

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Mr. Doremus!" she ejaculated. "I heard something about Hall's losing money—his uncle's will, you know—that was a mistake, wasn't it?"

"How a mistake, Miss Dally! I wasn't aware that you were interested in the subject, and I hardly know to what you refer."

"Why, it was all in the papers this afternoon wasn't it? Everybody knows about it!"

"Ah," said the lawyer, "I would advise you not to put too much faith in the papers, Miss Dally."

"But it said that Hall would get his uncle's money?"

Rosamund, who had joined her, broke in—"If he was married or he fore his twenty-eighth birthday."

Mrs. Royaltan 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 intently. "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 particular term."

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

"Not at all. Not at all. The phrase is, to the best of my recollection, 'he fore he has attained his twenty-eighth birthday.' In the interpretation of the law, one's birthday begins at midnight preceding such date. Mr. Bonistelle's chances for inheriting, therefore, lapse at twelve o'clock."

One and all turned to gaze at the clock. "And now, it's ten minutes past!" cried Carolyn.

"So it seems!" said Mr. Doremus. "And now, ladies, is there anything else I can do for you? If not, I must rejoin Mr. Hastingburg and discuss his legal arrangements." With a low bow he passed at once out of the room.

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

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

Rosamund began to stammer. "Why, it's no better than stealing! That's the only word for it!"

"Lord, don't be a fool," said Carolyn finally, "we got the wrong tip, that's all. But I seem to see, now, why Mr. Hall was in so much of a hurry."

"I'm going home!" wailed Mrs. Royaltan, dabbing her eyes.

"I'm not, till I give him a piece of my mind!" cried Rosamund.

"Hush! Wait a minute!" Carolyn whispered. "Is that he out in the office, there, with Miss Fisher? You wait here, girls, I'm going to call him in!" Leaving them, she walked quietly to the door.

"Hall! Oh, Hall!" she called sweetly. She 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, you've broken my heart!" Mrs. Royaltan wept again.

"Hush up, Rena. You let me talk, Miss Gale, will you? I'd like to hear just what this particular sort of our car can do for yourself!"

"Giddy!" said Hall, seeing the uselessness 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 Hall Bonistelle faced the music. It was not only useless, but impossible, to answer them. He stood, with his arms folded, bowing and smiling sarcastically.

The stiletto was Carolyn's weapon, but for Rosamund, the bluegeon. "Aha! Little Jack-the-Lady-Killer, are you? Three at a shot, eh?" sang in between "You're a cad, Hall Bonistelle, you're a liar and a cheat!" Poor Rena could but feebly pinch him with reproaches; she was dissolved in her woe. So it went, spitting, pounding and blubbering—he ought to be horsewhipped, someone's father or somebody's brother should thrash him! It was an outrage and a disgrace. What if they called in the company to publish his rascality? They were glad, glad, glad he had lost his money; it was good enough for him!

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

"Oh! The money! So that's why you were all suddenly so keen to marry me, was it? Why, I don't see how you women have the nerve to look me in the face! Why, a woman

will do anything for money, then, will she? She'll cheat, and lie and cut her best friend's throat behind her back—by jove, you're the coldest-blooded set 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 you all hung fire this morning, and got me into this confounded mess—oh, you wanted time! Yes, time to investigate my finances, of course—and then, when you do get wind of this devilish old legacy, then you're all after me on the gallop, like a pack of Siberian 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 on Cousin Jonas!"

There was a disagreeable pause. When the pot calls the kettle black it is uncomfortable for both. Then the three women, their rage and disappointment still unquenched, swept out of the studio and left him alone. Rosamund went out, surly and lowering, Carolyn sarcastic to the last, with a bitter smile upon her lips, Mrs. Royaltan sullenly weeping, hurrying her faint reproaches with a menacing might.

She turned at the door to pull the ruby ring from her hand, and, with all of Flodie's justification, tossed it at him. He drew a long breath, and dropped into a chair. It had been a very bad five minutes; it was a relief to have it over. What next? The music still continued, but it would soon be time for his guests to be leaving. He knew he ought to go out into the other rooms and play the host—but he could not. It was impossible for him to see again the three ladies who must just now be making their scornful exit. As soon as they were out of the way, he would do his best with the others.

He knelt down on the floor and began to search for the ring.

"Are you in here, Mr. Bonistelle?" came Flodie's gentle voice at the door. He jumped up and faced her. "Yes, Flodie."

She came in timidly and gave a glance at the clock. "Yes, it's all over; the money's gone!" he said calmly. "Have they left yet?"

She nodded, smiling. "They're all making up to Jonas with all their might. By the way they talked, you must have had a pretty lively time with them! Flodie sat down demurely. "I should say so, Flodie! Three ladies have told me tonight rather explicitly that I'm a cad. What d'you think?"

"You're not!" she cried. Flodie sat up indignantly, her eyes blazing.

He gave her a quick surprised look, and his face lighted with hope. It was the first time their eyes had met in perfect accord. It was the first real thrill.

"Then—" he hardly dared to say it—"have you forgiven me, Flo?"

"Have you forgiven me?" "You! For what?" It was evident that she need not fear him.

Flodie cast down her eyes a moment, then raised them boldly. "For pretending."

"Pretending what?" "Pretending that I didn't care." Flodie, suddenly embarrassed, jumped up and walked away from him. Hall made a leap for her. He caught her in his arms.

"Oh, do you care, Flodie? Do you? Do you? Even after all this?"

He kissed her ardently full on the lips.

Flodie extricated herself from his grasp. "Isn't it—of course it's very nice, Hall—it's awfully nice—but isn't it—just a little—well, premature?"

She brought it out timidly, but her face showed her rapture.

He dropped his arms and stood, suddenly disconcerted, then laughed nervously. "Why, surely you ought to believe me now, Flodie! I'm right back to where I was this morning—no fortune, no prospects—just working for my living, and quite head over heels in debt."

Flodie giggled blissfully. "Do you want your eggs boiled two minutes, this morning, Mr. Bonistelle, or three?"

He smiled and shook his head. "Yes, it's all over—I'll have no millions to offer you, after all, Flodie! I'm just a poor devil of a photographer. Don't you believe me now?" he repeated anxiously.

Flodie was trembling. "Believe what, Hall?" she hung her head. "You haven't said it, yet!"

For a moment he stood looking at her, puzzled, then a broad grin spread over his face. "Oh!" he cried. "Well I guess! Is that it? Jubilant, now, he approached her with playful mock-romantic airs, knelt and put his arms around her. "Will you marry me, Flodie?"

Flodie inexplicably burst into tears. Hall was alarmed, but he managed to keep his wits about him. "Quick, Flodie, for heaven's sake! There's somebody coming! Will you?"

office. That stump is in Clallam county, in the state of Washington.

In early days the settlers were widely scattered, and it was a long journey over rough trails to the post office. Carriers could do no more than leave mail at some central point. The big cedar stump, 12 feet in diameter and reduced to a shell by fire, was a base from which a number of trails radiated. By common consent it became the post office for a wide region. The settlers put on a roof of cedar shingles and nailed boxes round its interior,

which they marked with their names. There was a large box for the outgoing mail. There were no locks, but the mails were never tampered with.

This primitive post office was used for more than a year. It has been carefully preserved and is annually visited by hundreds of interested sight-seers. The stump is believed to be over 2,000 years old, which clearly establishes its right to the distinction of being the oldest post office building in America!—Youth's Companion.

CHAPTER XV.

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JANE'S REDISCOVERY

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 have become engaged to Leonard before he left. A proposal had been on the end of Leonard's tongue more than once, as Jane well knew, but until he had prospects more encouraging than his scattering civil cases in the circuit court gave him it wasn't exactly prudent to become engaged.

While prudence is not always the 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 education.

The day before Leonard got the offer from the Chicago law firm Jane's married sister came home, and, as she opened her traveling bag, she threw a new magazine over on the bed. The cover attracted Jane, and 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, "Propinquity 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 began 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 world. When she returned, with many new interests in life, she found that her boyhood sweetheart was still interested only in the local happenings. He listened with only moderate patience and no interest to her enthusiastic accounts of the phases 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 the title of the story suggested, perspective revealed so much about her sweetheart that propinquity had concealed 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 part one had set her thinking in a direction that led to her refusal to enter into an engagement with Leonard Mills when he called for that specific purpose the night before he left for Chicago.

"But Jane," protested Leonard, "it's been tentatively understood all along that we'd marry some day."

"And Leonard, that is the very reason 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 a matter of course that we should marry." Jane looked straight ahead of her at an old engraving of a pair of lovers in its quaint gilt frame on the wall.

"Jane, is there somebody else?" asked Leonard.

"No, Leonard; but neither you nor I know enough of others to know whether we really want to marry each other."

"I don't have to know others to know that I want to marry you. Why, Jane, it wasn't like you to be talking like this. Don't you love me the least little bit?"

"I like you sincerely, Leonard; but whether I love you as I ought to love the man I promise to marry, I frankly do not know. You are going into a life entirely different from what you've known," she continued. "Your ideas will change and you yourself will unconsciously change. If I remain here I shall not change, and you might find me very uninteresting from your broadened viewpoint when you return in later years. Your sense of chivalry wouldn't tell you tell me so, and it would mean misery for both of us eventually when we had time to see the mistake we had made."

"Don't talk nonsense, dear; that could never happen," pleaded Leonard.

"Oh, yes it could, but it won't, because 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 really look good to each other." The slangy termination of Jane's high-flown speech was accompanied by a nervous little laugh.

"Where on earth are you going, Jane?"

"I'm going to New York to study artistic designing and decorating."

"Sounds vague to me," said Leonard. "Why can't you learn that sort of thing in Chicago?"

"Oh, I'm going to New York to be properly chaperoned by Aunt Amy; she has a charming studio there, and gets big contracts for furnishing and decorating suites and whole houses, and she has loads of interesting friends."

"Well, I've nothing to offer you to 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 home with me, but—" Leonard's voice broke.

"Dear Len, please don't feel that I'm trying to hurt you; it's as much for your sake as my own. Besides, not having the impending burden of a wife will make it easier for you to give your whole mind to your professional work the first years."

"Years? How long is this notion of yours going to keep us apart, I'd like to know?" Leonard was not yet convinced of the wisdom of the plan, but all his arguments failed to shake Jane's faith in it, and so they said good-bye as friends only.

Jane was taking a final survey of the apartment she had decorated and furnished for Mrs. Delafield, who had left the selection of materials and col-

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

IT APPEARS strange that the 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 ancestors of the Pueblo Indians had been described 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 followed by Prof. W. H. Holmes, later chief of the bureau of American ethnology, who drew attention to the remarkable stone towers so characteristic of the region.

But these discoveries attracted little attention because of their inferiority to the better-known ruins of Arizona and New Mexico. Had either of the explorers followed up the side canyon of the Mancos they would have then discovered ruins which are, in the words of Baron Gustav Nordenskiöld, the talented Swedish explorer, "so magnificent that they surpass anything of the kind known in the United States."

Monument of Bygone Ages. Baron Nordenskiöld thus describes in his book, "The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde," the discovery of the wonderful dwellings in this side canyon of the Mancos:

"The honor of the discovery of these remarkable ruins belongs to Richard and Alfred Wetherill of Mancos. The family owns large herds of 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, have been discovered. The two largest were found by Richard Wetherill."

Castle is Most Wonderful. Only recently there has been discovered, across the canyon from Cliff Palace, the most remarkable of these remarkable ruins—a cut-and-polished stone citadel, already known as the "castle."

The stone edifice is built in the shape of an enormous "D." The vertical line of the "D" measures 132 feet, while the circular wall measures 245 feet, a mammoth affair covering nearly a city block. The architecture is perfect, the stones are polished to marble smoothness and every stone 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 entrance either was made from the top by way of ladders or through a tunnel down under the walls.

Inclosed in the walls are circular stone rooms, called kivas, supposed to have been meeting places for the men. Probably twenty such rooms are included in the main court.

Pottery of exceptionally beautiful design and workmanship has been found in the interior of the walls. The finger prints of the women, who evidently laid the stones, are in the clay between the stones.

By one of nature's curious accidents, a green petunia has been evolved at the state fair grounds, which is attracting attention of florists. 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 growths from the plant in order to grow 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 lost, but close investigation will show the observer the blooms scattered among their more brilliant neighbors.

How the green petunia originated is yet one of nature's secrets, but Professor Peck says that it may have sprung either from seedling stock, or as he is more inclined to believe, be a bad variation from the Pride of Portland or Irvington Beauty. These two

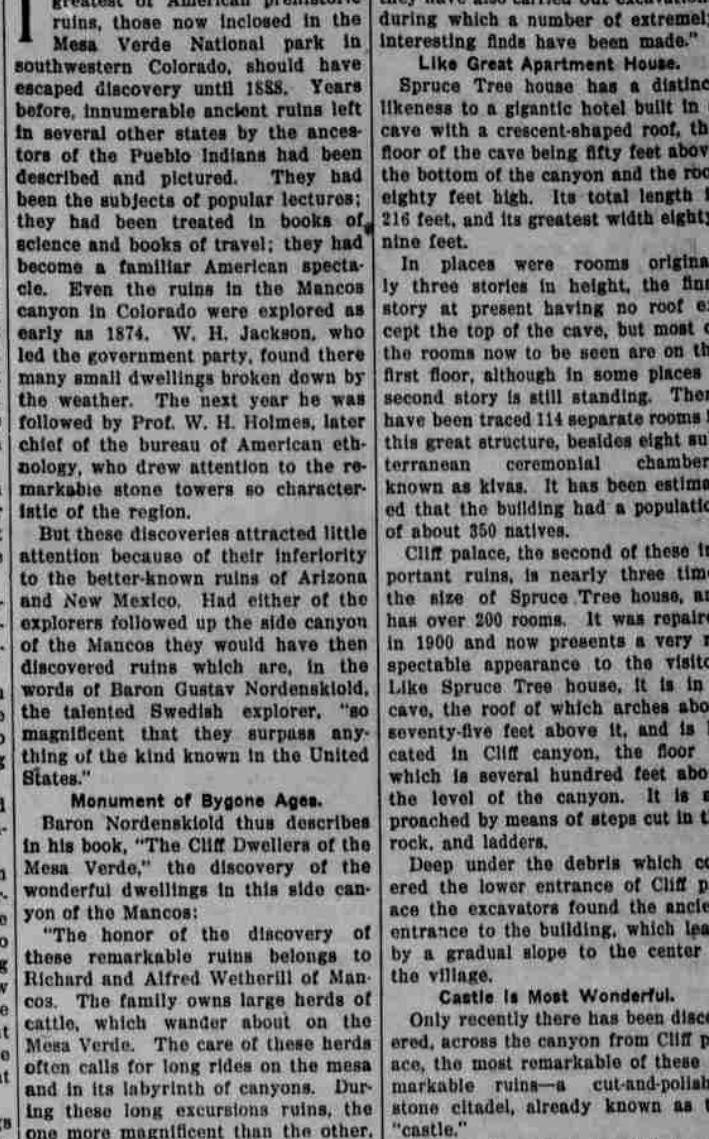
varieties were planted in the beds early this season.—Salem (Ore.) Dispatch to New York Times.

Razor bill right, sir!" queried the tonorial artist. "Would you mind 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?" "Oh, 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 "new" West. Dr. Charles D. Walcott says that near Helena, Mont., are found the oldest animal remains now known, and also the oldest authentic vegetable remains. Some years ago he discovered the remains of crinoids, animals suggesting in form fresh water crabs found the world over.



TOURISTS CAMP



CLIFF PALACE.



OREGON HAS GREEN PETUNIA

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