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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.

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.

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.

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."

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 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 painful, but in future he will be able to knit his brows.

The CASTLE OF LIES BY ARTHUR HENDY VASEY

CHAPTER I. The Tragedy. My feet touched the narrow ledge. I was safe. But Willoughby? Brave Willoughby? I tried to call to him. No sound came from my lips. I was too exhausted. The last atom of strength was spent. For the moment I was paralyzed—body and mind. I could only lean helplessly against the mountain side, gasping for breath.

Now I dared not cry out. I could 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.

And so they judged me. When I was convalescent and crawled into the 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. And yet I lingered a week at Grindelwald. It was Quixotic, perhaps, but at least I refused to run away. It was not a pleasant week. If I walked up the village street the guides, looking about at the corners, nudged each other and indulged in brutal jests at my expense. In their stupid, if honest, eyes I had committed the unpardonable sin. I had failed a fellow-chamber at a moment of peril. They delighted to buttonhole the tourists—to make me still more notorious by reciting to them the story of my disgrace. I was completely ostracized. No one took the trouble of asking if the blame were wholly my own. I was labeled the coward. That was the end of it.

Of guilty treachery. A prodigious feat was being as I took my seat, each foot distinctive of some incident of Swiss life or of Swiss history and glory.

CHAPTER III. The One Woman. I scanned the face intently as I approached them. There was a high, delicate color on the cheeks of the elder woman. She was frowning slightly. I could not be sure whether curiosity or annoyance was the dominant note of her bearing. But presently I saw that it was rather resentment and thinly veiled contempt.

CHAPTER IV. The Beacon Light. The terrace, screened by bay-trees and cedars from the broad road that ran along the lake, swarmed with the people who came to Switzerland, not to see but to be seen. They were chattering in every tongue in Europe. I stood in full view of everyone until a waiter beckoned to me; for there were few tables unoccupied.

CHAPTER V. The Beacon Light. The terrace, screened by bay-trees and cedars from the broad road that ran along the lake, swarmed with the people who came to Switzerland, not to see but to be seen. They were chattering in every tongue in Europe. I stood in full view of everyone until a waiter beckoned to me; for there were few tables unoccupied.

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TWO BIG QUESTIONS

THE "MORAL OBLIGATION" AND "DOES IT PAY?" SHOULD BE CONSIDERED

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 consideration. One of these is moral obligation, and the chances are that that will be dismissed as sentimental nonsense.



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.

your farm? The accessibility of a market. You know what your grandfather did on that same farm? Drove his hogs and hauled his grain 20, 50, maybe 75 miles to the nearest market town, and received prices for them that would make you howl about the trusts. And he hauled back the family supplies for which he paid what you would consider monopolistic prices. Do you happen to know what the old farm was worth then? Well, it lacked a good deal of being \$75 or \$100 an acre.

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.

What are the relative advantages of buying at the local store and ordering from a catalogue house? Advantages, understand, that figure in the question, "Will it pay?" Don't get away from that question. It certainly is very comfortable to sit down by your own fire and select a dress pattern or a sunny shower from a printer's description and a picture of the article; much more comfortable, in fact, than hitching up and driving to town on a raw day.

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Limit to Sense of Animals

John Burroughs' theory that they commit suicide. "I do not believe that animals ever commit suicide. I do not believe that they have any notion of death, or take any note of time or ever put up any bluff game, or ever deliberate together, or form plans or forecast the seasons."