WEST VIRGINIA WILL BUY GIANT PREHISTORIC MEMORIAL.

Is Largest in America and May Have Been Built While Pyramids Were Erected-Relics Inside Full

of Mystery.

Charleston, W. Va Standing 70 feet high, 900 feet in circumference, with trees growing on it 700 years old, the mammoth mound at Moundsville, W. Va., located on the Grave creek flats, near the Ohio river-the greatest monument of antiquity in the Ohio valley, and a memorial to the life of a prehistorie people, will be purchased by the state of West Virginia.

At the session of the legislature just, ended, following unceasing activity for 20 years, the state appropriated \$1,000, with which to save the mound fron the ravages of modern commercialism. This sum, with a donation of \$5,000 from the McFadden heirs, owners of the property, and a similar donation, from the school children of the state. is sufficient to secure the mound for the state.

A quarter of a century ago G. S. McFadden purchased the mound to prevent it being sold to a German, who knew the value of the spot for a popular resort, and intended placing a saloon on the summit. Several months ago the heirs of McFadden served notice that they had held the mound as long as possible, and it would be sold at once.

The mound is the largest in America, and was discovered by Joseph' Temlinson in 1770, the first pioneer settler in that section. Standing in a broad valley of 4,000 acres, it affords a view of the surrounding coun-

try for several miles. Relative to the age of the mound little is known. Tomlinson, the discoverer, said that when he discovered it and first mounted its summit then 90 feet high, the timber on the mound was as large and dense as any of the surrounding forest. At that time some of the trees bore names and dates, one of the latter being 1734. A gigantic oak tree, felled years afterward on the summit, was ascertained to be more than six centuries old.

Even conjecture cannot point to the time when the mammoth mound was erected by a bygone people. It may have been when old Cheops was being built or when Cleopatra's needle was being fashioned. 'Certain it is that the mound was erected by a prehistoric race that was similar to the Egyptians.

In 1838 the mound was opened by its owner by excavating a passageway from the north side toward the eenter. At a distance of 100 feet from the entrance two skeletons were unearthed in a vault crudely constructed with unhewn timbers and loose stones. One of the skeletons was surfrounded by 650 ivory beads and an dvory ornament about six inches in

length. A shaft was sunk from the summit of the mound to meet the drift, and at a point 34 feet above the vault first. discovered was another containing a skeleton which had been ornamented with copper rings, plates of mica and

Probably the most interesting curlo or antiquary taken from the mound in 1838 was a stone engraved in unknown characters resembling those used by the Scandinavian priests before the introduction of the Roman alphabet. The characters are conceded to be of European origin, and if this be true it is evident that other Euroyeans visited America before Christopher Columbus.

WILL DESTROY PORCUPINES.

Pennsylvania Man Seeks to Save Hemlock Trees in His Forest.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.-Col. R. Bruce Richetts of this city, the owner of the only tract of virgin forest land still standing in Luzons, Sullivan and Cobia counties to-day, instituted a war of extermination against the porcupines, which are killing the great hemlock trees of his preserve.

This tract is on North mountain, pear Jamison City, and is eight miles long on the borders of Kitchens creek. It is a rock-ribbed section, in which there is some impressive mountain scenery. Havoc has been wrought among the big hemlock trees this winter by porcupines eating the bark and dozens of the big trees have been , killed

Col. Richetts has now offered one dollar each for every porcupine killed on his tract of land. He had to wage a similar war to save the trees several years ago, when hundreds of the porcunines were killed, at the cost of one dollar a head. They have now increased, for they are again a pest.

Buys Table Taft Scratched.

Bristol, Va.-To preserve a souvepir of President Taft's Virginia cam paign Mrs. Laura Dispman Withers of Wallace, Va., has purchased the table upon which the presidential candidate stood when he spoke to Bristol and Tennessee voters, and on the table left

the imprint of his foot. Mrs. Withers will keep the table to yo down to posterity along with the Washington chairs. Lincoln rails and the chair used by Gen. Grant at Chat-

ENTOUGH. The table, which is a stout one, bears very plainly the scratches made by the shoes of the presidential candielidate, and these marks will be pre-Berved-no paint brush will ever cover

WIFE HAD DODGED THE VISITOR.

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Little Misunderstanding Caused Cleve land Man to Go Hungry.

Tough luck came to an East end flat resident the other night by an odd chain of circumstances.

Briefly it was like this: The flat resident got home 20 minutes ahead of his wife, who was out to a bridge whist party.

The husband waited and waited and waited and then began to get exercised for fear there wasn't going to be anything doing at all that night in the

way of things to eat. . He waited a few minutes longer, and then telephoned to the home where the bridge session had been held. They told him the other wing of his house had started home an hour or two before. Then he called up the neighbors and all the places where his wife a might have dropped in. But he only became more convinced that she was lost or killed-run over by a street car or something. He began to make the round of the hospitals and ambulance lines on the phone.

Then the door opened—this was an hour or more after the dinner hourand his wife entered. She had been in the flat right below. Why hadn't she come home? Why, she had come home just after he did. But when she reached their door and heard him at the telephone she jumped to the conclusion that he had brought some friend home with him and was talking to him. And there wasn't a thing in the house to eat-that is nothing for company. 'So she ducked to the floor below until husband and his friend should get tired waiting and hike out for a restaurant.-Cleveland Plain

WORD HE WILL WRITE FIRST.

Average Man Pretty Certain to Try Pen with His Name.

About the first thing that the average man will do in testing a new pen is to write his name. That is as common as the habit of writing. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party" on the typewriter. The man who sells fountain pens knows the custom well.

One dealer said the other day that he couldn't account for it on the basis of egotisms but explained it simply because a name was one thing most folks expected to have to write a great many times with a pen and therefore wanted to try it out on that. "If only I had a blotter for each of the many signatures I have seen written and if I had criminal instincts. I could make good money as a forger with some of the names that havebeen written in my place," he said.

Registering Telephone Calls

There is money—perhaps a fortune -for the person who will invent some automatic way of registering telephone calls at the subscriber's and of the wire. The nickel-in-the-slot fixture is not available for the private subscriber, who has a yearly contract and pays by the month, and he is now entirely at the mercy of the telephone company as to the number of calls he uses a month. The company has an automatic method of keeping its record, and it sufficiently protects the company, but not the subscriber. He may keep a perfectly accurate record of each call he makes, but if it does not agree with that kept by the company they will dispute it and he has no recourse.

Bad Temper a Serious Defect. It is said that a bad-tempered woman can cause more actual unpleasantness for the rest of humanity than all the other disagreeable features one finds in life, and the unlucky possessor of an uncontrolled temper should remedy the fault as soon as possible. The woman who can control herself under the most trying circumstances is the woman who holds the strongest power over her fellow creatures. No matter how beautiful and clever and fascinating the bad-tempered woman may be, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister. And amiability is not only power, it is mental progression and bealth and happiness and long life to one's self and to one's friends and family.-Exchange.

An Easy Load.

Mr. Smith was giving a reception. and the conversation turned upon the subject of losing money. Mrs. Brown had lost some bills which she had carried carelessly in her outside cloak pocket.

"I trust you don't carry your money in that careless way," remarked Mr. Smith to his wife.

"What money?" asked that lady. "Why, the money I give you."

"No, indeed." "Ah!" returned Mr. Smith, with an air of triumph, "where do you carry" your money?" "In my mind, my dear."

The Usual Reconciliation. "Do you think the dispute between those statesmen will ever end in a

reconciliation?" "It'll have to," answered the old campaigner. "They may never be friends, but the public will have to become reconciled to one or the other of

Choice of Terms. "Mr. Smigg must be very rich and influential," remarked the stranger in

the town. "What makes you think so?" "I hear people referring to him as a very conservative citizen instead of nailing him a back number"

SUIT AGAINST THREE NATIONS.

Mme. Cotton Wants 800,000 Cross Crowns Lent to Venice.

A French woman with an English name, a Mme. Cotton, is making a bold bid for fame and fortune by suing in the French courts an empire, a kingdom, a republic and a bank at the same time.

The plaintiff claims to be the authentic representative of a financier who two centuries and a half ago advanced the Zecca bank of Venice a sum of 800,000 gold cross crowns. present value roughly \$4,000,000, including interest at the rate of three

The heir of the original lender was a Frenchman, Jean Thierry. His heirs quarreled over the succession and King Louis XV. claimed it. After the revolution Napoleon, as Gen. Bonaparte, got the cash from the bank.

From that day till now the French state has been the custodian of the Thierry estate. The state has been sued dozens of times, but to no purpose. A bill authorizing a grant to Mme. Cotton as the heiress of Thierry passed the chamber some 20 years ago and was nullified by the exchequer.

tria are summoned because each in turn has owned Venice and has been; in turn responsible for the debts. Whether Mme. Cotton's pertinacity will successfully bring to an issue a

The governments of Italy and Aus

case in which the hopes of generations lie buried remains to be seen. PUT JEWELRY BEFORE FLOWERS.

Precocious Messenger Boy Remembered What "Flo" Had Said.

Henry E. Dixey, the brilliant comedian, was talking about the impish precoclousness of the messenger boy. "Only yesterday," said Mr. Dixey, "a young millionaire I know rang up a messenger boy and handed the lad a bouquet of mauve orchids worth \$100 or more.

"Take these, boy, he said, to Miss. Flo Footlites, of the Guy Burlesquers Company.

"Ere parting with the orchids, the young millionaire gave them a long. admiring glance.

"They're beauties, aren't they?' he said to the little boy. 'Do you think Miss Footlites will be pleased?"

"'Well, boss, the lad replied, 'last night, when I took a similar bunch to Flo, I overheard her remark that she'd rather have a bracelet than all the bloomin' flowers in New York."

Barred Women from Games. One rule of the original Olympic games could not be followed nowadays without provoking serious trouble. Women were not allowed to be present, or even to be anywhere in the were being district when the ga celebrated on pain of being hurled from a precipitous rock. This rule is believed to have been defied only once, when the offender was pardoned in consideration of the fact that her father, brothers and son had been victors in the games. One particular priestess, however, was not only exempt from this law, but was accommodated with a special front seat on an altar of white marble, and women were allowed to enter chariots for the races, though they might not be present to see them win:

Stevenson's Idea of Travel.

For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and the hitches of our common life more nearly; to come down off this feather bed of civilization and to feel the globe granite under foot and strewn with cutting flints. Alas, as we get up in life and are more preoccupied with our affairs, even a holiday is a thing that must be worked for. To hold a pack on a packsaddle against a gale out of the freezing north is no high industry, but it is one that serves to compose and occupy the mind. And when the present is so exacting, who can annoy himself about the future?—Stevenson.

An Italian Purist.

What astonishes the visiting Britisher most is the manner in which every kind of immigrant to the United States adapts himself to the prevalling ideas about Englishmen. In the course of conversation with the noble Italian who condescends to brighten one end of the Britisher, the visitor informed the bootblack that he was an Englishman-and Englishmen had a great respect for Italians, and had entertained Garibaldi in grand style. "Inglees! Ha! Ha! Inglees!" said Mr. Dago in soft, musical tones. "Ha! They spic no good, day droppa dai haltch!"

Ungrateful Parrot.

A parrot belonging to King Henry VIII. one day fell out of the palace window at Westminster into the Thames, and remembering a cry that she had heard, called out: "A boat, a boat, for twenty pounds!" A boatman, hearing her cry, came to her rescue and took her to the king, claiming the reward Polly had offered. The king said he would give whatever sum Polly should now say. But when she was asked she very upgratefully cried: "Qive the knave a groat."

Heard at the Fair.

"Come on, Cynthie," said the busolic youth at the old country fair, "yoou hain't seen the biggest calf on the grounds yet."

'Yeas, I have, Judson," giggled Cynthis, over her bag of popoors. "Haven't I been with your all the afternoon?"

and the second s

OLD PET LIVES HIGH

WOMAN BEQUEATHED \$32,000 FOR CARE OF HORSES.

Only One Is Now Living-Coachman Whose Income Depends on the Animal's Life Gives Him Tender Care.

Boston.—An old bay horse, a wealthy and eccentric Boston woman and an old legacy probated a short time ago have just made James Moriarity, a coachman, the leading figure in one of the queerest situations ever created by a woman's will.

A lifelong lover of dumb animals, Miss Mary B. Duclos Snow, who recently died in Hartford, Conn., left \$32,500 to be paid in annual stipends on "the sliding scale" to her "faithful" coachman, James Moriarity, for the care of her pet horses.

At the time when the will was made, nine years ago, five horses, each mentioned by name in the legacy, were alive, and the will prodvided that upon Mrs. Snow's death Moriarity should be paid a compensation of \$2,000 a year from the trust fund so long as any three of the horses remained alive, and that after the death of four of the horses he should receive \$1,500 annually until the demise of the last horse. When the last horse died the coachman was to be paid \$800 a year out of the fund until his death.

Previous to the death of Mrs. Snow all except one of the equine pets passed away, and now, to continue the earthly existence of Prince, a bay steed 28 years old, decrepit, infirm and longing to give up the ghost, has become the burning ambition of the old coachman.

If Prince dies Moriarity's annual income will at once be cut to \$800. As long as the horse can be coddled into continuing his existence he will draw \$1,500 by the terms of the legacy.

To-day, housed in a luxurious box stall, swaddled in blankets and pampered as probably no old equine was ever before. Prince is an object of unparalleled interest and solicitude to his old caretaker.

Drive the Prince! Moriarity would as soon think of becoming a Tory. Each morning, after a carefully prepared meal of lukewarm cereal prepared with cream and served in a dish. the horse is carefully assisted from his padded box stall to the barn floor, where Moriarity places his ward before the glass doors to allow the sunlight to reinvigorate the frame-of-the-oldsteed. If the day is exceptionally warm Prince is taken for a short walk around the yard of the Snow estate.

If the coachman deems the weather too severe Prince is merely allowed to thrust his nose through an opening in the window of the barn and refresh his lungs with the fresh air for a few minutes. Then he is tenderly led back to his stall and left until dinner time.

At noon his food consists of large quantities of milk and cream carefully mixed and a small bundle of English hay, but partly because the horse through age has lost most of his grinders the larger part of the hay remains uneaten. In fact, Prince now sniffs at any diet so commonplace.

During the afternoon, if the sun is shining, Moriarity again leads the borse carefully around the drive of the estate, frequently six times, but he avers that six are usually too many for the "critter" and that five are about enough.

At "tea time" Prince gets another ration of mixed cereals and milk, with an added portion of fine feed mixed with a little ground wheat.

Then he is bedded down for -the night. Only the softest straw in large quantities is used for this purpose, and in addition the old horse is tenderly blanketed even about his fore shoulders and neck.

To the old coachman the existence of his equine protege has already become the all important object of ex-

The will of Mrs. Snow, with its odd bequest, has become the subject of much discussion.

In addition to the legacy for her horse, \$10,000 was also left for the care of her 30 dogs, now all dead, the stipend for their care to be paid to Miss Phila C. Miller of Orange, Mass. By the death of all the canines this money now goes to Miss Miller.

PHONOGRAPH AIDS DUCK HUNT.

Missouri Man Narrates Wonderful Tales of Luring Flocks.

St. Charles, Mo.—Nature writers, give ear to the wonderful tale of Bob Green of Orchard farm and his phonograph. Recently Bob purchased phonograph and some blank records. The next day he caught a goose—the biggest one on the farm. Setting the mechanism going; Bob pulled the goose's tail. "Honk! Honk! Chee-haw-haw-bonk!"

screamed the Nrd.

Bob released the goose and stopped the phonograph. Then he caught a duck and went through the same operation.

"Qua-a-ck, qua-a-ck, kwa-wa-wak, quack!" the duck yelled.

Next day Bob took his machine-and the two records to a thicket on the Marais Roche. He turned the goose record loose and with shotgun in hand, awaited results. Soon a flock of wild geese passed over. One gander and three bens fell to his aim.

Faucying a change, Bob substituted the duck record. The results were similar. This time he bagged three drakes and a hen.

THINKS ST. LUXE REPORTER.

Prof. Burdick Commenda His Report of the Trial of St. Paul.

- New York -- Prof. Francis M. Burdick of the Columbia Law school delivered a lecture upon the subject of "St. Luke as a Law Reporter." In the course of his address Prof. Burdick reviewed the story of the trial of Paul. as St. Luke, viewing it from the legal standpoint, has reported it to us. He

"I submit that a careful study of St. Luke's account of the great frial of St. Paul will convince anyone that he is entitled to equal praise as a law reporter. I do not know of any historian who has embodied in his narrative an account of a judicial trial so satisfactory to a lawyer as is this by Luke; one in which the various stages are accurately followed, and matters of procedure as well as of substantive law are presented with the certainty of him who spoke from personal knowledge. I think that the sacred writer preserves perfect coolness throughout his report.

"While the abstract of Paul's addresses is much fuller than that of the prosecutors, he indulges in no tirades against them, nor does he show any irritation over the timidity of Festus or the itching palm of Felix. The tone of the entire narrative is that of screne confidence in the ultimate victory of the cause impersonated by Paul. His faith is perfectly cioudless."

EXPLODES DEVILFISH MYTH.

Scientist Says It Eats Nothing Big and Females Give Milk,

Washington.-Contrary to popular belief, the devilfish is not a man-eater, according to an official publication just issued by the Smithsonian institution after an authoritative study of the subject by Dr. Theodore Gill. associate in zoology in the National mu-

"The food of the devilfish," he says, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans, and young or small fishes. Rarely does

one prey on large fishes." Dr. Gill says that in a number of respects the young devilfish grows up under nursing and training remarkably like a human being, being nourished, for example, from its mother's milk. It is a peculiarity of the devilfish, he adds, that instead of laying many thousand of millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at a birth, which, however, is sometimes as broad as five feet and weighs 29 pounds or more.

LAKE DRY EVERY SEVEN YEARS. Remains So Several Weeks to Delight

of Fishermen. Moultrie, Ga.—All eyes of this section are on Dry lake just now. Dry lake is a large body of water near Pidcock that has a habit of drying itself, and the water is now disappearing through an opening in the bottom of

the lake. The process is a little slow, and it will take a week or ten days for it to get low enough to catch the many fish that it contains with nets and seines. The fishermen are getting daily reports from it, and at the right time will swoop down on the fish that are said to be of great

size and quantity. If the lake repeats its action of former years the whole of the water will disappear, leaving the bottom as dry as a chip. The water will stay out a few weeks and will gradually fill up again from the

bottom. This is not the only lake of south Georgia and Florida of this character. There is one near Tallahassee that contains 800 acres of land that dries

AID FOR CONSUMPTION.

Woman Tenders Valuable Land to Government for Hospital Sites.

Baltimore, Md.-Sympathy with the war on consumption has prompted Mrs. George H. Beckwith, a wellknown resident of Catonsville, to offer to the United States government tracts of land at Saranac Lake, N. Y., and Aiken, S. C., on which to build sanitaria and hospitals for poor victims of tuberculosis.

Mrs. Beckwith is so enthusiastic over the project that she will try to have congress make an appropriation for the buildings. She has received a etter from President Roosevelt promsing his support to the movement.

The tracts were bought some years ugo by Mrs. Beckwith on which to build summer homes, but her interest in poor and destitute consumptives influenced her to forego the delights of he proposed homes in the interest of anmanity.

In the tract at Saranac Lake there ere 50 acres, while the tract at Aiken contains 400 acres. Together they are worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

Will Teach Mine Planting. New York .- Four sea-going navy ugs, which have been building in a lersey City shipyard, will start soon on a 14,000-mile voyage along the same route followed by the fleet of pattleships. The mission, according to Capt. F. K. Ferguson, in command, s to give instructions in mine plantng to army and navy officers on the Pacific coast. The boats are due in Ban Francisco April 30, and, after visting coast points, will go to the Phil-

RUNS TURTLE TRUST

"OLD BILL" SETTLES CATCHES "CRITTERS" BAREHANDED.

Keeps Kansas City Restaurants and Private Families Supplied with Material for Soup-Blue River Supply Nearly Extinct.

Kansas City, Mo. In all the rivers and creeks of Missouri turtles are rhundant-in all except one, the Blusciver, near Kansas City. There the turtle is rapidly becoming extinct. and all because of "Bill" Settles, who: says he is the champion "barehanded" turtle chaser of the world.

Just where Bill Settles first came from even he himself doesn't seem to know, but about two years ago lie came to the Blue river, built himself a small, ramshackle cabin and has lived there ever since, earning his living by selling turtles he catches out of the river by diving. Settles' method of turtle hunting is easy—for him. Clad in a rough shirt and trousers, with his shoes split from the mouth to the toe to let the water out, Bill roams the banks of the stream! until he sees his victim on a log near the bank. The game in sight, Bill creeps up as close as possible. As soon as the turtle sees him and begins to slip into the water, Bill dives after it. Tail, flippers or head, it makes no difference to the turtle hunter; he flounders around in the water until he grabs some part of the turtle's anatomy and then the fight begins.

The turtle wiggles, scratches and squirms. Bill puffs and treads water. The turtle is patient. So is Bill. The turtle finally becomes exasperatedthat's exactly the term Bill uses-and sticks his head out from under his shell to bite the intruder. And that's what the intruder has been waiting for. With his right hand, upon which he wears a husking glove, Bill grabs the turtle by the neck and starts for the shore. It's all over then. The turtle can't pull his head back under his shell, and he can't bite. The nailbound glove interferes with all those things and the rest of the turtle's life consists in being thrown into a gunny sack, hauled to the city in a small pushcart with a dozen other turtles. and then sold to restaurants and private families. The price of turtles ranges from 50 cents up, and on So good day Settles often makes as much as \$19, of which he saves about \$9.50. so that he may have a sinking fund

for winter. Bill Settles and his pushcart are familiar on the downtown streets of Kansas City. Always has he a following of small boys-and some men -and always he may be counted upon for street corner lectures on the genus turtle.

"Don't they ever bite you?" some one asked as Settles pushed his little cart through the streets the other day. The answer of Settles was merely a look of contempt. -Who, me?" he asked, finally. "Do

I look like I'm makin' bait outer my-

self for them varmints? How kin they bite? Don't I grab 'em by the neck ?" "Yes, but what's the turtle doing

before you grab him?"

"Tryin' to git away, that's what. Just like a snake; run like a house aftre till you get 'em cornered. Then they'll scrap. Say, sure got a migut 💞 📆 fine one this mornin. Biggest I ever caught. Lookly! Worth three dollars if he's worth a cent."

Settles pointed to a gumny sack containing a turtle almost as big as bushel basket

"Had an awful scrap with him." Settles said. "Had to call for help to get him outen th' water. But, Lordy! he's wuth it." The chief part of Settles' trade lies

in the more fashionable parts of town

-among the "high livers." They are

the ones who have learned to eat the fresh water turtles and who say it is really delicious. And they, too, are the ones who are willing to pay the price Settles asks for his turtles. ™The turtles are dressed by being 🕫 🔻 placed in scalding water. This loosens the skin and it can easily be removed in segments of the shell. The shell it. cooked with the flesh of the turtle.

and the glue or gelatin in the shell gives the soup body. It makes a fine dish, Bill Settles says, and Bill ought to know. "I've caught about four hundred turtles this season, and they've brung me a right smart lot o' money. Gess I kin get through the winter all right. Ennyway, th' oj' Blue's just about

fished out of turtles. Guess I'll have

to move somewhere else when th'

spring comes on."

Teeth Grew Up Instead of Down. New York.—Herbert Cosman's teeth grew up instead of down, and for that' reason he is a patient in St. Luke's hospital here. An operation has been performed, however, which is believed to have been successful, and Cosman's rapid recovery with his mouth restored to its normal condition is ex-

pected. Cosman is 21 years old and lives up the Hudson, at Newburgh. Twelve years ago three teeth in his upper jaw: -two molars and two bicuspid-were: removed, but, strangely, no new secand teeth appeared and the cavities re-

mained. As the years passed his jaw began; to pain him, and later grew unshapely. The nain finally became so severe that he decided upon an operation. Sucgeons located the contrary teeth bg means of the X-ray.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

renantus en Louisians et dans tons lor! Binte du Bud. Mr publicité aftre dons un avanturent excessionnein. Car de l'abouns unes for l'abount une l'abount de l'abo Wiltier sebioanda's E4.00.: