

#### RESUME OF LOURDES.

Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zolo's Great Story Which Has Been Published.

Story Which Has Been Published.

FIRST DAY.

CHAPTER L.—The opening scene of "Lourdes," which was commenced in serial form in Sunday's Bee of April 5. Is in a car of the "white train," which carries the very sick pilgrims from Paris to Lourdes. Among the pilgrims is Marie de Guersaint, a young woman who for years has been bedridden. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre Froment.

EHAPTER H.—The Abbe Pierre was the cond of a chemist, who lived at Neutily. Living next them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Lattle Marie de Guersaint and Fierre played together, and finally fell in love with each other as they grow up. Marie seceved an injury which resulted in nearly total paralysis. As after could never become his wife Pierre became a griest.

intense when it stops at Portuers had a for lamed. CHAPTER IV.—As the train starts Sophic Couting gets in. She tells the story of the curs accorded to her discussed foot by simply dipping it in the waters at Lourdes.

CHAPTER V.—The abbs reads aloud a book giving the history of Bernadette, and describes the eighteen times she saw the visions in the grotto. Lourdes is reached in the early morning. As the train rolls into the station an unknown man dies.

CHAPTER I.—A vivid picture is given of the confusion when the invalids are landed and conveyed to the hospital.

CHAPTER II.—The hospital is greatly over-crowded. At 8 m. in the procession to the gruto staris. Father Massais asks the vast congregation to pray for a great mirrede, as the body of the man who died in the train is to be immersed in the pool in hopes that life will be residied. residired.

CHAPTER III.—The abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chassaigne. The crowd forces the able to the pools. The dead man is brought in and immersed. No miracle occurs. On going out the able finds that Marie has been bathed without effect.

CHAPTER IV.—Dr. Chassalgue accompanies the ablee to the Bureau of Certifications. Eliza Rouquet, whose face was made hideous by a lupus, declares the sore is steadily drying up. La Grivotte, who had been in the last stages of consumption, comes rushing in, shouting, "I am cured."

CUTHATTER V.—In the evening the abbe visits Marie. She is much deprensed and is looing her faith. He reads to the invalids, continuing the story of Hernadette, telling how persecutions followed upon the first miracles. The recitation cheers them up, and restores Marie's faith.

CHAPTER I.—Pierre discovers that Mme. Vol-nar, a devout pilgrim, has come to Lourdes to mar, a devout pilgrim, has come to Lourdes to meet her lover.

CHAPTER II.—Pierre and M. de Guersaint meet Mms. Desagneaux, Mile. Raymonde and M. de Poyrelomus, to whom Haymonde is engaged.

They visit places of interest.

CHAPTER III.—Marie is areatly pleased by the permission obtained for her to spend a night at the grotto. Accompanied by her father and Pierre, she watches the magnificent torchlight procession, in which thirty thousand lighted candles are carried.

procession, in which thirty thousand lighted candles are carried.

CHAPTER IV -Pierre takes Marie to the grotto and insists on remaining there with her throughout the night. Earen Suire, the director, takes Pierre into the grotto and shows him the mirraculous spring. Early in the morning a heavy rain bekins to fail. Marie will not go away. She believes she has seen the virgin.

CHAPTER V -Pierre, in walking about, mests his old friend Dr. Chassaigne again. The doctor tells him about his interview with Bernaderte, and he describes the efforts of Abbe Peymarale to build a church at Lourdes in honor of the Virgin.

CHAPTER I.—Marie is in the Hospital of Our Lady of Sorrows and is still confident of being cared. The death of Mme. Vetu is vividly portrayed.

#### FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER IL

The rush of people to the grotto on that tromandous day, Monday, was something It was the last day of the national pilgrimage at Lourdes, and in his morning lecture Father Fourcade had counseled a supreme effort of faith and fervor in order to obway of favors and prodigious cures. 2 o'clock in the afternoon 20,000 pilgrims had assembled at the grotto, feverish and agitated by most ardent hopes. And still the crowd increased momentarily to such point that Baron Suire came out alarmed from the grotto, and said to Berthaud; "My friend, we shall be overrun, it is sure. Double your corps of assistants; call all your men together."

The Hospitality of Our Lady of Salvation

had the entire management for the mainten-ance of order and peace, for there existed neither guardians nor police of any sort, and for this reason the president of the associa-tion felt uneasy. But in all such emergencies Berthaud was a host in him-self, and reassured his chief. "Do not self, and reasured his chief. "Do not fear. I will answer for everything. I will not stir from this until the procession at 4

o'clock has gone by. However, he made a sign to call Gerard. "Give very strict orders to your men. Only allow people to pass in who can show a card, and close them in. Tell them to

hold the rope firmly."

Beyond, from under the lvy that hung down from the rocks, the grotto appeared, with its eternal glitter of candles. From a distance it appeared rather insignificant, irregular, narrow and modest for the infinite grace it was supposed to contain—that made all bow with a pale face. The Virgin's all bow with a pale face. The Virgin's statue seemed like a mere white spot that moved apparently in the scintillating breezes heated by the little yellow flames. One has to atretch up to distinguish inside the grat ing either the silver altar, the harmonium now uncovered, all the heap of boquets and the expotos, that were nearly hidden by the smoky tapers. The weather was perfect A more brilliant sky never covered such a owd, and the soft breeze was delicious after the storm of the preceding night that had relieved the intense heat of the two days of the pilgrimage. Gerard elbowed himself around to give his orders. People were already thoving.

24 want two more men here, or four if necessary, and stretch the rope well." It was instinctive, invincible. The 20,000 ersons who were there were drawn insensibly toward the grotte, going to it either from some irresistible attraction or from a burn-ing curiosity to slack their thirst for the mysterious. All eyes were turned that way, all the mouths, all the hands, all the bodies themselves were carried toward the pale fuster of the tapers, toward the white pair laster of the tapers, toward the white apot, the moving marble Virgin. In order that the large space reserved for the in-valids just in front of the grating should not be invaded by the growing crowd, a thick rope had been stretched that was held by both hands by the stretcher bearers at intervals of two or three yards. These men had orders to allow only the invalids to pass who presented the card of admission to some hospital or some persons cially authorized to come in. was lifted and allowed to fall behind the favored ones, but no other pleas to enter availed. They were even somewhat rude, rather enjoying this authority with which were invested for but a single day In reality they were greatly pushed, and one had often to help another and resist with

all their might, not to be taken off their feet.

During the time that the benches in frost of the grette and the vast space reserved for the invalids was being filled by push carts. Htters and the appendages of illness. immense crowd surged about the whol It started from the Place du Ro lost itself on the promenade along the Riv-Gave and the whole sidewalk, the entire was

was black with people, a human mass a dorse that any disculation was impossible On the railing sat an interminable row of women; some were even standing to see better, reflecting back the sun from their silk umbrellas, their light gowns, their holiday attire. They had tried to clear a way for the invalids to pass, but it clear a way for the invarios to pass, but it was continually being closed or obstructed, so that the bath chairs and litters offen were detained, almost stopped, until some our could disengage them from the crowd. It was, however, the enward march of a decile flock, an innocent crowd, as meek as very pushing was involuntary lambs, whose very pushing was involuntary, a mans of blind people turning to the light of the candles. Accidents never happened in apite of the excitement that increased little by little and produced a kind of delirium

Baron Suire again forced himself through

the crowd. "Berthaud, Berthaud, do see that the file moves more slowly. They are crushing women and children."

Berthaud made an impatient gesture this time. "Ah, dame! I cannot be everywhere. Shut the grating for a while if having had a recent fit, with froth at the corners of her mouth.

But all this illness, this suffering, matered no longer, since they were all there, sitting or lying with eyes fixed upon the

"Mary, conceived without sin, pray for

Then it increased and went on faster;

Pure mother, holy mother, thy children are

"Pure mother, holy mother, thy children

"Queen of angels, speak but the word and

our sick are healed."
"Queen of angels, speak but the word and
our sick are healed."

Over on the side of the pulpit M. Sahathler was sitting in the second row. He had been brought early, wishing to choose his place, as a frequent visitor knows the best corners.

Then, too, he thought it a good idea to be as near as possible, under the very eyes, as it were, of the Virgin, as though it were

necessary for her to see her faithful ones in order not to forget them. During all the seven years that he had come he cherised only this hope, to be noticed by her one of these days; to touch her, be cured,

if not by choice at least by long suffering. It merely asked for patience, and the firm-

a comp chair, while from time to time they exchanged their thoughts.

He was dressed in trousers and a waistcoat of thick wool, and sat on his mattress, leaning his back against a chair that was

"Are you better?" asked Mme. Sabathier.

Then he became interested watching Brother Isidore, whom they had managed to bring after all, and who was lying cov-

ered up to his chin by the sheet, on the next mattress, his hands clasped over the

"Ah! poor man. It is very imprudent,

but the Holy Virgin is all powerful when she so pleases."

He took up his beads again, when he once

more was diverted by seeing Mme. Maze, who had just slipped inside the reserved

circle, very thin, very discreet, and she had doubtless passed under one of the ropes while they were not looking. She sat down on the very end of the bench and did not take up any more room than a little girl, sitting quite still. Her narrow, tired looking face her thirty two years of faded blonds.

ing face, her thirty-two years of faded blonds beauty spoke of an overwhelming sorrow, an

infinite despair.
"So," continued M. Sabathier to his wife,
with a little motion of his chin, she is pray-

Yes," answered Mme. Sabathler,

also talked about her with another lady who

a time to go off with other women! He is very wild, but charming, and never leaves

her without plenty of money. Only she

adores him, and cannot feel reconciled to

his neglect, so she has come to pray to the

M. Sabathier interrupted her by a mo

once more the old intellectual professor, to

whom matters of art were of the greatest

that awful little shop there to the left!"

But here he was a state of the left!"

But here he was seized with a sudden remorse for his distraction. During all this

time might not the Holy Virgin have re-

more fervent, more intense than he? He re-

sumed his patient air, his sunken eye, his vague thoughts to await the pleasure of

Presently the sound of a fresh voice

brought him out of these depths—out of the condition of annihilation of mind in which

he had fallen. Another preacher had mounted the pulpit—a Capuchin this time—whose

guttural cry, repeated with insistence, lashed

e crowd with excitement.
'Holy Virgin of virgins, blessed art thou.

"Holy Virgin of virgins, blessed art thou."
"Turn not thy face from thy children, Holy

Turn not thy face from thy children, Holy

"Holy Virgin of virgins, but breathe on our wounds and they will be healed."

"Holy Virgin of virgins, but breathe on our

wounds and they will be healed."

On the end of the first bench in the mid-

dle path that was packed, the entire Vigne-ron family had succeeded in seating them-

selves. They were all there-little Gustave,

vorn out, sitting with his crutch between

his knees, his mother at his side praying

with all her heart; on the other side the aunt, Mme. Chaise, suffocating and harrassed

by the pushing crowd, while M. Vigneron gazed at her silently with great attention.

"I do not know. I cannot feel my legs at all, and I am choking for air."

tation, this crowding and heat experienced on a pilgrimage could not be very good for

a disease of the heart! He certainly did not wish to see any one die, and had never prayed for any such thing to the Virgin.

If she had already granted his destre for advancement by the sudsen death of his

chief, it must have been only because the latter had been already condemned of beaven. So, should Mme. Chaise die first and leave her fortune to Gustave, he could only bow before the will of God, who plans

to have old people pass away before the younger ones. His unconscious hope could not, however, prevent him from exchanging

a brief glance with his wife, whose mind was filled with the same involuntary wish.

Then as Raymonde passed, he said: "If

you have a glass of water to spare, Miss, one of our party feels very faint."

But Mme. Chaise made a gesture to refuse She was feeling better; breath was coming back, though with an effort: "No, no, thanks.

I am much better. Ah! I was sure that I was choking this time."

haggard, her face blanched. She again clasped her hands and besought the Holy

Virgin to spars her from other attacks, to cure her, while the vigorous man and wife, good souls, made a solemn yow of happiness

good souls, made a solemn yow of nappiness that had come to them at Lourdes, look-ing forward to an old age well carned after twenty years of honesty; the solid fortune that they should spend by and by in the country, cultivating flowers. Little Gustave had seen all, noticed all with his quick eye and intelligence that suffering had sharp-ened. He did not pray, but smiled to him-self, with his engematical and wavering

aware the Holy Virgin would never cure

him; that he was doomed to die.

M. Vigneron could not remain long without looking about at his neighbors. In the mid-

with his' enigmatical and wavering s. Why should he pray? He was quite

She trembled with fear; her eyes were

"you

"Gustave, get back," he cried, bother your nunt."

He could easily imagine that all this agi-

She could scarcely breathe.

'What is the matter, my dear? Do you

membered one of his neighbors who was

"You see, they have spoiled the grotto by rying to beautify it too much. I am sure t must have been far better in its former

He was gazing at the grotto and was

Holy Virgin to give him back to her. now, it seems, he is at Luchon with two ladies, and these two sisters."

Her husband is a commercial He leaves her for six months at

turned upside down

"Oh, yes, yes."

knows her.

importance.

heaven.

Virgin of virgins.'

Virgin of virgins.

traveler.

necessary."
It concerned the file that had been organized at the grotto throughout the entire afternoon. The faithful entered by the right hand door, going out by the right hand

"Shut the grating!" cried the Baron; "that would be even worse; they would all be crushed then."

Gerard happened to be there just then, talking for an instant to Raymonde, who was standing on the other side of the rope. holding a bowl of milk that she had brought to an old paralytic woman. So Berthaud ordered him to place two men at the entrance to the grating, with instructions to let the pilgrims go in only ten at a time. When Gerard had executed this order and returned he found Berthaud with Raymonde, laughing and joking. As she moved away the two men exchanged looks, as she helped the paralytic woman to take a

"She is lovely. And it is decided you are to marry her, are you not?"
"I am going to ask her mother tonight. I hope you will go with me." "Of course I will. You remember I told you to do it. It was most appropriate. The uncle will find you a berth in six

A shove separated them, and Berthaud went off to convince himself if the line at the grotto was being carried out without any pushing. For hours it had been kept up, the same uninterrupted crowd of men, women and children, all who wished, all who passed by, come from the whole world. whe passed by, come from the whole world. All classes were also to be found in the general crowd—beggars in rags next to well groomed bourgeois, peasants and well dressed ladies, bareheaded maid servants, girls with naked feet, painted women with ribbons in their hair. The entrance was free to all; the mystery was open to all—to the unbeliever as to the faithful, to those who came only from curiosity the same as those came only from curiosity the same as those who penetrated with loving hearts. It was a sight to see, all filled alike with emotion, in the heated smell of the wax, somewhat stiffed by the heavy atmosphere that gathered under the roof, their eyes downcast, fearful lest they might slip on the iron gratings. Many remained upright, did not even bow, with an uneasy expression of persons unaccustomed to enter a sanctuary. But the faithful crossed themselves, some-times throwing letters, placing candles or oquets, kissing the rocks below the Virgin, or else rubbing it with their beads, medals or small plous articles that were blessed by this contact. So they passed on endlessly for days, for months, for years, and it seemed as though the whole world must have come to that corner in the rocks. All human wants and miseries were in line. in a hypnotic round, in search of happi-

When Berthaud had ascertained that things were going on everywhere as well as possible he walked about as a simple spectator observing mankind. His only uncasiness was at the thought of the procession of the holy sacrament, when such a frenzy of excitement sometimes took place that accidents were always to be feared. This last day had begun so carnestly that he felt the crowds to be all ready to make some commotion. The excitement culminated with the feverish journey, the repetition of the same canticles, the obstinate performance of "Yes." he same religious ceremonies, the constant talk about miracles, the same fixed idea on the divine shrines of the grotto. Many did not sleep at all during the three nights, and arrived in a state of waking hallucination. walking in a kind of exasperating dream. They took no rest; continuous praying acted like a stinging scourge to their souls. The cries to the Holy Virgin never ceased; priests succeeded one another in the pulpit, calling forth the universal sorrow, directing the despairing supplications of the masses, while all the time invalids remained in front of the pale marble statue, that smiled with hands clasped and eyes turned heavenward.

At this moment the white pulpit to the right of the grotto, against the rock, was occupied by a priest from Toulouse whom Berthaud knew and to whom he listened with approbation. He was a large man, fluent in peech and celebrated for his prayerful ser-Just here his principal success sisted in a pair of sound lungs and a violent way of uttering his phrases, crying out a sentence to be repeated by the entire crowd; or it was only a vociferation, interlarded with aves and paters. When the priest had inished his rosary he stretched up on his short legs, uttered the first line of the litany he invented as he went along, that he con cted according to his own ideas, with whatever inspiration he possessed:

"Mary, we love thee."
And the crowd repeated in a lower tone, roken and confused: "Mary, we love thee." -From that on it never stopped. The voice

of the priest rang out, the voice of the crowd epeated in a sorrowful murmur: "Mary, thou art our only hope, Mary, thou art our only hope. Pure Virgin, make us more pure among the pure. Powerful Virgin, save our sick ones. Powerful Virgin, save our sick ones."

Often when he could think of nothing tore or when he wished to futher enforce the appeal he would repeat the same words three times, while the docile crowd would ilso repeat them three times, trembling unnerving lamentation that only nereased its fever.

The litanies continued, so Berthaud turned oward the grotto. Those who were passing uside had a wonderful sight of the sick inside had a wonderful sight of the sick people opposite them. The entire space in-side the ropes was filled by a thousand of twelve hundred ill people, brought hither by the national pilgrimage, and on this lovely day, under the pure blue sky, it was about the most distressing sight one could have. All three of the hospitals had emptied out their terrible wards. Furtherest away on the benches were scated the able bodied invalids-those who could still sit up. Many were women supported by cushions, others leaned against one another, the strong supporting thee weak. Nearer to the grotts ient disappeared under this pitcous flood, a spreading, stagnant sea. was a perfect mass of chairs, carts, mat-tresses and litters. Some of the invalida-were in sort of gutterlike coffins, raised and apparent, but the greater number were lying flat on the ground. Some were dressed, simply lying outside the plaid linen covers of the mattresses. Others had been brought in their very beds, and only their pale heads and hands appeared outside the sheets. Few of these pallets were clean. A few plibroidery in a last coquetry, shone out amid the fearful misery of the rest—a heap of rags, tumbled quilts and linen, soiled and filthy. They were all crowded together, piled up as each one arrived—men, women nd children-the dressed with the undressel,

nderneath the broad daylight. Every disease was there in that fearful that twice a day came out of the hospitals to cross through a horrified Lourdes. Heads eaten by eczema, forcheads pock-markd, noses and mouths made shapeless by elephantiasis. **Propsical cases**, swollen ice bladders, rheumatics with twisted hands, welled feet, like bags stuffed with rags, and one case of water on the brain, whose mermous cranium, top heavy, hung way ack. Then there were consumptives, rembling with fever, exhausted by dysenery, with livid skin and thin as skeletons. Sentractions and deformities, twisted frames, grooked arms, necks turned the wrong way, novable postures like tragic masks. Poor girls with rickets, whose disease was shown by their waxen color, their frail necks already devoured by running sores; yellow tinted women, stupefied by the suffering of those who are being eaten alive by cancer; others again trembling, not daring to been placed, though late in coming. He was

astonished at all the laxury, the sort of astonished at all the laxury, the sort of tufted coffin of white silk in which the young woman reposed, herself dressed in a rose colored peignoir trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Her husband, if his frock coat, and her sister, in a black gown of a simple yet marvelous elegance, afood beside her, while Abbe Judaine, kneeling beside the invalid, said a fervent prayet. When the priest got up M. Vigneron made room for him on the bench by his side. Then he questioned him:

"Well, curate, how about that poor young woman? Is she any better?" Abbe Judaine made a very sad motion. Alas, no, I was so filled with hope. It was who decided her family to come. Two years ago the Holy Virgin worked such an extraordinary miracle apon me by curing my

extraordinary miracle apon me by curing my peor lost sight that I again trusted to receive a proof of grace. However, I will not be discouraged, we have until tomorrow."

M. Vigneron looked at the woman's face, whose pure oval and beautiful eyes were now completely destroyed, become like lead, like a mask of death in the midst of her laces.
"It is indeed very sad," he murmured. "If you only could have seen her last summer." "It is indeed very sad," he murmured. "If you only could have seen her last summer," resumed the priest. "Their country seat is at Saligny, in my parish, and I often dined with them. I cannot look at her elder sister. Mme. Joseur without feeling sad—that lady over there dressed in black—for she looked. grotto. Those poor diseased faces, the color of the earth, became transfigured and turned with hope. Trembling hands were joined, heavy eyelids found the strength to open, faint voices revived at the appeal of the very much like her, only the invalid was even prettier, one of the beauties of Paris. priest. At first there were only indistinct murmurs, like little puffs of wind rising, lost among the crowd. Then the cry in-Notice the brilliancy, compare that sover-eign grace beside that piteous young creature. creased and spread over the entire crowd, from one end to the other of that immense

It breaks my heart and teaches us a lesson."

He paused a minute. The holy man was so natural, so without guile of any sort, nor so hatural, so without guite of any set, in of quick intelligence to corrupt his faith, yet showing an innocent admiration for beauty, wealth, power, though he had coveted none of them. Still, he hazarded a doubt, a single scruple, that troubled his And the invalids and pitgrims repeated uder and louder: "Mary, conceived without sin, pray for

habitual serenity. "I should have preferred to have her come here with all their apparent luxury-more simply-because the Holy Virgin loves the humble. But I can easily understand there are social obligations. Then, too, her hus-band and sister love her so much. Fancy. they have left everything—he his business, she her amusements—so completely overcome at the idea of losing her that they always have tears in their eyes, and that absent look you may have noticed. So we must excuse them for wanting her to look well up to her very last hour."

M. Vigneron gave an approving nod. Ah! not alone did the rich men profit at the grotto. Servants, peasants, the poorest were here cured, while fine ladies turned away with their illnesses uncomforted in spite of their rich presents and large candles that they had burned. And he could not resist glancing at Mme. Chaise, who, quite restored, was resting in a comfortable man-

A murmur ran through the crowd, and bbe Judaine spoke again:
"There is Father Massais going into the pul-

ness of his faith could not be shaken the least in the world. But sometimes, tired by always expecting yet never receiving, he allowed himself distractions from continuous prayer. He had permission to have his wife near him, and she was sitting on it. He is a saint. Listen to him." He was well known and never made his appearance without all souls being thrilled by a subtle hope, for it was said that his fervor greatly aided the miracles. He was "Dear wife, pull me up a little. I am sliding down and am most uncomfortable."

supposed to have a strong yet tender voice, greatly beloved of the Virgin.

All heads were raised, and the emotion increased still more when Father Fourcade was perceived at the foot of the pulpit, leaning on the shoulder of his well loved brother, preferred before all others, and there he remained to listen also to him. His gouty foot had given him great pain ever since the morning, and it required a vast amount of pluck to stand up there, smiling. The growing exaltation of the crowd made him happy, and he foretold prodigies, brilliant happy, and he foretold prodigles, brilliant cures, to the glory of Mary and of Jesus.

Once in the pulpit, Father Massals did not speak immediately. He looked very tall, thin and pale, with an ascetic face, that his discolored beard made to look longer than ever. His eyes sparkled and his large, eloquent lips were pouted out.

"Lord, save us, for we perish!"
And the crowd, carried away, repeated in a fever that augmented each minute:

fever that augmented each minute: "Lord, save us, for we perish!"

"Lord, save us, for we perish!"

He opened his arms, calling out his loud cry, as if to tear it from his hidden breast:
"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou caust cure me. Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou caust cure me. I am not worthy, O Lord, that Thou shouldst enter my house. Say but the word and I shall be healed. I am not worthy, O Lord, that Thou shouldst enter my house. Say but the word, and I shall be healed."

Matthe Brother Isidore's sister, had begun

ing for the conversion of her husband! You met the lady this morning in a shop, did to talk in a low voice with Mme. Sabathier, near whom she had finally come to sit. They had become acquainted at the hospital, and in the sympathy of so much suffering the maid servant told the woman of higher life how greatly troubled she felt about her brother, for she could see plainly he was at his last gasp. The Holy Virgin must hurry if she was going to cure him. It was a miracle that he had been brought alive to the grotto.

In her resignation the poor, simple creature did not even shed a tear. But her heart was so full that her rare words seemed to choke her. Then, as a flood of past recollections swept over her, she broke her silence and derived some comfort in speaking. "We were fourteen at home, at Saint-Yacut, near Vannes. Big as he was, he was always delicate, and for that reason he remained with our curate, who ended by placing him at the Christian schools. The oldest children took what there was, but I preferred me back with her five years ago. Ah, what trouble there is in life! Every one has so much trouble." to enter service. A lady from Paris took

"You are right, my good girl," answered Mme. Sabathier, looking at her husband, who was repeating every sentence with devotion after Father Massais.

"Then," continued Martha, "when I knew last month that Isidore had returned from the tropical countries, where he had been a missionary, and had brought from there a fearful disease. Then when I hastened to see him he told me that unless he came at once to Lourdes he would die, but that it was impossible to take the trip, because he had one to accompany him. Then I had saved 24 francs, so I left my place and we started together. You see, madame, I love him dearly, because when I was small he used to fetch me raspberries from the curate's, and all the rest of them used to

She fell again into silence, her face drawn by sorrow, although no tears could flow from those sad eyes that burned from watching. Only a few words came now. "Look at Oh! my God. him, madame; is it not sad? his poor cheeks, his pooor chin, his poor It was, indeed, a sad sight. It sickened

Mme. Sabathier to see Brother Isidore look so yellow, so gray and key in his agony of sweat. Nothing was seen outside of the clothes but his clasped hands and his face, framed in long black hair; but if the waxen hands appeared already dead, if the long, sad face no longer moved a feature, the eyes were still alive; those eyes of inextinguishable love, whose fire was sufficient to lighten his dying face like that of Christ on the Cross. Never was greater contrast than that between the low peasant brow, the stupid and dull features, and the divine splendor that now shone from that poor hu man mask, devastated, sanctified by suffer-ing, rendered sublime in its last hour in the flame of its faith .- Flesh was annihilated, nothing now remained but a regard, a transcendent light.

Ever since they had placed him there Brother Isldere had not taken his eyes from the statue of the Virgin. To him nothing else existed. He did not see the enormous crowd; he did not even hear the priest's cries, those incessant cries that so excited the populace. Only his exes were alive, and they were fixed on the Virgin, never more to be turned away. They drank it in until death, in a last desire to vanish, to be abdeath, in a last desire to value, to be ab-sorbed by her. His mostly opened for an in-stant, and an expression of celestial happi-ness covered his visage. Then he moved no more, his eyes remained wide open, obsti-nately gazing at the white statue. Several moments passed. Martha felt a cold shiver that froze her very marrow:

"Oh, say, Madame, look Over anxious Mime. Sabathler pretended not to understand,

What is it my good girl?" "Look, my brother, look! He does not nove. He has opened his mouth, and since Both of them shuddered in the certainty that he was dead. He had passed away that he was dead. He had passed away without a gasp, without a mean, as if his life had gone out through a look, by means of his passionate gaze filled with love. He had expired looking at the Virgin, and nothing could have been such a blessing, so he continued to gaze with his dead eyes as though with ineffable bliss.

"Try to closs his eyes," murnuired Mme. Sabathler, "Then we will know for sure."

"Then we will know for sure." Martha had risen, and leaning so that she might not be noticed, she tried to close the eyes with a trembling finger. But each Where to Go this Summer

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ime the eyes reopened, looking again, ob stinately, at the Virgin. He was dead, and she had to leave his eyes wide open, over whelmed by a never ending ecstacy.
"Ah, it is all over, it is all over, Madame, she muttered.

Two tears crept from her heavy eyelids and rolled down her cheeks, while Mme. Sabathier took her hand to make her stop. Whispers had already been heard, and an uneasy feeling was spreading. But what could be done? In the midst of such a rabble during the prayers the body could not be removed without the risk of producing be removed without the risk of producing a disastrous effect. It was better to leave it there and watt for a favorable time. No one was scandalized. He had not looked any more like dead ten minutes ago, and every one would think those flaming eyes were still alive with their ardent appeal to the divine tenderness of the Holy Virgin.

Only a few persons, just near by, knew of M. Sabathier, suspicious, had questione his wife by a sign, and, informed by a dumb but long affirmation, had given himself up again to prayer, pale before that mysterious nower of death, when one is asking always to live. The Vignerons were greatly interested, and leaning forward, whispered, as i it were the result of some street accident, one of those many bits of news that the father often brought home from his office in Paris, and that they talked about for the entire evening, Mme. Josseur had turned round tire evening. Mme. Josseur had turned round, had murmured a word in M. Dieulafay's ear, then they again took up the contemplation of their own dear invalid, while the Abbe Judaine, informed by M. Vigneron, had knelt down and was repeating in a low voice the prayers for the dead. Was he not a saint, this missionary, come back from murderous lands with his mortal wound in his his to die thus beneath the smiles of his hip, to die thus beneath the smiles of the Holy Virgin? Mme. Maze longed to die, too, and resolved to supplicate heaven to remove her also if it was not possible to give her back her husband's love. But Father Massais' cry sounded again, striking with a desperate force in a sobbing breath: "Jesus, Son of David, I must perish; save

And the crowd likewise sobbed with him "Jesus, son of David, I must perish; save Then one after another the appeals seemed

to grow louder and louder as he expatiated on all the miseries of this world: "Jesus Son of David have mercy on Thy "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on Th children and on Thy sick!"
"Jesus, Son of David, come down, hea them, that they may live!"
"Jesus, Son of David, come down, heal

them, that they may live! It was delirium. Father Fourcade at the bottom of the pulpit, won over by the extraordinary passion that overflowed all hearts, had raised his arm, thundering forth his threats against heaven. And ever did the exaltation increase before the wind of desire, whose breath bowed the crowd more and more, and even the curiosity seekers who were sitting on the railing along the River Gave grew pale beneath their parasols. Miserable humanity was clamor-ing from the bottom of its abyss of suffering, and the call passed over the heads of all present, so that there was but one agonized congregation, denying death and calling upon God to decree eternal life. Ah life! life! all these wretches, all these death stricken creatures from far away lands who had come through so many obstacles that was their only wish; they longed only to live; in a disordered heed to live again they demanded to live forever. Oh, Saviour! no matter what may be our sorrow, no matter how we suffer to live, heal us, make us to live again, to suffer afresh all that we have already endured! No matter how unhappy we are, we want to be thus. It is not heaven we ask, we want the earth, t have it as late as possible, never to leave it at all, if Thy power deigns to go so far! And even if we only ask for a physical cure we still need a moral one, too, and we ask for happiness, that happiness whose sole lesire fills us with burning thirst.

This wild cry, the furious desire for life pronounced by Father Massais, broke out in tears and cries from every heart: "Oh, Saviour, Son of David, heal our sick!" 'Oh, Saviour, Son of David, heal our

Saviour, make us happy and strong; let us live, give us life!"

Berthaud was obliged to rush forward wice to prevent the ropes from being broker by the unconscious pushing of the masses In despair, uselessly, Baron Suire made gestures and besought help, for the grotto was now invaded and the line had resolved itself into a trampling flock, moving along as it wished to go. In vain Gerard again left Raymonde and wont himself to stand at the entrance of the grating, trying to establish order by letting in only ten persons at once. He was shoved and swept to one side. The people, who were all excited exalted, entered, passing like a torrent through the grotto illuminated by candles throwing letters and bouquets to the Holy Virgin or kissing the rock that millions of burning lips had polished. It was faith let oose—a great force that nothing could stop Gerard, crushed against the grating, over eard two peasant women, caught in the crowd, remark on the spectacle of the in-valids lying before them. One of them was struck by the pale face of Brother Isidore, with his great eyes staring open, fixed on the Virgin's statue. She crossed herself and nurmured, overcome by a devoted admira-

"Oh! look at that one. How he is pray-ing with his whole heart and how he gazes at Our Lady of Lourdes!" The other peasant answered: "She will surely cure him, he is so hand

Thus the dead man, in his act of love and aith, that he continued in his lonely state, outhed all hearts by the infinite purpose of his regard, and was still a cause for the profound edification of the masses, who

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