At 10 in the morning the green train day. had gone, then the pink train, then the yel-low one, and after the white train would follow the others-the orange, the gray and It was another terrible day the blue. for all the corps of employes about the station -a perfect jam of tumult that overwhelmed

them But the great point of interest was always the departure of the white train, for it car-ried away the poor invalids who had been brought, among which were, of course, the beloved of the Holy Virgin-the elect ones cured by a miracle. So a great throng gath ered under the marquee and obstructed the mmense covered walk, about a hundred yards long. Every bench was occupied and neumbered by pligrims and their parcels, who were already waiting to go. At one end the small tables from the lunch room had been carried out forcibly, and men were drinking beer, while the women were served with soda lemonade; and in front of door of the messenger's office, at the other end, the stretcher bearers kept the way clear to ald the rapid transportation of the invalids who might soon arrive. There was a ceaseless marching up and down the long platform, an incessant promenade of poor, startled looking people, from priests run ning, to men in their frock coats, curious and peaceful enough, a most mixed crowd, the most moticy assemblage ever collected in

you think that will be nice?" M. de Guersaint approved of her selections, and tried to choose for himself: "Gracious, gracious, I am unable to decide."

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SOPYRICHT 1894 9 BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

RESUME OF LOURDES.

Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zolo's Great

FIRST DAY.

Story White Has Been Published. FIRST DAY. CHAPTER I. - The oponing scene of "Lourdes," which was commenced in serial form in Sun-day's Bee of April 16, is in a car of the "white train." which carries the very sick pilarims if marie de Guersaint, a young winnin, who, for years, has been bedridden. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre was the soft them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Little and the Abbe Pierre was the soft them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Little and thaily fell in love with each other as they grew up. Marie reseived an Injury which re-matic de Guersaint and Pierre played together, and finally fell in love with each other as they grew up. Marie reseived an Injury which re-matic de Guersaint and Pierre played together. THAPTER II. - The auffering in the train is in-the mean the stops at Poiliers halt an hour to no. THAPTER IV. - Sophie Contenu tells the story imply dipping it in the water of Lourde. CHAPTER IV. - The Abbe reads the history of Bendette, and describes the visions in the foundes an unknown man dies. BECOND DAY.

SECOND DAY.

CHAPTER I.-A vivid picture is given of the confusion when the invalids are landed and con-veyed to the hospital. CHAPTER II.-The hospital is greatly over-

THIRD DAY.

Story Which Has Been Published.

He examined an ivory penholder, with an lvory ball at the end, about as large as a pea, in which were microscopic photographs. As he looked into the tiny hole, he gave a cry of astonishment. "Hullo, the range of Gavarine! Ah! it is wonderful; it is all there; how can all that colossal range be held in this small place. I shall certainly take this penholder. It is funny, and will recall my excursion to the mountains."

worthy of the great ecstatic dream that she

me back to the hospital. To end it up, I shall give this little medal to Blanche, look,

with this silver chain. It is the simplest and prettiest thing I see. She can wear them, and it will be a little bit of jewelry.

Our Lady of Lourdes, the small one, that is so nicely painted. I shall put it in my room,

and surround it with fresh flowers, Don't

As for me, I shall take this statuette

'Father, it is getting late. You must take

ntended to preserve.

Pierre had simply selected a picture of Bernadette, a large photograph that shows her on her knees, in a black dress, a handkerchief tled over her hair, the only one it is said, actually taken from life. He hurried to pay for all, and the three were just leaving when Mme. Majeste came in and insisted that she must, absolutely must, give Marie a little gift, adding that it would bring luck to the household:

"Here, miss, I beg you, take a scapular. Here, from among these! The Virgin, who has chosen you out, will surely repay me for it by good luck."

She raised her voice so much that all the people, and the shop was full, turned, interested, to gaze at the young girl with curious stares. Popularity once more commenced around her, as she finally reached the door, and the desire to see her even spread into the street, when the hostess went as far as the doorstep and made signs to the shopkeepers across the way to apprise them who Marie was.

"Do let us go," repeated Marie, more and more embarrassed. her father held back still, as he per-But

CHAPTER II.-The hospital is greatly over-crowded. At 8 a. m. the procession to the grotto starts. Father Massais asks the vast congrega-tion to pray for a great infracle, as the body of the man who died in the train is to be im-morsed in the pool in hopes that life will be restored. CHAPTER III.-The Abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chassaizne. The crowd forces the Abbe to the pool. The dead man is brought in and im-mersed. No miracle occurs. On going out the Abbe finds that Marie has been bathed without effect. effect. CHAPTER IV.-Dr. Chassaigne accompanies the Abbs, to the Eureau of Certifications. La Grivotte, who had been in the last stages of consumption, comes rushing in, shouting, "I ceived a priest come into the shop.

"Ah! Abbe des Hermoises!" It was indeed the beautiful abbe, in his ne soutane, smelling very good, his fresh It face covered with tender gayety. He had not noticed his companion of the previous am cured!" CHAPTER V.-The Abbe visits Marle, who is losing her faith. He reads to the invalids, con-tinuing the story of Bernadette. day, and had gone over quickly to Ap poline, taking her aside, and Pierre overheard him say to her in a low tone CHAPTER 1.-Pierre discovers that Mme. Vol-nar, a devout pilgrim, has come to Lourdes to "Why did you fail to fetch me my three mar, a devout pligrim, has come to Lorenza meet her lover. CHAPTER II.-Fierre and M. de Guersaint meet Mme. Desagneaux, Mile. Raymonde and M. de Feyrelongue, to whom Raymonde is en-gaged. They visit places of interest. CHAPTER III.-Marie, accompanied by her father and Plerre, watches the magnificent dozen rosaries this morning?" Appoline commenced once more her tur-tle dove cooing laugh and looked up at him from beneath her eyelids maliciously without answering. "They are for my little penitents at Tou-

father and Plerre, watches the magnificent torchlight procession. CHAPTER IV.-Plerre takes Marie to the grotto to remain throughout the night. Baron Suire shows Plerre the miraculous spring. CHAPTER V.-Dr. Chassaigne teils about his interview with Bernadette, and describes the efforts of the Abbe Peyramale to build a church at Lourdes. I wanted to put them in the louse. I wanted to put them in the bot-tom of my trunk, and you offered to help me pack my things," She still laughed, and glanced at him from the corner of her pretty eyes. "Now I shall not go till tomorrow. Fetch them to me tonight, won't you, as soon as you are free? It is at the end of the street, at Duchenes. The furnished room

"Certainly, abbe; I will come

been, those charming hours that he

priest. At once they talked about the range of Garvine; what a delightful party it had

never forget. Then they joked at the ex-

had promised to interest some man at Tou-

pense of their two companions, two rathe

FOURTH DAY. CHAPTER L.-The death of Mme. Vetu is on the ground floor. Do be nice and come vourself With her pretty red lips she finally murmured in a joking way, so that he could not really tell whether she would keep her

CHAPTER I.-The death of Mme. Vetu is slvidly portrayed. CHAPTER II.-There is great religious fervor shown during the services. In the midst of it Brother Isidore dies. CHAPTER II.-As Pierre stands beside Marke's cart he 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 Buread, and her cure is put on record. CHAPTER IV.-Marke drags her cart in the procession. Pierre has lost his faith, and by his yows has lost the right to love Marie now that the can be a wife. promise: They were interrupted. M. de Guersaint had come forward to shake hands with the

he can be a wife. CHAPTER V.-Dr. Chassaigne takes the Abbe

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a railway station. At 2 o'clock Baron Suire was there, very uneasy because there were not enough horses, for an unexpected arrival of tourists had hired all the carriages to go to Bareg s, Canterets and Gavarine. He precipitated himself on Berthaud and Gerard, who finally appeared, having run over the entire town to get some horses, but everything was going on well, they said; they had secured the necessary animals, and the transportation of the invalids would be done

der excellent arrangements. Already in the court yard the equipment of litter bearers, with their stretchers and bath chairs, were huddled up against big wagons and vehicles sort, recruited for the departure of every from the hospital. A reserve of mattresses and cushions were heaped at the foot of one of the lamp posts. Then, as the first invalids put in an appearance Baron Suire again lost his head, while Berthaud and Gerard hastened to go out on the platform from which the train would start. They superintended and gave orders in the midst

of the growing crowd. It was on this platform that Father Fourcade, who was walking down the whole length of the train on the arm of Father Massais, stopped when he saw Dr. Bonamy coming.

"Ah, doctor, I am very glad. Father Mas-sais, who is just going off, has been telling me of the extraordinary favor which the Holy Virgin has shown toward that interesting young lady, Mile, Marie de Guersaint, years since so wondrous a miracle has taken place. It is a preclous sign to us all-a g that should nourish the fruit of our All Christendom will be enlightened, blessing that she efforts. enriched and consoled by it." He beamed with happiness, and imme

diately the doctor, with his shaven face, with its peaceful, big features and round, lazy eyes, likewise exulted. "It is prodigious, prodigious, my reverend father! I shall write a pamphlet about it. No

cure was ever so clearly accomplished by su-pernatural means! Oh, what a commotion it will make!' Then, as all three commenced to walk, h

perceived that Father Fourcade dragged his leg more than ever and leaned very heavily upon his companion's arm. "Is your attack of fever more aggravated, reverend father?" he asked. "You seem to

suffer greatly.' "Oh, do not speak of it; I could not close my eyes all night. What makes it so much more troublesome is, this attack only seized the very day I arrived here. I might as well have waited. There is nothing to be done, so do not let us talk about it. I am de

lighted with the results of this year.' "Yes, yes," said Father Massais in turn with a voice trembling with fervor. "We 'We may be proud. We may go home with hearts overflowing with enthusiasm and gratitude. Besides this young girl there have been other

marvels. The miracles have been without num-ber-deaf and dumb have been cured, faces covered with sores have become smooth as my hand, while dying con umpt ves are now eating, dancing, quite restored! It will no longer be a train of invalids, but a train of those raised from the dead-a train of glory that I take away with me!" He no longer saw the wretches that surpoor ecclesiastics, whose innocent ways had amused them immensely. The architect ended by reminding his new friend that he

but was off in full and divine triumph in the blindness of his faith. All three continued their slow promenade along the carriages, whose compartments were be

More cheery, more pink, more dishevelled than ever, the obser friend fidgeted about. "Well, my dear, just now I have as bad t headache as you can have! Yes, I felt it this morning-a head-splitting neuralgia-

She leaned forward and continued in a low

'Only I really think it's all right. Yes. that baby that I want so dreadfully, but that will never appear." I besought the Holy Virgin, and this morning when I woke how sick I was! Oh, awful sick! At last I have all the signsor Gan't you see my husband's face when he means me at Trouville. Won't happy 🗺

Mme. Volmar listened to it all very seriously and then said, with her quiet air: "Well, my dear, I know some one who did not want to have any more children. She came here, and since then none have appeared.

Gerard and Berthaud had just perceived the ladies and hastened to join them. morning the two men had gone to the That pital of Our Lady of Sorrow, where they had been received by Mine. Jonquiere in a small office near the linen room. There, all in proper form, and excusing himself with smiling good humor for such an apparent haste, Berthaud had demanded the hand of Miss Raymonde for his cousin G rard.

stantly every one felt at ease. The mother being somewhat overcome, saying that Lourdes would bring good luck to the young couple. So the marriage was arranged in but a few words, in the midst of general satisfaction. They had even agreed to meet again on September 15 at the Chatcau de Berneville, near Caen, a property belonging to the uncle, the diplomat, whom Berthaud knew, and to whose house he promised to fetch Gerard. Then, calling Raymonde, who had blushed with pleasure, he placed her two little hands in those of her betrothed husband. ouse

The latter was now very attentive, asking the young girl:

"Do you want some pillows for tonight" Please do not be uncomfortable. I can give you plenty, and also to these ladies you are Raymonde gayly refused:

"No, no; we are not such tender crea ures. You must keep them for the poor in valids." The other ladies were all talking at the

same time. Mme, de Jonquiera declared that she was so tired, so tired that she was scarcely alive; yet she seemed to be very happy, as she gazed with smiling looks over at her daughter and the young man as they talked together.

But Berthaud could not remain there, fo his duties called him, as well as Gerard, too They both said goodby, after reminding them of the meeting. Was it not the 15th of Sep tember? Ah! the Chateau de Berneville Yes, yes; it was all quite understood! And there was more laughter and handshakings, while their eyes glanced their caresses and tender meanings that might not be spoken out loud before all this crowd.

"What!" cried little Mme. Desagneaux "are you going on the 15th to Berneville? If we stay at Trouville till the 20th, as my husband wants to, we will go over and

She turned to Mme. Volmar, who was si lent. lent. "You must come, too. It such fun to be there all together." It would b But the young woman made a slow ges-ture, as she answered in her lazy, indiffer-

ent manner: "Oh! it is all over for me any fun. I must go home."

Again her eyes sought those of Pierre, who had remained hear them, and he fancied he saw her look troubled for a second, while an expression of indescribable suffering passed over her death-like looking face.

The sisters of the Assumption now arrived and the ladies joined them in front of the canteen van. Ferrand, who had come in the cab with the nuns, got in first, and then helped Sister Saint-Francois to climb up the high step, and he stood on the sill of the door of the van that was transformed into a kitchen, where might be found the pro-visions for the journey-bread, soup, milk and chocolate; whereas Sister Hyacinthe and Sister Claire des Anges remained on the platform and handed him up his little pharmacy as well as the other packages brought with the luggage.

"Have you got everything?" Sister Hya cinthe asked him. " "All right! Now yo only need go to sleep in your corner, as you complain so much that nobody calls upor vou.

Ferrand began to laugh softly. "Sister I am going to help Sister Saint-Francois. shall light the oil stove, wash the cups and carry out the things whenever we stop, ac-

gives it to me. Every year I am sure to how she should go into their apartment, have it." its its tack. Very submissive and somewhat flus-tered, she answered to every phrase: "Yes, yes; yes, my dear. Of course, my

dear. He was taken suddenly by a fit of anger: "Well, it must be settled. Yes or no-whether it is good or not--my return ticket.

must find the station master. He rushed off again into the crowd, but saw Gustave's crutch lying on the ground. It was a fresh disaster, and he held up his arms, sking heaven and calling upon God to ness if there ever had been such complica tions. And he threw the crutch to his wife, running off, confused, and crying out:

"Here! you would forget everything!" The invalids were beginning to come now, and, just as when they arrived, there was a pushing, shoving crowd the whole length of the platform and across the lines. Every maginable ill was there; every kind of mal and all sorts of different deformities filed past once more, without any apparent diminution of either their number gravity of the cases, so that the several cures must have made but a feeble effect in the midst of such a sad, darksome gather-Most were being taken back just as ing. they had been brought. Little wagons that carried helpless old women, with their bas-kets at their feet, rattled over the rails. On the stretchers were lying swelled les, pale faces with glistening eyes, as the litters were balanced among the rude ing of the rabble. It was all mad haste, without reason, an inexpressible confusion, calls, questions, sudden running-the turning backward of a flock of sheep who could no longer find the door of the sheep fold. Finally even the stretcher bearers lost their head, not knowing which way to go, as the quick cries of the officials frightened the

people, scattering them in their fear, "Be careful! Take care over there! urry! No, no, do not cross! The Tou-Hurry!

rain

He is a bachelor pro tem. train; here comes the Toulouse And meanwhile-you can make a mem .--Pierre, as he came back, saw the ladies

there still, Mme. de Jonquiere and the oth He sleeps in all the beds in turn. 'Twould make his wife's face set and stern if she could see how things are mussed Since she went off, in placid trust That things would stay where they were ers, who were still taking gayly. Near them he could hear Herthaud, who had been stopped by Father Fourcade, who wished to congratulate him upon the good order that had been maintained throughout the pilhad The former magistrate bowed grimage. flattered.

The bureau drawers are half pulled out, With shirts and socks strewn all abov The floor, because he tried one day "Is it not a lesson to the republic, my everend father? People are killed in The floor, because he tried one To find a shirt she'd put away. Paris, whenever similar crowds celebrate me bloody date in their execrable history. They ought to come here and learn.

The idea of being obnoxious to the govrnment that had compelled him to resign enchanted him. He was never so happy at Lourdes as during the great gatherings of the faithful, as when women were almost crushed. Yet he did not seem satisfied with the result of the political propaganda that he made there for three years every He was impatient; it did not work nough. When would our Lady of year. fast enough. Lourdes bring back a monarchy?

"Look here, father, she only means the real triumph would be to bring a mass of vorkmen here from the cities. can only dream of that, or work toward that end, Ah! if one might only create a Catholic emocracy!

The whole house house has a musty an of stale tobacoc; everywhere Newspapers litter up the floor— And I could tell you of much more Which, if his dear wife knew of it, Would make her fall down in a fit. Father Fourcade looked very grave. His fine, intelligent eyes glistened at the thought, and looked far ahead into the far While she's away, And you can bet when she comes back Life won't be play. distance. How often he had made this idea the object for the creation of a new people But would it not require the divine breath f another Messiah? The Easiest and Quickest Way for Acquir-

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "a Catholic democracy. Ah! the history of humanity would begin afresh!" Father Masses Father Massais interrupted him with pas

If at the seaside many a girl who was never in the water before can quickly acsaying that all nations of the earth quire this most graceful and serviceable acwould end by coming; whereat Dr. Bonamy who, perhaps, was aware of a slight cool ness in the fervor of the pilgrims, nodded complishment by a very simple method. A comfortable flannel bathing suit and a his head and gave it as his opinion that the strong-armed brother or faithful members of the grotto must rewho swims well are the chief equipments for this practical beginning. Wade into the water until it is waist deep. double their zeal. For his part, he would gain the greatest success by giving the greatest possible publicity to the miracles. and then ask your brother to put one arm under your body about the waist line and place And he pretended to learn laughing comlacently, as he pointed to the tumultuous his other hand under your chin. Then lift your line of invalids. feet off the bottom and move your arms in a curve from face outward.

"Look at them! Are they not going away n a better condition? Many do not look cured, who are really carrying off the beginning of a cure, be sure of it. Ah! those plucky ones. They do more than we for the glory of Our Lady of Lourdes."

But he had to stop. Mme. Diculatay was passing in front of them in her silken tufted their full length, make the first stroke Draw your hands up to your chest, the finger tips nearly touching, the palms turned out. box. They put her down at the door of the first class carriage, where a maid was al-Then sweep your arms out in half-circles through the water until they stretch out ready arranging the luggage. A feeling of filled all hearts, for the miserable pity straight on either side from your body. woman did not appear to have been roused Your legs mcanwhile must also be drawn up

Lady of Lourdes had succored beggars while she disdained to cast a look on the beauti-ful and powerful lady who was in agony mid her laces. Pierre suddenly thought perhaps he had

tling themselves before the invalids came; and when Gerard brought M. Sabathier in a bath chair Pierre aided to get him up-

The former professor, with a crushed air,

called back, laughing and jumping like

erazy person: "No, no; I am not going. "How is that? You are not going?"

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Somerville Journal,

His wife's away

While her dear hubby was bereft.

The parlor hasn't once been swept,

The whole house has a musty air

Out in the kitchen in a pile

His old cigar stumps he has kept Upon the center table, where There chanced to be a small place bars

Out in the kitchen in a pile Are the dishes gathered, while Her indolent, though loving spouse Has been a bachelor keeping house. The pile will grow without a doubt As long as the supply holds out, Then he'll brace up, when need confronts, And wash the whole lot up at once.

Oh, things have gone to wreck and wrack

TEACHING A GIRL TO SWIM.

ing that Accomplishment.

Have never a bit of fear, you are well sup-

ported, your face is out of the water, and you

will feel your body lifted up by it as though

Now, with your arms and legs stretched to

pushed from beneath.

other companion

Life isn't play

hard task that made them

get me out again in Paris."

"No.

She

with you!

887.

There is a state of the set of th He Does Not Join a Church, but is Eaved Nevertheless.

Good Advice Followed-The Difficulty is to Make a Horse Drink When You Have Led Him to the Water-He Drank Heavily.

yet very calm and resigned, sank down and once more took possession of his corner. "Thanks, gentlemen, At last, here we are. It is not bad. Now it only remains to yet me out again in Barls." SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June.-One of the best known young club men in the city After covering his legs with a blanket Mme. Sabathler got out again to stand outside the open door of the carriage. She has been reformed. He has, he says, been saved, and is neither ashamed of the date of the occurrence nor the means which was chatting with Pierre when she inter-rupted herself to say: brought it about.

For years he had been a noted "man "Why, there is Mme. Mage coming back to her place. She confided in me the other about town." In 1888 his father, one of the wealthiest men in the city, died, and the day. She is a very unhappy little woman." She called to her and obligingly offered to keep her things. But the newcomer young man finding himself practically sole owner of an immense estate, started the ball rolling at tip-top speed. Nothing was too good; no company was too rapid for his pace. But whilst his meney did not give out, his health did, and the wild career had io, no; I am not going. That is to I am going, but not with you. Not That is to to stop. Indeed, as a matter of fact, six months ago there seemed to be a very small margin between himself and the grave. was so extraordinary, so beaming that they could hardly recognize her. Her faded blonde face smiled, she seemed ten years younger and suddenly taken out of His associates spoke of him as 'poor Char-lie," and whenever he was driven past, scarcely able to sit up, some erstwhile con-vival friend would murmur, "Too bad that the infinite sadness of her previous abandon-ment. She gave a cry of overwhelming joy. (To be continued next Sunday.)

Charlie is so ill, he was such a good fellow But that is all changed. A couple of months ago, feeling a little better than usual, he strolled out and sat down a few moments in Union spuare. He was the cynosure of all eyes-weak, sunken eyes and cheeks, and trembling limbs. Presently an older man-one of the men in high places in the railroad-who was passing, saw him as he was crossing the square, and went over and joined him. The two chatted for quite a long time, the railroad man apparently getting more earnest all the time. They stayed together fully half an hour, and then the young man, leaning pretty heavily on the elder man's arm, walked over toward the corner of Powell and Geary streets. It was so strange a and Geary streets. It was so strange a sight to see the broken down club man walking that a reporter, who had been watching the proceedings, followed them. At Geary street they took a southbound Powell street car and went to the Market street terminus of that line. Not a word was spoken by either on the way, and in stepping out of the car the elder man offered his arm again, which was gratefully accepted. Up Market street they turned and when they got opposite a white build-ing almost opposite Fifth street, they halted. Then there was a few moments more anxious conversation. The railroad man was evidently trying to persuade the younger to do something he did not wish to. Eventually they turned and entered the white building. It was the Hudson Medical Institute, 1032 Market street, the well known institute of San Francisco, Cal., and soon the elderly man appeared alone.

He was approached by the reporter and me questions were put to him as to the state of the young clubman's health. "I've just saved his life," he said. "I have induced him to go health. "I have induced him to go life," he said. "I have induced him to go to the Hudson Medical Institute, and the specialists there say it is not too late to save him, and I have the fullest confidence in them. I don't think I ever knew of a he continued worse case than Charlie's. "but I've seen that 'Great Hudyan' of theirs work such miracles that I believed if] could only get him there all would be yet well. Well he's there, and I'll chance the result.'

It was some time before the younger man appeared, and when he did it was only to step into a hack to be driven back to the club. was noticed, however, that he was driven to the institute regularly every day for some time-then he began to walk there, and it was evident that he was becoming stronger. A month ago he went to San go, and last night, in celebration of return, he gave a dinner to half a score of his old friends. He looked the picture of perfect health as he sat at the head of the splendidly appointed and handsomely decorated table.

In replying to a congratulatory speech made by one of his guests, amongst other things he said: "You all know how de-bauched I was-no memory, no courage. and, in a word no appetite and extending his right hand toward

nearly midnight before all the con-

An Outrage.

door in response to Meandering Mike's knock.

'Madame,'' was the reply, "I do work. I

came all the way from town here. An' how

did I do it? Walked. Lifted up one foot an'

set it down an' then done the same with the other, an' repeated this operation over and

over agin." "Dear me," exclaimed the wo-man, catching her breath. "Thet's the

trouble with mankind. Feller creatures is

stopped ter enlighten yer mind, I don't doubt

ye'd hev gone ter yer dyin' moment 'maginin'

ther guviment furnished us fellers with free

too much misunderstood.

bicycles.

YOUNG CLUB MAN REFORMED

CHAPTER V.-Dr. Chassaigne takes the Abbe to Bernadette's room. He also takes him to the church that the Abbe Peyramale started to build. The ambitions and dreams of the Abbe Peyramale are graphically described. FIFTH DAY. CHAPTER I.-The abbe it too agitated to seep during the last night of the pilgrimage. He nervously awaits the return of M. de Guer-maint from a pleasure trip Early in the morn-ing he is summoned to the next room, to find already dead an old lady whose fortune goes to a crippied boy, who has been brought to Lourdes to be curred. The father regards the old lady's death as a divine recompense for the lack of a mitrache in heating the boy. Pierre meets Mms. Valmar in the hall leaving her lover's room. She confenses all to him. She has no sconer left than Marie appears, full of life and health. "Laurdes" will be continued in next Sunday's Bus.

CHAPTER II.—Marle is greatly annoyed by CHAPTER II.—Marle is greatly annoyed by the attention her cure has attracted to herself. With Pierre and her father she makes a final visit to the grotto and buys souvenirs. The money making feature of Lourdes disgusts the

CHAPTER II.-Continued.

M. de Guersaint had become disgusted, little by little-the annoyance of a man who prides himself on his artistic tastes. "But this is awful; it is awful, all this

trash!" he repeated, as he examined each fresh article. He comforted himself by recalling to

Pierre the ruinous attempt he had made to revive good religious paintings. The remains of his fortune had been swallowed up in the business, and what made it even harder to hear was this present sight of miserable things that now filled the shop. Had any one ever seen such hideous, stupid, preten-tious or complicated things for sale? The their appetites. vulgar ideas and fearful expressions of the priests gave rise to a dispute in regard to their manufacture. They looked like fashion plates-like the tops of candy boxes or the wax figures that grace a hairdresser's win dow. It was all a false art, horribly childwithout any human resemblance of sin cerity. And once started the architect could not stop, but also gave his opinions as to the taste displayed in the buildings of the new Lourdes, the pitiable ugliness of the grotto, the monstrosity of the colossal ramthe disastrous proportions of parts, th Church of the Rosary and the basilica-the latter far too heavy, looking like a corn exchange, the former possessed of an anaemislightness in building, without style an ille

gitimate in design. "Ah, really," he concluded, "one has to love God very truly to get sufficient courage to adore Him in the midst of such horrors. They have spoiled everything, at their own will, without any promptings or true emotion sincere faith or natural taste that promote masterpleces. They are all rogues and copy-ists; not one has given his body or his mind to it. And what other inspiration can the ask, if in this land of miracles they have been unable to conceive anything truly grand!"

Pierre did not answer, but he was struck by these reflections, and the gularly explained to him at least the restless sensa tions he had experienced ever since he had arrived at Lourdes. This restlessness ross from the discord between the modern life and the faith of past centuries, which they tried to resuscitate. He recalled many ancient cathedrals where the faith of a nation still vibrated, and he saw again all the old re ligious customs, the pictures, the gold and allver ware, the saints in wood and stone, all strong and beautiful in their splendid expressions. But that was long ago, when workmen believed themselves, and gave their own fleah, body and soul, with all the fervor of their emotions, as M. de Guersaint had just expressed it. But today architects simply built churches with the same practical tranquility that they put into five-storled -in like manner all religious objects rosarios, medals, statuettes, were made the gross in the most crowded quarters of Paris, by unbelieving workmen. And what a result of trash, of meretricious hardware, of awful horrors, enough to make one weep over the ridiculous sentimentality that caused these things to be sold

Lourdes was filled by these boys, ravaged, disfigured to that degree that people of any decent or delicate tasts were incommoded by them as they walked along the streets. It all went against the attempted revival of nds, ceremonies and processions, of the legends, ceremonies and plette all at once the dead ages, and Pierre realized all at once that this constituted the social and religious condemnation of Lourdes-that faith is forever dead in the hearts of a nation when they neither practice it in the churches they construct nor by means of the resaries they

Marie had continued to poke about in the hop, like an impatient child, hesitating, shop, like an impatient child, and to her

louse ten times a millionaire, in his plans fo making balloons. "A first advance of 100,000 fancs will be

sufficient," he said. "Count on me," declared the Abbe des "You have not prayed in vain Hermoises.

to the Holy Virgin." Pierre, who had held in his hand the por trait of Bernadette, was now struck by the extraordinary likeness that Appoline had to the secress. It was the same massive face, the rather large mouth, the same magnificent eyes; and he recollected that Mme angry. Majeste had already told him of the singular esemblance, all the more alike as Appolin

had passed just such a childhood at Bartres before her aunt took her to help her keep people crushed?" the shop. Bernadette! Appoline! What a strange resemblance! What an unexpected reincarnation after more than And he ran off to place official servants t thirty years. And now all at once, in com-pany with the merry-hearted Appoline, who nade private meetings, and about whom there circulated some very queer stories, the new Lourdes arose before his eyes-the coachman, the candle venders, the who let rooms, accosting the arrivals at the hundred furnished rooms in discreet loca-

tions; the crowd of unoccupied priests, the passionate members of the hospitality, the assersby, who merely came here to gratify To these might be added the desire for his hand, had some difficulty in reaching the gain that had been set loose by the rain of money; the entire town given over to the filthy lucre, shops changing the streets into veritable bazars, devouring one another; hotels subsisting from their profits from ollgrims, even to the Blue Sisters, with their table d'hote, and the fathers of the grotto, who made money out of their God! What

a sad and fearful affair, the vision of Bernadette, so pure and lovely, being the cause of moving all these crowds, causing them to righ after the illusion of happiness, bringing the river of gold which had permatel every thing ever since. It was enough for super-stition to breathe, to have humanity plunge into it, to have money brought, and this honest corner of the world was corrupted Where formerly the white forevermore. of candor flourished now grew the carnal rose, in that new garden of cupidity and enjoyment. Sodem had been born of Bethlehem, since the day on which an in-nocent child had seen the Virgin. "Well! what did I tell you?" cried Mme.

Majeste, when she perceived that Pie're was comparing her niece with Bernadette's portrait. "Appoline looks exactly like her." The girl approached with her friendly smile, flattered at first by the comparison. "Let us look, let us look," said Abbe des Hermoises, with an air of great interest.

He took the photograph, compared it in turn, and was astonished. "It is prodigious. The same features, I had not remarked it before. I am truly de

city

portrait.

lighted. "Yet," finally said Appoline, "I do think her nose very much thicker.'

Then the abbe gave a cry of admiration. "Oh, you are much prottier, very much prettier; that is plain. But that makes no matter, one would take you for two sis-

Pierre could not help laughing, he thought the word so strange. Ah, poor Bernadette was really dead, and she had no sister. She not live again, it was no longer possible in this surging country of passion

created by her Marie had finally gone off on her father's arm, and it was agreed that they should both go to fetch her at the hospital, to be together at the station. More than fifty perons were waiting in cestacy in the street They bowed to her, followed her, and one woman made her crippled child touch Marie's dress, a child just brought back from the grotto. CHAPTER III.

Ever since half past 10 the white train that was to leave Lourdes at twenty minutes of 4 had stood opposite the station, along the second platform. It had been shunted on a side frack for three days, made up just as it had arrived from Paris, and when it was brought back to the station white flags floated on the railway carriages at the end and up forward to mark it for the pilgrims, to whom the ordinary departure was a leng and very laborious undertaking. Besides the fourteen other trains of the national pilgrimage were also to start on the same

ginning to fill, smiling back at the pilgrims who bowed, and stopped sometimes to say a kind word to some sad woman who passed, fetch me." pale and trembling, in a litter. They

said the patient looked much better and was sure to get well. The station master, very busy, passed them, crying in a shrill voice: "Do not block the platform. Keep the platform clear."

Then as Berthaud observed that he had to put down the stretchers before the inva-lids could get into the carriages he became "Look here! Is that right? Look over there, that little wagon left right across the line! I expect the train from Toulouse in a few minutes. Do you wish to see your

keep the tracks clear from the flocks of frightened pilgrims, who walked anywhere and everywhere. Many of the old and sim-ple ones did not even recognize the color of their train, and that was the reason they all wore around their necks cards of a corre sponding color, so that they might be directed and put in the train, like some goods marked and paid for. But what a continua watchfulness it occasioned! Those fourteen supplementary trains to start away without stopping the circulation of ordinary travel! Plerre, who had arrived with his valise i

platform. He was alone, as Marie had signified an ardent wish to kneel once more at the grotto, in order that up to the very last moment her heart might be filled with gratitude before the Holy Virgin. So he had left M. de Guersaint to take her there, while h settled at the hotel. At any rate, as he had made them promise to take a cab they would surely be at the station in fifteen minutes. While he was waiting for them to be through he would go and find their carriage and put his valise in it. But that was not easy, and he only recognized it finally by the placard that had hung on the door for the past three days, in fine and stormy weather, a thick piece of paper, bearing the names Mme. de Jonquiere, Sister Hyacinthe and Sis ter Claire des Anges. It was the compart ment, and he thought he again saw it filled as he recollected it had been by his traveling

companions, the cushions already showing where Monsieur Sabathler was to sit, while where Monsieur Sabather was to sit, while upon the very bench where Marie had suffered so greatly he found a dent in the wood, made by the iron part of the cart. When he put dcwn his value he stood on the platform, waiting patiently, and rather sur-prised not to find Dr. Chassaigne, who had

promised to come and see him off. Now that Marie was about Pierre had taken off the stretcher bearer's straps he had worn, and he had only the little red cross of the

hitherto seen only in the wretched morning light on the day of their terrible and painfu

arrival, now surprised him by its vast platforms, large accommodations and bright gay-One could not see the mountains, but ety. on the other side, opposite the waiting rooms the green hills rose in a delicious, charming way. And on that afternoon the weather was perfectly lovely and soft, down-like looking louds veiled the sun in a sky that was mill

white, like a fine dust of powdered pearls! It was real young ladies weather, the peasants said. It had not yet struck 3, and as Pierre

and as Pierre's and as Pierre's was looking at the big clock he saw Mme. Desagneaux and Mme. Volmar arriving, who were followed by Mme. de Jonquiere and her daughter. These ladies had come from the hospital in a landau, and were also looking at once for their railway carriage. was the first to recognize their first-class compartment in which they had come. "Mamma, mamma, this way, here it is!

Do stay with us awhile. You have plenty of time to go and arrange your invalids, for none of them have come yet."

Then Pierre found himself face to face with Mme. Volmar. Their eyes met, but he did not recognize her, while she merely closed her eyes. Again she was the woman dressed in black-slow, indolent, with a desire for concealment, happy to disappear The light in her eyes was dead, and only revived occasionally, like a spark beneath the vall of indifference, the black shadow that seemed to extinguish them. "Ob, such an awful headache!" she re-

"Oh, such an awful headache!" she re-peated to Mme, Desagneaux. "You see, my poor head is not right yet. The journey

you require any medicine you must come and Sister Hyacinthe likewise began to laugh.

"But we do not need medicine any more as all our invalids are cured."

Then, looking into his eyes, she said, with calm and fraternal manner, "Goodby M. Ferrand.'

He still smiled, although an infinite emo tion moistened his eyes. The tremor in his voice told of the never-to-be-forgotten journey, of the joy of having seen her again the eternal memory and divine tenderness with which it left him. "Goodbye, sister." Mme, de Jonquiere was speaking of going o her own carriage with Sister Claire de-

Anges and Sister Hyacinthe. But the lat were only just bringing in the invalids. So she left her, taking off the other sister, and promised to oversee everything; she even insisted on taking her little bag, saying that she would find it in her seat. So the ladies were able to walk up and down, talk among themselves, on the broad platform where i was so pleasant.

however, with his eyes on the Pierre, however, with his eyes on the great clock, saw the minutes go by, began to feel surprised not to see Marle coming with her father. He trusted M. de Guersaint had not lost her on the way. He was wonder ing, when he perceived M. Vigneron, exasperated, pushing his wife and little Gustave "Oh, Abbe, I beg you do tell us wher

is our carriage, and help us to put in our luggage and this child. My head is quite luggage and this child. gone and I am quite beside myself." Then, just in front of the second class ompartment, he burst forth, seizing the priest's hands at the very moment in which the latter was about to help up the little invalid.

"Just fancy! They insist on my going they have said that if I wait till tomorrow my return ticket will be worthless. It was no use telling them all about the ac cident. I can tell you it is not so funny to be left behind with a dead body, to watch i and put it in a coffin, and fetch it on to morrow, with all the attendant delays. Well, they say that it is not their business that such large reductions are already given tickets for pligrimages; that they on the cannot enter into the accounts of people who

Mme. Vigneron listened, trembling, while Gustave, quite forgoiten and overcome by the fatigue of using his crutches, lifted up his poor face with agonizing curiosity:

"Well, I put ff to flem in every light, and sometimes it strfkes" in-what do they wish me to do with the body? I cannot take it in my arms today like a piece of luggage. I am therefore, forced to remain. Oh, what stupid wicked creatures there really are!"

"Have you spoken to the station master?

asked Pierre. "Oh, yes; the station master! He is over there in the crowd: They could not find him before. How can you expect things to be done properly in the midat of such a trampling and shoving? But I must get hold o him and tell him what I think about it?" Then, perceiving his wife, all upset and aotionless, he added notic

may hand you the baggage and the child." Then followed a turmoil. He pushed be up and threw in the parcels, while the pries

lifted Gustave in his arms. The poolittle creature, as light as a bird, seemed to have grown thinner, and was so covered with sores, so filled with suffering, that he gave a

ery. "Oh, my darling, dd I hurt you?" "No, no, abbe; but I am so shaken up; 1 am very tired this afternoon."

He smiled in his little sad way and leaned back in the corner, closed his eyes, quite done up by this mortal voyage.

"You can understand," continued M. Vig-meron, "it does not amuse me much to re-main behind and hore myself, while my wife and son go back to Paris without me. and son go back to Paris without me. They must go, for life is no longer bearable at the hotel, and at any rate I should be obliged to pay for three tickets if they cannot be brought to reason. I must say my wife has not much sense. She never will be able to set along." They

get along." Then, with his last breath, he plied Mme Vigneron with the most minute instructions about what she should do during the trip, just spent at Lourdes. Just as they had taken er down, in the midst of her luxury, on day she arrived, exactly the same was about to be lifted up by the litter pearers; dressed in lace, covered lewels, with her dead looking, 's with jewels. stupid,

nummylike face that was lignifying. One night even have said she was more reluced, more shrunken away, more and more like a child's frame in the horrible malady. which, after destroying the bones, was now ending her life by melting the flabby parts of the muscles. Her husband and incon-solable sister, with red eyes, crushed by he loss of their last hope, followed he

with Abbe Judaine like one follows a body o a cemetery. no; wait a bit," said the priest to the porters, as he prevented them from putting her in. "She will have long enough enjoy this fine air and sky up to the last

Then, as he saw Pierre near him, he took him off a few steps and said in broken earted tones:

"Oh, I am so distressed. Up to this morning I still hoped. I had her taken to the grotto, where I said mass for her, and came back to pray there till 11 o'clock. But it availed not. The Holy Virgin has not heard me. She has cured me, a poor, useless old man, yet I have been unable to procure the healing of this lovely woman, o young, so rich, whose life ought to be a continual fete. Surely the Holy Virgin knows better than we what she should do, and I bow. I bless her name. But my soul is really filled with fearful sadness." He did not tell all. He did not confess the thought that so upset him, in his child-like simplicity, that neither passion for doubt had ever touched. It was this, Those poor, sorrowing people, the husband and the sister possessed to many million and the sister possessed too many millions

herself cold and severe to them only that she might hear better the feeble voices of the miserable creatures who came empty handed, rich alone in their love, showering down her blessings upon them, overpower-ing them with the burning tenderness of the divine mother. And these poor rich people who were not blessed, this sister, his husband standing so sadly by the poor rame they were taking home, they feel frame they were taking home, they feel themselves to be pariahs in the middle of that crowd of humble cured or consoled ones, and they drew back, overcome by their

lost touch, then stretch out left." quickly, the feet far apart. the railroad man, who sat on his right, he

When your hands are drawn up against said, "This is the friend who induced me to go where I was completely cured, but I your chest your knees must be simultane ously crooked to bring your feet together, have another friend to thank, and that is and arms and legs propelled through the sign at the end of the banquet hall where, water at the same moment. Go through these movements for at least

worked in white and pink roses was the motto, "The Great Hudyan." "I will add ten minutes every day in the water, having ome one to hold you up, and resting for a my testimonal so that all who want to read bit every two or three minutes. t may go to the institute and get it free.' By perhaps the fifth morning you will be able to be in the water with only your chin in your brother's hand. You are feeling by this time how buoyant the water is, and you gratulations and speech making had been completed.

are beginning to trust it. After that you will feel yourself moving Washington Star: "Why don't you go to work?" asked the woman who came to the

along an inch or two, and anyone's fore-finger lightly pressing up will keep your head above water. About the tenth morning you will be able to dispense with even a helping finger, and

vill swim a few feet at a time After that the old rule of practice making perfect must be followed in order that you may learn to swim twenty yards at a stretch, which is a fine feat for one's first

summer in the water. To hasten your progress as a beginner try to remember and follow closely these simple rules, the violation of which greatly retards one's progress:

When in the water never open your mouth Breathe through your nos

Never, when learning to swim, go in water ver your waist in depth

Never go with anybody but a person who knows how to swim, who is kind and cau-tious, and who would not play pranks or practical jokes. Never fail to go in every morning regularly

Never be discouraged.

Jack the Hat-Smasher.

A well known man about town, otherwise sane, has taking a flendish delight in smashing the headwear of his friends, says the Philadelphia Record. No tile was sacred, no hat too fine for his aim. Until Friday it was this man's proud boast that he had smashed at least thirty hats since winter. One particular acquaintance, a big, broad-shouldered, good natured fellow, who had escaped the flend, was just itching to have his tile crushed. His desire was granted on Friday, for the fiend swooped down upon and drove his hat into a shapeless mass. stantly, however, his own hat was off and the next instant in shreds, and himself rolling around the street under a mauling sweeper. The hat smasher presented a sorry spectacle when he emerged from the

cyclone, but its safe botting that he won't

destroy any more headgear.



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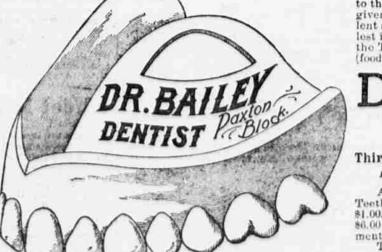


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they had brought too many beautiful presthey had given too much money nts; to the Basilica. The miracle was not to e purchased, and the riches of this world

only stand in the way of God. Undoubtedly the Holy Virgin had re-mained deat to their entreaties, had shown