SOUATTERS WITH BLUE BLOOD

and Romantic History.

JULESBURG NAMED AFTER HER HUSBAND

ness" People-The "Washin'

Up the Lake."

ter, Raymonde, who had come up to be present at the benediction, and had heard about the miracle. "Oh, dear child, what joy!" repeated the member of the heapital, "and how proud I ham to have you in my ward. It is for us all an unexpected favor that the holy virgin should have selected you."

should have selected you." The young girl had kept one of the hands of the miraculously cured girl between her own two hands.

own two hands. "Will you permit me to call you my friend, dcar young lady? I was so sorry for you and I am so pleased to see you walking, so strong and already so beautiful. Let me kins you once more. It will bring me scool lunk." me good luck.

Marie stammered in her happinoss: "Thank you; thanks so much, with all my heart. I

am so happy—so happy." "Oh, we will not leave you again." con-tinued Mme. de Jonquiere. "You hear, Raymonde; we will follow her and knewl be-side her, and we will take her back after the

So these ladies joined the cortege, walking beside Pierre and Father Massats, behind the canopy in the midst of the choir, be-tween the rows of chairs that were already occupied by members of the delegations. Only the banners were placed on either side of the high altar. Marie also advanced and only stopped at the foot of the steps, with only stopped at the foot of the steps, with her cart, whose heavy wheels sounded on the pavement. She had brought it in with ber, in her foolish desire to leave it, a sad and poor object in the spiendors of God's home to be a proof of her miracle. From the time they entered the organ pealed forth a triumphant melody, an acclamation by sound of a happy people, wherein presently was heard a celestial voice like that of an angel-a sharp, happy note, pure as crystal. Abbe Judaine had placed the holy sacra-ment on the altar, the crowd filled the nave. Each one took his place and waited for the Each one took his place and waited for the Rach one took his place and watted for the ceremony to begin. Marie at once fell on her knees, between Mme. de Jonquiere and Raymonde, whose eyes were moist with emo-tion, while Father Massais, quite exhausted after the state of nervous tension that he had been in ever since he left the grotto, nobbed aloud, sinking to the ground, his face between his hands. Behind them Pierre and Berthaud stood, the latter still looking round, lynx eyed, to keep proper order even mind the most violent emotions.

In all his trouble, overcome by the swell f the organ. Pierre lifted his head to look at the interior of the basilica. The nave was narrow, high and decorated in bright colors that frequent windows flooded with light. The lower vaults scarcely existed or were more narrow hallways threaded between the bases of the pillars and the lateral chapels, and which still more increased the beight of the nave, whose thin lines of stone were traced with infantine grace. A golden grating, as transparent as lace, shut off the choir, in which the high altar of white mar-ble, covered with carvings, was of an almost virginal sumptuosity. The most astonish-ing thing, however, was the extraordinary ornamentation that transformed the entire church into a display of embroideries and jewels, of banners and ex-votos-a whole river of gifts, presents that had flowed and gathered within its walls, a stream of gold and sliver, of velvet and silk that carpeted it from top to bottom. It was the unending sanctuary of thank offerings, it sang an unending song of faith and gratitude by means of its thousand treasures. Above all the banners fluttered and multi-

plied like the leaves of a tree, without number. Thirty at least hung from every vaulted ceiling. Up above, ornamenting the whole surface, others were made into pic-tures, framed by the colonnades. They hung the whole length of the walls, they floated from the chapels, they surrounded the choir by a silken sky, a satin or velvet atmosphere. They were to be counted by hundreds. One was thed mergin looking at Thirty at least hung from every atmosphere. They were to be counted by hundreds. One was tired merely looking at them. Many were so celebrated by their clever handwork that famous work women came to examine them. That of Our Lady of Fourvriere, with the arms of the city of Lyons' that from Alexia in black works. Lyons; that from Alsatia, in black velvet, embroidered in gold; the one from Lorraine, where the Virgin, covering two childrah with her cloak, might be seen; that from Brittany, blue and white, with a bleeding heart in the midst of a glory. All empires, all the kingdoms of the earth were represented. The most distant countries-Canada Brazil, Chill, Hayti-all had there flags there with which they had come to do honor to the Queen of Heaven

Besides the banners there was another wonderful sight—the thousands and thousands of gold and silver hearts, hung up everywhere, shining from the walls like the star: in the firmament above. Designs of mythical roses were made of them; they hung in festoons and garlands the entire length of the pillars, surrounded the windows and decorated the deepest arches. Up on the clere story an ingeniods idea had been carried out by using the hearts to form high letters that made up the sentences addressed by the Holy Virgin to Bernadette; and all round the nave ran a high frieze that was the joy of childish minds, who busied themselves by of childish minds, who busied themselves by spelling out the words. It was a perfect swarm, a prodigious glitter of hearts, whose infinite number made one quite giddy when one realized how many trembling hands had given them as thank offerings. Besides, there were many other ex votos, many of which were utilized as ornaments in a most unexpected way. For instance, there were wedding bouquets, crosses of honor, jewels, photographs, rosarles, and even sours, all photographs, rosaries, and even spurs, al framed under glass. There was also a pai of officer's epaulets, and many swords, among which was a superb saber left as a souvenir of some miraculous conversion. As though these were not enough, still other riches-treasures that were piled up high-shone out from every side-marble statues, diadems enriched with diamonds, a wonderful rug designed at Blois and em broidered by ladies from all over France, golden paim with enamel ornaments sent by the sovereign pontiff. The lamps that hung down from the vaulted celling were likewise gifts, some of them in solid gold with deli-cate workmanship. They could not be counted, but studded the nave like lustrous stars. Before the altar hung one sent by Ireland that was a "chef d'oeuvre" of carv-ing. Others from Valence, from Lille, from Macao (the latter from the very extreme parts of China), were actual jewels shining with precious stones. And what a splendid scene when the twenty And what a spiendid scene when the twenty branches in the lustro of the choir were lighted, when the hundreds of lamps, the hundreds of tapers burned all at once, at times of great ceremonies! It was then that the whole church was aglare, all the little flames in the "Chapelle Ardenie" were re-flected by a thousand lights in the thousands of gold and silver hearts. It became an ex-traordinary flood of light, the walls running with brilliant reflections and looking as though the blind glories of paradise were at-tained, while the numberless banners unfolded their allken, velvet and satin she-a, embroidered with bleeding hearts, victorious saints and virgins whose lovely smiles gave Ah! all these pomps had already created great ceremonies in the Basilica. The offices, prayers and hymns went on there without ceasing. From one end of the year to the other the incense ross, the organs pealed, the kneeling crowds prayed with all their might. Continual masses were said, vespers, vows, benediction and daily offices repeated over and over, and all feasts celebrated with most unequaled magnificence. The smallest anniversaries became pretexts The smallest anniversaries became pretexts for fatnous solemnities. Every pilgrimage had to have its share in the worship. Those suffering and humble creatures from distant lands had to be sent away con-soled, enchanted, carrying off the vision of an opening paradise. They had seen the luxury of God, and would retain an eternal memory of its ecstasies. In their empty rooms, beside miserable beds of pain in all Christendom the Basilica with its flourish of light and wealth was recalled 1 ke some light and wealth was recalled like some dream of promise and compensation. like some good fortune, the treasure of a future life, into which the poor should surely enter nome day after their long suffering here be-low. But these splendors without consolation or hope did not give Pierre any feeling of joy. His uneasiness increased horr bly, his heart became like some black void, like the darkness before a storm, wherein ideas and sen timents are in conflict. Ever since Marie had risen from her cart, crying that sho was cured, since she walked with strength so bright, so utterly resuscitated, he ex-perienced nothing but an immense desola-Yet he loved her like some brother and was glad beyond words to see that she no longer suffered. Why, therefore, was he so troubled by her fellelty? He could not look troubled by her felicity - the could hor look at her as she knelt now, smiling through her tears, with her reconquered beauty and health, without a feeling in his bleeding heart as if he had received a mortal wound. Still he remained, so turned away his gaze and tried to interest himself in Father Mas-

all slong the wall. But ne was mistaken. No one was there; but he continued to read sais, who was still convulsed with sobs on the flagstones and whose weakness he posi-tively envied, with its divine Husion of divine love. For an instant he asked Berthaud some questions concerning one of the banners and seemed interested in the explications: "Which do you mean? The face one up there?" "Yes, to the left." "It is one given by Pay. The coats of arms are those of Phy and Lourdes joined by a rowary. The lace on it is so fine you could hold it in the paim of your hand." But now Abbe Judaine advanced, and the ceremony was about to begin. The organs growled once more, a canticle was sung while

the holy sacrament remained upon the altar like some sovereign star amid the shiny gold and silver hearts as numerous as the planets. Pierre had not the courage to stay longer. As Marie had Mmc. de Jonquiere and Raymonde with her he might go away and disappear in some quiet corner

where he might weep at last, In a word he made the excuse to go to keep his rendezvous with Dr. Chassaigne. Then he had a fresh fear just how to get out through such a crowd as pressed be-tween him and the doors. He had an inspiration, he crossed between the sacristy, and went down into the crypt by means of

and went down into the crypt by means of the narrow interior staircase. Suddenly there was profound allence, a sepulchral shade, succeeding to the voices of praise the prodigious noise up above the crypt, hewn out of the rock, formed two passages, separated by the wall that sup-ported the nave, and led under the arches to a subterraneous chapel, lighted day and ught by bittle hence. to a subterraneous chapel, lighted day and night by little lamps. An obscure forest of pillars stretched out, and a mythical terror seemed to exist in those half-lights, in which lurked all kinds of mysteries. The walls were bare, they were the actual stones of the tomb, wherein all flesh must pass its final sleep. All along the passages, against the naritifons that covered its antire length bundreds, those thousands of cries, fixed forever in marble, that from the bottom of the crypt clamored to the Virgin the eternal detion of the miserable human beings she the partitions, that covered its entire length by the marble slabs for the cx-votos, stood in double row of confessionals, for it was here had succored. Pierre could hardly read them, his bitter heart was invaded by an increasing desola-tion. Was he alone never to receive any in this dead part of the world that confes-sions were heard, and there were priests who spoke all languages, to pardon the faults help? When so many suffering creatures had been heard, why should he alone be unheard? And this made him think about

of those sinners who came here from the four parts of the globe. the extraordinary number of prayers that must have been said at Lourdes, from one end of the year to the other. He tried to estimate the number, the days passed before the grotto, the nights in the Church of the Rosary, and then the ceremonies at the Just now, when the masses were crushing up above, the crypt was absolutely empty not one soul was there, and Pierre, in the intense silence, in the freshness of the tomb fell on his knees. The action came from no need of prayer or adoration, but because his The grotto, the highes in the characteristic of the Rosary, and then the ceremonies at the Basilica, and the processions by sunlight and starlight. It was inculculable, those continual supplications of every second. The desire of the faithful to thus fatigue the faithful to thus fatigue the faithful to the fatigue the faithful to the fatigue the factors of the faithful to the fatigue the factors of the factors of the factors of the factors of the fatigue the factors of the whole being was overcome by the moral tor-ture that had broken it down. He longed with tortuous thirst to see clearly. Oh, he must be able to reflect more profoundly, to work out, at last, the meaning of this abase-

ment, this undoing of all things mortal. He suffered a fearful agony of mind. He attempted to go over every minute since Marie, suddenly raised from her couch of misery, had uttered her cry of resurrection. Why, in spite of his brotherly joy at seeing her stand up, had he felt such an awful sen-sation, as though the worst human blow had struck him? Was he jealous of the divine grace? Did he suffer, because the Virgin, in healing her, had forgotten him, whose soul was side work death? ished. What a hard benef for the necessary of chastisement! What a forcocious imagi-nation of the blackest pessimist! As though life must be bad in order that such a cry of misery, both physical and moral, be con-sidered necessary to mount upward to was sick unto death? He remembered the final proof he had

In all this unending sadness Pierre felt, named, the supreme rendezvous on which he had fixed his faith, the moment when the Holy sacrament should pass, if Marie too, a profound pity. Ah, this wretched hu-manity, reduced by this excess of woe, so naked, so feeble, so abandoned, that it even the Holy sacrament should pass, if Marie were cured; and she had been cured and still he did not believe, and from henceforth he had no longer hope, for he now should never believe. Here lay the sting. It came forth with cruel, blinding certainty. She was saved; he was lost. The pretended miracle that gave her back to life had achieved in him a complete ruin of the belief in the su-nernatural. What he had honed and howed naked, so feeble, so abandoned, that it even gave up all reason so as to put all possible pleasure in the giddy hallucination of a dream, all this interested Pierre. Fresh tears filled his eyes, and he wept for himself. for others, for all those poor tortured beings who feel the need of stupefying their woes, to stifle tham in order to assault from the to stiffe them in order to escape from the realities of this world. pernatural. What he had hoped and longed to find at Lourdes, that innocent faith, the happy faith of a little child, was no longer He seemed again to see that frenzied crowd kneeling at the grotto, calling out its inflamed supplication to keaven; those crowds possible, could never flourish again after the downfail of the prodigious, the cure pre-dicted by Beauclair that had been realized point for point Jealous! Oh, no; but de-vastated, mortally sad, thus to remain alone f 20,000 or 30,000 souls, from whom rose a fervency of desire, like smoke from incense nounts in the sun's rays. Then, too, in this might be seen another exaltation of faith

In the frozen desert of his intelligence, to regret the illusion, the falsehood, the divine love borne by those simple in heart, of which the entire nights passed in the costasy of paradise, the dumb delight of communions, his heart was no longer capable to feel. A flood of bitterness choked Pierre and the ardent, worldless appeals, in which the tears sprang into his eyes. He had glided down on the stones, overcome by his an-guish. And he recalled that delicious memaway. grotto, as though the perpetual adoration of the Rosary were insufficient, that ardent call guessed the source of his doubt, had inter-ested herself in his conversion, taking his commenced again around him on the walls of the crypt, only there it was perpetuated in marble and did not cease to cry out all hand in the darkness, holding it in her own, as she murmured that she would pray for him. human sufferings until all ages to come The very walls, the marble itself prayed, in-Oh! with all her very soul. She forgot self while supplicating the Holy Virgin to save her friend rather than herself, if she might vaded by the universal thrill of pity that higher and higher, and reached the bright receive but one favor from her Divine Son Then followed another memory, those ador pasilica that sparkled above him, filled a this moment with a phrenetic people whose breath he seemed to feel through the paving able hours they had passed together under the thick night of the trees during the pass-ing of the torchlight procession. There stones of the nave as they sang a canticle of again, they had prayed for one another, and

on, first mechanically seeking distraction, and then, little by little, he realized a new emi It was inconceivable. Faith, adoration, A Bellevue Woman with a Remarkable gratitude was written on those marble slabs in letters of gold by the thousands. Some

were ingenuous enough to cause a smile. A colonel had his foot made in marble with these words, "Thou hast saved it for me, see that it serve Thee." Further on might be read, "May her protection extend to the

chase;" or the strange requests made gave some idea of the thanks desired. "To the Harrowing Tale of His Death-Widowed at Fourteen -Procession of the "Holl-Immaculate Mary, by the father of a family, restored health, suit gained, advancement ob

restored health, suit gained, advancement of tained." But these were lost in the concert of burning cries that mounted. The lovers' cries, "Paul and Anna ask for the benediction of Our Lady of Lourdes upon their union." The mother's cry, "Gratitude to Mary, who has cured my child three times." "Gratitude for the birth of Marie terms of the source of the birth of Marie I went down and ate dinner last Sunday with one of the families that live in a log cabin beside the railroad track near Belle Antoinette, whom I confide to her, as well as all my belongings." "P. D., aged 3 years, has been preserved to the love of his par-ents." The wife's cry, the cry of invalids vue. These squatters, if squatters they were

belonged to the aristocracy. They told with ents." The wife's ery, the cry of invalids restored, the cry of souls restored to happi-ness, "Protect my husband, make my hus-band always well." "I was infirm in both legs, now I am cured." "We came hither and we hope." "I prayed, I wept, and she has granted my requests." And still other cries, the cries of an ardent discretion that gave rise to dreams of long romances. "Thou simplicity of their intercourse with such high dignitaries as Logan Fontenelle, the last chief of the Omahas, whose father was of the nobility of France, and Peter A. Sarpy, who, in early days, was the autocrat of the great American Fur company in this cries, the cries of an arbent discrete discrete the gave rise to dreams of long romances. "Thou hast united us, protect us." "To Mary, the greatest of gifts." Always the same cries, the same words, recurring with a fevent passion, gratitude, recognition, praise, actions of grace and thankfulness. Ah! those bendrads thouse thousands of cries, fixed forregion, and was worshipped more obsequicusly than is our governor, or even our pur-veyors of public offices-senators and con-gressmen; and they were connected with the

traders and ranchmen who ruled the land under the autocrat, Sarpy. These squatters greeted us warmly, as old friends, and-but I won't tell the very worst, for my acquaintances of the later aristocracy. who have been in Omalia at least three or four years, would cut me entirely if I should acknowledge that.

But to my story. What recent novelist is that has elaborated the doctrine that we become entirely different entitles once in su often? Whoever it is might have made very interesting story of our two phases of existence, for the first was spent among In-dians and French traders and ploneers on Nebraska plains, occupied with dealings with the Indians, taking up claims and staking out railroad towns where the buffalo trail was yet to be seen, and the second in wielding that mighty weapon, the pen, amid the paved streets, electric light and cars of a western city. But today in the midst of a western city. But today in the innus-of the second phase we had touched the magic ring which was to put us back in the first. At least, so it seemed, as we ap-proached the little low log cabin which con-tained two small rooms not over seven feet desire of the faithful to thus fatigue the ears of God, thus to draw down from Him blessings pardons; by the enormous masses of prayers that were offered. The priest told that God exacted the ex-plation of the sins of the whole of France by means of prayer, and when the number was sufficient France would cease to be pun-ished. What a hard belief for the necessity of chartisement! What a ferocious imagihigh, with a still smaller and lower cell attached. The occupants, who hore a resem-blance to those ferrymen and canoe men of the first era, with their nets and paddles scattered around, were sitting under a porch made of a sail cloth attached to the logs of the cabin on one side, and to Corinthian pillars of trees denuded of the bark on the other; the floor the cleanly swept earth. "How do you do, Elton, don't you know

us?" said my companion. Mac, offering his hand. 'No, I don't; you've got me now." said the gray haired man in brown overalls and blue check shirt, who courteously rose to greet us, looking at us intently, but with a puzzled

air. 'Call your wife; she'll know us," said Mac. She had retreated into the log cabin as she saw us approaching, and two or three of the seven or eight sitting around got up and

went in to call her. Presently she came out tying her apron strings, escorted by her body guard. "How do you do, Lizzie, you know me, I'm sure," said Mac.

She looked at me, and then grasping my hands, answered: "Of course I do. It's Mac and his wife.

Didn't you know them?" turning to Elton. "No, I didn't, but I do now, and I'm glad

"No. I didn't, but I do now, and I'm glad to see you. You've grown so gray you don't look as I remember you." said Elton. "These are my children." said Lizzle. "That's Mary, my oldest; she was born at Decatur, you remember, she's Mrs. and Nora, Mrs. _____, and Lizzle, Mrs. ______, and this is the only girl at home. These are the boys. I've had ten children." "Ten children, Lizzle, and so many mar-ried, and you look as young as ever!" "Well, it's hard work has done it then," was her pleased refoldrer. "for I haven't creature is consumed, burned and blown Then, as though the prayers before the

was her pleased rejoinder, "for I haven't done anything else." Her cheeks were still rosy beneath the tan; her eyes were almost as bright as when we remembered her, a girl of 16, and her

black hair waved in a manner that would have distracted with envy the devotee of the curling iron, as she calmly took it down and proceeded to comb and do it up again she talked



baptizin' up in the lake? They are comin' back a ways.

back a ways." Scon they began to appear through the trees—lumber wagons with a whole family in, buggies with a young fellow and his girl, an old-fashioned carriage with the preacher and some of the elders, more young men horseback, more lumber wagons-a long procession, and finally an old buggy contain-ing a fat, old, darky woman and two little boys, who rolled around on the seat as she lashed the bony steed in an endeavor to catch up with the wagons just disappearing around the wooded bend ahead. All this time our friends were calling

out and receiving hearty greetings. "Why, this is more people than we've

een go by in a year! "Goln' up to the washin', be you?" Seems to me Bellevue is havin' a regular puke!" "What are you all doin', tearin' through the woods this way? Are you all goin' to be marked?"

washed?

One of 'em went for me the other day about my hat, and it's just one of the common

kind you see every day." In a lull I ventured to inquire what these oble were

"Why, the 'Holiness' people they call themselves." Another suggested Free Love Methodists, and on our looking a little surprised finally eliminated the "love."

"But the title which suited them best was 'Holiness people.'

"Holiness people." And then they concluded to go up to the lake and see the "washin" and invited us to go along, and we accepted the invitation. Mac and Elton, by virtue of the dignity of their gray hairs, loltered in the rear and stopped part way back near where Elton had pointed out to me the grave of the other terms between the terms of the chief, Logan Fontanelle, in the distance, quietly but proudly informing me that he was the only man about there who could tell where this once mighty warrior, who had killed a score of Sioux, lay. The grave, he stated, was overgrown by plum trees whose



ROLL THE



The Authentic History of the World's Fair

her, with such an arden desire for mutual happiness that for an instant they reached that line which gives its all and immolates self.

Then, their long tenderness bathed in tears, the pure idyll of their suffering was thrust aside by this brutal separation; she, cured, radiant in the midst of the hymns of the triumphant basilica; he, lost, sobbing in his misery, crushed under the shadows of the crypt, in the icy silence of the tomb. It was as though he had again lost her, a second

Suddenly Pierre felt the knife thrust, and his last thought plunged into his heart. He understood his trouble at last, and by a sub-the light he recognized the terrible crisis in which he struggled. The first time he los Marle, the day he became a priest, saying to himself it were better for him not to be a man, so long as she might never be a woman struck down in her youth by incurable disease. And now she was cured, now she was woman; he had seen her suddenly become trong, beautiful, bright, desirable and trong. fecund. He was as dead, unable ever again to be a man. He could never lift the tomb tone that was crushing him-that touched his flesh

She alone escaped, and left him behind in the cold earth. The whole vast world was open to her, happiness smiled upon her, love laughed on her sunlight paths; a husband, no doubt, children—while he, burled up to his shoulders, retaining only the liberty of his basic could be the state. his brain, could by it merely suffer all the more. She only belonged to him so long as she belonged to no one else, and his anguist was so fearful that for an hour he fought it out definitely, deciding just how they were separated, and this time it was forever; then ie succumbed.

A perfect rage seized Pierre. He felt tempted to go up again to tell Marie the truth. A miracle! A lie! The helping good-ness of an Almighty God was a pure illu-sion! Nature alone had acted, life had once more triumphed. And he would give his proofs, he would show that life is the only overeign, renewing again by health all suf-ering here below. Then they would go away together, they would go far, far away and be happy! But a sudden terror invaded hi being. What! touch that little pure white

soul, winder all belief in her, ruin her faith by which he himself was ravaged? It suddenly appeared to him like some her-rible sacrilege. Then came the horror as if he had assassinated her; should he ever feel incapable one of these days of making her happy? Perhaps she might not believe him. Besides, would she ever marry a perjured priest, she who would always retain the memory of having been cured in an ecstasy of bliss? It all seemeed monstrous, mad and fitthy. His revolt was already subdued, and he felt only a vague lassitude, a burning sen-

ition of some incurable hurt, his poor heart sition of some incurable hurt, his poor heart that was torn and bleeding. Then followed a fearful struggle in that empty space in which his mind warked. What was he to do? He wished to go away. What was he to do? He wished to go away, never to see Marie again, having become a coward in his suffering. For he understood that now he must lie, since she believed him to have been saved with her, converted, his soul saved, as her body had been cured. She had said so in her joy, as she dragged her cart up the colossal ramparts. Oh! to have had this great happiness together—to-gether to have felt their seuts melt one in the other! And he had already lied, he would other! And he had already lied, he would be obliged to lie forever, in order to dispel hat lovely pure illusion.

So he gave vent to the final beatings of his eart, he swore to have the sublime charity attend to pretend peace, to simulate the delight of the salvation. He wished her to be perfectly happy, without one regret, one doubt, in full serenity of faith, convinced that the Holy Virgin had consented to this mythical union. What mattered his own tortures? Perhaps later he would get over it. In the midst of the desolation of his mind was it not a ray of sustaining joy, all the joy he would give to her by his, consoling false

words ! words? Several minutes went on, and Pierre re-mained prone upon the floor to calm his fever. He no longer thought, he no longer existed, in the utter feeling of exhaustion that follows the crisis of a whole being. But he thought he heard a footstep and rose mainfully preferred for a whole being. painfully, pretending to read the exvotos, the insurjutions engraved on the marble elabs

upreme hope. He ended by being carried away, as if he were in the midst of that immense floor of prayers, that starting from the dust of the earth, mounted throughout the churches, one on top of the other, growing from altar

to altar, appealing to the walls to such a degree that even they sobbed out the suprem cry of anguish that must pierce the sky, with the white needle and its high golden cross on the very top of the spire. Oh! Almighty God! Oh! Divinity! Helpful strength! Who-ever Thou may be, show Thy mercy on poor nankind. Cease all human sufferings.

Pierre was all at once dazzled. He had followed the left passage, and suddenly came out in broad daylight at the top of the ram parts. And instantly two tender arms seized him and enveloped him. It was Dr. Chas-saigne, with whom he had forgotten his rendezvous," who was waiting for him there to take him to visit Bernadette's room

and the church of the Curate Peyracuale. "Oh! my child! how great your joy must be. I have just heard the great news, the extraordinary grace that Our Lady of Lourdes has shown to your friend. Do you remember what I said day before yesterday? Now am all right, you yourself are saved."

The priest, intensely pale, felt one last, bitter thrust. But he was able to smile and answered softly: "Yes, we are saved. I am very happy." The lie had commenced, the divine illusion

e wished to give, for charity's sake, to others. Then Pierre saw another wonderful sight. The front door of the basilica stood wide open, the red flood of the sun filled the nave from end to end. All was lighted by this kind of incendiary, the golden gate of the choir, the gold and silver exvotos, the lamps studded with precious stones, the banners with their light embroideries, the hanging incense burners, like jewels that were flying in midair. Thither, at the end of all this burning splendor, amid the surplices of snow and the golden chasubles, he recognized Marle, with her hair undone; her golden hair, too, making her covered over as if with a golden manile. And the organs pealed out a royal hymn, the people acclaimed their God while Abbe Judaine, who had placed the holy while Abbe Judame, who had placed the holy sacrament upon the altar, once more held it up, very high, very high, shining out with all its glory amid the shimmering gold of the basilica, while all the bells rang out in joyous

chimes the announcement of the prodigious triumph (To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Wanted Modern Conveniences.

A man with a serious countenance went into an 8-cent lodging house on West Madison street Thursday night, relates the Chicago Tribune. He deposited a nickel, a 2-cent stamp, and a penny on the counter, and said "Your rates are reasonable enough if your

accommodations are good. Has my room a "It hasn't any window." "Well, well; that's bad. I suppose, though

that the transom admits plenty of air?" "It hasn's any transom." "No transom? I do hope that it has the ncandescent light instead of gas. I despise

gas." "So do I, and you're giving me too much of it," said the clerk. "Why don't you go to your stall and put your jaw to bed?" "I will go to my couch in good time." re

joined the guest with dignity. "I want to know how the room I am to occupy is fur-nished. Does it contain a desk that I may to my correspondence? Does the carpet harmonize with the wall paper "See here, partner," cried the clerk, hand

ing over the nickel and the postage stamp and the penny, "there's a 10-cent lodging-house across the street. Go over there and perhaps they will give you electric bells and scented soap and send your breakfast to your room in the morning. Your blood is a triffe too aristocratic for an 8-cent house

Git. He got.

A floating paragraph says a New England seminary for girls has adopted the following college yell: "Wha, who, wha, who, wha, who, zippe riroar, hi yi, ki yi, zip pom, love bomyah, bumyah, sip, zip, '94!" The bomyah, bumyah, sip, zip, '94!" The higher education of woman is bound to come.

Lizzie not only belongs to the pioneer aristocracy, but she is a historical personage. a participant in one of the blood-stirring events of the early history of Nebraska.

A TRAGEDY OF THE PLAINS.

Every old settler remembers the story of Jules the ranchman, from whom Julesburg, once a well known station on the famous old California and Pike's Peak trail, was named. Jules supplied the emigrants with food for themselves and their beasts in exchange fo their rapidly diminishing dollars as they journeyed along the sunflower marked trail, and hailed with joy the rare sight of a house and white occupants.

and white occupants. Jules had incurred the enmity of another ranchman named Slade, who had sworn to kill him at sight, and after waiting five years for his opportunity he succeeded, tying him up to a dry goods box and shooting off his ears while still alive, and then bidding his twenty-five men empty the contents of

their revolvers into him. Lizzle was Jules' wife. His child wife of 14, who had been left behind at the ranch when he armed himself with gun and revolver and knife to go to a distant corral for his horses and cattle, and who, when she began to watch for his return, saw instead a gang of rude and drunken plainsmen with oath and jeer, and taunting story of her husband's death, enter her home and carry away the stock of goods and everything of value, leaving her helpless and alone on the

treeless and houseless prairie, the man and voman who had been in charge of the ranch her only companions, and the nearest set-tlement hundreds of miles away. Her husband had started with \$3,009 on his person; he had owned scores of cattle and horses, a well equipped ranch and stock

of goods and money in the bank, but she was left with only a terrified and helpless man and woman and the few hundred dollars the wretches had not discovered, to wait in fear and trembling for days until a ranchman from further west-on his way to the settle-ments for goods- took her in his wagon and brought her to a land where people lived,

not fiends. She had married twice since, and her subsequent life had contained other tragedles but she carried through them all the bright and alert air and the good looks which marked Lizzie Calyom (pronounced Kigon)

marked Lizzie Calyom (pronounced Kigon) the girl whom Jules, the rich and dashing French ranchman, had wooed and carried away to the tragedy on the plains. She came of St. Louis French creole stock, and I wondered at the ease with which she entertained us. It would have done credit to many a drawing room, the crudity of speech and manner engrafted on it forming a strange commingling. What had been the speech and manner engrated on it forming a strange commingling. What had been the environment of the grandmother, with sev-eral greats appended, from whom this must have been inherited? It did not seem a log hut under the bluffs beside the railroad track; surely it resembled more a salon where she entertained and charmed be-ruffed and powdered courtiers for a search ruffed and powdered courtiers, for a search into the ancestry of these French creoles scaffered along the rivers that travel gulf ward would reveal some strange problems

f heredity. The French hospitality and art of cooking , were transmitted, as became apparen while she diligently prepared a dinner over the little cook stove in the log kitchen, so low she could just stand straight in it, and so small it held only a stove, a table and wo people

Her willing waiters, the children, brought Her willing watters, the children, brought at her command from the root cellar dug into the side of the hill the materials wanted for her work, and we finally, obedient to the command to "set up and help ourselves," found as light bread, well made coffee, rich cream and fine golden buiter as could have been procured anywhere

THE AFFAIR OF THE DAY. Just as we were finishing our meal four or five horsemen rode up to the porch. They were evidently well known, for the greet-ings from Bill and Tom and Jack were

hearty "Where are you going ?" said the pretty yeing daughter, the counterpart of her mother at 16.

"Why, up to the washin'! Don't you know he 'Hollness' people are going to have a the

trunks were as big as his wrists, AT THE WASHIN'.

Surrounded by Lizzle and her children I at last reached the lake, a long cut-off from the Missouri, with the usual muddy banks and bottom.

The preacher, who looked muscular enough for the task before him, prayed earnestly after he descended into the depths of muddy water and weeds, and then dexterously sub merged the earnest devotees who came into the water, and aided them out upon the dusty, weedy bank, where they stood drip-ping until the ceremony should be finished The multitudes who had come to see, sal in the wagons or stood near with stolid, ex-

pressionless faces, except the young horse back riders, who reigned their horses a short distance away and cracked a few silly jokes

and laughed harshly. What desire is it that brings such crowds together? And what do they think? There is always a morbid curiosity concerning any manifestations of the religious spirit, the more marked the lower the degree of in-telligence, but it is not manifested conteringence, but it is not maintener of teringence, but it is not maintener tering spec-tacular will draw a crowd, that will stand for hours listening and looking. If it were the young alone, eager to receive new im-pressions, it were explainable, but the mid-

pressions, it were explainable, but the inde-die aged and even the old are almost equally eager. What want does it feed? We walked back again under the great elms and walnuts, enjoying the shaded, flickering light, the spring of the earth under our feet, and we almost envied these sources the beauties of nature, which were squatters the beauties of nature, which were theirs to enjoy. Although the railroad might pass them, it was sad to think that their parents had been almost the first to occupy the land, and yet not a foot of ground could

they call their own. "We have had three good starts," said Lizzie, "but something always happened." And alas! the happening was never in their favor.

The cruel feuds of the new country had ended the career of her prosperous hus-band; the river had eaten up their farm at St. Mary's. Something was always hap ening.

But, after all, they had a warm house the winds and storms could scarcely react them under the great trees and the over-hanging bluff; their firewood was ready at hand; a garden was there for the working they had no taxes to pay; and they had nine children! Verily, I believe we found the abodes of the rich! H. S. M.

of living.

The Joy

living if we look on the bright side, the flowery side. Make your life sweet with the fragrance of the blossoms. Dash their aroma into the water of your bath, sprinkle it on your clothing, saturate the air of your dwellings with it. It stands ready for your use in every bottle of

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