

Miracle as Yet Unexplained

NAPLES, May 13.—There is no relic better known and more venerated throughout Italy than the blood of St. Januarius (San Gennaro), preserved in the Cathedral of Naples; yet its authenticity has practically never been attacked by the church, and no other relic in the world is the cause of a phenomenon like the yearly recurring ebullition of the coagulated blood of this saint—a phenomenon which from time immemorial has baffled explanation and has been the subject of endless controversies.

Seventeen centuries ago, during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, Januarius, bishop of Naples, suffered martyrdom for the faith near Pozzuoli. A pious woman, Eusabia by name, after giving Christian burial to the remains of the saint, filled two glass ampullae with the still warm blood of the martyr and carried them to her house at Attigliano on the old way to Naples and there kept them.

The same ampullae, enclosed in a circular reliquary of ancient but indifferent workmanship framed between two pieces of glass, are now in the cathedral of Naples. They are of unequal size and shape, but both have the characteristics of similar glass vessels traditionally used by the early Christians to preserve the blood of martyrs.

The large vessel is pear shaped and contains a dark reddish, almost solid, substance, which is supposed to be St. Januarius' blood. The small one is almost empty, but some traces of a similar substance may be seen on its sides. It is said that its contents were carried to Spain by Charles III. of Bourbon in the middle ages.

The historical identity of these two ampullae has never been determined, and no corroboration of the continuity of the phenomenon of ebullition could be found even during the middle ages. Some mention of the miracle is met with in the "Roman Martyrology" and in the "Lessons of the Breviary," but these have been ascertained to be apocryphal. The only evidence of the event begins many centuries after the death of the saint.

It is said, but not proved, that the first time the ebullition of the blood was observed was some time in the tenth century. The phenomenon has been attested, among others, by Pico della Mirandola, Giovanni Battista Vico and the geologist Antonio Stoppani, also by many sovereigns and princes who witnessed it and left valuable signs of their devotion in the chapel of the saint. At the time of the Reformation doubts were first entertained about the genuineness of the miracle, and subsequently its supernatural character was altogether denied.

Three times a year, on the first Sunday in May, on September 19 and on December 16, the blood of Saint Januarius, which is ordinarily in a state of coagulation, bubbles up in ebullition. In May this phenomenon is repeated for seven consecutive days. In September, the anniversary of the saint's martyrdom, the blood only boils on the 15th, and again on the octave of the feast. In December it boils once, on the 16th, the feast of the saint's name day.

Each time the miracle is celebrated with great pomp. The reliquary containing the two ampullae, together with a silver bust, said to contain the skull of the saint, are first carried in procession through the principal streets of Naples and then placed on opposite ends of the high altar, which is decorated with valuable gold and silver ornaments and is in a blaze of lighted candles. The cardinal archbishop, or a prelate representing him, officiates.

The cathedral is crowded with people of all conditions anxious to see the miracle performed, as there is an old tradition in Naples that if the blood of the patron saint does not boil the city will be visited by a great calamity, such as an earthquake or an eruption of Vesuvius. Every one kneels and prays aloud.

If the ebullition is delayed the disappointment is great and the devout Neapolitans show their impatience by calling loud to the saint in familiar and irreverent terms, such as "Oh, San Gennaro, hasten with thy miracle!" The officiating prelate at the altar from time to time takes up the reliquary and examines it closely by placing a lighted candle back of it, and if the blood shows no traces of liquefying replaces it on the altar, scarcely attempting to hide his impatience.

The prayers meanwhile become louder. It sometimes happens that the more impatient members of the congregation begin to call the saint bad names in their dialect. Suddenly the blood is seen to change color. It becomes a bright red and gradually getting liquid it begins to rise against the sides of the glass vessels. A few seconds more and it is boiling.

A wild shout of jubilation rises from the multitude, the organ peals out and the "Te Deum" is sung in thanksgiving. The excitement of the people baffles description. Wildly gesticulating, shouting and even weeping, they rush to the altar rails to kiss the reliquary. The crush is so great that many faint and are trampled under foot, and the soldiers in the church have a most busy time in maintaining order. The whole city seems to go crazy, the bells ring all day long, fireworks are let off and everybody is happy.

At Pozzuoli, in a small church erected on the site where the saint suffered martyrdom, there is an old stone with some dark stains supposed to be his blood. When the miracle of ebullition takes place at the cathedral these stains, which can hardly be distinguished at other times, change color and become visible.

Among the many explanations given of the miracle it has been said that the ebullition of the blood is due to the high temperature owing to the overlighted altar and crowded cathedral. It has also been asserted that there are two reliquaries, one containing coagulated blood and the other a colored solution of alcohol, and credit the officiating clergyman with singular powers of sleight of hand by saying that he changes one reliquary for the other.

Quite recently a Sicilian chemist announced that he had discovered the secret of the miracle. He filled a glass bottle with a composition made of coagulated animal blood and some fatty substance, held it near a lighted candle, shaking it gently all the time, and when it became liquid pretended that it was boiling, and argued that he had performed a similar phenomenon to that of the blood of St. Januarius.

The anti-clericals throughout Italy were considerably elated at what they regarded as a positive proof of the miracle was a fraud, but they refused to repeat the experiment before two Catholic chemists, who wagered a large sum of money that they would detect juggling. One result of this so-called exposure of the miracle was that the officiating clergymen at the Naples cathedral abstained from making use of a candle during the last performance of the miracle, May 6.

None of the explanations of the phenomenon given so far deserves to be considered, especially as any one is free to believe or not believe in the phenomenon as miraculous. Many persons, and among them several priests of great learning, doubt its supernatural character.

In the year 1790, when the French had occupied Naples and established the so-called Partenopean republic, the military authorities were very much afraid of an insurrection at the time the miracle was to happen. A rumor had been set afloat that the blood of the patron saint would not boil, and this was ascribed to St. Januarius' wrath at the republican form of government. The Neapolitans gave full credit to this report and decided to massacre the French garrison to a man and recall the deposed sovereign if the miracle of St. Januarius did not take place.

The French took precautions against a surprise and mustered strong in the cathedral when the day fixed for the miracle arrived. General Champlomet, commanding the garrison, attended the function with his staff and waited in patience for the blood to begin boiling.

The miracle was delayed beyond the usual time and everybody became impatient. Signs of revolt were manifest and a conflict seemed imminent, when the general sent an aide-de-camp to the priest at the altar with a message that if the blood did not boil within ten minutes he would have him shot.

The priest became pale, began to tremble

and almost fainted, but, mastering his emotion, he took up the reliquary, turned it round twice and within five minutes the blood was boiling. When later this episode became known belief in the miracle was considerably shaken, but evidently with the passing of time it was forgotten and subsequently it was reported to be altogether false.

The contents of the two glass ampullae have never been chemically analyzed. The vessels are securely closed and sealed and have never been examined except through the two pieces of glass within which they are enclosed. The proposal of the Hollandais to remove some of the substance contained in them for the purpose of a chemical analysis has been rejected with indignation. Consequently nothing approaching a scientific examination of the relics and the phenomenon they cause has ever been attempted.

It has been the custom to register the variations in volume and weight between the blood in its coagulated and its liquid state and it is asserted that these vary independently of any change in temperature. But such observations do not appear to have been carried on on any scientific basis and they are therefore of little or no value. In 1892 the blood was subjected to a spectroscopic analysis and the result obtained, although not published, seems to have been satisfactory. The substance contained in the glass vases gave the characteristic spectrum of blood, but this proof cannot be regarded as complete and definite.

The ebullition of St. Januarius' blood remains unexplained; an atmosphere of legend and tradition hangs round the relics and in all likelihood no positive documentary evidence will ever be found to substantiate them, yet they have been venerated for centuries and there is now no probability of their ever being withdrawn from public worship.

Romance of Chewing Gum

Falling for eighteen months to obtain payment of a bill of \$1,645, Miss W. J. Farron, a dressmaker, has attached Two-Minute country home of W. J. White, the multi-millionaire chewing gum manufacturer, owner of steam yachts and race horses, and former member of congress from the Twentieth district of Ohio. The bill is for goods provided for the millionaire's wife before she obtained a divorce a year ago by default on a charge of desertion. White came to Cleveland without a dollar from Canada and engaged in well digging. It was a well digger named Mansfield who became his father-in-law when he wedded the woman who later cast him off.

Retiring from well digging as wells gave way to water mains, White got employment in a candy store in Superior street. He helped make candy and became interested in gum. He learned how to make it of paraffin or petroleum wax. Others called it "coal oil gum," but he improved upon the substance as well as the name and called it "Rose Bouquet." This was the product of the kitchen stove and the wifely labors. The husband peddled it from a basket. So did the older sons.

About this time White learned of chicle that grew in Yucatan. He experimented with it and found it well suited for masticating purposes when sweetened and flavored. His business prospered and trusts came into fashion. White cornered the chicle market and formed the American Chicle company, with himself at its head. Two or three years ago White mentioned casually that he had drawn \$500,000 of profits from the trust that year, and still had a good bit coming. Then he took a flyer in politics and went to congress. He went to New York to live, but all his money failed to get himself and wife in the Four Hundred. Then he seemed to tire of the wife of his youth and the divorce followed.—Cleveland Leader.

Miller, Stewart & Beaton

413-15-17 South Sixteenth Street.

Curtain and Rug Sale

THIS WEEK

Anticipating the needs of household renovating we have not overlooked the item of Curtains. Nothing adds more to the complete furnishings of a home than Curtains and Draperies.

We were fortunate in securing at a big bargain about 500 pairs of Snowflake Curtains. They are made in beautiful cross stripes of silk, very effective for summer use for Dining Rooms and Bedrooms, made in shades to harmonize with any color scheme.

This stock will be placed on sale this week and the clearance will be quickly effected because the prices we ask are much less than usually paid at WHOLESALE.

- Snowflake Curtains at, per pair, \$2.75, \$2.35, \$2.25, \$1.90, \$1.75, \$1.35, 95c, 85c and..... **80c**
- Big Assortment of Brussels Net Lace Curtains at, per pair, up from..... **\$3.95**
- Cluny Lace Curtains, 50 inches wide, per pair, this week..... **\$3.95**

All one, two and three pair lots of all kinds of Lace Curtains left over from our late import sale will be closed out at less than 1/2 price.

Room-Size Rugs



The superb collection of carefully chosen rugs, comprising the very newest style of designs of the best manufacturers is ready for your inspection, and the price offerings we are making this week will certainly be appreciated by the thoughtful, prudent buyer. Herewith we quote a few of the good values:

- \$45.50 Axminster Rug, 10-6x14-9..... **\$38.00**
- \$38.50 Axminster Rug, 10-6x13..... **\$31.50**
- \$27.50 Axminster Rug, 8-3x10-6..... **\$21.50**
- \$27.00 Axminster Rug, 8-3x10-6..... **\$20.00**
- \$25.50 Brussels Rug, 10-6x12-0..... **\$19.00**
- \$27.00 Brussels Rug, 10-6x12-0..... **\$21.00**
- \$34.00 Brussels Rug, 10-6x13-2..... **\$27.00**
- \$26.50 Brussels Rug, 10-6x11-4..... **\$20.00**
- \$22.00 Brussels Rug, 10-6x10-6..... **\$17.00**
- \$27.50 Brussels Rug, 10-6x13-6..... **\$22.50**
- \$33.00 Velvet Rug, 10-6x12..... **\$25.00**
- \$26.75 Velvet Rug, 10-6x11-6..... **\$22.50**
- \$37.00 Velvet Rug, 10-6x13-6..... **\$30.00**
- \$23.50 Velvet Rug, 8-3x10-6..... **\$18.00**
- \$22.50 Velvet Rug, 8-3x10-6..... **\$16.50**

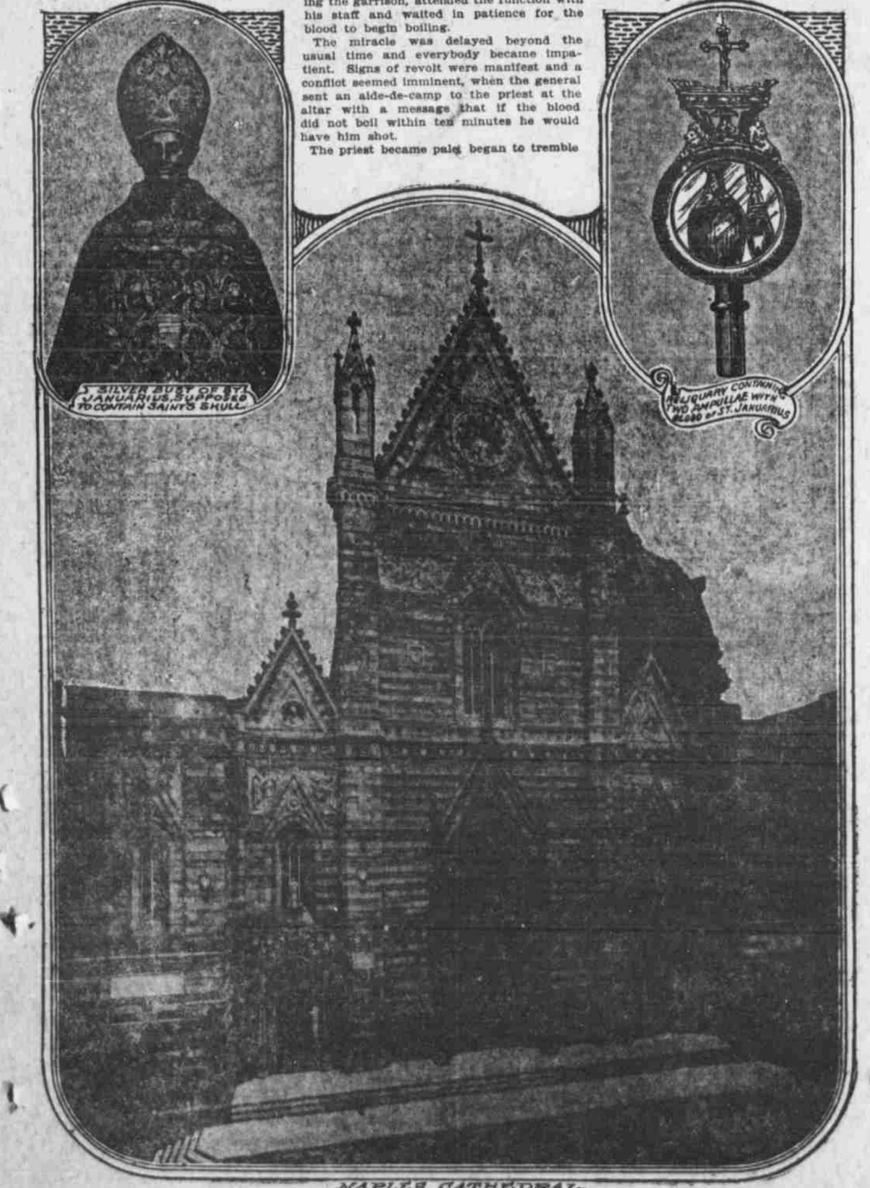
Special for this week, 25 Royal Wilton Rugs, beautiful designs and colorings, size 9x12, made from chosen worsted, all Oriental designs, price..... **\$35.00**

Little house-maid says
when you go to bed
have a nice bed
to go to, we
spend lots of
time in bed



our beds are such "dreams" that your dream can be only a pleasant one when you sleep upon them. a room adorned with one of our beds will look like dreamland. let us help you make your home a dream. you can enjoy our beds both night and day. read the prices.

- Iron Bed, white enamel, made in full size, 3/4 size, and small..... **\$2.25**
 - Iron Beds, white enamel, chilled, high lighted with gold, in all sizes..... **\$3.30**
 - Iron Beds, white enamel, 1 1-16 post, high lighted with gold, brass top rod, brass knobs, made in three sizes..... **\$5.50**
 - Iron Beds, black and gold, made in three sizes, 1 1-16 continuous post..... **\$6.25**
 - Vernis Martin Bed, all sizes, 1 1-16 continuous post, at..... **\$7.00**
 - Brass Bed, 2-in. post, made in all sizes, lacquered with best French Lacquer, **\$20**
 - Brass Bed, 2-in. post, 3 1/2 husks, large knobs, bright finish, made in all sizes, at..... **\$25**
 - Brass Bed, 2-in. post, 3 1/2 husks, door knobs, made in all sizes, bright finish, **\$30**
 - Mission Brass Bed, made of solid square brass tubing, 1 1/4 gauge, in full and 3/4 sizes, at..... **\$16**
- We have other Brass Beds in Polet, Utruscane, Brush Brass and Satin.



NAPLES CATHEDRAL

Short Stories About Noted People

How Lincoln Managed Stanton.

On expressions of a natural impatience Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front, writes Colonel W. H. Crook in Harper's Magazine. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers, and shattered their nerves. He himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignation passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion, I have heard, Secretary Stanton was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he shouted. "Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the president. The president listened to it all. "All right. Capital!" he nodded. "And now, Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it of course!" "I wouldn't," said the president. "Throw it in the waste paper basket."

Back to the Cabbage Patch.

JUDGE Fox of Wayne circuit court refused Alice Wiggs a divorce from Thomas Wiggs on the grounds that the plaintiff, she testified, had married Wiggs only because she believed he had money in the bank and considerable other property.

"It seems," said Judge Fox, "that Alice really married Thomas's property and simply took him as an incumbrance."

Wiggs and wife lived together for one week only. She left when she found that his wealth was mythical.

Long Island's Ancient Bridegroom.

Omaha's bright halo brightened by the marriage of Isaac Hascall at the age of 78 is already tarnished and among the has-beens. Long Island captures the honors. Uncle Billy Oldershaw of Sag Harbor, a gay young lover of 22 annexed a widow of four score.

Mrs. Oldershaw is an octogenarian, but, like her husband, is very spry and capable of looking after her husband's home and wardrobe and making him happy and comfortable. She is rated as a first class cook and a thorough housewife.

"Uncle Oliver" laughs at the idea that he is an old man. He says he does not feel old and has no idea of being classed among the aged members of the community. He says, with pardonable pride, that he has saved up enough money to take care of himself and his wife when he "begins to grow old." He draws a pension from the government, having fought for the union.

Woman Hater Weds Employe.

A new private secretary for William Schweitzer, president of the Knickerbocker Case company, Chicago, is being sought. The private secretary he formerly had, Miss Mattie Koenig, now is Mrs. Schweitzer. They were married Wednesday night and are in the east on their honeymoon.

Miss Koenig entered the employ of the company six years ago. Her employer, who is said to have been a woman hater, became ill last May and for several months was in a hospital. As his private secretary, Miss Mattie Koenig, now is Mrs. Schweitzer, had many wrongs and the favored one, Leonard Day, a New York lawyer, has just won her for his bride. Mrs. Day is a graduate of Fairmount university, Washington, where she first met the man whose name she now bears. She has been described as "a remarkably handsome girl of pure blonde type, with eyes of porcelain blue, shaded by very dark lashes, with a complexion blending the gardenia and the rose, while her hair, which is abundant, is vivid gold."

Southern Beauty Weds.

When President Roosevelt visited Atlanta on his southern tour in 1905 he met Miss Selma Adelaide Allen and made her famous by declaring she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen in the south. Miss Allen, of course, had many winners and the favored one, Leonard Day, a New York lawyer, has just won her for his bride. Mrs. Day is a graduate of Fairmount university, Washington, where she first met the man whose name she now bears. She has been described as "a remarkably handsome girl of pure blonde type, with eyes of porcelain blue, shaded by very dark lashes, with a complexion blending the gardenia and the rose, while her hair, which is abundant, is vivid gold."

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

Shot and Spies in Courtship.

Hired detectives, telephone calls, love messages by mail and revolver shots have been incidents in a mysterious courtship by an elderly man claiming to be Raymond Trustad, a millionaire Chicagoan, who vows that by June 6 he will wed Miss Marie Love, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Love of Atlanta, Ga. Miss Love says she has never seen the man, except at a distance, but that she has received numerous phone and written messages from him, professing his love and offering her \$50,000 on the day she marries him. Those advances being repulsed, she says he has

Capit, Once Filled, Wins.

David E. Ordway, 60 years old, a commercial traveler living in Chicago, was

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lowering the duty on coal: "Resolved. That all windows, skylights, inside and outside shutters, curtains and blinds shall be permanently closed, as also all openings, holes, chinks, clefts and fissures through which the light and heat of the sun have been allowed to enter houses to the prejudice and injury of meritorious miners and dealers in gas coal to protect domestic industry."

"For the sun is a foreigner," explained Mr. Cox. "He comes from abroad, and we must shut out the light of the sun in order to gratify these Pennsylvania gentlemen who have a monopoly of this article of coal."

Mixed on the Davieses. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, formerly vice president of the United States, is fond

Dr. Hale's Latest Story.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the veteran chaplain of the senate, whose short but eloquent prayers have become one of the most interesting features of the senate's proceedings, attended the recent divorce congress in Washington, and is now relating a story to illustrate his view of the divorce laws.

"The apologies put forward by these laws," he says, "remind me of the apology that a quarrelsome bishop once made during Lent. The bishop happened to sit at dinner beside an irreverent young woman. He ate his oysters, and then, with flashing eyes, a heightened color and every indication of enjoyment, he fell to upon a plate of rich turtle soup. The young woman, watching the bishop swallow this costly food, could not restrain a sneer.

"I thought," she said, "that you fasted during Lent, bishop?"

"The bishop put down his spoon and allowed his face to become passive. 'Ah, I do fast in Lent,' he declared. 'I eat only chichly on fish.' He swallowed a lump of

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid.

married in Kenosha, Wis., last week. The mere fact that Mr. Ordway has been wedded again is not extraordinary, but it shows determination, especially when it is remembered that Kenosha is the scene of Mr. Ordway's excursion into matrimony. A week or so ago Mr. Ordway and Mrs. Rinda A. Beahn, who gave her home as Los Angeles, went to Kenosha to get married. After they obtained the necessary license they sought out the Rev. W. W. Stevens, pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist church. But Mr. Stevens discovered that Mr. Ordway was a divorced man, and declined to perform the ceremony. Then Mr. Ordway and his intended bride returned to Chicago.

The fact that Mr. David Ordway had failed in his first attempt did not worry him, and he refused to consider the Kenosha marriage license in the light of a "white elephant." He went back to the Wisconsin town, taking Mrs. Beahn and also his son and daughter with him. This time he found the Rev. E. T. Farrell, pastor of the Kenosha Congregational church, willing to perform the ceremony, and Mr. Ordway and Mrs. Beahn were duly joined in matrimony.

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid.

hired detectives who shadow her constantly. Saturday night two men, who she thinks were his spies, tried to enter her room through a window, and she fired at them, wounding one. The following night she fired five shots at two men whom she saw lurking near her home.

A Blooming Pair. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." So, also, does an old man's, sometimes. Perhaps, in spite of his seventy years, the spirit of youth still lingers in the breast of David Frew of Chicago, and the love of conquest has not become altogether a thing of the past with Mrs. Sarah S. Griffith, 69 years old. The pair met for the first time less than a month ago.

Together they appeared at the marriage license office, bright and early, and the first permit of the day was issued to the blushing, giggling oldsters.

Frew is an old soldier and draws a pension of \$15 a month. His second wife died two years ago. Mrs. Griffith lived in Valparaiso, Ind. She was introduced to Frew by mutual friends. Frew said she was the girl for him, and immediately started his wooing, which ended successfully.

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid.

of telling of an odd experience he had shortly after the civil war. At that time David Davis was much talked of as the man to run against General Grant for the presidency. A conference was held in Mr. Stevenson's Bloomington residence, many leading Illinois and other democrats being present. A good deal was said about the possible candidacy of Mr. Davis, but no one happened to mention his first name. After the conference broke up Mr. Stevenson drew an old farmer friend into a corner and asked his opinion. The farmer was from the extreme southern end of Illinois. He said: "Well, Adlai, you know I've followed your lead in politics for a good while and I'm going to do it now. But, honest, Adlai, don't you think it's a little mite early to nominate Jeff Davis?"

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid.

meat worth about half a dollar. "Turtle," he added, "is a kind of fish."

Sunset Cox's Tariff Wit. Cox was an uncompromising free trader, and one of the most interesting figures in congress, writes Ida Tarbell in McClure's. A graduate of Brown, he had first taken part in public life as the editor of the Statesman of Columbus, O. Here at the very start he earned his sobriquet of "Sunset Cox" by an editorial, which went all over the country. "A Great Old Sunset" it was called. It opened, "What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm and how splendid the setting of the sun." * * * He appended the note, "his resolutions against free sunshine—made when there was a fight on against