How Nugent Emulated Maeterlinck By KEITH GORDON

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.] UGENT was in despair. For three weeks he had been trying to ask Virginia Dinsmore that pointed and personal question that should decide matters between them, and for three weeks he had been held back by an invisible but impassable barrier.

Ralph Merton, of course, was always hanging about her, but that gentleman, Nugent assured himself, was neither invincible nor insuperable. The thing symbolically? But how? that he was afraid of was less Merton than the long, mystical discussions that the two held concerning the meaning of certain modern writers whose very names were strange to himself. So, procuring a few volumes of Maeterlinck, he determined to prepare himself to "trot in the same class" with her, as his horsy friend, Michaels, would have termed it.

Clad in an old coat whose pockets sagged delightfully, his feet thrust into slippers whose original shape and color could only be guessed at and fortified by his beloved pipe, he settled down one evening and solemnly opened the first volume of Maeterlinck that his hand fell upon.

But, though he made an honest effort, the atmosphere of his comfortable bachelor quarters, whose golf clubs,



MISS DINSMORE APPROACHED HER LATEST POSSESSION.

pipes, swords, riding crops, etc., displayed themselves with masculine variety and confusion, did not seem conductive to the study of the modern mystic. Horse and dog pictures looked down on him, and pictures that were neither of these noble animals testified somewhat frivolously to the existence of the eternal feminine. Rows of smartly bound volumes filled the low bookcases decorously, bearing witness to their owner's aspirations, while his actual achievement was evidenced by the litter of magazines and several dog eared Kipling books upon his library table. Obviously it was not a Maeterlinck room.

"Good Lord!" he groaned at last. "Good Lord! And to think that she can read such slush as this when there are horses to ride, good golf to play and men to talk to!" For one passing moment a doubt of Virginia's common sense assailed him but only for a mo ment. Not even Maeterlinck could them all the poetry of Nugent's strong, make him disloyal to her. Besides, it must mean somethingall this endless dialogue in which fear whitened men and women echoed each her lips. other's words to the accompaniment of shrieking winds and ghostly moans in a greenish gray light that never existed outside a melodrama. Surely noman would write all this stuff without meaning something. But that was just it-what? "You may search me!" growled Nugent, throwing aside the second volume with a disgusted air and refilling his pipe. "If I've got to stand above ninety in Maeterlinck before I can win Virginia-well, I might just as well give up right now!" Then Virginia's face, her eyes alight with interest, rose before him. That, he remembered perfectly, was the way she looked as she listened to Merton's conversation, and for the first time he felt a sharp pang of jealousy of the man. stood and even found interesting what here for the device you must sit on the man!" he could not read, much less compre-hend, goaded him. In a meeker spirit than was usually his he tried tentatively to get some points on the maddening Maeterlinck from Virginia. "It's symbolical, you know," she explained a trifle vaguely, regarding him with a lazy question in her eyes. It was so unlike Peter Nugent to be yearning for book talk that she was curious. "Everything stands for some thing," she added, as if that made the matter entirely clear. "But tell me," retorted Peter, "what is the use of having everything stand for something? Why doesn't the man say what he means and be done with it? Miss Dinsmore had no answer for this pertinent question, and, seeing his advantage, her stalwart admirer continued:

"I see!" he ejaculated slowly. "I see at last! The gentlemen write in cipher, just as we send secret messages in business, and it doesn't mean a thing unless you understand the cipher. 'Dog pigment chair' doesn't sound very in-telligible to you, does it?" He waited a moment; then as Miss Dinsmore shook her head he went on:

"And yet I sent that very message to a firm yesterday in a matter involving the investment of thousands of dollars. And they understood, just as you and Merton understand your Maeterlinck code!" he concluded airily, while Miss Dinsmore studied him with a new in-

practical minds were keen enough once they got the point of view. Meanwhile Peter Nugent went his laughed at his own failure. way with a curious exhilaration. At

last, he felt, he was catching up with fire on Virginia's head by asking it

. It was the Saturday before Easter. tend to live there." All the afternoon the bell of the Dinsmore mansion had been ringing with monotonous regularity, which kept the chest, supporting his chin in his hand and gazing off toward the blue Chesa-Buttons at the door at work like an automaton.

"Gee whiz!" he soliloquized as he took in an azalea almost as large as himself. "Miss Virginia must be de de up the avenue of pines, looking dewhole t'ing, judgin' by dese Easter lightedly about her.

greetin's." The very last offering to arrive came the Buttons, wearled out, was dozing one over there." Beauties with stems as long as tele-graph poles. It was therefore with a somewhat bored and chastened air that

in a low chair she sat reading "Monna Vanna."

"Open it, Thomas," she commanded as he removed the enwrapping tissue paper. But at sight of the object he lifted out of the box a moment later paradise. all her languor disappeared, and she ut-

It was a huge nest, upon which a bantam hen-soft, white and with matronly, alert yellow eyes-sat with non- the owner of the place-Adam Peyton chalant grace. Tucked under the edge Randolph.'

of one wing was an envelope. Buttons did his best, but it was poor. With a guffaw as involuntary as it termined I should not buy Sunny

his hand over his mouth, fled from the

Having read it, she sank into a chair,

Dear Virginia-I call you that because I know instinctively that symbolists have no use for formality. The Easter gift that I am sending may at the first flash seem bizarre, but when I explain that it is a symbolic offering you will under-stand. It is as symbolic as anything Maeterlinck ever dared to do, and I inter-pret it to you heaving in this particular.

pret it to you because in this particular case I fancy that I can do better than Merton himself. Merton himself. The nest—what is it but the home that I would offer you? The egg therein— please notice that it's been made beastly ugly—stands for me, and, as with me, you will have to get beneath the shell to find for smal eignificance. The her that is sit. its real significance. The hen that is si its real significance. The hen that is sit-ting upon the egg in the nest-I come now to my liveliest bit of symbolism, a touch that I pride myself upon-typifies my frightened expectation of being "sat upon" when this simple effort of my imagination reaches you! Be merciful, then, to P. N.

Weak with laughter, the recipient of this extraordinary missive approached the table once more and gingerly removed the hen, half expecting an an gry, clucking protest. There in the nest, sure enough, was an egg bearing an ugly caricature of Nugent, which crumbled in her fingers as she clutched

ADAM AND EVE By Otho B. Senga

Copuright, 1904, bu Otho B. Senga

Adam-Adam Peyton Randolph lay stretched at full length under a dwarf pine tree. He was big and blond and prinsmore studied him with a new in [good to look at. He sang "Oh, Mary-terest. After all, she reflected, these and the sang "Oh, Mary-land, My Maryland!" in a heavy bass which was not at all musical and then

"I reckon I wasn't around when singing voices were being distributed," Merton. Since he had the important question to ask, why not heap coals of that's what makes it paradise! How a woman would spoil all this! I hope the

new owner of Sunny Slope doesn't in-He turned over lazily and lay on his peake, from which the breeze brought the bracing saltiness of the inland sea. His Eve was coming, but of this he

was blissfully unaware. She saunter-"A perfect paradise!" she murmur-

ed. "I wonder if my land ends with about 9 o'clock in the evening, when my driveway, or does it extend to that at his post and dreaming that he sent rosebushes and entered the debated She pushed her way between the Sadie Flaherty a bunch of American territory, wandering almlessly along, singing softly and caressing the rose she had plucked in passing.

At an unexpected turn she almost he carried the package that was hand-stumbled over the long, sprawling legs ed in up to Miss Virginia's room, where of Adam Peyton Randolph.

"Oh, pardon me!" she gasped in confusion. "I did not know"- And then, summoning the courage of possible poslanguidly, laying her book face down- session, she demanded, "Doesn't this ward in her lap and watching him idly strip of land belong to Sunny Slope?" "No, madam," replied the recumbent one gravely. "It belongs to Peyton's

tered an exclamation of amazement. her. "So this really is paradise, is it? And where are Adam and Eve?" "There is no Eve, madam. Adam is

> "Oh, yes, I know. He is the horrid, cantankerous old thing who was so de-

was hearty he deposited the nest and Slope. My agent told me how this old its occupant upon a table and, holding

room. Miss Dinsmore approached her latest possession and removed the note, saving, "Who under the sun"-

tears of merriment streaming from her eyes, for this was what she read:

FUSION. miser kept bidding and bidding until I it, releasing a scrap of paper that fluttered back into the nest. ed but a few v The "old miser" sat up with sudden sane nature had been compressed, and interest. with a little catch of the breath Miss "Oh, then you are Miss Endicott? I Dinsmore pressed the slip of paper to am so glad! I feared it was a northerner who had bought the dear old place." The book that she had been reading "What possible difference could that had fallen to the floor. With the tip of make?" curiously. her toe she gave it a disdainful little "Oh, a great deal," vaguely. "I do kick as she fluttered across the room to not want them here." "May I ask," with sudden hauteur, her writing desk, "why it should interest you?"

set with jealous rage. Hot with southern anger, he had accused the girl of trifling with him, of making him the sport of her summer pastime when she had no heart to give him.

She had stood, straight and tall and white, looking in her clinging white gown like his boyhood's idea of a

Then she spoke, and her voice was cold and touched Adam's heated imagination like sharpened icicles.

"I should certainly never give an man something for which he had not asked." And, turning, she had disappeared down the path leading away from paradise.

Man-like, it was hours before Adam realized the true meaning of her words. Then he had hastened to Sun-

"Miss Eve done gone," the old mam my had said. "Her 'n' Massa Pratt done gone together. No, Miss Eve neb ber said as when she'd come back.'

He had wandered through the beau tiful grounds of paradise, visiting the "Rosary," where he had fostered and trained the most glorious beauties that Eve might have her choice each day of the glad, sweet summer, realizing with a sharp pang that the whole place seemed to share in the loneliness that possessed his heart. Without Eve par-

adise itself were desolation. Now in the soft twilight he stood at the garden gate looking toward the dim old mansion half hidden in the

pines at Sunny Slope. He caught a glimpse of a light in her window. Mammy was likely putting

the room to rights. "Oh, Eve!" he cried, stretching out his arms toward the faintly gleaming light. "Eve, darling, how could I be so blind and so unjust when I love you

so-I love you so?" A quick, light step sounded on the garden path, and a slender, white clad figure rushed wildly toward him. "Adam, oh, Adam!" she panted.

tried to go away, but I couldn't. Am I too late, Adam? Is the gate closed to paradise?"

And he held her in his strong arms, whispering tenderly: "It could never be too late, Eve. We will go together

OLD AND NEW COINS.

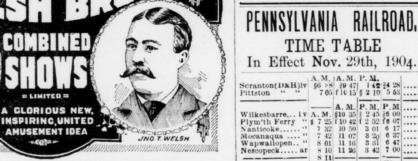
Interesting Facts About Coinage at the Different Mints.

The director of the mint is called or to answer such a wide range of questions concerning the values of old and new coins and medals that he has found it necessary to issue circulars covering matters of this sort. They tell some interesting facts. It appears that the mint does not buy old coins or paper money except some rare colonial coins in fine condition, which are de sired for the mint cabinet. Mutilated or uncurrent United States gold and silver coin is purchased as bullion. The mint has no pattern pleces for sale. The government pays no premium for the return of any of its coins or pa-per money. New coins cannot be struck until authorized by an act of congress. The mint supplies United States coins only and not of any past date. The fifty dollar goldpiece and the half dollar and quarter dollar pieces in gold were struck by private parties on the California coast during the 1849 period and not by the United States government.

eased in the years named: Half and cent, copper, in 1857; 1 cent, nickel, 1864; half dime and 3 cents, silver, and 2 cents, bronze, in 1873; 20 cents, siler, 1878; trade dollars, 1883; \$1 and \$3, gold, and 3 cents, nickel, 1889. The Columbian half dollar was coined n 1892 and the Isabella quarter in 'OH, PARDON ME!" SHE GASPED IN CON-

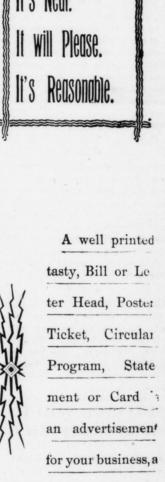
had to pay twice what the place is United States coin that enable the it all other mints are distinguished by small letter on the reverse, near the ottom. These letters are C for Charotte, N. C., discontinued in 1861; CC for Carson City, Nev., discontinued in 1893; D for Dahlonega, Ga., discontin-ued in 1861; O for New Orleans and S for San Francisco. The coins of the United States now authorized by law "secause-well," rising and holding are: In gold, double eagle, eagle, half out a big hand cordially, "because, Miss Endicott, I am the 'horrid, canagle, quarter eagle; in silver, half dol ar, quarter dollar and dime; minor, ! tankerous old thing,' Adam Peyton ent, nickel, and 1 cent, bronze. A per-Randolph, at your service, and I con-fess to a decided preference for southson may buy a proof set of gold coins from the mint for \$38.50 and a proof ern women. I hope we shall be friends." et of silver and minor coins for \$1.50. She put her slender hand in his de-When the business of the mints is murely. "I am very sorry," with pre-tense of contrition, "but, you see, I slack medals may be struck from dies furnished by individuals, public insticouldn't help being born in Massachututions and incorporated societies at a "A thousand pardons, Miss Endicott, charge sufficient to cover the cost of the operation and the value of the metal.-Brooklyn Eagle.





 $\begin{array}{c} \text{A. M. } \\ \text{Big} \\ \text{Big} \\ \text{Big} \\ \text{Big} \\ \text{Big} \\ \text{Based} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{Ing that of the unveiling of the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{In 1899, the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{In 1899, the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{In 1899, the memory} \\ \text{In 1899, the date on the coin (1900) be} \\ \text{For MERS AND ACTS. 200 FINEST HORSES EVER EXHIBITED. A Rajah \\ \text{Prize Herd of Huge Sagaaious Elephants. Only Genuine BOVOLOPUS in Capplate they a Score of the World's Best Riders. Dexterous Dare Devil Aeerialists. 20 \\ \text{Clowns that can amuse intelligently. Drove of Performing Camels. A Coterie \\ of Mid-Air Cycle "Thrillers." astimes of the Wild West SMALLEST BABY \\ \text{ELEPHANT IN THE WORLD. Tons of other Curious Creations. \\ \text{A tother the distinguished by} \\ \text{For Mersony} \\ \text{F$ Sumptuous Free Street Parade at 10 A. M. All New Ideas, New Wardrobe, New Accessories, Etc. Fully a Mile in Length. DON'T MISS IT. The Home Paper of Danville. Of course you read DEOPLE'S THE OPULAR APER.

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The coinage of the following coins

She laughed gayly and looked about into paradise."

"What would you think of me if I employed symbols instead of plain, eteryday English?"

simple way of disposing of a great modern writer and his cult.

"I'm afraid I should think you were off your head, Mr. Nugent," she replied with the frankness of long acquaintance

"That's just what I think of Maeterconquered or crushed and leaning to-ward the last named alternative.

Still, he could not give up. It seemed to him preposterous that a fellow like Merton should understand things which he, Nugent, could not, especialgave him the advantage of Virginia's open interest and appreciation. It was not a thing to be borne quietly.

"Perhaps we understand it more clearly than you do," she acknowledged. And that "we" that put her and Merton together on one side of the question as opposed to him on the other shook Nugent strangely.

Something of the dismay that he felt showed in his face, and, seeing it, Miss Dinsmore attempted once more to explain the methods of the new school of for you. writers. And her efforts were rewardupon him.

A Menu For the Easter Dinner.

Oysters on Half Shell. Salted Almonds. Olives. Cream of Celery Soup. Fricassee of Belgian Hare. Rice Croquettes. Mashed Potatoes. Fried Eggplant. Bird's Nest Salad.

Cheese Cake. Ice Cream. Angel's Food. Coffee. DINING IN JAPAN.

If It's Your First Japanese Meal You Will Have a Trying Time. If it's your first Japanese dinner

I beg. Your name should have warned you're having a dreadfully hard time. me, but you look so like a southern wo-"I consider that a compliment," smil-

setts."

Japan. You kneel down, and then you turn your toes in till one laps over the "You may well. The southern womother, and then you sit back between en are the most beautiful under the your heels. At first you are quite sun, and I repeat that you look a true

proud to find how well you do it, and southerner." The gravity of his manner saved the you don't think it's so very uncomfortable. But pretty soon you get cramp- remark from the slightest flavor of im ed, and your legs ache as if you had a pertinence, and the girl smiled bright-

toothache in them. You don't say any- ly. thing, because you think that if the "And am I forgiven for being a north-Japanese can sit this way all day long erner and for buying Sunny Slope?" you ought to be able to stand it a few He smiled in friendly fashion, but show ought to be able to stand it a few minutes. Finally both your feet go to his tone was very serious as he re-sleep, and then you can't bear it a plied: "I am sorry I made it hard for moment longer, and you have to get you; but, you see, I really wanted the up and stamp around the room to place. It once belonged to my father. drive the prickles out of your feet, and I was born there. Under pressure of all the little dancing girls giggle at you. This isn't your only trouble ei-ther. All you have to eat with is a pair of chopsticks, and you're in terror was a Peyton," he added proudly.

employed symbols instead of plain, et-eryday English?" His listener laughed outright at this and beds as well. At home it would a Japanese house isn't just the floor; it's the chairs and sofas and tables sorry you failed. I realize that it must

be mortifying enough to go out to din-ner and spill something on the floor, "You had more money than I or ner and spill something on the floor, but in Japan, where people sit and sleep on the floor, it seems even worse. Typing to speak lightly. "However, I So you are unhappy till your little ne-san (who is the waitress and almost thought. Let us be friends anyway, as prettily dressed as the dancing girls, and perhaps you will let me come often

linck," replied her companion dryly, but not quite) comes laughing to your formy birthplace." "You shall play it is yours," cordial-feeling that the writer must either be aid and shows you how to hold your "You shall play it is yours," cordially, "as the children do-they are so chopsticks. After that you manage nicely the rice and the omelet, but the happy 'making believe,' you know. And fish and the chicken you can't contrive will you let me come into your paradise For all kind of Tin Roofing to shred apart without dropping your once in awhile? Your roses are finer

chopsticks all the tinze. So between than mine." "There is a path leading from your dances the maiko-the little girls about ly when Merton's diabolical keenness twelve years old-kneel down beside garden into mine. Come, let me show you and help you. They can't keep it to you. There, this little gate at from giggling at your awkwardness, my end of the path shall be securely but you don't mind; you just glggl, too, and everybody giggles and has fastened back, so," fastening it as he spoke. "And now, whenever you lovely time.-St. Nicholas. choose," with a sudden, strange tender-

stiff In Service.

"Can't yer do a little somethin' fer an old soldier?" whined Tired Tiffins. Three months later Adam stood at the gate of paradise bitterly despondportly citizen. "If you can show your discharge papers, I may do something friendship during the long, bright sum-

"I hain't been discharged yet, boss," ed, for at last a light seemed to break replied the hobo. "It's soldier of for- and suavely spoken senator from the tune I am,"-Pittsburg Post,

The Country.

"What is the country?" asked a dis-trict visitor of a slum child. The quick reply was. "The place where things are alive." Yet many a country boy or girl says, "I wish I were out of this dead place and in the live city." Youth's Companien.

Their Number.

"You must come and see us, my dear," said a lady to a little girl of he: requaintance. "Do you know the num

"Oh, yes," responded the innoce child. "Papa says you always live at

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ness in his tone, "you shall enter into QUALITY THE BEST! ent and unavailingly regretful.

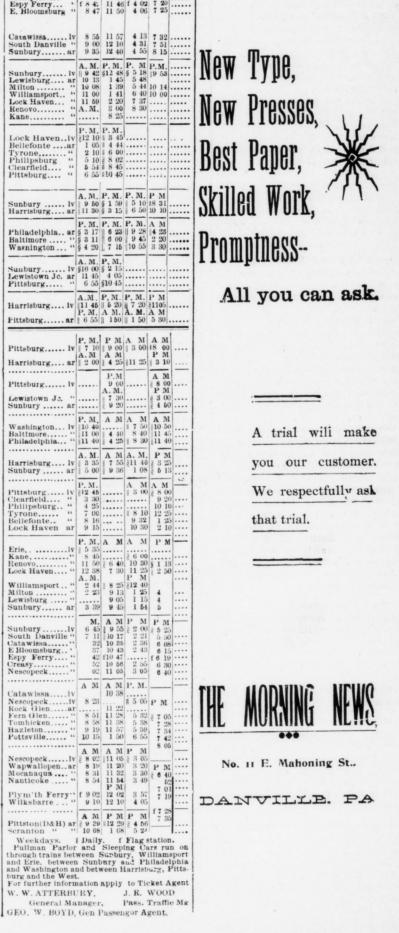
There had been a sudden growth of **JOHN HIXSON** mer and a leap into love. Then had come the tempter in the guise of a rich NO. 116 E. FRONT ST. north, and Adam's heart had been sore

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hest you spill something on the dainty white matting floor. Now the floor of Beveral seconds before she spoke.