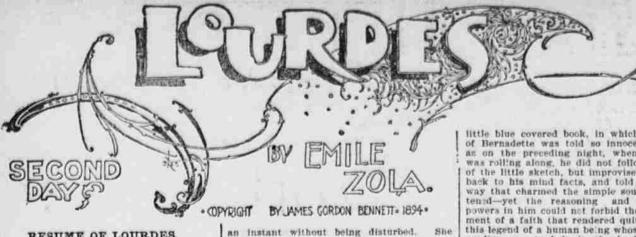
## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1894-TWENTY PAGES.



had answered with a surprised air, "Why

complaining of such an awful headache, which simply made Mme. Desagneaux wild

ning at the slightest call, always ready to

apartment in Paris would ring for a servant

letely enveloped by her lovely blonde hair.

No noise, neither servant nor groans, could

Mme, de Jonquiere came back to the young

priest and said softly: "I think I will send for M. Ferraud, you

know, the house physician who has accom-panied us; he might give this poor girl some

thing to calm her. But he is busy just now down stairs with Brother Isidore, in the

family ward. Then, you know, we are not supposed to nurse people here. We merely place our beloved invalids in the hands of

Sister Hyacinthe, who had decided to spend

Ferraud, who has succeeded in reviving Brother Isidore. Shall I go down and find

But Pierre was opposed to this. "No, no

Marie will soon be more reasonable.

and by, and she will rest."

"I am cured; I am cured."

"I am cared; oh, quite, quite cured."

Yet she was beginning to feel

run

one's self.

waken her now.

proached.

him?

light:

## RESUME OF LOURDES.

## Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zola's Great Story Which Has Been Printed

Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zola's Great story Whileh Has Been Printed Chapter L.—The opening scene of "Lourdes" is in a crowded third-dues car of the "while train," which carries the very silk pligrims from Paris to Lourdes. It is at sunrise of a hot August day, promising to make the Journey very unconfortable. It is at sunrise of a hot August day, promising to make the Journey very unconfortable. It is at sunrise of a structure of the train starts. The side are propped up on the henches or structure work, with Sisters of the Assumption in each comparison of the August day, promising to make the Journey very function of the Assumption in each comparison of the Assumption in each comparison of the August day. The work of the August day would be the structure of the Assumption in each comparison of a hot the Assumption in each comparison of a hot the Assumption in each comparison of a hot be the structure of the August day of the structure of the Assumption in the comparison of a structure from the August day of the structure of the structure of the structure of the structure of the trans of the association of the August and the structure of the trans of the transmission of a structure from the the structure of the transmission of a structure of the transmission of the t husband." Mme. Volmar had not even appeared. They said that Mme. de Jon-quiere had sent her off to bed, as she was for she said, and justly, too, that one should not come to take care of ill people if one were not perfectly well and able-bodied as though her legs and arms were breaking, without being willing to give in, give a helping hand. She who in her ow rather than move a candiestick was now handing pots and bowles, emptying basins and supporting ill people in her arms while Mme, de Jenquiers turned their pillows over. When 11 o'clock struck she was quite over come. Having been imprudent enough to sit down for a moment in the armchair, she fell asleep, fast asleep, just as she was, her graceful head fallen on her shoulder, com-

the Holy Virgin. the night with the directress, now ap-"I have just come up from the family ward, where I promised to fetch some oranges to M. Sabathler, and I saw M.

an old friend of Stater Hyacinthe, whom she nursed when he was a poor student. The man is beyond his aid, and a priest with the holy oils . Chapter IV.-Just as the train starts Sophis Conteau, a young girl, gets in the car. She tells the story of the miraculous cure accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping it in the water - U. Lourdes. Her tale bacys up the failth of the pilgrims, who are now ail sure of being cured. - The history of Bernadette, the grit who saw the vision in the grotto. It was on February II, 1858, that Bernadette, a stepherdess, was sent out to gather wood. It was then she, by acci-dent, strolled into the grotto. The earty history of the girl was also gives his version of the story, based on the extensive researches he has made. Second Day, Chapter 1.-The hospital train ar-rives in Lourdes. Reception and care of the af-dent, strolled into the grotts the grotty is formed after a brief resist in the great hospital. A bright, cloudless August morning reflects the buogant anticipations of the story, based on the extensive researches his old friend, buogant anticipations of the affecting to pray with arfor sufficient to reach heaven. - The failed main strength on the march, Father Fourcarde exhorts the suffering to pray with arfor sufficient to reach heaven. - Chapter II.-The abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chassaligne. The crowd forces the abbe to hing of the invalids is suffering to pray with arfor sufficient to reach heaves. - Chapter II.-The abbe finds that Marie has been - and immersed. No miracle occurs on going out the abbe faint. The dead man is brought in and immersed. No miracle occurs on going out the abbe faint to be cured and keep records of all the coass. Dr. Bonamy is in charge and shows an earnest desire to have every case are the pilgrims who claim to be cured and keep records of all the coass. Dr. Bonamy is in charge and shows an earnest desire to have every case are the pilgrims who claim to be cured and keep record of all the coass. Dr. Bonamy is in charge and shows an

she was by a continuous rattle.

phrase:

negation: "The Holy Virgin is right to cure such as stages of consumption, comes rushing in, shout-ing, "I am cured!" A great change has cer-tainly come over hr. She looks well and splitted. The dectors examine her. Some find but slight the is of luce a faction, others price at all and still others declare she never had consumption. It is so hot and uncomfortable in the rudely con-structed office that Flerre pushes his way out and joins Marie. It gives er mucl more pleasurs than if I were cured; because I have my little watch maker's business, and I can wait. Each one in turn, each one in turn. They all showed this charity, this incredible happiness when others were healed. They were rarely jealous, but yielded to a sort of epidemic of happiness, a contagious CHAPTER V. After leaving M. Guersaint in his room at hope of being cured whenever the Holy Vir-They must not annoy her, or wished it. be too impatient; for she surely had her own reasons, and knew why one came before another. Thus the most seriously !!! were praying for their neighbors in this fraterally of suffering and of hope. No one was even hopeless, each miracle was an assurance of another to follow. Their faith was irreanother sistible. They told about a girl, a farm hand, a paralytic, who walked several steps at the grotto with a most extraordinar will; then after returning to the force of she was anxious to go once more to the grotto, but half way she had recled breathless, livid, and brought back in a litter she had died, cured, it was said, by her neighbors in the ward. One after another the Holy Virgin forgot not one of her beloved daughters, unless it was her plan to grant at once to her elect a place in paraa priest was not a man. "She only cares for you. She will only As Pierre was leaning over Marie to offer once more to read, she suddenly burst into tears. She leaned her head on her friend's alder, and in the vague shadows of that fearful ward she poured forth all her re-bellious thoughts. As it sometimes hap pens, there had come to her a complete los of faith, a sudden lack of courage, the wild ing. Perhaps you can help her." rage of a suffering creature who could wait So Pierre followed Mme, de Jonquiere no longer. She nearly approached a feel who made a place for him beside Marie's ing of sacrilege. "No, no! She is wicked, she is unjust "I bring you some one whom you not to have healed me at once. I was so sure she woull hear me today, I had prayed dear child. Now, you will talk to him and be reasonable, will you not?" Now this first day is finished so hard! But recognizing Pierre the sick girl only shall never be cured. It was Saturday, and I felt certain she would cure me on Saturday. I do not wish to speak, keep me from talking, for my heart is full and I shall say too much. He strained her head to him in a broth erly way and tried to still her rebellious cry

little blue covered book, in which the story of Bernadette was told so innocently. But, as on the preceding night, when the train was rolling along, he did not follow the text of the little sketch, but improvised, bringing back to his mind facts, and told them way that charmed the simple souls that lis tened-yet the reasoning and analytical powers in him could not forbid the establishment of a faith that rendered quite practical this legend of a human being whose continual Shi had a valiant second in Mme. Desagneaux, who worked with such zesi that Sister Hyacinthe had just said to her, laughingly "Why do you not become a nun?" and she

bright was to help in the healing of the sick. From all the neighboring beds the women soon began to sit up. They wished to hear the continuation of the story, for their anxious awaiting for the celebration of the communion was keeping nearly al of them awake. So Pierre, in the pale light of the lamp hanging from the wall near him, raised his voics slightly, so that all in the ward could hear:

"From the very first miracles the perse-ution began. Bernadette, treated as a liar and a mad woman, was threatened with being put in prison. Abbe Peyramale, the vicar of Lourdes, and M. Laurence, bishop of Sartes, as well as the remainder of the clergy, kept away, awaiting with the ut-most prudence, while the civil authorities, the chief magistrate, the imperial solicitor the mayor, the police commissioners, gave th mselves up with deplorable real to working against religion.

As he went on Pierre saw the true story before him with its invincible force. He went back somewhat and took up the story of Bernadette at the time of the first ap-parition, when she was so candid, so charming in her ignorance and her faith in her suffering. She was again the secress, the saint, whose face, during the crisis of ecsaint, whose face, during the crisis of ec-stacy, too on a look of superhuman beauty; her forehead shone, her features seemed to glow, her eyes to become brighter, while her half open mouth burned with love. Then the majesty of her entire person, her noble signs of the cross, made very slowly from one end of the horizon to the other. Every one in the neighboring valleys, the villages the towns were talking only about Berna-dette. Although the Holy Virgin was no longer named she was acknowledged, and they said: "It is she, it is the Holy Virthey said: gin." The first market day there was such a crowd that Lourdes was crowded. All wished to see the blessed child, the elect

of the queen of angels, who became so beautiful when heaven opened before her

ternal pity for her, the kind of fervor one has for a saintly friend, a simple soul, strict, yet charming in the endurance for the sake of her faith, could not hide his emotion, but his eyes filled and his voice trembled. There all alone before these judges, and so inno-cent a provide the provide the provide the provide the provide the same hard look of Yebellion, unclasped her hands and made a motion of vague pity. "Oh," she murmured, "poor little thing, all alone before these judges, and so inno-cent, so proud impowed to her truth."

cent, so proud, immovable in her truth." From every side the same suffering sympathy was shown. The misery of the ward i its nocturnal distress, its heaps of dismal cots, its phantasmal coming and going of the nuns and hospital purses, half dead with fatigue, seemed to be lighted by a ray of divine charity. Was it not the sternal illu-sion of happiness, eyen with her tears and her unconscious prevarications? Poor, poor, Bernadette! Each one felt a personal indignation for the persecutions she had endured in order to defend her faith.

Pierre went on to tell about all the child had been forced to suffer. After the agent's questioning she had been obliged to appear before the tribunal. The entire judicial court demanded that she make a retraction. But the stubbornness of her belief was stronger than any reasoning of the united authorities Two doctors, sent by the prefect to make a particular examination of the ill girl, to the same honest conclusion as had all other physicians-namely, the existence nervous troubles, of which asthma was a cer tain sign, that might under certain circum stances develop visions; and had they ne feared the exasperated public, they would have had her placed in the hospital at Barhes. A bishop knelt at her feet. Ladies came desirous of buying her favor with weight of gold. Crowds of the faithful overwhelming her with visits. She had taken refuge with the Sisters of Nevers, who were in charge of the town hospital, and while with them she took her first communion, having, with great difficulty, learned to read and write. As the Holy Virgin had selected her for the happiness of others, and had not vouchsafed to cure her of her own chronic ills, it was wisely decided to take her to the

waters at Carterets, near by, which, how-ever, did her no good. From the moment she returned to Lourdes the torment of the inquiries, the adoration of the populace, all recommenced, and so greatly aggravated more and more her horror of the world. To her it was a sealed book to enjoy life as a happy maiden, dreaming of a husband the young mother kissing the cheeks of her big babies. She had seen the Virgin, she was the elect and a martyr. The Virgin, so said the faithful, had not confided to her three secrets unless to sustain her by the triple armor against the future persecu tions she must endure.

For a long time the clergy had taken no part in this, feeling uncasy and doubtful. The vicar of Lourdes, Abbe Peyramale, was

talked of putting in prison this

venture? Saintly literature is filled

pious child with a message to him in

Thus it was that he began to love and to

defend Bernadette for her own merit, still

holding himself aloof, waiting for the de-

Tarbes, for he remained absolutely slient,

his clergy, and not a priest had yet

whole days before the grotto. He

day by day, and the fact that he was unit

for he had but the single wish not to con

It was a most rudimentary organization

ward nightfall who would let him

should come in processions.

cision of his bishop.

thing to lose.

prodigies,

Automated Bala

the posts of the fence were placed in posi-tion, the boards firmly nailed and the deed was done that shut up the mystery, barred out the unknown, put the miracle in prison. The civil authorities innocently imagined it was all over, that these few planks would stop these poor people, famishing with illu-sions and hopes.

From the moment it was proscribed, for-bidden by law as a misdemeanor, the new religion burned in every heart with an inextinguishable flame. The faithful came is still greater numbers, kneeling at a distance sobbling in the very face of their forbidden paradise. And above all, the invalids-the poor invalids to whom a turbarous law had forbidden a cure-they approached, notwith-standing the prohibitions, getting through holes, climbing over obstacles, in their sole and ardent desire to steal some of the water What! Here was a remarkable water that caused the blind to see, the cripple to walk, that instantly alleviated all ills, and there were men cruel enough to put this water under lock and key, so that it might no longer cure this miserable world. Oh, it was monstrous! A cry of execution arose from the lips of these people, the poor out casts who had as much need for the marvelous in this life as for bread to eat. Ac cording to the ordinance, official reports had to be made of the delinquents, and thus might have been seen before the tribunal a lamentable file of old women, crippled men

guilty of having drunk at the fountain of life. They stuttered, besought, did not even understand when they were fined. Outside the crowd scolded, and a furious feeling of unpopularity arose for those hard judges on human misery, against those pitlless mas-ters who, after taking away all riches, would not even leave the poor the dream of over yonder: the belief that a superior power was looking after them in a material way, by making them peaceful in their minds and healthy in their bodies. A whole company of these wretches and invalids waited on the mayor; they knelt in the court yard and conjured him with sobs to open the grotto again, and what they said was so pitcous that everybody wept. One mother held up her half dead child; would he be allowed t die thus in her arms when there was spring that had saved the children of othe nothers? A blind man showed his sightless eyes; a pale, scrofulous boy uncovered the sores on his legs; a paralytic woman at tempted to join her sadly twisted hands Were they to be allowed to perish, their last divine chance of living to b Way be re fused because the science of man had giver them up? The distress of those who be lieved was almost as great; those who thought that a glimpse of heaven had been opened in the night of their mournful existence and who were indignant because thi chimerical joy had been taken from this supreme comfort to their rocial and human sufferings, the thought that the Holy Virgin had come down to bring them the infinite pleasure of her intervention. The nayor was unable to give any promises, and the crowd had gone away weeping, ready to rebel, us though they were under some great injustice, an imbecile cruelty toward the young and feeble, for whom the sky would revenge itself.

The struggle continued for several months It certainly was a strange thing that these sensible men, the minister, the prefect, th police agent, all animated with the very best intention, still continued to fight this grow-ing crowd of desperate persons, who were determined to have the door open of their dream, the escaped mystery of future happiness, where they might console themselve for their present misery. Those in author-ity required order, due deference to a wise religion, a triumph of reason; whereas the need for happiness carried the people away in an exalted desire to be healed in thi world and in the other. Oh, to suffer no more, to conquer the inequality of well being to walk no more save under the protec-tion of a just and good mother, to die only to wake in heaven! It was conclusively this universal and burning desire of the mu titude, the holy mania of universal joy, tha swept away the rigid and morose con of well regulated society, in which epidemic cries of religious hallucinations are con demned as derogatory to good order and healthy minds.

By this time the whole ward of St Honorine was aroused. Pierre was obliged to stop his reading for a few moments on account of the indignant exclamations against the police agent, whom they likened to Herod or to Satan himself. La Grivotte sat up on her mattress, murmuring, "Ah, what monsters; and the Holy Virgin has

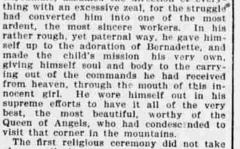
Mme. Vetu, once more filled with hope, rallied from the certainty she felt that she must die, to express great anger at the idea that had Bernadette been carried away by the prefect the grotto would never have existed

own counsel in the soclusion of his awakened thoughts and said nothing. Bishops visited him, great persons, the ladies of his court waylaid him and took him aside. Still he said nothing. A flerce strugglo was going on in his mind. On one side the credulous, simply the chirmerical leaders of the mystery; on the other the incredulous, the nen of his government, who defied this rouble of the imagination, yet he said nothag. Suddenly, in his uncertain way, The story was that he had acceded to the empress' supplications. No doubt she had intervened, but there -as also a re-awakening of his old dream of humanitarianism in the emperor's heart, a return of his ancient pity for the outcast. Like the bishop, he did not wish to close the door of the illu sion to those wretches by maintaining thy

unpopular order of the prefect, by which the despairing invalids were forbidden to drink life at the sacred font. So he sent a dis-patch, a brief command to remove the fence and to make the grotto free. Then sounded hosannas and cries of tri-mph. The new law was read at Lourdes umph.

amid the rolling of drums and the blare of trumpets. The police agent himself had to e present when the wall was taken down was afterward removed from office, as well as the perfect. From every direction people poured in, and what a cry of divine joy mounted upward. God had conquered. God! Alas, no; but human misery, the bread of wonders, the needs of a condemned man, who places his hope of salva-tion in the hands of an invisible, yet almighty power that he knows to be stronge than nature, more capable to break her exorable laws. And what still further And what still further had conquered was the sovereign pity of the enders of the flock, the bishop and th emperor mercifully giving to the big sich children the fetich that consoled some and ometimes even cured others.

About the middle of November the Episco pal commission came to Lourdes and pro ceeded in the inquiry with which it was charged. Bernadette was again questioned, and a number of miracles were investi gated. In order to make the evidence abso-lute, thirty cures were established without doubt. And M. Laurence declared that he convinced. He showed, however, a was lasting discretion, for it was not until three years later that he formally declared by his mandate that the Holy Virgin had actually appeared at the Grotto of Massabielle, and that subsequently a number of miracles had been performed. He bought from the town of Lourdes, in the name of the diocese, the Grotto itself, with all the land that im mediately surrounded it. Work was begun, modest at first, but becoming more and more important as money flowed in from every quarter of Christendom. The Grotte was beautified and enclosed by a grating The Gave was turned back into a new channel, to allow large paths, grass plots, roads and promenades. Finally the Basilica, the church demanded by the Holy Virgin herself, was commenced at the top of the very rock. From the first stroke of the pickaxe the vicar of Lourdes, Abbe Peyramale, assumed the direction of every



place until six years after the apparitions. A marble statue of the Virgin was erected with great pomp in the grotto on the actual spot where she had stood. On that day, in brilliant sunshine and the ringing of bells Lourdes was decorated with flags. Five years later, in 1869, the first mass was said in the crypt of the Basilica, whose steeple was not yet finished. Gifts were made with-out cosing a solution size of a solution of the state. out ceasing, a golden river flowed toward the grotto, a whole town grew on the soil was the foundling of a new religion. The desire to be cured acted as a cure; the thirst for the miracle created a miracle. A God of pity and of hope sprung from the sufferings of man, from that need of comfort and consolation that in all ages has created a wondrous paradise over yonder, where the Almighty renders justice and distributes eternal happiness.

Thus it was that the invalids in Sain Honorine's ward saw, in the victory of the grotto, but their own hopes of health realized. All along the row of beds there was but one feeling of joy, as Pierre, with



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the Hotel des Apparitions at about 11 o'clock that evening Pierre thought that before going to bed himself he would look in at the Hospital of Our Lady of Sorrows. He had left Marie in such a desperate state, dumb in her angry rage, that he had a feeling of great uneasiness concerning her. And the moment that he had asked for Mme. de Jongulere at the door of St. Honorine's ward he was still more troubled, for he heard bad news. The directress informed him that the young girl had not yet opened her lips would answer no one, even refusing to eat She was most anxious to have Pierre come in. The women's wards were, indeed, forbidden to any man's entrance at night, but

listen to you. I beseech you to go and sit beside her bed and wait until Abbe Judaine comes at about 1 in the morning to administer the communion to the very ill, those who cannot move and must cat in the morn-

Bed.

gazed at him with an air of exasperated suffering, with a dark and rebellious look. "Would you like him to read to you one of those lovely tales such as he read to us in the railway carriage? Of course, it will no amuse you, because you have not heart enough just now, but perhaps it may. I leave him with you. I am sure that very soon you will be better."

But all in vain. Pierre talked to her in a how voice, saying all he could imagine that was caressing and kind, begging her not to herself to fall thus into despair. Holy Virgin had not cured her the very first day it was because she was reserving that cure for some marvelous miracle. But she only turned away her head and did not ap pear to hear him, her mouth set and her an gry eyes looked only into space. So he ceased taiking and looked about him in the ward. It was an awful sight. Never had h experienced such a nausea of pity and terror. Dinner was long since over; however, trays carried from the kitchen were still on many of the beds, and throughout the entire night some of the invalids were eating, while others moaned restlessly, begging to be turned over or to be placed on the night stool. As night advanced a sort of de lirium seemed to influence them all, for few really slept at all; some were undressed be-tween the sheets, but the greater number were simply stretched outside, being so hard to undress that they could not even their linen during the five days grimage. And in the dim light the pilgrimage. abrances in the ward appeared to have roatly increased, the fifteen beds arranged ong the wall with the seven mattresses int filled the middle aisle, and still others that had been added, with all the heaps of nameless rags mixed with the luggage, old baskets, boxes and valtaes, there was searcely room to step. Two smoky lamps lighted this encampment of mori hardly bunds, and the smell was something fearful although the two windows were wide open only the close air of an August night td come in. This sort of living hell was old by weird shadows, the cries of those could come in. saving nightmares and the nocturnal agonies

of so much suffering. Plarre presently r recognized Raymonde Parre presently recognized R. who, having finished her task, had to kiss her mother before going to bod up in one of the garrets that were reserved for the sisters. Mms, de Jonquiere, in her pride of the functions of directress of the ward, would not close her eyes for the next three nights. True she had an armchair nights. but she could not alt down for

"Marie, be silent, I beg you. No one must hear you-you so pious! Do you wish to scandalize all these poor souls?" But she could not stop, notwithstanding

her effort "I shall choke; I must say it. I no longer love her, I no longer believe in her. All they tell here is a lie. There is nothing; she does not even exist, since she does not

hear, though one weeps and speaks to her. If you knew all I said to her! I want to go away this instant. Take me, carry me off at once in your arms that I may die in the streets and the passers-by may at least take pity on my sufferings." Completely overcome, she fell on her back, stammering like a little child:

"Nobody loves rie. Even my "ather was at there. And you, my poor friend, you the not there.

had abandoned me. When I saw that some one else was taking me to the pool I felt myself suddenly all in a shiver. Yes, that same shiver of doubt that I often felt Paris Oh. is certain I have doubted. That is why I am not cured. I prayed . I am not holy enough." had already ceased blaspheming and badiy.

was finding excuses for heaven. But her ex-pression still remained troubled in this straggle with a superior power, so greatly loved and supplicated, yet that had not obeyed her. When at times in the hospital these turns of rage came on, and there ensued a fret of rebellion among the sick ones, with misery and sobs, and even oachs, the sisters or her pital helpers would draw the surrains, rather outraged, and, mercy having departed, they wailed until she returned. Then all becar peaceful once more, dying away with time in the great, lamentable slience.

calm, be calm, I conjure you," re cated Pierre very softly to Marie, as he saw that another crisis was upon her, that of self sacrifice and the fear of being unworthy. Sister Hyacinthe once more approached and said:

'You will not be able to receive the comon in such a state. Come, since we permit the abbe to read, why will you not allow him to do so?" munion presently, my dear child, if you keep She

made a motion as though to say she was willing, and Pierre made haste to take of the value at the foot of the bed the

THE ABBE READS TO THE INVALIDS.

delighted eyes. Every morning the crowds increased on the banks of the Gave, and thousands of people established themselves, oushing and jamming, so as to lose none of the scene. As soon as Bernadette ap-peared a fervent murmur was heard: "There is the saint, the saint, the saint." They rushed to kiss her garments. It was the Messiah, the eternal Messiah, for whom to believe her story, telling her with the people waited, the need for whom is increasing throughout all generations The same incidents always recurred-the apparition of the Virgin to a shepherd, a voice that exhorted the world to penitence, a spring jutting forth-miracles that as-tonished and delighted the assembled crowds, that became larger and larger.

Ah, those first miracles at Lourdes, those springlike blossoms of consolation and hope to those hearts devoured by poverty and illness! The healed eye of old Bourriette, the child Bouhohorts, who was restored by the icy water; the deaf who heard, the lame who walked, and so many others—Blaise Maumus Bernade Soubles, Auguste Bordes, Blaisette

oupenne. Benoite Cazeaux-saved from th most awful suffering all became topics o unending conversations, that increased th or physical maladies. On Thursday, the 4th of March, the last of the fifteen visits re quested by the Virgin, there were twenty thousand people in front of the grotto-th inhabitants of the whole mountain side had come down. This immense crowd found there what they hungered for, the divin aliment, the feast of the marvelous, sufficiently improbable to satisfy a belief in a superior power that deigned to occupy itself with poor mankind, that interposed in

way with lamentable affairs of a strange this world in order to re-establish a degree of justness and of goodness. It was the cry of divine charity making itself heard, the invisible and strong hand that was at last outstretched to heal the eternal wounds of humanity. Ah, this dream that each suc ceeding generation would realize, with what indestructible energy it developed among the

disinherited as soon as a favorable ground was found prepared by circumstances! No for centuries had the concatenation of events rendered it possible to reunite, as at Lourdes the mystical altar with its own religion. For a new religion was about to b founded, and at once there arose persecu tions, for religion prospers only in the mids of tortures and rebellions. As in other day at Jerusalem, when the miracles of our Savio

were noised abroad, the civil authorities came forth to present them. Likewise now did the attorney general, the justice of the peace, the mayor, and above all the prefeet of Tarbes. The latter was simply a sin cere, practical Catholic, absolutely hor but with a rigid notion of administrative power, a determined upholder of order, an avowed antagonist of fanaticism, from which all previous rlots and religous perversions have arisen. There was then at Lourdes naturally under his orders, a police agent,

very clever and subtle man and most intelli gent, who saw rightly in this matter of the apparitions a chance to demonstrate his gifts of wisdom. So the battle began, and it was this very agent who had Bernardette brought to his office on the first Sunday in Lent, after the first visions, to question her concerning them. In vain did he show inter-est, or upon being irritated did threatening avail. The young girl invariably gave the same answers. The story she told, with it: long drawn out details, was irrevocably fixed in her childish brain. To this poor, suffer-ing creature, hysterical by turns, the tale was no lie, but an inconscient idea, a radical lack of will that prevented her from forget ting the original hallucination. She did no know, could not, did not wish to know. Ah The poor, dear child, so gentle, so amiable incapable of a wicked thought, from hence-forward lost to ordinary life, crucified by her fixed idea, that could only have been completely obliterated by taking her quite away to another, broader existence in some

land of brightness and human love. But ahe was the elect. She had seen the Virgin. She would suffer for it all her life and die Pierre, who had learned to know the char-

acter of Bernadette so well that he felt a fra

"Then there would have been no pilgrim We should not be here, nor would hundreds have been cured every year.

a rough man, of infinite goodness, of admira She gasped again for breath, and Sister Hyacinthe was obliged to put her in a sitting posture. Mme, de Jonquiere im-proved the opportunity of this interruption able and straightforward energy, when he thought himself right. The first time he re ceived a visit from Bernadette he was al most as severe as the police agent had been with this child from Bartres, who had to hand a basin to a young woman suffer-ing from some disease of the marrow. Two more women, who could not stay in bed o never been to the catechising; he refused account of the intolerable heat, were pacing and down with noiseless footfalls, and irony that she had better ask the lady to cause the sweet briar at her feet to bloom, which the lady did not do elsewhere; and if at the end of the ward from the gloom came a painful sound of suffocation that had not ceased during the entire time Pierre had been reading. Elsie Rouquet alone, flat later he did take the child under his charge shepherd who guards his flock, it was on her back, was sleeping peacefully, with only when the persecutions had begun, and her awful sore, that was slowly drying, in full view. able child, with her clear eyes, and who in her modest manner adhered to the same

It was a quarter past 12 and Abbe Judaine Why should he have continued to might now appear at any moment to ad minister the communion. Grace had again entered Marie's heart, and she was now con Grace had again deny the miracle after having as a prudent vicar merely doubted its veracity, not wish ing to mix his religion with an idle ad vinced that if the Holy Virgin had refuse to heal her the fault lay in her own doubt with when she had gone into the pool. She re whose dogma is based upon pented of her rebellion as of a crime. Would she ever be forgiven? Her pale face was hidden amid her siender blonde hair, her mystery. If they were followed there was nothing in the eyes of a priest to contradict the fact that the Virgin had charged this eyes filled with tears, and she gazed at Pierre with a remorseful sadness. her to build a church, to which the faithful

"Oh, how wicked I have been, my friend it was by hearing about the wicked acts of pride committed by those judges that I cognized my own fault. One must beexcept in faith and in love.

That bishop, Mgr. Laurence, seemed locked up by threefold doors in this palace at Plerre wished to end his tale at this oint, but with one accord all domanded the continuation. They wished to go in tri-umph to the grotto. As the fence completely hid the fountain, there was nothing going on at Lourdes of any interest. He gave strict orders to

people were obliged to come secretly at night to pray or take away a bottle of the stolen seen among the enormous crowds that passes made known to the prefect by means of adminis-trative circulars that he was waiting for water. The fear of a riot increased, and it was reported that whole villages from the religious authority to act in accord with the civil decisions. He really did not believe mountains were coming down to deliver God It was an unrising of the masses, such an irresistible impulse from those hungering in the apparitions at the grotto, which he regarded only as the hallucinations of an for the miracle, that all order and decency invalid child. Yet the incident that was would be set aside like so much straw. Mer evolutionizing the country was of sufficien Laurence, in his bishopric at Sartes, was the first to surrender. All his prudence, all his importance to make him study it carefully doubts were overcome by this popular move-ment. He had been able to keep aloof for terested in it for so long a time proves how little he did believe in the pretended miracle five months, to prevent his clergy from fol owing the faithful to the grotto, and protected his church from this mad vortex promise the church in a matter that migh turn out badly. Mgr. Laurence was a very pious man, of ealculating intelligence, who superstition. But why struggle any longer He appreciated the misery of the sufferin creatures under his charge, and he deter-mined to grant them the idolatrous faith that managed the affairs of his diocese with great good sense. At the time the impatient an ardent persons nicknamed him Salni they craved. As a precaution, however, h Thomas, for the persistence of his doubt, that lasted until he had his hand forced by simply made an ordinance that called for a commission of inquiry, so the acceptance miracle was merely a matter of time facts. He turned a deaf ear, resolved to cede only when religion no longer had any-If Mgr. Laurence was, indeed, a man o nsible culture, of cold reasoning that The persecutions became more pronounced represented, nothing can well portray his The Department of Religion at Paris was inagony of mind the morning of the day on which he signed the ordinance. He must formed and demanded that all disorder should cease, and the prefect placed the approaches to the grotto under military surhave knelt in his oratory and prayed to God that He would guide his actions. He did not believe in visions, for his idea of divine veillance. The faithful had already, in the zeal and gratitude of those who had been cured, placed ornaments and vases of flowmanifestations was far higher, far more in tellectual. Was it not more pitiful and mer ers. In these were thrown pieces of money and presents were given to the Holy Virgin ciful to silence his own scruples, the nobl aspirations of his belief, and feed with this bread of falsehood the hunger of poor hu some stonecutters had hewn out a sort of basin into which the miraculous water ran manity, who wish thus to live happily: "Oh, my God, forgive me, if I ask Thee others had removed the largest stones and come from Thy sternal power, to condescent thus made a kind of pathway up the hill. After deciding not to arrest Bernadette, the to this childish game of miracles. I injure Thee by thus abasing Thy glory in such prefect came to the grave determination that pitcous manner, where there is only illness and lack of reason. But, oh, my God, they in order to stop the crowds from as embling around the grotto it would be necessary to suffer so greatly, they hunger so much fo the marvelous, for these fairy tales to dis build a strong fence. Some untoward events had happened; children pretended they had seen the devil, some of them being capable of simulation, the rest really overcome by norvous attacks, in the contagion of affectract their pains in living. May the idea of Thy divinity be so joined with the won-ders that they be comforted." And thus the veeping hishop had sacrificed his God to his tion of the nerves that prevailed. But what a business it was to break up the grotto! The police agent could only find a girl tolively charity as a shepherd for his lamenta human flock.

After this the emperor, the master, came ovor to Lourdes. He was at Biarritz, where cart, and two hours later upon falling the he received daily accounts regarding the mat-ter of these apparitions, which were noticed girl broke one rib. Likewise a man who lent an axe had his foot crushed by a fall-ing stone the following day. The agent could only carry off on his cart the pots of by all the Parislan press, for the persecu-tions would have been incomplete had not the ink of free thinking journalists been mixed in its discussion. While his ministers, his prefect, his police agent were fighting for flowers, a few tapers that were burning, the pence and silver hearts dragging behind in the dust. Fists were clenched and he was order and submission the emperor kept his treated as a thief and a murderer. Then

his heart aching for all tho poor faces turned toward him, hungering for assurance repeated: "God hath conquered and the miracles have not ceased until this day, and the most humble persons are those who ) ar

-with three or four imitations trailmost often helped. He put down the little book. Abbe Judaine entered and was about to begin to give the communion. But Marie, overcome by her

feverish faint, leaned toward him, her hands like burning coals. "My dear friend, grant me the great favor

of listening to the confession of my fault, and grant me absolution. I have blasphemed, and am in a state of mortal sin. If you do not come to my aid I may not receive the sacred Host, and I so greatly need to be comforted and reassured."

The young priest made a motion to refuse He had never been willing to confess this friend, the only woman he had ever loved or desired, in her healthy and happy youthful days. But she insisted, "I beseech you; it will help the miracle of my cure." davs.

He consented and heard the confession of her fault, of her implous rebellion against the Virgin, who had remained diaf to her supplication; then he gave her absolution in he sacramental words.

Abbe Judaine had already placed the cibe ium on a little table between two lighted candles, that looked like two stars in th dimly lighted ward. It had been decided to open wide one of the windows on th court yard, for the smell of those suffering people and the heaps of rags had becom insufferable; but no air came in from the narrrow black court yard that seemed like a pit. Pierre had offered to assist, so he re cited the "Confiteor." Then the almoner

clad in his alb, after responding with the Misereateur and the Indulgentiam, elevated ne ciborium and said: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Each woman racked by pain, who was anxiously await ing the communion as a dying man expects life from a new draught that is slow in coming, repeated this act of humility three times with closed lips: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter. Say but the word and my soul shall be healed. Abbe Judaine commenced at the beds of the worst ill, followed by Pierre, while Mme, d Jonquiere and Sister Hyacinthe came behind. each with a candle in her hand. The nu showed which of the invalids desired to receive, and the priest, leaning over them placed the Host on their tongues rather b guesswork, murmuring the Latin words Nearly all were ready, with eyes wide ope and shining, in the midst of the disorde of the hasty getting to order of the ward Two persons, however, had to be awakene from a sound sleep. Many who were groan ing unconsciously continued to groan afte having received the Holy Eucharist. At the end of the ward the rattling of the woman who could not be seen was still heard. Nothing there was more sad than the little procession, lighted by its two yel low spots of candlelight in the dim obscurity But the face of Marle was like a divine apparition in its ecstacy. La Grivotte, who hungered for the bread of life, had not been allowed to communicate, as she was to re-ceive at the Rosary in the morning-and Mms. Vetu, quite silent, had taken the Host on her black tongue with a hiccough. In the in the midst of her blonde hair and large , her features transfigured by faith, that ooked at and admired her. She took her all looked at and admired her. communion as in a dream, with heaven visl ble before her eyes, with her poor y body reduced by such physical suffe For an instant she held Pierre's hand: suffering

"Oh, my friend, she will cure me, she has just said so. Go and rest. I am going to

sleep such a happy sleep." As he was leaving with Abbe Judaine Pierre saw little Mme. Desagneaux still alceping in her armchair. Nothing could wake her. Mme. de Jonquiere, aided by Sis-Waubunk, Waubunk, a New Collar. ter Hyacinthe, was going about, turning the sick ones, washing them, rubbing them. But the ward was quiet, since Bernadette, with her charm, had passed through. The tiny shadow of the secress was now flitting beween the beds, triumphant, having finished her work, bringing a sense of heaven desperate and outcast soul on earth, and while they all tried to sleep they fancied they could see her leaning over them-she who had also been so ill-kissing them amid her smile

(To be Continued Next Sunday.)

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