China Asks for Seeds.

Another proof of the awakening going on in China is furnished by the statement that the government of the Flowery kingdom has, through representatives at Washington, applied to our authorities for seeds and samples of every variety of plant of recognized importance raised in our .country. China is on the search for desirable crops, and apparently has learned a lesson by recent experience with famine, due to the failure of products on which the people rely for food. Nor is this all, says Troy Times. China will experiment with the products of other countries as well, and as she has a wide variety of soil and climate there is no reason to doubt that many new and valuable food articles will thus be secured. Furthermore, in coming to the United States she gets expert advice and friendly and effective cooperation. The department of agriculture has labored long and successfully in the same direction and has done a vast amount of valuable work in developing and improving crops. The hints borrowed from Washington bid fair to serve most beenficent ends in China.

Witches Still Believed In.

Neglected by the powers, witches ceased to be so notorious, but the belief continued to exist, and does exist now, in rural parts of Scotland and England: and in England and France. even in the towns, fortune tellers, whether they charge a guinea or a shilling for their advice, are witches under the terms of the old statutes, and flourish abundantly, but as they are not burned they are supposed by superficial observers to have been exterminated by school boards and electric lighting. The blacker sort of witch who "overlooks" and casts spells on man and beatt may be found in many rural regions north and south. One of them was brought before a squire and J. P. of my acquaintance as a dangerous nuisance. He said to her, solemnly: "You know, Betty, the Bible says 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live in the parish," and she migrated, under certain condiions of compensation, to another parish.-Andrew Lang, in the London

Barry was an Irishman, born in 1745. It was not till 1760 that he reached America as a sailor, coming here from the West Indies. He was employed by Philadelphia merchants and owned some ships in 1776, when he was put in command of the Lexington, after volunteering to serve the colonies on the sea. He captured the first British warship taken by a revolutionary cruiser. He had been in America, or, more correctly, in business dealings with Americans, only ten years when he began to fight for them. John Paul Jones, another of the revolutionary naval heroes, was also an immigrant, but he began to fight for us when his connection with America and his interest in it had been much less than those of Barry. The foreigner to whom the land of the "free heart's hope and home" has appealed has nearly always been ready to take up arms in its defense; and when he has done heroic things the whole nation has applauded.

A little sentiment which Mr. Cleveland put forth on his seventieth birthday, and by which the occasion might well be remembered: "I believe that we must set ourselves against the fallacy that a city life is the easier and more productive of happiness." Mr. Cleveland has had ample experience of life, both in the city and in the country.

An Evanston, Ill., minister is fixing up a marriage ceremony in which the girl will not have to promise to obey. That is a good idea. It will be lots easier for some wives to obey if they have to when they have not promised

A minister in South Dakota was held up by two cowboys, who tried to force him to drink with them. He thrashed both, and muscular Christianity is now at the top notch of popular veneration in that section.

Consternation was caused all over the English-reading world not long ago by the report that the Valparaiso earthquake had destroyed Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island. The terrible rumor has been denied authoritatively by the secretary of the Royal Geographical society.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. is to be superintendent of his father's country estate on the Hudson. It is learned from a reliable source that he will not be compelled to live on his salary.

The assertion of the Topeka Journal that "honesty is spreading," reminds us that it does seem to be getting somewhat thin in places.

If the automobiles wish to retain their popularity they should be careful about starting to run over people so early in the season.

A woman stabbed a man in the head with a knitting needle. A little nainful, but in future he will be able



CHAPTER I.

The Tragedy. Willoughby?

tainside, gasping for breath. And al- listen before they condemned.

but, here's the rope. Now if I have hotel, who had hitherto held himself decent luck. Be ready to bear a hand." discreetly aloof, deigned to wish me deference. Again I tried to cry out, to warn him. good-by. If he would wait five minutes, three "Adieu, Mr. Haddon. It will not give self again. Still no sound came from am afraid," he said with a mournful

my frozen lips. The rope fluttered over the overhang. It struck the icy ledge of the I answered, cynically amused at his jutting rock to which I clung. Then embarrassment. slowly it fell over until it swayed He hesitated a moment, one foot on loosely in the wind, still suspended the steps of the omnibus. from my body.

slight as that. It swayed gently to us are always brave. And certainly guished woman well passed middle During the past week scorn and conpresently an unseen force would grasp as of the body. The world condemns it and pull me headlong to destruction hastily, but it will doubt its verdict if Of the other, one might say everyto the glacier below. In the mean- you refuse to accept it. And you go thing, and yet feel that one had said grace. That fact would explain the while Willoughby was started. now?"

only look up and wait, still struggling fiercely for my breath. But if I had been too exhausted to warn him, to unfasten that rope from my waist, how was I to give him the assistance he would surely need presently?

A stone fell, and then another, as he fought for a foothold. I could hear him breathing deeply, though as yet I could not see him. I stood rigid, looking upward, a prey to such fears, to such terrors as no man can imagine.

Now he came slowly into sight, his feet feeling with infinite caution. The difficulties of the descent were appalling. Even for me, supported by the rope held by Willoughby from above, they flad been all but impossible. Willoughby was no amateur; but without assistance-no, I could not hope to One way Americans of the present save him. It must be death for us day have of honoring the immigrants | both. But, and this was the agonizing of the past was illustrated last month, | thought, when the crisis came, would when a statue of Commodore John | the awful stimulus release my impris-Barry, the father of the American oned will? Or would horror still hold me?

And still he came. I could almost touch him now. He was actually near me-and then, what I had feared, what I had known must happen, did happen, His feet lost their foothold. He was hanging by his arms over the ragged. blue-green glacier that vawned to receive him a thousand feet below.

A moment he struggled frantically, Then he hung absolutely still.

"Can you reach me?" he panted. 'Brace yourself and reach me if you can. But be quick."

I did not move. I was not afraid to die with him, though the world has refused to believe me. I did not move because I could not. Horror for the moment bereft me of my very reason to think and act. My will was frozen. My brain was numb.

Then the nightmare passed. Suddenly I was calm. I took in a deep breath. I braced myself against the grim cliff for the shock as he should fall into my outstretched arms.

But at that instant Willoughby quietly loosened his hold-even while I gathered all my poor strength for that last fight; and before he perished he cried one word, without passion, without despair: "Coward!"

His body brushed my own as it fell. heard it strike brutally the glacier below. Then there was stillness. He was dead, and I lived.

The stillness was awful-and a solitude still more awful-vast, savage, and frozen, and always the whiteness of the eternal snows. And then darkness came.

digestion."

monsieur will retreat slowly.

the scorn and sneers of those who may

have heard of my disgrace. It was the

not be. In the writing-room, however,

a London weekly advertised to the

world the story of my disgrace; and

one of those cursed kodaks adorned

the first page. It was only a question

of hours before I should be known. I

walked out on the terrace for coffee

The terrace, screened by bay-trees

and cedars from the broad road that

a waiter beckoned to me: for there

From the railway station to the

were few tables unoccupied.

profoundly discouraged.

sympathy of the little innkeeper.

bravado that sent me there to meet able place.

nized. I began to hope that I might me a moment before.

Hours later guides found me still lying there. I saw them scrambling toward me. I gazed at them stupidly, indifferently. When they called I did not answer. They bere me back to the Alpine village we had left the day before. There were black nights of delirium. And in my delirium I cried: "I might have saved him. I am a

coward.' And so they judged me. When was convalescent and crawled into the sunshine again, it was too late to make excuses even if I wished. Peo-

murderer. He died cursing me as a

ple had already passed sentence. No one spoke to me. I was looked at askance. If any pitied, it was a pity tempered with scorn. More than once a kodak was snapped in my face. I was a curiosity. I was a coward.

CHAPTER II.

The Beacon Light.

To return to America, to work; to ran along the lake, swarmed with the forget if possible—that was the fever- people who came to Switzerland, not ish impulse that dominated me now. And yet I lingered a week at Grindel. chattering in every tongue in Europe. wald. It was Quixotic, perhaps, but I stood in full view of everyone until at least I refused to run away. It was not a pleasant week. If I

walked up the village street the guides, loafing about at the corners, nudged Hotel Nationale the quay was ablaze each other and indulged in brutal with the flare of multicolored lights. up any bluff game, or ever deliberate writes John Burroughs in Outing. jests at my expense. In their stupid, Placed in screenlike receptacles at inif honest, eyes I had committed the tervals against the facades of the great the seasons. unpardonable sin. I had failed a fel-hotels, the white monotony of outline low-climber at a moment of peril. was transformed into a fairy fabric of They relighted to buttonhole the tour- blue and green and red. The black alysis to decoy you away from her ists—" make me still more notorious masses of the people at the windows nest, but this, of course, is instinctby reciting to them the story of my and balconies, eager to see the proces- ive and not conscious deception. disgrace. I was completely ostracized, sion of the lake, were thrown into No one took the trouble of asking if garish relief. Beneath the double rows suggests cooperation among them, so that section of the American desert the blame were wholly my own. I was of chestnut trees flowed a boisterous when wolves hunt in relays, as they of it.

interminable seven days, each marked and cerious tourists. with an insult, I packed my things, The lake was a conventional scene upon the ground in a ring, their with the traveler's request.

vaguely hopeful after all. I was going

"All right? Bully for you. Look seated inside, the proprietor of the

diffidence.

"That would be too much to expect,"

"Mr. Haddon, may I say that I have

"But not at once?"

"Why not?" I asked in surprise.

of gaudy brilliancy. A procession of

of interest. I was determined not to stupidly, the smile was succeeded by let the incident of the photograph rum an expression of dismay. She adhad said. Perhaps it was my morbid tated whisper. fancy, but already I though people | Wonder held me spellbound as well were regarding me curiously. And as they. I turned vaguely to the An Honest Answer to These Will or profit, duty or dollars, can scarcely then I was sure I heard my name waiter. He had already left my side, spoken by a woman. I refused to look summoned imperiously, no doubt, by around. I smoked my cigar deliberate the ladies who had certainly mistaken ly, looking out toward the lake.

Suddenly from the Rigi mountain, I had half risen. Now I seated nyhome. I was going to America, and pierced the black gloom. Another and with excitement. The adventure was America is a long distance from another quivered, until there was a not yet ended; I was sure of it. And My feet touched the narrow ledge. Grindelwald. It was unlikely, I tried double row of them burning some dis- I welcomed the diversion, even though was safe. But Willoughby? Brave to persuade myself, that the story and tance down the mountainside. Then pain and humiliation were to be its the kodaks would follow me there. But on the right, on austere giant Pilatus, price. I had come to Lucerne on a I tried to call to him. No sound if so, at least my fellow-townsmen its shaggy head crowned with stars, momentary impulse, so I thought. came from my lips. I was too ex- would give me the benefit of the doubt. other lights blazed. And then, very hausted. The last atom of strength For once there had been a fire and a far off, up in the silence of the snows, was spent. For the moment I was panic in the theater, and I had been one solitary beacon light shone like a to me. I looked up at him calmly; I paralyzed-body and mind. I could lucky enough to help a little. So, if star, steadily and alone. This little had known he would come. only lean helpless against the mounth the story reached them, they would light comforted me, though it glowed from the very region of the tragedy. sieur, if monsieur is at liberty." most immediately Willoughby's voice When my luggage was placed on the I liked to think it an emblem of hope. came, quite cheerfully, quite steadily: roof of the omnibus, and I was already Out of the gloom and despair it burned that it would. I drew in a deep steadily. It gave me a sort of courage.

"Pardon, but this seat is reserved." It was a waiter who spoke, and he minutes, one minute, I might be my- you pleasure to remember my hotel, I was insolent. But I answered quietly: "I was given this place by another waiter. There was no placard on the

table nor were the chairs turned up. Why do you say it is reserved?" over my shoulder to see for whom the

man was demanding my place. On the steps leading to the terrace I did not attempt to draw it in. I sympathy for you? Do not let the lit- from the dining-room stood two ladies. ently I saw that it was rather resentwas too exhausted for an exertion so the accidents spoil your life. None of One of them was a handsome, distinand fro, and it seemed to me that there is a courage of the spirit as well age, and saying that of her, one has tempt had flashed from too many eyes said everything.

nothing. It was not the air of proud Now I dared not cry out. I could "To America," I replied grimly, distinction that arrested my gaze, for strange resentment, this indignation? "where at present there is no verdict." she shared that quality with the other. It was not that she was merely young and beautiful. Other women motionless as I approached. The atti-

The younger of the two women had i floats was passing as I took my seat, risen. She stood at the table, leaning each float distinctive of some incident forward slightly, her expression at of Swiss life or of Swiss history and once startled and eager. To my astonishment she was smiling at me radi-I looked out on this stereotyped antly, a smile of charming surprise scene of gayety with a resolute show and welcome. But as I stared at her my digestion, as the little innkeeper dressed the elder woman in an agi-

me for another.

far off on the left, a dot of light self again, and every nerve tingled What if fate had guided that impulse? For the third time the waiter spoke

"The ladies wish to speak to mon-

The summons had come, as I knew breath. My heart was beating fast, My elbow was jogged, and not with though outwardly I was calm enough. I turned; I advanced toward them.

CHAPTER III.

The One Woman.

I scanned each face intently as I approached them. There was a high, delicate color on the cheeks of the As I asked this question I glanced elder woman. She was frowning slightly. I could not be sure whether curiosity or annoyance was the dominant note of her bearing. But presment and thinly veiled contempt. that I should misinterpret that look. They knew, then, the story of my disexpression of contempt; but why this

The younger woman, the daughter, for the likeness was unmistakable, sat "It is your affair of course, mon- are young and beautiful. It was rather tude was significant of a feeling more hostile and deeper than that which agitated the mother.

It was the mother who spoke, not without evident reluctance:

"Is it true that you are Mr. Haddon -Mr. Ernest Haddon?

"It is true," I replied quietly. 'Then you were with Mr. Lawrence Willoughby when the tragedy occurred?" she continued in a deep, even voice

"Yes, madam." "I am Mrs. Brett. -This is my daughter. Miss Brett"

Again I bowed gravely. The girl made a slight inclination, but her eyes still gazed intently at the little beacon light that still burned on the mountain

I heard the name at first with an idle curiosity. Then vaguely I rebefore. It awoke startled memories. I vainly tried to place these people who were compelling themselves to speak to me with so evident a reluctance and hesitation. "I am sure I have heard, only late-

"Perhaps," assented Mrs. Brett bitterly, "it was Mr. Willoughby him-

"Mother!" The daughter touched the mother's arm appealingly. "Yes," I said in a low voice, "I re-

member now." "Then, sir," and the question rose to a crescendo of restrained feeling, when we were informed only a moment ago that you were Mr. Haddon, you vill understand why we have sent for you?"

"Yes, madam, I understand. You wish to hear from my lips-the lips of the survivor-of the tragedy?"

Willoughby had loved the daughter. When death had faced us together, he had spoken of her. At such a time one opens one's heart, even to a stranger. And he had told me of his heart's desire; he had told me of his despair that she had not returned his love. At least not openly. But now, when it was too late, perhaps she realized that she had loved him after all. If that were so, with what abhorrence must she regard me. And if I were to tell her everything-that he had died reproaching me for cowardice- Yes, pain and humiliation but he ended lamely-"but at least do ity and calm that is as adorable as it were indeed to be the price of this not let this simple affair spoil your is rare. The assured, direct look of meeting. her eyes was truth itself. She had

Yet outwardly I maintained a stoic calm. I knew there must be no extwo at Lucerne," I said good-naturedly. lake at the solitary little beacon cuses for myself. Whether this wom-"Ah, yes," he nodded in approval, light that had comforted me only a an had loved him or not, at least his memory must be sacred to her. The And so I came to Lucerne instead of I gave up my seat at once, of man who was dead had paid the last. sailing immediately to America as I course. I walked slowly to the end penalty of presumption and folly. But had intended. It was not exactly of the terrace, and took a less desirthat must not be hinted at; it was my weakness and cowardice that I must emphasize. ested in these people. And yet I was

"Helena." Mrs. Brett turned to her strangely interested in them. It was daughter, "would you prefer that Mr. Haddon speak to you alone?" "Yes, mother, I should prefer that." But in the restaurant I was not recog- It was the waiter who had spoken to

"I shall wait for you, Helena, in the writing room. Good evening, Mr.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Limit to Sense of Animals

to see but to be seen. They were They Commit Suicide.

I refused to allow myself to be inter-

"Pardon-the ladies who took your

sieur, but at least"-he was seeking a that there breathed from the quiet

pretentious expression of sympathy, presence of this woman a noble seren-

"Perhaps I shall linger a day or not seen me. She looked beyond the

When I arrived, Lucerne was en as if I were waiting. When my ell w

fete. The Schweizerhof was crowded. was again touched, I felt no surprise.

moment ago.

commit suicide. I do not believe with their heels. that they have any notions of death, or take any note of time, or ever put and not the result of deliberation, together, or form plans or forecast The horse always turns his tail to

when a bird feigns lameness or par- their heads."

"There is at times something that this country is in force in Nevada. In labeled the coward. That was the end stream of Swiss peasants, arm in arm, are said to do, or when they hunt in tress may flag the limited passenger household, and that among the duties shouting and singing as they marched, couples, one engaging the quarry trains and compel the train crew to his family and to the heirs of his But when I had lived through the and a more sedate crowd of townsfolk in front while the other assaults it give them water to drink. The law from the rear; or when quail roost makes it a felony to refuse to comply

tails in the center, their heads out-John Burroughs Scouts Theory That ward; or, as when cattle or horses lives of isolation and endure an existform a circle when attacked in the open by wild beasts, the cattle with human instincts. "I do not believe that animals ever their heads outward and the horses

"Of course, all of this is instinctive

Humane Law of the Desert. One of the oddest humane laws in which lies in Nevada, travelers in dis-

THE "MORAL OBLIGATION" AND "DOES IT PAY?"

SHC CONSIDERED

Keep the Trade with the Home Merchant Every Time.

(Copyrighted, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark.) very bottom of it. When the thrifty person or his wife sits down for the first time-or any time-with the mail order catalogue many of us travel in ruts. We get the and its temptations, there are two, habit of buying certain goods or tradand only two, points to be taken into ing at certain places when we might consideration.

and the chances are that that will be home as well as to those who buy dismissed as sentimental nonsense.

that the thrifty person will be in- expensive trips to the city to buy clined to interpret an answer from the goods that the village merchant would prices quoted in black-faced figures in have sold them for less money. They the catalogue.

Neither of these questions should gate. be lightly dismissed. Moral obligablack-faced figures sometimes lie.

of the preaching, it has a tendency own fireside and select a dress pattern gospel.

given you, Mr. Farmer? A market for raw day. your produce. What has made 25 to 50 per cent. of the present value of perhaps, is that the printed price in

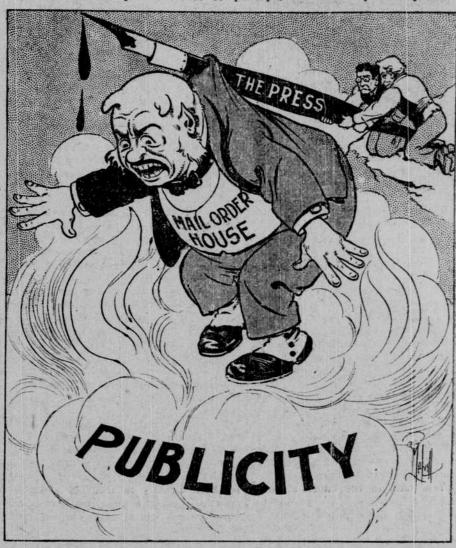
TWO BIG QUESTIONS tage. And this brings us to the second point in the argument-the paramount question in this commercial age-"Will it pay?"

By most people an affirmative answer to that question is accepted as the call of duty. As a matter of fact, 'Will it pay?" is a good test to apply to any project or proposition. There are commercial, as well as political, demagogues, and the man who is appealed to on the score of patriotism do better than to sit down by himself and submit that question-"Will it pay?"-to his own best judgment. Provided always, that he goes to the

I believe that every man ought to know why he does so and so. Too do better by changing. This will ap-One of these is moral obligation, ply sometimes to people who trade at abroad. It is always well to investi-The other is-Will it pay? and to gate. I have known people to make hadn't taken the trouble to investi-

What are the relative advantages of tion is not sentimental nonsense, and buying at the local store and ordering from a catalogue house? Advantages, The duty a man owes to his own understand, that figure in the quescommunity and his obligation to trade tion, "Will it pay?" Don't get away at home are so often reiterated in the from that question. It certainly is country press that, possibly like some very comfortable to sit down by your to harden the hearts of the sinners. or a sulky plow from a printed des-Nevertheless, the principle is true as cription and a picture of the article: much more comfortable, in fact, than What has your neighboring town hitching up and driving to town on a

A consideration more important.



The fire of publicity is the medium the mail-order houses are using to destroy this community. It is up to you, Mr. Merchant, to fight the devil with fire. By the aid of the local press you can hold him over the scorching flames, and put a stop to his devastating competition so far as this community is concerned. Will you not assist in the good fight?

\$100 an acre.

Yes, the home town, with its handy spokes from a hub, bring to your goods. home the greatest conveniences of modern times.

and how many of these advantages no fellow citizens, no mutual interests would you be enjoying now, if the city from which that mail order catalogue came were your nearest market, these conditions do not demand extrayour most accessible trading point, ordinary vigilance in supplying honyour only post office and social center, est-made goods. And where Vigilance the only place to which you could look is not a needed employe in the busito connect you with the outside ness he is generally taken off the pay world?

load of mail order catalogues? Well, I it? haven't. They lay out a town site newspaper. They know, from former experience that, with these things close by, life will be endurable, whatever hardships may come. They know, also, that without them they must live ence that is contrary to all natural

On the other hand, it goes without saving, that the average country town cannot exist without the support of its tributary territory. Then, if that town affords the advantages for the rural citizen that have been enumeratthe storm as well, and cows and ed, there exists what we may call an "They may practice deception, as steers, if I remember rightly, turn interdependence and a moral obligation between the two. Are you, Mr. Thrifty Farmer, living up to that obligation when you do your trading

with the mail order house? To this line of argument the farmer may answer that his greatest obligation, his first duty, is to his immediate estate is that of practicing judicious economy-buying where he can buy the cheapest and to the best advan- Howland.

your farm? The accessibility of a | the catalogue seems, in some cases at market. You know what your grand- least, to be lower than the price father did on that same farm? Drove quoted at the local store. Isn't that his hogs and hauled his grain 30, 50, conclusive? Let's see. The catalogue maybe 75 miles to the nearest market describes the goods and quotes a town, and received prices for them price; maybe it gives a picture of the that would make you howl about the article also, but you don't see the trusts. And he hauled back the fam- goods. The local merchant shows you ily supplies for which he paid what the goods; you may examine them you would consider monopolistic critically; he may allow you to test prices. Do you happen to know what them or to call in an expert to advise the old farm was worth then? Well, you. Is it fair to conclude that the it lacked a good deal of being \$75 or catalogue article is the cheaper just because the price is lower?

An element that must enter into the market, has advanced the value of comparison of goods and prices is, your property and made you worth that in any attempt to fool the cusseveral thousand dollars more than tomer, the local merchant is decidedyour grandfather was worth. The ly at a disadvantage. He must show home town affords schooling for your the goods, not merely describe them. children, and perhaps social and His business depends wholly upon the church privileges which your family limited trading area of his town and would not otherwise enjoy. The rural his ability to inspire confidence within mail routes and telephone systems, that circle. He cannot afford to make radiating from the home town, as a practice of misrepresenting his

The mail order house is not so tied down to the maxim that "Honesty is What would your farm be worth the best policy." It has no neighbors, with its patrons. Its trade area is wide and always shifting. Naturally roll, which makes a saving in expense. Have you ever noticed that the first as well as in the cost of the goods. If thing the settlers of a newly-opened lower prices are quoted by the catareservation do is to send for a wagon logue house, may not this account for

"Will it pay?" Is it a matter of every six or eight miles, start two or economy to buy inferior and damaged three general stores, build a school goods when the same money, or even house, a church, a blacksmith shop, a a little more, will pay for goods of the grain elevator, petition the depart- best quality? Which course does a ment for a post office, and start a man's first duty to his own household dictate?

But to get at the bottom of that question, we must consider the farreaching general effect of mail order trading. If single catalogue houses are to be capitalized at \$40,000,000. they must be reckoned with along with Standard Oil, the beef trust and railroad mergers. If they are allowed to suck the blod from our country towns, your grandchildren will find conditions much the same as those of your grandfather's time. Their mar kets will be 30, 50 or 75 miles away. The towns and villages will be deserted, and the "hubs" will be too distant to send the radiating spokes of rural mail, telephone lines and other modern conveniences far into the country.

CHARLES BRADSHAW.

Cunning and Ignorance. Cunning always has been the offensive and defensive weapon of ignorance. "Match cunning with cunning" only as a lest resort.-John A.