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THE McCOOK TRIBUNE.

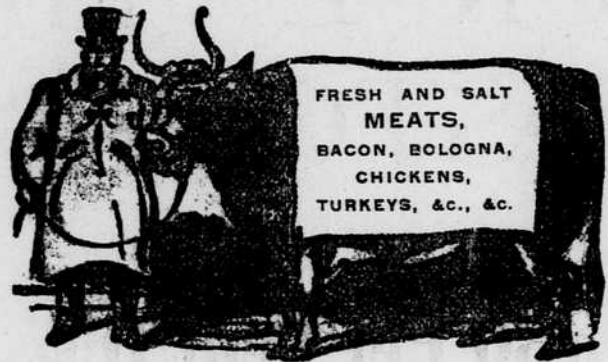
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One Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars,
\$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for
SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 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..... | 57,750 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 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.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

Where lies the scent of the rose?
In the heart of it.
'Tis a secret, the butterfly knows,
And a part of it.
She whispered to me one June—
I shall not forget it soon.
There, where the petals meet,
In the heart of it,
Lies a chalice deep and sweet.
'Tis the part of it
Where the rose distills the dew
It gathers the warm night through.
I shall make of the rose a friend.
In the heart of it
A message I'll send, I'll send,
Or a part of it.
For the heart of the rose is small
And cannot contain it all.
She will pin the rose on her breast,
And the heart of it
Will whisper my love—has she guessed
Already a part of it?
Sweet rose, lie lightly above
The pure heart of my love.
—Meredith Rhys in Kate Field's Washington.

AFTER THE SUPPER.

Dating from a certain moment—the second bottle, I believe—I no more remember what happened to me. A curtain, like a misty cloud, descended upon my memory, similar to the between acts balzo of fairy spectacles.
Nevertheless nothing is surer than something did happen to me; many things even. Everything proves it to me. My coat on the floor, my cravat as a nightcap, and, above all else, if ever I doubted it, my haggard face, fatigued and pale.
Truly a fine business! At my age, eight and thirty years, to allow myself to be surprised by champagne like a schoolboy on a holiday! Stupidity's no name for it!
But what plagues me most is to guess what I did last night, particulars, you know, as to the events of the evening.
Question my servant?
Perish the thought of it! Expose myself to the blushing before a lackey! Besides he would only be able to formulate theories from the hour of my return and—and my behavior on reaching my bedroom.
I divine it, that behavior, 'tis enough. They pretend that with a single bone Cuvier was able to entirely reconstruct an antediluvian animal. It remains to me then to find some analogous thing to as readily reconstruct my existence for the last 13 or 15 hours—a suggestion, a hint, one or two indications, more or less.
Where find them?
Ah-h, my pockets!
A childish habit of burying everything there clings to me still and will now perhaps serve me well. Behold the moment of rummaging, then, like the culprit that I am.
I tremble guiltily. What am I going to discover?
Gingerly I slip two fingers into the side pocket of my vest and draw out my portmanteau.
Empty?
By Jove!
In seeking to pick up my overcoat my notebook falls, scattering upon the carpet a heap of papers.
The first of these papers that catches my eye is the slip of the Cafe Anglais.
The trump card of the night's misdemeanor.
Thanks to this bill I learn immediately that the misdemeanor occurred in: "Salon 14." I could have sworn it.
'Tis always, some way. "Salon 14" to which I gravitate.
The total? Eight hundred and twenty francs. Peste! I've not been stingy, it appears.
How many were they, I wonder? Who were they? My habitual friends, it is probable, but still—no?
An inspiration! This menu, in betraying their tastes, will also to me reveal their names. Let us try to decipher it.
Huitres Portugaises—These are the kind that Lucien prefers and that they import from Arrachon expressly for him.
Lucien was of the supper, then, it is clear. So much for No. 1.
Potage a la puree de gibier—I greatly deceive myself, or that potage is one to which Maxime is specially partial. Maxime, then, for No. 2.
Filets de sole a la Joinville—Fernand, to a certainty; an Orleanist filet, pure and simple.
Canetons de Rouen a l'orange—No one but Polastron for that, an out and out Rouennais, he.
Salades de legumes a la Russe—'Tis useless to ask if Semenow was there.
Bombe a la Cardinal—From whom could this have come? Stay, Marcel! Who but Marcel is cousin to a cardinal?
Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenow, Marcel—Behold my table reconstituted.
Women also were at that supper then? Beyond a doubt. These scattered photographs attest it. Female suppers out or suppresses, if I may call them so, have always a rage for distributing their portraits. Henriette of the Varieties in her costume of the Revue, her great English coal hoppers squeezed into tight French slippers. Quick, conceal thyself!
And Jeanne, the eternal, in powdered hair and leaning over her shoulder at the risk of a very neck.
The third—ah, the third, I do not know her. 'Tis strange!
Not a bad lot, either, the third. She's even pretty. Small head, low brow, tiny nose, a mite of a mouth. Nothing but a eyes—superb eyes at that! Lashes like a fringe, and a genuine blond.
Dence take it! No, I do not know her. The little yellow curls that dance about her brow look even in this photograph like a golden smoke.
Nearly a child, too—18 years perhaps, at farthest. Dressed modestly besides. A high neck robe, puritanical in cut, but which only the better develops that which it envelops. Exquisite figure, slim and lithe as a bending willow.
Decidedly she is a very pretty little girl. And—And I see in her ears neither pearls nor diamonds, nor even on her fingers a single jewel. The reason possibly for her air of disdain.
Disdain, did I say? This child, who as yet knows nothing of life, yet seems al-

ready bored and wearied! Bah! women or girls, they are all alike.
Still, where did she come from? Who is it that I have had, unknown, to sit at my table? Maybe it was her debut—the opening of a great success that I already foresee and predict.
She sat beside me, of course. I talked with her, 'tis certain—all the madneses probably that came to my head. She refused me, or left me. Behold the reason why, perhaps—that I made myself drunk.
But let us resume. There were then in salon 14 six men and three women. My personnel's complete. What happened then? I have the actors, but not yet the drama.
Let us continue the voyage in my pocket.

THE CARTES DE VISITE.

The devil!
Two cards, as I'm a sinner!
The first bearing the name and address:
R. DE FAYET-MORET,
Sous-Lieutenant-Infantry.
The second:
JULES BUHOT,
Captain 120th of the Line.

What is it that all this tells me? I've never known in all my senses as many militaires as this. There is under it of course a quarrel, a row, an altercation. These two cards, cold and glacial, have assuredly been exchanged for two of my own!
Behold the drama demanded: A duel—two duels perhaps.
But two duels with whom? Duels apropos of what? Whom have I offended? For it is I, it is I, surely, that am the offender—I, who know so well that I am truly unbearable when—when a little high up.
In this case what am I, provoked or provocator?
Now I think of it, it seems to me that my left cheek pains me a little and is bigger than the other—the scar of battle unquestionably.
Pooh! An illusion! What other nonsense will I get into my head? Stay! what is this written in the corner of the lieutenant's card, the Lieutenant R. de Fayet-Moret? "Ten o'clock at St. Mannde."
At St. Mannde! Zounds! an armed encounter; the hour of the rendezvous. Nothing could be clearer!
Quick, run! There is still time perhaps!
No, the hour has passed. 'Tis 11:30 now!
I am dishonored!
No one will believe me when I say that I slept too late and got up with a splitting headache.
I have no longer the strength to interrogate my pockets. Still, let us see.
Fine and hemstitched; an airy, cobwebby batiste. But it is not one of mine.
It bears in one of its corners, too, a baron's tortil.
What next? A handkerchief in my pocket that belongs to another! Behold me on the road to the gallies!
Ah, my head, my head!
And these flowers in my buttonhole—this wilted boutonniere. Tiny myosotis blossoms that have closed their blue eyes. The thread that holds them is half untied. A bouquet too modest and simple for me to have bought from a regular flower vender, to have stolen like the handkerchief or to have had bestowed upon me by demoiselles of the theatrical clique.
It was given to me, I know it. Just how it was given to me too. A continuation of the story of that unknown little blond. She gave me these myosotis blossoms, knowing that I was going to fight—that I was going to fight for her—in all probability.
Yes, that is it—it could be nothing else!
My apprehensions redoubled. A while ago I wished to know, now I fear to learn too much.
I hesitate to plunge too deep into the depths of my overcoat. Suppose, like the comedian Arnal, in the fair of the Rue de Lourvine, I draw out my hand full of soot or of blood!
What?
This overcoat—this overcoat is not mine!
No, mine was chestnut color, and this is the color of a Corinth raisin.
I have not, then, voyaged in my pockets. I have voyaged in the pockets of another.
But then, if this overcoat is not mine, no more is the duel mine!
Nor mine the bill of the Cafe Anglais!
Nor mine the photographs!
Nor mine the cards of the militaires!
Nor mine the wilted myosotis blossoms!
Nor mine the theft of the baron's handkerchief!
And the romance and friendship of the little blond?
No mine, either!
Bah! what matters it? The address can still be found by means of the photograph.—From the French.

People Who Live Long.

Sir George Humphrey has investigated the life histories of centenarians in England with the view of ascertaining the causes and circumstances of longevity. As one reads the habits and life of these men and women who attained to the age of 100 years and more, one is struck by the fact that they were almost invariably lean people of spare habits and of great moderation in eating and drinking. Of 37, 3 took no animal food, 4 took very little, 20 a little, 10 a moderate amount and only one acknowledged taking much meat. With regard to alcohol the returns are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life of these centenarians.—London Hospital.

Prize Winners For Humane Stories.

To Mrs. Frances Birdsall Stearns of Harrisburg, Tex., and Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax have been awarded two of the three prizes of \$200 each offered by the American Education Society of Boston for the best stories of equal length with "Black Beauty" and illustrating kindness and cruelty.

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