular one, and as such includes both sexes, so that the term "chairman" signifies no subservience of one sex to the domination of the other. If called upon to address a stranger, a woman, then the proper word is "madam" and not "lady, this way" and "lady, that way," as so many ushers appear to think to be the only solution to the problem of address.

"Female" is never to be used as a synonym of "woman." It is a term common to one-half of the animal creation, and to apply it to woman as the substantive of designation is an insult. "Lady" is applicable to every well bred and educated woman, but it is something that is reserved rather for social usage and has not the sturdy strength and nobility of "woman."—Boston Journal.

Color Protection From Intense Heat.

With reference to the protective effect of certain colors against the sun's rays, years ago on my way to India the second time, having already been invalidated home once from the effects of the sun, it occurred to me to try the photographer's plan. I reasoned to myself that since no one ever got sunstroke or sun fever from exposure to a dark source of heat or even to one which, though luminous, possessed no great degree of chemical energy—the furnaces in the arsenal, for example—it could not be the heat rays, therefore, which injured one, but must be the chemical ones only.

If therefore one treats one's own body as the photographer treats his plates and envelopes one's self in yellow or dark red, one ought to be practically secure, and since the photographer lined the inside of his tents and belongings with yellow it was obviously immaterial whether one wore yellow inside or out. I had my hats and coats lined with yellow, and with most satisfactory results, for during five years and even extreme exposure never once did the yellow lining fail me, but every time that either through carelessness or overconfidence I forgot the precaution a very short exposure sufficed to send me down with the usual sun fever. Many friends tried the plan and all with the same satisfactory results.—Cor. Lahore (India) Civil and Military Gazette.

Sleeping Under Feathers.

Years ago we used to smile with conscious superiority at the idea of the Dutch sleeping under a feather bed instead of over it. The idea of sleeping under a hard mattress and climbing under a soft one seemed rather an anachronism and a singular perversion of common sense, but the introduction of down or feather comfortables is simply the utilization of that knowledge of things which some of the older countries had long ago known. Feathers are exceedingly warm, and a covering made of them superinduces and retains the heat in the human body.

A curious claim is now made for a new comfortable of down. The makers assert that their product retains all the natural warmth, but allows the impure air to escape from the bed, how or whether we are not informed.—Up- holder.

Velocity of the Earth.

The highest velocity attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,622 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per second, or a mile every 3.6 seconds. Therefore it has been calculated that if a cannon ball were fired due west, and that it could maintain its initial velocity for 24 hours, it would barely beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.—Philadelphia Press

What a Bad Digestion Does.

All life looks black to a miserable man with a stomach in which his food lies like lead. Woe to his companions if they expect good fellowship from him! Woe to his wife unless she has the womanly intuition that will make her humor him as though he were a cross baby! Man delights him not, nor woman either; nor is he best pleased with himself, though he jealously demands homage from others.—New York Ledger.

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