will do anything for money, then, will

she? She'll cheat, and lie and cut her

of female vampires I ever saw in my

life! It's a revelation to me! So that's all you wanted, eh? That's why

wanted time! Yes, time to investi-

gate my finances, of course—and then, when you do get wind of this devilish

old legacy, then you're all after me on

wolves-falling over one another to

see who can get to the telephone first!

Well thank God I found it out in time

Thank God I'm free of all three of you,

you lying, back-biting, mercenary, two-

faced hypocrites! Well, it's all over,

now. I advise you to train your guns

mund went out, surly and lowering,

She turned at the door to pull the

of Flodie's abandon, if with less of

Flodie's justification, tossed it at him.

gan to search for the ring.

"Have they left yet?"

Flodie.

"Are you in here, Mr. Bonistelle?"

She came in timidly and gave a

up indignantly, her eyes blazing.

'have you forgiven me, Flo?"

"Have you forgiven me?"

that she need not fear him.

pretending."

He gave her a quick surprised look,

"Then-" he hardly dared to say it-

Fiodie cast down her eyes a mo

ment, then raised them boldly. "For

"Prefending that I didn't care." Flo-

die, suddenly embarrassed, jumped up

and walked away from him. Hall made

a leap for her. He caught her in his

Do you? Even after all this?"

face showed her rapture.

three?'

Flodie?"

"Oh, do you care, Flodie? Do you?

He kissed her ardently full on the

grasp. "Isn't it-of course it's very

it-just a little-well, premature?"

She brought it out timidly, but her

He dropped his arms and stood, sud-

denly disconcerted, then laughed nerv-

ously. "Why, surely you ought to be-

lieve me now,-Flodie! I'm right back

to where I was this morning-no for-

tune, no prospects-just working for

Flodie giggled blissfully, "Do you

want your eggs boiled two minutes,

He smiled and shook his head

"Yes, it's all over-I'll have no mil-

lions to offer you, after all, Flodie, I'm

just a poor devil of a photographer.

For a moment he stood looking at

haven't said it, yet!"

nice, Hall-it's awfully nice-but isn't

on Cousin Jonas!"

the gallop, like a pack of Siberian

CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

"Mr. Doremus!" she ejaculated. "I best friend's throat behind her backheard something about Hall's losing by jove, you're the coldest-blooded set money-his uncle's will, you knowthat was a mistake, wasn't it?"

"How a mistake, Miss Dallys! wasn't aware that you were interested you all hung fire this morning, and got in the subject, and hardly know to me into this confounded mess-oh, you

"Why, it was all in the papers this afternoon wasn't it? Everybody knows "Ah," said the lawyer, "I would ad-

vise you not to put too much faith in the papers, Miss Dallys." But it said that Hall would get his

uncle's money-" Rosamund, who had joined her. broke in-"If he was married on or before his twenty-eighth birthday-"

Mrs. Royalton was also in it, excitedly-"And he's twenty-eight tomorrow -no. it's today!"

Mr. Doremus stood, with his hands behind his back, watching them impassively. "Ah, my dear ladies, that just shows how little one can depend upon the daily press. 'On and after.' reporters love such expressions. They positively seem to think that no document is complete without that par-

"But isn't it 'on or before'?" they demanded.

"Not at all. Not at all. The phrase is, to the best of my recollection, 'before he has attained his twenty-eighth birthday.' In the interpretation of the law, one's birthday begins at midnight five minutes; it was a relief to have it preceding such date. Mr. Bonistelle's over. What next? The music still chances for inheriting, therefore, lapse continued, but it would soon be time

and all turned to gaze at the he ought to go out into the other "And now, it's ten minutes rooms and play the host—but he could One and all turned to gaze at the past!" cried Carolyn.

"So it seems!" said Mr. Doremus. again the three ladies who must just rejoin Mr. Hassingbury and discuss would do his best with the others.

He knelt down on the first state of the way, he would do his best with the others. "And now, ladies, is there anything now be making their scornful exit. As bow he passed at once out of the room.

For a moment, the three ladies, nonplused, were dumb. Then, slowly, Rosamund turned to Carolyn, all her rancor "Well," she said, "don't that beat anything you ever heard in your

It was evident by Carolyn's ironic smile that she considered the remark inadequate, but even she could do no better. Mrs. Royalton was more effective. She burst into tears. Rosamund began to storm.

it's no better than stealing! That's "Lord, don't be a fool," said Carolyn

finally, "we got the wrong tip, that's plicitly that I'm a cad. What d'you all. But I seem to see, now, why Mr. Hall was in so much of a burry.' "I'm going home!" wailed Mrs. Roy-

alton, dabbing her eyes. "I'm not, till I give him a piece of

and his face lighted with hope. It my mind!" cried Rosamund, whispered. "Is that he out in the ofthere, with Miss Fisher? You

wait here, girls, I'm going to call him in!" Deaving them, she walked quietly to the door. "Hall! Oh, Hall!" she called sweet

ly. See smiled as if upon an angel. 'Come in here a minute, will you? I've got a little surprise for you!" She darted back, and took her place with the others, three in a line. He came in smiling, saw the three

outraged ladies, and stopped, with an embarrassed grin. "What is it?" he managed to say. "Oh, Hall, Hall, you've broken my

heart!" Mrs. Royalton wept again. "Hush up, Rena, You let me talk, Miss Gale, will you? I'd like to hear just what this particular sort of cur can find to say for himself!" "Guilty!" said Hall, seeing the us

lessuess of protest. "Now go ahead!" 'Have you got any face to stand there and calmly acknowledge—" Carolyn broke in. "You deliberately deceived us, then-all three!" "Just exactly as you deceived one

another!" he could not resist adding. At that, all three broke loose together, and, for the next five minutes | my living, and quite head over heels Hall Bonistelle faced the music. It in debt." was not only useless, but impossible, to answer them. He stood, with his arms folded, bowing and smiling sar- this morning, Mr. Bonistelle, or

The stiletto was Carolyn's weapon, but for Rosamund, the bludgeon, "Aha, little Jack-the-Lady-Killer, are Jou? Three at a shot, eh?" sang in between You're a cad, Hall Bonistelle, you're Don't you believe me now?" he repeata liar and a chest!" Poor Rena could ed anxiously. but feebly pinch him with reproaches; she was dissolved in her woe. So it went, spitting, pounding and blubberto be horsewhipped, er should thrash aim! It was an out- over his face. "Oh!" he cried. rage and a disgrace. What if they I guess! Is that it!" Jubilant, now, called in the company to publish his rascality? They were glad, glad, glad he had lost his money; it was good around her. "Will you marry me, enough for him!

It was then that Hall saw a great light. He gave a laugh that stilled

Flodie inexplicably burst into tears. Hall was alarmed, but he managed to marry me, was it! Why, I don't see keep his wits about him. "Quick, Flohow you women have the nerve to die for heaven's sake! There's some me in the face! Why, a woman body coming! Will you?"

ce still dripping tears. "That's the that! The answer is 'Yes!'" she ex claimed, and burst into laughter al most hysterically. Then she turned and gave a glance at the clock.

"Thank God!" said Hall fervently. Flodie, isn't it great to be in lovereally in love?" He hugged her tight. "Flodie, you're going to be my wife, did you know it? My wife, Flodie! again!"

"Oh, you'll never lose me, Hall, now I threw away that ring!" "Jove, I forgot the ring. Of course."

looked at her queerly. "Why, you didn't throw it away, did

"Of course I did. Don't you remember? Now put it on. There! I'm so

glad you didn't get a diamond!" the other one. Say, now we've got brating. Say! Let's get married tonight! What d'you say?" She sat up excitedly. "Oh, Hall,

let's! Right away!" "By Jupiter, we will!" he exclaimed. Then suddenly the smile on his face There was a disagreeable pause. When the pot calls the kettle black it faded, and he gave a gesture of dismay. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed disap

is uncomfortable for both. Then the pointedly. three women, their rage and disap-What, Hall?" pointment still unappeased, swept out of the studio and left him alone. Rosa-"No use, Flodie, we can't do it!" "Why not, Hall? Can't Mr. Doremus narry us? He's a justice of the peace. Carolyn sarcastic to the last, with a Didn't he say he'd marry you if you bitter smile upon her lips, Mrs. Royal-

ton abjectly weeping, hurling her faint reproaches with a lessening might. wanted?" "Oh, it isn't that-d-n it all, I'm such a fool I forgot all about the li-Confound it, it's a shame! ruby ring from her hand, and, with all Just my luck! We'll have to wait till tomorrow, Flodie."

Flodie suddenly disengaged herself He drew a long breath, and dropped into a chair. It had been a very bad She ran to the door, looked into the office and called "Alfred!" In another minute she was joined by the janitor. Hall waited in perplexity and wonder. for his guests to be leaving. He knew Alfred's apron was removed, he shone in the full glory of his evening not. It was impossible for him to see



suit, still spotless. Alfred was palepale as a ghost, and his eyes were big whether we really want to marry each and sad. His lips were working nerv. other," ously, as if he were repeating something to himself. Flodie, her hand in know that I want to marry you. Why, his arm, walked down to Hall Bont- Jane, it wasn't like you to be talking

"Now, Alfred," she said encouraging. little bit?" ly, "you tell Mr. Bonistelle what we did this afternoon."

he got to do with it?" I asked her would she ask me some of us eventually when we had time to thing hard to do, Mr. Bonistelle, but I see the mistake we had made." didn't believe that nothing could be so hard as what she seked me, Mr. Boni- could never happen," pleaded Leonstelle, and it was the hardest thing ard.

that she could ask!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

American artificial limbs have an excellent reputation in Europe. Doctor the Imperial Society of Austrian Doc- laugh. tors a man who had lost legs and arms in an electrical explosion in Jane?" the United States. He had been provided with American artificial limbs, and on returning to Austria, due to Flodie was trembling. "Believe his great energy, is able to do all ard. "Why can't you learn that sort what, Hall?" she hung her head. "You kinds of work. The man is now being of thing in Chicago?" sent to the various Austrian hospitals in order to show the soldiers who someone's father or somebody's broth- her, puzzled, then a broad grin spread have lost limbs what they can do with the use of artificial ones.

> he approached her with playful mockromantic airs, knelt and put his arms

Fuelble Tin Boiler Plugs. The investigation of fusible tin boller plugs has been completed at the bureau of standards and presented for publication. It is believed that there can now be no excuse for boiler explosions from imperfect plugs if the bureau findings are followed, namely, to use tin to 99.9 per cent purity and free from zinc, a requirement easily met, but which has not been the actual practice in many cases.

LEFT MAIL IN HOLLOW STUMP | office. That stump is in Clallam coun- | which they marked with their names.

for more than a year. It has been visited by hundreds of interested sight seers. The stump is believed to be over 2,000 years old, which clearly esters for stock or as primitive barns, the post office for a wide region. The tablishes its right to the distinction of

## e a nash she lifted her bead, her till dripping tears. "That's the Now there's some style about

By CATHARINE CRAIMER. If Jane Wilson's married sister had not come home for a visit just at the time Leonard Mills was leaving Springfield to take up practice with a leading law firm in Chicago there is every probability that Jane would You're going to be Mrs. Hall C. Bonl- have become engaged to Leonard bestelle! I'm going to marry you up as fore he left. A proposal had been on quick as ever I can-before I lose you the end of Leonard's tongue more than once, as Jane well knew, but until he had prospects more encour never, never, never!" She paused and aging than his scattering civil cases added archly, "and I'm awfully sorry in the circuit court gave him it wasn't exactly prudent to become engaged. While prudence is not always the He fished it out of his pocket, and guiding influence in the timing of engagements, it had to play its part in this case, for Jane had a snug little income of her own and Leonard's last penny had gone for his legal educa-

The day before Leonard got the of-"By jove, Flodie," Hall jumped up fer from the Chicago law firm Jane's ecstatically, holding another ring in married sister came home, and, as his hand—a plain gold band. "Here's she opened her traveling bag, she threw a new magazine over on the those women out of the way, and bed. The cover attracted Jane, and you've said 'yes'—Lord, I feel like cele- while her sister took a nap Jane took the magazine out in the yard by the lilac bushes and, turning idly through it, she noticed a story entitled, "Pro-pinquity and Perspective."

The title sounded almost as heavy to Jane as some of the legal terms Leonard sometimes let slip in his conversation. She frowned as she be gan to read, but gradually she became fascinated as she found it to be the story of a girl who had thought herself in love with her boyhood sweetheart until she lived for a time away from him among men of the When she returned, with world. many new interests in life, she found interested only in the local happenings. He listened with only moderate patience and no interest to her enthusiastic accounts of the phases from his arm. "You wait a minute!" of life she had glimpsed while in the city, where her aunt's home was a center for people who were "doing things" in various professions. As spective revealed so much about her

> cealed that the girl shrank from him and accepted with eagerness her aunt's invitation to return to the city to make her permanent home. Jane discovered that the story was in two parts, and to be concluded in the next issue of the magazine, but enter into an engagement with Leonard Mills when he called for that spe-

sweetheart that propinquity had con-

cific purpose the night before he left "But Jane," protested Leonard, "it's

that we'd marry some day." "And, Leonard, that is the very eason why neither of us has got far enough away from the idea to see whether it really appeals to us from choice or just from habit. We've been set aside for each other by our families and our friends until it all seems marry." Jane looked straight ahead of her at an old engraving of a pair

"Jane, is there somebody else?"

"No. Leonard: but neither you nor I know enough of others to know

like this. Don't you love me the least

"I like you sincerely, Leonard; but whether I love you as I ought to love "Alfred!" exclaimed Hall, "what has the man I promise to marry, I frankly do not know. You are going into a "I hope you won't be offended, Mr. life entirely different from what Bonistelle," Alfred began timidly, you've known," she continued. "Your clasping his hands tightly in front of ideas will change and you yourself him, "it was a great liberty to take, I will unconsciously change. If I reknow, but Miss Fisher asked me to main here I shall not change, and you and I knew it would be all right. And might find me very uninteresting if it hadn't been all right, Mr. Boni- from your broadened viewpoint when stelle, I'd a-done it just the same, if you return in later years. Your sense Miss Fisher asked me to, Mr. Boni- of chivalry wouldn't let you tell me stelle! I told her I would and I did. so, and it would mean misery for both

"Don't talk nonsense, dear: that

"Oh, yes it could, but it won't, be "Flodie, can you translate?" Hall cause I'm going away also, where I'll get a new outlook on life, and then when we meet on a plane where we can get a perspective of each other we'll know whether we reafly look good to each other." The slangy termination of Jane's high-flown speech Eisenberg recently presented before was accompanied by a nervous little

"Where on earth are you going.

artistic designing and decorating." "Sounds vague to me." said Leon-

"Oh, I'm going to New York to be properly chaperoned by Aunt Amy; she has a charming studio there, and | you will have to take a loss." gets big contracts for furnishing and decorating suites and whole houses, and she has loads of interesting "Well, I've rothing to offer you to phia Ledger,

take the place of all that; but there seems little left for me to work for now. I'd hoped you would spend the next year making plans for your own ome with me, but-" Leonard's voice tol'ably close an' help plentiful. According to the usage of his native "Dear Len, please don't feel that I'm trying to hurt you; it's as much for your sake as my own. Besides,

wife will make it easier for you to give your whole mind to your professloual work the first years." "Years? How long is this notion of rours going to keep us apart, I'd like rinced of the wisdom of the plan, but

good-by as friends only. Jane was taking a final survey of furnished for Mrs. Delafield, who had ieft the selection of materials and col side, 'Firing Daily.'"—Judge,

similar apartments she had decorated during her two years with her Aunt

Outside it was a drizzly Novembe day, but within the apartment there were color and comfort and cheeriness. Jane dropped down in a tapes tried armchair by the living room window which overlooked the Hudson. like room she sighed heavily as she thought she must leave it all now and see it no more. She felt homesick for just such a home of her own. As the rain trickled down the window glass a tear trickled down Jane's cheek.

Then her mind went back to the old home in Springfield, where she had been but twice since she took up her busy life in New York. The last time was to her brother's wedding, s year ago. She could imagine them all as they would be at this hour-her mother sitting by the wood fire, her brother's wife crooning a song to the wee baby, and watching the clock for hurry home from his noisy flouring mill to the quiet fireside. Jane thought also of Leonard Mills, who was reported doing wonders professionally, but whose occasional letters to her gave scant personal history. Through the villagers she had heard when at home last that he had received a considerable legacy from an aunt, who died in California. The sound of Mrs. Delafield's voice coming out of the elevator broke Jane's

"It's a regular dream. I tell you; and isn't it just the worst luck that we can't enjoy it, after all?" she was saying. "But if you want to send that telegram you'd better go back down to the office, for my telephone is not in, and it will be an hour before I'm ready to go. I've ordered tea sent up followed by Prof. W. H. Holmes, later from the cafe. Come on up when chief of the bureau of American eth you're ready."

She came on into the living room as she concluded the last remark over her shoulder, and Jane heard a faint response in a man's voice as she rose

"I could hardly resist making believe it was all mine," said Jane smilingly as she waved her hands to in- of the Mancos they would have then dicate the cozy apartment. "And I can hardly resist tears when I think it can't be mine after all. The

doctors have ordered my husband to to start next week." "Oh, I'm so sorry you must go, and so sorry your husband hasn't im-

"It is because he refused to go when part one had set her thinking in a the doctors advised it; now they or- wonderful dwelling direction that led to her refusal to der it." After a walk through the "The honor of apartment Mrs. Delafield returned to the living room. "I was just telling the living room. "I was just telling Richard and Alfred Wetherill of Manthe village. Richard and Alfred Wetherill of Manthe village. York," she added, "that he would have to find a wife and take this apartment been tentatively understood all along off my hands. Here he is now. Come in, Len. Miss Wilson, let me present

my cousin, Mr. Mills." The words were the only things commonplace about the introduction.

have been discovered. The two largest two largest two largest two largest largest largest were found by Richard Wetherill shape of an enormous "D." Leonard grabbed both of Jane's hands and Jane looked pleased to have him do so. She read enough between the a matter of course that we should lines of their partial explanation to think it advisable to leave them alone. So she went for a final look at the of lovers in its quaint gilt frame on tiled kitchen and bath, whose perfect equipment had been her especial pride. When she returned, only fifteen minand, with a sweeping bow, presented her as the future Mrs. Mills. A flash of pleased surprise passed over Mrs. Delafield's face.

"Oh, then you will take the apartment, won't you?" she exclaimed And they took it immediately. Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspa-per Syndicate.)

Lingua Americana, easily studied in London than today, what with "crook" plays at the theaters and screen legends at the cinema. It was at a picture show the other before me: "Keep the soft pedal on your pat-

ural instincts, or you will slip your

should not know quite how to paraphrase it. Other cinema legends seen just now are:
"I am going the route." 'It requires only about ten minutes

for women to learn to slather it." "When she wanted him to show her the bright lights he began to act like a quitter."-T. P.'s London Weekly.

Take Your Small Profits. "How did you make your great for tune?" someone asked Lord Roths

"By always selling a little too soon," was his reply. When, as a very young bank presi

dent, Effingham B. Morris had regretted the sale of bonds before the big rise came, A. J. Drexel patted him upon the shoulder and gave him this fatherly advice:

"My boy, never grieve over a small profit. Save your regrets for the times Rothschild and Drexel meant exact ly the same thing-if you wait to catch

a whale you may not even get enough fish for supper.-Girard, in Philadel-Irvin Cobb Now a Colonel. Old Iry Cobb has bought him a house

state, Mr. Cobb now becomes Colonel Cobb, his new house having more than three chimneys. - Cincinnati

Mr. Bragg-I object to being called a "gay Lothario." Of course, I am not engaged to any particular girl, but-Miss Snappe-Of course, you're not. all his arguments failed to shake If she were particular you couldn't be, Jane's faith in it, and so they said

going around to that china decora-



TOURISTS' CAMP

greatest of American prehistoric ruins, those now inclosed in the Mesa Verde National park in southwestern Colorado, should have escaped discovery until 1888. Years

before, innumerable ancient ruins left in several other states by the ancesdescribed and pictured. They had been the subjects of popular lectures; they had been treated in books of science and books of travel; they had become a familiar American spectacle. Even the ruins in the Mancos canyon in Colorado were explored as early as 1874. W. H. Jackson, who led the government party, found there many small dwellings broken down by the weather. The next year he was nology, who drew attention to the remarkable stone towers so character-

istic of the region. But these discoveries attracted little attention because of their inferiority to the better-known ruins of Arizons and New Mexico. Had either of the explorers followed up the side canyon words of Baron Gustav Nordenskield, the talented Swedish explorer, "so magnificent that they surpass any southern California, and we're going thing of the kind known in the United

Monument of Bygone Ages. Baron Nordenskield thus describes in his book, "The Cliff Dwellers of the wonderful dwellings in this side can-

cattle, which wander about on the Mesa Verde. The care of these herds often calls for long rides on the mesa and in its labyrinth of canyons. During these long excursions ruins, the one more magnificent than the other.

T APPEARS strange that the brothers, John, Clayton and Wynn, they have also carried out excavat! during which a number of extremely

Interesting finds have been made.'
Like Great Apartment House. Spruce Tree house has a distinct likeness to a gigantic hotel built in a cave with a crescent-shaped roof, the floor of the cave being fifty feet above the bottom of the canyon and the roof eighty feet high. Its total length is 216 feet, and its greatest width eighty-

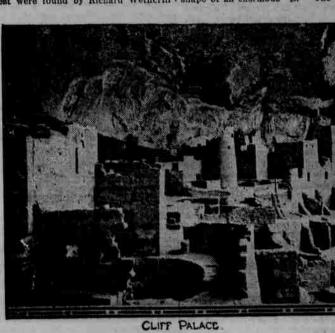
nine feet.
In places were rooms original ly three stories in height, the final story at present having no roof except the top of the cave, but most of the rooms now to be seen are on the first floor, although in some places a second story is still standing. There have been traced 114 separate rooms in this great structure, besides eight subterranean ceremonial chambers, known as kivas. It has been estimat-

of about 350 natives. Cliff palace, the second of these important ruins, is nearly three times the size of Spruce Tree house, and has over 200 rooms. It was repaired in 1900 and now presents a very respectable appearance to the visitor. Like Spruce Tree house, it is in a cave, the roof of which arches about seventy-five feet above it, and is located in Cliff canyon, the floor of which is several hundred feet above the level of the canyon. It is ap proached by means of steps cut in the

Deep under the debris which covered the lower entrance of Cliff palace the excavators found the ancient entrance to the building, which leads by a gradual slope to the center of

Castle is Most Wonderful. Only recently there has been discovred, across the canyon from Cliff palace, the most remarkable of these remarkable ruins-a cut-and-polish stone citadel, already known as the

The stone edifice is built in the



and Charley Mason one December day | tical line of the "D" measures 132 in 1888, as they were riding together through the pinyon wood on the mesa in search of a stray herd. They had penetrated through the dense scrub to is perfect, the stones are polished to the edge of a deep canyon. In the marble smoothness and every stone massive vault of rock, there lay before their astonished eyes a whole town, with towers and walls, rising out of a beap of ruins. This grand monument of bygone ages seemed to them well deserving of the name of the Cliff Pal- trance either was made from the top ace. Not far from this place, but in a different canyon, they discovered, down under the walls. on the same day, another very large cliff dwelling. To this they gave the name of Spruce Tree House, from a great spruce that jutted forth from Probably twenty such rooms are in-

"During the course of years Richard and Alfred Wetherill have explored design and workmanship has been the mesa and its canyons in all directions. They have thus gained a

feet, while the circular wall measures 245 feet, a mammoth affair covering nearly a city block. The architecture joins its neighbor with exactness. The walls are hollow and filled

with tiny rooms, from which doors

open into the main court. So far no

doors have been found through this outer wall, and it is supposed that enby way of ladders or through a tunne Inclosed in the walls are circular stone rooms, called kivas, supposed to have been meeting places for the men.

cluded in the main court. Pottery of exceptionally beautiful found in the interior of the walls. The finger prints of the women, who more thorough knowledge of its ruins evidently laid the stones, are in the than anyone. Together with their clay between the stones.

## OREGON HAS GREEN PETUNIA

dents," a green petunia has been early this season, Salem (Ore.) Disevolved at the state fair grounds, which is attracting attention of florand a fine piece of meadow land up ists. Discovery of this floral freak was made by Professor Peck of the Oregon Agricultural college.

So far as Professor Peck knows, no petunia of this color has ever been grown and he intends to preserve slips from the plant in order to grow a full bed of this peculiar flower next year. In the riot of purple, red, pink, white and other shades of petunias on the grounds, the green petunia is almost loct, but close investigation will show the observer the blooms scattered among their more brilliant

How the green petunia originated is ret one of nature's secrets, but Probad variation from the Pride of Port-land or irvington Reauty. These two ter crabs found the world over,

By one of nature's curious "acci- | varieties were planted in the beds patch to New York Times.

> "Razor all right, sir?" queried the onsorial artist. "Would you mind tonsorial artist. letting me have a look at it?" said the victim in reply. "Certainly not, sir," answered the other "But why do you wish to see it, sir?" merely to see if you had not made a mistake in calling it a razor," said the victim. "I thought perhaps it might be a piece of old barrel hoop."

> > "West Not New."

It will never do to talk about the says that near Helena, Mont, are found the oldest animal remains now known, and also the oldest au bentic sprung either from seedling stock, or, vegetable remains. Some years ago he is more inclined to believe, be a

"Post Office" Used by Pioneer Easily the Oldest Building Used for That Purpose in America.

The ploneers of the Northwest often made use of huge trees hollowed out by fire or decay. Some of these "tree residences. Others they used as shel-

ty, in the state of Washington. In early days the settlers were wide ly scattered, and it was a long journey mail at some central point. The blg cedar stump, 12 feet in diameter and ated. By common consent it became Only one, however, ever had the dis-settlers put on a roof of cedar shakes being the oldest post office building in tinction of being a United States post and nailed boxes round its interior, America!—Youth's Companion.

There was a large box for the outgoing mail. There were no locks, but the mails were never tampered This primitive post office was used

"I thought you told me you were