The Semi-Weekly State Journal

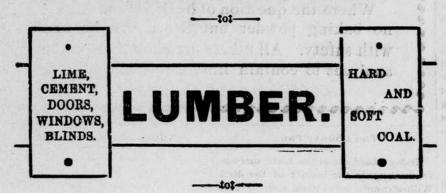
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115,500 LARGE PICTUR no advertising on	ES (14x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COL	ORS, for framing, 28,875 00
	UNTING TO	

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 TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE.

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, Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, tty, 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 TERAD 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 is 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 r immediately after February 1st, 1894.

DON'T SEND ANY TAGS BEFORE JANUARY I, 1894.

A LEAF FROM THE DEVIL'S JESTBOOK.

Beside the sewing table, chained and bent,
They stitch for the lady, tyrannous and
proud—
For her a wedding gown, for them a shroud.
They stitch and stitch, but never mend the Torn in life's golden curtains. Glad Youth

And left them alone with Time, and now if

bowed With burdens they should sob and cry aloud, Wondering, the rich would look from their con-

And so this glimmering life at last recedes In unknown, endless depths beyond recall. And what's the worth of all our ancient creeds

If here at the end of ages this is all—
A fair face floating through the merry ball,
A dead face plashing in the river reeds?
—C. E. Markham in California Illustrated.

UNCLE PETER.

From constantly telling the story of Uncle Peter and his wealth, good old Captain Cogolin had come to believe in it himself. The truth really was that the said Uncle Peter had been the despair of his family from his very childhood, and had finally embarked on an American ship as a cabin boy, after which nothing more had been heard of

This was the plain, unvarnished truth, but Captain Cogolin was a native of Marseilles and had an imaginative mind, consequently this plain truth had to be embellished. One day he happened to come across a sailor who had just returned from the United States, and after drinking a glass or two of spirits together the two men became communicative. The captain happened to mention the fact that he had an uncle living out in America. He drew upon his imaginative mind and was able to describe the said uncle.

The accommodating sailor remembered having met just such an individual, and, what was more, the supposed Uncle Peter had even confided a box of presents to the care of the sailor for distribution among his relations on the other side of the water. Unfortunately on the way home there had been a terrible storm, and the box had been dropped overboard, but still the fact remained that Uncle Peter had made a fortune out in the new country and had sent word to his friends that he should not forget them.

Two or three years went by, and at the end of that time Uncle Peter owned plantations, slaves, gold mines, petroleum mines, and everything, in fact, that an American uncle is expected to

The Cogolin family became the envy of the little village where they lived, and in the evenings, when the women gathered together round the doorsteps of the steep, narrow streets for their daily gossip, the name of the famous Uncle Peter was frequently heard.

The Cogolins themselves waited patiently.

"Poor fellow," the captain would say; "let him live as long as God wills. We are in no hurry."

One day a letter arrived for Captain Cogolin. It was from New York, and the envelope had the embassy stamp. It was a heavy letter and might have contained any number of bank notes.

There was, however, nothing more in and nothing less than the certificat of death of Peter Cogolin. "He is really dead, then?" said the

captain's wife. 'Of course he is, since the embassador

has taken the trouble to send us this." There was a solemn silence, and then, although no one but the captain had ever set eyes on the American uncle, a few tears were shed in honor of his mem-

The wife then spoke again. "All the same, your embassador does not say a word about his money!"

"You would perhaps have liked him to have written about that first and then told us of his death in a second letter. No, no, they don't do like that in America. They know what's what, and they would not write to us point blank about money as though they thought we were starving. We have only to wait, and as soon as he decently can the embassador will write to us about the money mat-

Unfortunately the embassador, no doubt through negligence, did not send another letter, and in place of the peaceful dreams with which they had deluded themselves a fever—the money fever seized the whole Cogolin family. They did nothing now but dream of Uncle Peter's millions, and on Sundays when they were all gathered together in their cabin it seemed as though the sun had lost its brightness and as though even the garlic had no flavor.

One morning the captain announced his intention of taking a trip.

"I can very well get off for a month or so," he said. "The lads will manage the boat during my absence, and I feel as though I can't rest without seeing for myself what's going on in New York." He had to embark from Havre, which

made him furious, as he looked upon money spent in railway traveling as money stolen from him.

The enormous ship, however, with all its sailors and passengers, the gilt of the saloons and the bright, marvelous machinery, threw him into an almost religious admiration.

From 8 o'clock in the morning until evening he never uttered a word, but just wandered about from one end of the deck to the other or gazed at the foaming waves.

His speech only returned to him toward the end of the journey, when he began to speculate on what he should gram in black. Silver vases, filled with find awaiting him in New York.

He began to be restless and wanted to talk to some one about his errand. The steward was a compatriot, and therefore inspired him with confidence, but the steward was busy and referred him to friends to wear black, and a guest who two tall, lanky, sunburned men who were always strolling up and down the deck together, and who looked like

"Those gentlemen will tell you all gonaut.

about New York," said the steward. "They know the place like A B C."

Captain Cogolin was delighted at the idea of making the acquaintance of people who knew the city of his dreams so thoroughly, and he followed them about everywhere, from the stern to the bridge, up and down deck, and into the narrow corridors of the cabins, trying all the time to enter into conversation with them.

They, however, did not seem anxious to meet his advances. Each time that the captain, with his hat in his hand, ap-proached them and commenced in his most affable manner, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but do you happen to know"they turned around quickly, pretending not to hear, and walked off, leaving him standing there.

"They certainly have odd manners," said the captain to himself, and then he consoled himself with the idea that, after all, every country had its own customs.

The two Americans, in their turn puzzled by the eccentricities of this man, who followed them about everywhere, questioned the steward, and as he was fond of a joke he drew upon his imagination for their benefit.

"You know there has been a great diamond robbery in Paris?" he said con-fidentially. "Well, that man is Ernest, the celebrated detective. He is on the track of the thieves and to avoid suspicion has disguised himself like that."

The two Americans looked at each other and soon afterward went down into their cabin and shut themselves in.

They did not appear again on deck, not even when the ship sighted New York, and all the passengers were admiring the panorama. On landing, Captain Cogolin looked out for them, but in vain. They had slipped away amid the confusion.

"The embassy, sir. Can you tell me the way to the embassy?"

It was the captain, who after wandering about all day in a network of streets and avenues, all exactly alike and all mercilessly numbered, was trying for the hundredth time to get some infor-

"How in heaven's name shall I ever make these hurrying, crowding, English speaking savages understand!" he exclaimed at last in despair. "Why in all the round world couldn't my Uncle Peter have taken himself somewhere else to die?"

Suddenly the captain caught sight of a face he knew. Yes, it certainly was one of the Americans with whom he had traveled. There could be no mistaking him, although he had changed his clothes and his hair and beard were cropped close.

"Sir!-sir!" The other one hears and makes off. But no, this time he shall not escape,

and the captain follows him. The American has long legs, but the captain has strong ones.

"What!" he says below his breath, "this fellow knows New York like A B C, and he won't just tell me where to find the embassy."

The American cannot escape, he skims round corners, and he dodges down streets, but the captain keeps up behind

The chase goes on until at last the American is incapable of running another step, and he takes refuge in a restaurant. The captain follows him and says, breathlessly:

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell

The American turns pale, pushes a chair to the captain, and says in excellent French: "Hush! let's have no fuss and no use-

less scandal. Sit down here a minute in this corner." "Good!" thought the captain, "he's a

queer stick, but he's getting more reasonable."

The American continued: "I know what you've come to New York for. Now, the question is, Can we

come to an understanding?" "Why, certainly we can. Certainly we can," exclaimed the captain, rubbing his hands. "It seems to me straightforward people can always come to an un-

derstanding." "Hang the straightforwardness, but et's come to business," said the American desperately. "In this pocketbook there are £2,000 in bank notes. If you'll say the word, they are yours, and £1,000 more shall be brought to you tonight when the Brittany weighs anchor. Is it understood that you start with the Brittany?"

"Why, certainly, certainly, on those terms," said the captain, who was more and more bewildered at every word uttered by the American.

He tried in vain to understand it all, but it was and ever remained a hopeless mystery to him. He pocketed the money and then found his way to the docks and made inquiries about the Brittany. He secured his passage, and sure enough the money promised him was brought to the boat that night, and Captain Cogolin was not sorry to set sail, for he had had enough of New York.

And so the captain returned to the bosom of his family, but to this day it is a mystery to him why he should have received his Uncle Peter's legacy in so extraordinary a manner. It certainly was extraordinary on taking into consideration the fact that the said uncle had died insolvent in the hospital.-Mil-

A "Mourning" Dinner. A somewhat eccentric dinner was once

given in New York by a lady who was wearing very deep mourning for her husband. The table was decorated in black, purple and white, the napery of course was white, but embroidered with the the same dark flower, were at the corners of the table, and the ices and small confectionery were all in violet and white. To make the whole thing consistent, the hostess requested all her presided at the foot of the table-and afterward, by the way, married the hostess-appeared with a broad band of crape around his left arm. - San Francisco Ar-

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