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115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS.....	57,750 00
115,500 LARGE PICTURES (11x8 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them.....	28,875 00
<b>261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO.....</b>	<b>\$173,250 00</b>

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.....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 tag, no matter how small or quantity.

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.

## VIOLETS.

Near the shady solitude  
Of a flower remembered wood,  
Where in springtime nature weaves  
Canopies of vines and leaves,  
And alone the whippoorwill  
Doth the nightly silence fill  
With his sad, insistent call,  
We have laid the little all  
Love can give, save vain regrets;  
Underneath the violets.

Sleep for aye, bud that was lost  
By an all too bitter frost;  
Sleep for aye in that lone spot,  
By our fond hearts unforgot,  
Oft a near the thrushes sing,  
And the brown bee stills her wing  
Many a time, that she may sip  
From the honeysuckle's lip  
Sweet, as we from our regret  
Tears, O lost Violet.

—Almon: Barnes in Kate Field's Washington.

## A WARWHOOP.

In one of the quiet, pleasant, picturesque valleys of eastern Connecticut nestles the pretty, old fashioned village of Windham. A century ago this was one of the most important towns in the state east of the Connecticut river. Here were located the county jail, the county courthouse and other public institutions, which, with its prominent public men, raised the town to a position of influence and wide reputation.

During the last half century, or a little over, these institutions one by one have been removed to more thriving centers, bright and ambitious young men have sought other and more promising fields of activity, and the town, once so important, has been shorn of its old fame and power, until it has become simply a relic of the "good old times"—a typical New England village, the everyday existence of which has become dreary and monotonous, and which lives chiefly in its traditionary history.

A century and a half ago Squire Elderkin and Colonel Dyer were the two most prominent men of Windham and were well known throughout the state. Both were lawyers, both were prominent in public affairs, both were wealthy for the times in which they lived, both had large social followings, and both were intensely jealous of each other.

Squire Elderkin was a tall, lean, bilious looking man, with heavy, raven black hair and piercing dark eyes. He was of aristocratic lineage, and in manner cold, selfish and ambitious. He was a learned lawyer, an able advocate and a merciless wit. Few could give a more rapierlike thrust than he—a thrust that never failed to reach its mark and always left a rankling wound and an ugly scar.

Colonel Dyer was a different kind of a man in every respect. In person he was short and stout. He had a merry blue eye, a beaming countenance and a good word for every one. Few could tell a better story or more surely make one laugh without knowing the reason why. Genial, happy, sociable, always bubbling over with fun and good humor, he never was happier than when surrounded with company, and his wide circle of friends always found him a royal entertainer. As a result he became one of the most popular men in the state. His magnetic, winning qualities were more than a match for the squire's learning and brilliancy.

Colonel Dyer was prominent, too, in military as well as political matters. Windham in those days was a frontier town, and the red men caused a great deal of anxiety at times. Whenever the situation became threatening Colonel Dyer was called to lead, and he always proved a willing soldier and a skillful commander.

Squire Elderkin was very envious of the colonel's popularity and made him the butt of many a keen, piercing shaft of wit. The colonel in time became very sensitive to these wounds, and although hatred was foreign to his nature he conceived a thorough dislike for the squire and frequently in defense made a sharp, stinging retort. The situation went on from bad to worse until finally there was many a sharp encounter between the friends of the contending parties. The little town, which had hitherto been blessed with happiness and contentment, became a factious, quarrelsome community.

Where these divisions would have ended, if an event destined to make "old Windham" famous had not intervened, no one can tell.

The spring and early summer of 1758 was a season of intense anxiety for the settlers of New England. The memorable French and Indian war, with its unparalleled atrocities, was at its height. Massacres, in which whole villages were destroyed, were of frequent occurrence.

Windham had been especially stirred up by the bloodcurdling reports that were frequently borne from the north. Several times rumors of threatened invasion by the warlike savages and their more savage allies aroused the town to a wild pitch of excitement. On these occasions the villagers put implicit faith in the colonel's military sagacity and leadership. He was always placed in command, and his word was law—in short, he was the Miles Standish of this interior Connecticut town.

In early summer of this year the Connecticut settlers were called upon to render additional assistance in the struggle against the French. The French forts of the north were now the objective point, and Colonel Dyer immediately began raising a regiment to help in the reduction of Crown Point. The men were sent forward as fast as they enlisted, while Colonel Dyer remained to continue raising recruits.

One dark, sultry night of this memorable year the long looked for and dreaded crisis seemed at hand. Late in the evening an excited alarm was given by the village parson's slave. The negro was badly scared and rushed from house to house, wildly shouting: "The French are coming. The French are coming."

The excited villagers ran to their windows and doors and were met with a din and roar that filled them with amazement and terror. Such shrieks! Such yells! The very heavens seemed filled with unearthly sounds. The earth seemed

to quake beneath the tread of the coming enemy.

"We will have Ker-nel Dy-er. And El-der-kin too. We will have Ker-nel Dy-er. And El-der-kin too," shrieked the hideous voices in unison. Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin had been particularly active against the French. The whole village jumped to the conclusion that the French and Indians were anxious to capture these two leaders. As the outlandish shrieks seemed to increase in volume, and to grow nearer and nearer, the last doubt that the savages were upon them passed from every mind.

Colonel Dyer hurried to the village green when the alarm was given, and the clanging church bell soon called the villagers together. Squire Elderkin, badly frightened, promptly responded, well armed with a trusty flintlock. Very soon the able-bodied men of the town were in line, and Colonel Dyer was unanimously chosen commander.

The old feud that a few hours before divided neighbor from neighbor was forgotten. All united like brothers to defend their common homes.

Orders were immediately given to advance, and the Windham villagers marched up the hill to the east to check the enemy. The shout for "Colonel Dy-er and El-der-kin, too," steadily grew stronger and stronger, and the gallant colonel was reported to have shown unusual caution on this occasion, while Squire Elderkin, who had never had military experience, implored the colonel to halt his command on the hill and wait until daybreak before he proceeded, as everything seemed to indicate overwhelming odds in favor of the enemy.

The last half of the night was one of terror. The villagers who had been left behind waited to hear the roar of battle, but as the hours dragged their tedious length along without the discharge of a single piece all gave way to the fear that some great horror was impending. The night, however, finally wore away; the east began to grow gray, and the light was slowly creeping over the hills when the clamor for "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too," began to subside. Daylight quelled the hideous sounds.

The morning brought a strange story to the little army and the panic stricken villagers.

A mile and a half to the west of the village was a large millpond, which furnished water for power to grind the grain for the surrounding country. The miller reported that he had been awakened by the outlandish noises in early evening and on going to the pond found the frogs in a great state of commotion, but owing to the intense darkness nothing could be seen. In the morning many dead frogs were found upon the shore.

No wounds were visible; no marks of violence could be seen; no cause for the strange commotion could be found. Some argued that there had been a battle, but there was never any evidence to support this theory. Others advanced the idea that some mysterious, malarial contagion, some deadly epidemic, had broken out and caused the cries of distress which had driven terror to the hearts of the Windham villagers. This theory, too, has been laughed at, and the truth is that the cause of the great disturbance has always been a dark, impenetrable mystery.

The state of mind of the townspeople the next morning can be better imagined than described. All seemed sick with humiliation at the ludicrous ending of their frantic fight of the evening before. Squire Elderkin was particularly mortified and is reported to have suffered a two weeks' sickness and confinement to his chamber, during which he was said to have frequently stated that he had much rather have lost his scalp than to have been the victim of such a huge joke.

It was wonderful how the story of the Windham frogs sought out and found every little nook and corner of the country. There were no railroads, no telegraphs or newspapers in those days. The stagecoach was the only means of intercommunication. Yet the story, greatly exaggerated and elaborately dressed up by the imagination, was told in almost every tavern in the land.

The Windham wits had been famous for years. Those who had suffered at their hands now eagerly seized the opportunity to pay back old scores with usurious interest. Ballads were written, songs were composed and sung, and every chance for a practical joke was utilized. Colonel Dyer was a delegate to the first congress held in New York. During his journey to that city some wag tied an immense frog to the rear of his carriage. His arrival is said to have been greeted with shouts and laughter, and the joke became the talk of the city.

On one occasion Squire Elderkin was said to have been making a very learned and eloquent plea, when some buffoon raised the shout of "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too," in the long drawn tones which the frogs had made famous. The judge lost his gravity, the jury laughed, and the audience shouted in the most boisterous manner. The squire, famous for his self possession, lost his temper, which greatly added to the amusement of the onlookers.

The humiliation of the Windhamites, however, soon passed away, and they regained their native shrewdness. Colonel Dyer was the first to turn the tide. He adopted the bullfrog as a coat of arms. He had a metal frog made for a door knocker and in various other ways showed his disposition to accept the situation good naturedly. The squire soon saw this was the better way and felt very kindly toward the colonel for his tact in stemming the current of popular persecution. He ever after accepted any mention of the frog story with a smile and apparent good nature, although it was generally believed that the smile was forced and the good nature was entirely assumed.

The memorable fright had one good effect. Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin became fast friends. Peace and good will reigned throughout the community, and the little village has since become noted for the spirit of neighborly kindness and brotherly love which seems to hover over it and pervade the very air.—Fred M. Hopkins in Romance.

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