

RESUME OF LOURDES.

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

Story Which Has Been Published. FIRST DAY. CHAPTER I.—The opening scene of "Lourdes," which was commenced in serial form in Sun-day's Bee of April 15, is in a car of the "white train." which carries the very sick pilarims from Paris to Lourdes. Among the pilarims is which carries the very sick pilarims from Paris to Lourdes. Among the pilarims is paris de Guersaint, a young woman, who, for years, has been bedridden. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre Fromen. CHAPTER II.—The Abbe Pierre Was the son of a chemist who lived at Noulity. Little and finally foll in love with each other as they grew up. Marie received an injury which re-suited in nearly total paralysis. As she could never be his wite. There became a priest. THAPTER III.—The suffering in the train is in-tense. THAPTER IV.—Sonhie Coutsau tells the story

r lunch. CHAITER IV.-Sophie Couteau tells the story the cure accorded to her discused foot by CHAITER IV. Sophie Conteau ters the soft of the cure accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping it in the water of Lourdes. CHAPTER V. The Abbe reads the history of Bernadatte, and describes the visions in the grotto. As the train rolls into the station at Lourdes an unknown man dies.

SECOND DAY.

lage.

SECOND DAY. CHAPTER L-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-crowded. At 8 a.m. the procession to the grotto starts. Father Massais asks the vast congrega-tion to pray for a great miracle, as the body 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, -CHAPTER III.—The crowd forces the Aute to the pool. The dead man is brought in and im-merned. No miracle occurs. On going out the Abbe finds that Marie has been bathed without

freet. CHAPTER IV.-Dr. Chassingne accompanies he Abbe to the Bureau of Certifications. La structte, who had been in the hast stages of onsumption, comes rushing in, shouting, "I

am cured?" CHAPTER V.-The Abbe visits Marle, who is losing her faith. He reads to the invalids, con-tinuing the story of Bernadette.

THIRD DAY.

THIRD DAY. CHAPTER L-Pierre discovers that Mme. Vol-mar, a devout pilgrim, has come to Lourdes to meet her lover. CHAPTER II. -Pierre and M. de Guersaint meet Mme. Desaminative. Mile, flaymonde and M. de Peyrelongue, to whom Raymonde is en-saged. They visit places of intervet. CHAPTER III.-Marie, accompanied by her tather and Pletre, watches the magnificent torchlight procession. CHAPTER IV.-Der takes Marie to the proto to remain throughout the night Bat. THAPTER V.-Dr. Chassaigne tells about his efforts of the Abbe Peyramate to build a church at Lourdes.

FOURTH DAY. CHAPTER 1.-The death of Mme. Vetu 1

rividly portrayed. CHAPTER II.-There is great religious fervor

CHAPTER 11.—There is great religious fervor shown during the services. In the midst of it Brother Isidore dies. CHAPTER 111.—As Plerre stands beside Marie's eart he remembers that one of the physicians called in consultation said she could be cured in a perfectly natural way. Suddenty Marie stands up in her cart. She walks to the Bureau, and her cure is put on record. CHAPTER V.—Marie dirars her cart in the procession. Pierre has lost his faith, and by his vows has lost the right to love Marie now that the can be a wife. CHAPTER V.—Or. Charsafigne takes the Abbe to Bernadette's room. He also takes him to the church that the Abbe Perramate started to build. The ambitions and dreams of the Abbe Peyramale are graphically described. PIETH DAX. CHAPTER L.—The abbe is summoned to find

groan was heard, a smothered sigh of sorrow or fright that escaped from the lips the sleeping Mme. Vincent, as she was tortured by bad dreams. There remained with wide opened eyes cally Sister Hyacathe, very much worried over the condition of La Grivotte, who was still now, as though overpowered, breathing with an effort and with a continuous rattle. From one end to the other of this moving bedroom, shaken by the joits of the train moving with all steam on, the pilgrims and the invalds had given "hamselves up; limbs were hanging and heads rolling under the lamps' pale, dancing light. hor. At the end, in the compartment of the ten female pilgrims, was a sorry collection of

poor, ugly feces, old and young, that sleep seemed to have suddenly struck after a hymn, with open mouths. And a great com-passion was due to these sad people, tired, crushed by five days of foolish hopes and in-finite estimates who would achieve and infinite ecstasies, who would awaken on the morrow to the stern reality of existence. Then Pierre felt as though he were alone

with Marie. She had not wished to stretch herself on the seat, saying that she had remained too long lying during seven years, and he, to make room for M. de Guersaint, who from Bordeaux had resumed his deep sleep like a child's, had gone to sit by her. The light of the lamp annoyed her. He pulled the screen. They found themselves in the shade, a transparent, indn.tely agreeable shade. At this cment the train must have been passing over a plain; it slid in the night as though flying forever, with a loud and regular noise of beating wings. Through the window that they had lowered came exquisite freshness from the black fields, stretching further than the eye could reach, without the little, lost light of even a vil-

Once more the past came before them, the little house in Neuilly, the kiss they had ex-changed near the flowering hedge, under the trees pierced by the sun. How long ago that already was, and how his whole life had been perfumed by it! Then came to him the bitterness of the day when he became a priest. She was never destined to be a woman, and

he had consented to be a man no longer, and it was to be their eternal misfortune, as nature in irony would restore her as a wife and a mother. Still, if he had retained faith, he would have found in it eternal consolation. But he had vainly tried everything to regain it: his trip to Lourdes, his efforts before the grotto, his hope, at one instant, that he would at last believe, if Marie was miraculously cured; their total irremediable ruin when the announced cure had been scientifi-

cally wrought. And their idol, so pure and so sorrowful, the long story of their tearstained tenderness also passed before him. at first. "I lied to you! How?" She, herself having discovered his sad secret,

had gone to Lourdes to ask heaven for the miracle of his conversion. During the torchlight procession, when they had remained alone under the trees in the perfume of unseen roses, they had prayed for each other, lost in each other, with an ardent wish for mutual happiness. Before the grotto

again she had implored the Holy Virgin to forget her and to save him, if she could obtain but one favor from her divine Son. Then, cured, outside of herself, inspired by love and gratitude, carried by the rails with her wheeled chair up to the Basilica, she had thought that her prayer had been granted, she had cried to him her joy that both of them had been saved together. Ah! that lie, that lie of affection and charity! The mis-take in which he had left her from that mo-

ment was crushing his heart by its weight. It was the heavy stone that now walled him at the bottom of his voluntary tomb. He recalled the awful shock that had nearly killed him in the shadow of the crypt, his sobs, his brutal revolt at first, his wish to "No, keep her for himself alone, to possess her as long as he knew her to be his own, all

FIFTH DAY. CHAPTER L.—The abbe is summoned to find already dead an old lady whose fortune goes to a crippled boy who has been brought to Lourdes to be cured. The father regards the old lady's that had subsequently little by little been quieted to sleep again, drowned under the stream of his tears, and, not to destroy in cannot hide: there is melancholy in your poor eyes when they meet mine. The Holy Virher the divine illusion, giving way in did not grant my prayer, did not restore your faith, and I am very unhappy." She was crying. A hot tear fell on the hand of the priest, which she had continued to hold. That upset him, he ceased to brotherly compassion, he had made that heroic vow to lie to her and it was proving gony. Pierre, in his reverie, trembled then struggle, confessing all, and in his turn let-Would he always have the strength to keep ting his tears fall, while he muttered in that vow? At the station, when he was waiting for her, had he not surprised in very low volce: 'Oh, Marie, I am, too, very unhappy; oh, his heart an impatience, a jealous wish to leave that too well beloved Lourdes, in the very unhappy! oment they kept still in the bitter vague hope that she would become his again at a distance? If he had not been a priest grief of feeling between each other the abyss of their beliefs. They would never be Wha then he would have married her. more closely drawn together. They wor-ried especially about their inability to bring rapture; what an existence of adorable happless, to give himself up wholly to her, to themselves together henceforth, since heaven itself had refused to retie the bond. Side take her entirely; to live again in the dear child that would be born! There was surely nothing divine without possession, life that by side they cried over their separation. "And I," she resumed, sorrowfully, is complete of itself and that reproduces His dream then branched off; he saw himsel who had prayed so much for your conversion; himself I who was so happy. It had seemed to me that your soul melted into my soul, and it married and he asked himself why this dream could not be realized. She was as simple as a child of 10 years; he would inlovely to have been saved togetherwas \$0 1 felt strength to live! Oh ogether. simple as a child of a spould a soul. Her cure, that she believed she owed to the Holy trength to uplift the world." He made no response; his tears kept flow-Virgin, she would be made to understand came to her from the only Mother, impassive 'And to think," she went on, "that I alone and serene nature. But as he made this have been cured; that I have that great dearrangement of affairs a species of sacred arrangement of affairs a species of sacred terror grew within him, resulting from his religious education. Great God! did he know if this human heppiness with which he wanted to surround her would ever be light without you! It is to see you so lonely, so disconsolate, that tears my heart, light when I am overwhelmed with grace and joy. Ah, how severe the Holy Virgin has Vhy did she not cure your soul at the same the holy innocence, the childish in which she lived? What reworth the time that she cured my body?" last chance had come to him. naivete H proaches after a time, if she was not happy: should have spoken, broken at last to that innocent child, the light of reason, explained And then, what a play on conscience reject the cansock to marry the girl mirac the miracle to her, so that life, after having accomplished for her the work of health, alously cured but yesterday, to do away with her belief sufficiently to get her to consent to the sacrifice! And yet in that should finish its triumph by throwing them each other's arms. - He, too, was cured; would be common sense after that, and it in each other's arms. - He, direction lay bravery; there lay reason, life, the true man, the true woman, the neceswas not because he had lost his faith, it was losing her that brought on his tears God, did he not dare? A horrible sadness But an invincible pity fook possession of him in his great sorrow. No, no, he would not trouble that soul, he would not take away its visled his reflections; he heard nothing but The train rolled along with its enormou faith, which, perhaps, some day would be its sole support in the midst of the troubles of the world. One cannot expect of either of the world. One cannot expect of either children or women the bitter heroism of reason. He had not the strength; he even slumbers of the car, and at this moment

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1894

quieted for a moment, suffered again in finding in her that burning desire to live, that thing, to taste everything. It was the final awakening of the woman she was to become, that he had formerly divined, adored as a child, a dear creature of gayety and passion. with a mouth like flowers, eyza like stars, a milky complexion, golden hair, respiendent the joy of being. "Oh, I shall work and work, and, besides

you are right, Pierre, I will have a good time, because there is no harm in being merry, la there?"

"No, surely not, Marie." "Sundays we will go to the country oh, very far into the woods, where there are fine trees. We will also go to the theater, if papa will take us there. I am told that there are a great many places that one may see. But that is not all. For that matter, so long as I go out into the streets and see things I will be so happy, and I will be so gay when I return! It is so nice to live,

ian't it, Pierre?' "Yes, yes, Marie, it is very nice." A death-like chill had crept over him. He was wild with regret that he was no longer

a man. Why, then, while she thus tempted him with her irritating candor, d/d he not tell her the truth that was gnawing him? might have seized her, he might have w He Never had a more awful struggle occurred in his heart and in his will. At one moment he was on the point of uttering the freetrievable words. But she had already resumed the tone of a

playful child. 'Oh, look at my poor papa. He must en-

joy sleeping so soundly!" Sure enough, on the seat facing them M. de Guersaint slept with a happy expres-sion, as though he were in his bed, without seeming to be conscious of the continual jolts. The monotonous rolling and pitching seemed nothing more than a rocking and made the entire car sleep. It was an entire relapse, an unconsciousness of bodies, in the midst of disordered baggage, that had slipped from its place, as though it had becom drowsy under the smoky lamplight, and the rhythmic grinding of the wheels kept right on through the unknown darkmess where train ran. At times, though, before a station, under a bridge, the wind of the rac came engulfed and a tempest suddenly blew Then the rocking grind was resumed as be fore and continued indefinitely. Marie gently took Pierre's hand. They seemed lost, alone, with all around them un

conscious in the great, grinding peace of the train rushing through the black night. Sadness-that sad feeling which she had until then hidden-had returned to her, drowning in shade her dark blue eyes.

"My good Pierre, you will often come with 18, won't you?" He had felt a thrill as her little hand

pressed his. His heart was at his lips. He decided to speak. However, he still restrained himself as he murmured: 'Marie, I am not always free. A priest

cannot go everywhere."
"A priest," she repeated; "yes, a priest;
I understand." Then it was she who spoke, who confessed

the mortal secret that was crushing her heart since their departure. She leaned further over and resumed in a lower voice: "Listen, my good Pierre, I am terribly sad. I look contented, but I have death in

my soul. You lied to me yesterday." He was frightened. He did not understand

A sort of shame held her back; she still hesitated at the point of entering the mys-tery of a conscience that was not her own. She went on, as a friend, as a sister:

"Yes, you allowed me to think you had been saved with me, and it was not true, Pierre; you did not regain your lost faith. Great God! she knew. It was a shock for him, so great a catastrophe that he forgot his own troubles. To begin with, he wished to maintain his lie of fraternal charity.

"But I assure you so, Marie. What could have given you so had a thought?" "Oh! my friend, keep quiet for pity's sake. It would hurt me too much to have you lie any longer. See here, it was back there at

the station as we were about to start when that unhappy fellow died. Good Abbe Judaine got on his knees and said prayers for the repose of that soul in revolt and I felt it all, understood all, when I saw that you did not get on your knees and that prayers did not also come to your lips."

"Truly, Marie, I assure you-" "No, no, you didn't pray for the dead; you no longer believe. And then, there is also another thing, it is all that I guess, all that comes to me from you, a despair that

sion, blushing in the midst of her tears, "Listen, my friend. There is a great s cret betwen the Pioly Virgin and me, had sworn to hes that I would tell it too mpch, and she will forgive me nobody. You uffer I am going to confide it to you."

Then, in a whisper: "During the night of love, you know, night of burning ecstacy that I passed be fore the grotto, I bound myself by an oath I promised the Holy Virgin to consecrate my virginity to her if she cured me. She cured me, and never-you hear that, Pierre-never will I marry anybody."

Ab! What unboped-for sweetness. He felt as though dew had fallen upon his poor, bruised heart. It was a divine charm, or delictous belief. If she belonged to no other she would then always be a little his. How well she had understood his trouble and what should be said to him under existence possible for him. He wished in his turn to find some happy

words to thank her, to promise that he, too, would belong to none but her, would love her to the end as he had loved her from childhood, as a dear being whose sole kiss, formerly, had been enough to perfume his whole life. But she made him keep quiet, already fearful and afraid of spoiling so pure a minute

"No, no, my friend; do not let us say any more. It would be wrong, perhaps, very tired. I shall sleep quietly now. I am And she rested her head against his shoulder and went to sleep at once, with the confidence of a sister. He kept awake the confidence of a sister. He kept awake for a short time, filled with that sad happiness of the renouncement that they had jus tasted together. This time it was really The sacrifice had been consum-He would live alone, outside of the ended. mated. life of other men. He would never know woman. Never would a living being be born of him. He had only the consoling pride of this accepted, voluntary suicide in the desolate grandeur of existences outsid of mature

But fatigue overcame him, too; his eyelids closed, he slept in his turn. Then his head sank down, his cheek touched that of his friend, who slept very quietly with her forehead against his shoulder. Their hair became mixed. She had her golden hair, her royal tresses, half loosened. They waved across his face and he dreamed in the odor of her hair. Without doubt the same dream of bliss came to them together, for their tender faces had taken the same expression of rapture, both laughed to the angels. It was chaste and passionate angels. It was chaste and passionate abardon, the innocence of this chance sleep, which placed them thus in the arms of each other, their limbs joined, their lips cool and close, their breaths intermingling. like naked children lying in the same cradle. And such was their wedding night, the consum-mation of the spiritual marriage in which they were to live, a delicious annihilation of weariness, scarcely a passing dream of mystical possession, in the middle of that car of misery and suffering that rolled and ever rolled in the black night. Hours and hours sped by, the wheels ground, baggage swung from the pegs, while the stacked, crushed bodies showed only enormous fatigue, the great physical weariness of the land of miracles on the return of over strained souls.

At 5 o'clock, finally, as the sun was rising there was a sudden awakening, a misty entry in a large station, cries of employes, opening doors and the confusion of moving people. They were in Poltiers, and the whole car was up and in the midst clamor of voices, exclamations and laughs, It was little Sophie Couteau, who was getting out there, who was saying goodby. She kissed all the ladies and even climbe over the partition to bid farewell to Claire des Anges, whom nobody had seen since the preceding evening, hidden in her corner, slender and silent, with her civsterious eyes. - Then the child returned took her little bundle and said pleasant things, specially to Sister Hyacinthe and to Mme, de Jongulere.

"Goodby, my sister; goodby, madam. tlank you for all your kindnesses." "You must return next year, my child." "Oh, my sister, I shall not fail to. It is

"And, my dear child, be good and keep strong, so that the Holy Virgin may be my duty.

proud of you." "Certainly, madam; she has been so good, It amuses me to return to see her." When she was on the platform all the pllgrims in the car leaned out and followed her with bright looks, with salutations, with

"Next year! Next year!" "Yes, yes, many thanks. Next year." The morning prayer was only

two sides of the road in the gray light, trees and houses disappeared with the vague lightness of a dream, while the distant hills, bathed in mist, went more slowly, with an easy sorflike swinging. Between Beaugeney and les Aubrais the train seemed to slacken its speed, ever rolling on, with the rhyth-mical, persistent grinding of the wheels that

the stupelied pligrims were not even able to hear any more. At last, as soon as they had left les Aubrain, they began their luncheon in the car It was a quarter to 12 o'clock. And when they had said the Angelus, the three Aves three repeated, Pierre pulled from Marie's satchel the little book with a blue cover, ornamented with a single picture of Our Lady of Lourdes. Sister Hyacinthe had clapped her hands to obtain silence. The priest was then able to begin his reading in his fine, resonant voice, while all about awakened; all the big children's curiosity had been intensely aroused by the phenome nal tale. Now it related to the stay in

Nevers and to the death of Bernalette. But as he had done on the two protous occa the little boock, adding to its charming recitals of what he knew, what he surmised and before him again appeared the true human, pitcous story, the one that no one had told and that touched his heart.

It was on July S, 1866, that Bernadette left Lourdes. She started to go into retreat in Nevers, at the Convent of St. Gildard, the headquarters of the sisters who served in the hospital where she had learned to read. where she had lived eight years. She was then 22 years old; eight years had passed since the Holy Virgin had appeared before her. And her farewells to the grotto, to the basilica, to all the town she loved were wet with tears. But she could no longer live there in the continual persecution of public curiosity, of visits, of homage and o adoration. Her feeble health was finally cruelly affected by it. A sincere humility and a timid love for shade and silence had inspired in her at least an ardent wish disappear, to hide in unknown darkness her widespread glory of one divinely saved that the world would not leave along in peace and she only dreamed of simplicity of mind, of a calm, ordinary life, devoted to praye and to daily tasks. Her departure was, con sequently, a relief for her and for the grott that was beginning to interfere with her to great innocence and her too heavy afflictions In Nevers, Saint Gildard must have been a paradise. She found there air, sun, spacious rooms and a large yard planted with handsome trees. She did not, however, get quiet and wholly forget the world in the far away desert. Hardly twenty days after her ar-rival she took the holy garb under the name of Sister Marie Bernard, binding herself only by partial vows. But even there people fol-lowed her, and the persecution of the crowd about her began anew. She was followed even into the cloister by those who felt an unextinguishable need to draw forgiveness for their sins from her holy person. Ah, to see her, to touch her, to have the pleasure of looking at her, in rubbing, without her knowledge, some medal against her dress It was the credulous passion for fetich of faithful ones rushing after, pursuing this poor being made into a god, each one wishing to take away his share of hope and of di-vine inspiration. She cried in her weariness, in impatient revolt, repeating: "Why should they torment me so? Why

am I different from the rest?" In the long run a real sorrow came over

her that she should be a sort of "living curiosity,"as she had concluded by calling herself, with a sad smile of suffering. She protected herself as well as she could, re fusing to see anybody. She was also pro-tected by those around her, very narrowly at imes, and was only shown to visitors who had the bishop's authorization. The doors o the convent remained closed, and clergymen alone were able to gain admittance as a usual thing. But even they were too numer-ous to suit her taste for solitude; she was frequently obstinate, and had the priests sent away without having consented to go down to the parlor, as she was annoyed beforehand to ever describe the same occurrence, to forever submit to the same questions. She was incensed, exasperated, for the sake of the Holy Virgin herself. But at times she had to give in, as the bishop came in person with great men, dignitaries and prelates she then showed herself in her serious way she answered questions politely, as briefly a ossible, and she only felt comfortable when allowed to return to her shady corner. Divinity never weighed more heavily on any being. One day, when she was asked if she was not proud of the contant visits of her bishop, she answered simply:

doctors credit for unusual skill too, for "Monsigneur does not come to see me; he comes to show me off." reh great militant Catho

AN OLD MINER'S ESCAPES He Gets Through '49 Well Enough, but is

He Tells Stories that Are Thrilling of Early Days-His Eventful Downfall-On the Up Grade

Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June .- Few mer are better known around town than old Josiah

Quincy, and amongst the "boys" he is known as "Uncle Josh." Quincy is almost the Quincy is almost youngest of the pioneers who were actually engaged in gold mining, and his record is regarded as phenomenal. He is known to have driven a stage to Low

Guich for a couple of weeks because no one else could be found to understake the job three drivers and four deputy sheriffs having been "picked off" in the two preceding weeks It is a matter of common notoric'y that he has "looked down the barrel" of Black Bart's

gun and through cool nerve escaped with his life, and the scalps of four horse thieves could be at his belt if he were an Indian. Like a number of other good men, Uncle losh did not make a fortune on the Comstock

but he did make a competency, and invested it pretty wisely. He said he had done with hard work-that he had carned a rest and intended to have it. He was going to rest easily for the rest of his days. This was in the early '70s. But "man proposes and God disposes.

For year he was a familiar figure in the down-town hotels, always surrounded by a group of interested people, for Uncle Josh is a good story teller, and though he occasionally ook a drink and always smoked a good eigar. he was never loose in habits, manner dress

About five years ago, though, a change was noted in the sturdy ex-miner. He was no longer himself. He had been always a bachelor, though there were plenty of good girls who would have been proud to have called him husband ,but all the blandishments of the fair sex were apparently wasted on him. Still in all the vigor of his manhood, he all of a sudden began to dissipate. First it was wine,

then a return to an excess of draw poker and eventually he seemed to lose his grip altogether. Vice heaped upon vice until man of iron nerve," as he was once faceti-ously called, was a complete physical and moral wreck. That was about four years BRO.

Since then until about a year ago, he wandered around to his old haunts getting weaker and shakler every day, always getting a little help from his friends of old. Last summer he disappeared altogether, and those often depends on heauty. The loss of one means the loss of the other. Gray hair is soldem beau tiful. Ruined hair, streaked and patchy from bleaching, never is,

who were accustomed to meeting him gave up Uncle Josh for dead. A week ago, however, he turned up looking so much like the man he was before he began to dissipate that quite a number of people thought-or said they thought-it was his ghost. Yesterday, surrounded by a score or more of old-timers, he explained his disappearance and remarkable reappearance. The gist of the story is this:

A few of his frineds, more out of charity than anything else, went to him about a year ago, and made him a business proposition go back to the mines. They had a claim and were willing to give him an interest if he would superintend the mine. He would glad-ly have gone, but his nerve was broken.

iy have gone, but his herve was broken. "You can get around all right," said one, "if you only consent to place yourself in hands which I know to be competent." Uncle Josh consented. His friend—a big grain dealer—took him to the Hudson Medical Institute, 1032 Market street, San Francisco, California. His case was carefully examined by the specialists there, and at the close of the examination the chief consulting physithe examination the chief consulting physi-cian said: "You have a good chance to be well again. Your constitution is not en-tirely ruined." Then he prescribed their great Specific for nervous disorders and de-

great Specific for nervous disorders and de-pleted physical condition—The Great Hudyan, to-wit—and this wreck of a man, inside of two months, was superintending operations at the mine. Winding up his story last night, Mr. Quincy said: "That must be a wonderfully potent drug, or combination of them, although they assure me it is purely usersible for it actually restored me to life 4 PER CENT INTEREST PAID ON SAV-INGS DEPOSITS. 4½ PER CENT. ON TIME CERTIFICATES-

3 TO 6 MONTHS. 5 PER CENT. ON TIME CERTIFICATES-6 MONTHS AND OVER. vegetable, for it actually restored me to life in a couple of months. Of course I give the in a couple of months.

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lives a man who is about as regardful of Caught Later.

a dollar or two as a man can well be and be decent, says the Detroit Free Press. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and being thrifty, honest, industrious and a bachelor, he was considered quite the catch bachelor, he was considered unitstanding his of the neighborhoood, notwithstanding his painful exactness in money matters. finally married a widow worth in her own right \$10,000, and shortly afterward a friend met him. "Allow me," he said, "to congratulate

you. That m \$10,000 to you." That marriage was worth a clean

"No," he replied, "not quite that much." 'Indeed? I thought there was every cent

of ten thousand in it." "Oh, no," and he sighed a little; "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license."

Years ago an old hard-shell preacher, who lived on the border in the days when the Indians were at war with the whites, was making preparations one morning to go to his church, miles away, through a country infested with savages. He was carefully loading his old flint lock rifle to take along when a friend present remarked; "What are you going to take that gun along for, old man? Don't you know that if it is foreordained for the Indians to kill

you the gun won't save you?" "That's very true," said the old man, as "That's very true, said the old man, as he deliberately rammed the ball home. "But suppose that it is foreordained that the Indian shall be killed? Now, how would the good Lord carry out his purpose if I didn't have my gun along?" That closed the debate.

"Er-our revival has resulted in so many accessions to the church," said the minister, leaning back in his chair and putting the tips of his fingers together, "that I-um, ah-I think it would not be a bad idea for my salary to be increased."

"I'm afraid we can't do it, brother," replied the deacon. "You see the only way we got so many of them to join was by explaining that with a large membership the burden of carrying a minister at the salary you are now getting would be but little felt.

A terrible cyclone recently swept over a section of country in the vicinity of Elk City, Idaho. Large areas of pine timber were mowed down like grass before a ma-chine, and ranches in the track of the storm were damaged. Hail fell to a depth of five inches.

The Mercur mill at the Mercur gold mine, Utah, reduced 3,000 tons of ore in the month of June. It uses the cyanide process and declares two dividends per month of \$25,000 each. The capacity of the plant is about to be increased to 250 tons per day, which will make it the leading cyanide plant in the United States.

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fectly restores a rich, lustrous color, makes

eath as a divine recompense. CHAPTER II.—Marie is annoyed by the atten-

on her cure has attracted. With Pierre and er father she makes a final visit to the grotto. CHAPTER III.-Amid great confusion the pil her father she makes a final visit to the grotto. CHAPTER II.-Amid great confusion the pil-grims board the while train to take them back to Paris. With the exception of Marie, the invalids are all in about the same condition as when they arrived. The dergy, however, are enthusi-natio in their assertions of the miracles that have been wrought. One hady who came to Lourdes to pray for the reformation of an un-faithful husband is filled with joy that he had come to go home with her. She declares it to be the greatest miracle of all-the healing of a heart.

FIFTH DAY-Chapter IV.

The car rolled, rolled on through the black night. Each one made his arrangements, and stretched out to sleep more comfortably. Mme. Vincent was compelled to lie down on the seat. A pillow was given to her and having become as docile as a child and stupid, she slept in a nightmare's torpor while great, silent tears kept rolling down her closed eyes. Elise Rouquet also having an entire seat to herself, made ready to lie down on it, but, her face always turned to the mirror, she began by making an elaborate toilet for the night, tying over head the black kerchief that she had used to cover her infirmity, and she looked to see if she were pretty with the swelling gone from her lip. And again Pierre was as tonished to see that deformity nearly, if no absolutely cured; that monster's face that one could now examine without horror. He was again in a sea of uncertainty. Was it not even a real case of lupus? Was it some unknown species of ulcer of hysterical ori-gin? Or must one admit that certain forms gin? lupus not sufficiently studied, resulting from mal-nutrition of the skin, could be af-fected by a great mental shock? It was a miracle, unless in three weeks, in three months, or in three years it reappeared, as

had La Grivotte's consumption. It was 10 o'clock and the whole car wa asleep, when Lamothe was passed. Sister Hyacinthe, who had kept on her knees the ead of La Grivotte, could not get up. Sh contented herself by saying as a matter of form in a low voice in the grinding of the

"Silence, silence, my children."

But something kept on moving at the bot-tom of a neighboring compartment, a noise that annoyed her and that she finally understood.

"Sophle, why do you keep kicking at? You must go to sleep, my child." "I am not kicking, sister. It is a key seat7

rolling under my shoe." "What key? Hand it to me."

She examined it. It was a very poor, very old key: blackened, made thin and smooth by usage, of which the ring had been sol-dered and showed the break. All hands felt in their pocket, but nobedy had lost a key. ind it in the corner." resumed S "It probably belonged to the man." phie.

What man?" asked the nun.

He had already been forgotten. Sister Hyacinthe remembered. Yes, yes; it must certainly have belonged to the man, for she had heard something fall with man, for she had heard something fall while she was sponging his forehead. She turned the key over; she continued to look at it-a sorry key in all its ugliness, a key heuceforth useless that would never again open the unknown lock somewhere in the great world. One moment she thought of putting it in her pocket in a sort of pity for the little piece of mained of the man. Then a devout thought came to her that she should not keep anything on this earth, and through the half-opened window she threw the key, that fell

"Sophie, you must not play; you must sleep," she resumed. "Come, come, my chil-

It was only after the short stop in Bor at about half-past 11 o'clock, that alcep was resumed and overtaken by the en Mme. de Jonquiere had been un car. able to longer struggle against it; her head rested against the wooden partition, and her happy in her fatigue. The Sabathior family slept as well, without a breath while not a sound came from the other compartment-the one that Sophis Couteau and Ellas Rouquet occupied, extended face to face the seats. From time to time a dull

the suffering of his poor heart. clapping of wings; there still remained awake only Sister Hyacinthe in the worn Marle, leaning toward Pierre, said to him gently

"It is strange, my friend, I can scarcely keep up, I am so sleepy, and yet I cannot

Then with a slight laugh: "I have Paris in my head."

"I have Paris in my head. "How Paris?" "Yes, yes, I dream that it is waiting for me. Ah! I know nothing of that city of Paris, but I shall have to live there." This was agony for Plerre. He had truly foreseen it; she could not be his; she would take her belong to others. Paris would take her from him if Lourdes returned her to him. And he pictured that simple girl fatally acher education as a woman. quiring little soul so spotlessly white that remained open in the big girl of 23 years, that soul that illness had placed aside, far from life, illness had placed aside, far from life, ripe, now that she regained her free flight He saw the young idirl, laughing, strong, running everywhere, looking, hearing, meeting one day the husband who would com-plete her education.

"Then you look forward to having a good time in Paris?" "I, my friend; oh, what are you saying?

Are we rich enough to expect a good time? No: I was thinking of my poor sister Blanche: I was wondering what I would be able to do in Paris so as to amaint her a lit-tle. She is so good; she gives herself so much trouble; I do not wish to have her con-

tinue alone in earning money." After another silence, as he himself kept quiet and was deeply moved: "Formerty, before I suffered too much, I

painted miniatures well enough. You re-member I made a portrait on paper that looked very much like him and everybody you? You will seek orders for portraits for

Then she spoke of the new life that she ould lead. She wished to arrange a room, draping it with cretonne with small blue howers out of her first savings. Blanche Blanche had spoken to her about the big shops, where everything could be bought at very low prices. To go out with Blanche, to run around a little, would be so much fun for her who had never seen anything, confined bed since childhood. And Pictre.

reason. thought that he had not the right. It would have seemed to him an outrage, a horrid murder. And he did not speak. His tears grew more burning during that immolation of his love, the desperate sacrifice of his own happiness, so that she should re

main candid, ignorant and joyful. "Oh, Marie, how unhappy I am. There are none on the highways, none in the prisons more miserable than I. Oh, Marie f you knew, if you knew how unhappy

She was moved. She seized him in her she was moved. She was moved, the should be to console him with a botherly hug. At that moment, the woman awakening in her, she guessed everything. She, too solbed that she should be separated by every human and divine She had never yet thought of such things. suddenly caught a glimpse of life with She

its passions, its struggles, its sufferings. She sought for words to appease a little bleeding heart, and she whispered very low, provoked to find nothing tender enough to

say. 'I know, I know." She then found words, and as if what she had to say should only be heard by angels, she became uncasy and looked around her in the car. But it seemed as though sleep the car. had grown still sounder there. Her father slept with the innocence of a great child. Not one of the pilgrims, not one of the invalids had stirred during the rough rocking that carried them along. Sister Hyacinthe herself, giving way to crushing weariness, had shut her eyes after having in her turn pulled the screen over the lamp of the com-partment. There remained only a vague shadow, indistinct bodies between nameless objects, hardly apparent, that a breath of tempest and a furious flight pulled ever onward in the darkness. She also mistrusted that black country, running to unknown dia either side of the train, where tances on could not even find out what forests, rivers, what hills were being passed. Awhile ago bright sparks had appeared, distant mills, perhaps and lamps of workers or of invalids, but again the night was deep, the sea obscure, infinite, unnamed, where one was always further, elsewhere and nowhere. then overcome with modest con Marie.

on reaching Chatellerault After the stop at Poltiers, when the train

was again under way, with the little fresh thrill of morning M. de Guersaint announced in his gay manner that he had slept splen twithstanding the hardness of the didly, seat. Mme. de Jonquiere, too, congratulated herself on the good rest, of which she had stood in such need, but was a little confused, however, to have left Sister Hyacinthe alone to watch La Grivotte, who now trembled in a high fever, her horrible cough having re-turned. The other pilgrims arranged their clothes a little, the ten women in the rear replaced their kerchiefs, retied their bonnet strings, with a sort of modest uneasiness in their poor and sad ugliness. Elise Ro quet, with her face close to her mirror, could not cease examining her nose, her mouth, her lips, admiring herself, taking in every detail, concluding that she was decidedly getting

very nice again. And it was then that Pierre and Marie were again selzed by great compassion, in looking at Mme. Vincent, that nothing had een able to draw her out of the stupor which she had fallen, neither the noisy stock in Poltiers nor the sound of volces since they had started again. Yying on the seat, she had not opened her eyes, she still dozed, tor-mented by awful dreams. And, while big tears kept dropping from her closed lids, she had taken hold of the pillow that she had been compelled to use, she pressed it tightly to her breast in some nightmare of sufferin maternity. Her poor, motherly arms, so long veighted with her dying child, her unoccu pied arms, empty for all time to come, had found this pillow in her sleep and they had selzed it as though it were a ghost in blind

embrace But M. Sabathier had a pleasant awakening. While Mme, Sabathier folded the covers carefully wrapping his dead legs, he began to talk with eyes brightened by his visions He said he had dreamt of Lourdes, the Holy Virgin had bent over toward him with a smile of benevolent promise. And before Mme. Vincent, that mother whose daughter the Virgin had allowed to die, before La Grivotte, that unfortunate woman cured by her, but so roughly returned to her mortal he expressed great rejolcing. He repeated to M. de Guersaint, with an air bsolute certainty: "Oh, sir! I shall return home with an easy

mind. Next year I shall be cured. Yes, yes! as that dear little child cried out a while next year, next year!"

It was the indemtractible flusion, victorious even over centainty, the eternal hope that would not die, that sprang again, even firmer, after each defeat on the ruins of all.

At Chattellerault Sister Hyacinthe had the morning prayer said, the pater and the ave, the credo, an appeal to God, to ask Him for the favor of a dine day. Oh, my God, give me enough strength to avoid all evil, to do all good, to suffer all troubles!

CHAPTER V.

And the trayel continued, the train rolled, ever rolled. At Sainte Maure the prayers of the morning service, were said and the Credo was sung at Saint. Pierre des Corps. But was sung at path, here des corps. Interpresent approprieted, zeal had become less ardent, in the growing fatigue of this return after so long an exaltation of the souls. So Sister Hyacinthe understood that it would be a pleasant relaxation for all those poor, worn out people to have some one read aloud to them; and she promised that she would allow the abbe to read the end of Bernadette's life, of which he had already on two different occasions described such marvellous episodes. But they waited to reach les Aubrais, as they would have about two hours between les Aubrias and Etampes, all the time required for finishing the story without being interrupted.

The stations then succeeded one another again in a monotonous repetition of what had been done on the way to Lourdes, through the same plains. They began again with the rosary at Ambolae, said the first string, the five joyful mysteries; then, after having sung at Blois the hymn, "Bless, O Tender Mother," they recited at Beaugeney the second string, the five sorrowful The sun since morning had been veiled by a soft down of clouds, the country they passed was very pleasant and rather sad in its constant faultke waving. On the terles

lics, wished to see her and were affected the point of tears before her; and, in her horror at being on public exhibition, in the annoyance that they caused to her simplicity she left them without understanding, very tired and very sad.

However, she had settled down at Saint She led there a pleasant life Gildard. fixed now in habits that had become dear to her. She was so delicate, so often ill, that she became at last quite a skillful needle-woman, embroidering finely albs and altar But frequently all her strength lef cloths her and she could not even do these light tasks. When she was not in bed she passed long days in an arm chair, having only the distractions of saying her rosary and of read ing religious works. Since she knew how t read she was interested in books, in pretty

stories about conversions, in the legends in which the saints figured, and also in the fine and frightful dramas in which one saw the devil tricked and plunged back into hell. But her great tenderness, constant marveling was for the bible, that prodigious New Testament, of whose perpetual miracle she never wearled. She re membered Barties' bible, that old yellow boo in the family for a hundred years; she coul see her foster father each evening stick in a pin at random and then begin to read

aloud from the right hand page, and at that time she already knew so well those admira ble stories that she could have continued from memory after no matter what sentence Now that she read them herself she found them an eternal surprise, and ever new de-The recital of the Passion upset light. specially, as an extraordinary and tragical event that had only just occurred. She sobbed with pity, her whole poor suffering frame rotained the thrill for hours. Per haps in her tears she unconsciously felt th pain of her own passion, the desolate Calvary that she, too, had tread since her yout When she was not suffering and she could work in the infirmary, Bernalette came and went, filling the building with her lively, childish gayety. Until her death she remained simple and babyish, loving to laugh to romp and to play. She was very small-the smallest one in the convent-which led her companions always to treat her rather as a youngster. Her face became longer. more haggard and lost the freshness of youth; but her eyes retained their pure and youth; but her eyes relatived their pure align divine brightness; they were the beautiful eyes of a visionary, in which, as though a limpid sky, passed the flight of dreams. As she grew older and suffered she became a

little bitter and violent, her disposition spoiled, uneaxy and rude at times; these were minor imperfections for which she felt "I am mortal regrets after the crisis. She humili lated herself, believing herself damned, asking everybody to forgive her. But, most often, how good a daughter of good God! She was how good a daughter of good God! She was vivacious, alert, she was quick in repartee, in laughable comments; she had a peculiar attractiveness which made people adore her. Notwithstanding her great devotion, although she passed days in prayer, she did not pro-claim a harsh religion, without an utterance of zeal for the others, but was tolerant and

full of pity. No holy nun, in a word, was more of a woman, with personal attributes, haste a well marked personality, charming even in her childishness. And the gift of child-hood that she retained, that simple innocence, making her still a child, impelled children to cherish her, always recognizing her one of their own kind; all ran to her, mped on her knees, took her neck between eir little arms, and the yard then reverin her one their little arms, and the yard the berated with their wild games, races and shouts, and it was not she who ran the least, or shouted the least, so happy was she to become once more a poor, unknown little girl, as she was in the long past days of Barties' Later, it is said, that a mother brought to the convent her that a mother brought to the convent her paralyzed child to have the saint cure it by

a touch. She sobbed so hard that the su perior finally consented to the test. But But Bernadette refused indignantly when she was asked to do miracles, she was not fore-warned, but was imply called to carry the sick child to the infirmary. And she car-ried the child and whon she put it on the ground the child walked. It was cured.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

I was up in the mines a couple of friends of mine, just by writing to the Institute, got helr diseases cor never came near the city at all, and they are both strong and healthy now." Continuing, Mr. Quincy said that the de-velopment of the mine had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and that as well chade, as being in perfect health, he was financially on the "up grade" again. A WISE MAN.

New York Press. Please make me some toast and tea,"

"Please make me some torst and teap said he; "Oh, wait till I'm done with my book," said she: And she turned her head with a frown and a pout, But by her refusal he wasn't put out. He looked with a smile at her, did he, As the book she devoured with avidity. And said, "I know when they're ready, sweet,

grea With pleasure extreme I will drink and

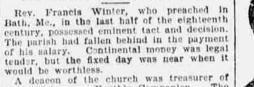
For your bread is light as the foam of the sea, And the toast you make is done to a T; It's equal has never been made in this

town, Crisp, and in color a golden brown, And a nectarous draught is the tea you

Make, A joy to see, a delight to take-" She arose from the lounge with a smile on

her lip, And out to the kitchen passed with a skip, And ere he could say "Jack Robinson" she Was busy preparing his toast and toa.

TALES TOLD ABOUT PREACHERS



the parish, says Youth's Companion. The idea was entertained of paying Mr. Winter on the Saturday preceding the Monday on

which Continental money would cease to be egal tender. The collector was despatched legal tender. with the worthless bills on Saturday afternoon, and found the parson at home. "I think, Father Winter," said he, "that

you have a bill against the parish? "I have. 'I thought," went on the collector, "that

you might be in need of money, and so I came to settle with you" The parson took in the situation at once.

He know that refusal of a legal tender would orfeit the debt. 'Are you not the collector?" he asked.

"I receive my money from the treasurer,"

said the parson. The collector saw his mistake and hurried back to seed the treasurer to the rescue. Meantime the parson donned his Sunday lothes, and said to Mrs. Winter, "Wife, I shall exchange tomorrow." Without further explanation he mounted

his horse and rode away, and not too soon, for the treasurer speedily appeared with his pockets full of Continental money. "Where is Mr. Winter?" he inquired in

"Gone off to exchange," was his wife's reply; and when she was questioned further the good lady confessed that she really did not know whether he had gone to Georgeto exchange with Parson Emerson, to Harpswell Neck to exchange with Mr. Eaton. On Sunday an "exchange" filled the Eaton. On Sunday an "exchange" filled the pulpit, and on Monday the clever parson's

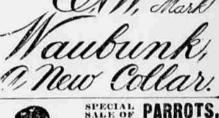
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dues were still unpaid.

