RESUME OF LOURDES.

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

CHAPTER L.—The opening scene of "Lourdes," which was commenced in serial form in Sonday's Bee of April 15, is in a car of the "white train," which carries the very sick prigritus from Paris to Lourdes, Among the plintins is Marie de Guerauint, a young woman, who for years, has been bedridden. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre Froment. CHAPTER IL—The Athle Pierre was the son of a chemist who lived at Newtilty. Living next them were M. de Guersaint and the family, bittle Marie de Guersaint and Pierre played together, and finally felt in love with each other he they grew up. Marie received an injury which resulted in hearly total paralysis. As she could never be his wife, Pierre became a priest.

CHAPTER IL—The suffering in the train is intense when it stops at Poitiers haif an hear for lanch.

for lanch.

CHAPTER IV.—Sophic Conteau tells the story of the oure accorded to her discussed fout by simply dipping it in the water of Leander.

CHAPTER V.—The Abbe reads the history of Bernadette, and describes the visions in the grotto. As the train rolls into the station at Lourdes an unknown man dies.

CHAPTER L-A vivid picture is given of the infusion when the invalids are landed and concontagon when the invaling are mades and con-veyed to the inspital.

CHAPTER II.—The hospital is greatly over-crowded. At 8 a. in the procession to the grouto starts. Pather Massals asks the vast congrega-tion to pray for a great mirable, as the bedy of the man who died in the train is to be im-mersed in the pool in hopes that life will be restored.

restored.

CHAPTER III.—The Abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chassaigne. The growd forces the Abbe to the pool. The dead man is brought in and impresed. No miracle occurs. On going out the Abbe finds that Marie has been bathed without effect. CHAPTER IV.—Dr. Chassaigne accompanies the Abbe to the Bureau of Certifications, La Grivotte, who had been in the has stages to consumption, comes rushing in, shouting, "I americal the comes rushing in, shouting, "I am cured? CHAPTER V.—The Abbe visits Marie, who is losing her faith. He reads to the invalids, continuing the story of Bernadette.

CHAPTER L-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 Mme. Desagnesux, Mile. Raymonde and M. de Peyrelongue, to whom Raymonde is engaged. They visit places of interest.

CHAPTER III.—Marie, secompanied by her father and Pierre, watches the magnificent torchight procession.

CHAPTER IV.—Pierre takes Marie to the grotto to remain throughout the night. Earon Suire shows Pierre the miraculous spring.

CHAPTER V.—Dr. Chassaigne tells about his interview with Bernadette, and describes the siforts of the Abbe Peyramale to build a church at Lourdes.

FOURTH DAY. CHAPTER I.-The death of Mme. Vetu is lvidity postrayed.

CHAPTER II.—There is great religious fervor hown during the services. In the midst of it frother Indore dies.

shown during the services. In the midst of it Brother Isidore dies.

CHAPTER III.—As Pierre stands beside Marie's cart be remembers that one of the physicians called in consultation said she could be cured in a perfectly natural way. Suddenly Marie stands up in her cart, she walks to the Bureau, and her cure is put on record.

CHAPTER IV.—Marie drags her cart in the procession. Pierre has lost his faith, and by his vows has lost the right to love Marie now that she can be a wife.

CHAPTER V.—Dr. Chassaigne takes the Abbe to Bernadette's room. He also takes him to the charch that the Abbe Peyramale started to build. The ambitions and dreams of the Abbe Peyramale are graphically described.

A large installment of "Lourdes" will be printed next Sunday.

FIFTH DAY.

CHAPTER L.-That night, in the Hotel des Apparations, Pierre could not close his eyes. After going to the hospital to hear the latest reports of Marie, who was sleeping dly like a child, in a refreshing and de licious rest, after coming back from the pro-cession. Pierre had gone to bed himself, though somewhat uenasy that M. de Guer saint had not yet appeared. He had expected him for dinner at the latest, but doubtless some accident had occurred to details him at Gavarine, and he pictured to himself the young girl's distress if her father were not there to embrace her on the following morning. All suppositions, every fear was posaible in the case of such an absent minded flighty headed man as M. de Guersaint.

Perhaps it was this very uneasiness that Fernaps II was this very uneasiness that kept Pierre awako at first, in spite of his great fatigue. But later the noises of the night in the hotel became intolerably annoying. The next day, Tuesday, was the time of departure, the last day that the national pilgrimage would be at Lourdes, and no doubt the pilgrims were making the most of their time. most of their time coming in from the grotte and going back in the middle of the night attempting to coerce heaven by their earnes appeals, with no need for sieep or repose Doors slammed, floors creaked, the entire house shook under the mad scurrying of the crowds. Never before had such obstinate coughs echoed along the walls, or such thick indistinct mutterings been heard. A prey to insomnia, Pierre turned over and over got up, thinking each time it must be M. d. Guersaint coming home. For several minutes he listened intently, but could only hear the extraordinary noises in the hallway, from which he could gather nothing exactly. Could it be that on the left hand the priest, the mother and her three daughters, the family of old people, were beating the another with the familiar? Or rather was it not the other family on the right hand side the lonely continue, the results of the lonely continue to the country of the lonely continue. side, the lonely gentleman, the woman alon that were in the midst of incomprehensible adventures? Once he jumped out of bed and ran into the room of his absent friend, cerrain into the room of his absent friend, cer-tain that some strange things were taking place there. But listen as he would be could only catch through the thin partition the tender murmurings of two voices and a faint sound of carcuses. Suddenly he re-membered Mme. Volmar, and he retired shuddering to bed.

At last, at daylight, Pierre went to sleep, At last, at daylight, Pierre went to sleep, but loud knocks on his door made him spring out of bed. This time he was not mistaken. A loud voice crief, struggling in its angulsh: "Abbe, Abbe, wake up. I beseech you!" They certainly must at last he bringing M. de Guersaint home dead. He ran hurriedly, in his shirt, to epen the deor, and found himself face to face with his neighbor, M. Vigneron.

bor, M. Vigneron.

"On! please Abbe, dress quickly. We are in need of your hely ministrations!"

He then said that he had gotten up to look

He then said that he had gotten up to look at his watch, that was lying on the mantel piece, when he heard frightful grouns coming from the next room, where Mme Chilse slept. She had left the communicating door open, so as to be hear to them. He naturally ran in and pushed back the shutters to let in light and air.

"And what a spectacle, Abbe! Our poor aunt in her bed, already purply in the face, her mouth open, yet unable to breathe, her hands thrown our clutching the sheets. You understand it is heart disease. Come come

understand, it is heart disease. Come, come quick, Abbe, to help us, I beg!"
Completely stunned, Pierre could find

neither his trousers nor soutane. "Of course, of course, I will come with you; but I cannot administer the list sacra-ments because I have nothing to use."

M. Vigneron assisted him to dress, bend-

ing down to look for his slippers.

"That makes no matter, Just to see you will let her die easier, if God should send us that affliction, hiers, put on your slip-

pers first, and follow me at once; oh, immedi-

He went off like a flash and disappeared h He went off like a flash and disappeared in the next room. All the doers had remained while open, and the young priest, as he followed, could only see little Gustave in the first room, half naked, everything in the most awful disorder, sitting on the sofa, where he had been asteep, motionless, very pale, quite forgotten and alivering in the midst of this drama of brutal death. Open values barred the massage, bits of food were values barred the passage, bits of food were lying on the table, the father and mother's bed appeared as though ravaged by some entastrophe, the bed clothes draged off onto nd. And instantly he perceived in the further room the mother, dressed his riedly in a yellow wrapper, standing with a terrified air.

"Well, my dear? Well, my dear?" stam-

tioned toward Mme. Chains who no longer moved, her head fallen back on the pillow, her hands turned up and stiff. Her face was blue, the mouth hanging open, as if a final great breath had carried away her life. Pierre leaned over her, and then said in a

Dead! The word sounded clearly in the room, where a heavy silence reigned. The husband and wife gazed at one another in amazement and stupefaction. It was, then, all over. The aunt was dead before Gustave, and the youngster would inherit the 500,000 francs. How many dimes they had dreamed of this, whose sudden realization now stangered them. How many times they had despaired, fearing lest the poor child might die hefore her? Dead! My God! had it been their fault? Had they actually asked this from the Holy Virgin? She had been so gracious toward them that they trembled lest they might express a wish and have it gratified at once. Already the death of the chief of the bureau, suddenly removed to allow them to take his place, had they not recognized in that the powerful finger of Our Lady of Lourdes? Was she now rewarding them afresh by listening to the uncon-scious utterings of their desires? Yet, they had never wanted the death of any one; they were good people, incapable of a mean act, loving their family, confessing and practic-ing their religion, communicating with all the rest of the world without outward show. When they thought about their 500,000 francs and that their son might have died first, and what distress they would have felt to see another nephew less worthy inherit this fortune, it all came to them in such an innocent, natural manner in the end. And they certainly had thought about it when in front of the grotto. But did not the Holy Virgin posses supreme wisdom, did she not know better than we what to do for the happiness of the living as for the dead? So, very sincerely, Mme. Vigneron burst into sobs, weeping for the sister she adored:

"Ah, Abbe! I saw her die; she passed away under my very eyes. How sad that you were unable to come sooner to receive her soul. She died without a priest, and your presence would so greatly have con-soled her." With eyes filled with tears, yielding to his

feelings, M. Vigneron tried to comfort his

Your sister was a saint. She took the communion only yesterday morning, and you can be at ease, for her soul went straight to heaven. Of course, if the abbe had gotten here in time it would have given her great joy to see him. But what could we do? Death came faster. I ran at once, and we can feel we have no reproach to make to ourselves.

Then turning to the priest: 'Abbe, it was her great piety that hastened the end. Yesterday at the grotto she had a choking turn, whose giolence was very significant. But in spite of her fatigue she would follow the procession later. I thought she would not last long. But it was such a delicate matter and I did not like to say anything for fear of frightening her." Pierre knelt quietly down and repeated the customary prayers, with that human devotion that stood him in lieu of faith, before life and death—both eternal, both piteous. Then, as he remained on his knees for a moment, he heard the whispering voices of the members of the family. Little Gustave, forgotten in his bed in the disorder of the next room, was now very impatient. He cried and wept.

"Mamma, mamma, mamma!" Finally Mme, Vigneron went to calm him. She brought him back in her arms that he might kies his more sunt for the last At first he refused, crying more than time. ever and struggling, so that Mr. Vigneron had to interfere by making him feel ashamed. What! he who was afraid of othing, who always showed the courage of a man when suffering! And his poor aunt who had always been so kind, whose last thought had certainly been of him! "Give him to me," he said to his wife; "he will be more reasonable." Gustave finally hung on his father's neck.

to had come in in his shirt shivering, and xposing the nakedness of his miserable little body, covered with scrofula. Fa-from curing him the miraculous water from the pool seemed to increase the sores on his nips, and his wasted leg hung inert, like some

dried up stick. "Kiss her," repeated M. Vigneron.
The child bent down and kissed his aun on the forehead. It was not death that dis quieted him or caused him to rebet. Now that he was present he gazed at the dead woman with an air of tranquil curiosity. He would never say again that he did no ove her, that he had suffered too long a her hands. He had the ideas and sentiments of a grown person, and they had checked him by their weight, as they de-veloped and increased with his malady. He knew well that he was too small to have such notions; that children ought not to inderstand the things that are passing in the minds of other people. His father, sitting down a little apart, kept him on his lap, while the mother closed the window nd lighted the candles that were on the

"Oh, my poor darling!" he murmured, in his desire to speak, "it is a cruel loss to us all. Here our trip is completely spoiled, for his is our last day; we start this afternoon And just as the Holy Virgin had shown us such favor."

Then, as his son gave him a surprised look of infinite sadness and reproach, he

"Yes, of course, I know she has not en-tirely cured you yet. Only we must never despair of her watchfulness. She loves us too much, and has showered us with so many blessings that she will surely end by curing on now that she has only this final favor to Vigneron, who had heard, now ap-

How happy we should have been to go back to Paris all three of us well and happy. But nothing is ever quite complete." "Look here," suddenly remarked M. Vig-"I shall not be able to start with his afternoon on account of formalitie. I must see if my return ticket is good until tomor-

They were but recovering from the awful shock, comforted in spite of the affection they feit for Mme. Chalse, and they already forgot her and were only occupied by their haste to leave Lourdes, as though the principal object of their voyage had been accomplished. A decent sort of joy, though unapplicable of their voyage that he was accomplished. A decent sort of joy, though unapplicable, completely overcame them.

"Then, too, in Paris I shall be so busy," he continued, "I who only ask for quiet! It does not matter, I shall remain my three years out at the ministry until I am retired, shock, comforted in spite of the affection they

years out at the ministry until I am retired, above all now that I am certain to be retired head of the bureaut Only afterward! Oh, afterward! I do expect to enjoy life a little! Now that we shall have all this money I shall buy the domain of Billottes, in my own county—a superh country seat I have niways longed to possess. And I lell you I shall not be bored in the midst of my horses, my dogs and my flowers."

title Gustave sat on his knoe, shivering over his poor body, devoured by disease, a shirt half turned up, disclosing the thin-ess of a dying child. As he took in that his ther did not think of him at all in his cam of realized riches, he smiled one of a enigmatical smilles, rather melanchely shurpened by malice

31. Vigneron started, and in his agitation at first did not seem to understand. "You little boy? Why, you will be with us

But Gustave continued to gaze at him fixelly and profoundly, never removing that same smile from his thin, accomful lips. "Oh, do you think so?"

Of course I think so. You will be with it. It will be very nice there with us." Ill at ease, stammering, M. Vigneron could not find suitable words, and remained frezen. Without enswering M. Vigneron mo- when all at once his son shrugged his thin shoulders with the manner of a disdainful "Oh, no, I shall be dead,"

And the father read at a glance the pro-found look of the child-a look of a very old man, very learned in all matters, who knew well the abominations of life by reason of having tried them all. Above all, what frightened him most was the certainty that this child had always read his very inner-most thoughts, even those he would not con-fess himself. He remembered how, even in his cradle, the eyes of the little invalid would be fixed on his, those eyes rendered so sharp through suffering that they were gifted with some extraordinary power of divina-tion, ferreting out his unconscious thoughts in the obscurity of his cranium. And by some singular mishap the very things he had even said, now he preceived them all in the eyes of his child, and read them there in spite of himself. The history of his own cunning, his anger at having such a miserable child, his anguish at the idea that the fortune of Mme. Chaise depended on such a fragile existence, his hidden wish that she might hasten and die, so that the little one might still be alive, and he might enjoy the heritage. It was merely a question of days, this duel, of who should go first. Then at this duel, of who should go first. Then at the end death came again, when the little boy should also die, and he alone should pocket the money, living to eld age in happiness. All these things peered out so clearly from those eyes, those melancholy and smiling eyes of one condemned to death, and exchanging such clear glances of evidence, that for a moment the father felt as if the son were calling them all out loud. But M. Vigneron combated the idea, turned his head and protested violently. "What's that? You will be dead? What ideas. It is absurd to think such things." Mme. Vigneron began again to sob: "Naughty boy, to cause us such sorrow, when we are already feeling so sad over our

Gustave was obliged to kiss them and promise to live; to do at least that much for them. Yet he never stopped smiling, knowing well how necessary it was to lie when one did not wish to be sad and resigned—to leave behind him his happy parents—so long as the Holy Virgin was unable to give him a little this world for which each one

The mother went back to bed and Pierre finally rose from his knees just as M. Vigneron was trying to make the room somewhat like ought to be born.

what tidy. "You will excuse me, Abbe," said he, ac companying the young priest to the door. "I am rather off my head. It will be a bad xperience; still, I shall try to get out of it

Pierre stopped for a moment in the hall to listen to a noise that seemed to come up the stairs. He thought again of M. de Guersaint and fancied he recognized his voice. But as he stood there motionless something happened that caused him the most intense uneasiness. The door of the room occupied by the solitary man slowly and prudeutly was pushed open, and a lady clad in black came out so softly that there was hardly time to distinguish the gentleman on the threshold, standing with his finger on his lips. But when the lady turned she sud-denly found herself face to face with Pierre. It was so brutal, so quick, that they could not turn aside, pretending not to know on

It was Mme. Volmar. She was tearing her self away, early in the morning, after the three days and nights she had passed within the walls of that abode of love, in an utter sequestration. It was not yet 6 o'clock, so she hoped that no one would see her slip through the empty hallway and stairs with the lightness of a shadow, and she then wanted to go awhile to the hospital, to be there this last morning, in order to justify her presence at Lourdes. When she saw Pierre she began to tremble, and at first

"Oh! Abbe! Abbe!" Then, as she noticed that the priest had left the door wide open, she yielded to the desire that prompted her to speak of her feelings, to explain herself, to exculpate her-self, if possible. With a crimson face she entered first, going into the room, into which he followed her, greatly exercised over the adventure. As he was leaving the door open she made him a sign to ask him to shut it, wishing to confide in him.

"Oh! Abbe! I beseech you, do not judge me He made a gesture, as much as to say that would not pass judgment upon her un-

"Yes, yes; I know very well that you are ware of my sorrows. In Paris you saw me ace before Trinity church with some one. And here, the other day, you recognized me on the balcony, did you not? You did not know I was living there, near you, hidden, with somebody in that room? But if you only knew; if you knew!"

His lips trembled and tears filled his eyes. He looked at her and was surprised at the extraordinary beauty that transfigured her face. This woman, dressed entirely in black, very simply, without a single jewel, appeared him in a radiancy of passion, quite out of a shadows that habitually surrounded her. She, who at first glance was not at all pretty, too dark, too thin, with drawn feaand big mouth and a long nose, now quired a troublesome charm, the more by ked at her, the power of the irresistible oquette. Especially her eyes, large, magnificent eyes, that were ordinarily hidden under a veil of indifference, now shone out like torches, in the hour of complete selfe adored and that one might die to possess

you what I have suffered. There are many things which you have doubtless suspected, because you know my mother-in-law and my husband. On those rare occasions when you have called you must have known what abominations were going on there, notwith-standing the fact that I tried to look content my little, quiet, unobtrusive corner. But o live like that for ten years, never to ex-st, never to love nor be loved, no, no, I was not able to do it!"

then related the wretched history-her narriage with the diamond merchant; disstrous in spite of the appearance of wealth; er mother-in-law, as hard of heart as an executioner and Jailer, her husband a monster of physical ugliness and moral villainy. kept her in an actual prison, not let ting her even go alone to a window. She was well aware that her husband kept misresses, but if she even smiled at some re-ation, if she wore a flower in her belt on ome rare festival, he tore the blossoms in pleces in his mad jealousy and shook his fists with fearful menaces. For years she had lived in this hell, hoping on, having within her such a flood of life and so great a need for tenderness that she still awaited ne happiness, thinking to see it appear at

the faintest breath. 'Abbe, I swear to you that I was unable to resist what I have done. I was too un-happy: my whole being longed to give itself to some one. When my friend told me the first time he loved me I let my head fall on his shoulder and it was all over—I belonged to him forever. One must compre and these delights of being loved; to me nothing but caresses from one's beloved soft words, a continual desire to be agreeable and kind, and to know that he is always thinking about one-that somewhere there exists a heart in which you only live-to be no longer two, but one; to lose one's self in an embrace which blends together both soul feel no remorse. I do not even say they drove me to it; I only say that I committed it as naturally as I breaths, because it is

ecosary to my life."
She pressed her hands to her lips as if to throw a kiss to the world. Plerre felt himself overcome before this passionate creature, the impersonification of love and ernal desire. Then a vast pity commenced

"Poor woman," be murmured. "I am not confessing to any priest," she continued, "I am speaking to a man, to a nan by whom I should like to be understood. No. I am not a beilever; religion has not aufficed for me. It is said that women find comfort in it, that they find in it a solid protection against the fault. I always feel cold in churches—I am bored to death. Yet I know it is not right to mingle religion with matters that concern my heart alone. But what else could I do? They forced me to it. If you met me in Paris behind Trinity

church, it was because that was the only place, that church, where they would allow me to go alone; and if you find me here at Lourdes, it is because in the whole year I have only the grappe days of absclute lib-erty and absolute happiness."

Once more she shivered, and hot tears

rolled down hergehoeks. "Ah! those three days!

You cannot imagine how ardently I await them, with what ardor I live, with what intensity I carry with me their memory! The whole thing, pictured itself before Pierre's long chastity. The three days, the three nights, so greatly desired, so thoroughly enjoyed a he could fancy them there in that hotel room, windows and doors closed, so that the very maid servants were ignorant that a woman had gone into the apartment. The unend-ing embrace, the constant kiss, the giving of one's whole being, the oblivion of the world, a complete and overwhelming yield-ing to an inextinguishable love. Neither time or place exited for them, only the haste to be together, to belong once more to each other. And then, what agony at the hour of separation. It was this cruel end that made her tremble still, the sorrow of having left her paradise making her cry out, she who was usually so dumb. To take one last embrace, to become as one though half one's very body were cut and to say how many long days and nights must pass without even meeting one an-other. Pierre was touched and greatly shocked by this passionate revelation, and

'Poor woman!" "Poor woman!"

"And, abbe," she continued, "just think of the hell to which I am going back. For weeks, perhaps months, heaven is closed to me. I live as a martyr, with one word. Happinest has been ended once more for another year. Great God! Three poor days, three poor little nights in a year; is it not enough to make one crazy, my de-sire to enjoy them and my patience to wait for them to come again? I am so unhappy, abbe. Yet do you not think that I
He was provided

He was greatly moved by this appeal, y this rush of passion and sincere sorrow. He felt in it the bresth of a universal de-sire, a sovereign flame, that purified the whole. His pity was roused and became "Madame, I pity you deeply and respect

you infinitely. She no longer spoke, but regarded him with her great eyes, obscured by tears. Then, with a sudden pressure of his two hands, that she held tight between her burning fingers, she went away, disappeared at

When she was no longer there Pierre felt more than ever the force of her presence. He opened the window wide to let out the odor of love she had left behind. When, on the previous Sunday, he had per-ceived that a woman was hidden in the next room, he had felt this modest terror, thinking that it was the revenge of the flesh amid all the mystic exaltation of the immaculate Lourdes. And now again the same terror returned, and he realized its force, that invisible will of a life that must exist. Love was stronger than faith, per-haps there was something divine in pos-session. To love, to belong to one another in spite of all, to live and continue life, was it not the noble object of nature, outside of social and religious policies? For an instant he was unconscious of the abyss near which he tottered; his chastity was his last foothold, even the dignity of his ruined life of an unbelleving priest. He comprehended that after yielding to his reason, if he yielded to his flesh he would be lost. All his pride of purity, all his force into which he had placed his protessional honesty returned, and he swore anew! never to be a man, since he had voluntarily cut himself off from

Seven o'clock struck. Pierre did not go back to bed, but bathed himself, enjoying the cold water that helped to cool his fever. As he was finishing his toilet he again thought of M. de Guersaint, and he was anxious as a step was heard in the hall. It

anxious as a step was heard in the hall. It stopped in front of his door, and some one knocked. He opened it, greatly relieved. But he uttered a report of great surprise: "What? Is it you! "What, are you up already, running about the streets; coming up this way to see people!"

Marie stood on the sill, smiling. Behind her Sister Hyacifiths; who had accompanied her also smiled with her levely over over

her, also smiled with her lovely open eyes.
"Ah! my dear friend," cried the young girl, "I could not remain in bed. As saw the sun I wanted so much to walk, to run, to jump, like any child! And I worried them so, and begged so hard that sister was kind enough to come out with me. I think I should have jumped out of the window if they had shut the door."
Pierre had made them enter the room,

while an indescribable emotion filled his heart as he listened thus to her joking, and looked at her easy movements, so bright and graceful. She-great God! She whom he had seen for years with useless limbs and graceful leaden hued face! Since he had parted from her the day before at the Basilica she had expanded into fresh youth and beauty. One night had sufficed to make him discover once again, but grown up now, that beloved creature of tenderness, the superb child, brilliant so madly kissed in former days behind the flowering hedge, beneath the trees in the

sparkling sunshine.
"How large you are! How beautiful you are, Marie!" he could not help telling her. Sister Hyacinthe here interrupted: "Doe not the Holy Virgin do all these things well. abbe? When she takes hold, you see, every-thing comes out of her hands as fresh as a rose and sweet smelling."

continued the young girl, "I am so happy. I feel perfectly strong, quite well, and as white and pure as though I were just

This was delightful to Pierre. It seemed to him that what remained of the fetid breath of Mme. Volmar was dissipated and purified by Marie. She filled the whole room with her innocence and the perfume of her brilliant youthful naivete. Yet this very beauty and pure joy of restored life did not reach him without a sensation of great sadness. In his heart of hearts the revolt he had experienced in the crypt, the wound of his wasted existence, must leave the spot bleeding forever. So much resurrected grace the adored woman that blossomed into flower, yet he might never possess that woman; h was out of the world, in a sepulchre. But he no longer sobbed, but felt a boundless melancholy, an immense sinking away, that told him he was as dead; that this dawn of womankind rose over the tomb in which slept his virility. It was the renunciation, accepted, desired, in some great natures that exist in tremendous isolation.

Like the other woman-the passion filled ne-Marie had taken Pierre's hands. But ner little hands were so soft, so fresh, so calming. She looked at him rather concalming. usedly, with some desire that she did not are express. Then she said bravely "Pierre, will you kiss me? It will make

ie so happy."
He shuddered. His poor heart wrung in a last torture. Ah! those kisses of former days, of which he-had always retained the pressure on his lips: "He had never kissed her since, and to ay it was a sister who hung upon his neck. She embraced him heartily on the left cheek, then on the right one, holding out her own to make him take his turn. Then he kiesed her twice. "And I am happy: "too, Marie; I swear to

ou that I am happy, very happy."
Overcome by exiction, his courage all one, at the same alms his being was filled with boundless pity and bitternes, and h burst into sobs, ids hands over his weep ing eyes, like some child who wishes to hide its tears.
"Come, come, do not give way too much." Sister Hyacinthe said gayly; "You would be too proud, abbut if you thought we came

only to see you. To Is fnot M. de Guersaint here, too?" Marie uttered aledry of profound tenderness: "Ah! my dear father! He will be the happiest of us all!!" Pierre then told her that M. de Guer-

saint had not yet returned from his excur-sion to Gavarine. He could not conceal his uneasiness, although he tried to explain why he had been detained, inventi-excuses and unforcesen complications. B he young girl was not at all alarmed, and began to laugh, raying that her father never was on time. Yet she felt very impatient to have him see her walk, that he should to have aim see her wark, that he amound find her standing up, resurrected in all her fleurishing youth. Sister Hyacinthe, who was leaning out of her balcony, came back into the room. "Here he is! He is below, getting out of, the carriage."

"Ah! You must know," cried Marle with the gayety of a playful school girl "that we intend to surprise him. We must hide, and when he gets up here we will indically come out and show ourselves." And she already began to drag Sister Hyacinthe into the next room.
Almost at the same moment M. de Guer-

maint entered like a whirlwind, through the door from the hall that Pierre had hurried to open for him, and seizing his hand: "Well, here I am at last! Well, my friend, you did not know what to think after waiting for me since 4 o'clock yester-day afternoon! But you cannot fancy all our adventures—first the wheel of our landau got broken, just an we arrived at Gav-arine; then last night, as we were about starting, just the same, a horrible storm came up that kept us the whole night at St. Sauveur. I never closed my eyes."

St. Sauveur. I never closed my eyes."

Here he interrupted himself:
"And how are you, all right?"
"I did not sleep either," said the priest.
"They made such a noise here in the hotel."
But M. de Guersaint had begun again:
"Never mind; it was splendid. You cannot imagine it. I must tell you about it.
I was with three most charming coolse saids. was with three most charming eccles astics. Abbe des Hermoises is certainly the most agreeable man I ever met. Oh, how we have laughed, how we have laughed."
Once more he stopped.
"And my daughter?"

Then from behind came a ringing laugh. He turned and stared dumbfounded. Marie was there, and she walked. She had a gay, happy face, respiendent with health. He had never doubted that the mirscle would be performed; he was not surprised the least in the world, for he had come with the conviction that all would and well the the conviction that all would end well, he would surely find her cured. But what touched his innermost being was the prodigious spectacle that greeted his unexpected eyes. His daughter, so lovely, so divine in her little black dress; his daughter
who had not even worn a hat, but wore a
simple lace scarf knotted over her beautiful
blonde hair; his daughter living, triumphant,
similar to all other daughers of other
fathera, that he had lived for so many
years. "Oh, my child! oh, my child!"

And as she flung herself into his arms

And as she flung herself into his arms he strained her to him, both falling on their knees. All was carried away, all merged in the fusion of faith and love. This absent minded man, with his flighty brain, who went to sleep in place of accompanying his daughter to the grotto, who went off to Gavarine the day on which above. Gavarine the day on which she was to be cured by the Virgin, now overflowed with such paternal tenderness, with such Chris-tian belief instituted. tian belief, instigated by gratitude, that for an instant he became sublime. "Oh, Jesus, oh, Mary, how thankful I am for having given me back my child! Oh, my child! we shall never have breath enough to thank

given me back my child! Oh, my child! we shall never have breath enough to thank Jesus and Mary for the great happiness they have given me. Oh, my child, who has been resurrected! Oh, my child, who has been made so beautiful by them, take my heart to offer it to them with your own. I belong to you, I belong to them eternally, oh, my darling child; oh, my adored child!"

On their knees, before the open window, with uplifted eyes, they both regarded the sky ardently. The daughter leaned her head upon her father's shoulder, while he held her with his arm around her waist. They formed but one person. Slow tears were rolling down their ecstatic faces, that smiled with a superhuman felicity, while together they murmured disjointed words of gratitude, "Thank Thee, oh Jesus! Oh, Holy Mother of Jesus, we thank thee! We love thee, we adore thee! Thou hast renewed the best blood in our veins, it belongs to thee, it burns for thee alone. Oh, almighty Mother; oh, divine, best loved Son, a daughter and a father bless You, and are overcome with joy at Your feet. a daughter and a father bless You, and are overcome with joy at Your feet.

The embraces of these two beings, happy after so many dark days, the murmurings of their joy, that still seemed steeped in sorrow, the whole scene was so touching, that once more Pierre was overcome by tears. But those were gentle tears, that comforted his heart. Ah sorrowful humanity! how his heart. Ah, sorrowful humanity! how good it was to see it somewhat cheered and consoled! And what did it matter if such brief felicities did seem to come down directly from the eternal illusion! An entire humanity—that nitiful humanity that is tire humanity-that pitiful humanity that is saved by love-was it not present in this childlike man, made sublime in an instant

at the sight of his restored daughter?
Standing somewhat aside, Sister Hyacinthe was also weeping, with a full heart, filled with a human emotion that she had personwith a human emotion that she had personally never experienced, for she had known no other parents than the good God and the Holy Virgin. Silence reigned in that room, that was quivering with so much fraternity, bathed in tears. And she spoke first, when finally, overcome by their feelings, the father and daughter got up from their knees. "Now we must go quickly, miss, quickly back to the hospital."

But all cried out. M. de Guersaint wished

But all cried out. M. de Guersaint wished ils daughter, and Marie's eyes expressed the same ardent wish, a desire to live, to walk, to go all over the vast world.
"No, no," said the father, "I will not give her up. We are going to have a bowl give her up. We are going to have a bowl of milk, for I am dying of hunger; then we shall go out to take a walk. both of us. She must take my arm, like a little wife."

Sister Hyacinthe again laughed: "Well, then, I will leave her; I will tell the ladies that you have stolen her from me. But I must go. You cannot fancy how much work we have to do at the hospital if we want to be ready to get away; all our invalids, all our stuff, it is a perfect crowd."
"Then," asked M. de Guersaint, who had fallen into one of his absent turns, "today is Tuesday, and we start tonight?"

'Certainly; do not forget. The white train eaves at 3:40. If you are reasonable you will fetch your daughter back early, that she may rest a little."

Marie accompanied the sister to the door: Certainly, I will be very wise. Then I wish to go back to the grotto, to thank the

Holy Virgin once more." It was delicious when the three friends were finally left alone. Pierre had told the maid to bring some milk, some chocolate and cakes, all sorts of good things. And, although Marie had already eaten before that day, she ate again, she was so hungry since her cure. They had moved the table in from of the window, and made it a festal occasion in the pure mountain air, while the hundred bells of Lourdes rang out the glory of this radiant morning in their chimes. They ex claimed, they laughed, the young girl related to her father all about the miracle, with its details repeated a hundred times, and ho he had left her cart at the Basilica; how she had slept for twelve hours without moing a finger. Then M. de Guersaint had to tell about his excursion, but he was very much confused, and mixed it up with the miracle. In fine, the range of Gavarine was something colossal. Only from a distance one lost the sense of proportion, and it became dwarfed. The three gigantic mounds overed with snow; the main peak, that stood out against the sky like the profile of some cyclopean fortress, with its ruine lungeons and crumbling walls; the grand waterfall, whose ceaseless flow seemed slow, when in reality it fell with the noi of thunder; all this immensity, with the forests to the right and left, those torrents those rolling mountains, looked as though one might hold them in one's hand when seen from the market place in the village.

And what struck him the most, and o designs formed by the snow that remainer high up on the rocks, among which was as immense crucifix, a white cross several thou-sand yards long, that looked as if it had been placed from one end of the range to the her. He interrupted himself to say:
"By the way, what is going on next do

As I was coming up just now I met M. Vig neron running like a madman, and through he open door leading to their room I though saw Mme. Vigneron looking very red. Has heir son Gustave had another attack?" Pierre had forgotten Mme. Chaise, the dead woman sleeping there on the other side of the partition. He felt a little cold shiver. "No, no, the child is all right."

He did not go on, preferring to be silent. Why spoil the happy hour of restoration, of reconquered youth, by mixing in it the image of death? But from that moment be coul-only think of that nearby calamity, and h also thought of that other room where th also thought of that other foom where the lonely man was choking his sobs by himself, his lips pressed on a pair of gloves he had stolen from his dear friend. The entire hotel was awake now, with its coughs, its greans, its indistinct voices, the continual knocking on doors, floors creaking in the rooms crowded with atrangers, balls swent by the rowded with strangers, halls swept by the amilles who were hastening to depart "Upon my honor, you will harm yourself," ried M. de Guersaint, laughing as he saw s daughter take another brioche. Marie was also cheery. Then, with two

"Ah! I am so happy, and I fell so sorry when I think that every one in the whole world is not as happy as L." TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

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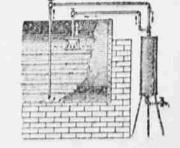
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