

Long Life To Death

The colonel's ruddy countenance beamed like a summer's moon as the rising tide of voices broke 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 had honors for me, please."

final adieu in public. She might weep and swoon or snap her fingers in his face, Latimer had fancied, but this high-handed counter-play had never suggested itself in connection with the mercurial Azalie. An unwelcome vision of the thin-souled little wife at 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."

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 the more than 20,000,000,000 feet of spruce timbers still standing in the northern forests of Maine.

OPERATION ON A MIDGE!

Mrs. Ramsey, Forty-six Inches Tall, and Her Tiny Baby Alive, Well and Regressing.

Philadelphia.—Surgical experts are marvelling over the wonderful outcome of a Caesarian operation performed on Mrs. Lawrence A. Ramsey, who, three weeks afterward, received her friends, and showed them the tiny baby.

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 yells "Help! I'm melting!"

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.

COAL FIELDS WILL LAST.

Expert Geologist Says Pennsylvania Mines Are Good for 80 Years. New York City.—Prof. Wm. Griffith, a Pennsylvania mining expert and geologist, a witness in the suit of the government against the anthracite coal carrying railroads, estimates the supply of coal under ground in the Pennsylvania fields at 2,229,201,629 tons and would last only about 81 years.

The Minister Goes Overseas.

Marion, Mo.—This town a short time since voted out saloons. Rev. Chas. E. Petree gave great influence in ridding the community of these places, and as he was walking down the street he passed by where the fixtures of the "White Elephant" were being loaded in drays awaiting shipment.

Woman Plans Tramp in Africa.

London.—Miss Charlotte Mansfield, a young writer, sailed 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 carriers.

A South Carolina Wedding.

Winnboro, 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.

THE PADLOCKED REVOLVER.

Novel, Slight for a Man Unaccustomed to Shooting Galleries.

"Maybe it was because I don't go around much among shooting galleries that this slight 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 hardly across the board, but that one big revolver was padlocked until so that nobody could pick it up until it had been unlocked. I wondered at that. Were they afraid somebody would carry it off?"

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.

Melody on the Farm.

If you like music and pretty pictures, 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 neighboring horses as the farmer comes with their feed. You can hear the voices at the lot—as the boys or the hired hands draw water for the stock and make ready for the day.

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.

Caught on the Rebound.

The old man was lecturing his more or less wayward son on the evils of getting up late in the morning. "Remember," he said, "that it was the early bird that caught the worm."

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.

Has Many Crowns.

The czar has as many crowns as a fashionable lady has hats. He is regarded by his people as a religious as well as a secular monarch, and therefore has crowns for every possible state occasion. The Russian imperial crown is modeled after a patriarchal mitre. Five magnificent diamonds, resting on a huge glowing ruby, or the cross at the summit. Diamonds and pearls of utmost perfection render 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 hesitate 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 "modern smile" we recognize the crude, official 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 it is certainly true that the charm of a woman's smile was once esteemed even above beauty.

CAUSED MUCH COMMOTION

They have had more trouble at our meeting house.

Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twelfth chapter of Saint—" when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid 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! Kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ko!

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 dodged 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 plating 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 pew 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 pecked on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about 500 clucks a minute. The deacon fung 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.

There 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 Grimes without being hanged for murder. The hen came down with the stovepipe, and as she flew by Mr. Binns he made a dash at her with his umbrella and knocked her clear through a \$15 pane of glass, whereupon she landed in the street and hopped off clucking insanely. Then Mr. Moody adjourned the congregation.

Very Tempting.

A man was brought before a justice of the peace charged with the offense of a kissing a young woman "by force and violence, and against her will."

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The young lady, who was very handsome, gave her testimony in a modest and straightforward manner, after which his honor gave the following decision: "The court in this case sympathizes with the defendant, and will therefore discharge him, without fine, imprisonment or reprimand, because the court while this case has been in progress has been obliged to hold on to both arms of his chair to keep from kissing the complainant himself."

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