A SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

One Wonderful Collective Likeness of Twenty

Young College Girls.

"T. W. H." to Harper's Bezar.

Before me stands a cabinet photograph of a

oung girl, with clear and thoughtful eyes

dark hair and eyebrows, oval face, straight

nose, and well-rounded chin. All who see i

are attracted by it, yet the universe would be

vainly searched for the original in a woman'

form. It is one of those wonders of recent

art known as "composite portraits;" it doe

not represent one person, but twenty; it is the

collective likeness of twenty young girls-one

whole section of the senior class of a woman'

I remember that when Mr. Francis Galton

the originator of this extraordinary inven-tion, gave me in London, eight years ago,

some explanation of his project, it seemed t

me as astounding as it he had promised to

photograph the unspoken thoughts of the numan mind. It grew, I believe, out of his studies in that "Hereditary Descent," on which he has written a book so interesting. His first aim was to take several faces of the

His first aim was to take several faces of the same iamily, presumably possessing something in common, and, by photographing them successfully upon a prepared plate, to eliminate and omit whatever was individual in each, preserving only what they had in common, the pure type and family look. Succeeding in this, the art has been carried much farther, being next applied to men of like pursuits, extracting from a dozen mathematicians for instance, the characteristic

maticians, for instance, the characteristi

maticians, for instance, the characteristic mathematical face, whatever it is—from a dozen philologists the face that marks the student of language and so on.

Many such typical faces have been engraved in scientific journals, but it is only lately that the process has been applied to the perpetuation of youth and beauty, or to that substitute for beauty which youth puts into every woman's face. When we have, in addition, the type of intellect represented in

addition, the type of intellect represented in higher studies, the result becomes doubly in-teresting. Ever since Tennyson wrote his "Princess" the newspapers have been quot-

ing his pleasing alliteration of the "sweet girl graduates," but the girl graduate herself has never been photographed in collective unity before. Yet here she stands. The process is not so magical as it seems,

and the composite portrait can be made either from the separate living faces or from photo-graphs previously taken. The former course

graphs previously taken. The former course is more direct, and gives the better representation; but the latter has the advantage of excluding all motion in the sitter, and therefore effecting a surer result. A photograph plate is prepared for what is called the "long process," and is to be exposed rephase for an

process; and is to be exposed perhaps for an your. On this plate are to be rephotographed

hour. On this plate are to be rephotographed in succession, we will say, twenty photographs of young girls. For each of these twenty can be allowed three minutes, making sixty in all; so that it is as if one sat for three minutes to be photographed, then another, then another, all being thus finally represented on the same plate, and each modifying the linespents previously taken. The

ing the lineaments previously taken. The result is that at the end you obtain the average or typical face of the whole twenty. It is of course necessary to fix each face at the same centre, this being usually or always

taken at the point between the eyes; and hence there is always a little less sharpness and precision about the lower part of the face. For this reason the mouth and chin of a com-

posite portrait are rarely quite so satisfactor;

as the eyes and brow; but in that before me even the chin is well defined, and of a youth-ful roundness. No one who has not pre-viously heard of the new discovery doubts its

being the likeness of an individual person

though observers are apt to remark a little hazy look about it, as if it might be taken from

There is something very fascinating to the

imagination about a composite portrait. It is a link between the real and the ideal, the

Ruskin used to laugh at artists who tried to put upon their canvas some four-legged crea-ture that should be the generalization between a pony and a pig; yet here is a generalization between Mary and Charlotte, between Kate

and Caroline. It carries us into a world of dreams; into "Piato's Theory of Ideas," of

dreams; into "Piato's Theory of Ideas, or that fine conception so impressively worked out by Milton, in one of his Latin poems, of Piato's archetypal man, the grand idea of the human race, coeval with the stars, and dwelling among them, or pacing the regions of the earth yet unexplored by actual men and women. Or it takes us into Poe's worlds

and women. Or it takes us into Poe's world

of phantom; or among the conceptions of one of our most imaginative younger writers, Edward Bellamy, who in "Miss Ludington's

Sister " fancies an elderly woman as believ-ing in the immortality of her past self, and as finally obtaining through a spiritual me-dium the materialized image of herself at

eighteen-a young creature whom she adopt sa a sister.

So is this protty portrait the more than twin sister of each of these twenty young girls; for each of them its herself, and yet not herself; it is herself modified in face, as

not herself; it is herself modified in face, as she really is more or less in character, by the companionship of all the rest; it repre-sents their common life, and will ever re-main with them as the image of their col-lective youth. But how hopeless the posi-tion of some modern Pygmalion, turned photographer, and falling in love with the goddess of his own creation! There would no cover to be sure, be any difficulty in warm.

longer, to be sure, be any difficulty in warming her into life; the trouble is that when

made alive she would not be one woman, bu twenty, and the adoration of the enamored

crtist would have to be so subdivided as to

Boycotting a Flirt,

A peculiar boycott is said to be in progre

at Coon Rapids. Iowa, being no more no

ess than the boycott of a conquette of th

immature age of 10 years. The little lady is attractive and winsome and has such a cha-over the small boys that hitherto,

a year or more, she has controlled them at her will, getting the company of any boy she wished and drop-ping her new and latest lover when she

the evening of the party comes a whole crow

of boys besiege her mansion when she takes her pick of them and walks off. After a period of long suffering the boys have at last met in convention and informally adopted written resolutions renouncing her forever.

He Loved Unto Death.

Joseph Pfister, of No. 156 Napoleon street

who contracted smallpox after suffering ter-

rible for over two weeks, finally succumbed

Wednesday morning. This makes the second fatal case of smallpox during the present

as old established authority as Dr. Klein dis-puted the smallpox diagnosis, young Prister did not exercise any caution in paying visits to and sitting for hours by the bedside of the

young girl to whom he was devoted. When the dispute was settled and Health Officer Wright was proven to be correct in his alarm it was too late. The young man had con-

tracted the contagion, and was in a few days laid low. Mary Arnold recovered. The body of Pister was buried. Officer Wright thinks that the Pfister case was too exposed, and he would not be surprised if other cases in the same neighborhood were to break out.

AND WHO ART THOU? said I to the soft-falling

shower Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as

here translated : 1 am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the

rain, Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and

bottomiess sea, Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely formed, al-

together changed, and yet the same, scend to lave the droughts, atomics, dustlayers of the globe, and all that in them without me were seed only, latent, unborn, And forever, by day and night, I give back life tomy own origin, and make pure and beau-

ond fatal case of smallpox during the contagion. His was a peculiarly When Mary Arnold was taken sick.

be scarcely worth receiving.

photographer emulating with more the constructive imagination of the

college in Massachusetts.

VACATION PAPERS.

THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE AND THOUGHTS ON URLIBACY.

The Foundation of Society Laid in the Relation of the Sexes-The General and the Individual Love Under the Regula-

VII.

of the family. This relation grows out of the existence of the two sexes. When God created man he created him male and female One of the purposes of the sexes is the prot agation of the race. Hence the comman given to our first parents, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth;" and as this command was given before the fall it sets axide at once the notion that there is anything unboly in sexual intercourse in the marriage relation, and with this the notion, held at times by some, that such intercours constituted the sin of the fall. It also contra dicts the view entertained in the early church, and encouraged and supported by the requirement of celibacy on the part of the priesthood and the "religious" in the Ro man Catholic church, that a celibate state I a state of higher sanctity than the marrie sists. If man had not fallen the race would have propagated itself in the natural way without sin, and the transition of those who reached a full maturity of spiritual life to a higher state of existence in the spiritua world, would have been effected without death by something, perhaps, like the trans

nature of man, and that, therefore, death is animal world before the fail. Hence it is nounced a natural law that would have probut if man had not tailen by sin, a higher the garden, would have prevailed over the tives for the other, yet it carries in it a limi-tation also, in that this very devotion to one may sometimes stand in the way of doing good territors. It is in this view, we think, that St. Paul speaks of a celibate life, in troublons times, and for those who wish to devote their whole life to special work in the church as preferable to married life.

In the animal world the general relation of ex alone exists: they live in herds or flocks. In regard to the sexual relation and sexual intercourse the general prevails, though there are exceptions, as in the case of birds In the human sphere this general relation

sonal must assert itself, as well as the gen-eral, in marriage. There must be a personal affinity. This asserts itself in its nature tipathy which exists between individuals of the case of isaac, which is only an example of a custom that prevailed in the earlier age of history, and still prevails among some classes of people, his father sent his aged ser vant to bring him a wife, and Rebecca ac septed the choice, and they were married without exercising their own choice or pref without exercising their own choice or preference. Yet their marriage was a happy one. Marriage then may take place without such personal love preceding the union, and if all the conditions are present love may follow the marriage; but in all such cases there is more or less uncertainty, and it may be a perilous experiment.

The question may here be considered whether marriage should be binding where love does not exist, where it has ceased to exist after marriage. This is the question raised by the "free love" theory. Is not the union of man and woman immoral where love has ceased? We might answer, yes, and yet it would not necessarily follow that the marriage relation should be dissolved or another alternative would be a separation "from bed and board," and yet a recognition of the marriage relation. For, as a rule, such cessation of love after marriage is the result of something wrong, something immoral, on the part of one or both the parties. Because, while love is something spontaneous, yet it is under the regulation of the will also. The marriage relation requires that each party shall confine his or her peculiar affection to shall confine his or her peculiar affection to the other, and neither shell allow this affec-tion to wander abread. Here the wrong betion to wander abroad. Here the wrong be-gins. It is an act of unfaithfulness, and just as one party committing adultery and being divorced therefore, is not allowed to marry another, so the penalty for this wrong in cessing to love of living apart and not marry-ing again is just. We may, indeed, suppose rare exceptions, where through a wrong choice, or lor some other cause, one party cannot love the other, and now without a preceding death.

pertains not merely to the physical nature of marriage rises above the mere natural union of man and woman, and simplifies a union also of soul with soul. In this higher union through love the one complements the other.
THE COMPLEMENTARY QUALITIES.

growth and development which at once lifts

narriage above the merely natural relation.

AN ELEVATING POWER.

tor" or "old maid," but in order not to de this the individual must be open to the asso-ciation with, and friendship for, the opposite sex, and cultivate a charitable spirit in devo-tion to the good of others. Such characters are most lovely, and we may perhaps say they occupy a higher position than that of married life.

HELPS ON WASH DAY.

some Bluts That Will Be Appreciated By Pre

The burden of washing day has been much

essened of late by improved methods, in

which the boiling process has been left out

hem with boiling hot suds, made very strong

with soap or some approved washing fluid

Let them soak half an hour, then rub them

having the water as hot as your hands can bear. You will find the rubbing marvelous-iy easy. The old notion that hot water scalds the dirt in has proved false; it scalds it out

by meiting the grease that holds it in the cloth. Wring out into another tub and turn on boiling hot water again, with or without soap. Str well with the clothes stick, and let them scald from filteen to thirty minutes

stir well again, wring out, and rinse through a warm, soft bluing water. Cold or hard water must not be used, for it will set the dirt. If obliged to use hard water for rinsing

throw in a handful of sal soda to soften it Colored clothes are to be washed in the same

way, but the suds need not to be so strong, and they need soaking but ten minutes, after which they may be rinsed without going through the scalding water.

Put brown towels into a s pail and turn or

boiling suds. Stir well and let them soak while the white clothes are being rubbed. Then rub these, put back into the pall, and

turn on rinsing water as not as you can beat your hands; wring and hangout. They will be beautifully clear. This system saves the use of one water and nearly half the work.

Wash flannels in hot suds, and to preven

Wash flannels in not suds, and to prevent shrinking they must be rinsed in water as hot as they were rubbed in. It is the sudden change from hot to cold water that causes the shrinkage. If the rinsing water is not hot enough, let the clothes stand a few minutes and cool to the right temperature. A handful of borax in the water tends to soften them.

hem.
Stains from tea and coffee will come out a

once if they are taken immediately and helover a pail, while boiling water is turned on them. Old stains that have been set with scap, may be bleached out on the grass and there is no better time than when the trees

are in blossom.

The blackest mildew will yield readily to

the following treatment: Pour a quart of boiling water on an ounce of chloride of lime. When it is dissolved, add three quarts of

old water. Into this put the garment, and

He Wants No More Camping Ou

thicago Herald.
"No, I don't want any more fishing and

camping out in mine," said a swarthy young

man on a Northwestern train, "I have just

been trying it, and I have enough to last me

a lifetime; my face is one of those that tans pretty badly in the sun, but I didn't realize

now badly I had been baked until I con

cluded to give up camping out and go to the hotel for the rest of my stay. When dinner was ready I went in with the rest of the guests, and, the head waiter being pretty busy, I found a seat for myself. Imagine my

busy, I found assent the result of the surprise and discomfiture when the hea waiter came around a few minutes later an tapped me on the shoulder, saying lou

ugh for everybody in the room to Beg pahdon sab, but culiud pussons no lowed to cat at fust table in dishouse."

Pensions, Iteal Soldiers and Lobbyists.

Some surprise has been expressed at the

Some surprise has been expressed at the opposition of the Grand Army of the Republic as manifested at their San Francisco meeting, to the pension enterprises of Congress. If the soldiers are against such movements why should they have any life? But although all honorable and real soldiers are

atthough all nonorable and real soldiers are opposed, it is to be remembered that the claim agents, lobbyists, other speculators and demagogic congressmen are favorable; and the influence of these counts for more than that of the soldiers who did the fighting.

Shouting for pensions for the soldiers is the cheapest form of " patriotism " and bunkum in these days.

THE HIGHWAY COW.

Her body was lean and her neck was slim,

down, She was keen of vision and long of limb,

With a Roman nose and a short stump tail, And ribs like the hoops of a home made pail.

She had been a target for all things known

On many a sear the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grow
Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left on her a lasting spot.

Many a teapet and old tin pail Had the farmer boys tied to her timeworn tail

Though somewhat tempted to be profar When many a weary mile he ran

She knew when the deacon went to town :

She watched him wisely as he went by: He never passed her without a frown And an angry gleam in each angry eye: He would crack his whip in a suriy way,

And drive along in his one-hoss shay

Then at hts homestead she loved to call,

Lifting his bars with crumpled horn,

Simbly scaling the garden wall, Helping herself to his standing corn,

Eating his cabbage one by one, Hurrying home when her work was done

His human passions were quick to rise,

And striding forth with a savage cry, With fury blazing from both his eyes, As lightnings flash from the summer sky Redder and redder his face would grow, And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden round and round,

Breaking his pear and apple trees.
Tramping his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hive of bees,
Leaving him angry and badly atung.
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung

The mosses grew on the garden wall.

The years went by with their warming and tall, And the gray-haired farmers passed away, One by one as the red leaves fail; But the highway oow outlived them all,

To drive her out of the growing grain : Sharp were the pranks she used to play To get her fill and get away.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,

Many a mark did her body bear;

rom the Philadelphia Ledger.

he spots will come out in less time

The following plan is one of the best : Throw the clothes into a tub and cover

gressive Housekeepers, From the Cosmopolitan,

marriage acove the merely natural relation, and gives it another purpose beyond that of the propagation of the race. Of course the birth of children opens up an additional fountain of love, which tends still further to unself the will—for, what sacrifice will a parent not make for a child! But still there is a noral completion in the relation of marof camping parties in our section of the country. I don't wonder at it at all. With such a magnificent stream as the Susque parent not make for a child! But still there is a moral completion in the relation of marriage itself. Hence sexual love, where it is not poisoned and debased by sin, is elevating. It is an epoch in the life of a young man and a young woman that forms a transition to a higher and nobler life. It opens up a new fountain of love. A husband lives, not merely for himself, but also for his wife, and a wife lives for her husband and not merely for herself, and this relation develops a wonderful spirit of noble self-sacrifice. This spirit of self-sacrifice is manifested not merely hanna within a few miles of us, and suc grand and picturesque scenery as abounds all along its banks, to say nothing of the romantic valleys and glens of the Conestogs the Pequea, Tucquan, and half a dezen other equally beautiful streams that work their way through the wild "River Hills" to fine Indians aptly called our river-with all the for herself, and this relation develops a won-derful spirit of noble self-sacrifice. This spirit of self-sacrifice is manifested not merely in particular heroic acts, as where the one sacrifices his, or her, life to save the other, but rather, and still more remarkably, by that daily devotion which sweetens toil and care and suffering. What is it that supports a man in going to his daily task of hard, steady labor, day after day and year after year, but the thought that he is toiling for another: opportunities afforded to hunters, fishermer artises, geologists, botanists, naturalists and antiquarians right in our county, the wonder rather is that so many of our people still go abroad for summer recreation, when the best kind of recreation can be had so much nearer or are intimately acquainted with the Atlan tic coast, than there are those who have ever seen the beauties of the hills and glens along In this view love and marriage have a naturally elevating power. Marriage, like labor itself (which in any case produces something for others) is a blessing to man. It is the natural state forall, though of course there are exceptions—those who do not feel themselves called to enter this state, and who find a compensation for it in an affectionate companionship of friendship with the opposite sex, and in lives of self-sacrifice in other ways. Such a life may, indeed, rise higher than that of the married state, because it enters into the sphere of charity without his stimulus of the sexual relation. The nature of a man or woman need not dwarf into the selfish and cynical spirit of the "old bachelor" or "old maid," but in order not to do this the individual must be open to the associated that the opposite terms of the opposite the opposite terms of the Susquehanna. They spend hundreds o dollars every summer to seek pleasure profit can be had for next to nothing within ive to fifteen miles of their homes. Such is the contrariness of human nature !

I AM glad to know, however, that the num ber of those who are learning to appreciate the sensibleness and many advantages of home recreation and enjoyment is on th increase. The fact that this year there have been more excursions and camping trips to different points on the river and throughout the county is a proof of this. May their number continue to increase !

I LOOK at the matter not only from the standpoint of the tourists themselves, but also from that of a citizen of the county who has in mind the best interests of the munity. While just as much pleasure and munity. While just a mile profit along profit and be obtained by the tourist along the streams and mountains of our immediate vicinity as he can get anywhere else, by this means the vicinity also itself can be im-

Or course, in order to this it is first o all necessary for our camping clubs to rise above the too common notion that the chief end of their existence is to get drunk : that camping and carousing are equivalent terms or that over and liquor are essentials to en-joyment on such occasions. I know of a least two clubs, that were camping on the Susquehanna this year, whose conduct con-clusively disproved all such notions. They demonstrated beyond question that camping in the woods is not incongruous with sobriety and decency; that more enjoyment and genuine, healthy fun can be had without liquor than with it, and that it is by no means necessary for the success of a camp that a party of men should sacrifice either their manhood or their gentiemanliness. If noth-ing more had been accomplished by this summer's excursions than this, it would have been enough. For it is a point that needs to be irrally established in the public mind, and in the minds of the campers themselves, ere this form of recreation can fulfill its highest possibilities, or properly use its opportunities and advantages.

WHAT I mean by at least a part of thes "possibilities" and "opportunities" you will see from the suggestion of a member of one of our local camping associations, one of the most highly respected and public spirited gentleman of the legal profession, who wrote me last week: "I hope as one of the results of the foundation of our club, that it will take be broader scope than any of the clubs now formed. Why not endeavor to do for the Susquehanna along our county what the Minsi Pioneers' have done for Delaware Mainst Pioneers have done for Denaward Water Gap? This club has explored every feature of the river along these mountains, and thus opened unasspected beauties to hundreds of visitors. Little parties could branch out, and 1 am satisfied much could be done to explore the Susquehanna in like manner, and by judicious publication of results tempt our people out of their 'shells' to see the beauty of their own neighborhood There are numbers of places scattered through our county—outside of the river too—which can be reached in a half day, for which the same could be done.

Way should not some of our camping lubs combine profit with pleasure in som such wise, making their own enjoyment conduce to the public good? Which club will first take hold of the idea and carry it

SOMETHING in the nature of my friend' suggestion was done, I believe, at the first annual camp of the "Presbyterian Memorial Camping Association" last week, under the able leadership of Mr. H. C. Moore. They spent a week at York Furnace, the camping ground whose beauties have been mad familiar to us and popular by the annua camp of the veteran Tucquan club, and gave at least one evening to listen to a most ente taining and instructive lecture on the Indian and Indian antiquities of the neighborhood It was quite an informal affair, as was emi nently proper: the members of the cut sitting or reclining on their cots ranged around the inside of the pavilion, while Mr. Robert Bair talked to them for fully an hour giving them a mass of information, and many useful hints, out of the rich store of his knowledge of the history and antiquities of the Indians who ranged over the river hills, and encamped by those waters and in those romantic glens a century and a half ago. Everyone agreed that the evening was the most enjoyably spent of any of the week. And I am sure more than one member of th tub received from it not only new facts, but

NEXT year, I hope, this association, profitng by the success of this one lecture, will nake arrangements to have an hour or two of every evening devoted to such a lecture; or familiar talk, on some subject of local his torical, antiquarian or scientific interest. No doubt Mr. Robert Bair would be willing to tell some more about the subject on which he is a recognized authority and of which he is is a recognized authority and of which he is so enthusiastic a student. There are members of the club itself who are devot us of art, the sciences and philosophy, and who could give most entertaining talks on the subjects they have made their specialties. I need only mention Dr. Stahr, of the college; what an instructive lecture he could give on the botanical features of the locality! If neces-sers speakers could easily be produced to sary, speakers could easily be procured to tell of the geological features, of the fauna of the neighborhood, and of other special or more general subjects of interest. Why not do it?

ping her new and latest lover when she espied another she took a fancy to. It is also claimed by the boys that she is fickle, and after promising her company to one boy thinks she would rather go with another, and so engages this one and that one that when the evening of the party course a whole growth. WHEN I learned, by the way, how Mr John Bair and his good wife, the proprietors of the York Furnace camping ground, dedevoted themselves to the comfort and entertainment of the campers; how they had been doing it for years, seemingly knowing no greater delight than to contribute to the enjoyment of others, and how it is owing chiefly to their unselfish exertions in behalf of others, that York Furnace has become a popular a resort, and the name of Bair a synonym for generous hospitality through-out this part of the state—when I thought of all this, I felt deeply grateful that in the midst or the general struggle for mere selfish gain, the jostling crowd of mere self-seekers, the all-pervading spirit of mercantilism that everywhere abounds, there still are some, yes, and there ever will be some, who, like the Bairs, have risen above the stifling, sout-smothering atmosphere of selfishness and ma-terial-mindedness, and recognize something and there ever will be some, who, like better in the world, something purer, lotties and better worth living for. The scollan whispers from on high that breathe through those magnificent trees, the upward-pointing whispers from on high that breathe through those magnificent trees, the upward-pointing of those rocky peaks so ruggedly eloquent, the perpetually persuasive murmuring; soft and sweet, of those waters bearing their divine message from the Beyond,—all these have not been wholly in vain. Their spirit has entered some human souls at least, and made them so far akin. Selfishness is not supreme. Greed of gain is not the motive supreme. There are men and women whose motive is love for others, whose joy is in the happiness of their fellows, and whose reward is with them ever, an eternal reward not to be valued in dellars and cents nor rated like silver and gold. And the beneficent influence of one such family, wide-spreading and sweet as the perfume of some rare exotic, cannot but exert a purifying and ennobling power over all who come some rare exotic, cannot but each and coning and ennobling power over all who con in contact with it, an influence not to limited by space nor measured by years.

tify it;
(For song, issuing from its birthplace, after fulfillment wandering,
Recked or unrocked, duly with love retorns).

The sun was warm that day. It was pleas ant to sit for hours idly resting in the shadow of the arbor. Bernadon, a little old man, bowed and

wrinkled, with a back so rounded and a head so low that he might have been taken for a vague, human interrogation point, sat doing nothing in the garden, by the side of the

house in which he dwelt alone.

The house was a strange one. A misers bly constructed building, flanked with cross structures and towers like a chateau, quite isolated in the middle of a plot of ground with uncertain boundaries, it stood in one of the richest quarters of the city.

Bernadon arose suddenly, and, speaking into the hollow of his hand, he said :

Celestine was the name the old man had given his house. He loved this old shed, which he had erected at different times with his own hands. He loved it much, this im mense ruin that had cost him twenty thousand france and was not worth four sous With the tenderness of a bachelor deprived of the presence of woman, he had called i Celestine in his old age.

And Celestine was all his joy, filled his whole life.

This parody of a manor-house had the ap-

This parody of a manor-house had the ap-pearance of a squat old woman, and the large tower represented for Bernadon the head of his dear idol. He had made round openings high up on the facade, and he mentally called them Celestine's eyes. He had recently given the dwelling a rooting of red tiles; that was Celestine's head dress. Finally his that was Celestine's head dress. Finally his sleeping room, the central spartment and poorly lighted, constituted Celestine's heart. The poor thing was not solid. It settled a little, day by day, notwithstanding its youthful age. It had lost one or two little turrets, as one loses his teeth. And Bernaden, overwhelmed by taxes and deprived of income, had found himself so poor that he had been unable to reconstruct them.

Ah! he need ofly have spoken the word to be rich. All that would have been necessary would be to sell the shed and the plot of ground on which it stood. They would have been worth several thousands, perhaps.

have been worth several thousands, perhaps But abandon Celestine son her

The old man left the arbor and approached his dwelling.

"Yes," he said again, "with this repair, everything will do."

He spoke of a large iron brace that he had placed in the interior of the principal tower at the bottom, an ingenious, firm brace that had cost him his very life blood, but that would prevent Celestine from tumbling down for many a day.

And, half closing his eyes and inclining his head, like a painter examining his work.

where,"
And he terrified the would-be purchase

eman bowed.
"If you should ever decide to sell," he
aid, "I am stopping at the little hotel on the

person. With short steps, his hands behind him, and his eyes half closed by the sun, Bernadon returned to his arbor.

And his eyes opened wide. A child in that arbor? A very smail, red child, wrapped in a shaw!? A child, abandoned there, was placed beside the wall.

The old man bent over and looked down.

"It is impossible!"
But then a sharp cry struck his ears, the cry of the child, frightened by sight of him.
Bernadon stood amazed. What was to be done with this package? He looked up and down the street, under the wall. He saw no

to do.

The little one continued crying. He took it up, and, hesitating a moment, passed into

now, looked up at him with droll gravity. It might be ten months old, perhaps six, possi-bly twelve; the old man was no connoisseur

of the wall, but a carriage came rolling

cle should pass over it. He growled a little and then took the child up into his arms again. He noticed its hair, beautiful blonde hair,

"I will carry it to the police station," he But suddenly, during the journey, the little one said something. Yes, something very

"Papa."
It said this with such a strange voice Bernadon began to consider. And his heart, yes, his heart, which he had not felt beat for

guardians of the peace, "what you wish us to do with that child. If you have found it and wish to leave it with us, do so, and go your way."
"Hey? Leave it with you?" demanded
Bernadon.

ears.
"No, indeed," he said. And he departed, pressing the infant to his

doned child, loved it almost in spite of him

Ah! it was terrible. Bernadon was loaded

Then, his eyes full of tears, he compared

lings.

It was a lugubrious business. He looked successively at the eyes of the child and the windows of Celestine, the child's hair and the head gear of the old house. He found them all charming, all adorable, indispensable to his old age. He wavered between the two, unable to conclude which was preferable,

don.

"I said you are my papa."

Ah! he hesitated no longer. No, indeed. Houses cannot speak. Suddenly turning his back on Celestine, not daring to look at her for fear she might suspect his treason, he crossed the street and directed his steps to-ward the little hotel on the left; with his heart on fire, he went to seek the man that

ground. Three months! Bernadon counted the days in anguish.

One morning it was absolutely necessary to resolve upon doing it. He hired two laborers, and showed them the house.

"There," he said with a duil voice, "go to work." Feeling a curious vice clutching about his heart, he cried, "Not there."

They wanted to begin with the great tower, which to him was Celestine's head. But he had them tear down a few insignifi-

CELESTINE.

"With this repair, Celectines will do."

Never! The old man left the arbor and approached

And, half closing his eyes and inclining his head, like a painter examining his work, he looked lovingly at Celestine, as if seeing her for the first time.

Suddenly he trembled. Some one had iaid a hand on his shoulder.

"At how much do you value your property, my friend?"

Bernadon straightened himself, as if he would have broken his; back, and, with a ringing voice, looking the man in the face, he said: "It is not for sale, sir; look elsewhere."

with an injured look, as if a husband whose wife it had been proposed to buy. The gen

And he went his way.

Bernadon turned at once toward his house.

Then, tear not!" he said, as if addressing a

"It can't be possible!"

It is impossible !"

one. It took him a long time to decide what

"Yes, I will leave it out here somewhere," he said to himseif. But people came along and he dared not leave it. The child, caimed of young children.

He laid the little one down near the end

ong.
"Ha!" he exclaimed, "suppose the vehi-

just beginning to curl. How very soft this hair! It is a pleasure for an old man to

trange indeed :

o many years—
But these reflections were arrested by his

arrival at the police station. He entered mechanically. He was questioned, but he heard nothing. His ears were filled with music, very sweet music, whose only word was, "Papa."

'I want to know," demanded one of the

And the music rang continually in his

Thus it was that Bernadon found an aban doned child, loved it almost in spite of him-self, raised it, and thus committed, to his shame, to his joy, as he termed it, an act of infidelity against Celestine. Now, several years after these occurrences, Bernadon suffered severely one spring morn-

down with debts contracted for the mainte nance of the little one. He had vainly sought, invented, reflected, but no means had been found to keep both Celestine and the child. One or the other must be sacri-

them for a long time this spring morning. The terrible moment had come. He must choose between a levy on his house and sending the little one to the home for found

equally happy with either. All at once the little one threw her arms about his neck and murmured something in his ear.
"What did you say?" demanded Berns

wished to purchase his house and land.
Six thousand francs he was offered for them, and three thousand in addition to take charge of the demolition of the old

take charge of the demolition of the old structure.

"Come, come," said the old man when he was back with the little one, "I shall buy you a beautiful wooden horse."

And he jingled the coins in his pocket with a feeling of contentment.

Weeks passed and passed. Bernadon grew lean. He had been unable to prevail upon himself to demolish Celestine. He had hired ledgings opposite his former home and hired ledgings opposite his former home and

upon himself to demolish Celestine. He had bired lodgings opposite his former home and spent his days in looking at it from afar. He had three months, according to written contract, in which to raze Celestine to the ground. Three months! Bernadon counted ground.

roof, then a ruined little observatory, starting with each stroke of the pick-are as if the laborers were working on his steeb.

All the time he held the little one on his knees to console himself. Occasionally his eyes wandered from the house to the child, and from the child to the house, regarding them, in turn, as if he had repented of his

choice,

"No, never!" he cried to the workmen,

"No, never!" he cried to the workmen,
who were about to attack the tower.
"Never!" So he discharged them, threatening to break the head of him that dared do
evil to Celestine. He became frantic.
But on the morrow the new proprietor
came with a troupe of men, armed with long
iron tools that made Bernadon tremble.
"Don't, don't," he clampred.

"Don't, don't," he clamored.

"Don't, don't," he clamored.

But, seeing that the die was cast, that this dreadful thing must happen, that nothing in the world could save his beloved house, he himself took a pick-axe, and, motioning the laborers away with a gesture of his haud, he approached Celestine.

aborers away with a gesture of his hand, he approached Celestine.

"There, you shall not suffer long," he said, in a high-pitched tone of excitement.

He seemed to be groping for a place at the bottom of the tower; then he struck a terri-

bottom of the tower; then he struck a terri-ble blow, with a power no one suspected in his old arms.

The iron brace that upheld the whoie structure was laid bare. A second blow sev-ered it. The house trembled and a crack-ling sound was heard.

"Heavens' the whole thing is falling! Save yourself, Bernadon!" cried the work-

But Bernadon moved not.

But Bernadon moved not. He turned toward the child that was playing at a distance, and, with a strange voice that was no longer human, he exclaimed: "You will come sometimes and play upon my grave, little one!"

Stargering, Celestine fell upon him with a horrible crash, and her timbers, her tiles, her stones and rubbish fell upon him eagerly, covered him, killed him fiercely, as if they loved to murder him.—Jean Rameau in Cosmopolitan.

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MORAL GROWTH.

tion of the Will. For the Inventorsons.

said, when tied pronounced the sentence of death upon men for sin, he simply analls it above married life, but because it is free from the cares and trials of married life,

THE RELATION OF SEX.

intercourse among animals is promiscuous, of the sexes has force also. One qualification for marriage is an attraction towards the op-postte sex as such. A man or woman who linds no attraction in the opposite sex as a whole, who does not regard it with respect in other words, what is called a "man-hater or a "woman-hater," lacks a necessary qual ification for marriage, because in such a case there is no basis for love towards au individ ual of the opposite sex. But because man has personality the per

form already in that special sympathy or anopposite sexes. Perhaps if humanity were absolutely perfect each one would find his or her mate, and no other would satisfy; but as the world is constituted the choice is not as the world is constitued the choice is not absolutely confined to one. There are cer-tain types that have an affinity for each other, and therefore, and because of the force of the general affinity reterred to above, there is more than one that will satisfy the want; but the one chosen must become all in all to the one choosing. A man's wife must be to him the embodiment and repre-sentative of the whole sex, so that his affection never wanders to any other. Love for one, then, is a prerequisite for marriage. May a marriage then properly take place where it is not preceded by such love? In

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

Many and many a well aimed stone, Many a brickbat of good size,
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown
Had brought the tears to her lo ving eyes,
Or had bounded of from her bony back
Witha noise like the sound of a rifle crack. preceding death.

The marriage relation has its natural basis in the sexual instincts in our nature. This natural impulse is ethicised by love. It is thus elevated above mere nature and becomes a moral relation. For the sexual relation Many a day had she passed in the pound For helping herself to her neighbor's corn : Many a cowardly cur and hound Had been transfixed on her crampled horn as in the body, a male intellect as well as a female intellect, and a difference in the moral nature of male and female. Hence Old Deacon Gray was a very good old man,

The essence of love consists in a spiritual communion, in which the one loving give himself, or herself, to the one loved. In this mentation, so that the peculiar qualities, mental and moral, of the one are complemented by those of the other, thus forming one complete existence, but there is also a one complete existence, but there is also a moral and spiritual enlargement produced by the exercise of an unselfish principle—that of love as sacrifice. Here it is that the principle of right, which defends man's separate individuality, and which by Itself would develop into a principle of schall co-integration, or the social principle, and their proper equipoise resulfs in a completion of moral development. All social co-integration tends to the growth and enlargement of the moral nature, because in the exercise of the moral feelings, in every social relation, there is a nature, because in the exercise of the moral feelings, in every social relation, there is a giving and a receiving. In the matriage relation a man gives himself to his wife, and rice verse, and there is in this fact an exercise of unselfish love which unselfs the will and enlarges the moral nature. For it is a law of our moral nature that the exercise of an unselfish affection strengthens that affec-

The marriage relation lies at the foundation

lation of Enoch and Elijah.

And while on this point we may easily answer the position that death is something natural and in tall accord with the physical the human world is not a consequence of sin, any more than in the animal world; for geology proves that death prevailed in the duced death even it man had not fallen. In answering this view, we may allow that death does, indeed, come by a law of nature, law of a supernatural world, sacramentally exhibited in the tree of life in the midst of law of nature, and glorified the natural body, as we have such giorification even now in the resurrection, though not because there is anything in a celibate life in itself that exand may therefore devote itself more unre-servedly to acts of charity. For, while we say that the devotion of busband to wife or wife to hasband is unselfish, in that the one

THE GENERAL AND THE INDIVIDUAL I

for instance, that mate for a season and shadow forth all the personal devotion of husband and wife, but as a rule the sexual

DRIFT.

Titts has been a season unusually prolific bosom of the Winding Water, as the Why, there are more people in Lancaste who have roumed through the Adirondacks abroad, when fully as much enjoyment and

what is better, new impulses and desires to study up and find out more of our local indian history.

THE lecture of Mr. Robert Bair also sugges-