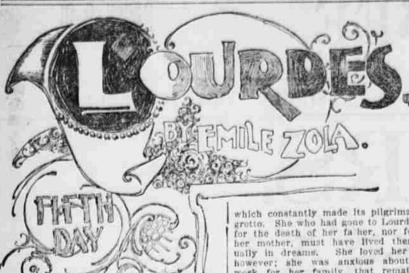
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RESUME OF LOURDES.

BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zolo's Great

Story Which Has Been Published.

FIRST DAY.

CHAPTER I.—The opening scene of "Lourdes," which was commenced in serial form in Sunday's Eeo of April 15, is in a car of the "white train," which carries the very sick pilgrims from Paris to Lourdes. Amons the pilgrims is maris de Guersaint, a young woman, who, for years, has been bedridden. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre Froment.

CHAPTER II.—The Abbe Pierre Froment.

CHAPTER II.—The Abbe Pierre was the son of a chemist who lived at Neuilly. Living next them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Living next them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Living next them were meaning and Pierre played together, and finally fell in love with each other as they grew up. Marie received an injury which resulted in nearly total paralysis. As she could never be his wife, Pierre became a priest.

CHAPTER HI.—The suffering in the train is intense when it stops as Potitors hair an hour for lunch. HAPTER IV.—Sophie Coutenu tells the story of the cure accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping if in the water of Lourdes.

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

SECOND DAY. CHAPTER I.—A vivid picture is given of the confusion when the invalids are landed and convoyed to the hespital.

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

CHAPTER III.—The Abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chassaigne. The crowd forces the Andre to the pool. The dead man is brought in and immersed. No miracle occurs, On going out the Abbe inds that Marie has been bathed without

effect.
CHAPTER IV.—Dr. Chassaigne accompanies
the Abbe to the Eureau of Certifications. La
Grivotte, who had been in the last stages of
consumption, comes rushing in, shouting, "I am cured!"

CHAPTER V.—The Abbe visits Marie, who is losing her faith. He reads to the invalids, continuing the story of Bernadette.

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

CHAPTER II.—Pierre and M. de Guersaint meet Mine, Designeaux, Mile, Raymonde and M. de Fryrelongue, to whom Raymonde is engaged. They visit places of interest.

CHAPTER III.—Marie, accompanied by her father and Pierre, watches the magnificent torchlight procession.

CHAPTER IV.—Pierre takes Marie to the protto to remain throughout the night. Baron grotto to remain throughout the night. Baron Suire shows Pierre the miraculous spring. CHAPTER V.—Dr. Chassaigne tells about his interview with Hernadette, and describes the efforts of the Abbe Peyramale to built a church at Lourdes.

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

CHAPTER III.—As Pierre stands beside Marie'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 Buresu, and her cure is put on record.

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

CHAPTER V.—Dr. Charsaigne takes the Abbe to Berpadette'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 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 death as a divine recompense.

CHAPTER II.—Marie is annoyed by the attention her cure has attracted. With Pierre and her father she makes a final visit to the grotto. CHAPTER III.—Amid great confusion the pligrims beard the waite 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 clergy, however, are enthusiastic in their assertions of the miracles that have been wrought. One lady who came to Lourdes to pray for the reformation of an unfaithful husband is filled with joy that he has come to go home with her. She declares it to be the greatest miracle of all—the healing of a heart. FIFTH DAY.

Chapter V-Continued.

Ah, how often Bartle's and her free childhood, behind her lambs and the years lived in the hills, in the high grasses, in the thick woods, must have been lived again by her in the hours that she dreamed, tired of praying for sinners! No one then sounded her soul, no one could say if involuntary regrets did not bruise her heart. She used one day an expression that her biographers recall for the purpose of making her passion more touching. Confined far away from her mountains, nailed to a bed of suffering, she cried: "It seems to me that I was made to live

to act, to be always stirring, and the Lord wishes me to be motionless."

What a revelation of a terrible evidence of a great sadness! Why did the Lord wish to keep motionless that dear being, full of gayety and grace? Would she not have honored Him as much by living the free life, the sound life that she was born to live? And instead of praying for sinners— her constant and vain occupation—would she not have worked harder to increase the world's happiness and His own if she had given a share of love to the husband who awaited her, to the children who would be born of her flesh? Some evenings, it is said, she who was so gay, so active, fell into an extreme dejection. She became sad, kept to herself, as though stunned by an excess row. Without a doubt the chalice end by being too bitter, and she would enter into agony at the idea of the perpetual renouncement of her existence. In St. Glidard did Bernadette often dream

of Lourdes? What did she know of the triumph of the grotto, of the prodigles that daily transformed that land of miracle? The question was never positively answered. Her companions had been forbidden to talk to about these matters; she was surrounded by absolute and continual silence. self did not care to talk about it, but kept silent about the mysterious past—did not seem anxious to know the present, however triumphal it might be. Nevertheless, did not her heart fly there in imagination to that enchanted country of her childhood. where her family lived, where all the bonds of her life were tied, where she had left the most extraordinary dream that any being had ever had? Surely she remade frequently in thought the fine trip of her memories; she must know in a general way all the great events of Lourdes. What frightened her was to return there in person, and she always refused to do it, well knowing that she could not pass unperceived, dreading the crowds whose adoration would meet her there. What glory if she had been capri-

clous, ambitious, dominating! She would have returned to the boly acone of her visions, she would have performed miracles there as a priestess, popess, with an infallibility, a sovereignty of one chosen, and of a friend of the Holy Virgin. The fathers cover seriously had any fear of it, although the formal order had been to keep her from the world for har salvation. They were not afraid, they knew her to be so sweet, so humble in her terror of a divine being, in her ignorance of the colossal machine she had put in motion, and of which the exploitation would have made her drop with fright if she had understood. No, ne! It was no longer bers, notive with its crowds, its violence, and its business. She would have suffered too much there, out of her element, siunned, ashamed. And when pligrims who were going there asked her, with a smile, "Would you like to come with us?" she had a slight chill, and hastened to reply, "No, no. But how I should like to were I a little bird," Her thought alone was the little traveling bird, with quick flight, with allent wings,

which constantly made its pilgrimage to the grotto. She who had gone to Lourdes neither for the death of her fa her, nor for that of her mother, must have Hved there continually in dreams. She loved her relatives, however; she was anxious about assuring work for her family, that remained poor that she had wished to receive her brother, who had gone to Nevers to complain, and who was left at the door of the convent. But he found her tired and resigned; she not even question him about the new Lourdes, as though the growing city were not hers. The year of the coronation of the Virgin, a priest whom she had commissioned to pray for her before the grotto, returned to tell her about the never-to-be-forgotten marvels of the ceremony, the hundred thousand pilgrims gathered there, the thir y-five bishops dressed in gold in the radiant She trembled; she had her little thrill of desire and of uncasiness. And when the priest cried, "Ah, if you had seen that splen-dor!" she replied, "I? Why, I was far better off here in my infirmary, in my little

Her glory had been stolen from her, her work shone in a continual hosanna, and she tasted joy only when forgotten in the shade of the cloister, where the opulent tenants of the grotto left her. The resounding solemnities were not the occasions of her myserious trips; the little bird of her soul flew over there alone only on days of solitude, in prayerful hours when nobody could dis-turb her devotions. It was before the wild, primitive grotto that she returned to kneel, amid the sweetbriars, at the time when the cavern was not yet walled in with a monu-mental platform. Then it was the old town hat she visited in the twilight, in the sweet scented freshness of the mountains, the old painted and gilded church, partly in the Spanish style, where she had taken her first communion; the old hospital, of cool allures, where she had for eight years accustomed herself to retreat, all that old, poor and innocent town, of which each paving stone awoke ancient affections at the bottom of

And did Bernadette ever carry as far as Bartres the pilgrimage of her dreams? We must believe that at times in her invalid's easy chair, when she let some religious book fall from her tired hands and she shut her eyelids, Bartres appeared and enlightened the night of her eyes. The ancient little Roman church, with its sky colored nave, with its blood red altar screens, was there in the midst of the tombs of the narrow cemetery. Then she saw herself again in the Lauges' house, in the large left chamber, where there was a fire and where such pretty stories were told during the winter, while the big clock gravely struck the hour Then the whole country spread out, prairies without end, giant chestnut trees under which a person was lost, desolate table lands, from which could be seen the Southern peak, Viscos peak, as light and resy as dreams enveloped in a whole paradise of legends Then, then, it was her free childhood, run ning where she pleased in the open air; she passed her thirteen solitary and dream ing years, wandering through great nature in the joy of life. And, at that hour, perhaps, did she not see herself again on the banks of the brooks, through bushes, loose in the high grass in the hot June sun? Did she not see herself grow up with a lover of her age whom she would have loved with all the simplicity and tenderness of her heart? Ah, to become young again, to still be free, unknown, happy and to love again, to love differently! The vision went by in confusion, a husband who adored her children who gayly grew around her, the existence of everybody, the Joys and sorrows that her parents had known, that her children should have known in their And all grew dim little by little and she found herself again in her chair of suffering, imprisoned before four cold walls, having only the ardent desire for a speedy death, because there had been for her ne peace in the poor, common happiness of this

Bernadette's ailments increased each year It was at last the passion that began, the passion of this new Messiah child, sent for the relief of the wicked, whose mission was to announce to men the religion of divine justice, equality before miracles, cheating the laws of impossible nature. She only got up now to drag herself from chair to chair for a few days, and she relapsed and had to return to bed. Her sufferings be-came frightful. Her nervous inheritance, her asthma, aggravated by the cloister, must have led to phthisis. She coughed horribly, spasms tore her burning chest, leaving her half dead. As the height of misery, the bone of her right knee began to decay a gnawing pain that shot through her, drawscreams from her. Her inder the constant dressings of the wounds was one running sore, constantly irritated by the heat of the bed, the continual lying by the heat of the bed, the continual lying between the sheets, of which the rubbing finally took off her skin. Everybody pitied her; the witnesses of her martyrdom said that none could suffer either more or betthat none could suffer either more of Detter. She tried some water from Lourdes, which brought her no relief. Lord, Almighty King, why are others cured and not she? To save her soul? But, then, do you not save the souls of the others? What an inexplicable choice, what an absurd necessity of tortures to this poor being the elegant evolution of worlds! She in the eternal evolution of worlds! She sobbed, she repeated to encourage herself:

"Heaven has reached the end, but the end

is long coming. It was ever the idea that suffering is the It was ever the idea that suffering is the test, that we must suffer on earth to triumph elsewhere, that to suffer is indispensable, enviable and blessed. Is it not a blasphemy, Oh, Lord? Did you not make for us either youth or joy? Do you wish your creatures to enjoy neither your sun, par your heavilled nature. nor your beautiful nature, nor the human affections that you have made flower in their She feared the rebellion that tore her at times, she wished to bear up against the pain that racked her body, she spread her arms in the form of the cross to unite herself to Jesus, her limbs against His limbs, her mouth against His mouth, streaming with blood like Him, satisfied like Him with Jesus died in three days; her agony was still longer; she who renewed redemp-lion by pain, who died to bring life to others. When her bones creaked with agony she nade complaints at times; then she imme-

made complaints at the distribution of them.

"Oh, how I suffer! Oh, how I suffer, but I am so happy to suffer!"

There could be no more terrible expression. r one of blacker pessimism. Happy to suffer, Lord, and for what unknown and idiotic What is the good of this useless cruelty, this revolting glorification of suffering, when there comes to all humanity the distracted wish for health and happiness? distracted wish for health and happiness?

In the midst of her awful torment Sister
Marie Bernard pronounced her perpetual
vows on September 22, 1878. It was twenty
years since the Holy Virgin had appeared to her, visiting her, and she herself had been visited by the augel, choosing her, as she nerself had been chosen among the humblest and the most candid, to hide in her the secret of King Jesus. It was the mystic explanation of saving by suffering; this reason why this creature had been separated in so hard a manner from the others, afflicted in so hard a manner from the others, afflicted with pains, become the pitcous field of all human afflictions. And she was the closed garden that had so picased the eyes of the husband. He had chosen her and then buried her in the death of hidden life. So when the unfortunate shook under the weight of her cross, her companion said to her:

"Have you forgotten it? The Holy Virgin premised you that you would be happy, not in this world, but in the other."

She replied, strengthened, striking her

She replied, strengthened, striking her "Forgotten it; no, no! It is there!" She only regained her strength in this il-lusion of a paradise of glory, which she would eater under the escort of seraphim, to be eternally happy. The three personal secrets that the Holy Virgin had confided to her to protect her from avil more her to protect her from evil were to be promises of beauty, happiness and immortality in heaven. What a monstrous fraud, if there was only night in the country beyond the tomb, if the Holy Virgin of

her dream was not at the rendezvous, among the prodigious promised re-wards! But Bernardette had not a doubt, she accepted all the little commissions that her companions naively gave her for

"Sister Marie Bernard, you will say this, you will say that to good God. \* \* \* Sister Marie Bernard, you will reserve for me a little place near you for the time when I

And she answered each of them obligingly: "Have no fear, your commission will be

Ah, all powerful illusion, sweet tranquil-ity, strength ever youthful and consoling? And it was agony, it was death. On Fri-day, March 28, 1879, it was thought that she would not survive the n' it. She had a desperate appetite for the tomb, to no longer suffer, to be raised to heaven. So she fused to take the extreme unction, saying that twice before the extreme unction had cured She wished that God would at last let her die, for it was too much. He would not have been wise to exact from her still more pain. However, she finally consented to have administered, and her agony was pro longed by it for nearly three weeks. The priest who attended her, often remarked to

My daughter, you must make the sacrifice of your life."
One day, becoming impatient, she feelingly

"But, my father, it is not a sacrifice."
Terrible words these, too; disgust of being, furious disdain for existence, immediate end of humanity, if she had the power to suppress it by a gesture. It is true that the or girl had nothing to regret, that she had had to place all outside of life, her health, her joy, her love, so that she would leave it as one leaves ragged, used and solled linen. And she was right; she condemned her useess life, her cruel life, when she said:
"My passion will only end with my death

and will last for me until I enter eterr And that idea of her passion followed her, bound her more firmly on the cross with her divine Master. She had obtained a large crucifix; she pressed it violently against her and, maidenly breast, crying that she would like to jam it into her throat. Toward the end her strength left her, she could no onger hold it in her trembling hands.

"Fasten it to me; press it very hard, so that I may feel it until my last breath!" was the only man that her virginity hould know, the only bleeding kiss given to her useless, deviated and perverted ity. The nuns took strings, passed them under her painful loins, around her lean, barren hips and bound the crucifix to her throat, so roughly that it went into it.

At last death took pity. Easter Monday

she was seized with a severe chill. Hallu-cinations bothered her; she trembled with ear; she saw the demon sneer and circle "Go away, go away, Satan! Don't touch

ne, den't carry me away!" She described afterward in her delirium ow the devil had tried to throw himself on her, and she felt his mouth breathing on her all the flames of hell. The devil in pure a life, in that sinless soul; why so, O, Lord! And again why that suffering without forgiveness, determined up to the end; why that nightmare-like end, that death coubled by horrid visions, after a life beautiful in its candor, its purity and its innocence? Could she not fall calmiy aslesp in the peace of her chaste soul? Doubtless as long as she had a breath it was necessary to leave to her portion hatred and fear of life, which is the devil. It was life that hreatened her, it was life that she ordered way, just as she had discarded life in reerving for the celestial husband her torured vifginity, natled to the cross that logma of immaculate conception that the uffering girl's dream had brought together, whispered woman, wife and mother. To de eres that a woman is worthy of worship nly on the condition of remaining a virgin to picture one who remains a virgin in bening a mother, who was herself born spotless, is it not a cheating of nature, a condemnation of life, a denial of woman-hood, thrown into perversities, she who is great only by bearing, perpetuating life?

"Go away, go away, Satan! Let me die

drove away the free air from entering the window, the air fragrant with the scent of flowers, bearing wandering germs that carry love across the vast world. On Easter Wednesday, Apr agony began. The story is told that on the morning of that day one of Bernadette's companions, a nun attacked by a fatal illness was suddenly cured atfer having drank a glass of water from Lourdes. Bue she, the privileged one, had uselessly quaffed it. God showed her at last the infinite favor of granting her vows in giving her the good steep of the earth, where she would suffer no more. She asked everybody for forgiveness. the passion was consummated; she had, like the Savior, nalls and a crown of thorns; her limbs were beaten; her hip open. Like Him, she lifted her eyes toward the sky; she spread her arms in the form of a cross

And she drove the sun from the room

And, like Him, at about 3 o'clock, she

n uttering a loud cry:

"I am thirsty."
She moistened her lips in the glass; she eaned over her head and died. So died, very glorious and very holy, the vision seer of Lourdes, Bernadette Soubirous, Sister Marie Bernard of the Nevers Sisters of Charity. Her body lay in state for three days, and enormous crowds passed by; all the people assembled; the interminable line of hope-hungry believers, who rubbed on the dead woman's gown medals, beads, pictures, prayer books, to still draw from her some charm, some happy making fetich. Even in death they could not leave her to her dream of solitude; the mass of worldly unfortunates rushed forward, drinking illusion around her bler. And it was noticed that her right eye obstinately remained open—the eye that during the apparitions was on the side of the Holy Virgin. A final miracle astonished the convent—her body did not alter. It was buried on the third day, soft, cool, with rosy lips and very white skin, as though re-juvenated and sweet scented. Today Berna-dette Soubirous, the great exile from Lourdes, while the grotto resounds with her triumph sleeps obscurely her last rest in Saint Gildard, under the flagstones of a little chapel, in the shade and in the silence of the

old trees of the garden.

Pierre ceased talking; the pretty, marvelous finished; the entire car still listened to him in the profound pang of that tragical and touching end. Tears of tendertragical and touching end. Tears of tender-ness ran from Marie's eyes, while the others, Elise Rouquet, La Grivotte herself, slightly calmed, joined their hands and prayed to her who had joined God to intercede for the com-pletion of their cure. M. Sabathier crossed himself and then ate the cake that his wife had bought for him in Potters. In the middle of the story M. de Guersaint, middle of the story M. de Guersaint, who was discommoded by sad things, had fallen asleep again. And there had only been Mme. Vincent, with her face pressed into the pil-low, who had not moved, as though she was deaf and blind, not wishing to see anything

or to hear anything any more.

But the train rolled on, rolled ever. Mme.
de Jonquiere, with her head out of the winlow, announced that they were nearing dow, announced that they were nearing Etampes. And when they had drawn out of that station Sister Hyacinthe gave the signal and they recited the third string, the five glorious mysteries, the resurrection of Our Lord, the ascension of Our Lord, the mission of the Holy Ghost, the assumption of the Very Holy Virgin, the coronation of the Very Holy Virgin. Then they sang the hymn, "I Place My Confidence, Virgin, in Your Help."

Your Help."

Pierre then fell into a deep musing. His eyes had rested on the country, now bathed in sunshine, and its constant flight seemed to rack his thoughts. The grinding of the wheels supplied him; he finally heard no more, and no longer distinguished the fa-miliar horizons of those great suburbs that he had fermerly known. Again Bretigny, again Juvisy, and it would at last be Paris in nearly an hour and a half. And so the great trip was ended, and the much longed for inquiry, the passionately sought experi-ence, had been obtained! He had wished to make himself sure, to study the case of Bernadette on the spot, to see if grace would not return to him by a stroke of lightning, in restoring his faith. And now he was de-cided; Bernadette had dreamed in the constant torment of her flesh, and he himself would never again believe. It came upor him with the brutality of a fact; the naive faith of the child who kneels down to pray, the primitive faith of young nations, but, under the holy terror of their ignorance, was dead. Although thousands of pligrims might flock each year to Lourdes, the masses

to its infancy, times have changed too much, too many new breezes have sown new crops, to permit of men of today growing again like the men of former times. This was decisive. Leardes was morely an accident that could be explained, even whose reactionary violence gave a proof of the su-preme agony in which belief struggled in the old form of Catholicism. Never again would the entire nation prostrate itself as it did in the cathedrals of the twelfth century, like a flock obedient to the Master's bands. To blindly insist on wishing it would result in splitting against impossibility, and

erhaps in rushing into greater moral ca-And of his trip Plerre even now retained only a profound pity. Ah, his heart overflowed, his poor heart was returning bruised He recalled the words of good Abbe Judaine and he had seen thousands of unfortunates pray, sob, implore God to have compassion on their tortures; and he had sobbed with them; he kept within himself, like a running round, the lamentable brotherhood of al their ills. So he could not reflect about those poor people without burning with the desire to assist them. If simple faith did not suffice, if they ran the risk of going astray in wishing to turn backward, was it necessary to close the grotto, to preach ther endeavor, another sort of pat But his piety rebelled. No, no, it would be bodily and mental sufferers, whose only re lief was to kneel down there amid the splen or of candles, in the fulling infatuation o hymns. He had not himself committed the murder of undeceiving Marie; he had sacrificed himself to leave her with the pleasure have been cured by the Virgin. Where then was the brutal man who would have had the cruelty to stop humble ones from believing to kill in them the consolation of the super them, that He reserved for them a better life in His paradise? All humanity wept, wildered by anguish, like a hopeless and doomed invalid, that only a miracle could save. He felt that it was so unhappy, he was moved by fraternal tenderness before ottlable Christianity, ignorance, with its rags, illness with ounds and its fetid odor; this pitlable poverty all this lowly little suffering people, the hospital, in the convent, in dens and vermin and dirt, and ugliness, and facial

imbecility; an immense protest against health, against life, against nature, in the triumphal name of justice, of equality and of goodness. No, no, it was not necessary to give despair to the unfortunate. Lourde must be tolerated, as is tolerated a lie that helps to prolong life. And as he said in Bernadette's room, she remained a martyr, she revealed to him the only religion of which his heart was still full, the religion of human suffering. Ah, to be good, to dress all the wounds, to put pain to sleep in a suffer any more!

With all steam on they passed through a village and Pierre confusedly perceived a church in the center of large apple trees. All the pilgrims in the car crossed themselves. But he now was filled with uneasiness, qualms made his musing anxious. not this religion of human suffering, this re-demption by suffering, a lure, a continued aggravation of pain and misery? It is cowardly and dangerous to let superstition live To tolerate it, to accept it, is to eternally renew the bad centuries. It enfeebles, it makes stupid, the bigoted defects that heredity bequeaths make humble and timid generations, a very easy prey for the powerful of this earth. Nations are exploited, robbed, eaten, when they have devoted the effort of their will to the conquest of the other life alone. On that account would it not be better to have the audicity to manage hu-manity with brutality, closing the manity with brutality, closing to miraculous grotto when it goes sob, and thus restore to it courage live a real life, even in tears? And it was like the prayer, that wave of incessant prayers that came from Lourdes, whose endess supplications had washed him and affeeted him: was it any hing but a childish rocking, a degeneracy of every energy? Will power slept in it, being was dissolved by it and disgust of action found life in it. Why exert will, why do anything, when all is left to the caprice of an unknown Almighty? Then again, how strange is this mad desire for prodigies, this wish to induce God to transgress the laws of nature that He Him-self established in His infinite wisdon! There was evidently danger and folly in it; it was only necessary to develop in man, and especially in the child, habits of personal efforts and the courage of truth, at the risk of los-

ing in it that divine consoler, illusion. Then a great light came up and dazzled Pierre. He found judgment, he protested against the glorification of the ab-surd and the fall of common sense. Ah, he was suffered through judgment.

The train ran between large parks, the locomotive whistled a long, joyful tune that drew Pierre from his reflections. Around him the car was all commotion and stirring. They had just left Jervisy, and it was at They had just lett Jervisy, and hour. And last Paris, in scarcely half an hour. And each arranged his things; the Sabathiers did up their little bundles, Elise Rouquet did up their little bundles, Elise Rouquet gave a last glance at her mirror. One moment Mme. de Jonquire worried about La Grivotte and decided to have her taken directly to a hospital in the pitiable condition in which she was, while Marie tried to draw Mme. Vincent from the torpor out of which she seemed unwilling to come. M. de Guersaint had to be awakened, as he had just had a short nap. And Sister Hyacinthe having clapped her bands, the whole car took up the Te Deum hands, the whole car took up the Te Deum hymn of thanks: "Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur." The voices rose it the midst of a last fervor; all those burning ouls thanked God for the splendid trip, for the marvelous favors he had showered on them and that he would continue to showe

The fortifications. Through the great, pure sky, of warm serenity, the 2 o'clock sun slowly went down. Above immense Paris, distant smoke, reddish smoke rose in light clouds, a thin and flying breath of the colossus of work. It was Paris in its mill. Paris with its passions, its fights, its ever rolling thunder, its life ever ardent to bring forth the life of the morrow. And the white train, the lamentable train with all its misery and all its pain, entered it very quickly ery and all its pain, entered it very queez, sounding still louder the ear splitting tune of its whistles. The 500 pilgrims, the 300 invalids were going to lose themselves there and to fall back on the hard pavement of their existence, on leaving the predigious dream they had just had, until the day when the need of consolation by a new when the need of consolation by a nev dream would compel them to begin again the eternal pilgrimage of mystery and of

Ah, sad men; poor, sick, illusion famished Ah, sad men; poor, sick, hiusion ramished humanity which, in the lassitude of this dying century, bewildered and injured by the too greedy acquisition of science, believes itself deserted by the doctors of the soul and of the body, in great danger of suc-cumbing to an incurable disease, and goes packward and asks for the miracle of its cure at Lourdes-mystical of a past forever dead! There, Bernsdette, the new Messiah dead! There, Bernstette, the new Messiah of suffering, so touching in her human reality, is the terrible lesson, the holocaust cut off from the world, the victim condemned to abandonment, solitude and death, afflicted with the downfall of having been neither woman nor wife, nor mother, because she had seen the Holy Virgin.

THE END.

THE RULING PASSION.

Health and Home.

She had suffered with the phthisis, and had taken tons of physic.

And whole barreifuls of bitters, and whole loads of nausebus pills.

She'd been troubled with miasma, and choked up with the asthma.

And been shakes for a month or two with ague and with chills.

She had the yellow fever, of which nothing could relieve her.

And the rheumatism lamed her so she could not go about;

And she groaned with tonsilitis, and the most acute bronchitis;

And she suffered endless tortures from twinges of the gout.

She had tried old school physicans, Chris-tian science, magicians, Indian doctors, electricians, and magnetic healers all,

Indian doctors, electricians, and magnetic healers all.

And drank tons of nasty liquor, but grew ever sick and sicker.

And they got the undertaker to prepare her shroud and pall;

Then the great cheap sale of laces advertised in various places

Caught her feverish eye one morning, and she leaped up sound and well;

She shook off death's stiffening rigor and with most emphatic vigor

She grabbed her husband's pocketbook and rushed down town pell mell.

A Revolution Promised When the Phonautograph is Perfected.

FRANCISCO MAN'S IDEA

Just Drop Your Phrases Into the Slot and the Letters Write Themselves-Detalls of the Apparatus and Its Possibilities,

In bringing his intellect to bear upon the evolution and perfection of a machine which he calls the phonautograph, A. C. Rumble, an inventor who lives in San Francisco, may not have intended to snatch the bread and pie from the mouths of typewriter girls, but if his invention is what he claims it to be it will probably have just such an effect. The combined art of stenography and mechanism of Rumble's machine supplants

typewriting is doomed, for the merciless both of these commercial accomplishments at one fell swoop. In a word, the business man may dictate his letters into one end of the invention and pull them out of the other ready for mailing.

That is how Rumble intends to astonish the scientific world as soon as he has overcome a few defects in his machine. It is claimed that the phonautograph, on which the inventor has expended many sleepless nights, will receive direct the sounds of the human voice in any language except Chinese and reproduce them in plain English chirography. Astounding as this statement appears, Rumble insists that his machine can accomplish that feat and more, too. It is yet somewhat imperfect, but when finished and placed on the market the phonautograph will, according to the maker, perform all the functions of the typewriter except chew gum and entertain young gentle men callers during business hours.

It will answer the telephone, keep a letter file and spell according to the dictates of its own fancy. While recognized already by its inventor as a linguist and translator no mean ability, the phonautograph adheres to the phonetic style of spelling, and its capitalization and punctuation are miserable beyond compare.

Those are the defects, so common in the typewriter now in use, and which the in-ventor is striving hard to overcome. He is sanguine of ultimate success, and as soon as the phonautograph is competent to hold a job in any well regulated business office it will be patented and installed in place of

the winsome article now employed. It was while attending a performance given by one of Edison's phonographs in Cleveland, O., several years ago that Mr. Rumble conceived the idea of the machine on which he is at present engaged. Prior to that he had thought of the phonautograph in a des-ultory way, being a busy man, but it was the workings of the phonograph which gave impetus to the idea. He is a believer in that scientific school which holds that sound is not merely the result of vibration, but has nolecular or mechanical force. It is a thing, wording to his theory, with material and independent characteristics governed by fixed laws, and upon these the principle of his invention depends. Though air has heretofre been considered a reliable conductor of sound, Rumble believes that fluid, though slower, furnishes a much better medium. Electric fluid is the active body employed in the phonautograph, and beyond the principles mentioned the inventor declines to go into mentioned the inventor declines to go into details regarding the workings of his re-

The model, which no one but his financial backer is allowed to inspect, has been likened to a cash register. It is eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide and ten inches deep. The machine is divided into two distinct parts, on the fronts of which are placed small electric buttons, which con-nect with and control the mysterious interor mechanism. You press the buttons, talk into the re-

Projecting from the upper part of the machine is a mouthpiece connecting with a revolving cylinder similar to that used in the phonograph. The impressions of the human voice are recorded upon the cylinder the same as in the Edison invention. Back of the receiver is a travel-ing needle for regulating the cylinder in recording the remarks according to the size of the paper in which they are to be reproduced in writing. When full of words the cylinder is transferred to the lower part machine and placed on rollers, above which is a supply of paper for receiving the language. A small storage battery furnishes the electric fluid for translating he sounds into manuscript. No ink is used, consequently the machine is not compelled to stop and swear at blots. written characters are produced in a bold, round hand by chemical action, but that is another of the secrets of the invention. One dozen ordinary letters may be dic-tated to the cylinder, which holds the office secrets inviolate. The button is then pressed

and the phonautograph does its work, describing the letters with neatness and dispatch while the merchant or lawyer is out at lunch or talking business in the front office. From the roll of paper the sheets are led automatically to the cylinder, which, as soon as it has finished one letter, goes on with the next, correcting bad grammar, but spelling entirely by sound. When written the sheets slide out through a slit in the bottom of the box. The touch button will stop the operation at any

Owing to the insbility of the phonautograph to wrestle with the diphthong, the si-lent letter, the capital and the clusive semi-colon, the dictator is compelled to revise his correspondence, but that is generally done myhow, even with high-salaried secretaries. Translating seems to be the phonautograph's great specialty, even though it is a little shy on spelling. The written characters resem-ble those made by the electric pen and are of a dark brown color. Another fault of the nachine, aside from its wretched spelling, is that it will not produce figures, but insists on spelling out the numbers as spoken. This, with the other defects, Mr. Rumble hopes to

with the other defects, Mr. Rumble hopes to remedy in the course of time. For court reporting Mr. Rumble says the invention will prove invaluable. Everything will be recorded with absolute accuracy and fidelity, besides which the machine can act as court interpreter and thus cut down municipal expenses in another direction. Harsh words once spoken can never be recalled or modified except by the tellisle pen.

It is the inventor's intention to make the phonautograph so cheap and simple that it will be within the reach of all, and, once engaged, it will never ask for a raise of sal-ary. Neither will it be continuelly losing hairpins or trying to crimp its bangs in the presence of a 2x4 inch pocket mirror. But of all, it will never cause jealousy in the bosom of any business man's family.

Mr. Rumble, who is a civil and mining engineer of high standing, has patented sevral inventions, among which is the continu-

ous railway crossing. An Impracticable Prescription. The man was melancholy, and when he called on the doctor for advice that artist thought he had his man sized up on the first turn. He told the doctor his symptoms and the doctor asked a lot of incidental questions, says the Detroit Free Press. "How long have you been here"

"Much longer than I have wanted to be," replied the patient wearily.
"That's it; I thought so," exclaimed the doctor brightly. "What you need is a doctor brightly. The patient threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Oh, doctor," he wailed, "I belong to a theatrical company playing a repertoire of five-act plays."

the physician, after finishing up the regular

History of the Pen. The first pens were made of bronze, steel

and iron, sharp pointed like a bodkin. These were used in producing hieroglyphics on were used in producing hieroglyphics on stone in Assyria and other eastern countries. Then came the came!'s hair pencil for painting on the skins of animals, and next the stylus of bone, ivory or metal. But parchment and papyrus became known, and the reed pen was invented. Time rolled on, and it was discovered that the quill was better than the reed, and it came into universal use and continued so until far into Cook's Imperial. World's fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good efferves-cence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

the present century. Silver, horn, tortoise shell and glass came along only to give way to steel, until in 1820 a gross of the latter pens was made in Birmingham and sold a wholesale for \$38. The best gold pens are made in the United States.

THE MAD EMPRESS DYING.

End of the Unhappy Charlotte of Mexico Expected in a Short Time. It was a melancholy day for the mem ers of the royal family of Belgium on June when they made their annual official pilgrimage to the Chateau de Bouchout, near the village of Meyase, to present their "best wishes" to the unhappy Charlotte, ex-empress of Mexico. It was the 54th anniversary of her birth. Her condition since that day, too, has continued to grow worse, so that it is believed the princess is soon to be relieved by death from her sufferings. Until a short time ago, says the New York Fribune, she had at least moments when she appeared to be herself and understand ese moments came most frequently in th resence of her sister-in-law, the queen, for hom she always manifested a deep Few persons are allowed near her, in fact like or who is unknown to her always makes her tremble and thus increases her suffering. But she had always welcomed the

queen, whose presence had a soothing effect

pon her.
But when her majesty approached her on the birthday anniversary mentioned the ex-empress looked upon her with stony eyes, from which no ray of intelligence flashed. Even the announcement a few days ago that ier favorite niece, Princess Josephine, been married had no effect whatever upor She did not realize the meaning of the words spoken. Until recently she played daily on her plane, and her improvisations at times were beautiful-the fancies of mad brain. But now she has no interest in music. She is growing weaker daily, and the end of her suffering is not thought to be far distant. She cares little for iress now, while for years she was fond or lecking herself in brilliant colors and wear ing beautiful costumes. Daily, among other things, a new pair of white gloves had to be laid on her dressing table, but these she now never draws over her shapely She has given up her walks and remains in her room day after day, mostly stretched out on her bed, her eyes haggard and her face thin and pale.

The people of Belgium have taken the deepest interest in the welfare of the Princess Charlotte, as they always call her, ignoring the title of environments in the residual control of the principle of the princ

noring the title of empress, in the twenty-There is a tradition or belief in Belgium that her condition is due to a drink made from a plant in Mexico, administered to her by her enemies in the land over which her husband ruled for so short a time. The plant, it is said, caused the loss of reason and gradual death.

But there are other ways of explaining

the lamentable affliction of the once am-bitious and lovely woman. The exciting in-cidents through which she passed, the humiliations which she suffered, the violent emotions which she felt, the thought of her ausband-all tended to shake her reason. It was on her return from St. Cloud, where Napoleon III, had received her, that the first mad symptoms manifested themselves. He then had finally announced that he would do nothing for her, and was to recall the French troops from Mexico, advising Maximilian to give up an impossible struggle and return to Europe. She left Napole in despair, and arriving at the Grand hotel in Paris, she had an attack of insanity, "Go away, you miserable wretches, go away, she cried to Messrs. Castillo and De Valle her favorites among her husband's coun cillors, who had accompanied her on her

A little later she made her pilgrimage to Rome to see the pope and beg his intercession, as a last resort. Falling on her knees before his holiness, she cried: "St.

Peter, issue a bull, I beg you, to all Christians condemning those who wish

The political part which she wished to play ended in that supplication. She shut herself up soon afterward in Chateau Miramir, and later she was transported to Bel-glum, where she was confined at first in the castle of Tervueren and still later in the Chateau de Bouchout, where she is today.
It is uncertain whether she ever knew the real end of Maximilian. At least, for years she has believed that he still lives as a prisoner in Mexico. Only a few months ago she wrote letters to all the sovereigns of Europe, demanding their aid in his behalf.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Detroit Free Press: Most good people think o much about going to heaven. The, ought live so that heaven would come to them. Women tell things that they would not do: nen do things that they would not tell.

A great deal of love is wasted every year.

Fine churches don't save souls. What man has done, woman can undo. Cupid can knock a man or a woman silly one lick.

A man who is honest in a horse trade can

d trusted with money.

Mammon is the hardest master. A pedigree is known by its length.

A novel is a romance up to the time the zero and heroine marry; after that it be mes an essay.

Love is a game in which the jack pot is ot to be overlooked.

Women will take advantage of an opportunity; man will take the opportunity.
There are not as many old maids who want to be wives as there are wives who want to be old maids, because there are more wives than old maids in the world. Lying is not always an acquired habit.

Planted Previously.

Chicago Tribune: "Got a nice piece of real estate in the suburbs, have you?" said the roaming agent of the Wisconsin nursery, "Wouldn't you like to have it covered with some nice trees or shrubbery "No." I have it covered already," replied the Dearborn street cigar dealer



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