

THAT ORIGINAL MAN.

An air of expectancy surrounded the Seaview House that June evening. It was undeniably, yet it was certainly there, in a far stronger degree than the arrival of the stage usually warranted. To the congregated guests on the piazza the event of the day was undoubtedly the stage's arrival. He or she, or they, that stepped from the vehicle ran the gauntlet of keen eyes. The Martyns, three maiden ladies, were generally first in the field as they were on the present occasion. They were dear, good creatures, deriving excellently on character dissection.

I really think the train must be late, said Miss Mary, looking at her watch. It is, certainly is, said the youngest, Miss Lucy, adjusting her eye-glasses. How do you think he will look? Miss Deb interposed, apropos of nothing.

Oh! I believe he's middle-aged and a bachelor. As Miss Mary spoke, her younger sister smiled as if communing with her thoughts.

Evening, ladies! uttered a muscular voice, as the owner approached their vantage point. The stage will soon be here and our lion with it.

Oh, do tell me, Colonel Parker! Is he really so very, very original?

Yes, Miss Lucy, I believe he fully sustains in private life, the reputation his book, 'A Philosophers Story,' has acquired for him; you have read the book, of course?

Oh, yes? chorus of three. And so longed to see the author. But here's the stage.

There was immediately an anticipatory hush, and many eyes of different hues were riveted upon two gentlemen who stepped out of the stage and passed into the office.

How many, Dora?

Two; and one is that original man. What! really! do let me see!

A sudden rush to the balcony accompanied the words but the twain had vanished from sight, and laughingly Irene Van Buren returned to her mirror to finish those important touches which complete a pretty toilet. She was an elegant looking girl, with a graceful figure and a face which, while not absolutely beautiful, was very bright and charming.

The tables at the 6 o'clock dinner were well filled when Otis Forbes entered the room and was shown, with considerable obsequiousness on the part of the head waiter, to a seat at the table with Martyns, Colonel Parker, the Van Burens, and Dick Leroy a young swell of somewhat vapid capacity, Irene's cousin.

For a moment there was a unanimous suspension of eating and a leveling of glances. Through Miss Van Buren's mind coursed the thoughts. Mr. Forbes was younger than she had expected and his necktie was a trifle on one side. The author, who had looked slightly surprised at the obvious curiosity displayed, commenced calmly to eat his soup, while Miss Lucy, in an aside to Miss Mary, remarked upon the way he held the spoon.

Certainly different from other people.

Col. Parker was becoming a little restless, and suddenly he commenced stirring up the lion to make him roar; after partaking of soup he ought not to be formidable.

A pleasant evening sir.

Very, was the brief reply, which caused the Colonel to survey the speaker through his glasses before he ventured—

Ever been to Beach Haven before? Yes, sir, once before. Waiter a spoon.

Pardon me! Miss Mary made a fish-like motion with her mouth, and then continued. Is it not Beach Haven you described so beautifully in 'A Philosophers Story'?

A flash, it might have been of gratification, o'erspread Mr. Forbes' face as he replied stiffly—

No, madam.

By jove! a regular caulk! whispered young Leroy to Irene, who sat next to him, and whose eyes were dancing, while a perceptible smile lingered around her mouth. However, she gave no response, and having finished her dinner, left the room just as Miss Deb was making an introductory remark to the new comer.

By a late train a young man ar-

rived whom Forbes almost embraced, and accompanied to the room assigned him.

Well how goes it, old fellow? Warren Lewis asked.

You are just in time, was the grave reply. If you see a protector; a wall of defence. If you fail me I die, and on my tombstone I wish the following to be inscribed: 'Here lies the victim of persecution, by a crowd of Beech Havenites.'

His friend laughed.

Indeed? It is worse than I feared! Are they so very importunate?

They are simply—

Forbes searched for a word and not finding it, finished with a sigh.

Any pretty girls?

There was one girl at my table, he went on, with great solemnity. She might have been very pretty if she had not suffered with contortions of the face.

Contortions of the face?

Smiling all the time.

Oh!

She had on a greenery yellery gown, with a string of red beads around her neck.

She must be awfully fetching, from the description.

Well, they all stared and they asked questions. I shall leave here to-morrow, Lewis; you may do as you like.

Nonsense, man! It is but the price of popularity you are paying. You should feel pleased.

Pleased! O ye gods!

Well, let's go down to the beach and have a smoke. We came for our vacation, and we must not allow trifles to scare us away.

They went out, slamming the door behind them man fashion, and their footsteps sounded for a moment down the bare corridor. From a balcony next to and belonging to the room they had just left came a suppressed ejaculation, and Irene Van Buren stepped into the room, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

Dora, she said to her friend, who was in possession of the mirror, that horrid Forbes and—and—another man have been in the next room. He said, the wretch! that I have on a greenery yellery gown, and wear red beads around my neck. My beautiful Florentine mosaics! I could choke him!

You should not have listened.

Listened! What could I do? I was there on the balcony when they entered the other room; the window was open; I could not help hearing what they said.

Never mind, dear, it was original, anyway.

Original! Why you are actually laughing! He will say you have contortions of the face if he sees you laugh; that's what he told the other man I had.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! Dora Stewart burst into irrepressible peals of laughter. It's too funny, Irene. There—don't look so fierce. Let's go down, I hear the music.

I shall not dance a step to-night.

Oh, come along, dear, and forget all your annoyance.

A few moments later, forsaking her resolution, Irene Van Buren was whirling round in the mazy waltz, with Dick Leroy for a partner.

The author altered his hasty decision to leave Beech Haven when he rose the next morning and looked upon a radiant day. Before his vision lay a seductively beautiful sea, dotted with distant sails, and o'erspread by heaven's canopy of divinest blue. The pure, invigorating atmosphere soothed his feelings and infused new life into his veins. He was conscious of great enjoyment as he sat on the piazza after breakfast; but alas! it was not to be interrupted, for autograph fens found him out, and our modest, retiring author declined the requests in as polite a manner as circumstances would allow.

His present role was not agreeable. The Seaview House belles followed him with their glances until he felt like a second Balthazar. He had never presupposed such an avalanche of adulatory interest, and it did not gratify him to hear, as he passed a group, that is Mr. Forbes, who wrote that droll book. Do you think he looks remarkably funny?

No, he didn't look or feel funny. Obtaining a quiet nook on the piazza in the afternoon, a restful calm was stealing over him when a voice suddenly struck a high note, and com-

menced to murder an operatic aria. As the shrill tones pierced his ear, these lines occurred to Forbes with grim pertinacity:

Swain sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing should certain persons die before they sing.

But Miss Lucy (for it was she) soared into the realm of Euterpe with perfect self-confidence. To Forbes, who loved music, and was a good judge of the art, the present infliction was unbearable, and he beat a hasty retreat.

Nine o'clock in the evening arrived, and exactly twelve persons had told him that day how much they had enjoyed his book and longed to meet the author. He was in a savage state of mind, when, turning suddenly on the piazza, he came face to face with a young lady, and Col. Parker, ignoring preliminaries, presented him to Miss Van Buren. The piazza was brilliantly lighted, and Forbes could see that this young lady's face wore as severe an expression as his own. She fixed her large blue eyes upon him, and waited for him to speak first.

A delightful evening, Miss Van Buren.

No trace of originality there.

Is it? she said calmly. I haven't found it so.

I referred to the weather.

Oh, yes, the weather is fine.

Shall we walk up or down? questioned Mr. Forbes, feeling as if a cold wave had suddenly developed.

If you like—Ah! she exclaimed involuntarily, as they came in sight of the moonlit waters, how beautiful it is! I trust you are enjoying your stay at Beach Haven, Mr. Forbes.

Oh, hugely, hugely! By the way Miss Van Buren, why don't you tell me, like the others, that you have read my book, and liked so much?

Because I cannot say truthfully. I did not like the book. In my opinion, and that of a number of my friends, the characters are uninteresting and the entire book a disappointment.

Forbes glanced at her quickly, to see if she was joking, but not a glimmer of smile was visible on her fair face; it wore, instead a sternness that seemed almost out of place.

I regret that it did not meet with your favor, he said with dignity, conscious that he felt terribly piqued, although, of course, it was quite absurd that he should.

Irene apparently found his society as interesting as his book, for she soon excused herself, and left him to muse over his curious meeting.

The next morning when Irene woke, she caught sight of a note under her door, and opening it, she found these lines:

There is nothing original in me, except original sin. OTIS FORBES.

How dare he! she exclaimed, thinking first she would go to Dora's room and tell her about it; but, on the second thought, she tore the sheet into little bits, and kept the contents to herself.

When she met Forbes she was sure there was a twinkle in his eyes, and she gave him such a slight, cold bow that he mentally vowed not to look at her in the future.

That afternoon, as he strolled over the lawn, he saw Miss Van Buren running in another direction, as if to overtake some one. Her foot caught in a croquet wicket, and she fell turning her ankle under her. In a second Forbes was beside her, assisting her to rise. She blushed when she saw him, but a deep pallor succeeded.

Have you sprained your ankle? he inquired solicitously. Let me help you to the house. Lean all your weight on me please.

Submissively she obeyed, and thus Dora Stewart, who was on the piazza, beheld her friend and that horrid man approaching arm in arm.

Irene's animosity towards Forbes disappeared during the following days for he on his part, for he, on his part, was very kind and attentive to her.

The sprained ankle compelled her to be inactive for some time, but Mr. Forbes beguiled the tedium by reading aloud and making himself very entertaining as he well knew how to do.

One day Irene ask him why he sent her that horrid couplet, and, to her surprise, he responded that he was entirely innocent of the folly. It was

traced to Dick Leroy who admitted the charge saying that he just did it for fun, and his cousin finally forgave him, although at first she was quite angry. His palpable jealousy of her of late had amused her very much, but she treated him very kindly, and broke the news gently to him when she became engaged to Mr. Forbes.

Dora, upon hearing the somewhat surprising announcement, said archly:

But, my dear, your engagement is not at all original.

However, Irene was too intensely happy to retaliate.

THE HOME OF A GENIUS.

Running along the famous quay at Havre which is one of the monuments of the famous but eventful origin of Napoleon III. may be seen a funny little single-track one-horse tramway—one-horse in a most literal sense, notwithstanding that one is a most beautiful and powerful beast of the Norman breed and fully equal to two or more ordinary animals. Taking your choice of a seat in the first or second-class compartment, according to your own value of your social status, you ride through the principal street—Rue de Paris—at a very moderate rate, and may consider yourself happy indeed if you do not run off the track two or three times in the course of each quarter of a mile, which brings the time up to about a half hour for each half mile you travel in the train. The little door in the middle of the car which forms the barrier separating the sheep of the first class from the goats of the second class is constantly being banged by the official-looking conductor, whose republican spirit cannot find any distinction between the rank of his first and second-class subjects. He is a despot of the first degree, this conductor, and literally conducts horse, driver and passengers. Should you unthinkingly take such a small liberty as one is wont to do in America, such as to ring the bell for the car to stop or to shut a window or the door, you would immediately be made to understand that the bell, windows and doors, as well as your liberty, are in the hands of the master of the situation—viz., the conductor. A native of Paris who was our companion on this one memorable ride through Havre in an evil moment let his impatience get the better of his prudence, and on arriving at his destination jumped off the car while it was yet in motion; the consequences of his jump were not physically serious, but the effect on his disposition was most disastrous. The conductor shouted to him to look and behold the audacious individual who had dare defy not only the rules of the *compagnie*, but the laws of the city—of France, indeed. This harangue lasted some seconds; meanwhile, the poor gentleman from Paris cursed the tramway, the *compagnie* and the conductor as he disappeared around the corner of the street. This line could not take us to St. Adresse, which was our destination; therefore we were transferred to another line, on which the tram was an exact copy of the one we had just left, with the difference only in the color of the horse; the conductor was as much like the first one as if he had been bred in the same school.

Winding through the thinly-populated districts of Havre, past the beautiful public garden, which in the rose season is a perfect bower of bloom, we get at last into the suburbs and wind up the hills, catching little peeps of the blue water of the Channel in the distance. Here we enter the town of St. Adresse, where there is a garrison on the side of one of the slopes. The earthworks are most carefully trimmed and beautifully green this day in June, and a white goat grazes peacefully in the sunlight, while now and then the red trousers of the soldiers of France gleam on the heights. We were put down at the nearest point to Madame Bernhardt's villa, which is but a short walk up a rather steep road for about an eight of a mile. On either side of the roadway are high walls enclosing gardens. Over the top of the walls peeps the green of the trees within, giving most pleasant suggestions of shade which, with the June sun shining down upon our backs, we would have been grateful for. Here at last was the gate with its brass bellpull which asked the 'Open, sesame!' to

Madame Bernhardt's villa for two pilgrims who had travelled far to reach this shrine of genius.

Nothing could better suggest the solitude than the charming atmosphere of this seaside villa, with its beautiful seaview, its charming garden, the furnishing of bric-a-brac and antiques in art, and all the luxury in the dainty, cool salon. When wearied and oppressed by vexations of spirit or worn out by overwork, here flits this wayward creature of genius to drink in health and peace from this beautiful and restful quiet of nature.

'La Solitude' is the home of Madame Bernhardt—her haven when ennui overtakes her, her atelier when she works at her art with palette and brush. Her best inspiration in the conception of a new character in Sardou's masterpieces is found in this charming and sequestered nook. No one could leave the exquisite charm of this beautiful spot without feeling that it is a fortunate woman indeed who calls herself mistress of La Solitude. More than all the praise and blame of the Paris critics upon the methods and means of this inexplicable woman is the testimony of those who live near the great actress, and who have felt the power of her liberality and sympathy with the sufferings of the poor whom she knows. The people round about seem to worship Madame Bernhardt; and they are not alone the poor and needy; neither are they those who have the power to appreciate the genius of the woman they adore, but they belong to that great class who feel and know sympathy and large hearted human kindness. We did not wonder that she loved this little home, with its beautiful surroundings and restful atmosphere, so widely different from the fitful, feverish life in Paris, where she is admired and applauded by the great world until she wearies of the attention of her humble neighbors at St. Adresse. Everything the world knows of Madame Bernhardt is of her eccentricities, until every one feels that she is a different species from womankind. One can get quite a different idea from a glimpse at her home on the Norman coast.

THE BONNETS OF AN EMPRESS.

The Empress Josephine once bought thirty-eight bonnets in one month. We do not know at what number her mighty husband drew the line; but it is a fact that, having learned that she had indulged herself with the acquisition of this number, he—when he one day went into the saloon leading to her apartment and found in it Mlle. Despeaux, the milliner, with a huge pile of suspicious looking bonnetboxes—was so indignant at the idea of his wife making fresh purchases, that he flew into such a passion that every one ran away, leaving him to decide whether he would vent his rage on poor Josephine, who was a prisoner with her feet in a foot bath, or on the milliner herself. He did a little of both. He was so angry with Josephine that she was speechless with terror; and he sent for Savary, his minister of police, and ordered him to arrest Mlle. Despeaux. She was sent to La Force immediately; and though her fear of Napoleon and horror of a night in prison made her ill, her fortune was probably made by this startling outbreak of imperial temper. Next day nearly every one in Paris flocked to see her, hear her story and condole with her. She never could have lacked custom after this.

YOU'RE NEXT, SIR.

'The fatter a man is the less work it is for a barber to shave him.' It is not the size of a man's face so much, or the strength of his beard, as the chance a barber has to get at it. When a man is thin, and the bones of his face stick out at angles, a barber must be careful or he will run his razor through the skin by trying to cut too long and wide at a stroke. With a thin man he must go along a little at a time, while on a fat man he takes a heavy razor with a wide edge and mows the beard off.

'Boys are not easy to shave well. The hair on their face has no strength and the razor glides over it without taking it off, or the barber leaves patches which he doesn't notice. The sharper a razor is the worse it is to shave a face with.'

'Red beards are the worst. There are black beards that are as tough as

those wiry red ones, but a man with a tough black beard usually has a tough skin, and you can mow the hair off him, while red bearded men have cranky skins. It is better to have the same barber shave you, on account of the peculiarities of hair and skin that every man has. The hair of the face does not grow in an even grain; and no barber who shaves you the first time will take it just right. If you have a tough skin, improper shaving will not matter so much, but if your skin is tender, little pimples will break out where the razor went the wrong way. Then, a barber becomes acquainted with the soft and hard spots on your face, and makes allowances. It is better to have a fairly good barber shave you steadily than to change around among the best.

'Curly hair is easier to cut than straight because it is softer and finer hair is the less work it is to cut it.' Most people think that curly hair is hard to cut, but that depends on the toughness of it. Some hair is so tough that it blunts the scissors. The oftener hair is cut the harder it is to cut it. Black or red hair is the hardest to cut, as the hair is stronger. It is a great deal with hair cutting as with shaving. The barber who knows about you will give you better satisfaction than the barber who doesn't.

A HATEFUL MAN.

Wife (to husband who had just come home)—What's the news down town?

Husband—Nothing.

Wife—Of course not.

Husband—Why, of course not.

Wife—Oh, well, there is never any news for a woman unless she finds it out herself.

Husband, after a long silence—It does seem to me that people should be more careful.

Wife—What about?

Husband—I was thinking of something that occurred down town to-night. Maj. Buxter and his family sat out on the front steps until quite late, and when the Major got up and went into his room he had not noticed that his prankish little son had slipped away. Just as he stepped into his room he heard something under the bed—in fact, saw something and, thinking that a robber had secreted himself there, he seized a pistol and fired under the bed, and—

Wife—Merciful heavens! and shot his little son?

Husband—Who said he shot his son?

Wife—You said that his son went under the bed.

Husband—I didn't.

Wife—What did you say?

Husband—I said that the Major did not notice his son when he slipped away from the front door.

Wife, still excited—And was the boy under the bed?

Husband—No, a cat was under the bed.

Wife—You are the most hateful man I ever saw.

Husband—Why so? Just because the boy did not go under the bed and get shot? I had nothing to do with it.

—BOOK BINDING—We are now prepared to do all kinds of book binding at reasonable rates and will guarantee all work. Send in your books, papers, magazines, etc., and have them bound.

—BOOK BINDING—We are now prepared to do all kinds of book binding at reasonable rates and will guarantee all work. Send in your books, papers, magazines, etc., and have them bound.

Central State Normal SCHOOL, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Unsurpassed in its advantages. Location healthful and inspiring. Instruction experienced teachers and honored graduates of colleges, state appropriations for year \$25,000.00. EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENTS, conveniences and comforts. Superior Model and Training School. State aid to professional students. Write or call give names and addresses.

JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED TO canvass for shaves of Safety Stock; steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. Chase Bros., (Refer to this paper.) 23-24, ROCHESTER N. Y.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Henry Dopp, late of Howard township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate will please make payment thereof, and those having claims against the said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, 30-61, Executor.