

IN QUEST OF COPY

By Helen Brandon.

MARTIN VOSSICKER beheld a slender, girlish figure, and a gentle, tender, girlish face, with fair hair and the softest eyes conceivable. A pathetic air of helplessness seemed to envelop her, and this was the magnet that first attracted Martin, being himself an athletic animal of some six feet, and as little like the popular notion of the popular novelist as possible.

She was idling away a summer month with her aunt, Mrs. Randall, at the Manor, where Martin, who lived in an ivy-clad cottage at Saxton, was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor. Thus they met.

When he came to talk to her, he found her less helpless than at first she had conveyed the impression of being—which is often the way with women. Nor were her eyes always as soft and gentle as the first glances from them had seemed to him—which, again, is often the way with women. Those eyes were of a deep brown, widely set and thoughtful, and they had a disconcerting trick of rivetting themselves upon you until their glance appeared to penetrate into the privacy of your inmost thoughts.

Charmed at first, Martin was dazzled presently. He found her bright and witty, with a subtle, scholarly wit which would have pleasantly surprised him in a man, but which he found inexplicable in a woman, for he was one of those who—frequently to their undoing—have a rather low estimate of the intellectuality of the so-called weaker sex.

He went home inspired by a profound admiration for Rose Gerard, and promising himself that, so long as she remained at the Manor, he would find his way there even more often than usual.

He kept that promise so very well that from a frequent he became a daily visitor. He was busy at the time upon one of those anemic novels which had brought him a fair measure of fame with a decadent public, and each afternoon, when his four hours' work—Martin only worked four hours a day—was done, he would stroll over to the Manor for tea.

Saxton waited on tiptoe for the announcement of the engagement of the popular novelist to Mrs. Randall's charming niece. But Saxton was disappointed. Martin Vossicker was certainly making love to Rose, but the love was purely artistic—without yetting of that art which conceals art. For the first time in his career he had come upon an opportunity of making copy out of a real, live person.

He set himself to make it, and she appeared to be assisting him with a degree of verve, sympathy, and understanding which, while it amazed him considerably, pleased him still more. His favorite pose was that of a victim of unrequited love. This the exigencies of his case demanded, for such were the circumstances under which the hero of his anemic novel was laboring. Never for a moment had he permitted himself a hopeful tone.

Rose had fallen a victim to his mental suggestion, and she accepted the situation which characterized—if hardly feminine—readiness. She seemed to play the part he had assigned to her just as he—half consciously only—was playing the part he had assigned to himself. She was capricious, petulant, arch and mocking by turns, but rarely tender, and then it was a tenderness that faded almost as soon as it took shape.

But it was affording Martin something more than amusement. It was equipping him with much rich material. The mental notes he made while in her company he transferred to paper each evening, to be anon molded into his novel. And so his book grew apace, and the frothy brilliancy which his readers had come to look for in his work was reaching in "The Futile Quest" a height to which it had never soared before.

At last the time drew near for Rose's departure from Saxton. The hero of "A Futile Quest" had come to the stage of proposing to the heroine, and Martin had been unable to decide whether to rely purely upon his imagination for that which should be the culminating scene of his book, or whether to avail himself once more of Rose Gerard and to first live through the scene.

He feared this might be driving his copy hunting a little too far; but, on the other hand, the benefits his work might derive from it were—judged by the past—likely to be considerable. He was tempted very sorely.

At last he took his resolve. He would propose to her. He was assured that she was no more in love with him than he was with her. She would be amused by this consummation of all the poses they had hitherto assumed, and he never doubted that she would rise to the occasion.

He made up his mind on his way to the Manor. Opportunity came to him after tea.

"Rose," he said presently—they had come to call each other by Christian names a week ago—"do you know that I am glad you are going?"

"There are certain joys which it is more polite to dissemble than to express," said she, sentimentally.

"It is not a question of politeness," he answered, lugubriously.

"Why are you glad that I am going?" she said. "For my own part, I am sorry."

His hand fastened instantly upon her arm.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked, with sudden fervency.

"Why, of course!" she laughed. "I am very sorry to leave Auntie; she has been so very kind."

He removed his hand from her arm.

"Oh! Mrs. Randall!" he complained. "You can think of everybody but me."

"Why should I think of you, since you confess yourself glad that I am going? Why are you glad?"

He hesitated. For a moment he sat thinking. Then, looking up and encountering the steady gaze of her brown eyes—

"I am glad because"—his voice trembled—"because it is better so; better that I should see no more of you." He dropped his glance. "My lot does not lie in the smooth places of the world," he continued, tragically. "It is not such an existence as I could ask any woman to share. That is why I rejoice that, in a couple of days, we shall have passed out of each other's way of life."

He paused. Somehow, he was not doing at all well. He was beginning to feel ashamed of himself. But it was her hand that now fell upon his sleeve, and her voice quivered slightly.

"Do you mean that you care?" she asked.

Inwardly he groaned. He was not to be allowed to retreat, after all. As he was a gentleman, he could not do so now.

He had overreached himself in his infernal copy hunting, and he must go on although a church and a nuptial service should be at the end of the road he was following.

"That," he faltered, "is what I mean."

There was a pause, during which her soft eyes were lowered and his furtive glance could make nothing of her expression.

"But if that is so," she murmured, "why should you rejoice at my going?"

"Have I not said that it is because my road through life is one which I cannot ask a woman to tread?"

"But if—if she cared?" The brown eyes flashed him a glance that were veiled again.

He trembled. The artistic researches that had lured him into this situation were all forgotten. He felt like one who had trembled into a trap, and his only thought was how he might extricate himself.

"If she cared," he replied, unsteadily, "that would be all the more reason why I should go."

"There speaks no lover," said she, quietly. "It is too cold and calculating. If you really cared, you would make a bid for her, and ask her, at least, whether she were not willing to risk the future with you, whatever it might be. No, Martin, my friend, you have deluded yourself. You do not care; you only fancy that you do."

"You have no feelings!" he exclaimed at last. "I can say of you, as Carlyle said of Ruskin, you are like a beautiful bottle of soda water."

That was their last interview before she left Saxton. His work absorbed him, and he pursued it feverishly until his novel was finished. Then his thoughts reverted to Rose, and the sense of injury returned.

Next the explanation of it came home to him little by little. He was in love with her. It occurred to him to obtain her address from Mrs. Randall, and to follow her. But when he recalled their last words that day at the Manor, he lacked the courage.

"The Futile Quest," by Martin Vossicker, was published in the autumn. A week after its appearance, Martin was in town, and one afternoon at his club an acquaintance thrust a paper under his nose and pointed to a review-article headed, "A Literary Coincidence."

"Have you seen that, Vossicker? You are in good company, anyhow."

Martin, glancing at the article, saw his name coupled with that of Sebastian Rule, an author who had leaped into fame a year ago and whose work was being everywhere discussed. In gathering surprise he perused the article, which ran:—

"We have lighted upon what we think our readers will agree is the most astounding literary coincidence that has ever been recorded. Last week saw the appearance of 'The Idealist,' by Sebastian Rule, and 'The Futile Quest,' by Martin Vossicker. Each of these novels is remarkable for vigor, power, and insight, but more remarkable still for the amazing resemblance that exists between them. It is true that in the matters of plot and mise-en-scene these two works have, perhaps, not much in common; but the characters of the hero and heroine are not only almost identical in each case, but they utter identical sentiments, frequently in identical words, and a fitting climax to this astounding coincidence of thought and expression is afforded by the parting sentence which the hero addresses to the heroine. In both novels we find him taking his leave of her with the words: 'You have no feelings! I can say of you—as Carlyle said of Ruskin—you are like a beautiful bottle of soda water.'"

This was followed by the reviewer's theories and speculations in explanation of this remarkable fact. But Vossicker didn't trouble to read what the reviewer thought. His own thoughts were more than enough for

him just then. He let the paper fall, and reclining in his chair, he gave himself up to the luxury of conjecture. But it proved for once rather more of a torture than a luxury.

He was quick to evolve a theory of his own. Rose must be very intimate with Sebastian Rule, and must have confided in him touching the curiously conducted wooing of his at Saxton.

Having reached that conclusion, Martin rose. He must see Rule at once, and they must discuss what attitude they were to take towards the public, particularly if the seemingly inevitable imputation came to be cast upon their work of having been plagiarized from a common source.

To this end he repaired there and then to Brett and Hackett, Sebastian Rule's publisher's, to ascertain Mr. Rule's address.

"I am glad because"—his voice trembled—"because it is better so; better that I should see no more of you." He dropped his glance. "My lot does not lie in the smooth places of the world," he continued, tragically. "It is not such an existence as I could ask any woman to share. That is why I rejoice that, in a couple of days, we shall have passed out of each other's way of life."

Martin, however, did not care to write. He insisted upon seeing the author of "The Idealists," and in the end he won his way.

Half an hour later saw him on the door step of a pretty villa in St. John's Wood, asking to see Mr. Rule. For some moments he was kept waiting. At last Martin gazed to behold Rose Gerard herself standing before him.

"How do you do?" came her pleasant greeting.

"What are you doing here?" he blurted out.

"I live here with my mother. This is my house."

"But Mr. Rule?" he asked. "I—"

"I am Mr. Rule," she answered, with a quiet, half-wistful smile.

"You?" he cried, in unbelief, "you?" and his fine eyes were opened very wide. "You are Sebastian Rule?"

"Yes," she reassured him, "I am the man." Then, with a laugh, "Don't look so shocked, Martin," she continued. "I know that you find it hard to credit—you, whose opinion of woman's intellectuality is so unflattering to us. But if you will think for yourself, you will see that it could not be otherwise. You have, of course, seen what the 'Daily Wire' says about this literary coincidence. At least, I assume that that is the explanation of your presence here."

Then Martin understood. He understood the verve and sympathy with which she had entered upon those make believe conversations at Saxton. Whist he was making copy of her, she was making copy of him. Each had been posing unconsciously for the other's benefit.

"We have," said he, "made a very charming mess of it."

"Hardly so bad as that," she laughed. "People will wonder and the wonder will advertise our books."

"I was an ass," he acknowledged, with melancholy conviction, and for the moment—as he met her brown eyes—he forgot the literary coincidence. "I was an ass," he repeated.

"No, no," she answered, with soothing politeness.

"But I was," he insisted. "You don't know the worst."

"Tell me," she begged. She was standing close to him. The proximity seemed to affect him. His hand fell upon her arms as it had done that day at Saxton.

"By dint of posing as a lover I became a lover," he blurted out, "and without knowing it. But I found it out after you had gone away, Rose, and I so wanted to come after you. But I didn't dare. I don't suppose that you'll ever forgive me. I'm sure I don't deserve that you should. I behaved—"

"Silly boy, you forget that I was just as bad. If you talk of forgiving you have quite as much to forgive me. And, oh, Martin, I have been punished!" she cried.

"Punished?"

"Just as you have been punished. I acted a part until it ceased to be acting, and—"

"Rose!" he exclaimed, and at that moment the literary coincidence was completely forgotten.

He took her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length, solemnly regarding her.

"It's true, Rose?"

"It's true, dear," said she, "and I think that in future we might collaborate very satisfactorily—don't you?"—London Answers.

THE JAPAN OF EUROPE.

What King Charles of Roumania Has Done for His Country.

Roumania may well be proud to be called the Japan of Europe. She has achieved in the midst of incessant jealousy and opposition much that the free empire of the Far East has accomplished.

But, says the Fortnightly Review, the progress of Roumania, if less great, is perhaps more meritorious even than that of Japan. To a small State, hampered at every turn by Turkish reaction and European greed or ignorance, the opportunities of progress were much less facile than to the island empire of Japan.

But on May 23, 1906, King Charles I. of a free Roumania celebrated his forty years of reign and



King Charles I of Roumania.

saw what was once a Turkish vassal State standing proudly erect among the European nations. Where once was chaos and corruption to-day is an orderly State, bound in friendly alliance with great Powers, and, more important still, an example to the world of peaceful internal development and of a tranquil but persistent foreign policy.

Habits of the London Coster.

London's outdoor man is the coster. He is the Ishmael of our gutters, says the Outlook Magazine. A very jolly Ishmael, it is true, who is more than content to acknowledge the line of demarcation between himself and the true cockney. But, nevertheless, in a modified, twentieth century way, he is still the wild man whose hand is against every man's, and every man's against his.

He is probably the last remnant of the world's old race of wanderers—the last suggestion of the primitive man—left to the cities. He is to us town dwellers what the gypsy is to the countryside. His descent seems to spring from the same roving stock. And he is regarded from a safe distance, with the same contempt by those who don't know him.

His habits and his impulses still savor strongly of the days when tribe warred against tribe, and every man's arm was for himself and his clan. And although his pitch is below the curb, his caravan a barrow, and his beast of burden a Russian pony, a donkey or himself, he is as free and exclusive as any other lusty scion of the people who live under the skies.

Ishmael he is, and Ishmael he chooses to remain. And the chances are ten to one that whoever goes a fishing for information among the barrows will come back with an empty creel or a fine show of fishermen's tales. For your coster knows both how to keep silence and how to use his tongue picturesquely in defense of his jealously guarded traditions and the internal economics of his existence.

Regarding Night Air.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the dangers of the night air. As a matter of fact, what air can we breathe at night but night air? and the choice is between the pure night air from without and the foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in the twenty-four hours.

We could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of the highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told us that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.

Smallest Current Coin.

The natives of the Malay peninsula have the smallest current coin in the world. It is a sort of a wafer, made from the resinous juice of a tree, and is worth about one-twenty-thousandth of a cent. The smallest metal coin in circulation at the present day is the Portuguese three reis piece, worth six one-hundredths of a cent.

Justifiable Whipping.

Professor Barnes' returns from 3,000 California children indicated overwhelmingly that they did not resent whipping as such; any punishment was resented if the child thought he had not had due notice of the consequence or that his excuse had not been sufficiently considered, or other children had been let off more easily; but a scolding that did not satisfy these requirements left more bitterness than a whipping that did.

Never seek advice from a man who pretends to know everything.

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Charles E. Stine, Cleveland.
William Kline, Benton Boro.
Martin L. Garmard, Berwick.
John Corbet, Bloomsburg.
David Keller, Orange Boro.
C. E. Yorks, Sugarloaf.
Harry Wright, Conyngham.
J. O. Ikeler, Orange twp.
Robert Harder, Berwick.
Clark Bogart, Pine.
Judson Christian, Pine.
J. N. Conner, Centre.
John W. Fortner, Centralia.
Wm. Coffman, Bloomsburg.
Peter J. Delmer, Catawissa Boro.
A. F. Hartman, Catawissa Boro.
John Harry, Mt. Pleasant.
John Harry, Mt. Pleasant.
G. P. Wakefield, Berwick.
Charles H. Breisch, Main.
Rauck Patterson, Hemlock.
John R. McAnall, Berwick.
- FIRST WEEK.**
Z. A. Butt, Benton Boro.
David Faust, Montour.
George Whitenight, Madison.
Harry M. Evans, Berwick.
G. LaRue Evans, Millville.
Charles E. Fritz, Berwick.
Elias Stephens, Jackson.
Wm. Custer, Scott.
Elliott Adams, Berwick.
Charles U. Faus, Pine.
Wm. Dennison, Main.
Richard Hess, Main.
Henry F. Rittenhouse, Briarcreek.
Albert Cole, Sugarloaf.
Rush Harrison, Fishingcreek.
Elwood Kanouse, Scott.
Alf. Burlingame, Scott.
Joshua Womer, Locust.
Boyd Hartzell, Main.
R. C. Kindt, Mt. Pleasant.
Jacob Kindig, Berwick.
J. B. M. Bardo, Madison.
Jacob Sones, Jackson.
Heister White, Mount Pleasant.
W. B. Hess, Fishingcreek.
Albert Mummy, Beaver.
John Kelly, Bloomsburg.
Dural Dixon, Berwick.
James M. Hummel, Fishingcreek.
Chester Speary, Cleveland.
Simon R. Kari, Locust.
Samuel W. Baker, Bloomsburg.
Linn Pursel, Millville.
George S. Lee, Madison.
Henry Loux, Berwick.
S. E. Rucke, Orange twp.
John W. Lewis, Bloomsburg.
A. R. Henrie, Mifflin.
Howard Oman, Mt. Pleasant.
J. D. Henry, Orange Boro.
J. H. Townsend, Scott.
Lloyd Appleman, Benton Boro.
Charles O. Moist, Madison.
John W. Masteller, Bloomsburg.
Taylor Rucke, Montour.
Valentine Stout, Sugarloaf.
Alfred B. Cole, Millville.

- SECOND WEEK.**
Howard Pursel, Bloomsburg.
L. E. Schwartz, Bloomsburg.
Edward Levan, Conyngham.
J. E. Sands, Mt. Pleasant.
John G. Laubach, Sugarloaf.
Boyd Fry, Bloomsburg.
Evan Buckalew, Benton Boro.
Bruce Calauder, Briarcreek.
Aaron Trentler, Conyngham.
Charles Berger, Catawissa Boro.
Lorenza D. Rohrbach, Franklin.
Joseph Heacock, Greenwood.
Charles Smith, Madison.
Isaac Martz, Briarcreek.
Adam Brocius, Catawissa Boro.
Wesley Smith, Mt. Pleasant.
Pierce Keifer, Centre.
G. W. Vanlieu, Fishingcreek.
Mordical Youm, Jackson.
Iram D. Pittal, Pine.
Daniel Derr, Mifflin.
Jessie O. Edwards, Berwick.
Joe Hippenstedt, Scott.
C. W. McKelvy, Bloomsburg.
Freas Hunsinger, Berwick.
Thos. Mensch, Catawissa twp.
Elias Geiger, Montour.
Clarence F. Redline, Mifflin.
- CASTORIA.**
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hatcher
- Never seek advice from a man who pretends to know everything.

Robbins Are Killed by the Thousand.

State Game Commissioner Kalbfus has been receiving letters from all over the State calling attention to the great slaughter of spring birds that come with the mild weather, by foreigners. The killing of robins has been the largest ever known since March mild weather began.

Dr. Kalbfus received a letter from a prominent citizen of St. Mary's, Elk county, saying that a band of fifty foreigners, armed with all kinds of guns, have killed thousands of robins in Elk county this spring and are still depredating. He asks if nothing can be done to stop the slaughter.

In view of the fact that the killing is done entirely by foreigners, Dr. Kalbfus will endeavor to have reconsidered in the House the defeated bill preventing foreigners from having firearms in their possession.

Nature's Way Is Best.

The function-strengthening and tissue-building plan of treating chronic, lingering and obstinate cases of disease as pursued by Dr. Pierce, is following after Nature's plan of restoring health.

He uses natural remedies, that is extracts from native medicinal roots, prepared by processes wrought out by the expenditure of much time and money, without the use of alcohol, and by skillful combination in just the right proportions.

Used as ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot and Stone root, specially exert their influence in cases of lung, bronchial and throat troubles, and this "Discovery" is, therefore, a sovereign remedy for bronchitis, laryngitis, chronic coughs, catarrh and kindred ailments.

The above native roots also have the strongest possible endorsement from the leading medical writers, of all the several schools of practice, for the cure not only of the disease named above but also for indigestion, torpor of liver, or biliousness, obstinate constipation, kidney and bladder troubles and catarrh, no matter where located.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

Blobs—"All a man should want is fair play." Slobbs—"Yes; but he generally wants to be the judge as to its fairness."

MANY SUFFERERS from nasal catarrh say they get splendid results by using an atomizer. For their benefit we prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Except that it is liquid it is in all respects like the healing, helpful, pain-allaying Cream Balm that the public has been familiar with for years. No cocaine nor other dangerous drug in it. The soothing spray relieves at once and cure is certain. All druggists, 75c., including spraying tube or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.