The state of the s OURDIES BY EMILE ZOLA. FIRST DAY COPYRIGHT CORDON GENNETH

Chapter I.—The opening scene of "Lourdes" is in a crowded third-class car of the "white train," which carries the very sike pligtims from Paris to Lourdes. It is at survise of a hot August day, promising to make the journey very uncomfortable, that the train starts. The sick are proposed up on the benches or stretched on mattresses. The car looks like a hospital ward, with Sisters of the Assumption in each compartment acting as nurses. The windows are kept closed and the air is very foul. Among the pligtims is Marie de Guersaint, a palledly beautiful young woman who for years has had to lie in a coffinitive hox. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre Froment, wearing the red cross of a stretcher hearer. Sister Hyacinthe is in charge. Other pligrims in the compartment are Mme. Vincent, who is taking her dying raby to be cured at the miteachous gratto. Mme. Mase, who is journeying to Lourdes to beseech the Virgin to reform her disapped husband; M. Sabather, formerly a professor in the Lycee Charlemagne, who has lost the use of his legs; a matrices maker. La Govarte, dying of consumption, and Eliza Rouquet, with her face frightfully disagned by a lopus. Sister Hyacinthe tells stories of the miraculous cares effected by Lourdes, and is interrupted by what all believe to be the dying struckles of an anknown passenger.

Chapter II.—The Abbe Pierre falls into a Chapter I.—The opening scene of 'Lourdea' is

rected by Lourdes, and is interrupted by what all believe to be the dying structed of an unknown passenger.

Chapter II.—The Abbe Pierre falls into a reverie and reviews his own life. He was the son of a chemist who lived at Neurily, and who was filled by an explosion in his laboratory. Pierre's mother, thinking the chemist's death to be a punishment for his scientific researches, dedicated the boy to the priestheed, Living next them were M. de Guersaint, a visionary architect, and his family. Little Marie de Guersaint and Pierre played together and finally fell in love with each other as they grew up. Then Marie fell off a horse and received an injury which haffled all the dectors and resulted in nearly total paralysis. As she could never be his wife, Pierre continued his studies and became a priest. Meanwhile, after reading his father's books, he had come to doubt some of the teachings of the church. Marie became very religious, and finally Pierre consented to accompany her on the pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Chapter III.—The suffering in the train ts intense when it stops at Politers. A doctor is found to examine the unknown man, who is supposed to be dying. The dector proves to be an old friend of Sister Hyacinthe, whom she nursed when he was a poor student. The man is beyond his ald, and a priest with the holy oils is sent for.

Chapter IV.—Just as the train starts Sophie

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Chapter IV.—Just as the train starts Sophic Couteau, a young girl, gets fin the car. She tells the story of the miraculous cure accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping it in the water at Lourdes. Her tale buoys up the faith of the pilgrims, who are now all sure of being cured. Chapter V.—The Abbe reads aloud a book giving the history of Bernadette, the girl who saw the vision in the grotto. It was on February II. ISS, that Bernadette, a shepherdess, was sent out to gather wood. It was then she, by accident, strolled into the grotto. The carry history of the girl was also given, showing the tendency of the mind toward religious subjects.

CHAPTER V .- (CONTINUED.)

One whole winter the vigils were held in the church. The Vicar Ader gave his permission, and many families came there in order to save lights, without mentioning that it was much warmer to be there altogether. The bible was read and then they prayed, The children usually ended by going to sleep, Bernadette was the only one who struggled to the last, so happy to be there, in the narrow nave whose light beams were painted red and blue, at the end of the altar, like wise painted and gilded, whose twisted columns and reredos showed Mary with Anna, the beheading of St. John, somewhat barbaric and of a tawny splendor. And the child in a state of drowsfness would then fancy these mysterious sights to be almost true, the brilliant pictures to be real, that the bleeding wounds, the shining aureoles actually existed, and through them would conappear the Virgin, gazing with her blue and living eyes, while she seemed just about to speak with those vermillion For months together Bernadette would over such evenings, half asleen, opposite the rich and magnificent altar, commencing that divine dream that was finished in bed, sleeping without a sigh in the care of her guar

dian angel.

It was also in the old church that Bernadette, simple and filled with ardent faith, commenced to learn her catechism. She was nearly 14, and was thinking about her first communion. Her foster mother, who was miserly, did not send her to school, but made use of her at home from morning till night. The schoolmaster, M. Barbet, never saw her in his class. But one day when he took the place of the vicar, who was indisposed, and heard the lesson in the catechism, he noticed her plety and modesty. The priest was very fond of Bernadette, and often spoke of her to the schoolmaster, saying he never saw her without being reminded of the children of Salette, because they must have been like her, pure and simple to have the Holy Virgin appear to them. Another day the two men just outside the village, saw her in the dis-tance with her little flock wandering under the trees, and the priest looked back at her

several times, saying each time:
"I do not know why I should feel thus, but every time I meet that child I seem to see Melanie, the little shepherdess, the companion of Maximius."

He was certainly possessed by the peculiar thought, which was prophetic. So one day after the catechizing, or at least one evening at vigils in the church, did he not relate the marvelous story, then twelve years old, about the lady with the shining dress, who walked on the grass without bending it, the Holy who had revealed herself to Melani and Maximius, on the mountain, on the bank of a stream, to confide to them a great se cret and to announce to them the wrath of Lord. Ever since that day a spring germinating from the tears of the Holy Vir gin healed all ills, whilst the secret, transmitted on a parchment sealed by three waxer seals, was kept at Rome. Of course, Bernadette had listened attentively to this wonder ful tale, in her dumb and half awakened way Then she had thought it over during her solitary rambles in the woods, to live it once more while watching her lambs, while her rosary, bead after bead, slipped through he benumbed fingers.

Thus passed her childhood at Bartres Bernadette, otherwise lean and poor, possessed ecatatic eyes—the beautiful eyes of the vi-sionary—over which, like birds in a clear sky, passed a flight of dreams. Her mouth large and Her square head, with straight brow and thick, black hair, would have seemed common without her look of soft obstinacy. But unless one caught her eye it was never no ticed. She seemed only an ordinary childa wayside beggar, an overgrown girl of ab-ject humility. But it must have been that same look that gave rise to the forebodings which Abbe Ader felt for her future—the hidden uncasiness caused by her nature, the solitude of the green fields where she had passed her days, the gentle bleating the lambs, the angelic salutation that filled the heavens even to hallucination and wonderful stories heard at her foster mother's, the vigils passed garing at the liv-ing reredes of the church, together with the surroundings of the primitive faith she had imbibed in that far off land, hemmed in by mountains. On the 7th of January Bernadotte was fourteen, and her parents, the Soubirons, resolved to fetch her home definitely to Lourdes, that she might learn her catechism there properly, in a way to pare seriously for her first communion. had, therefore, been at Lourdes about a fortnight or three weeks when, one cold, frosty day, one Thursday, the 11th of February"here Pierre was obliged to stop,

Stater Hyacinthe had stood up, and, clap-ping her hands loudly, said:
"My children, it is after 2 o'clock or children, it is after 9 o'clock. Si-silence." fact they had just passed Lamothe The train was going through a sea of dark-ness, with its dull, grinding sound, across the endless plains of Laudes, submerged

They ought to have been quite still ten minutes ago in the carriage, either to sleep but still no noise. But there

an outery. "Oh, aister. sparkling, "just fifteen minutes longer! We are in the middle of the most interesting

are in the middle of the most interesting part."

Ten, twenty voices were raised.

"Oh! yes, please; just a quarter of an hour more." They all wished to hear the rest, burning with curiosity, as if they did not know the tale, so greatly were they moved by the lifelike detals given by the story teller. All eyes were fixed on him; heads were bent forward to where he was wierdly visible by the light of the awinging

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. | lamp. And not only the invalids, but those too, were deeply interested, turning their poor, ugly faces, made beautiful by their innocent belief, happy not to lose a word. "No, I cannot." Sixter Hyacinthe declared at first. "The program is strict. You must be silent."

She healtated, however, being so deeply interested herself that her heart was beating violently under her shirt. Marie again begged, supplicated, while her father, M. de Guersaint, who was listening with an amused look, declared he would be made Il if they did not go on, and as Mme. de Jonquiere gave an indulgent smile, the sister ended by agreeing, too. "Let us see now; only a short fifteen minutes—no more than a quarter of an hour, because I shall be strict."

Plerre had waited quietly without inter-rupting, and he kept on in the same distingt voice, wherein doubt was melted by pity for those who suffered and who hoped. Now the tale went back to Lourdes, Rue de Petits Fosses, a narrow, tortuous and mournful street that runs between poorlooking houses and roughly plastered walls. On the ground floor of one of these sad dwellings at the end of a dark alleyway th Soubirons occupied but a single room, when seven persons were huddled-the father mother and five children. One could scarcely The inside courtyard, damp and small had a greenish light. There they slept in a heap; there they ate-when there was For some time the father, a mille trade, found it difficult to find work And it was from this obscure hole, the base misery, on that cold Thursday morn ing in February, that Bernadette, the eldest went to pick up dead wood with Marie, younger sister, and Jeanne, a little friend from the neighborhood.

Then the beautiful tale went on at length

-how the three girls went down the banks of the Gave, on the other side of the charteau; how they had finally got to the island of the Chatelet, opposite to the rock of Massablelle, that only separated them from the narrow channel of the mills of Savoy. 1 was a wild spot, where ordinary shepherd often pastured the country pigs, who sudden showers would seek shelter under the rock of Massabielle, that was dug out in a sort of shallow grotto at the base hidden by sweetbrier and blackberry bushes

Dead wood was scarce. Marie and Jeanne crossed the channel when they saw on the other side a whole lot of branches, carried down and left ther by the freshet, while Bernadette, more deli cate and somewhat retiring, waited on the edge in despair, not wishing to wet he She had a cold in her head, and he nother had charged her to wrap herself well in her hood-a large, white hood that was distinctly outlined on her old black woollen dress. When she found her companions would not help her over she sat down to take off her sabots and stockings.

It was about noon; the three strokes of the Angelus striking from the parish church were watted toward the vast, calm winter sky that was veiled with a soft down of clouds. And then it was she felt a strange sensation ringing in her cars like the noise of a tempest—so much so that she thought she heard a hurricane from the mountains She looked at the trees. She was astounded for not a leaf was moving. Then, thinking she must be mistaken, she was about to pick up her sabots, when again the mighty wind overpowered her. But this time th difficulty in her ears reached her eyes. Sh no longer saw the trees. She was dazzled by a whiteness, a kind of living light, that seemed to fix itself against the rock above the grotto in a high and narrow nave, like spire in a cathedral.

ified, she fell on her knees. What was it, O God? Formerly, in old times, when her asthma oppressed her greatly, she had passed bad nights, with endless dreams—often distressing dreams—of which she could feel the choking sensation when she awoke even if she could not remember the sub-

Had she thus dreamed the night before? Was this the continuation of some forgotten dream? Then, little by little, a figure be-came apparent, and she thought she saw a face that the bright light made quite white. In the fear that it might be the devil, her brain haunted by the stories of witches, she

of primitive races? In what book of picture selonging to the brother of her foster mother? the priest who read such splendid tales? In what statue? In what picture? in what stained glass window of the church had she grown? Above all, those golden roses on the naked feet, the delicious imagin-ation of love, that combined blossom of the flesh of a woman-from what romance of chivalry did she come? From what story told at the catech sing by the Abbe Ader? In what unconscious dream developed under the shades of Bartres? as she repeated over and over the besetting score of the Angelic Salu-

Pierre was greatly moved in the recitation of all these things to those simple souls, who listened, and the human solution created by his own doubt tempted him to give an aclearers with fraternal sympathy. He loved Bernadette all the more for the charm of her hallucination—that Lady of gracious access, perfectly amiable, full of suavity, in appearing and disappearing. First, the shining ight, then the vision appearing-going, com ing, bending, moving in an insensible and airy irresolution. And when she faded away the light still remained a moment longer then went out like a falling star. No lady in this sphere could possess so pink and white a face, as lovely in its childish beauty as pictures given at one's first communion. And the briers in the grotto did not even wound those naked feet, that blossomed like

And at once Pierre told of further apparitions. The fourth and fifth took place on Friday and Saturday, but the Lady of sudden brightness, who as yet had never told her name, was content to smile and bow, without saying one word. On Sunday she wept and said to Bernadette:

'Pray for all sinners." On Monday, wishing no doubt to test the child, she did not appear.

But on Tuesday she confided to her a per sonal secret that must never be divulged then finally indicated the mission with which she was charged:

"Go and tell the priests to build a chape here. On Wednesday she murmured at intervals "Penitence, penitence, penitence that the child repeated while kissing the

On Thursday she said, "Go and drink from the fountain, wash in it and eat some of the grass that grows beside it." Words that were finally comprehended by the secress, as spring leaped forth through her fingers, at he bottom of the grotto, and thus was per

formed the miracle of the enchanted foun

After that passed the second week; she did not appear on Friday, but she was most punctual on the five following days, repeating her commands and contemplating with her smile the humble girl of her choice, who, at each apparition, told her beads, kissed the ground and walked on her knees up to the spring to drink and wash herself.

Finally, on Thursday, March 11, the last day of the mystic meetings, she insisted more specially upon the construction of a chapel, where the people from all quarters of the globe might come in processions, to that time, however, she had refused Bernadette's requests that she would tell who she was, and it was only on Thursday, March 25, three weeks later, that the Lady, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, said:

"I am the Immaculate Conception. Twice more, at fairly long intervals-April 7 and July 16—she appeared. Th first time to perform the miracle of the candle—that candle over which the child held her hand by an oversight for a long time without burning it, the second time to bid fairwell, give a final smile and a last bow of sweet complacency. That made eighteen apparitions in all and

she never showed herself again. Pierre was torn by conflicting emotions While he continued the rosy hued tale so comforting to those wretches in the car riage, he conjured up to himself a Berna dette so dear, yet so greatly to be pitied whose sufferings had given birth to such flowers of romance. According to the brutal opinion of a doctor this young girl of fourteen, tortured by a tardy puberty, already a prey to asthma, was nothing more than a subject for irregular hysteria, certainly aenemic and childish.



THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

light had faded, little by little, and she had rejoined Marie and Jeanne, after crossing he channel, she was surprised that neither of them had seen anything while picking up wood in front of the grotto.

As they went back to Lourdes the three girls chatted. Had she really seen something? But she would not answer. Uneasy and rather ashamed, finally she said she had seen something white, From then the rumer grew and spread. Soubirons, informed, were annoyed by

such childishness, and forbade their daughter to go back to the rock of Massabielle.
But all the children in the neighborhood were already telling the story, and the parents were forced on Sunday to permit Bernadette to go to the grotto with a bottle of holy water to find out if was really some thing diabolical.

Again she saw the brightness, the face that smiled, not fearing the holy water. And the following Thursday she again re turned, accompanied by several people, and t was on that day only that the Lady sudden light condescended at last to address her in these words;

'Do me the favor to come here for fifteen

Little by little the Lady became more de fined. The thing dressed in white was a lady more beautiful than a queen, such as are only seen in pictures.

At first Bernadette hesitated when piled with the questions from all about her, come by scruples. Then it appeared that by these very questions the figure took on a definite life, became more distinct, with lines and colors, that the child in all her descrip and colors, that the child in all her descrip-tions never varied. The eyes were blue and very soft, the mouth pink and smiling, the oval of the face showed at the same time a grace of youth and of maternity. One could only see from under the edge of the long veil that covered her head and hung to her heels the ringlets of lovely blonde hair. The dress, all white, shining, must be of some stuff unknown on earth, shot with sunlight. The acarf, sky blue, loosely knotted, hung down in two long floating ends, with the lightness of the morning breeze. The resary, held in right arm, was of milk white beads e the links and the cross were of gold And on the naked feet, on those adorable feet of virgin anow, were placed two golden roses, the mystic roses of that immaculate

flesh of the Divine Mother. Where, then, could Bernadette have seen this Holy Virgin, so traditional in her simple position, without a jewel, with the grace

began to say her rosary. And when the there existed no violent crises, if in her fits she did not become perfectly rigid, if she re-tained the exact recollection of her dreams it simply meant that hers was a most un-usual case; and the inexplicable alone consti-tutes the miracle, for science knows as yet so little, according to the world, in the midst of the infinite variety of phenomena! Have not many shepherdesses during such a child hood as Bernadette's thus seen the Virgin Is it not always the same story, fhe lady clothed in light, the secret confided, the bounding spring, the mission to fulfil, the miracles whose power is to convert the popu-

> It was always the dream of a poor child the same parochial teachings, an ideal formed by traditional beauty, gentleness and kindly manners, the innocence of the means, but ar identical aim in view—that of delivering the world, the building of churches, the processsions of the faithful! Then invariably same words fell from heaven—appeals for penitence, promises of divine help, and in this case their only difference came in the extra-ordinary declaration. "I am the Immacu-late Conception." that seemed to express the real recognizance by the Holy Virgin the doctrine promulgated in convention

> at Rome three years before.
>
> It was not the Immaculate Virgin that appeared, but the Immaculate Conception the thing, the dogma, so that one could only question if the Virgin had really apoker thus. The remaining words might sibly have been heard by Bernadette unconsciously stored in a corner of

> But this last one, whence did to give to the still much discussed logma the prodigious support of the testinony of the Mother conceived without sin? To Pierre, fully convinced of Bernadette's absolutely good faith, who refused to believe her to be the instrument of fraud, ran on, full of trouble, as he felt truth wavering within his mind

> At Lourdes the excitement was tremendous. Crowds rushed thither, miracles were being performed, while the inevitable persccutions that assure the triumph of ne ligion were taking place. And Abbe Peyra-male, the vicar of Lourdes, a thoroughly honest man of upright and vigorous mind could only say with truth that he did not know this child, had not even seen her at the cathechizing. Where, then, existed the impression? Where had the lesson been

There had only been the childhood spent

at Bartres. The early teachings of Abbe Ader, perhaps conversation with him, the religious ceremonies in honor of the late dogma, or simply the gift of one of those dogma, or simply the gift of one of those medalions that had been scattered abroad in such profusion. In all this Abbe Ader never appeared, he who had prophesied the mission of the sceress. He was left out of the history of Bernadette, after having been the first to feel this little soul awaken under his godly guidance. Yet all the for-gotien forces of the sequestered village, of that confined and superstitions nook, still continued to whisper everywhere, tormenting brains and spreading the contagion of

They now remembered that a shopherd from Argates, in speaking of the Rock of Massablolle, had predicted that great things would come to pass there. Other children fell into ecstastes, with wide open eyes, their limbs shakes by convulsions, but they only saw the dovl. A wave of felly seemed to inundate the neighborhood. At Lourdes an old woman declared that Bernadette was a witch, and that she had seen the toad's

To the rest. the thousands of pilgrims who had assembled, she was a saint, whose garments were kissed. Sobs broke forth, a frenzy carried them away whenever she knelt in front of the grotto, a lighted taper in her right hand, helding her rosary in the left one. She bacame very pale, ver beautiful, as if transfigured. Her feature very gradually changed, expanding into an ex-pression of extraordinary beatitude, while her eyes became liquid, clear, and the half gradually changed, opened lips moved as though she were speaking unheard sentences. And it was quite certain that she had no longer any will of her own-overpowered by her revery so completely overcome by it, that she con tinued even when awake, in her limited narrow existence, and that she believed it as the only inscrutable reality of her life, ready to confess it even at the price of her blood, repeating it over and over with obstinacy, with the same details. She did not lie, for she neither wished to know did know, nor was able to believe anything

Pierre then went on to draw a charming picture of ancient Lourdes, a quiet little town nestling at the foot of the Pyrenees. Formerly the chateau, perched on a rock at the crossroads of the seven valleys of Lavdan, was the key to the mountains. But nowadays only a heap of dismantled ruins was left at the entrance of the pass. Against the formidable rampart of the great snow-clad peaks modern life battered in vain, and only a trans-Pyrenaen railway, had it ver been built, could have established an active intercourse with the social world in this out-of-the-way corner, where life was like a stagnant tool. Quite forgotten, like a stagnant tool. Quite forgotten, Lourdes slept on, happy and serene in the midst of secular peace, with her narrow streets paved with cobblestones, her dark nouses framed in marble. All the old nouses were built to the east of the chateau the Rue de la Grotto, then called the Rue des Bois, was nothing but a deserted road, impassable; there was no house as far down as the Gave, that in those days rushed with foaming waters through the absolute silence of willow trees and tall weeds. In the place du Marcadal occasional passers by were to be seen on a week day-house keepers hastening home or st merchants taking their time—and small was only on Sunday or at fair time that might be found in the market place the people in holiday attire, the crowds of sheer breeders coming with their animals from dis tant plains. During the summer season th passing through of persons who went to tak-the baths at Canterils and Baguere also gavsome animation to the town; diligence crossed the town twice a day, but they from Pau over an abominable road and were obliged to ford the Lapaca, that frequently overflowed its banks; then, coming up the steep hill in the Rue Basse, one could see the terrace in front of the church, shaded by enormous elms. What peace reigned about that old church—that old church, half Span ish, filled with ancient statues, columns sculptures, reredos, peopled by visions of gold and painted flesh, mellowed by time, as though seen by the light of mystic lamps The whole population came there to pray, filling their eyes with this dream of the my terious. There were no faithless ones, for they were a primitive people. Each corporation marched under the banner of its own saint; societies of all kinds were united together on saints' days from the entire town as one family, and a great purity of cus-toms, like an exquisite flower grown in a special pot, ruled over all; the young were unable even to find any place for dissipation, all the young girls developed in the beauty and perfume of innocence under the eyes of the Holy Virgin, the tower of ivory

and throne of wisdom.

One could easily understand how Berna dette, born in this land of holiness, should have flourished like a natural rose, opening amid the sweetbriers on the road. She was in fact the blossom of this ancient land of belief and honesty. She certainly could not have grown elsewhere, could not have produced nor developed other than in the midst of that backward race, in the slumbering peace of a primitive people, under the moral discipline of religion. And what love had at once sprung up about her! What blind faith in her mission, what immense consolation and have from the work for consolation and hope, from the very firs miracles! A long cry of relief greeted the cures of old Bourriette, when he received his sight, and of little Justin Bonhohorts, resuscitated in the icy water of the fountain. At last the Holy Virgin interceded in favor the hopeless, and had forced that hard-hearted mother, Nature, to be just and charitable. It was the new reign of divine om-nipotence that overthrew the laws of this world for the happiness of the poor and suf-fering. The miracles increased. Each day something more marvelous transpired, as though they were proofs of Bernadette's trust that could not be denied. She was indeed the rose of the heavenly garden, who was sweetened by its work, and who saw flourish-ing about her all the other flowers of grace and salvation.

Pierre had gone on thus far, speaking again about the miracles, and was about to continue by telling the prodigious triumple of the grotto, when Sister Hyacinthe, sud-denly rossing herself from the fascination with which she had been held by the tale, stood up quickly. "Really, there is no sense in this. It will

soon be 11 o'clock." was true. They had passed Morceux and were getting near Mont de Marson. she clapped her hands.

'Silence, my children; silence." This time no one dared remonstrate, fo she was right. It would not be wise. Bu what regrets not to hear the rest, to be thus left in the middle of the story! The ten women in the compartment at the end even allowed their murmurs of disappoint ment to be heard, while the invalids, with relaxed features, and eyes wide ope on the light of hope that was shining yond, appeared to be listening. Those miracles coming without end finished by haunting them with a great and supernatura

joy. "And," added the nun gayly, "do not l me hear even a whisper, otherwise I shall impose a penance!" Madame de Jonquiere fairly laughed from

good nature. good nature.

"Obey, my children; obey. Sleep, sleep
quietly, so that tomorrow you may have
strength to pray with all your hearts at the

They were then silent. No one spoke, an there could be heard only the rumbling of the wheels and the shaking of the train run ning along at full speed through the blac night.

Pierre could not sleep. At his side Mor sieur de Guersain! was already snoring with happy look, notwithstanding the hard ness of the bench. For a long time th priest had seen that Marie's eyes were wid open, still filled with the splendor of wonders of which he had told. She had firs fixed them ardently upon him. Then she had shut them, but he could not tell whether had shu thom, but the was living she was asleep or whether she was living over with closed eyelids the continua miracle. Now and again the invalid: dreaming, sometimes lau again mosning unconsciously. sometimes laughing haps they were witnessing the archangels as they melted away all fleshly ills to take out their disease. Others, sleepless, turned and twisted, strangled a sob or looked into and twisted, strangled a sob or looked into space. And Pietre, shuddering as he thought of such mystery, felt upset and could not compose himself of this delirious center of suffering brotherhood, ended by loathing his own reasoning power, tried to be in close communion with these humble ones and resolved to believe as they. What availed his physiological inquiries regarding Bernadette, so complicated and so filled with gaps! Why not accept her as a divine messenger from above, an elect of as unknown heaven? Doctors were only ignorant men with brutal ways, whereas it would be men with brutal ways, whereas it would be so pleasant to slumber off in the faith of a

little child to the realms of impossibility. So he gave himself up finally to a delicious period, no longer seeking to explain, ac-cepting the secress with her glorious cortege of miracles, placing himself entirely in God's hands to have and to do with him as He wished. So he looked out through the

BERNADETTE'S BIRTHPLACE.

mility

to his faint breath with the engrossing de- all the same behind this vast decoration

wished. So he looked out through the window, that they were afraid to open on account of consumptives, and he saw the great darkness covering over the land through which the train was rushing. The storm had passed over. The sky in its lovely purity looked as if fresh washed by a mighty wave. Large stars were shining over the dark valley, lighting with a mysterious gleam the refreshed and silent fields that stretched indefinitely in the dark silence of slumber. Across the plains, across the valleys, over the hills still rolled the carriage load of misery and suffering: still rolled, overheated, lamentable, infested and walling, through the screnity of that beautiful and peaceful August night.

At I in the morning they went by Riscle.
The silence continued, painfully and with
mental suffering amid the jolting. At 2
o'clock, at Vic de Bigorre, there were heard groans; the wretched condition the rail shook the invalids back and forth n a most insupportable movement was only at Tarbes, at 2:30, that the silence was finally broken and morning prayers were said, while it was yet dark. The paters and aves, the creed and appeals to God, to ask for the happiness of a glorious day. Oh, my God! give me enough strength to forego all evil, to do only what s right, to suffer all ills.

There would now be no stop until Lourdes. carcely three-quarters of an hour more; and courdes stood out with its great hope in the midst of this long and cruel night. painful waking was rendered feverish by this thought, a last agitation was created throughout the morning's discomfort, the abominable suffering that had to begin

But Sister Hyacinthe was troubled most of all about the man, whose face, covered with sweat, she had not ceased to sponge. He had lived till then. She had watched him, not having closed her eyes for a second, listening

sire to get him at least as far as the grotto. Suddenly she was afraid, and addressing

"I beg you, please to pass me the bottle

of vinegar quickly; I do not hear him breathe

In fact, for a moment past the man had not

made his faint sigh. His eyes were still closed, his mouth half open; but his pallor

could not have increased, because he was already cold, ashen hued. And the railway

carriage, as it rolled over the rattling rails. eemed to go faster and faster.
"I will rub his temples again," said Sister

Hyacinthe. "Help me."
As a violent jolt shook the carriage the

man suddenly fell, with his face downward,

against the partition. He remained straight up, with rigid body, only at each jolt his

head made a slight motion. The train bore him on with the same thundering noise.

while the locomotive whistled shrill and

sharp, a whole fanfare of screaming joy, happy, no doubt to arrive on this calm night.

For one interminable half hour the jour-ney was brought to a close with the dead

man. Two great tears rolled down Sister

Hyacinthe's cheeks, then with clasped hands

she commenced to pray. The occupants of

the whole carriage shuddered, terrified by the

presence of this awful companion, whom they

hope was stronger than sorrow, and though

all the ills that were crowded there together

should revive, increase and be renewed un-der the overpowering fatigue, none the less

did a hymn of praise announce their tri-umphal entrance to the land of miracles.

count of their pains, and tears and cries were blended in a growing clamor where

Marie again took Pierre's hand in her own

little leverish fingers.
"O God, that man is dead, and I feared so

that I might die before we could arrive. And now we are there; we are there at last!"

The priest trembled with infinite emotion:

e cured if you pray for me." The locomotive whistled louder than ever

hrough the bluish darkness. They were ar-

riving. The lights of Lourdes were seen on

the horizon, and once again the whole train

the long compline of sixty verses, in which the angelic salutation returns without ceas-

ing, as a refrain, soothing, possessing, open-

SECOND DAY.

Chapter I.

It was twenty minutes past three by the

station clock, whose dial was lighted by a reflector, and the shadows of those who were

waiting patiently might be seen moving up and down under the shed that covered

the platform for about a hundred yards. In the distance in the blackness outside could only be distinguished the red light of

Two of the persons walking stopped. The

larger, a priest of the Assumption, the reverend Father Fourcade, the director of

the national pilgrimage, who had arrived the day before, was a man of 60, fine look-

ing in his black cloak with its long hood. His handsome head, with its bright and dominating eyes and thick, gray beard, was

that of a general whose determined mind is bent on conquests. But he dragged one

leg along, having been suddenly seized with an attack of gout, and he leaned on the

shoulder of his companion, Dr. Bonamy

the physician attached to the Bureau of Verification of Miracles, a small, short man,

with a square clean shaven face and dul

eyes that looked stupidly out of a peaceful

tion master, who had just run out of his

"No, reverend father, about ten minutes. It will be here on the half hour. But what troubles me is the train from Bayonne.

That should have gone by already."

And he ran on to give an order; then

came back, thin and nervous, agitated, in the state of feverish anxiety that kept him on the stretch for days and nights during

the season of these great pilgrimages. That day he expected, outside the ordinary service

of the road, eighteen trains, containing morthan 15,000 travelers. The gray train and the blue train that had left Paris first had

already arrived on time. But the white train being behind time had disarranged everything, all the more because the Bay-

onnes express had not been signaled, and

one could understand the continual personal supervision and momentary alertness that was required from the station master him-

"In ten minutes, then?" repeated Father

Fourcade. "Yes, in ten minutes, unless am obliged to close the line," said the sta

tion master, running to the telegraph office.

The priest and the doctor began again to walk slowly. They were only surprised that

as yet no accident should have happened in

The father

the most incredible confusion. The fathe could easily remember the first pilgrimag that he had organized and conducted in 1875

the terrible interminable journey, wit pillows, mattresses; invalids half dead

so great a crowd. Formerly there

Father Fourcade had interpellated the sta-

Please, sir, is the white train much be-

ing the sky with its ecstacy.

signal

ountenance.

hind?

sang the canticle, the history of Bernadette,

You will be cured, Marie, and I too shall

Stella, although tears were flowing

he moans changed into songs of hope

invalids finished singing the Ave Maris

vere taking too late to the Holy Virgin. But

Mme, de Jonquiere said:

under a shed. What a shock for those wretches! What will power in the man of faith had then brought them to the miracle! And the father smiled softly as he thought of the work he had accomplished.

He now questioned the doctor, on whose shoulder he was still leaning "How many pilgrims did you have last

"About 100,000. That is about the average The year of the Coronation of the Virgin the number mounted up to 500,000. But that was an exceptional occasion. A considerable effort on the part of the Propaganda, Nat-urally such crowds rarely come again."

There ensued a silence, then the priest murmured: "Of course. The work is blessed it prospers from day to day. We have col-lected more than 200,000 france for this trip, and God will be with us. You will have a great number of cures to certify tomorrow, I am sure." Then, speaking once more: "Has not Father Dargeles come?"

Or. Bonamy made a vague gesture, as much as to say he did not know. Tais Dargeles was employed as the editor of the Journal of the Grotto. He belonged to the order of the fathers of the Immaculate Conception, who were installed at Lourdes by the bishop and who were absolute mas-ters there. But when the fathers of the Assumption conducted the national pilgrimage from Paris that was joined by the faithful from Cambrai, Arras, Chartres, Troyes, Rheims, Sens, Orleans, Blois, Poitiers, they affected to disappear from it completely their emnipotence was neither felt at the grotto nor in the cathedral. They appeared have handed over all responsibility delivering the keys of these places. The superior, Father Capdebarthe, whose frame was loosely knit and whose large head looked as though carved by a pruning knife, a kind of defaced peasant's face that retained the dull and reddish reflection of the soil, did not even show up. There was only Pather Dargeles, small and insinuating, to be everywhere in search of notes for the newspaper. But if the fathers of the Immaculate Conception were lost to sight they were felt

. . !

3 20

as being the hidden, yet sovereign power,

"one has had to get up very early-o'clock-but I wished to be on hand.

pitiful train with its burden of suffering.

"Three twenty-five, five minutes more,"

would my poor children have said?"

rooms, brilliantly lighted, were

But, above all, to the right, at the

riageway, that the invalids were taken out.

Obstructions in the form of litters, small carriages, heaps of cushions and mattresses

the red cross, outlined with yellow, and the

the beret, the comfortable headgear of the

land. A few, dressed as if for a long moun-tain climb, wore handsome gaiters reaching

to the knee. Some smoked, while others

scated in their little carriages, slept or read

a newspaper by the light of the nearest gas

some question of service. Suddenly the lit-

ter bearers saluted. A paternal looking man

had come, very white haired, with a heavy,

good natured face, with big blue eyes, like those of a credulous child. It was Baron

Suire, a man possessing one of the largest

fortunes and best positions in Toulouse, and the president of the Hospitality of Our Lady

"Where is Berthaud?" he inquired of each

with an important manner. "Where Berthaud? I must speak to him."

Each one answered, giving different in-formation. Berthaud was the director of the litter bearers. This one had just seen the director with Rev. Father Brancard; that one said he must be in the court yard

"If the president wishes we will go and

"No, no, thanks; I can easily find him myself."

All this time Berthaud, who was sitting

on a bench at the other end of the station waiting for the train to arrive, was talking

to his young friend, Gerard de Peyrelongu

was a man of about 40, of large

regular features, and still were a mustache

as he had done when a magistrate. He be-longed to an influential legitimist family, and

had been since May 24 counsel for the re-public in a town in the interior, when on the day following the decree against congre-gations he had been obstroperously dis-missed by an insulting letter addressed to

the minister of justice. He had not been disarmed, but by way of protestation he had joined the Hospitality of Our Lady of

Salvation, coming each year to Lourdes convinced that these pligrimages were dis

agreeable and annoying to the republic, and

that God alone could re-establish a mon-arcy by one of those miracles He worked in

the grotto. In the meantime he possessed great common sense, laughed heartly, showed a joylal charity for the poer invalids

whose transportation he supervised during the three days of the national pilgrimage.

to the young man seated near him, "marriage will surely come off this year?

"Of course, if I can find the wife

"Then, my dear Gerard," he was saying

had himself most arbitrary opinions.

of the station, inspecting the ambulances

A little apart a group stood discussing

fruit, bottles and glasses.

yellow leather strap. Many

of Salvation.

find the director-

But she is not of our set and I fancy she is very hairbrained. Berthaud shook his head.

"I have told you I would take little Ray-monde, Mile, de Jonquiere, "But she has not got a penny,"

"That is true—hardly enough to pay for her living. But she is sufficently pleasing as regards looks, well brought up and cer-taninly has no expensive tastes, and surely what is the use of marrying a rich wife if she spends everything she brings? And, further, you see, I know the ladies well. I have met them during the entire winter in the wealthlest circles in Paris. Then do not forget the uncle—the diplomat who has had the sad courage to remain in the service of the republic and who can do for his nephew whatever he wishes." Startled for a moment Gerard once more

fell into his musings: "Not a penny; not a penny; it is too stiff, I will think it over again; but really I am too much afraid."

This time Berthaud laughed loudly "Come, come; you are ambitious. One must play boldly. I tell you you can be secretary at an embassy before two years are past. The ladies are in the white train that we await. Decide. Begin at once to make love."
"No. no; by and by, I must think it over.

At this moment they were interrupted. Baron Suire, who had passed them once without seeing them in their lonely corner, had recognized the jolly laugh of the former counsel for the republic, and at once, with the volubility of a man who loses his head easily, he gave several orders about the carringe and the means of transportation, de-pioring that they could not take the invalids immediately upon arriving to the grotto-but, of course the hour was too early. They were to be installed at the Hospital of Our Lady of Sorrow, where they would be able to rest after such a severe journey.

While the baron and the head litter bearer

were thus deciding what was to be done, Gerard was shaking hands with a priest who had sat down beside him on the beach. Abbe des Hermoises, who was scarcely 38 years old, had the superb physique of a worldly priest, well groomed, sweet smelling and adored by women. Most amiable, very distinguished, he came to Lourdes with no duties of a priest, but as many came there, for their own pleasure, and he retained, in the depths of his beautiful eyes, the bright sparkle, the skeptical smile, superior to all idolatry. To be sure, he believed, he vowed; but the church had not yet pronounced her flat on the miracles, and he seemed ready to discuss them. He had lived at Tartes, and

knew Gerard. "Well," said he, "this is sufficiently impressing, this waiting for the trains at night I am meeting a lady, one of my former peut-tents at Paris, but I am not sure by which train she will come. So, you see, I remain It all interests me so much."

Then another priest, an old country priest, also came and sat down, beginning to chat with him, speaking about the beauty of the country about Lourdes and of the "coup de theater" a moment ago, when the mountains appeared as the sun was rising.

But once more a sudden commotion was heard. The station master ran, giving orders, and Father Fourcade, even with his gouty leg, did not wait to lean on Dr. Bonamy's shoulder, but came along fast. "Ah! It is the Bayonne express that is in trouble," the station master answered to all the questions, "I wi I am not at all easy," "I wish I had further news.

At that moment some ringing was heard, a train hand disappeared into the darkness swinging a lantern, while a signal worked in the distance. And the stationmaster

who coined money, who worked without cens-ing for the triumphal prosperity of the house. They even made use of their hu-"It is true," said Father Fourcade, gayly added: "Ah! This time it is the white train. Let us hope we shall have time to land our in-What

valids before the express passes." He went his way and disappeared. Berthand called Gerard, who was the head of one squad of litter hearers, and both of them hastened, It was thus he designated the invalids-the flesh to be miraculously treated, and he never failed to be at the station, at no mateach to join his own company, of which the ter what hour, to meet the white train, that Baron Suire was already making use. litter bearers were pouring in on all sides —were running and pulling their little carringes across the rails up to the landing said Dr. Bonamy, suppressing a yawn, as he looked at the clock, feeling really very cross, notwithstanding his obsequious air at platform, an uncovered platform in full ob-scurity. There soon was a heap of cushions, having left his bed so early in the mornmattresses and litters waiting, while Father Fourcade, Dr. Bonamy, the priests, the gentlemen and the officer of dragoons were Their sauntering was continued on the also crossing over to aid in helping the in-valids to get out, and far off, at the end of the dark lane, nothing could yet be seen but the headlight of the locomotive, like a platform that resembled a covered walk, in the midst of the darkness, lighted only by gas jets that looked like little yellow rings. Various persons in small groups—priests, men in top coats, an officer of dragoons red star, that got bigger and bigger. came and went without stopping, talking whistle shricked wildly through the night air. When it had stopped there could only in low tones. Others, seated on the benches be heard the hissing steam, the slow rumbling of the wheels as they went, slower that were against the wall, chatted or waited patiently, looking out vacantly into the dim country. The offices and waiting and slower. Then, distinctly might be heard the canticle, the complaint of Bernaropening dette, sung by the entire train, with the re-curring Aves of the refrain. And that train of suffering and faith, that train, groaning their doors, and already everything was illuminated in the eating room, where one could see the marble topped tables and the

and singing, thus making its entrance into counter filled with platters of bread and Lourdes, stopped. Lourdes, stopped.

Instantly all the doors were opened. The crowd of well pilgrims and the ill ones who could walk got down and filled the platform. The occasional gas jets lighted but feebly that poor crowd, with its neutral timed garge. of the shed, there was a confusion and crowd. It was yonder, by means of a carments, hampered by packages of all sorts-by baskets, values and wooden boxes. At filled the sidewalk. Three companies of litter bearers were also there, men from in the midst of shoving and pushing, among the frightened flock that did not know which all walks of life, especially young men of high society, all wearing on their clothes way to turn to get out, might be heard exway to transfer of families who had got separated, the embraces of those who had been met by relations or friends. One woman declared with an air of benign satisfaction: "I have slept well." A vicar going off with his value said to a crippled woman: "Good luck." Almost all had the woman: "Good luck." Almost all had the astounded, fatigued, yet joyous appearance of people whom a special train has landed of people whom a special train has landed in an unknown station. And the bustle became such, the confusion became so aggravated in the midst of the dim light, that the travelers could not even hear the directions of the employes, who cried: "This way, this way," in order to hasten the clearance of the platform. Sister Hyacinthe jumped quickly out of the railway carriage, leaving the dead man in charge of Sister Clairs des Auges; and losing her head some-Claire des Auges; and losing her head some-what, ran to the canteen van, thinking that what, ran to the canteen
Ferrand would help her. Fortunately she
found Father Fourcade in the van, to whom
in a low tone she told the story. He made
a motion of displeasure, called the Baron
Suire, who was passing, and spoke in hir
ear. For several seconds they whispered
together, then Baron Suire rushed on, dividing the crowd, with two litter bearers
carrying a closed litter. And the man was
horne away as though he had merel;
fainted, without any of the pilgrims occupying themselves about him, in the scurry of
arriving. The two litter bearers, preceded
by the baron, placed him meantime in one
of the carriage houses, behind the casifs,
One of the two, a little blonde, son of a
general, remained with the body.
Sister Hyacinthe had meanwhile returned Ferrand would help her. Fortunately she

Sister Hyacinthe had meanwhile returned to the railway carriage after asking Sister St. Francois and Ferrand to go and wait for her outside the station, where a carriage had been engaged to take them to the hospital of Our Lady of Servers. had been engaged to take the pital of Our Lady of Sorrows. She thought she would, before going, help some of the invalids out, but Marie would not allow

herself to be touched:
"No, no, do not bother about me, sister;
I shall remain until the last. My father
and Abbe Froment have gone to fetch my.

wheels from the luggage van, and I am waiting for them, as they know just how to adjust them. They will take care of me, rest assured."

Neither was M. Sabathier nor Brother

Neither was M. Sanather her Brother Isidore anxious to be removed before the crowd had dispersed a little. Mme. de Jonquiere, who had charge of La Grivotte, promised that she would also see that Mme. Vetu was taken away in an ambulance. Sister Hyacinthe therefore decided to start at once to have averything in readiness at Sister Hyacinths the state of the state of the to have everything in readiness at the hospital. She took with her little Sophic Couteau, and Elize Rouguet, whose face she herself carefully covered. Mme. Maze went on ahead, while Mme. Vincent Maze went on ahead, while Mme. Vincent struggled through the crowd carrying on her shoulders her child, fainting and white, with but one fixed idea—that of going to deposit the girl in the grotte at the feet of the Holy Virgin. The rush new pour do ut of the door of exit, and it became necessary to one the doors of the lugging room. out of the door of exit, and it became neces-sary to open the doors of the luggage room to facilitate the movements of so many peo-ple. The employes, hardly knowing how to take so many tickets, finally held their caps—caps that were quickly filled by the rain of little white pasteboards. And out in the courtyard, a large courtyard that surrounded three sides of the lower part of station, there also existed the station, there also cause an extraordinary confusion, a pelimeli of every kind of vehicle. Hotel omnibuses, backed up against the edge of the sidewalk, were designated by large placards, cach bearing a saintly title such as the names of Marie

and of Jesus, of Saint Michael, of the Rosary and of the Sacred Heart. Then followed rows of ambulances, landaus, cabs, light

answered the other. "Come, cousin, advise me. Gerard de Peyrelongue, small, thin, haired, with a turned up nose and sharp check bones, came from Tarbes, where his father and mother had just died, leaving him an income of at the most 7,000 or 8,000 francs. Very ambitious, he had been unable to find in his own country such a wife as he wished well born and a ble to push him onward and upwerd. So he joined the Hospi-tality and came each year to Lourdes with the vague hope that he might amidst the crowds of the faithful or in the throng of ladies and solid young girls discover the family that he needed to help him on in the journey through this mortal life.

He was now rather perplexed, for although were almost impossible to revive; then the he had several young girls in view, one of them completely satisfied him.

arrival at Lourdes; getting out of the train pellmell; not the slightest material prepara "Now, coustn you who are a man neither traces, litters nor carriage Today there existed a powerful organization perience, advise me. There is Mile. Lemercier, who comes here with her aunt. She is very rich, more than a million, they may. an hospital was ready for the invalids, and one was no longer reduced to lie on straw