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THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE.

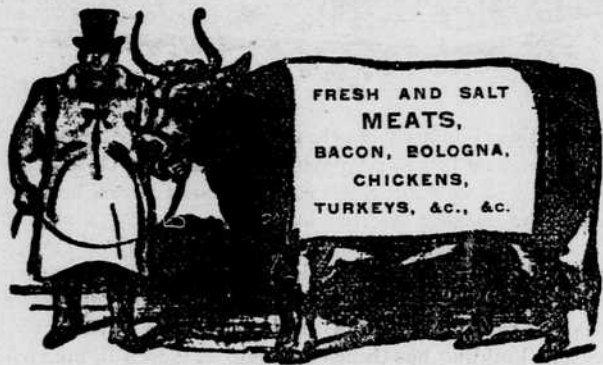
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1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES.....	\$34,500 00
5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, BLACK ENAMEL TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC.....	28,875 00
23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES.....	23,100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

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.

THE SAND OF AN OLD TIMER.

Fatal Bravery That Won a Rare Tribute From a Band of Apaches.

A company of ranchmen sat about the railroad station in Pomona the other afternoon waiting for the belated overland train for Los Angeles. Every man in the party knew the others, and there being an hour or two to wait story telling of the early days on the border and in Arizona and California came natural. Stories of old times, when Indians were bad and the white pioneers knew what bravery meant, were related. John Wilson of El Monte told the most absorbing story of the hour:

"Talk about sand in a man, gentlemen! I am telling you that it takes sand of the genuine article in any man to try and stand off single handed 40 or 50 Apaches when he knows just how the scrap will end, and that the end will be his own death. But that was just the kind of sand that was in Felix Knox when he was killed by the Apaches. You see Knox was an all round gambler, such as the tenderfoot from the east scorns so much and knows so little about, but he had a heart in him bigger than any tenderfoot's head. Well, it was in the spring of 1879 Knox, with his wife and baby and a Mexican driver, was coming from Silver City to Clifton, down in Arizona. They got to York's ranch, which is on the Gila river, about 80 miles from Clifton, all right, but were told there that signs of Apaches had been seen, and that they had better go in camp there for a few days, but Knox—who had fought the Apaches dozens of times and didn't know what fear was—said he wanted to make Clifton that day, Indians or no Indians.

"Well, the Knoxes drove on. When they were about two miles from York's ranch, sure enough a big buck Indian came from behind a low, round top mesa. Knox knew there were plenty more of the red devils hid there and that it meant a fight to death for him. He was as cool as a cucumber. He jumped out of the wagon, filled his pockets with two boxes of cartridges, and then kissed his wife and baby for the last time, but saying that he would have the redskins quieted in a few minutes. He ordered the Mexican driver to lash the team for all he was worth and to drive back to York's ranch as fast as the horses could jump. Then Knox waved his hand to his wife and said he was going to stand off a few Apaches, although he was sure there was a big band of them. As the team and wagon flew back to the ranch Knox, rifle in hand, started toward the hill for his last fight. He turned once and waved his sombrero to his wife and child and then strode on to his certain death.

"The Apaches a second later rushed out from behind the hill where they were secreted. Knox faced his foes, and standing stock still pumped lead at them until he fell down dead. The next day a party of us was made up, and we went out where the fight took place. Knox's body lay there amid the cactus in the sun. The Apaches, contrary to their usual custom, had not mutilated the fellow's body in the least. They had taken a clean pocket handkerchief out of Knox's pocket and carefully spread it over his face and had fastened it there by putting a small stone on each corner of it to hold it in its place and keep the hot sun from the dead man's face. That was their tribute to the sand in Knox. Seventy empty shells were found that had been emptied from Knox's Winchester, and one of the raiding Indians afterward said that their party numbered 43 and that Knox had killed seven of them."—Pomona Progress.

The Servant Was Horrified.

Dr. S. had a newly arrived Iberian for a servant. He had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new footwear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "Porpoise hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded with a horrified air:

"Your husband is a docther, munn, an I've heard them docther do be cuttin up people, an didn't I hear um wid me own ears say that the boots um were made of pauper's hide. It's me own old father that died in the poorhouse, an I wouldn't be servin a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirty feet wid."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Better Left Unsaid.

A certain young poet is equally famous in the world of letters as an author and among his friends for his blunt candor that is forever betraying him into one of the things one would have preferred to say differently, as Du Maurier puts it. On his last birthday he was given a charming dinner by his dotting parents, at which he was bitterly disappointed by the regret of several notables. Thus, when a society girl said to him at the close of the evening, "What a delightful time we have had!" he exclaimed from the fullness of his heart: "I'm glad it hasn't seemed dull to you. We invited some awfully clever people, but not one of them came!"—Philadelphia Press.

Pensions For Workmen In Austria.

Under the provisions of the Austrian poor law, at 60 years of age a man may claim from his native town or commune a pension equal to one-third of the daily wages which he had received during his working years. The amount varies from 2 to 6 florins a month. In Vienna alone there are 16,000 persons who receive these pensions from the city.

She Had Been There.

Perdita: You haven't the faintest idea how much I love him. Penelope: Oh, yes I have—I used to love him that way myself.—Brooklyn Life.

THE LYRIC POET'S APOLOGY.

I strive to probe to other hearts and find I do but fret the phantom of mine own; I strain to paint great nature, and my mind But images itself in every zone. The lesson learned, I sing life's woven lay In syllables of self and can no other way. —Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

A Puzzled Mother.

"It takes a 14-year-old boy to see through his mother," laughed such a mother the other day. "Last week I planned to take a friend to the theater, and her only free night was Thursday. Now, I often take my boy to see a play, but I make it a rule it shall not be on a night preceding a school day. So on this occasion I explained to my son that he could not go, and as an offset to his disappointment arranged an outing for the Saturday following. He acquiesced most dutifully and beautifully, and the matter rested. Thursday came, and as the afternoon waned, I found that my son was to be all alone part of the evening, and I began to wish that he was going with us. At last I made up my mind, and calling him said:

"I think, after all, you may go tonight. You are going to be alone, and I know you always count upon these trips to the theater. So if you'll study hard till dinner you shall be of the party."

"That's all right, mother," replied the young scamp with a laugh. "I know you'd weaken at the last, so I've managed my lessons, and I'm all ready. And now I'm alternately deploring my want of strength and wondering how to preserve a semblance of authority with so shrewd a son."—New York Times.

The Strain on the Eye.

There is no reason why a muscle or muscles of the eye should not sag out just as the muscles elsewhere do. Let one bear a weight all day long, does he not attribute his consequent headache to the heavy burden he has borne? It seems without elaborate thinking we could conceive of the results following upon prolonged use of the eye. Nature has done all she could to protect and prolong the usefulness of the eye.

No earthly architect ever yet planned a structure that would not yield, crumble and fall, and the house human, so exquisitely uplifted in curious and mysterious ways, falls and returns to dust more rapidly and surely than need be, for the reason that we do not realize how much one part is sustained or overthrown by another. One tiny muscle is potent enough to disturb the whole equilibrium, especially if intercurrent diseases exist in addition to "eye strain."—Philadelphia Record.

The Vibration of Steamers.

The discomfort of the excessive vibration on board the fast sailing ocean steamers has increased so much with the increase in the speed of travel that investigations have been made into the subject with a view of modifying the inconvenience caused to passengers. The usual idea is that this vibration is due to the action of the powerful engines. This is apparently erroneous, for it is now found that the cause consists solely in the union between the number of revolutions of the engines and the number of vibrations of the ship. The smaller the length of the ship the greater is the number per unit of its vibrations, and the longer the steamer the greater is the corresponding time of its vibrations.—New York Telegram.

Ambiguous.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Familias, on your husband's safe return." "Thank you, Mr. Cardiac. It's no joke to have the man of one's family on a steamer a week overdue in December." "I had made up my mind that if he went down I would write you a letter of condolence." "That was kind of you. What were you going to tell me, Mr. Cardiac?" "Well, I wanted to express my appreciation of him, and lots of sympathy and encouragement for you, and I had about made up my mind just to say, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught,' and let you take it either way."—Life.

An English Tribute to Emerson.

When the celebrated Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, had finished his visit here in the year 1878, he was asked about the American pulpit. He said in reply that he had of course availed himself of every opportunity to hear the American preachers. He had heard preachers of eminence, he said, in almost every communion. "But it mattered not what was the name of the communion, the preacher," he said, "was always Waldo Emerson."—Edward E. Hale's Address.

Doubtfully Insulted.

Biblelot—Tiens, canaille! What do you mean by writing to my wife and calling her your "belle Marie?" Pipelot—Mille pardons, m'sieur. I—I thought the lady was your daughter. Biblelot—Sacre bleu! Worse still.—Vogues.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

The first military order issued by General Grant, dated July 2, 1861, and appointing Colonel E. T. Dawson quartermaster of the Twenty-first Illinois, is in possession of Colonel Dawson, who is said to have refused \$3,000 for it.

The last words of John Locke were, "I have lived long enough, and I am thankful I have enjoyed a happy life; but after all look on this life as nothing better than vanity."

The largest private collection of minerals in America is supposed to be that of Clarence L. Bement of Philadelphia. Its estimated value is \$125,000.

Duval, the Paris anarchist, said he should like to shake somebody's hand before he died, and that was all, but his sentence was commuted.

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