

carried a candle that was wrapped in

out a bright light like that from a forge.

A great murmuring and the shuffling of

many feet gave one the impression of thou

sands of people being jammed and squeezed together, lost in the deep shadows, but

fluttering like a living tablecloth that got larger and larger. People were under the trees beyond the grotto in dark places that

were not suspected. Finally a few candles here and there began to be lighted, like

sudden stars piercing through the obscurity almost by chance. The number increased

rapidly, and islands of stars formed, while

on other sides milky ways and long trails

seemed to form entire constellations. The

20,000 candles were sparkling one by one

nearer and nearer, completely overshadowing

the bright glow of the grotto, and rolling from one end of the promeuade to the other,

the little vellow flames. like an immense

brazier, "Oh," murmured Marie, "oh, Pierre, how

beautiful! It is like the resurrection of the lowly, the souls of poor people that wake

'Superb, superb," repeated M. de Guer

saint in the enthusiasm of his artistic satis

faction. "Look over there, those two trails that are cut in two and form a cross."

Pierre was greatly touched by what Marie had just said. Those little weak flames, scarcely a point of light, were indeed like

the modest lives that only their numbe ever made known and showed in the splen

dor of the bright sunlight. New ones were

constantly appearing far off and almost as

"Ah," he murmured, "that one that ap

peared alone, so far away, so vacillating. Do you see it, Marie? How it grows and comes slowly toward us to lose itself in the

One could now see as clear as in the day

The trees, lighted from below, looked in-tensely green, like painted trees in scenery

the moving lights, remained motionless, most distinct, with their embroideries and silken cords, and the whole reflected all up

the rock, even to the Basilica, whose spir

at present appeared perfectly white against

the black sky; while on the other side of the Gave the hills were also plainly visible

showing the pale facades of the convents in

the midst of their dark trees. There was a moment of uncertainty. The fiery lake, every wick of which was like a small wave,

rolled its sparkling stars as though it would

break and rush into a river. And the banners waved. There was a motion for-ward. "Hullo," said M. de Guersaint, "they

are not coming this way, then."
Pierre, who knew about it all, then ex

plained that the procession first started along in lines established at certain dis-

tances on the wooded hills, then, turning

behind the Basilica, it came down the ram

part to the right and might be seen crossing

can see them among the trees."

It was a fairy scene. The little trembling

lights stretched from the vast assemblag

gently moved along, so delicately that it was impossible to distinguish what held

them on earth. They moved like sunbeams into the darkness. Soon there was an oblique line, then the line doubled by a sud-

den turn, and a new line was seen, that in its turn went round. Finally the entire hill-

side was covered by a zigzag of fire, such as those strokes of lightning that are seen in pictures. But the luminous line was not

effaced, for the little lights moved on softly and slowly. Once in a while there

would occur a brief eclipse, when the pro-

ession passed behind some group of trees

Farther on the candles reappeared, upware

they did not go further, for having reached the top of the hill they disappeared over the

last turn of the road. Voices were heard

There they are turning behind the B

silica! Oh, it will be twenty minutes yet

Yes, madame, there are 30,000, and it will be at least an hour before the last ones

Before the start a hymn had been sung to

he midst of the two mutterings of the

crowd. It was the compline of Bernadette the sixty verses, each with its angelic salu-

tation as a refrain, in its soothing measure

When the sixty verses were finished they were commenced again, and thus the rhythm

went on endlessly, "Ave, ave, ave Maria," overpowering the senses, overcoming the

nembers of the body, carrying away little

by little these thousands of persons in a sor

All the night long, even when they slept the bed seemed rocked by its measure, and

"Are we going to remain here?" asked M. de Guersaint, who was quickly tired. "Once seen, it is all alike." Maria, who had heard people talking in

he crowd, now said: "You were right, Pierre

would be better to go back there unde

"Certainly," answered the priest, "we will nd a place where you can see everything

The crowd of spectators had indeed clos

he obstinately got Marie out, where b turning she could still see the flaming clot

while M. de Guersaint closed in the ranks b

protecting the cart against the shoving an

They finally found themselves free of the

rches, in a deserted spot, where they wer

able to breathe for a moment. They could only hear the distant hymn, with its recur

ring refrain, and saw nothing but the refle

ion of the candles in a sort of luminounist, floating up on the side of the Basilica

"The best place," declared M. de Guer-saint, "would be to go up to the Calvary. The maid at the hotel told me so this morn-

ing. It seems the view from up there is like

But that could not be contemplated. Pierr

showed how difficult it would be to go.
"How could we ever get up so high with

the cart? Then coming down would be very dangerous at night, and with all that pushing

Marie herself preferred to remain in the

gardens, under the trees, where it was so quiet. So they started off and reached the esplanade, opposite the statue of the great

neans of colored glasses, that made it look

in a barbaric splendor, with an aureole of blue and yellow lamps. In spite of his de-

votion, M. de Guersaint thought this in ex

ecrable taste.
"Here," said Marie, "near this grove we

shall be very well placed."

She showed a group of shrubs at one side of

the pilgrims' shelter, and indeed the spot was an excellent one, for the procession could be

plainly seen as it went down the left rampart

ridge, all along the grass, as it described the

double parallel movement going and coming. Then, too, the proximity of the Cave made

tains that bordered the pathway.

M. de Guersaint stood on his tiptoes, im

patient to see the first candles reappear afte

turning round the Basilica.
"Nothing can be seen yet," he said. "Well

then, I shall sit down on the grass for a few

He was troubled about his daughter

My legs are perfectly broken.

"Oh, no, father; I am not cold. I am se ppy. It is so long since I breathed such

and might be followed as far as the

the foliage exquisitely fresh. No on there as yet, and one might enjoy an infinite peace in the thick shade of the large plan-

Crowned Virgin. This was illuminated

rowd and apart. They were near one of the

shining waves, that flowed ever on procession, without seeming to di

nem in, almost as with a wall. Pierre was

he trees. I want so much to see it all.'

The hard part will be to get out of this.

waking dream-a full vision of paradisc

before they come down on the other side

continually, but always rejoined

as they turned by a complicated path

again. At last the moment came

n the crowd:

leave the grotto."

they still sang the song:

"See, the first candles are going up. You

The banners, high above

again to shine."

great lake of fire!"

through the gardens.

or decorations.

RESUME OF LOURDES.

Brief Synopsis of the Portion of Zola's Grea Story Which Has Been Printed.

Story Which Has Been Printed.

FIRST DAY.

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

CHAPTER II.—The Abbo Pierre Was the sen of a chemist, who fived at Neully. Living next them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Little Marie de Guersaint and Fierre played together, and fimily fell in love with each other as they grow up. Marie received an injury which resulted in nearly total paralysis. As the could never become his wife Pierre became a griest.

CHAPTER III.—The suffering in the train is nionse when it stops at Poirtiers half an hour for lanch.

CHAPTER IV.—As the train starts Sophic Couteau gats in. She tells the story of the care accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping it in the waters at Lourdes.

CHAPTER V.—The abbe reads aloud a book giving the history of Bernadette, and describes the eighteen times she saw the visions in the grotte. Lourdes is reached in the early morning. As the train rolls into the station an unknown man dies.

CHAPTER L-A vivid pleture is given of the confusion when the invalids are landed and conveyed to the hospital.

CHAPTER II.—The hospital is greatly over-crowded. At 8 a. m. the procession to the grotto starts. Father Mossais 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. Chassaigns. The crowd forces the abbe to
the pools. The dead man is brought in and
immersed. No miracle occurs. On going out
the abbe finds that Marie has been bathed without effect.

CHAPTER IV.—Dr. Chassaigns accompanies
the abbe to the Bureau of Certifications. Eliza
Rougist, whose face was made hideous by a
lupus, declares the sore is steadily drying up.
Le Grivotte, who had been in the last stages of
consumption, comes rushing in, shouting, "I am
oured."

CHAPTER V.—In the evening the abbe vis Marie. She is much defressed and is losing b Marie. She is much depressed and is losing ne-faith. He reads to the invalids, continuing to story of Bernadete, telling how persecutions fol-lowed upon the first miracles. The recitatio cheers them up, and restores Marie's faith.

CHAPTER L. Pierre and M. de Guersuint hav CHAPTER I.—Pierre and M. de Guersaint have a small room in the Hotel de Appparitions. Pierre discovers that Mme. Volmar, the wife of a rich Parisian, who has come to Lourdes as a devout pilerim, is hid in the adjoining room, occupied by her lover, whom she has come on the pilerimage to meet. The hotel is so crowled that it is necessary to wait a long time to get a seat at the breakfast table. The meal, in the confusion, is far from appetizing.

CHAPTER II.—Pierre and M. de Guersaint meet Mme. Desagneaux and Mile. Raymonde. They are joined by M. de Peyrelongue, to whom Raymonde is engaged. They visit "the popote." where the stretcher bearers, from all classes, rich and poor alike, take meals together. Perrich and poor alike, take me ion is received for Marie to pass a night at grotto. The party also visits the building e the holy water is bottled and where the

THIRD DAY. THIRD DAY-Chapter III.

By nightfall Marie was all impatience in the Hospital of our Lady of Sorrows, for she had learned through Mme. de Jonquiere that the Baron Suire had obtained permission from Father Fourcade for her to pass the night before the grotto. Every few minutes

she would question Sister Hyacinthe: "Oh, Sister, pray tell me, is it 9 o'clock yet?" "No, no, my good child; hardly halfpast 8. Here is a good woolen shawl to wrap about you at daybreak, for the Gaveis very near and the early mornings are fresh and cool in this land of mountains.

"Oh, sister, the nights are so fine, and I sleep so little here in the ward. I cannot possibly be uncomfortable out of doors. Oh God, how happy I am! What a delight to pass the entire night with the Holy Virgin! Every one in the ward envied her. It was an ineffable joy, a supreme blessing to pray thus a whole night in front of the grotto. It was said that the elect certainly saw the Virgin during the stillness of the peaceful night. But one had to have great influence to procure such a favor. The fathers were very loathe to give it, for several invalids had died in consequence, as though they had

gone away in some ecstatic slumber. "And then, my child," continued Sister Hyacinthe, "tomorrow morning you will take the communion at the grotto before they

Nine o'clock struck. Could Pierre, usually punctual, have forgotten her? They re telling her now about the procession of torches and candles that she would se from beginning to end if she started at once. Every evening the ceremonies teraninated by such a procession, but that of funday was always finer, and tonight it And been specially announced that the pro-tession would be of extraordinary splendor, Jeldom equalled. Nearly 30,000 pilgrims would march, each with a taper in h octurnal marvels were about to be dis played, stars were about to come down earth! And all the invalids regretted their sad state that chained them to their beds so that they could witness none of these

said at last, "here are your father and the Marie, radiant, quite forgot her waiting.

dear daguhter," Mme, de Jonquier

"Oh, Pierre, I beseech you, hurry, hurry They took her down stairs. The priest got the little cart in readiness that rolled smoothly along beneath the sky so filled with stars, while M. de Guersaint walked by he side. It was a night without a moon, bu marvelously beautiful, deep blue velvet sky dotted all over with diamonds, and the soft was exquisite-a perfect bath of tepid air, perfumed by the mountain breezes. Many pilgrims were hurrying along the street walking toward the grotto, but it was a temperate crowd, a select human flood, showing no longer the frivolous restlessness of the preceding day. As they reached the Plateau de la Merlasse the darkness increased and they seemed to be beneath an immense black sky, in a shadowy lake formed by the grass pots and larg trees, while to the left might be seen point ing upward the thin dark spire of the Ba sillea. Pierre was troubled at seeing the crowd thicker and more dense as they went on. In fact, in the Place du Rosaire they could scarcely move at all.

We cannot think of getting near th grotto," he said, stopping short. better to go to some path behind the pligrims' shelter and wait there." But Marie was most anxious to see the start of the procession:

'Oh, please, dear friend, try to get as far as the Gave. I can see it from a distance. I do not want to go too near." M. de Guersaint, who was as curious as

she, also insisted: not be afraid. I will come behind and I will watch that no one jostles her."

Pierre started off again, dragging the cart. took him a quarter of an hour der one of the arches to the right of the ramparis, so great was the crowd just there. He found afterward that by going across toward the quay, on the banks of the Gave,

that there were only spectators standing on the sidewalk, so he went on for about fifty yards, and, pushing the cart directly again the railing, they had a fine view of the 'Will you be comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes, thanks. But I must sit up. shall see much better.' de Guersaint raised her on her seat and then got up himself on the stone bench that is placed from one end of the quay to the other. A crowd of sightseers were packed there, as on some nights when fireworks are to be set off. All stretched their necks,

"Do you want me to cover you up? It h ested, although as yet there was nothing to There were already 30,000 persons present happy. and more were coming each moment. All pure, delicious air. There must be roses

standing on tiptoes. Even Pierre felt inter

about here. Do you not smell the delicious fragrance?" Then turning toward Pierre: "Where are the roses, my dear friend? Can you see them anywhere?"

As soon as M. de Guersaint sat down be-side Marle's cart Pierre thought he would look about and see if any beds of roses were planted near by. But he searched through the darkest grass plats in vain; he could only find groups of green bushes and shrubs. As twist of white paper, on which was printed in blue a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes. These candles were not yet lighted. Only the he was coming back he passed the shelter for pilgrims and for simple curiosity he looked grotto, brilliantly illuminated, might be seen across this moving son of heads, throwing

It was a large room with a very high celling, lighted by big windows on both sides. t was paved with stones, and the walls were pare; there was no furniture except shoved all over the place, every which way-not a single table or even a board, so that the pilgrims who had no lodging place but this had piled their baskets, their parcels and their values on the window sills, that were thus changed into receptacles for luggage. The room was empty just then, for all the poor people who occupied it were probably at the procession. Notwithstanding the wide open door the place was filled with a most insupportable smell; walls impreg-nated with misery; the soiled flagstones, that were still damp in spite of the glorious sun of the preceding day, with spittling, greast and spilled wine. Everything took place in-side those walls, sleeping and cating, in a mass of dirty people and filthy clothes. Pierre was sure the odor of roses did not come from this spot. He walked round the room, lighted by four smoky lanterns, thinking it absolutely empty, when he was sur-prised to see a vague form against the left wall. A woman dressed in black, holding a white bundle on her knees. She was quite alone in her solitude and did not move, her eyes were wide open. He approached and recognized Mme. Vincent, wh said to him in a low, broken hearted voice:
"Yes, Rose has suffered so much today

break. Then, as she fell asleep about tw nours ago. I do not dare to move lest she wake and suffer again." So she remained as motionless as a martyr mother who for months had held her child in one position, hoping thereby to cure her. She had brought her to Lourdes in her arms. had walked with her thus, had slept with her child in her arms, having no room, not ever

She has not stopped moaning ever since day

bed at any hospital.
"Is the poor little thing no better?" asked Pierre, with a bleeding heart.
"No, Abbe, no. I do not think she is." "But," he added, "you are most uncom-ortable on this bench. You should have made some arrangement not to remain in

this way almost in the street. Some one would have gladly given your little girl a odging, I am sure. "Oh! sir, what good would that do? She is now on my own knees. And perhaps I might not have been allowed to remain with her like this. No, no, I would rather have er in my arms. Perhaps that may be the means of saving her life."

Two great tears rolled down her motionless face and she continued in a choked voice; "I am not entirely without money. 0 sous when I left Paris, and of that I still have 10. Bread is enough for me; as for her, my little darling, she cannot even take a drink of milk. I have enough to last until we start again, and if she is healed, oh! we shall be rich, rich, rich indeed." She leaned forward, looking by the vacil-

lating light of the neighboring lantern at Rose's white face, whose lips were parted by a faint breath. "See how she sleeps Abbe. Do you not think the Holy Virgin Abbe. must take pity on her and cure her? have only one more day, but I do not despair, and I am going to pray this entire night without moving. It will be temorrow; night without moving. we must live for tomorrow." An infinite pity surged over Pierre, who moved away lest he, too, might burst into

tears. And he left her alone in that great room deserted and foul smelling, amid the confusion of the benches; motionless in her sor fourful lost Like one crucified she prayed on, her mouth what, yet her prayers most ardeatly uttered.
When Pierre reached Marie she asked him

Well, and the roses? Are there any near us? He did not wish to sadden her by telling what he had just seen. "No; I searched all over the lawn, bu there are no roses.

"It is singular," she said dreamily. oder of them is so faint, yet so penetrating. Do you not smell them? Now, at this monent, it is very strong, as though all the roses in paradise were blooming about u tonight."

She was interrupted by a slight exclama-tion from her father. M. de Guersaint was standing up again, as he had noticed that the luminous specks were on the top of the rampart again, to the left of the basilica "There they are at last."

It was, indeed, the head of the procession

that was appearing. The bright lights seemed to swarm at once, then stretch out in a double oscillating line. The darkness hid everything; so they seemed to be very high up, as though issuing from the un known region. At the same time the sooth At the same time the sooth ing and calming hymn commenced again, bu was so far off, so faint, that it seen more like an approaching squall rustling among the trees.
"I told you so," murmured M. de Guer-

saint; "we ought to have been on the Cal He came back to his original idea in hi calldlike obstinacy, deploring that they had chosen the worst place from which to see. Marie finally said: "But, papa, why do you not go up to the Calvary? There is still plenty of time. Pierre will stay with me. And," she added, with a sad smile

obliged to open a passageway by beggging for a little room for an invalid, and by so doing 'nobody will run away with me. Do go."

He refused, only to suddenly comply, in capable of resisting the impulse of a wish. n front of the grotto, the lake, with it He would have to hurry and cross the grass in fast time. "Do not move from here; wait for me un

der these trees. I will tell you all I see from up there." And Pierre and Marie remained alone i their obscure corner, that was filled with

the perfume of roses, yet not a single flower sight. They did not speak looked at the procession as it passed down gliding softly, yet smoothly.

It looked like a double hedge of twinkling stars, which, beginning at the left corner of the Basilica, followed the monumental ram part, whose contours were thus marked From this distance the pilgrim

who carried the candles were not visible, and only the moving lights were seen, tracing in regulated movements the correct lines of the buildings. Even the monuments then selves were vague in the night atmosphere and seemed scarcely indicated by an appar ent increase of gloom. But little by i architectural lines shone forth-the slende pinnacles of the Basilica, the Cyclopear arches of the ramparts, the heavy, over weighted facade of the Rosary. That unin terrupted river of bright sparks, that flowed that flowed slowly on, with the obstinate force of a stream that has overflowed its banks and that nothing can stop, looked a last like the aurors, a glowing mist that in vaded, that finally bathed the whole horizon with its glory.
"Look look, Pierre!" cried Marie with a

almost childish pleasure. "It never seems tto stop—it still keeps coming." In fact, the sudden apparition of little sparks continued with a mechanical regular-ity, as if some inexhaustible celestial spring had bubbled forth with this den liquid fire. The head of procession had reached the ga the gardens that are on a level with the statue of the crowned Virgin, so that now the double line of lights marked out both the circles of the Rosary and those of the large arches of approach. The approach of the multitude made itself felt by a motion in the air, a paipable stir coming from a distance, and above all sounded the voices singing the compline of Bernadette, and a confusion of harmonies floated the refrain, "Ave, ave, ave

Maria." in a rhythmic tone, that rose higher higher as they walked. Ah!" said Pierre, "that refrain-it enters "Ah!" into the very scul. I feel as thoug whole being would end by singing it." Marie again laughed like a child. I feel as though my

"That is true; it follows me everywhere

I heard it even when asleep, and now it seizes me once more and lifts me above earthly things."

She stopped to say:

"There they are now, on the other side of the lawns, just opposite us."

Now the procession was coming down the right hand path, and after going round the Cross of the Bretons, quite round the grass, it would go down by the other right hand road. It would take about fifteen minutes to execute this movement. At present the to execute this movement. At present the double line formed two long parallel lines of that terminated in a figure of a triumphal sort of sun. The constant wonder was the march without ceasing of this serpen of fire, whose golden wings crawled so gently along the black earth, drawing itself out al-most indefinitely, as though its immense body were without end. Several times great haste must have been made, for the lines thinned as if about to snap in two, but order had been re-established, the gliding had re-commenced with slow regularity. A milky commenced with slow regularity. A milky way had fallen from above, rolling down its falling worlds, that reached the earth to become brilliant stars. A blue clearness covered all. There only remained the sky; the monuments and the trees appeared as though seen the start of the sky; though seen in a dream through the mysteri-ous light of the thousands of candles, whose number ever increased.

Marie gave a sigh of admiration and could and no words to express her feelings. She could only repeat:

"Oh, how lovely, my God! how beautiful. Do look, Pierre, is it not beautiful?" Now that the procession was passing within a few feet of them it no longer resembled the rhythmical march of stars unsupported by human hands. Forms were now easily listinguished through the misty light, and they recognized several pilgrims who were carrying candles. First of all La Grivotte, who insisted in taking part in the ceremony, notwithstanding the late hour, exaggerating her cure and repeating that she had never felt better. So she kept up her springing step and dancing, although the fresh night air was giving her a chill. Then came the Viguerons, the father leading, carrying his candle very high up, followed by Mme, Vigueron and Mme. Chase, dragging their tired legs along, while poor little Gustave, quite exhausted, struck the sand with his crutch his right hand being covered with the drip ping wax. All the able bodied invalida were in the procession, among others Elis Rouquet, looking like some damned appari tion, with her red, uncovered face. Others were laughing, and the little miraculously cured girl of the preceding year, Sophie Cou teau, played with her candle as though i had been a stick. Rows and rows of heads passed by, most of them women of the lower classes, but having sometimes superb fea-tures that were seen for a second, then los n the fantastical light. It seemed as if it would never stop, others followed on so fast, and a tiny, timid little shadow turned out to be Mme. Maze, whom they never would have recognized had she not turned her pale face, drowned in tears, for an instant toward

"Now look," explained Pierre to Marie "There are the first lights of the procession just reaching the Place du Rosaire, and I am sure more than half the pilgrims have not yet passed the grotte."

Marie lifted her eyes. Far away she had ndeed noticed, on the left corner of the Basilica, other lights surging regularly, and without a break, in a sort of mechanical moion that appeared to go on without stopping she said, "how many souls are in

torture! For each one of these little flames is a soul that suffers and is forgiven, is it

Pierre was obliged to lean forward to hea what she said, for the canticle, Bernadette's compline, had dazed him, now that the stream of singers passed so close to where they were. The voices burst into a growing glddiness, the verses became mixed, each division of the procession singing its own in melody of ecstatic bliss that seemed as though possessed and hearing only them selves. It was an immense, indistinct clam-oring—the lost clainer of a crowd about to ecome drunk by the ardor of their own aith. And ever as they sang the refrain. "Ave! Ave! Ave! Maria!" returned, dominating with its rhythm of possessive frenzy Pierre and Marie were greatly surprised t suddenly see M. de Guersaint appear.
"Ah, my children, I did not wish to ge

belated up there, so I have crossed through the procession twice to get here. But what a sight! It certainly is the first really thing I have seen since I arrived here. And he began to describe the procession a had seen it from the heights of the Ca

Just imagine, my dear children, anothe sky below reflecting the one above, but a sky with but a single constellation, immense, Those myrinds of stars looked very fa off in the sombre depths, and the stream of fire looked exactly like a monstrance—yes indeed, a true monstrance, the face of which was represented by the ramparts, the branches by the two parallel paths, and the nost by the round grass plot that crowns them. It was like a monstrance of bur nished gold, that beamed through the dark ness with the perpetual sparkling of living There was no other idea gigantic and supreme. Indeed, I have never en anything so extraordinary

He waved his arms, beside himself with his artistic emotion "Dear little father," said Marie, tenderly "as you have come back you really ought to go to bed. It is nearly 11 o'clock and you know you start at 2 in the morning."

She added decisively: "It gives me such pleasure to have you make this excursion,

only be back early tomorrow evening, be cause you will see—you will see—" She did not dare affirm her certainty of being cured. "You are right. I will go to bed." said M

de Guersaint, quite quiet now. "So long a Pierre is with you I am not worried." pass the whole night with me. When he has taken me to the grotto presently he will joi you. I shall need no one. The first litter bearer who comes tomorrow morning will take me back to the hospital." Pierre was silent, then said simply:

no, Marie, I shall stay. I intend to pass the night, as you do, before the grotto. She opened her lips to speak, to insist, to remonstrate, but he had said it so gently that she could perceive a sorrowful thirst for happiness that possessed him, so she held peace, touched to her very heart. "Well, children," continued the father, "take care of yourselves. I know you are

both very sensible. So good night. worry about me." He kissed his daughter fervently, presse the young priest's hands, and went off, soon to view in the ranks of the procession

that he once more passed between.

They were quite alone in that shadowy solitary corner, under the great trees; shas ever lying back in her little cart, h kneeling down on the grass, leaning his elbow on one of the wheels. It was heavenly, and all the time the strings of candle lights went on and then gathered all together in the Place du Rosaire. What delighted Pierre was the sensation that there no longer remained in Lourdes any trace of the tippfing that had gone on there all day. It was as though a purifying wind from the mountains had swept away those loxious smells of cooking and eating, those gluttonous joys of Sunday, the burning and polsonous dust that floated over the town. Now nothing could be seen save the mense sky with its pure stars, and fresh moisture from the Gave was delicious bringing on its soft mists the odor of strang-wild flowers. The infinite mystery was merged in the sovereign peace of night, and there remained nothing of the heavy morning but the little candle flames, that his companion had compared to suffering souls about to be released. It was an exquisite state of repose and an illimitable hopo. Since he had come up here all the disagregable memories of the afternoon, the voracious appetites, the importuning of the beggars, the spoiled and prostituted condi-tion of the old town, all these had vanished one by one, to leave only the sense of divine refreshment in this heavenly night, when his whole being was bathed as it were in the

waters of resurrection. Marie, too, was penetrated by this feeling of infinite gentleness and murmured tenderly, "Oh, how happy it would make Blanche to see all these wonderful things!" She was thinking about her sister, whon she had left behind in Paris, in the toil o her hard profession, teaching to gain a living. That simple word—the sister of whom she had not spoken since her arrival at Lourdos, unheeded, yet surging under the calm exterior—was sufficient to evoke

the memory of the past. Thus Marie and Pierre without saying word lived over again their childhood—the arcient games in the two gardens, barely separated by the low hedge. Then came the parting, that day when he entered the semicary and she had kissed his cheeks, vowing through her burning tears never to forget him. Years passed on, and they were eternally separated; he, a priest; she, stricken by illness and with all hope of being a woman gone for ever. That was their whole story, an ardent tenderness too long overlooked, then the total rupture as though thee had both died, though they really lived near to one another. And once more they reviewed the wretched home, which the eldest sister tried by her teaching to make bearable; the wretched lodging they had left to make this trip to Lourdes, after so much struggling, so many discussions, with his own doubts and her firm faith that had conquered. It was truly delicious to find themselves thus together in that dark corner on such a perfect night, when there seemed to be as many stars on the earth as in heaven.

Marie had till now retained her innocent.

dear and blameless, childlike nature, the

best and purest, said her father. Cut down

at the age of 13 by her accident, she had never grown any older. Today at 23 she was still at heart 13, always infantine and backward-all by reason of the catastrophe that had annihilated her. It was plainly in her vacant eyes, her absent and air of absentmindedness, as though she was incapable of wishing for anything more Surely no woman's nature was simpler stopped as she had been in her very dement-she had remained a great girl, vell behaved, in whom her waking passion was satisfied by great kisses on the cheek. She had no other romance than the tearful farewell she had made to her friend, and that had filled her being for ten years. Dur ing the interminable days that she had passed on her bed of pain she never went further than that dream. Had she been in good wealth he would never have become riest, but they would have lived together She never read romances. The pious books they gave her maintained her spirit in the exaltation of a superhuman love. Even worldly sounds ceased at the door of the where she was as if cloistered. when in former days they used to take her from one end of France to the other, from one bath to another, she seemed like a somnambulist, who neither saw nor heard anything beyond the fixed idea of her inability, the tie that bound her to her sex. All this purity and childishness had kept this lovely, suffering girl, grown only in her sad physical state, in a condition of mind wherein the awakening of love was as far away as though she were still 13,

Merie's hand stole through the darkness to ake Pierre's, and when she met it coming toward her own she pressed it for a long time. Ah, what joy! They had never tasted so pure and perfect a joy, to be thus to-gether, far from the world, in this sover-eign charm of shadow and mystery. Around them was only the circle of stars. Even the songs of the pilgrims intoxicated them as they were wafted to their ears. She felt o sure that she would be cured day when she had passed a night of happiness in front of the grotto it became an absolute conviction she would make the Holy Virgin listen. She would implore her from the moment they were face to and nothing would prevent. She understood now what Pierre had meant awhile ago, when he had expressed a desire to pass the entire night also before the grotto. Was it not because he had resolved to try for a supreme effort of relief that he was thus going to kneel like a little child and implore he Almighty Mother to give him back his lost faith? Even now their clasped hands repeated these things without saying any further words. They promised to pray for each other, to forget self for that other self with so great a longing to be cured in the mutual happiness that in that moment they touched upon a divine love that asks only to be sacrificed. It was a heavenly enjoy

"Ah!" murmured Pierre, 'this lovely night, with its shadows that cover over all the hideous persons and things; this immense refreshing peace, in which I would gladly assuage my doubts." His voice sank. Marie said presently very

"And the roses, the perfume of the roses Do you not smell them, my dear friend? Where are they, that you were unable to find them?" "Yes, yes, I smell them, but there are no roses. I should certainly have seen them,

for I looked for them everywhere."
"How can you say there are no roses when they are filling the air around us with heir fragrance and we are bathed in their perfume? There are moments when the odor is so powerful that I am faint with joy, just to breathe it. They must be here, myriads at our very feet.

There are no roses, or else they must be invisible; they must be the grass on which we tread, these great trees above us, or their odor must come from the ground itself, or from the stream yonder, from the moun tains and from the woods." They were silent for a moment, then she

repeated in an undertone: 'How good they smell, Pierre! It seems as though our united hands held a bouquet." "Yes, they do smell delicious; but it is from you, yourself, Marie, that the perfus comes, as though the roses were growing in our hair. They no longer spoke. The procession still

advanced, the brilliant sparks still showed rounding the Basilica, sparkling through the obscurity like an inexhaustible spring. The immense stream of little moving flames in their double circle striped the darkness like a ribbon of fire. The spectacle was finest or the Place du Rosaire, where the head of the procession, continuing its slow evolution doubled on itself, making circles within cirdazzled the pilgrims and increased their songs. Soon the circle was like a burning bail, a ball of fire round which ran the blazing ribbon, whose end was unseen, and as the blaze increased the circle became a pond. then a lake. The whole great square of the Rosary was changed into a sea of fire, with its shining waves, bubbling like a whirlpool that never ceased. A reflection like of an aurora lighted the Basilica. The of the horizon was dark. Apart, a few isc lated candles might be seen far on the roads, and some persons picking their way by means of their little lanterns. Far up or the Mount of Calvary the tall end of the pro-cession seemed to be lost, for stars were raveling along up there almost in the open sky. Then there came a moment when the last candles appeared, went round the grass plots, floated and were swallowed up in the sea, of flames. Thirty thousand candles were burning there, turning and flickering under the great, calm sky, whose very stars seemed pale. A luminous mist carried up the hymns, whose penetrating sounds neve stopped. And the voices sang, "Ave! Ave Ave Maria!" that sounded like the crackling of these hearts of fire that were being umed by their prayers to deliver souls from

nisery.
One by one the candles went out, fell with all its power, very dark and very soft, yet Pierre and Marie found themselve still sitting there, hidden beneath the mys teries of the trees, their hands intertwined Far away in the obscure streets of Lourde there were only pligrims who had lost their way, asking to be shown the road to their lodgings. Rustlings moved the shadowy lodgings. Rustlings moved the shadowy leaves, all that provied about had gone to rest at the end of this fete day. But they remained, lost to thought, motionless, deiciously happy in the midst of that effable perfume of roses that did not exist. CHAPTER IV.

Pierro pushed Marie's cart as far as the grotto, and then placed it as close as pos sible to the grating. It was after midnight. About 100 people were there, some of them sitting on the benches, but the greater numher kneeling, as though transfixed in prayer. From outside the grotto looked like some chapelle ardente, with its shining candles. through whose starlike brilliancy emerged the statue of the Virgin, white and placid as dream. The trailing vines seemed shine like emeralds, the thousands crutches that lined the vault looked like trellis of dead wood about to bloom again The night appeared darker by this bright light, the surrounding objects were drowned in the thick shade where no longer existed either walls or trees; while the solitary voice of the Gave, with its flowing waters. either walls from which came such a refreshing damp ness, gave presage of an impending storm under the calm summer sky.
"Are you comfortable, Marie?" asked
Pierre softly, "are you cold?"

She had shivered, but it was only the little breeze that seemed to whisper from over the grotto: "No, no; I am very well off, just put the shawl over my knees. Thank you, Pierre, do not worry about me. I do not need any

one else since I have Her."

Her voice sank in ecstasy, her hands clasped, her eyes raised to the white statue beatific transfiguration of her entire poor little sick face. Pierre had, however, remained by her side for a few moments. He would greatly have liked to wrap her in her shawl, for he saw her thin little hands tremble. But he Baron's credit, for he was often very childfeared to irritate her, and so was willing to humor her like a child, although, as she not with her two elbows on the edge of her cart, she seemed no longer to be aware of his

broken heart that prayed, that begged

hearts and bodies; and Pierre felt his throat fill with the ardent desire to be satisfied.

He longed to throw himself on his knees

Raising his head, he recognized Baron Suire, the director of the Hospitality of Our

the grating, of which he had a key.
"You see, abbe, this is the time when one

self to pass several days at Lourdes I seldom get to bed before daylight, as I have

the habit of finishing the night here. There

delightful it is, and how truly near to the Holy Virgin one feels!"

he was not at all ill at ease there, and gave

"Oh, you are looking at the candles.

There are about 200 that burn at a time, day and night, and it really warms the place

Indeed Pierre felt rather overcome by the close smell of the wax. When he first entered he had been dazzled by the strong light, but now he looked at the center tri-

angular candlestick, shaped like a pyramid

completely stuck full of small candles, like

a flaming candlestick, a constellation of stars. Beyond, to the right, another tri

angle with sun rays held large candles that

formed lines of unequal heights, like organ pipes, some of them as thick as a leg; still

other candlesticks, shaped like a heavy candelabra, were placed here and there on the jutting rocks. The ceiling of the grotto

was lower on the left side, so the stone looked as if baked and blackened by the

eternal flames that had burned for so many

fall of snow, the rims of the triangular

candlesticks were running over, white with a thick dust; the whole rocky vault was

smeared with grease, and the ground was s

covered by it that frequent accidents occurred, and a kind of straw mats had to

be put about on the floor to prevent tumbles "Do you see those large ones?" continued

Baron Suire obligingly. 'They are the dear est; they cost 60 francs and take a month

to burn. Those little ones that cost 5 sour only last three hours. Oh! we do not econo

nize, for we are never short of candles

Look, there are two baskets full that they have not had time to carry away to the

He then proceeded to show the furniture

ere kept; the benches and chairs reserved

An organ, covered over with a slip cover-

large chest of drawers, where the vestments

for the small number of privileged person

ered with panels of engraved silver,

posed at the season of rich pilgrimages,

showed a very handsome movable

fear the dampness should spoil it.

omplaisant man. His religious em

enced an emotion, notwithstanding his

admitted during the ceremonies, and finally

gift of some great lady, that was only ex-

Pierre felt annoyed by the gossip of this

its charm. When he entered he had experi-

of faith, as if the mysterious were about to

be revealed. It was at once bitter and

sweet. He was greatly touched by many things he saw—the heaps of bouquets thrown

at the Virgin's feet, the childish "ex-votes

little soiled shoes, a small iron brace, a doli-like crutch, almost like a toy. Underneath

the natural pinnacle where the apparition had taken place, at the spot where the

pilgrims rubbed the beads and medals they

wished to consecrate, the rock was much worn and polished. Millions of fervent lips

had been pressed there, with such a force

like a bit of marble veined with black

streaks. They stopped in front of a hole, in

which was a considerable heap of letters

These are the letters that are thrown every

day by the faithful into the grotto through

the grating. They are picked up and placed here, and in winter I amuse myself destroy-

ing them. You know we cannot burn then

contain money—ten sous pieces, twenty sous

He put his hand in among the letters and

pieces, and most frequently postage stamps

pulled one out by chance, looked at the super

all were poorly written and badly spelled and the address, "To Our Lady of Lourdes,"

was invariably written in large, uneven let

ters. Many contained requests or thanks

incorrectly expressed and with a most ex

traordinary orthography. Many of these re

quests were most touching—such as a little brother to be saved, a suit to be won,

lover to be retained or a marriage concluded

Other letters were angry, filled with re-

proaches to the Holy Virgin, who had no

by granting the wishes of the subscriber

Then there were still others, better written better expressed, containing confessions

to tell to a priest in the shadow of the con

fessional. Finally, one envelope, selected at random, contained merely a photograph—

a young girl sending her picture to Our Lady of Lourdes, with this dedication, "To My Good Mother." In fact, each day brought

the large mail of any powerful Queen, w

received supplications and confessions, and

who was expected to beslow favors and honors of every sort. The 10 sous, the 20

sous pieces were simply love tokens to tene

her toward them, and as for the postage stamps, they could only be used as a con-

venient means to send money, unless they were sent in the actual innocent idea, like

one peasant woman, who wrote that she en-

years I have found letters from a very inter-

esting lady, who does nothing without telling all about it to the Holy Virgin. She is

married woman, and she had a most danger ous passion for a friend of her husband

Well, Abbe, she overcame R. The Holy Vir.

gin answered her by sending her the armor of chastity, a divine strength to resist the

Pierre sat down beside him to the left, just

where the rock declined. It was indeed a corner for delicious repose. Neither of

them spoke and a profound silence reigned, when he heard behind his back as

indistinct murmur, a light crystal voice that

seemed to come from the invisible. He made a movement that Baron Suire under-

"It is the spring you bear. It is just there

in the ground behind the grating. Would you like to see it?"

Without waiting for Pierre to assent, he

had already stooped down to open one of the panels that protected it, observing at the

same time that it was kept closed thus for

fear that some free thinker might throw poison into the water. This extraordinary flight of imagination quite dumbfounded the

He interrupted himself here to say:

"Come and sit down here, Abbe. how comfortable one can be here."

closed a stamp, hoping for a reply.

wishes of her heart."

"I assure you there are some very

ones," concluded the baron, "much stupid than you would think. For

burning prayers, women's souls writing

been polite enough to answer a former letter

without opening them first, for they

scription and unsealed it to read it.

I was forgetting," quickly

"This is most interesting,

and papers of all kinds.

Baron Suire.

of love that the stone had become polished

The wax ran down like a continual

In winter even it is quite warm."

smiled good naturedly, for he was

s no one left and one can be alone.

When I come my

seen the grotto. I will show you is so pleasant there at this hour."

is really well off here.

with heaven.

years.

like. He was struggling with the patent combination lock that would not yield. "It is very strange," he nurmured; "the password is 'Rome,' and I am sure it has not been changed. But the dampness ruins A bench stood near, and as he sat down to everything. We are obliged to renew the think a while himself his eyes fell on weman kneeling in the shadow dressed black; she was so slight, so obliterated. crutches on the ceiling every two years, for they fall into dust. Fetch me a candle." When Pierre had brought a lighted candle insignificant, that at first he had not perthat he took from one of the triangular sticks, he finally succeeded in opening the seived her, she was so completely swallowed up in the darkness. Then he recognized her to be Mme. Maze. The recollection of the letter she had received during the day made steel look that was covered with verdigris. Then the latticed gateway was pushed back and the spring appeared. It was in a bol-low of the rock, with a muddy bottom, from him pity her. He realized her despair, this solitary creature, who had no physical fills to cure, but only asked the Holy Virgin to console the sorrow of her heart by converting her unfaithful husband. The letter which oozed a clear, limpid water, but not bubbling. It appeared to cover a fairly large space, and the baron explained that in order convey the water to the large fountain it doubtless contained some harsh answer, for her face bent forward, she appeared to be had been run through pipes covered with ce-He even confessed that behind the humiliated and annihilated like some down-trodden creature. She only came to the pools it had been necessary to dig a reser-yoir to receive the water during the night, grotto at night, glad to forget herself and feel able to weep there for hours, enduring her martyrdom, imploring for a return of for fear the feeble flow of water should run short during the daytime. "Do you care to taste it?" he suddenly said. his tenderness, yet unperceived by anybody. Her lips even did not move. It was her

'It is much nicer as it comes right from the

Pierre did not answer, as he looked at the possess once again her share of love and of locent water, the quiet water that reflected the golden spots of the flickering candle light. Some drops of falling wax gave him a shudder. He thought of all the mystery Ah! it was that thirst for happiness that brought them all to this spot, these wounded shudder. He thought of all the mystery naccted with this stream that flowed from he mountain side.

"Do drink a glass of it."
The baron had filled, by dipping it into the and implore divine aid, as this poor woman was doing. But his limbs seemed bound, so he was glad when he felt some one touch spring, a glass that was always there, and the priest was obliged to empty it. The "Come with me, abbe, if you have not water was pure and good; the transparent, fresh streams that ripple down from all the plateaus of the Pyrenees. They replaced the lock and both sat down again on the bench.
Pierre could still hear, at intervals, the spring with its faint birdlike murmuring, and the baron told him all about the Grotto, Lady of Salvation. This charming and simple minded man had no doubt taken a at all its seasons, at all times, in a rambling sort of way, filled with puerile details. farcy to Pierre, who accepted, and followed him into the grotto, which was entirely en pty. The baron even closed behind them The summer was the most disagreeable

time, for then came the crowds of anxious pilgrims, the noisy fervor of thousands of persons, praying and crying at the same time. But when the autumn rains camethe floods of rain that crept up to the very threshold of the grotto for days together then might be seen the pllgrimages from far off lands-Indians, Malays, even Chinese, small, ecstatic yet silent groups, who knelt down in all the mud at the sign from the missionary. In France, among all the old doing the honors of the grotto, as an old habitue, alightly enfeebled by age, but filled provinces, Brittany sent the most devout pilgrims, whole parishes where the men with a real affection for this charming corner. But in spite of this great devotion were as great in number as the women, and whose pious looks, simple faith and decent manners were formed to edify the rest of his explications with the familiarity of a man who feels himself to be on gold terms the world. Then winter came December with its horrible frosts and heavy falls of snow that barred the mountains. then took refuge in the hotels and the faithful still came every morning to the grotto; those who wished to avoid noise, who wished to speak alone with the Virgin in the intimacy of solitude. There were also some that nobody knew, who only showed them-selves when certain to be kneeling alone and able to love, like jealous lovers, and retired as soon as any crowd collected near them. And how lovely, that all through the bad weather in winter, in the rain, in the wind, n the snow, the grotto retained its brightess! Even on stormy, tempestuous nights, when there was not a soul abroad, darkness was lighted by its flames, and they burned like a love light that nothing could extinguish. The baron related how the preceding winter he had come during the heaviest snow storms to pass whole afternoons at this very place, the bench on which he was then sitting. A gentle heat was to be found, although it faced to the north and the sun never shone there. No doubt the rock, by reason of being constantly heated by the burning candles, gave rise to the warmth, but might it not also be possible that by a gracious act of the Virgin eternal April should reign there? Even the little birds were aware of it, for when the snow froze their feet all the neighboring robins would seek re/uge within the ivy that grew about the holy statue. But it was at the awakening of spring, when the Gave rolled down in thunder tones with its melted snows, and the trees were taking a green

tinge from the mist, that the crowds once more took possession of the sparkling grotto, from which they chased the little birds. "Yes, yes," repeated Baron Snirs, in a slow voice, "I come here alone and pass most delightful days in winter. I never saw but one woman, who always knelt just there, against the grating, so as not to kneel in the snow. She was very young—perhaps 25—and very pretty, a brunette, with magnificent blue eyes. She said nothing, not even seeming to pray, but remained there for hours, terribly sad looking. I do not know who she is. I have never seen her since." He stopped speaking, and when Pierre surprised at his silence, looked at him, he perceived he had gone to sleep. His hands

were clasped on his stomach, his chin on his chest, and with a vague smile on his face ho slepf like a child. No doubt when he said he had passed the night there he had meant to say he came to take a gentle nap of an old man and was visited by angels.

So Pierre enjoyed the delightful solitude. It was a very real sensation, the enervating calm that entered his spirit in this corner of

the rock. It was a mixture of melting the overpowering ecstasy into which he had fallen, in the midst of the splendor of the candles. He could no longer clearly distinguish the crutches overhead, nor the "ex-voto" at the altar, nor even the altar of engraved silver, nor the harmonicum covered over with a cloth. A slow lassitude seized him, a growing annihilation of his whole being. And he felt a divine sensation of being far from the world, of being in the midst of the incredible and superhuman, as if the plain iron grating had become the barrier of the infinite itself.

A small noise at his left attracted Pierre's attention. It was the spring that was running ceaselessly, with its birdlike sound. Ah! he wished he might fall on his knees and believe in the miracle, and have the certainty that this holy water had sprung from the rock for the sole purpose of curing suffering humanity! Had he not come to prostrate himself, to implore the Virgin to give him back the faith of a little child? Why, then, was he not praying, did he not supplicate her to grant him pardon? He felt more and more choked, the candles dazzled him almost into a vertigo. And he remembered that for two days, during the wide liberty given to all priests while at Lourdes, he had forgotten to say mass. He was in a state of sin. Perhaps it was that weight that crushed him to the ground! He became so uncomfortable and uneasy that he got up and went away. He closed the grating softly, leaving Baron Suire asleep on the bench. Marle had not moved, but still sat in her cart half raised on her elbows, her

costatic face looking up at the Virgin.
"Marie, are you all right? Are you cold?"
She did not answer. He felt her hands, and found them warm and soft, but agitated by a slight trembling.
"It is not the cold that makes you trem-ble, is it, Marie?" Then she answered in a voice faint and

Then she answered to the state of the same as whisper:
"No, no; go away. I am so happy. I am going to see Her. I feel it. Ah! what delight!"
He pulled the shawl up a little and disap-

peared in the darkness, seized by some in-explicable trouble. Coming out of the grotto's brightness the darkness was black

as ink, a vell of darkness into which he stumbled. As his eyes became accustomed to it, he found that he was near the Gave, so he followed the bank, a path shaded by great trees and fresh again with river breezes. He felt quieted now by the shadows and calming moisture. He only felt surprised that he was unable to kneel down like Marie, to pray as she was doing, with the abandonment of her whole soul. What was the obstacle in him? What was What was What was the obstacle in him? What was the irresistible rebellion in him that prevented him from grasping that faith, even when he longed to be led thence, deaired to be possessed by it, wished for such abandon? He understood very well that his reason alone protested, and he longed to deatroy that voracious reason that was devouring his very life, that prevented him from being happy with the contentment of ignorant ver happy with the contentment of ignorant yet simple souls. Perhaps if he actually saw a miracle he would have the strength to believe. For example, if Marie were sud-derly to rise and walk before him would be not prestrate himself as finally overcome? The picture he drew of Marie saved, Marie cured, moved him so greatly that he stopped, this arms trembisd, and he stretched them to the heavens that were dotted all over with stars. Oh, great God! what a mysterious and wonderful night, perfumed and soft, and what joy arose in the hope of eternal health estored, of eternal love, born again in the future, like the springtime! Then walking on he went to the end of the path. But his doubts returned. When a miracle is flight of imagination quite dumbfounded the recessary to induce belief it is because be-priest for a moment, but he placed it to the lief is impossible. God has never given any