THE PLACE OF MY DESIRE

Through many weary years, From dawn to sunset's fire, I've sought, with pain and tears, The Place of my Desire.

Perhaps they told me wrong, Perhaps I missed the road; seek that fair abode.

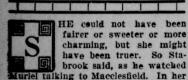
I see it in my dreams— How pleasant, and how fair! Its towers, with golden gleams, Shine through the cloudless air.

There is no hated task, There only friendships stay: There are the joys I ask, The year is always May.

O Place of my Desire! Since but in dreams I take The path that leads me nigher, Oh, may I never wake! -Ninette M. Lowater.

THE .: RIVALS

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.



air there was that indescribable intention to please, and in Macclesfield's appearance the proof positive of her

It was mean to be jealous. Stabrook resolutely putting down the angry impulse that arose within him as he watched Muriel putting a rose n his rival's buttonhole. But he could not go away from the sight of her, and so remained, and tore her fan to pieces, nd forgot that he had engaged Miss Fogarty for the next dance.

length Muriel dismissed Maclesfield, and beckoned to him. He came op, saying, with an affected smile: I thought you wanted to promenade

with me? 'So I did. Too late? Is this the and dance? Too bad! Well, I am ed, and glad to go home."

e led her to the dressing room, and went to summon the carriage. Returning, a lady caught his arm.

"Oh, Mr. Stabrook, will you not help B? Brother Frank is sick in the ng room, and here are mamma id I, who cannot find the coachman.' "Anything in my power, Miss Lester. I can find your carriage without any difficulty, I think. Pray wait in the

sing room until I return." The young lady was literally torn is elbow by the crowd. H from 1 forced his way out into the dizzy night again, to find Miss Lester's coachman aware that "Brother Frank" was ery ill, or, in other words, seriously toxicated. The young fellow was imply a brute, and was kept in decent iety only by the power of his

r's money. Having seen these ladies to their carriage, he hastened back to Miss

"Miss Day bid me say that she had accepted Mr. Macclesfield's attend-ance, Mr. Stabrook," said the young ady in attendance.

Too angry to speak, he rushed back upon the sidewalk, just in time to see ariel lean from her carriage window to bid Macclesfield good-night, and to ear the wheel grind the curb in turn-

"A month ago she would not have **Cone** that," he said-

When he was cooler he said she was ot so much to blame, but he viewed with extreme distaste the whole busy,

đo. The others looked on longingly. Would he win? So great had become her popularity that twenty would have thrown up fame and fortune for her

Stabrook's physician had prescribed horseback exercise. By the request of his hostess he was teaching her little daughter Helen to ride. The tractability and sweetness of the child was a solace to him, and as he guided her pony through the fragrant

birch woods, some of the dull pain of his heart passed away. One morning an addition was pro

posed. Macclesfield and Muriel Day proposed to accompany them, and Staok quietly consented. Why should he refuse or avoid her company? All the world knew that she was engaged to Macclesfield. It was not thought that he should have any feeling in

the matter. The four horses pranced lightly along. The child laughed merrily with excitement, but Muriel Day was rather quiet. Perhaps in all her life she had quiet. never looked more fair and lovable. Macclesfield rode beside her, and his proud eyes seemed to say so.

A mile from the hotel they came sud-denly upon a steep bank of the river, pink with May anemones "They are your favorite flowers, are

they not, Muriel?" asked Macclesfield, HE could not have been fairer or sweeter or more dismounting, with a smile at her cry of delight. She watched him go down the charming, but she might bank, and dropped her rein. "Oh, let me come, too!" she cried. have been truer. So Stabrook said, as he watched

"I meant to pick them myself." Stabrook sprang to the ground. For one little instant he held her in his

arms as he lifted her from the saddle. Then she was away down the green bank. But that instant was enough to arouse once more, at its sharpest, all the mad regret.

He stood watching her as she culled the blossoms, herself a brighter flower than they. Suddenly her little foot tangled in the long habit, she lost her balance, dropped her flowers, flung up her hands, and plunged headlong into the deep, placid stream.

"Great heavens!" cried Macclesfield; 'and I cannot swim!" He turned to Stabrook and clutched

his arm. "Save her!"

Stabrook stood like a statue, watching the spot where the bright head had disappeared. Leader.

"Save her for you?" he said, slowly. But he pulled off his coat, hurried down the bank, and plunged into the water.

He disappeared, came up with her, white and senseless, on his shoulder, With a great effort he managed to get her within Macclesfield's reach. Almost with a sob the strong man

clutched her to his breast. Laying her upon the bank, he stretched to Stabrook a helping hand. But Stabrook did not take it. Whether the cold strong tide was too much for his strength, or whether he voluntarily embraced death, I do not know; but, to the horror of his rival, he sank forever below the glassy tide.

Love was but another name for death to him. Whose the fault was I cannot say, but his escape from life's pangs was surely his gain.—New York Week-

"Rubbing It In."

When Mrs. Morse, after a lapse of thirty years, met her old schoolmate, Mrs. Graham, in the guise of a summer visitor to Aldersfield, she made up her mind to one thing: Lydia Graham's measure of worldly prosperity had been large, but not for one moment would Mary Ann Morse allow her to feel "set up." It was with the intention of reduc

ing any possible pride that might be lurking behind Lydia Graham's placid countenance that Mrs. Morse held her gay, flirting world in which he stood. off at arm's length when the first af-It boded him harm, he felt in his in- fectionate greeting had been ex-"How fat you've grown, Lyddy!" Grive the next morning. Her rose-leaf face showed no signs of last night's the figure erect as a small, stiff tree. tle figure erect as a small, stiff tree. Mre Graham smiled contentedly, and Mrs. Morse saw that her thrust had done no harm.

From end to end of a savage land, You "carry your life in the palm of your hand;" But, from side to side of a civilized street, You must sprint with your soul in the soles of your feet. -Life.

-Life

Powell-"Yes: I am on my way to

mother."

AN INDICATION.

"Do you think Biggins will make golf player ?" "He has one of the traits," remarked

the business man. "A disinclination to stick to work in

the afternoons."-Washington Star.

HIS QUALIFICATIONS.

"Why are you going to appoint Blank to that difficult diplomatic post?" "Because I heard him talking to statistics fiend the other day," said the politician, "and he never contradicted him once."—Detroit Free Press.

PERFECTLY PERMISSIBLE. "Yes." admitted the young man modestly, "I have killed several men, but under legitimate circumalways stances.

"Self-defense, eh?" "Well, not exactly. It was in football games.'

WHAT HE WANTED. Patient-"Doctor, let me know the

worst at once." Doctor — "Oh! there's no danger. You'll get well." Patient-"I know that. But what's your bill going to be?" - Cleveland

NOT INTERESTED NOW. "Do you take any interest in rare

and beautiful books?" "No," answered Mr. Cumrox,

used to. But now if you subscribe to an expensive publication people think you did it to keep something out of print."-Washington Star.

AS A PICTURE IS. "Yes," said Mr. Goodley, "she made quite an impression upon me; reminds me of an old-fashioned picture---" "Ah!" interrupted Miss Chellus, "you noticed it, then?"

'Noticed what?" "That she's painted." - Philadelphia Press.

COMPLETELY DISCOURAGED. "There is no use trying to please peo-

ple." said Mr. Dustin Stax. "What is the trouble?"

"If you don't contribute to campaign funds they say you're parsimonious, and if you do they say you're corrupt." -Washington Star.

FATAL.

"How did your wife come to die?" "She was taken suddenly sick." "Yes?"

"And the neighbors sent for me and for the doctor." "Well?"

liam, who does not believe in glossing "Well, the doctor got there first."-Houston Post.

SPORTING BREVITIES. RICH MAN'S HOBBY IS HORSES. An automobile speedway is planned New Yorker's Enthusiasm Far Above

nounced.

James

in exchange for four players.

teed stake of \$20,000.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

mpetition

the Ordinary.

F. Ambrose Clark, stepson of Bishop Potter and an enthusiastic patron of steeplechasing and hunting, for several seasons has aroused the interest of New York racegoers as much by the disregard he seems to have for his neck and bones as for the fair amount of success he has had in riding in open steeplechases. The field-stand idea of Mr. Clark was epitomized at Belmont Park, where the amateur jockey got a bad fall just before the

field stand from his horse The Bowery, when a spectator, probably from the Bowery, remarked, "Just t'ink of him doin' dat and him wort fifteen million b The fall brought to the surface ex

act measurement of Mr. Clark's enthusiasm, for when he found his horse was lame after he caught and remounted him, and he could not go on in the race, the "gentleman jock" walked off to the jockeys' quarters tenderly rubbing his shoulder. friend asked if he had been hurt in the fall, and Mr. Clark responded that he was not sure, but his shoulder felt City. queer. The friend suggested examination to see how serious the injury might be, and Mr. Clark indorsed the plan at once by exclaiming, "That's it, send for a vet." Another suggestion thier. that a surgeon might be better failed. however, and it was a horse doctor

who conducted the examination, which assured the cross-country rider that his bones were intact. A fall at Morris Park a week ago put Mr. Clark out of the running with a broken collarbone, but he has been as constant as ever in his attendance at the steeplechase races there, with undiminished enthusiasm.

WHY HE DIDN'T KNOW PATIENT

She Had Forgotten How Sickness Changes the Appearance.

narriage.service in nine seconds. "Is it possible you don't remember me?" said the healthy, happy-looking young matron as she stepped up to Dr Henry Russell, who was alighting from his carriage in front of a patient's door. There was a shade of annoy ance on the woman's face as she of Mont Blanc. spoke, mingled with a look of grati-tude: "And to think," she continued half reproachfully, "you were the one strike of the assistants. who operated on me for appendicitis, made me take that horrid ether and called every day to ask the other doc tor how I was getting along-and still. you don't know me when you see me on the street. This is the third time I have met you and you never even condescended to bow."

The doctor apologized and said: Really, I have the best reason in the suburbs. world for not knowing you. To be sure I performed the operation, but that was the only time I saw you. Do you realize that a patient in bed, wasted by illness, looks very different animal by hunters. from the recovered patient on the

street? I knew that your eyes and hair are dark, but that's absolutely the only description I could give of you. I did not know whether you were a tall or a short woman. I did not know whether you were naturally a plump or a slight woman. Neither did I know whether you were a vivacious or a phlegmatic sort of person. You must remember that a doctor who has seen you only once or twice in illness

has never seen the real you, but only a shadow of yourself."-New York Press.

The Only Explanation. One well known New York woman

entertain the French fleet recently at Portsmouth expected to receive crosses from the French Government, but they has discovered, like some others of her sex, that it does not pay to be too received only souvenir paper knives. curious. One of the old family re-tainers is a Scotchman named Wil-FROZEN PEACH PUDDING.

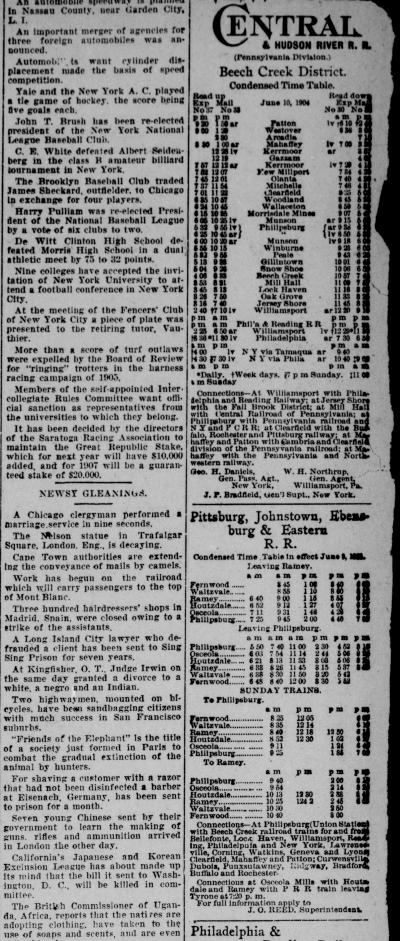
using bicycles.

mittee.

to prison for a month.

Take pint of cream twelve yolks of over the truth for the sake of sparing eggs, half pound of sugar, and a lithis listener's feelings. The woman in grated lemon. Beat this mixture in kettle standing in hot water. When starts to get thick take out of water and beat on in the same kettle. When cold add one pint of puree of fresh peaches and one pint whipped cream Mix easy and fill in moulds with cover. Pack the moulds in ice with ice cream salt well, and freeze four hours. Dip mould in hot water and turn pudding out quickly in deep dish filled with whipped cream. Mix with powdered sugar. You can also decorate pudding. CELERY SALAD WITH NUTS. Use equal parts of celery and English walnuts, and serve on lettuce When ready to serve pour leaves. over the following dressing: Yolk of two eggs, beaten lightly, one-half teaspoontul each of mustard and salt, beaten constantly, four tablespoonfuls melted butter, six tablespoonfuls vinegar. Cook in a double kettle until it thickens. When removed from the fire add the well beaten whites. Before serving add cup of whipped

The British naval officers who helped



NEW YORK

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Philadelphia & Reading Railway.

Engines Burn Hard Coal-No Smoke IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1904.

IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1904. Trains Leave Williamsport From Depot, Food of Pine Street. For New York via Philadelphia 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:29, 4:00, 11:30 p. m. Sunday 10:00 a. m., 11:30 p. m. For New York via Easton 10 a. m., 12:20 noon, Sundays 10 a. m., For Philadelphia, Reading, Tamaqua, Maphanoy City, Ashland and all points in Schuyt, kill coal region 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:20, 4 and 11:30 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m., 11:30 p. m.) p. n

Trains for Williamsport:



THOSE AUTOMOBILES

WOULD SOON FIND IT.

Howell-"Are you looking for trou-

the railroad station to meet my wife's

saw Muriel's carriage on the He sipation, smiling under its gold-bed plume. She did not see him, at just as she turned the corner, Mac field, on horseback, rode up to the ide of her phaeton.

Very miserable he called on her that evening. She reached out her little and with great sweetness. For an hour, though the room was full of visitors, she seemed his own again. But she was at the opera with Mac clesfield the next night. True, there was no engagement between himself nd Muriel Day, but Stabrook felt this a complete dismissal. So far through the season he had been her unques tioned escort to the ball and rout Now she had not even consulted his All the sweet, silent converse that they had held received its death

He felt this yet more deeply when they met again. She was kind, but Every unconscious word and look proclaimed a change in her. and brook, loving her sincerely, turned from her and gnashed his teeth

That miserable winter went by. The ash, the sensation, the fascination of New York's gayest season palled and passed, leaving changed lives and any miserable hearts.

"You are ill," said Stabrook's physi "Go into the country for a week of this fine weather.

He went to Snowdon, to the old riveride hotel there, where he had been so appy one summer.

willed it that, in a fortnight. Muriel Day came there with a train of admirers. She must have n a little shocked at the sight of Stabrook's pale face, for he had greatly changed. She showed a marked uneasiness in his presence. I think that even then she was far from indifferent regarding him.

But Macclesfield held her with the power of a man possessed of various fascinations. He had chosen her, he meant to have her-and she believed between punches. "but he's such a liar that she loved him, as he meant her to you can't believe a word he says!"

"And yet-and yet you've wrinkled in spite of it," said this determined old friend, and then she gave Lydia Graham's flushed cheek a consoling kiss .-- Youth's Companion.

An All-Inclusive Charity.

The two churches of Coldville were not on the best terms with each other. The clergymen were friendly, but a spirit of-rivalry animated most of the members, and the two societies seldom united for any purpose, religious, charitable or social.

Mirs. Harmon, a recent acquisition to the town, joined the North Church, where she speedily proved herself valuable in many ways

"She's got what I call a wonderful lot of grace," said one of the other members to her husband. "Why, if you'll believe me, William, she seems to love everybody. 'Tisn't only her friends in the church and the neighbors: she actually speaks as if she felt real pleasant toward the members of the South Church. I couldn't get her to say one single thing against any of them !"-Youth's Companion.

Could Not Trust Him.

After a wordy argument in which neither scored, two Irishmen decided to fight it out. It was agreed, says the Washington Post, that when either said "I've enough" the fight should cease.

After they had been at it about ten minutes one of them fell and immedi-ately yelled, "Enough! I've enough!" But his opponent kept on pounding him until a man who was watching them said:

"Why don't you let him up? He says he's got enough.'

"I know he says so," said the victor,

"I have always noticed," remarked the man who comments on things 'that wise men are generally the quiet est.'

"True," replied Senator Badger, "al though there are times when a fool knows enough to be silent."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

A MATTER OF LOCALITY. Curious Person-"Does it cost much to run one of these things?

Owner of Automobile-"Well, on one or two occasions it has cost me as

high as \$25 a minute. It depends on the town you happen to be running in."-Chicago Tribune.

IMPROBABLE, AT LEAST.

Hewitt-"I want to tell you about an dventure I had last night. Jewett-"Is this a true story?" Hewitt-"Sure."

Jewett-"Then go ahead."

Hewitt-"I stopped to pay a bill Jewett-"I thought you said it was

true story."-From Judge.

SAFE BET.

Mrs. Jawback-"Get right away from here, you nasty tramp, or I'll call my husband." Oliver Mudd-"G'wan! Yer husban ain't at home." Mrs. Jawback-"How do you know?

Oliver Mudd-"Husbands of women like you never are at home, 'cept for meals."-Cleveland Leader.

UP-TO-DATE HONESTY.

"And now, my son," said the bank president, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon you. Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best." "Yes, father," said the young man. "And, by the way," appended the gray peard, "I would urge you to read up a little corporation law. It will amaze you to find how many things you can

do in a business way and still be honest."

ostion + although no of con siderable charm of manner, is not a beauty and knows it. Her husband, recently deceased, was a remarkably handsome man, and his wife was on of his sincerest admirers. One day when she was looking at her hus band's picture on the mantel in the sitting room William was fussing around the grate and in a moment of impulse she asked:

'William, what do you think made such a handsome man as Col. S. marry such a plain woman as me?"

William looked from the portrait to

the speaker, meditated a second, and answered: "Must have been God's will ma'am.

Mother Love. He was deformed and ill, I know; From birth, poor lad, he had been I always dressed him, but one day A gentle friend led me away. 50

A little while, she whispered, "Now, Let us go in, dear, and see how— How nice he looks." I looked at him In broidered white—my eyes grew dim.

To weep for him, they said, was wrong That he would never have been strong But always ailing, frail and weak; I listened, patient, crushed, and meek.

And answered not until the word, "A burden," I distinctly heard; At that my throbbing mother breast, Where once those wee, pale lips pressed.

Revolted—I cried out, "No, no; Say, if you will, 'tis better so, A thousand times and more, but I, His mother, dares that charge deny.'

My other children standing near Are beautiful, beloved, and dear; But him, by sacred, strange enthrall, I loved the best, the best of all. —Kathleen Kavanagh in New Orlean Picayune.

Didn't Work.

Mr. Cleverly-I have a great joke on my wife. I've just bought her a hat for \$5, and had it sent home with a \$15 price mark on it. She'll never know the difference!

Mrs. Cleverly (later)-Harold, dean I guess I would better buy my own hats after this. I could have done a good deal better for \$15. You've been Why, I saw awfully cheated. very same hat in the window with a

\$5 mark-on-it.-Detroit Free Press.

Pennsylvania Railroad. In effect May 29, 1904.

Main Line

cream.

Leave Cresson—Eastward. Sea Shore Express, week days....... Harrisburg Express, (as Sun.)....... Main Line Express, daily..... Philadelphia Accom., (ex Sun.)..... Day Express. Mall Express, daily... Fastern Express...... Sundays.....

Leave Cresson-Westward.

Sheridan Accom., week days. Pacific Express, daily...... Way Passenger, daily..... 8 10 a m 707 pm 756 pm

In effect May 29, 1904.

Leave Patton-Southward. Train No. 708 at 6:50 a. m. arriving at Cresson at 7:50 a. m. at 7:50 a. m. Train No⁻⁷⁰⁹ at 3:38 p. m. arriving at Cre at 4:25 p⁻m.

m. Leave Patton-Northward. Train No. 704 at 10:47 s. m. arriving at Ma-haffay at 11:53 s. m. aud at Gien Campbell at 2015 s. m. Train No. 706 at 6:67 p. m.

Trains for Williamsport: Leave New York via Easton 4, 9:10 a. m. 1:20 p. m. Sundays 4:25 a. m. and 1 p. m. Leave New York via Philadelphia 12:15, 4:25 6:00, a. m., 2:00 and 7:00 p. m. Sundays 12:15 m., 4:25 a. m., 1:00 and 9 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 4:36 m., 8:36 and 10:20 a. m., and 4:35 p. m., and 1:50 p. m. Sundays 4, 9:00 a. m., 6:06 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. Through coaches and parlor cars to and from Philadelphia and New York. Tickets can be procured in Williamsport af the City teket office and at the depot, foot af Pine Street. Baggage checked from hotels and residences direct to destination. EDSON J. WEEKS, neral Passenger Agent Ger A. T. DICE, General Superintendent. Reading Terminal, Philadelphis. Parlor Cars on all express trains. Huntingdon & Broad Top Mt. Railroad. In effect Sept. 7, 1903. outhward

Train No. 1 (Express) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas at 8:55 a.m., arriving at Mt. Dallas at 10:20 a.m. Train No. 3(Mail) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas at 5:55 p.m. arriving at Mt. Dallas at 7:30 p.m.

Train No. 7, (Sundays only) leaves Hunting don for Mt. Dallas at 8:35 a.m., arriving at M Dallas at 10:05 a.m. & All trains make connections at Mt. Dal-las for Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

us for Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md. Northward. Train No. 4 (Mail) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 9:33 a. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 11:10 a. m. Train No. 2 (Fast Line) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 5:15 p. m. Train No. 5, (Sundays only) leaves Mt. Dallas (sol p. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 5:15 p. m. Train No. 5, (Sundays only) leaves Mt. Dallas (sol p. m., arriving at 4:00 p. m., arriving at 5:30 p. m.

All trains make close connections with R. R. both east and west at Huntingdon. CARL M. GAGE, General Manager

According to Dorothy.. Dorothy is a sweet little maid of two and a half. Her father never carries a cane, and when a caller came in with one, one day, she was ob-served standing before it rapt in contemplation.

"Well, Dorothy," said her mother, "what's that?'

Dorothy looked up with a puzzled expression. "Umbwella wivout any clothes on," said she.-Lippincott's Magaziza

British knows sense fresh v but wil Ten y Board up a scl ing pout the We ing my mercial tente" holder

prosper I dul within ing offic "Egg market buy the in mak which a Well. ter. 1 sested