

ALL THE WORLD.

Maid, do you recall the place Where the tortoise waters race Downward, downward, to the sea In an effort to be free?

They were there, the sky's own blue, Little flocks of sunshine, too; Every deep and grumbling pool, Umber-shaded nooks and cool, Silver-banded swaying birch, All were there; each vale and steep, All the torrents rush and leap!

Sir Humphrey Potter's First Love.

BY HAROLD OLSON.

MANY people considered that the time had come when Sir Humphrey Potter, with his wealth and his title, should take a wife. Some of these had daughters. They were only anxious for the dear girl's happiness. No one, however, cared to speak to him on such subjects as love and marriage. He would have thought them frivolous.

It was never frivolous. It was only possible to interest him in serious matters; business transactions for preference; politics, on which he had decided views, in his lighter moods. It was difficult to conceive of him as a lover. His tall, portly form seemed always to require about it the red mahogany and shining leather of his office. Laughter, while in conversation with Sir Humphrey, seemed out of place. It was, said an irreverent person, as the cracking of thorns under a Potter.

Mrs. Latimer had described him as "portentous." She owned that the exact meaning of the word had escaped her for the moment, but she had an inner consciousness that it contained an exact description, and she was not to be moved by any dictionary person.

He was a self-made man. That was evident. No one else would have troubled to make him. However, he stated the fact constantly. He was enormously rich, and had obtained a knighthood by judicious philanthropy. He did not pay large salaries to his clerks, but when a fund was started at the Mansion house he pressed nobly to the front. Presiding nobly to the front—people can see you when you are there—had made him what he was—Sir Humphrey Potter.

Young ladies had been wont to call him, in the course of private conversation, "a fat pompous beast." The course of private conversation does not always run smoothly. Now he was "dear Sir Humphrey."

It was on a beautiful, warm morning in July that Sir Humphrey cautiously lifted one bath of his bedroom blind and peered out. He was not anxious to be seen. He was a man of great dignity of presence (his tailor, to whom he paid cash, had often told him so), but he felt he did not look his best at that particular time. His hair fell in a fringe over his forehead—which did not suit him—and his face shone with the perspiration engendered by a hot July night. It also revealed the refining touch of a razor. The fat, frowsy man in the long white shirt (he clung to the old fashions), with big, bare feet and rumpled hair, was as ridiculous and unpleasant to the eye as Sir Humphrey Potter, an hour later, would be dignified and imposing.

It was not for the purpose of observing the beauties of nature that he thus delayed his toilet, but rather that he might watch Miss Latimer, the daughter of his old friend and present host, and her cousin, Clarissa, who were walking in the garden. They were enjoying the fresh morning air; Clarissa, for the sake of the thousand delicate scents that mingled with it and the sweet, glad song of the birds; Miss Latimer chiefly for the sake of her complexion. She did not care much for the songs of the birds; she preferred music from the comic operas. And as for the delicate scents of the waking flowers—she had been known to purchase patches.

Miss Latimer's whole attention was at that period of her existence engrossed by her numerous love affairs. Her talk was of young men. Her great purpose was to obtain a husband; if young and handsome, so much the better, but the only indispensable adjunct was wealth. She was little, plump and pretty, with beautiful eyes that she could use effectively on every young man. These walked with her, talked with her (she would giggle at remarks that should have been received with a cold silence), and flirted with her.

She was called "Flo." It seemed a necessary consequence. There are many noble, stately women in the world named Florence, but it would seem an insult to address them as "Flo." However, the name suited Miss Latimer to perfection.

And Clarissa? A tall, slender girl, bearing herself with a natural grace and dignity that little Flo, push herself out and pull herself in as she might, could never imitate.

Miss Latimer's young-men friends (she called them "the boys") thought her cousin Clarissa stuck up. They told each other so. But a smile from her would have brought any one of them to her feet. To be favored of one of the stand-offish appeals strongly to masculine vanity. Besides, she was really beautiful, and as nice as a girl who loves to be a lady is to a man who loves to be gentleman. But she could not be considered "good fun."

When the two girls disappeared along the path that led down to the river, Sir Humphrey dropped the lath of the blind and proceeded to build up his dignity of presence.

He had made up his mind. He would marry Clarissa. His life had been a series of disappointments, and he

could not pay the bill.

It was a curious coincidence—that is to say, it may have been a coincidence—that Mr. Latimer said to him, as they smoked a cigar together after breakfast that morning: "You ought to marry, Potter."

"Well, I can't say I haven't thought of it," answered Sir Humphrey. "I feel at times I want something to cheer me up—to take my thoughts off the work when I'm at home."

He spoke as if he intended to buy a banjo. "You want to find the right girl, and then you'll never regret it. And you won't make a mistake—that ain't your way, we all know, Potter."

Sir Humphrey had money in Mr. Latimer's business. "You can hardly realize," continued Mr. Latimer, "the rest and pleasure a tired man can find in woman's talk, if it's lively and chatty."

Here Mr. Latimer artistically lost himself in reverie, emerging presently with a sigh. "How I shall miss my daughter Flo when she gets married! So bright and jolly—such a capital companion! We're always together."

The feeling of a doting parent had carried him away. He was not always with his daughter. She saw to that. "It needs consideration, Latimer," said Sir Humphrey, and then, a little abruptly, turned the conversation to other topics.

But by lunch-time Mr. Latimer had calculated to a nicety the minimum cost of the transfer of his daughter Flo to Sir Humphrey Potter. He would, he decided, strongly advise a quiet wedding (had not Flo's aunt died within the year?) but he had strong misgivings that that young lady would like the thing done in style. She would be sure that dear auntie would not wish any difference to be made.

In the afternoon Sir Humphrey sat with Miss Latimer on the lawn, until she suggested the summer house by the river as being the coolest, darlingest place, and providing awful fun watching the people in the boats. "They're all in love with each other, and so funny to watch! Do come, dear Sir Humphrey!"

Clarissa had been sent to the shops to match wool for Mrs. Latimer. Mr. Latimer had thought the walk would do her good. The thermometer registered 80 degrees in the shade.

Sir Humphrey passed the time pleasantly by instructing his companion in the method of making money on the stock exchange. She understood everything, so wonderfully did he explain things. She said so.

He had endeavored to enlarge Clarissa's mind on the same subject on the day previous. She had not understood him. Sir Humphrey had no doubt of that.

She had made a foolish remark to the effect that she preferred the methods of burglars. They, at least, took their chance of getting caught by a policeman or shot by the man they were robbing.

In the evening, when the moon was just clear of the tree tops, Clarissa walked down to the river to meet her cousin. It was at the urgent request of that young lady she did so.

"I've promised Gus to go for a moonlight row, but pa must think you'll go with me. He don't mind my being late, then," she said, as they left the dinner table. "Be sure you're there at nine, so that we can come in together, and don't let pa see you alone."

So while pa sipped his port in after-dinner contentment, Clarissa wandered in the rose garden and dreamed of the lover that was to come.

She did not dream of the lover that was coming. Sir Humphrey finished his cigar and then went out into the garden. Mr. Latimer said to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—but not his port—that he hoped Clarissa would have the sense to come in. Her health was too delicate for the night air.

It was a maxim of Sir Humphrey's that, when your mind was made up to a certain course, it was best to act promptly. He went in search of Clarissa.

He came behind her as she stood on the bank of the river, lost in sweet dreaming. The soft, white gown, made in the quaint, beautiful fashion of a past generation, showed the lines of her graceful figure.

and his business instincts predominant. Sentiment had faded with the moonlight.

He wondered how he could have hesitated. Such a marriage was impossible. "I am very distressed, very distressed indeed, to learn you are in such an unfortunate position," but you must see, of course, that under the circumstances I cannot repeat the offer that I made yesterday evening, an offer that I should not have—that is to say, had I been informed, as I should have been, of the circumstances, I should not have—er—put us both in this position."

Sir Humphrey spoke at civic banquets. "I hope you will let—er—by-gones be by-gones, and remember me as a friend."

Clarissa heard his speech to the end in silence. She had expected it. Now it was her turn. She had long ago realized the perfect self-conceit of the man. He had thought that she was ready to throw herself into his arms, should he choose to open them. She had decided to be tricked and deceived by a girl would be an invaluable lesson to him.

She was only acting for his good. She raised her eyes and looked at him steadily. Then she told him that her father was indeed in a prison. He had been there nearly all his life. It was one of the largest and most important prisons in England.

He was the governor of it—London Sketch. No sincere. Two subway robbers were sitting on a doorstep after their luncheon and looking out on the life of a fashionable thoroughfare.

"Do you know Bill?" said Pat. "If I were worth \$10,000,000 I'd hire you and pay you \$50 a week." "Sure," replied Bill, "and what would you want me to do?"

"Well, you see, I'd buy a \$2,000,000 house and you'd come around in the morning at six o'clock and wake me up." "That's easy enough," Bill answered; "but after a moment he said: 'And is that all the job?'"

Now you're getting down to the fine print. You see, when you wake me up at six o'clock I'd kick you down the stairs and holler after you, 'Git out er here! I don't have to git up! I'm a millionaire!'"

Before Bill could accept the position the whistle blew.—N. Y. Post. Misquoted Quotations. Everybody knows the phrase, "All the world loves a lover." But very few people know that Emerson said it, and that he said it in a slightly different way—"All mankind love a lover." Six people who were tried with this quotation said it came from Shakespeare.

Another case of popular misquotation was pointed out not long ago by Mr. Insworth R. Spofford in a paper called "The Folk Lore of Popular Sayings." He reminded his audience that the phrase, "In time of peace prepare for war," is usually attributed to George Washington. What Washington said was: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." But ages before Washington became first in war and peace, Horace had said, "In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war," and one of the maxims of Publius Syrus may be translated: "We should provide in peace what we need in war."—Youth's Companion.

TROLLEY HOMES. Car Corresponding to the House Built a Possible Development from Present Conditions. Now that trolley cars and sleeping cars on trolley lines are established we may be privileged to speculate a bit as to what will come next as an annex of the broomstick train. Suppose we hazard the guess that it will be the trolley house—first cousin to the house boat, says the Boston Transcript. By the building of spurs and side tracks in delightful spots at country or seaside at a fair and far distance from the main lines resting places for these moveable dwellings could be comfortably managed. At one of them a trolley house might remain for as long a time as convenient was the staying power and when this burning out of the trolley pole might be put in contact with the wire and the trolley house trundled away to pastures new. Of course, this is merely the roughest outline of a possible development of the electric car, but it is the pleasantest part upon which the lay mind can dwell. Details of it, like the securing of suitable drinking water and the training of every tenant of one of these dwellings to be his own motorman may as well be left to the consideration of those whose business it would be to perfect them.

ARAPAHO AND SHOSHONE. Indian Tribes Have Distinctive Designs for the So-Called Parfleches Made by Them. The slight differences of styles which occur are well exemplified in the style of painted rawhide bags or envelopes, the so-called "parfleches," writes Prof. Franz Boas in the Popular Science Monthly. Mr. St. Clair has observed that the Arapaho are in the habit of laying on the colors rather delicately, in areas of moderate size, and of following out a general arrangement of their motives in stripes; that the Shoshone, on the other hand, like large areas of solid colors, bordered by heavy blue bands, and an arrangement in which a central field is set off rather prominently from the rest of the design. This difference is so marked that it is easy to tell a Shoshone parfleche that has found its way to an Arapaho from parfleches of Arapaho manufacture. In other cases the most characteristic difference consists in the place on the parfleche to which the design is applied. The Arapaho and the Shoshone never decorate the sides of a bag, only its flaps, while the tribes of Idaho and Montana always decorate the sides.

Canal Is Profitable. During the month of July, 3,307 vessels, measuring 454,573 register tons net, used the North sea and Baltic canal, against 3,217 ships and 413,466 tons in the same month of 1902. The dues collected amounted to 211,501 marks, against 192,719 marks.

The "Solon Tree" of India. The "solon" of India is a small tree from 10 to 15 feet high, with a tapering stem. The leaves are compound as vegetable and the light spongy wood serves for a variety of purposes, one of the latest being sun-proof hats or helmets. The wood is cut into thin bands and are stuck together and molded into shape. Another recent use for wood is

VANITY OF M

Those Who Are Growing Want to Admit It—Want Show Ability.

"They may talk of the vanity of women all they please," said a car conductor of the Indiana and the other day to a New York reporter, "but I don't believe are any worse than men when it comes to concealing their age. I think vanity a female trait. I've seen a woman who had been weeks on the car changed my mind when I found a man was willing to take the chances of getting a bad hair for the sake, if he was getting old, trying to make it appear he was still spry on his feet. Many an accident for which the company has to pay damages is caused by this masculine vanity."

"A man gets up and I put my hand on the bell rope to stop the car. This is, of course, in the crowded sections of the city, where the car has to go slowly. Well, sure as I put my hand on the rope, two out of five of the men whose joints are getting stiff with age will look sharply at me as if in surprise that I should think they needed to be stopped for, and say raspingly: 'Needn't stop; I'll drop off all right.' They drop off, and sometimes drop hard, too."

"Once when the car was moving slowly past the post office a man who was not a day under 60 even if he was well preserved, got up to get off. I'm a pretty good judge of age, and I reached for the rope.

"What do you think I am, anyway—a cripple?" he asked. "No," I answered, "I'd take you for a Yale student, of course."

"I gave the rope a good tug and the look he gave me when he got off at Thirtieth street showed he resented any insinuation, though it might be in one's line of duty, that he was not as young as he used to be."

PRICE OF HOSPITALITY. People of Better Social Than Financial Status Can't Afford to Accept Invitations in England. The question of tips is perennial. It is especially at this time of the year that it forces itself most prominently into notice, and the awful truth has to be acknowledged that there seems to be no way out of a difficulty which alike besets hostess and guests, says the London World. Hospitality is bought at a price in these days, for the new order renders it possible to open the doors of every great house with golden keys, provided that they are heavy enough and are attached to massive chains; and when guests include millionaires of transatlantic and oriental extraction, how is it possible for hostesses to exercise any control over the tipping system? The result is that everybody is mugged alike. The poor must follow the lead of the rich, and in consequence it often becomes as great a difficulty for men and women of better social than financial status, to accept invitations as to stay at expensive hotels. Yet how is reform to be instituted? This is a social difficulty that it seems impossible to overcome, but at the same time it is one which stands in the way of many agreeable people of both sexes, who dare not in existing circumstances accept invitations, even where they feel they would be most welcome, and where a delightful time would await them.

THE GREEN MORAYS. Very Able Contortionists—Their Tank One of the New York Aquarium's Attractions. "Them fellers must have India rubber backbones," said a visitor at the Aquarium, gazing in as he spoke at the tank of the green morays, which were twisting and contorting and tying themselves up into knots, in a manner that would have made the India rubber man want to quit the business entirely, says the New York Sun.

Seven feet long, the biggest of the three here, and five and six feet, respectively, the other two, the big green morays always attract the big green morays when they are quietest; but when at feeding time, they begin to squirm, then so many people gather around the tank that those at the back can get only occasional glimpses of the giant eel contortionists as they rise high in the tank, to be seen then over the heads of the people in front.

They are doing well, the green morays, all of them feeding well, and they are probably as comfortable here, in their spacious tank at the Aquarium, as they could be anywhere away from the coral caverns they were accustomed to frequent, in the waters of the Isles of Bermuda. They are certainly a great attraction.

SPORT WITH KINKS IN IT. Queer Things That Have Happened to Players of Golf and Cricket in the Field. It is a gorgeous story that comes from the golf links of Cairo, and every good golfer will herafter carry a gun in his bag of clubs if he wishes to overlook no fine points, says the Illustrated Sporting News. For a splendid drive, a Cairo player touched the ball over the distant turf, when to his horrified amazement, a crow swooped down and carried it aloft. The golfer and the caddy put off in chase, the caddy cursing in fluent Arabic. Then, to the delight of the golfer, the crow dropped the ball on the green, and he holed out in two strokes, which put Col. Borgey out of commission. The opponent was threatened with apoplexy. As in the case of the Indian football trick of sticking the ball under his jersey, there was every kind of a rule in the book, except one to cover the unexpected, and the golfer, accordingly, ascribed by his crowship, had to stand. Some years ago in England, before a rule was made to fit a similar emergency in cricket, it happened that a batsman knocked a ball into a tall tree, where it lodged in the crotch of a limb. There was no climbing the tree, and the nearest ax was a half mile away. Before it could be obtained and the tree chopped down, the man with the bat made more than 700 runs, hurtling between the wickets like a human shuttlecock. He stopped scoring runs then, only because he was himself out, and length and trying to get out, he will feebly weary opponent.

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