Long Life To Death

The colonel's ruddy countenance beamed like a summer's moon as the rising tide of voices brake into peals of laughter across the table.

"No, no!" Latimer protested, breaking in upon what promised to be the colonel's hand-hour homily to the hot blood of youth. "No crown of years and honors for me, please."

"A short death and a merry one is good enough for Latimer," Burke interrupted.

"With a quick death and a sure

one," some one else supplied. 'And a large cold bottle and another one," Burke continued, running the toast down to a finish.

Above this uproar of protest and applause a clear soprano lifted.

"For he's a jolly good fellow," and the colonel, having gotten only so far as the battle of Gettysburg in his remarks, joined with a will in the chorus and formot to finish the rest of bis one, time-honored speech.

Whether the drawn lips framed the words or the cry of her soul thrilled the question to his own, Latimer could not have said, but against his will his eyes turned to those of the woman beside him.

"For a send-off," he explained with everdone nonchalance. "I got my or-

ders yesterday." Other than an all but imperceptible straightening of her shoulders the

girl gave no sign she had heard. "Azalic is more radiant than ever to-night," a plump matron leaned across the colonel to say to a red-haired girl, noting the effect of the unwented pallor and burning eyes.

Why shouldn't she be?" the redbaired girl snapped in answer. "with a two-million-dollar count for a husband?"

"Is it announced?" the plump woman gasped. "I had heard nothing of She has decided then between the count and General Espendola?"

"The mere fact of the colonel's sending her in to dinner with a noody-in-particular like Lieutenant Letimer points to the fact that she has decided upon one of them but is not going to announce it yet," the redbedred announced with an air of superior wisdom.

"Ah, yes," agreed her fat friend with something like a sigh; "I suppess even Azalie could not stand out leng against two millions."

Here a sudden outburst of laughter the other end of the table gave Letimer the further chance to add: of course, this is sudden. A soltter's movements are bound to be, ren know."

The shadow of the waring, intersoing vines fell in del cate tracery the the meshes of a net upon the nan and the worms at his side, and the heavy fractince of the air drugred it with bitter-sweet memories bat would not down.

"But you are ordered back to the 'nited States-not to Mindanao?" The voice of the questioner and the erms of the question brought Lati ter up with a pride in the sporting lood of the Dons. He could not see be wicked little half-moons her nails

sere cutting into her palms. Noting their apparent lack of inter at in each other, a man leaned acros ie table with a story meant to stimite conversation, at which Azali arted her lips in a smile that seeme > pass for mirth. A scarlet camelle d fallen from its high estate in the lue-black masses of her hair an ung rakishly over her ear, but she id not care.

"Latimer is at it again, making hay fith the last ray left," the colone ent toward the plump matren to any tho, seeing farther than the happ ces and the gleaming shoulder impling into the fluffy whiteness gainst the uniforms of the men, nor ed, adding: "The days of our youth re the days of our glory," and the wo gray bends leaned closer to mourn gether their lost paradise.

This is an exchange of your own seking?" a lifeless volce at his alaw aroused Latimen

"I am acting under orders," Latimes speated, reaching for the tray it ont of him, but the hand that roller is cigarette was not now the hand the man who held medals for mark

anship. The red-haired girl, springing car ke upon Latin er's unguarded mo ent, caught, too, Azalie's futile ef ort to raise her fork to her lips.

"Why, what's the matter with you ralle?" she naked, directing the oth s' attention to the girl's nerveles ind; "your ring positively clatter; ainst your plate," trying to hate her wher beauty and great luck.

And Azalie, darling of the gods rking into the glitter of light and for before her, saw only swirling sckness. The night was sultry to Rocation, but the erect, white fige shivered. Twirling the heavy seal ig on her finger, "this is a most eresting ring," she said quietly, ming the point of contact from her nd to the heavy ring upon it. "It

s a history." "And that is -?" Burke questioned. rrying on an animated conversation th his neighbor and hearing everying else that was said.

"The poisoner's ring given my andfather by Maximillian when he and their cause was lost," she an-

ered briefly. Latimer, listening to the cool tones d steady voice, went down on the ees of his soul to this daughter of a udred Dons, although he thanked tars for this chance to make his

final adieux in public. She might weep and swoon or snap her fingers in his face, Latimer had fancied, but this high-handed counter-play had neve suggested itself in connection with the mercurial Azalie. An unwelcome vision of the thin-souled little wife a home turning him back to Azalie Latimer whispered softly, "I hope the gods have another meeting in store

for us, and that you will not-forget. The rubles in her breast flashed like a jet of blood from a thrust, but the smoke wreath she blew from her lips interposed a moment's merciful veil before her eyes.

"Here's at you again, Latimer," Burke, always to be relled upon to do the right thing at the wrong time, chipped in. "Here's to your safe voyage home and sure return to the Philippines." And as the evening waned and the toasts went around the table. the soprano girl sang to a three-string accompaniment something about love and death and evermore, sometimes on and sometimes off the key.

At last Azalie poised her glass in mid-air.

girl asked, noticing the tension of her poise.

"Long life to Latimer," some one proposed, seeing the girl's instant's

"Long life to the girl I left behind me!" the mal-apropos Burke again interrupted, having caught something of walks and electric lights to gain mer during the evening.

With eyes dilating, bosom heaving, radiant, reckless, Azalle faced Lati-

"Long life to-death!" The next instant glass and ring is as talkative as a book agent and crashed upon the table, the wine as ingratiating as a poor kinsman in stains streaming like blood upon the straitened circumstances, says the floor .- MARGUERITE STABLER.

Crows as Enemies of Terrapins.

and other terrapins. When the warm has never met. Before he can do this days of spring come and the female he must ingratiate himself into the terrapins and turtles leave their beds favor of the camp bosses and their in the marsh, the crow goes on guard, subordinates. A man who can sing a knowing that a season of feasting is at hand. Both terrapins and turtles is welcome, seek the warm, sandy uplands near hatch.

In the meantime the crow has been on guard, and by means of his sharp bill and strong claws the work of complished and the feast is soon over. The crow is considered by many to be the greatest enemy the diamond back has. It is an easily established fact that the crow destroys thousands of the eggs of all kinds of terrapins, not making an exception of the dia-

Physicians' Confessions.

"I often wonder," said Dr. Jay F. Philadelphia County Medical Society, scattered widely enough to admit sunlight for ripening and hardening the logical. Some time ago I had a patiweek. Immediately she began to tell spend one spring in marking and scar-me how much the sea water was help-ing her. She said she was getting finding gum enough to pay for his labetter every day, and yet the eczema bor when he calls around a year later. kept getting worse so far as I could This is done by climbing a thrifty see, and I could see that she was tree to shove the old limbs and high scratching it more all the time."

man brought his daughter to me for shaped like a V. treatment. She had lost her voice. I The spruce sap exudes from these

Theology in the Highlands.

examine the boys.

The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent and correct. "What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph." "Quite correct. And for how much?" "Twenty pieces of sliver."

"And what added to the cruelty and

wickedness of these bad brothers?" A pause. "What made their treachery even

more detestable and heinous?" Then a bright little Highlander stretched out an eager hand.

"Well, my man?" "Please, sir, they sell't him ower cheap."

Too Great a Loss.

Whoever knows anything about the small boy and his pride in his first pair of trousers will recognize the truth of a story the Philadelphia Pub-

lic Ledger prints. Tommy was at Sunday-school in his first "real" clothes. A picture of a lot of little angels was before the haggle he will call around from place class, and the teacher asked Tommy

if he would not like to be one. "No, ma'am," replied Tommy, after inspecting the picture.

"Not want to be an angel, Tommy!" reproached the teacher. "Why not?" "'Cause I'd have to give up my new pants," said Tomny, sigely.

GO IN THE WOODS FOR SPRUCE GUM

There Are Men Who Make a Business of the Trip Into Maine's Wilderness

THEY CALL IT "GOING GUMMING"

From 25 to 50 Work the Maine Woods Each Spring - Leases from the Lumbermen-May Pick \$8 Worth in a Day.

In the early days of April from twenty-five to fifty athletic, canvas clad young men start for the up-river woods from Bangor, Me., and nearby towns to collect spruce gum from "Is it a pas seul?" the red-haired the more than 20,000,000,000 feet of spruce timbers still standing in the northern forests of Maine.

Not a few of these men are the well to do sons of old families, who go 'gumming" partly for profit and partly as a pastime. A majority, however, are trained climbers who know the woods and who break away from sidethe side-play between Azalie and Lati- health and money at a time of the year when lumbering operations are drawing to a close and before the streams open up for driving.

Instead of being a solitary and silent man the gum picker as a rule Boston Herald. For, in order to secure exclusive control over the gum territory he desires to monopolize. The crow is the evil genius of the the picker must claim lease over turtle just as of the diamond back spruce timber lands whose owners be rollicking song or tell a lively story

The travelling outfit of the gum the shore to deposit their eggs. A picker is very light. A set of steel hole is dug several inches deep and climbers, such as are used by linefrom 20 to 30 oblong white eggs are men, a heavy and broad hatchet for deposited and then the nest is filled cutting off the gum and for scarring or covered with sand. Having neatly the trees for the making of more gum piled the sand over the eggs the turtle the next year-these with tobacco, raises herself just as high as it is pipe and matches, complete his rig. possible, then comes down with a His food and lodging are given to heavy thud on the sand. This is con- him by the boss of the camp where tinued until the sand is quite hard, he chances to stop over night, his when the eggs are left for the sun to cheerful ways and the news he brings from the outer world more than paying for all dues.

The picker who gleans his harvest from the same trees year after year breaking into the treasure house of enhances the value of the holding the unsuspecting turtle is quickly ac- greatly, though this value applies to the gum alone, for the trees are not materially affected. The owners of the woods are too busy to spend time in allotting gum areas, and as the income from gum picking is never large and the time of picking lasts but a few weeks the harvesters cannot afford to pay the fees for drawing the leases, to say nothing of giving tribute for the gum.

A "smart" man working in an old Schamberg at a recent meeting of the gum orchard of thrifty trees that are scattered widely enough to admit sun ent with a severe case of eczema. I sent her to another physician to take sea water treatment. I kent her unship will shrink two pounds, worth \$1 a pound sea water treatment. I kept her unin the cities. Before starting out to into the santight and scarring the "I have a better one than that," re- south side of the trunk between the joined Dr. C. E. de M. Sajous. "A whorks of limbs with deep incisions

tried the battery on her, and her voice | wounds and moving downward along returned perfectly in a short time, the cut is dried in the sun until a The father was in such giee that he pitchy crust is formed, which fends hugged me. When they had gone I off the bits of bark and spills blown happened to look at the battery and about by the wind and prohibits the saw that the current had not been entrance of inquisitive bees and other insects. Thus protected from harm, the embryo nugget of gum continues to grow from the inside by fresh sup-The minister's class at the kirk of plies of resinous sap and to harden Tobermory had been reading the story from the outside by slow evaporation. of Joseph and his brothren and it The sun goes away south, winter arcame to the turn of the minister to rives and the sweetening frosts remove the pitchy and acrid taste, leaving from a score to a hundred of sweet and ruddy and crystallized "teats" of genuine spruce gum.

There are good reasons why the harvesters should choose April as the month for the tasks. It is then that the gum is in its ripest and best con dition, not so old as to be hard and crumbly, not so young as to be soft and taste of pitch. The scaly crust above the winter snow banks among the trees is then as smooth as glass, carrying all the gum which escapes the hand of the picker into the hollows among the drifts and holding them safely in plain view until they can be picked up. Before the end of May the coming sun will have warmed the tree trunks and set the old wounds to bleeding new sap, thus spoiling the harvest for another year.

If he is an old hand at se.ling in the city the gum hunter will charge from \$1 to \$1.50 a pound for his gum. If he is new at the business he may sell to some sharp broker or druggist for 75 cents a pound. If he likes to to place and in a cay or more can sell out for \$2 a pound.

New Edge to An Old Saw. The hand that stirs the kettle is the hand that rules the world.-Baltimore Sun.

Cremmell UM A MIUSE!

forg. Rainsey, Forty-six Inches Tall. and Her Tiny Baby Alive.

Well and ricgressing. Philade shia. Surgical experts are narvelling over the wonderful outome of a Caesarian operation per formed on Mrs. Lawrence A. Ramsey, who, three weeks afterward, received her friends, and showed them the tiny baby.

Seldom do both mother and child survive this critical operation when the former is of normal stature, and Mrs. Ramsey, who is twenty-five years old, weighs only fifty-seven pounds, and is only forty-six inches tall. Little Miss Ramsey weighed four pounds at birth. Her parents are the midget team in vaudeville, known as Weis and Ramsey, the mother, as "Queen of the Lilliputlans," being well known all over the country. She was married to Ramsey about a year ago.

Mrs. Ramsey told her triends of

the operation and said: "I sat up in ten days afterward. On the fifteenth day I walked, and a few days later I left the hospital. The care they gave me was lovely, and I was such an unusual case that ever so many doctors and surgeons came to see me, and they were all very kind and considerate, and said it was so strange they would not have believed it if they had not seen for themselves."

HUNT FOR MEANEST MAN ENDS.

Sarcastic Mount Vernon Shopkeeper Fined and Sign Must Come Down.

White Plains, N. Y .- Old Scrooge might be a philanthropic Carnegie alongside certain tightwads in Mount Vernon, but William Friedberg has no license to determine publicly who are the men who would squeeze a dollar until the eagle yelled "Help! I'm melting!" For conducting a voting contest to determine the meanest man in Mount Vernon Friedberg, who keeps a cigar store there, was fined \$5 by Judge Platt here. A warning went with the fine.

Friedberg lives 1 Astoria, but does business in Mount Vernon. He placed in his window a placard: "Come in and vote for the meanest man in Mount Vernon!" This was followed by a list of names. Conspicuous in the lot were the Mayor and Chief of Police. Then came many solid and staid citizens. After every name was a number signifying the votes the owner of the name had received so

Great was the wrath of the called "meanest men." Friedberg was ordered to take the sign out of the window, but he refused to do so. His indictment for libel followed. In court are pleaded guilty, but asserted he did not know he was violating any

SHEEP LEADS A DANCE.

Heads the Grand March at Butchers Association Festivities.

Wilmington, Del.-At the annual ball of the Wholesale and Retail Butchers' Association the grand march was led by a sheep.

The sheep, which readily obeys the word of command, is a pet owned by H. T. Derry. It was decorated with lng horses as the farmer comes with rold and silver trimmings, and as the orchestra struck up the opening the lot-as the boys or the hired hands strains of the march the sheep strutted down the ballroom floor followed by the long line of men and women in attendance. The animal led the marchers through the figures of the march without a mistake.

COAL FIELDS WILL LAST.

Expert Geologis: Says Pennsylvania Mines Are Good for 80 Years.

New York City .- Prof. Wm. Griffith Pennsylvania mining expert and recologist, a witness in the suit of the government against the anthracite oal carrying railroads, estimates the uply of coal under ground in the anayivania fields at 2,229,201,650 one and would last only about 84 cars. He made this estimate for the canhing firm of Harvey Fisk & Seas, the wanted to know conditions before uring coal bond

The Minister Jone Overails.

Marcellae, Mo.-This town a short me since voted out saloons. Rev. Chas. E. Petree gave great influence. n ridding the community of these tinued exercise or collapse. Its vicplaces, and as he was walking down | tories over nature leave no sting; the the street he passed by where the paths are open to all .- Annie S. Peck fixtures of the "White Elephant" were | in Collier's. being loaded in drays awaiting shipment. The saloonkeeper, seeing him, asked the preacher if he would vote a man out of town, and then refuse to help him move. Rev. Petree went getting up late in the morning. home, put on a pair of overalls, and was soon back helping to load the the early bird that caught the worm." goods.

Woman Plans Tramp in Africa. London.-Miss Charlotte Mansfield,

a young writer, salled for Cape Town with the intention of starting on a lonely tramp of eight thousand miles toward Cairo. Two thousand miles of the journey will be through the wilds of Central Africa. Miss Mansfield's only escort will be thirty native car-

A South Carolina Wedding. Winnsboro, N. C .- Mr. A. D. Sanders and Miss Zulu Hollis of Great Falls drove into town Monday at noon and went at once to the residence of the Rev. A. J. Foster who united them in marriage while still sitting in the buggy.

Hatpin Length Limited by Law. Salem, Ore .- A bill prohibiting the vearing of hatpins in excess of ten inches was passed by the State legisTHE PADLOCKED REVOLVER.

Novel Sight for a Man Unaccustomed

to Shooting Galleries. "Maybe it was because I don't go around much among shooting galleries that this sight seemed strange to me," said a man who commonly stays pretty close at home, "but in this gallery it certainly did surprise me to see a big revolver secured to the counter by a padlock.

"They had a lot of rifles there, magazine rifles, those all lying with their muzzles toward the targets handily across the board, but that one big revolver was padlocked down so that nobody could pick it up until it had been unlocked. I wondered at that. Were they afraid somebody would carry it off!

"That seemed scarcely likely, for it was as big as a cannon, a .44, and a man would hardly try to slip a gun like that in his pocket with the gallery man standing by. But pretty soon a man wanted to fire this big revolver and when he came to handle it I thought that perhaps we could see the reason why it was kept chained.

"The rifles were long enough so that when you threw the muzzle of one up it went above your head and above those of the bystanders; but big as it was the revolver could still be thrown up to a point where by carelesshandling you might shoot yourself or somebody else with it. Maybe that was the reason why they kept the big revolver chained, so that people couldn't pick it up and handle it. True, it would be supposed to be unloaded when lying not in use, but somebody who had used it might have left a cartridge in it, and, loaded or unloaded, a gun is a dangerous thing to handle; you never can tell.

"Anyhow this big revolver when not in use was kept padlocked to the

In the Heat of Battle.

There had been a hotly contested football game between the Steam Rollers of the Benjamin Franklin School and the Avalanches of the George Washington School. It was won by the Avalanches. After the game was over and the contestants had returned to their various homes, one of the heroes of the winning team complained of a feeling of soreness in the lower part of his neck.

"I didn't feel it until just now," he said, "but it hurts like sixty!"

His father examined it. It began to swell, and was very sore to the touch. "I believe your collar-bone is brok-

en, my boy," said his father. A surgeon was hastily summoned, and made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the bone is fractured. How did it happen, Walter? Do you remember anything about it?" "Why, yes," answered the boy. "I remember that when I tackled Skinny Morgan I fell on top of him, and I heard something crack, but I thought

it was his collar-bone." Melody on the Farm.

If you like music and pretty pletures, you can have them at your will by getting up early on the farm and listening to the songs of the birds and all the signs and sounds of nature's resurrection. You can hear the chickens, the cows and the hogs-the neightheir feed. You can hear the volces at draw water for the stock and make ready for the day. Then, as the first long golden lance of light strikes down across the silent fields, you can see all the life and bustle of another opening day. And all of it is sweet, and bringeth peace and joy-as we find out sometimes when we have left it and pine for it again.—Sylvania (Go.) Telephone.

Health and Mountain Climbing. If women (and men, too) would take suitable exercise, eat moderately and slowly, and get all the fresh air possible, they would not in middle life acquire figures so ungainly, feel so averse to physical effort, or drop off with heart failure. Even stair-climbing is better than nothing; for the last year or two, though there is an elevator, I have done four flights several times a day. Reasonable mountain climbing will bring or preserve health, joy and youth up to really old age. It does not require great muscle and brawn, nor the overtraining which strains the organs and compels con-

Caught on the Rebound. The old man was lecturing his more

or less wayward son on the evils of "Remember," he said, "that it was

"But how about the worm, dad?" queried the youth, who thought he had his sire up in the air. "Where did his reward for getting up early come in?"

"I am informed," replied the old man gravely, "that the worm was on his way home-hadn't been in bed at

And there being nothing more to say, the young man said nothing.

Fogs and Wireless Telegraphy. It is one of the many marvels of

wireless telegraphy that the ether waves which carry its messages, unlike light waves, suffer no absorption in mist or fog. Quite the opposite, in fact, is the case, for the effect on them of clear sunlight is so marked that they can be sent with equal initial power only less than half the distance by day as by night. For this reason press dispatches and long-distance messages sent by wireless telegraphy are, whenever possible, committed to the either waves after sun-

CAUSED MUCH COMMOTION

They have had more trouble at our meeting house.

Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon and had afterele the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twellth chapter of Saint-" when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just hald an egg, she interrupted Mr. Moody to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped short as she walked out into the aisle screeching! Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ko! Kukkuk-kuk-kuk-te-ko!"

Mr. Moody contemplated her for moment, and then concluded to go on; but the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and se the put on a pressure of five or six pounds to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again and said.

"Will Deacon Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting house?"

The deacon rose and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door, but she dedged him, and still clucking vigorously, got under the seat in the front pew. Then the deacon seized his umbrella and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door, but she darted into a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew, and in the side aisle, making a noise like a steam planing mill. The deacon didn't like to climb over after her, so he went around, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over in the middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed and the deacon began to grow red in the face.

At last Mr. Binns came out of his new to help, and as both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions, she flew up with a wild cluck to the gallery and peeched on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about 500 clucks a minute. The deacon flung a hymn book at her to scare her down again, but he missed her and hit Billy Jones, a Sunday school scholar, in the eye. Then another boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he tumbled and fell on Mrs. Miskey's summer bonnet, whereupon she said out loud that he was predestined to the gallows.

The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stovepipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and at the fifth or sixth knock the pipe separated and about 40 feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a barrel or two of last winter's soot

over the congregation. Thera were women in the congregation who went home looking as if they had been working in a coal mine and wishing they could stab Deacon

The hen came down with the tovepipe, and as she flew by Mr. Bilins he made a dash at her with his umbrella and knocked her clear brough a \$15 pane of glass, where pon she landed in the street and opped off clucking insanely. Then fr. Moody adjourned the congrega-

They are going to expel the owner of that hen from church when they discover his identity.

Very Tempting A man was brought before a Jusfre of the peace charged with the effense of a kircing a young woman by force and violence, and against bor will:"

The young lady, who was very madsome, gave her testimony in a nodest and straightforward manner. after which his honor gave the following decision: "The court in this ase sympathizes with the defendant. and will therefore discharge him. sithout fine, imprisonment or repriuand, because the court while this and has been in progress has been obliged to held on to both arms of his chair to keep from kissing the omplainant blmself."

Has Many Crowns-

The Czar has as many crowns as & fashloable lady has hats. He is regarded by his people as a religious as well as a secular monarch, and thereore has crowns for every possible tate occasion. The Russian imperial rown is modeled after a patriarchial miter. Five magnificent diamonds, colling on a hope glowing ruby. the cross at the summit. Diamonds and pearls of utmost perfection reader this crown unrivaled among all others, and there is one sapphire in it which is said to be the finest stone of its kind ever mined.

Smile's Face Value. Although most of us would healate to express what might be termed the face value of the "modern smile," we certainly realize at times that it is a form of currency which is depreciating. In the "modera smile" we recognize the crude, offcial thing which neither illuminates. cheers, nor bridges awful gaps of silence. It may savor of suggesting a wave of imbecility to declare that we ought all to smile more; but is is certainly true that the charm of a woman's smile was once esteemed

even above beauty.