carts, donkey wagons, whose drivers all screamed, swore and cracked their whips in the midst of a turmoil increased by the darkness, that was only pierced by the bright lights of the lamps.

The storm had lasted part of the night, and a sea of liquid mud splashed under the horses' feet, while those who were walking stepped in above their ankles. M. Vigueron, followed in the distance by Mme. Vigueron followed in the distance by Mme. Vigueron and Mme. Chaine, lifted Gustave to put him and his crutch in the omnibus of the Hotel of the Apparition, where presently the ladies themselves also got in. Mme. Maze, with a little shiver, like a cat that hates to wet its paws, signed to the driver of an old coupe, got in and disappeared, discreetly giving the address of the Convent of the Blue Sisters. Finally Sister Handlinks was able to Sisters. Finally Sister Hyacinthe was able to establish herself with Elise Rouguet and Sophie Couteau in a great chara-bauc that was already occupied by Ferrand and Sisters St. Francois and Claire des Auges. The couchmen whipped their small fast horses, the carriages rolled off with demontac rapidity, amid

cries and the spluttering of the mud.

Mms. Vincent stood before the moving flood, hesitating to cross, with her preclou-burden in her arms. At times laughter was heard around her. "Oh, what a mess!" and every one would hold up her garments as she went. Finally, as the crowd thinned in the courtyard, she ventured to risk it. Ah, what a fear of slipping on the stones, of falling in the dark night! But when she reached the inclined part of the road she found there groups of women on the watch, offerings rooms to let, a bed or board ac

ording to one's means.

"Madame." she asked an old woman,

"please tell me the way to the grotto?"

Not even answering, the woman offered a cheap room. "Every house is full. You will find nothing at the hot is. You might, perhaps, get something to eat, but not a hole to

To eat, to sleep. Ah, God! could Mme. Vincent even think of such things, she who had come with only 30 sous in her purse, all that remained after paying her expenses. 'Madame, please show me the way to the

Among the women who were crying their wares there was one, a large, handsome giri, dressed like a smart maid, very neat and with clean hands. She slightly shrugged her ulders, and as a priest went by with his broad chest and rubicund face she dashed after him, offering a furnished room, fol-lowing him and whispering in his ear. "Here," another woman moved by pity said at last, "go down that road, turn to

your right and you will come to the grotto."
Inside the station on the landing platform
the bustle still continued, while the well pilgrims and those invalids who could walk had moved on, and thus relieved the gang-way somewhat. There still remained the very ill and those who were hard to get out and take away. The litter bearers rushed wildly about with their litters and bath chairs in the midst of their distracting necessity, not knowing at which end to begin As Berthaud, followed by Gerard, was pass-ing and waving orders he saw two ladies and a young girl standing under a gas jet, and who appeared to be waiting. He recognized Raymonde, and stopped his companion suddenly by a motion.
"Ah, mademoiselle, how delighted I am to

see you! Is your mother well, and have you had a pleasant journey?"

Then without waiting:

"My friend, M. Gerard Peyrelongue." Raymonds looked steadily with her clear, smiling eyes at the young man.
"Oh, I have the pleasure of being slightly acquainted with this gentleman. We have already met at Lourdes."

Then Gerard, thinking his cousin was rather rushing the matter, and quite determined not to be compromised in any sense, merely bowed with great politeness.

"We are waiting for mamma," continued the young girl. "She is very busy. She is looking after some very ill people."

looking after some very ill people Little Mme. Desagueaux, with her pretty blonde head and its curly hair, declared that it served her right, for Mme. de Jonquiere had refused any assistance from her, and that she was pining and burning with the wish to be useful while Mme. Volmar, apart, estent, was guite disinterested only trying to stlent, was quite disinterested, only trying to peer through the gloom as if looking for some one; her magnificent eyes, usually misty and dreaming, were now all aglow. But at this moment there was but one thought. They were taking Mme. Dicularay out of her first class compartment, and Mme. Desagueaux could not restrain an exclama-

"Oh, poor woman!" It was indeed distressing to see that lovely creature in all her luxury lying among her laces as though in a coffin, so fallen away that she was like a mere rag that fluttered on the sidewalk, waiting to be carried off. Her husband and sister were standing beside her, both of them very elegant looking, yet very sad, while a man servant and lady's maid, laden down with bags and parcels, ran to see if the large calcehe that had been ordered ahead by telegram was waiting it the court yard. Abbe Judaine also assisted e invalid, and when two men raised her bent forward and bade her "au revoir," adding some few words that she did not seem to hear. Then as he watched her go he added, turning to Berthaud, whom he

"Poor things! If they might only purchase a cure! I have told them that more precious than any gold in the sight of the Holy Virgin are the prayers of the faithful, and I trust that my own prayers may have availed soften heaven. None the less, they are bringing a most magnificent present a golden lamp for the basilica, a perfect beauty, chased and containing precious stones. May the immaculate Mary deign to

Many gifts were thus brought, enormous bouquets had just been carried past, an epergne, a sort of triple crown of roses mounted on a wooden stand. And the old priest explained that he intended before leaving to have a banner hung, the gift of Mme. Jousseur, Mme. Dieulafay's sister. Just then Mme. de Jonquiere came up and

perceiving Berthaud and Gerard: "I beg you, gentlemen, go to that railway carriage there nearby. They need men, for there are three or four invalids to take down. I am in de-spair. I can do nothing." Bowing hastily to Raymonde, Gerard was already gone, but Berthaud advised Mms, de Jonquiere to go with her daughter and the ladies, and not to remain longer on the platform, swearing there was no further need of her-that he would attend to all and see that she should have her invalids in her ward at the hospital within three-quarters of an hour. She ended by acceding and took a carriage with Raymonde and Mme. Desageaux. last moment Mme. Volmar had disappeared, as though she had yielded to a sudden impatience. They thought they had seen her approach an unknown man, probably to ask for some information. At all events, they

would meet again at the hospital.

Berthaud rejoined Gerard in front of the railway carriage, just as he was trying, as-sisted by two comrades, to get M. Sabathier out. It was an awkward matter, for he was very large, very heavy, and they thought he would never be able to squeeze through the door of the compartment. He had got in, however. Two more letter carriers went around to the other door and they finally succeeded in getting him out on the sidewalk. Day was breaking, a little faint light, and the station plaiform presented a immentable appearance with all the surroundings of the improvised ambulances. La Grivotte, fainting already, was lying there on a mattress waiting for a litter; while they had been obliged to prop Mme. Vetu up against a lamp post in such a bad turn and suffering so fearfully that they dared not touch her. Hospital aides with gloved hands pushed their little wagons with difficulty, that contained poor old women with ancient baskets under their feet; yet others could not get by at all with their litters where stiff bodies were stretched—sad, dumb bodies, with suffering eyes, and the infirm. However, the crippled ones seemed to get along—a lame young priest; a little boy with his crutches, hunchbacked and one leg off, dragged himself like a grome among the groups. A circle had formed round a man who was bent in so fearfully that they dared not touch he cle had formed round a man who was bent in two, twisted by paralysis to such a state that they were obliged to carry him thus doubled in a chair upside down, his bead and feet at the bottom. It looked as though it would take hours to vacate the platform. The confusion was at its height when the station master, rushing out, cried. station master, rushing out, cried;

"The Bayonne express is signaled. Hurry, hurry; you have only three minutes!" Father Fourcade, who had remained in the crowd on the arm or Dr. Bonamy, with merry manner that encouraged the invalids, beckened to Herthaud, and said: "Take them all out first, then you will be

able to get them away."

This advise was most wise, and they got everything down on the platform. Only Marie now remained in the railway carriage, waiting patiently. At last M. de Guer-

saint and Pierre had reappeared with the two pairs of wheels, and Pierre took the young girl out in great haste, assisted only by Gerard. She was as light as a winged-bird and the box alone caused them some bother Finally the men placed it firmly on the wheels, that were belted firmly on. Had it not been for the interfernce of the crowd Pierre could have trundled Marie off at "Hurry, hurry," repeated the station

master furiously.

He, too, was aiding by giving a helping. hand, lifting the feet of some invalid to get him out more quickly. He also pushed along the bath chairs that clattered up the edge of the sidewalk. But in a second class carriage a woman, the very last to get out, had just been seized with a nervous attack. She screamed, she threw horself about—no one could touch her at that time. And the express would soon arrive. That was signaled by the uninterrupted ringing of the electric bell. It had to be decided at once—to close the door and run the train off to the side track, where it would remain made up for three days until it again carried back its for three days until it again carried back its freight of pilgrims and invalids. As it moved off the wretched screamer might still be heard, who with a nun had alone remained in it, the cries becoming fainter and fainter, like those of a weak child that ends in being comforted. "Good God!" murmured the station master. "It was about time."

The Bayonne express came by, indeed, at full scend passing like a streak of lighting.

full speed, passing like a streak of lightning along the pitiful platform, where was pouring from a hospital. The bath chairs, the litters were shaken by the train, but there was no accident, for the train hands were watching and sending back from the tracks the frightened flocks that were still struggling to pass out. Elsewhere circula-tion was resumed. The litter bearers finally succeeded in transporting the ill people with

prudent slowness. Little by little daylight increased, a clear dawn whitened the sky and reflected back on the earth, still dark. One could begin to see men and people distinctly, 'No, presently," repeated Marie to Pierre, "Let us wait till the press is somewhat

And she interested herself in looking at a man of about 60 years, of military aspect

who was walking about among the invalids. His square head and white hair, closely cropped, would have still given him a martial air, if he had not dragged his left foot, that he turned him a dragged In every step. He leaned heavily with his left hand on a large cane. M. Sabathler, who had been here for six years, perceived him and called: "Ah! is it you, Com-mandant?" Perhaps his name was Commandant, but

is he was decorated and wore a large red ribbon, perhaps he was designated thus on account of his decoration, although he was only a simple knight. No one knew his precise history, and he doubtless still had a family somewhere—children perhaps—but these things had always been vague and mysterious. For three years he was on duty at the station to oversee the coaches—a simple occupation, a modest situation given as a great favor and that permitted him to live perfectly happy. Stricken by a first at-tack of apoplexy when 55, he had a second three years later that had slightly paralyzed his left side. Now he was waiting for the third with an air of absolute tranquility. As he expressed it he was at the mercy of death, tonight, tomorrow, that very moment. He was well known all over Lourdes for his mania at the time of the pilgrimages of going upon the arrival of each train, dragging his foot and leaning on his cane, to be surprised by and reproach the invalids with the desire they signified to be cured. Thus, for three years he had seen M. Sabathier, and all his rage fell on him.

'How is this? You again? Do you, then, wish to live this execrable life? But, damn it, go home and die peacefully in you own bed! Is not that the best thing in the world?" M. Sabathler laughed, without feeling an-noyed, though suffering greatly from the rough manner they had been obliged to get

him out of the railway carriage. "No, no; I would rather be cured."
"Cured! Cured! They all want the same.
They come for hundreds of miles, bowling with pain, to be cured, that they may begin again all the ills, all the pains. Look here, sir. At your age, with your worn out body, you would be well caught if your Holy Virgin did give you back your legs! What would you do with them? While you are about it, die at once, eh! That is real happiness!" And he said this not as a believer who aspired to the delicious rewards in another life, but as a worn out man who expected to fall into oblivion in the eternal peace of

being no more forever. While M. Sabathier gayly shrugged his shoulders, as if talking to a child, Abbe Judaine, who had returned to find his banner stopped in passing to scold the commandant gently, for he, too, was acquainted with him. "Do not blaspheme, my dear friend; you offend God when you refuse life and do not love health. If you had listened to me your-self you would already have asked the Holy Virgin to cure your limb."

The commandant then got angry.
"My leg—it is useless. I am satisfied about And when death does come, let that be the end forever. When the time to die one just turns to the wall and diesthat is all.

But the old priest interrupted him. He pointed to Marie, who lay stretched in her box listening to them.
"You would send back all our invalids to die at home, even that young lady, would you not? She is still young and anxious to

Marie opened her large eyes in her ardent desire to be, to take part in this world, and the commandant, who had approached, looked at her. Seized with a sudden and profound emotion that made his voice tremble, he said: "If mademoiselle is cured, I also wish for her another miracle, that of being happy." And he walked on in his role of incensed philosopher, in the midst of the invalids, dragging his foot and striking the flagstones with the ferrule of his great stick. Little by little the platform was cleared. They had carried off Mme. Vetu and La Gri-votte; Gerard had taken M. Sabathier in a bath chair, while Baron Suire and Berthaud were already giving their orders about the green train that was expected. Marie only remained, and Pierre guarded her jealously. But he had got ready and had dragged her into the court yard when they noticed that but a moment since M. de Guersaint had disappeared. Almost immediately they saw him talking with Abbe des Hermoises, whose acquaintance he had just made. A mutual admiration for nature had drawn them together. Day had dawned. The neighboring mountains stood forth in all their majesty, and M. de Guersaint gave cries of delight.

"What a land, sir. For thirty years I have been most anxious to visit this range of Gavarine. But it is still for away and so dear

arine. But it is still far away, and so dear that I surely can never make the excursion." "You are mistaken, sir. Nothing is easier. If several join together the expense is moderate. And this year specially I am anxious to go again, so that if you will be one of

"How so, sir? We will talk it over again. A thousand thanks." His daughter called him, and he rejoined them after exchanging cordial bows. Pierre had decided that he would drag Marie to the hospital, to spare her the pain of getting into another vehicle. Omnibuses, landaus, little carts were already returning, and again filling the court yard waiting for the next train, and he had some trouble to get into the road with the little carriage, whose two wheels sank to their hubs in the mud. The police-men who maintained order growled against the nasty mess that covered their boots. Only the runners, both old and young, who had rooms to let, defied the filth that they crossed in every sense in the pursuit of pilgrims as they came out of the station.

As the carriage rolled more easily on the sianting road Marie suddenly asked M. de Guersaint, who walked beside her:

"Father, what day is this?" "Saturday, my darling,"
"True, it is Saturday, the day of the Holy Will it be today that she will cur-

And just behind her, on a covered litter, two porters were furtively carrying the corpse of a man that they were taking to the end of a room belonging to the coach service, behind the shadows of the barrels, eventually to bury him in some secret place that would be designated by Father Four-

(To be continued next Sunday.) One word describes it, "perfection." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures

English dimities are popularly used this year for morning gowns. This fabric is in-expensive, pretty, cool looking, and wears well.

Japanese wash silks are in constant de-

HOME OF THE CANVASBACK

A Morning's Shoot that Will Live in Memory as Long as Life Lasts.

SIMERAL TRIES TO BURN UP THE ISLAND

A Double on Mallards-One of Rex's Favorite Tricks-The White Goose-Bursting of the Storm and a Run for the Ranch.



UTIFULLY. AT Hamilton's command. Rex brought in both geome, one after the other, and we had barely got settled in our blinds

when a flock of snow gerse, flying high, came over. Ed. said they were too high, but he was too late. The lawyer was already upon his feet, and had the birds been

skimming the sky, he couldn't have been restrained from pulling the trigger. Imagine our surprise then, when after he had poured both barrels into them, and they had well passed over our blinds, one let loose and came whirling and gyrating to the water. It was a chance shot and a long one, but the bird was as dead as the proverbial mackerel when he struck the water.

"Who ever said I couldn't kill geese was mistaken, that's all. Did you ever see a prettler shot?" ejaculated the barrister, as Rex hauled the dead goose up into the yellow grass.
"Mark!" It was a bunch of canvas, and

they came hurtling down the wind with tre-mendous velocity. I took the lead, Hamilton the middle, according to our positions, and Simeral the rear. We all downed our birds, mine the hen and Ed and Billy's drakes. Mine was killed dead, but the other two were but wing tipped. Hamilton shot his over instanter, but the lawyer let his get away from him.

Another bunch came in almost immedi-Another bunch came in almost immediately, but they swung out rather far. We heard the shot rattle against their sides, but they were a hard crowd and continued on their way toward the hyperborean re-

Again, had we hardly recovered from our chagrin, when a flock of canvas, embracing probably sixty birds, came straight into us. We waited until they dropped their bluish legs to light among their wooden prototypes, when we all arose and fired together. A half-dozen birds fell, while a seventh, who had received some stray shot in the fusilade swerved from the main bunch as they tore straight away and, flying back of us, crossed the intervening water, went over the wagon and fell on the hillside fully a mile away. "He's all right-we'll get 'im tonight, remarked Hamilton, confidently, "but if you say so, I'll send Rex after him now. He'll get him all right, but he won't bring him here."

"What will he do with him?" I inquired. "He'll hide him somewhere wagon, then when we go in, he'll bring him forth. That's an old trick of his, and he likes to play it. We'll watch him. Go get him, Rex!" All this time the dog had been half

crouching, half standing in his grassy lair with his hazel eyes fastened intently on the distant hillside, but at his master's mandate he sprang eagerly away, ran along the shall-covered shore of the island to the farthest inland point, then plunged into the lake.
At this juncture Hamilton's ever restless

eyes had discovered a fleck of canvas cir-cling over the wapatoo beds across the lake to the northeast, .He brought his caller into requisition and after a moment's shrill squawking succeeded in attracting their attention and they quickly started to come over. They were not long in getting their eyes on the decoys, but shied past just as we thought they were going to come in and deflected to the left. They made a circle of a mile or more, then came bearing down upon us again. As they approached Ed gave a running, clucking call. The birds turned and came swiftly on suspectingly toward us. We saw that they were extremely timid and tacitly agreed upon taking a long chance. Sure enough, when within possibly fifty yards of the blinds, they "dished," with a sibliant swish, and began to go up at the rate of a mile a half-minute and, feeling that they were off and that this was our only chance, we jumped to our feet and emptied our Lefevers. To our utter astonishment four birds fell, all killed clean.

"There goes Rex:" interrupted Hamilton,

and turning we saw the dog climbing up the west bank of the lake. Once upon solld ground he gave himself a vigorous shaking, rolled over on the grass a time or two, then struck off for the hillside where we knew our canvasback had fallen. He was not long in reaching the place and the next we saw of him he was or his way back to where the wagon stood, and from the high attitude of his noble head and his proud step, we knew what he bore in his mouth. It was the dead canvasback.

Reaching the wagon he deposited his prize on the ground, gazed intently over in our di-rection a moment, then picking it up he trotted leisurely off among the dead yucca and cactus plants, soon losing himself from sight. Ten minutes later he appeared or the lake shore and stood gazing across at us, as if to say: "I'll surprise you fellows in the evening with an extra duck."

A shrill whistle from Ed, and the dog

and a short time after was curled up in the grass back of our blind again. 'Mark!" to the north! mallards!" came the same old electrifying admonition from Hamilton, and down the lake we saw then coming, a single pair. The wind was assist-ing them considerably, and it required but a few seconds to bring them in. As they caught sight of the decoys their natural wariness and caution returned to them and they began to beat upward as if for a bet-ter view. Everything seemed satisfactory and down they came plump in our faces, th old drake, with green velvet head stretched

once more plunged into the restless waters

far out, leading his mottled consort by a 'There's an easy double, Sandy," whispered Hamilton, "you take them and show Bill and I what you can do."
"All right," I responded, "I'll show you how I always do it," and as the two birds were cupping their wings and dropped their

orange pillars, I arose for the shot The drake was evidently extremely sus picious, and, in an almost perfectly upright position, he was hovering almost station ary over the decoys, with his glossy chest nut breastplate and ashen belly staring me nut breastplate and ashen belly staring me in the face, while the hen was timorously fluttering just behind. With the most supreme confidence in my skill I banged away without hardly atming, and thinking, of course, that he was good as dead, I swung off and onto the hen, who had wheeled as if on a pivot, and with distraught squawks was conting her way through space, with all the cutting her way through space with all the energy of her sturdy pinions. Bang! went the other barrel, and to my inexpressible disgust and humiliation I saw both birds making good their escape, the old drake spitefuly emitting that aggrayating "mamph! mamph! as he dove round and joined his mate in her mad flight across the

A downy feather or two was being buffeted hither and thither by the stiffening wind, and that was all.

I had scored a beautiful double—miss!

The lawyer chuckled in flendish glee, but Hamilton was more considerate. He amiled in a peculiar way, of course, but as a surcease for my sorrow, said:
"Well, sir, if I have done that once, I've

"Well, sir, if I have done that ones, I've done it 1,000 times, in my experience. The best shot on earth don't know just when he is going to drop a tough old maliard. They seem to get out of the most impossible situations sometimes. You, see, you were too anxious to make a double, so you missed both. You shot under both birds, but a few shots whistled through the old drake's tail feathers. But you couldn't do that again in feathers. Bet you couldn't do that again in twenty trials." I hadn't a word to say. I simply slipped

in a couple of more shells in a sort of per-functory way, and squatted down in my hole, which I mentally wished, just then, was a few dozen feet deeper, for I knew the

disciple of Blackstone would have an erupfion sooner or later. Sure enough, after a moment's silence, bro-

ken only by the snap of a match as the law-yer lit his old briarwood, and it came. 'How'd you come to do it, Gris' Looked to me as if I could have killed both of 'em with a base ball bat—they were so close. But you remember what I told you about pulling a little high—"

'You tell me anything?" I interrupted savagely, 'not in a hundred years, and I'll bet you \$50 you can't prove you're alive now. You tell me how to hold on a duck—you make me sick.

"Canvasback!" While Ed was enjoying this little by-play he had kept his visual organs at work, and it was his precautionary exclamation that cut short a colloquy that might have grown

The birds were coming down the take from the north, an immense borde of them, and in our anticipatory enthusiasm. Billy and I gladly turned from the subject of my egreus flasco to the sport ahead. Scratch! That was Simeral lighting that odifer-

ous old pipe of his. Think of a true sports-man toying with the fifthy weed in such a supreme moment. Lighting his pipe with one hundred royal canvasback, on swift wing, bearing down upon him! Can sucha thing be

'We'll knock out a dozen this time-they want to light-be careful-don't-

Scratch! Another match. Another match.

The birds had now dropped low over the water and were slowing up preparatory to sliding into its cooling depths. In another moment they will have settled. What a flock—the like I had never seen before. Every nerve was tingling, every muscle every fiber quivering with the keenest de light, such as only sportsmen know under such circumstances. Ed and I crouched like images hewn from

stone. Moveless as death, we were wait-ing until the advance couriers of the approaching myriad had breasted the crest of the restless lake, when suddenly we were startled to our feet by a maniacal shrick. and glancing whence came this eldritch sound we saw Simeral executing a dance, compared with which the ghost dance of the wild and untutored Sloux would have

been tame and listless indeed.

One of the cast-aside matches had ignited the exuberant growth of heavy pampas grass with which his blind was encompassed, and it was blazing furiously all about him. But he was game, and he fought its advantage of the state of the s advancement with heroic vigor, kicking, stamping and threshing about like a huge live lobster in a kettle of boiling water. Rex was frantic, too, and to the din he added his sharp yelps, as he leaped about the flery his sharp yelps, as he leaped about the flery circle. In another moment Muskrat island would have been a sea of roaring, lurid flame, for its surface was fairly matted with a rank growth of grass, flags and reeds, dry as tinder and as inflammable as oil. But Hamilton and I were quickly to the rescue. Seizing the gunny sacks in which we care ried the decoys, we attacked the spreading flames with all our energies, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the last spark exinguished.

The canvasbacks—well, we never saw or heard of that flock again, and judging from our own fright and excitement, it is not improbable to suppose that they are going

"Now I hope," I exclaimed irascibly, as I Now I nope, I exclaimed fraction, as I turned upon the crestfallen lawyer, "that you will throw that damned old pipe of yours in the lake. I never was in a blind with you in my life but what you were continually lighting that old cesspot, and you know I have told you a hundred times that when you have the laws it is no that when you are shooting ducks it is no time to smoke!" "When you are shooting ducks," he got back, with a good deal of unction, "I should think you'd smoke all the time—it will steady your nerves!"

Then without another word he crawled back in his hole brighted the grassy am-

back in his hole, brushed the grassy embers from his hunting jacket and got down to business, for five minutes later the air seemed fairly alive with canvasbacks and redheads. It was a famous flight, and we did famous work, knocking the feathered beauties right and left, until Rex had the whole end of the island fairly covered with

them At this inauspicious juncture the storm that had been gathering and threatening all morning broke upon us. The distant sandhills mingled grayly, and then amidst a fine, nasty, driving mist the whole spective was swallowed up. blackened, and the shadowy bra The lake and rush melted away, the further shor line disappeared in the misty mingle, and although the rain had not yet set in in all its culminating fury, we were already shiv-ering and drenched to the skin. Soon, with a rush, the storm was upon us. The lake and plain, so soft and tender and pleas-ing to the fancy in the early morning sunshine, became, in a wiff of Boreas' wand, reeking with wet and cold. Then there was a sudden shifting of the clouds, and hope arose in our swelling hearts; to the magic of sunshine the misty curtain lifted and there was an instantaneous glitter all and there was an instantaneous gitter an about. Then it came again, the black and howling tempest, with spits of snow, enguling wrathful lake, swaying reeds and frowning hills, and changing again into jewel work under the struggling rays of the sun. For an hour there was a quick in-terweaving of rain and snow, darkners and sunlight, and such another mysterious storm I never encountered before. Foggy shafts would streak the scene, then blue eyes would open in the ragged clouds. The ar-cades of water, mist and shadow would glow, darken, be masked in the storm, and flath again into gold. But finally all this interesting phenomena came to an end. The face of all nature shrunk as within some murky horror. The sky grew blacker and the lake more wrathful, while the wind came down like blades of steel. The rain grew fiercer and finer, and before we could realize it, it had merged into a driving, blind ing sheet of stinging particles of snow, went howling and shricking across the lake as if the world was about to come to an end. It was beyond the endurance of the most indomitable sportsman to withstand the furies of such a blast, and we were soon battling with the angry waves in our efforts to reach the shore. But Hamilton's little craft was as staunch as boat ever was, and after a quarter of an hour of almost super

human effort we reached the bank.

"It is a blizzard, boys—the worst of the year!" exclaimed Ed as we crowded into our seats in the wagen, "we must make the ranch with no more fooling. I know what this means!"

An hour later we were home, yet it was a close call, for the blizzard raged as blizzard seldom raged before. But once within that happy sod lodge, with the warmth of a great fire filling every nook and cranny, with the party all in, dogs, too, all casting that social spell so congenial to our natures restored the equilibrium of our spirits. The The feeling of isolation, of cold and fear fied. We were again of the family of man. SANDY GRISWOLD.

Emile Zola's Popularity.

Although M. Zola cannot win his way into that compact and complacent little mutual admiration society known as the French academy, he seems to have cap-tured popular admiration to an extent of which the members of that galaxy have never so much as dreamed. When he ap-peared at the Trocadero on Thursday last to lecture for the benefit of a charity fund, he was made the object of an ovation extraordinary fervor and enthusiasm. Th following account, taken from the Herald's European edition of the 27th of April, is

'In the cause of charity M. Emile Zola "In the cause of charity M. Emile Zola made his debut on the public platform today, when he gave what is described on the bills as a lecture, or 'conference,' at the Trocadero, in aid of the pension fund of the Societe des Genands Lettres. The immense hall was crowded, fully 2,000 being present, as all Paris is talking about his new work, 'Lourdes,' which was announced to be the subject of the reading.

"M. Zola's appearance was greeted with

to be the subject of the reading.

"M. Zola's appearance was greeted with a burst of long and loud applause.

"I crave your indulgence, said M. Zola, 'as this is my first appearance before so large an audience, and as I am infinitely troubled."

"He went on to explain why he was on the platform. He had been told that his assistance would be an attraction. He had raised many objections he was unaccustomed to public speaking, his 'ridiculous timidity,' etc.—but alk were met by the response, 'It is for our poor,' and he had consented. All writers, unfortunately, did not become millionaires, and he had not the cart to refuse a request pleaded on such grounds. eart to refuse a request pleaded on 'I am not a musician, not an actor-only

a novelist, and I can do nothing but read you some selections from my new book,

Lourdes." 'M. Zola then sat down at the table on the platform and read some short selections. the first dealing with Bernadette Soubirous' childhood, the second with the first apparition, the third with the effect of the apparitions on the people of the Lourdes dis-

The audience listened with most profound interest and in the deepest silence to the end, when there ensued a perfect storm of appliance and cheering, with waving of hand-kerchiefs, such as is rarely experienced with a French audience. M. Zola had to come forward thrice in response. He bowed with quiet dignity, like a man conscious of his

'If today's audience was representative of opinion in France generally—and there is very little doubt that such is the case—there is no man in the country of whom the French are more proud."

Zola deals with facts, with truth, with

the problems of real life. His pictures, splendid and somber, gracious and beautiful, terrible and tragic, as the case may be, are pictures of familiar things. The passions he portrays and plays upon are the passions which every day men and women have experienced. He is in touch with humanity and the secret of his spell is sympathy. The members of the Academy who refuse him a welcome to their brotherhood cannot harm Zola or weaken his hold upon mankind: they can only harm themselves by slighting him. He will live when they are forgotten. They are "immortals" by favor. He is immortal by the divine right of genius and achievements.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Boston Globe having said the other day that Massachusetts would not rhyme, a patriotic Bay State man asked it what is the matter with the following:

Tune "America."

All hail to thee old Mass Achusetts, you're the lass Of whom we sing.

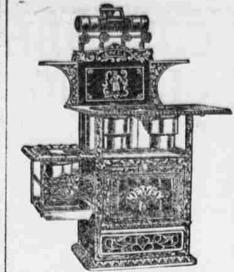
We love thy water's slosh.
Waters where codish splosh Fragrant as flowers, b'gosh, In early spring.

To thee, dear Masschu
Setts, we will e'er be true,
Only to thee.
What though thy cobblestones
Call forth our sighs and groans,
Still each thy praise intones,
Thou, great and free.

Let music swell Massa Chusetts, both night and day, 'Twon't be enough We'll let thy codfish play Gayly in your old bay, And shout thy glory aye, For you're the stuff!

The National Educational association, with Hon. A. G. Lane, superintendent public schools, Chicago, president; Hon. J. M. Greenwood, superintendent public schools Kansas City, treasurer; Hon, Irwin Shep-ard, president state normal school, Winona, Minn., secretary, and Hon. N. A. Calkins, assistant superintendent public schools. New York, chairinan board of trustees, will hold its 1894 meeting at Asbury Park, N. J., July 6 to 13, inclusive.

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