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 elec tric lighting. The blacker sort of witch who "overlooks" and casts spells on man and beast 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 condions of compensation, to another parish.—Andrew Lang, in the London

most beenficent ends in China.

One way Americans of the present day have of honoring the immigrants of the past was illustrated last month. when a statue of Commodore John Barry, the father of the American navy, was unveiled in Philadelphia. 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 oceasion 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

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 to do so.

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 suestate on the Hudson. It is learned from a reliable source that he will not he 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 women stabbed a man in the head with a knitting needle. A little painful, but in future he will be able to knit his brows.



CHAPTER I.

Willoughby?

I tried to call to him. No sound tainside, gasping for breath. And al- listen before they condemned. most immediately Willoughby's voice came, quite cheerfully, quite steadily:

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 minutes, one minute, I might be mymy 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 slowly it fell over until it swayed loosely in the wind, still suspended the steps of the omnibus. from my body.

was too exhausted for an exertion so the accidents spoil your life. None of One of them was a handsome, distinslight as that. It swayed gently to us are always brave. And certainly guished woman well passed middle and fro, and it seemed to me that there is a courage of the spirit as well age, and saying that of her, one has presently 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 to the glacier below. In the meanwhile Willoughby was started.

Now I dared not cry out. I could only look up and wait, still struggling flercely 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 footbold. 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 had been all but impossible. Willoughby was no amateur: but without assistance no, I could not hope to save him. It must be death for us both. But, and this was the agonising thought, when the crisis came, would the awful stimulus release my imprisoned will? Or would horror still hold

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 footbold. He was hanging by his arms over the ragged, blue green glacier that yawned to re-A moment he struggled frantically.
Then he hang 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."

sympathy of the little innkeeper.

bravado that sent me there to meet able place.

the scorn and sneers of those who may

When I arrived, Lucerne was en

nized. I began to hope that I might

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, acreened by bay-trees

and cedars from the broad road that

ran along the lake, swarmed with the

people who came to Switzerland, not

a waiter beckoned to me; for there

From the railway station to the

profoundly discouraged.

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 bore me back to the Alpine village we had left the day before. There were black nights of delirium. And in my delirium I cried:

murderer. He died cursing me as a coward." And so they judged me. When I was convalescent and crawled into the

"I might have saved him. I am a

sunshine again, it was too late to make excuses even if I wished. People 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 forget if possible—that was the feverish impulse that dominated me now, to see but to be seen. They were And yet I lingered a week at Grindel- chattering in every tongue in Europe. at least I refused to run away. It was not a pleasant week. If I were few tables unoccupied.

walked up the village street the guides. loafing about at the corners, nudged 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 by reciting to them the story of my and balconies, eager to see the proces- ive and not conscious deception. disgrace. I was completely ostracised. sion of the lake, were thrown into There is at times something that this country is in ree in Nevada. In To this line of argument the farmer No one took the trouble of asking if garish relief. Beneath the double rows suggests cooperation among them, so that section of the merican desert the blame were wholly my own. I was of chestnut trees flowed a bolt erous when wolves hunt in relays, as they which lies in Nevada, travelers in dis-

I vaguely hopeful after all. I was going

home. I was going to America, and America is a long distance from was safe. But Willoughby? Brave to persuade myself, that the story and came from my line. I was too ex- would give me the benefit of the doubt.

When my luggage was placed on the

"Adieu, Mr. Haddon, It will not give "That would be too much to expect,"

embarrasament. He hesitated a moment

"Mr. Haddon, may I say that I have I did not attempt to draw it in I sympathy for you? Do not let the lit- from the dining-room stood two ladies.

"To America," I replied grimly, where at present there is no verdict." "But not at once?"

"Why not?" I asked in surprise.

I looked out on this stereotyped my digestion, as the little innkeeper had said. Perhaps it was my morbid then I was sure I heard my name spoken by a woman. I refused to look around. I smoked my cigar deliberate the ladies who had certainly mistakes ly, looking out toward the lake.

Suddenly from the Rigi mountain, 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 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 Lucerse on a if so, at least my fellow-townsmen its shaggy head crowned with stars, momentary impulse, so I then other lights blased. And then, very What if fate had suided that immulae 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; 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 mount the story reached them, they would light comforted me, though it glowed from the very region of the tragedy. I liked to think it an emblem of hope. roof of the omnibus, and I was already Out of the gloom and despair it burned "All right? Bully for you. Look scated inside, the proprietor of the steadily. It gave me a sort of courage. breath. My heart was beating fast, out, here's the rope. Now if I have hotel, who had hitherto held himself My elbow was jogged, and not with though outwardly I was calm enough.

"Pardon, but this seat is reserved." It was a waiter who spoke, and he you pleasure to remember my hotel. I was insolent. But I answered quietly: self again. Still no sound came from am afraid," he said with a mournful . "I was given this place by another waster. There was no placard on the table nor were the chairs turned up. approached them. There was a high, Why do you say it is reserved?" As I asked this question I glance over my shoulder to see for whom the

man was demanding my place. On the steps leading to the terrace said everything.

Of the other, one might say everyyou refuse to accept it. And you go thing, and yet feel that one had said grace. That fact would explain the nothing. It was not the air of proud expression of contempt; but why this distinction that arrested my gase, for 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 restator of the two wes antly, a smile of charming surpris of interest. I was determined not to stupidly, the smile was succeeded by let the incident of the photograph run an expression of dismay. She admy disestion, as the little innkeeper dressed the elder woman in an agifancy, but already I though people Wender held me spellbound as well were regarding me curiously. And as they. I turned vaguety to the

me for another.

I had half rises. Now I seated myfar off on the left, a dot of light self again, and every nerve tingled pierced the black gloom. Another and with excitement. The adventure was another quivered, until there was a not yet ended; I was sure of it. And For the third time the waiter anoke

> "The ladies wish to speak to mo sieur, if monsieur is at liberty." The summons had come, as I knew that it would. I drew in a deep I turned: I advanced toward them.

> > CHAPTER III.

The One Weman. I scanned each face intently as delicate color on the cheeks of the elder woman. She was frowning slightly. I could not be sure whether curiouity or annoyance was the dominant note of her bearing. But presently I saw that it was rather recentment and thinly veiled contempt. During the past week scorn and con-tempt had flashed from too many eyes that I should misinterpret that look. They knew, then, the story of my dis-

strange resentment, this indignation? 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, no 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.

"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 repeated it to myself. I had heard it before. 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 mre 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 will 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 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 "Perhaps I shall linger a day or not seen me. She looked beyond the calm. I knew there must be no extwo at Lucerne," I said good-naturedly. lake at the solitary little beacon "Ah, yes," he nodded in approval, light that had comforted me only a cuses for myself. Whether this woman 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 I refused to allow myself to be interemphasize.

have heard of my disgrace. It was the ested in these people. And yet I was "Helena," Mrs. Brett turned to he strangely interested in them. It was daughter, "would you prefer that Mr. Haddon speak to you alone?"

as if I were waiting. When my elbow "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. Haddon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Limit to Sense of Animals

They Commit Suicide.

"Pardon-the ladies who took your

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

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

but he ended lamely-"but at least do ity and calm that is as adorable as it

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

moment ago.

me a moment before.

commit suicide. I do not believe with their heels. that they have any notices of death,

low-chimber at a moment of peril. was transformed into a fairy fabric of when a bird feigns lameness or par- their heads." They delighted to buttonhole the tour blue and green and red. The black alysis to decoy you away from her ists—to make me still more notorious masses of the people at the windows nest, but this, of course, is instinct-

interminable seven days, each marked and curious tourists.

If the lake was a conventional scene upon the ground in a ring, their with the traveler's request.

John Burroughe Scouts Theory That ward; or, as when cattle or horses form a circle when attacked in the ence that is contrary to all natural they must be reckoned with along "I do not believe that animals every their heads outward and the horses

"Of course, all of this is instinctive Hotel Nationale the quay was ablaze or take any note of time or ever put and not the result of deliberation, its tributary territory. Then, if that conditions much the same as those of each other and indulged in brutal with the flare of multicolored lights, up any bluff game, or ever deliberate writes John Burroughs in Outing town affords the advantages for the together, or form plans or forecast. The horse always turns his tail to rural citizen that have been enumeratively will be 30, 50 or 75 miles away. the storm as well, and cows and ed, there exists what we may call an The towns and villages will be de-"They may practice deception, as steers, if I remember rightly, turn interdependence and a moral obligation serted, and the "hubs" will be too dis-

> Humane Law of the Desert. One of the odd:st humane laws in

THE "MORAL OBLIGATION" AND

"DOES IT PAY!"

Home Merchant Every

(Copyrighted, 1966, by Alfred C. Clark.) When the thrifty person or his wife sits down for the first time or any time-with the mail order catalogue and its temptations, there are two. and only two, points to be taken into ing at certain places when we might

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

'Neither of these questions should be lightly dismissed. Moral obliga-tion is not sentimental nonsense, and buying at the local store and ordering black-faced figures sometimes lie. 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 relterated in the from that question. It certainly is country press that, possibly like some very comfortable to sit down by your of the preaching, it has a tendency own fireside and select a dress pattern 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:

What has your neighboring town given you, Mr. Farmer? A market for raw day.

point in the argument—the par

By most people an affirmative anwer to that question is accept 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, gues, and the man who is appealed to on the score of patriotism or profit, duty or dollars, can scarcely do better than to sit down by himsel 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 many of us travel in rute. We get the habit of buying certain goods or traddo better by changing. This will ap-One of these is moral obligation, ply sometimes to people who trade at and the chances are that that will be home as well as to those who buy ismissed as sentimental nonsense. 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-

from a catalogue house? Advantages. much more comfortable, in fact, than hitching up and driving to town on a

your produce. What has made 25 to A consideration more important. 50 per cent. of the present value of perhaps, is that the printed price in



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 cor munity is concerned. Will you not assist in the good fight?

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

\$100 an acre. Yes, the home town, with its handy 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 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 with its patrons. Its trade area is city from which that mail order cata- wide and always shifting. Naturally logue came were your nearest market, these conditions do not demand extrayour most accessible trading point, ordinary vigilance in supplying honvour 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

oad of mail order catalogues? Well, I jt? haven't. They lay out a town site newspaper. They know, from former dictate? experience that, with these things close by, life will be endurable, whatever hardships may come. They know, also, that without them they must live trading. If single catalogue houses lives of isolation and endure an exist- are to be capitalized at \$40,000,000.

with human instincts. On the other hand, it goes without saying, that the average country town to suck the blod from our country cannot exist without the support of towns, your grandchildren will find tion between the two. Are you, Mr. tant to send the radiating spokes of Thrifty Farmer, living up to that ob- rural mail, telephone lines and other

with the mail order house? may answer that his greatest obligathe cheapest and to the best advan- Howland.

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

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, ness he is generally taken off the pay 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

But to get at the bottom of that question, we must consider the farreaching general effect of mail order railroad mergers. If they are alle your grandfather's time. Their marligation when you do your trading modern conveniences far into the country.

CHARLES BRADSHAW.

Cunning and Ignorance. labeled the coward. That was the end of the coward. That was the end of it.

But when I had lived through the Rut when I had lived t from the rear; or when quail roost makes it a felony to refuse to comply economy—buying where he can buy aing" only as a list resort.—John A.