

The CASTLE OF LIES BY ARTHUR HENRY VISEY

CHAPTER V.—Continued. "Like the others, I think I have forfeited the right to one word of sympathy."

"More than all the others, I should think," she answered calmly, without hesitation. "Yes," I said, wearily, "you have placed a placard on my back, as they used to put a high paper cap on the boys in school. On the cap the school-masters used to write the word 'Dunce'; on the placard you have written the word 'Coward.' And yet I am not quite a coward. Do you refuse to see that I am simply one of those men whose fate it has been to be tried to the uttermost? Forgive me; I am appealing to your sympathy after all. It is quite natural. It was a moment of weakness."

"But if," she spoke more eagerly, "if through you a life were saved for the world—if it were to be a life for a life—"

"I felt an emotion that was very near that of triumph. It is extraordinary how in the most sacred of moments the passion to conquer, to subdue, to outdo itself. Henceforth, whether this woman would have it or not, there was a bond between us. She had suggested a way of escape! I accepted it with passionate gratitude. I swore to myself, as I stood before her, that I would not rest until I had accomplished the sacred task she had set me. I answered with a boldness that surprised even myself."

"From this day my one object in life shall be to make the reparation you have suggested. But when that is done you will know it."

"I saw her hand tremble as she lightly touched her hair. It was not so much embarrassment that brought the rose blush to her cheek as anger. She turned from me without a word. I watched her disappear with a strange exultation."

both hands the English woman in which my photograph had appeared. "Our eyes met. I gazed at her standing perfectly still. It was not embarrassment or anger that held me; it was rather wonder. For on the face of the woman was the same subtle, curious smile that had looked at me in the first act of my life, and her daughter."

"I entered the hotel. I paused in the hall, then walked swiftly into the reading room. Apparently it was deserted. I reached for the paper; I tore out the page in which my photograph appeared; I crushed it savagely in my hand."

"There was a light, mocking laugh. I looked up, startled. It was the woman again. She stood almost in shadow. One bare arm was placed lightly on her hip; the other stretched its white length on the low mantel and supported her."

"I had come to Europe secretly, she said, with the hope that just such an adventure would come to me as had happened to-night. The 33 years of my life had been passed in an atmosphere usually dead and prosaic."

"I had been left the university, I had acted as secretary to an uncle, a multi-millionaire who lived in an obscure town of the middle West. I had trudged the dreary and stupid circle of business routine, my eyes bent sullenly to earth. Success had come, or what world calls success—money and a measure of respect that is given to one with a substantial bank account. But that is not life."

"And then one day I awoke. I realized with a start that life was slipping away from me; and with the hours the golden aspirations and delights that make life worth while. I still smiling; and more sensuous, more brilliant, more, devouring than the gleam of the jewels about her person, was the flame that burned in her eyes."

"She laughed again. It was impossible not to know that she was challenging me. The pose, the look, the laugh—all were a challenge. But I was in no mind to accept it, and glanced idly at the papers on the table. Presently I walked toward the door. Again her light laughter pursued me."

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TRADING AT HOME

MANY REASONS WHY IT IS THE BEST POLICY.

SELF-INTEREST A BIG FEATURE

That Which Benefits the Community as a Whole Benefits Each Individual—The "Why and Wherefore."

As self-interest is the law which governs the transactions of trade, it is the first light in which the subject of "Trading at Home" must be treated. Sentiment has little influence in trade.

The prosperity of any community depends on the volume of business transacted within its borders. The facilities with which business can be transacted depends largely upon the amount of money in circulation and any influence which takes money out of a community is detrimental to the financial welfare of the community.

It is in this respect that trading with mail order houses cripples a community. Money which should be kept in local circulation goes to swell the volume of money in the distant city instead of remaining at home to be turned over and over again as the medium of transfer among local merchants and their customers.

The effect of this diversion of money is not confined to the merchants who lose sales thereby; it extends eventually to every member of the community. It is a curtailment of business which affects the value of all property even to the labor of the man who is dependent on a day's work for his living.

It reacts upon the people who purchase away from home in a degree which more than offsets any possible saving in price that may be effected in the purchase.

Every dollar sent out of any community for goods which can be purchased at home represents a percentage of injustice to the community itself.

In the first place, some merchant loses the profit on a sale. Not only that, but the price of the article represents so much of the merchant's capital which is tied up in the article and is not working. Having capital tied up means that the operations of the merchant are curtailed to that extent.

He has that much less to spend; that much less to pay in salaries to his clerks; to pay in patronage of the butcher, the baker and the other purveyors of the necessities of life; to invest in property, in newspaper advertising; to deposit in bank where it may be used by other members of the community, or to devote to church or charity. The money which goes to the mail order house decreases the per capita of circulation in the community; a factor which determines largely the value of all goods or property on the market; the scale of wages and the interest on loans.

It is not hard to trace the effect of the diversion of money from its legitimate channels. When money is scarce trade languishes because of the lack of circulating medium; merchants and all others curtail expenses; the volume of trade decreases and nothing restores activity in trade but an increase from some quarter of the circulating medium. When the volume of money increases, trade moves and it moves as fast as the volume of money will permit. Money that is working is constantly producing profit to all; money that is not working produces stagnation in trade.

Accordingly, it is to the interest of every member of a community to confine his expenditures as nearly as possible to the community in which he lives. Every dollar he spends at home helps to make his own holdings more valuable because they are more salable. When a community has money with which to buy there is little difficulty to sell and if the money is not diverted, it revolves constantly in the financial circle of the community, earning a profit for everyone who handles it and turns it over.

Accordingly, the money spent at home is bearing compound interest for the community. Its effect is apparent even to the outsider. Spending money at home is a species of loyalty which makes materially for the progress of the community. If the community is composed of the sort of people who spend their money at home it advances rapidly. There is money for public improvements, money for new enterprises. The money which the loyal man makes at home is invested at home; the city grows, the streets are improved and the marks of prosperity and progress are evident on every side.

to the community which produced his wealth and feel that we are done an injustice by his failure to put his money in home enterprises which would increase the business and prosperity of our city. The criticism is justified and it holds just as good in a lesser degree to the man who trades out of town. It is the same offense on a smaller scale.

The effect of the reverse policy is promptly seen. The writer has in mind a notable instance. Two cities of about 15,000 population each are situated on opposite sides of a river which is a boundary between two states. Each contains several millionaires. Each made their money in the lumber trade in the two towns. The milltimbers of one of the cities are getting their money into other industries in the same town as the lumbering goes out. As a result, the town is rapidly forgotten to the front; every one in proportion to the demand for houses exceeds the supply; property is valuable and every one is working. The millionaires of the town across the river are investing their money in western and southern pine lands. The town is languishing for lack of money; new industries cannot start because of lack of capital; merchants are failing; stores and houses are being vacated; people are moving away and a general air of poverty and decay pervades the place.

Few cities present such strong examples of the value of money spent at home but the same principle holds true in every community. It is due every community to reinvest the money it produces in the community which produces it.

The chance of being swindled is an argument used against trading with the mail order houses. Goods advertised at cut prices often fail to measure up to the description of the advertisement. The few cents which is saved on the price of an article so bought is usually sacrificed in the quality of the article. Buying from the mail order house is buying blind. A purchaser never thinks of buying from a home merchant without examining



It Was the Woman Again.

was simply a machine, rather a cog in the huge machine of business. I rebelled. In one day I broke the shackles that bound me. I was free. My life was at last my very own. I could do with it what I pleased. I could go where I wished.

And so I had come to Europe. I had hugged to my breast the common but pathetic delusion that across the seas I should find something—just what I did not know—something that would make life more joyous, give to it charm and interest.

I had searched diligently for the magic talisman in strange cities, and of course I had not found it. The blue flower is not to be plucked so easily. Instead of happiness and diversion, disgrace and misery had come. Should I return home, then, bittered, averting the eyes? Or should I avail myself of the way of escape which this woman had lightly suggested?

And if I chose to consider it a quest a challenge, there was none, not even she, to forbid, though she, of all the people in the world, would be the last to consider it such. And if fortune aided me, as it aids most adventurous souls, I would seek her out, though I searched the wide world for her. And then, perhaps—

I crushed in my hand the programme of music that lay on the table. Fabian, it was the woman, then, that gave to this fantastic mission its vague thrill; not the idea of the mission itself! It was the woman whom I had wronged, and who hated me, that called. She sat in the lists; in her hands was the laurel wreath; for her I would endure the shock of battle.

CHAPTER VII.

Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why I promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

A woman had come into my life—a goddess—Diana of the silver bow. Chaste and cold as the snows on the Alpine heights I could not see from my window in the blue distance, yet she had called, she had spoken to me. Then, disdainfully cruel, she had gone. Then, disdainfully cruel, she had gone. Then, disdainfully cruel, she had gone.

The very audacity of my resolution gave to it its charm. I was not to rest until I had accomplished my uncertain mission. That it was by its very nature so incredibly difficult did not daunt me. But how was I to set about it? A life for a life. To save to the world a strong and buoyant soul that had perished because of my helplessness and my weakness. However romantic, it was a tangible enough ideal.

But was I to wander about, like a knight of medieval times, seeking to succor one in peril and distress—to rescue beautiful maidens from grim ogres and terrible dragons? I smiled at the absurd resemblance of my uncertain task to theirs.

Avoiding Trouble. "Do you have any trouble with your jewelry?" asked Mrs. Flathead. "Oh, no. Both my husband and I believe in devoting all our spare moments to the pursuit of pleasure. Chicago Record-Herald.



The catalogue man recognizes in the advertising agent his most powerful assistant. He realizes that it is advertising which brings him his orders. Let the local merchants awaken to the fact that the local papers can do for them just what the advertising agents do for the catalogue houses and the flow of money to the city mail order houses from this community will stop.



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the goods, but will often send his money to a mail order house with blind faith that the article will prove to be as represented. How often this faith is misplaced can be proven only by comparing the goods bought from mail order houses with the goods offered for sale at home. If the mail order buyer would follow this system for a little while, he would probably find that the goods offered at home are of better quality and as good bargains as the mail order goods, taking quality into consideration. If this presumption is true, the buyer of mail order goods is a distinct loser, as he has secured inferior goods and has robbed the community in which he lives, as well as himself, of the value of the money.

F. R. SINGLETON. HAD TO BE ON TIME. Cinner Giver Would Allow His Guests No Latitude. Closely parallel to the flag end of the Euston road, and visible from it at various turnings is a street which belongs to few men's London. It is a dingy, granite paved, populous street of no attraction, the sort of street in which you might expect to see on a fine day a dancing bear.

Yet this street has known better times and eager guests. In the house he knew as No. 43, now obliterated by a big new warehouse, Dr. William Kitchener entertained his fellow wits and gourmets. He had ample means to ride his three hobbies—cooking, and music. His dinners were often elaborate experiments in cookery, and the guests had to recognize this fact. Five minutes past five was the minute, and if a guest came late the janitor had irrevocable orders not to admit him, for it was held by the mythical "Committee of Taste," of whom Kitchener was "secretary," that the perfection of some of the dishes was often so evanescent that the delay of one minute after their arrival at the mediant of concoction will render them no longer worthy of men of taste.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Civilization in Abyssinia. A savant is already at work at Addis Ababa, Abyssinia, and Greek artisans are engaged in quarrying and stone hewing. Machinery in connection with house building generally is likely to be in demand as soon as the means of transport are simplified. The government is already building in European style and stone houses may be seen, some even of three stories in height in the capital.

Commons Go by Contraband. "What do you suppose is every Londoner's day dream?" "I don't know, unless it is to be contraband night."—Baltimore American.

Luxemburg a Quaint Country

Only a twelfth as large as Holland, the little Grand-duchy of Luxemburg is one of the most delightful of European countries. Yet it is almost always neglected by the tourist who travels from Paris to Berlin unconscious of its nearness. Luxemburg is free and independent, and according to Robert Shackleton, writing in Harper's Magazine for January, it is quaint and fascinating. It boasts free speech and a free press. It has free schools of commerce, philosophy, law, and horticulture. But with all its modernity its ways are still old and its customs characteristic, including an annual official hunt for wild boar; and when the city bells ring out the hours, they play some operatic bit of a strain from a gay song.

As to Dreams. "We all dream dreams," said Mr. Billings, "and I suppose if we could look into our neighbor's heart, he might neighbor run or woman, we might find these cherished aspirations and fancies fantastically at variance with the said neighbor's conventional demeanor and orderly life."

look into our neighbor's heart, he might neighbor run or woman, we might find these cherished aspirations and fancies fantastically at variance with the said neighbor's conventional demeanor and orderly life."

"A man I know, energetic, capable, effective, successful and in all his life notably systematic, tells me that if he could do as he would like to do he would be a tramp. No less a person than Mrs. Billings, partner of domesticity and devotion, confides to me that she always wanted to be an actress. Let us be grateful that actually she chooses to play her charming part on the Billings household stage."