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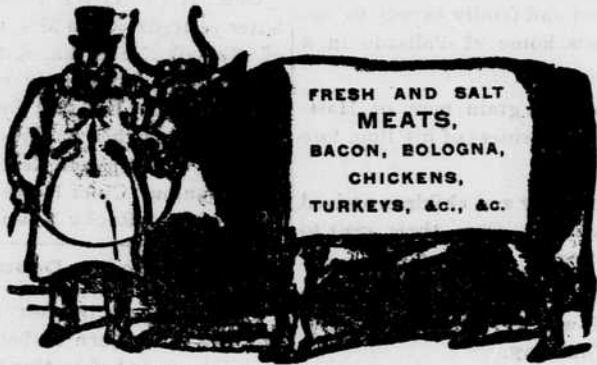
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THE SPEAR HEAD CHEW THE SPEAR HEAD

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| 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           |
| <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, 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 1 cent piece of SPEAR HEAD you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the 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.

"In spite of you all," she cried, defiantly. "I will give my soul to have him safe!"  
 Something was close to her. She turned and saw Keyork Arabian at her elbow. There was an odd smile on his usually unexpressive face.  
 "Then give me that soul of yours, if you please," he said. "He is quite safe and peacefully asleep. You must have grown a little nervous while I was away."

CHAPTER X.



NORNA let herself sink into a chair. She stared almost vacantly at Keyork, then glanced uneasily at the motionless specimens, then stared at him again.  
 "Yes," she said at last. "Perhaps I was a little nervous. Why did you lock me in? I would have gone with you. I would have helped you."  
 "An accident—quite an accident," answered Keyork, divesting himself of his fur coat. "The lock is a peculiar one, and in my hurry I forgot to show you the trick of it."  
 "I tried to get out," said Unorna with a forced laugh. "I tried to break the door down with a club. I am afraid I have hurt one of your specimens."  
 She looked about the room. Everything was in its usual position except the body of the African. She was quite sure that when she had heard that unearthly cry the dead faces had all been turned toward her.

"It is no matter," replied Keyork in a tone of indifference which was genuine. "I wish somebody would take my collection off my hands. I should have room to walk about without elbowing a failure at every step."  
 "I wish you would bury them all," suggested Unorna, with a slight shudder.

Keyork looked at her keenly.  
 "Do you mean to say that those dead things frightened you?" he asked, incredulously.  
 "No; I do not. I am not easily frightened. But something odd happened—the second strange thing that has happened this evening. Is there any one concealed in this room?"  
 "Not a rat—much less a human being. Rats dislike creosote and corrosive sublimate, and as for human beings—"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.  
 "Then I have been dreaming," said Unorna, attempting to look relieved. "Tell me about him. Where is he?"  
 "In bed—at his hotel. He will be perfectly well to-morrow."  
 "Did he wake?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. We talked together."  
 "And he was in his right mind?"  
 "Apparently. But he seemed to have forgotten something."  
 "Forgotten! What? That I had made him sleep?"  
 "Yes, he has forgotten that, too."  
 "In heaven's name, Keyork, tell me what you mean! Do not keep me—"

"How impatient women are!" exclaimed Keyork, with exasperating calm. "What is that you most want him to forget?"  
 "You cannot mean—"  
 "I can and I do. He has forgotten Beatrice. For a witch—well, you are a very remarkable one, Unorna. As a woman of business—" He shook his head.

"What did you mean this time? What did you say?" Her questions came in a strained tone and she seemed to have difficulty in concentrating her attention, or in controlling her emotions, or both.  
 "You paid a large price for the information," observed Keyork.  
 "What price? What are you speaking of? I do not understand."  
 "Your soul," he answered, with a laugh. "That was what you offered to any one who would tell you that the Wanderer was safe. I immediately closed with your offer. It was an excellent one for me."  
 Unorna tapped the table impatiently.

"I am tired of your kind of wit," she said.  
 "The kind of wit which is called wisdom is said to be fatiguing," he retorted.  
 "I wish you would give me an opportunity of being wearied in that way."  
 "Begin by opening your eyes to facts, then. It is you who are trying to jest. It is I who am in earnest. Did you, or did you not, offer your soul for a certain piece of information? Did you, or did you not, hear those dead things moan and cry? Did you, or did you not, see them move?"  
 "How absurd!" cried Unorna.  
 "You might as well ask whether, when one is giddy, the room is really going round. Is there any practical difference, so far as sensation goes, between a mummy and a block of wood?"  
 "That, my dear lady, is precisely what we do not know and what we most wish to know."  
 "But how do you know what happens when decay is not only arrested but prevented before it has begun? How can you foretell what may happen when a skillful hand has restored the tissues of the body to their original flexibility or preserved them in the state in which they were last sensitive?"  
 "Nothing can ever make me believe that a mummy can suddenly hear and understand," said Unorna; "much less that it can move and pro-

duce a sound. I know that the idea has possessed you for many years, but nothing will make me believe it possible."  
 "And on the ground of temporary insanity you would repudiate the bargain?"  
 Unorna shrugged her shoulders impatiently and did not answer. Keyork relinquished the fencing.  
 "Keyork, do you believe that the souls of the dead can come back to us?" she finally asked.  
 Keyork Arabian was silent for a few seconds.  
 "I know nothing about it," he answered.  
 "But what do you think?"  
 "Nothing. Either it is possible or it is not, and until the one proposition or the other is proved I suspend my judgment. Have you seen a ghost?"  
 "I do not know. I have seen something—" she stopped, as though the recollections were unpleasant.  
 "Then," said Keyork, the probability is that you saw a living person. Shall I sum up the question of ghosts for you?"  
 "I wish you would, in some way that I can understand."  
 "We are, then, in precisely the same position with regard to the belief in ghosts, which we occupy toward such questions as the abolition of death. The argument in both cases is inductive and all but conclusive. We do not know of any case, in the 200 generations of men, more or less, with whose history we are in some degree acquainted, of any individual who has escaped death. We conclude that all men must die. Similarly we do not know certainly—not from real, irrefutable evidence, at least—that the soul of any man or woman dead has ever returned visibly to earth. We conclude, therefore, that none ever will. There is a difference in the two cases which throws a slight balance of probability on the side of the ghost. Many persons have asserted that they have seen ghosts, though none have ever asserted that men do not die. For my own part, I have had a very wide, practical and intimate acquaintance with dead people—sometimes in very queer places—but I have never seen anything even faintly suggestive of a ghost. Therefore, my dear lady, I advise you to take it for granted that you have seen a living person."

"I never shivered with cold nor felt my hair rise upon my head at the sight of any living thing," said Unorna, dreamily, and still shading her eyes with her hand.  
 "You are quite sure that it was not really a woman?"  
 "Would a woman—and of all women that one—have come and gone without a word?"  
 "Not unless she is a very singularly reticent person," answered Keyork, with a laugh. "But you need not go so far as the ghost theory for an explanation. You were hypnotized, my dear friend, and he made you see her. That is as simple as anything need be."  
 "But that is impossible—because—"  
 "Unorna stopped and changed color.

"Because you had hypnotized him already," suggested Keyork, gravely.  
 "The thing is not possible," Unorna repeated, looking away from him.  
 "I believe it to be the only natural explanation. You had made him sleep. You tried to force his mind to something contrary to its firmest beliefs. I have seen you do it. He is a strong subject. His mind rebelled, yielded, then made a final and desperate effort and then collapsed. That effort was so terrible that it momentarily forced your will back upon itself, and impressed his vision on your sight. There are no ghosts, my dear colleague. There are only souls and bodies. If the soul can be defined as anything it can be defined as pure being in the mode of individuality, but quite removed from the mode of matter."  
 "You are a most comforting person, Keyork," said Unorna, with a faint smile. "I only wish I could believe everything you tell me."  
 "You must believe me or renounce all claim to intelligence," answered the little man climbing from his chair and sitting upon the table at her elbow. His short, sturdy legs swung at a considerable height above the floor, and he planted his hands firmly upon the boards on each side of him. The attitude was that of an idle boy, and was so oddly out of keeping with his age and expression that Unorna almost laughed as she looked at him.  
 "At all events," he continued, "you do not doubt my absolute sincerity. You come to me for an explanation. I give you the only sensible one that exists, and the only one that can have a sedative effect upon your excitement. Of course, if you have any special object in believing in ghosts—if it affords you any great and lasting pleasure to associate, in imagination, with specters, wraiths and airy malicious shadows—I will not cross your fancy."  
 "Perhaps you are right."  
 "Will you allow me to say something frank, Unorna?" said Keyork with unusual diffidence.  
 "If you can manage to be frank without being brutal."  
 "It will be short, at all events. It is this. I think you are becoming superstitious." He watched her closely to see what effect the speech would produce. She looked up quickly.  
 "Am I? What is superstition?"  
 "Gratuitous belief in things not proved."  
 "I expected a different definition from you."  
 "Seriously, Unorna, I am not the devil. I can prove it to you conclusively on theological grounds."  
 "Can you? They say that his majesty is a lawyer, and a successful one, in good practice."

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