

pleasure. I hope it does not inconvenience

He laughed with an engaging air and bowed to Pierre, who, surprised by his care-

less manner, asked him: "But surely all the people who come must

Indeed, no. People do not come. You know this spot is but little known here. Every one stays over youder at the grotto.

I leave the door open that I may not be robbed, but whole days go by without my hearing even the noise of a mouse."

Pierro's eyes were becoming more and more accustomed to the darkness, and he

now perceived that the vague, mysterious

objects that filled the corners were old bar-rels, bits of chicken coops, broken tools and

all the rubbish that is gathered and thrown

and the rubbish that is gathered and into cellars. Hanging from the rafters he saw provisions, a basket full of eggs and strings of big, red onlons.

"But from what I see," he continued,

with a slight shudder, "you have been able to utilize this room."

the vicar was rather uneasy.

The vicar was rather uneasy. What can

"Certainly, and why not? What can ? The house is small and I have so lit

tle room. Then you cannot imagine how damp this room is, it is radically impossible to live in it. So, my God, little by little,

things accumulate, without knowing just

"A place for rubbish," concluded Pierre. "Oh, indeed, no! An unoccupied room on my word, if you hold to it, is a place for

The priest's embarrassment augmented,

mixed with some shame. Dr. Chassaigne remained silent and did not intervene, but

he smiled and was evidently enchanted by

the revolt of his companion against human ingratitude. The latter, unable to control

But think of what you all owe to Berna-dette; without her Lourdes would still be one of the least known towns in France.

And, in truth, it seems to me that the grati-

ferred this miserable chamber into a

chapel."
"Oh! a chapel!" interrupted the vicar

This merely concerns one person, and the

church could not give her a separate re-

"Well, do not say a chapel; let us merely say there should be lights here, flowers

and bunches of roses, constantly received by the piety of the inhabitants and pil-grims. Indeed, I should wish for a little

tenderness, a touching memory, a picture of Bernadette; something that showed in

delicate way the place that she must oc-cupy in all hearts. It is monstrous, this oblivion, this abandonment, the filth into which this room has fallen."

At once the vicar—poor, innecent, un-

thinking man-took his view of the matter.

"In the end you are right, a thousand times. But I have no power! The day they

come and ask for this room to arrange it as you wish I will give it willingly and take

out my barrels, although I really do not know where else to put them. Only, I re-

peat it, all this does not depend on me.

And, under the pretext that he was obliged

'Remain, do remain as long as you wish

"Ah, my dead child, what pleasure you

to go out, he hastened to bid them goodby,

When he was left alone with Pierre the doctor seized his hands and poured forth a

have given me! How well you said just what

has been boiling up in my mind for so long.

every morning. I should simply have had the room cleaned out and been content to

place two large bunches of roses on the

mantelpiece, for you know I feel an infinite

tenderness for Bernadette, and it seems

their bright perfume is like a memory of her

"My courage always gave out. Yes, I say my courage, because no one has yet openly

declared against the fathers of the grotto

One hesitates and draws back from any re

quarrel it would create; and those who feel indignant, as I do, are obliged to be still,

"It is a great sorrow, my dear child, to see the ingratitude and rapacity of man.

Each time I come here, to this base misery

I feel so sad at heart that I cannot restrain

After he ceased speaking neither the on

nor the other said a word, both invaded by

poignant melancholy that was instigated by the dreary aspect of the room. The darkness

covered them. The dampness gave them cold shudders, in the midst of those mouldy walls,

with the heaps of dusty and ancient rags

The idea returned to them that without

Bernadette those prodigies that had made Lourdes the most unique city in the world would never have come to pass. Her voice

had caused the miraculous spring to flow, that had opened the grotto with all its flam-

ing candles. Immense buildings had been put up, new churches flourished on the earth,

colossal ramparts showed the way to God

an entire new town had been built like some

quays, bridges, shops and its hotels. The most distant nations of the world came hither in crowds, the rain of millions of

money fell so abundantly that the young town appeared to grow indefinitely, to fill the whole valley, from mountain to mountain.

If Bernadette were suppressed, nothing of all this could exist, the extraordinary adventure

must become annihilated, the old town of Lourdes would still slumber its secular sleep at the foot of the chateau. Bernadette was

the sole workwoman, the creator, and this room from which she departed that day she

saw the Virgin, this very cradle as it were

of the miracle of that marvelous future good, was now disdained, left a prey to vermin,

fit only for a rubbish room, where onions

and empty barrels were kept.

The sense of opposition in Pierre's heart

rose to such intensity that he again saw that triumph at which he had been present,

that exaltation at the basilica, when Marie

dragging her cart, walked up behind the holy sacrament in the midst of the cries of the

populace. But above all the grotto shone forth in his mind; no longer the ancient cave in the wild rocks before which the child

formerly knelt on the edge of the mountain

formerly knelt on the edge of the mountain torrent, but the chapel as it now stood, en-riched with its "chapelle ardente," where all nations passed in line. All the noise, the brightness, all the adoration, all the money was there in the splendors of a continual victory. Here at the cradle of its birth, in

this icy hole, not a person, not a candle, nor a hymn, nor a flower. No one ever came here to kneel in prayer. Some of the

rare visitors whose hearts were touched sometimes passed their hands along the mouldy plank that served as a mantel shelf

simply as a souvenir. The clergy ignored this miserable spot, where the processions really ought to come as though to a station

of glory and praise. Here it was that the poor child had begun her dream, sleeping be-

tween her two sisters, taken in the crisis of

her pain, while the whole family slept heavily; from here she went forth, carrying in

to flower so perfectly in the legendary tale But no one came this way; the cradle was forgotten, it was left in the darkness, and where the seed had been sown that today

flourished and produced such prodigious har-vests, that were gathered by the workmen of the twelfth hour and smill the sovereign

pomp of coremony, no one ever breathed one

immense human emotion of this sad story, finally spoke in an undertone, half murmur-

ing his own thoughts in a single word, "It is Bethlehem!"
"Yes," said Dr. Chassaigne, "the same

Pierre, who was greatly touched by the

mind that unconscious vision that was to be seen again in broad daylight, that was

fairy tale, with its gardens, its walks,

Think of the deplorabl

I had that very idea of bringing roses

as though roses should specially bloom

He made a despairing gesture.

preferring to abide it all in silence."

And he added in conclusion:

can do nothing-nothing at all."

saying again to Dr. Chassaigne:

You never disturb me.

happy effusion:

ligious scandal.

the parish should have

"Really, vicar, forgive me if I insist.

himself, continued:

you wish, and fetch anybody you want to

sometimes annoy you?"

The vicar appeared surprised in turn.

Not at all, not at all. Come as often as

#### RESUME OF LOURDES.

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

Story Which Has Been Published.
FIRST DAY.
CHAPTER I.—The opening scene of 'Lourdes,' which was commenced in serial form in Sunday's Bee of April 15, is in a car of the "white train," which carries the very sick pilgrims from Paris to Laurdes. Among the pilgrims is Marie de Guersaint, a roung woman who for years has been bedridden. She is necompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre Froment.
CHAPTER II.—The Abbe Pierre Froment.
Son of a clemist, who lived at Neulily. Laving next them were M. de Guersaint and Pierre played together, and finally fell in love with each other is they grew up. Marie received an injury which resulted in nearly total paralysis. As she could never become his wife Pierre became a priest.

CHAPTER III.—The suffering in the train is intense when it stops at Poirtlers half an hour Intense when it stops at Poirtiers and for lunch.

CHAPTER IV.—As the train starts Sophic Couteau gets in. She tells the story of the curs 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 Hernadette, and describes the eighteen times she saw the visions in the grotto. Leardes is reached in the early morning. As the train rolls into the station an unknown man dies.

CHAPTER L-A vivid picture 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 m m the procession to the grotto starts. Father Messals seks 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 if e will be restored.

immersed in the pool in hopes that life will be restored.

CHAPTER III.—The abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chaesaigne. 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. Chaesaigne accompanies the abbe to the Bureau of Certifications. Eliza Rouquet, whose fare was made hideaus by a lupus, declares the sore is steadily drying up. La Grivotte, who had been in the last stages of consumption, comes rushing in shouting. 'I am cured!'

cured?"
CHAPTER V.—In the evening the abbe visits
Marie. She is much depressed and is iosing her
faith. He reads to the invalids, continuing the
story of Bernadetts, telling how persecutions foliowed upon the first miracles. The recitation
cheers them up, and restores Marie's faith.

CHAPTER I.—Pierre discovers that Mme. Volmar, a devout pilgrim, has come to Lourdes to
meet her lover.

CHAPTER I.—Pierre discovers that Mme. Volmar, a devout pilgrim, has come to Lourdes to
meet her lover.

CHAPTER II.—Pierre and M. de Guersaint
meet Mme. Dessigneaux. Mile. Raymonde and M.
de Pérrelongne, to whom Raymonde is engaged.
They visit places of interest.

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

CHAPTER IV.—Pierre takes Marie to the
grouto to remain throughout the night. Baron
Surie, the director, takes Pierre into the grotto
and shows him the miraculous spring.

CHAPTER V.—Dr. Chassaigne tells Pierre
about his interview with Bernadette, and deneribes the efforts of the Abbe Peymarale to
build a church at Lourdes.

CHAPTER I.—Marie is still confident of being ured. The death of Mme. Vetu is vividly CHAPTER I.—Marie is still confident of being cured. The death of Mme. Vetu is vividly portrayed.

CHAPTER III.—The crowd and the religious excitement is almost overpowering. Marie is semfident of being cured. As Pierre stands beside her cart he remembers that one of the three physicians who were called in consultation on her case said that she could be cured in a perfectly natural way by some great excitement. Several pilgrims assert that they are cured, and suddenly Marle, who has not been able to move for seven years, stands up in her cart, trembles, and new life seems to come to her. This much increases the excitement. She walks to the bureau of certifications, and her wonderful care is officially put on record.

CHAPTER IV. Marie drags her cart in the procession up to the basilica. Pierre is far from happy. He does not believe it a miracle. He has lost his faith, and by his yows has lost the right to love Marie, now that she can be a wife. He leaves the crowd and has a bitter half hour alone in the underground chapel.

### FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER V.

As they walked down the ramparts Dr Chassaigne said immediately to Pierre "You have just witnessed the triumph. will now show you two great injustices. He conducted him to the Rue des Petits-Posses, to the chamber of Bernadette, that low and obscure room from which she went but on the day when the Holy Virgin appeared to her. The Rue des Petits-Fosses is part of the old Rue des Bois, today called the Rue de la Grotto, and cuts across the Rue de Tribunal. It is a winding street very sad and gloomy, that goes up a slight hill. Passers by are rare, and it is lined by the high walls of miscrable houses, with mournful outlooks, where never an open window may be seen. A single tree in a court yard is the only gay thing visible. "Here we are," said the doctor. Just at

this spot the street seemed more narrow more confined, and the house was opposit gray wall, the bare side of a granary little death-like looking abode, with its nar-row windows, its common, rough coater walls of a purplish tint, with its hideous out look of poverty. Below the pathway was black as night, a frail old gate was closed, and there was only one step to go up, that was covered by the stream swollen now by the late storms

The doctor spoke again: "Go in, my friend, go in. Just push open the gate."

The way was pitch dark and Pierre felt along the damp wall, fearing to make a misstep. He seemed to be going into a very obscure cellar and had the sensation that under him was a slippery floor, continually soaked with water. Finally, at the end. soaked with water. Finally, at the end, upon fresh instructions from the doctor, he turned to the right.
"Bend your head, for you might knock it

the door is very low. Well, here we are." Like the street door, the entrance to the chamber stood wide open in an unconscious neglect, and Pierre, who had stopped in the middle of the room, hesitating, for his eyes were still full of the bright light outside could distinguish absolutely nothing; it was like the middle of the night. of ley dampness, like that of wet lines struck his shoulders.

But little by little his eyes became ac customed to the dim light. Two window Two windows of an unequal size looked out on a narrow in-terior courtyard that was faintly lighted by a greenish reflection like the bottom of a pit, and one must needs have had a candle to read at midday in this dark room chamber was four by three and a balf yards, paved with cobble stones, while the main beams and cross pieces were black as soot by age and neglect. Opposite the door was Opposite the door was the chimney, a poor plaster chimney, with an eld mouldy board for a mantle shelf, sink stood between the chimney and one the windows. The old whitewashed walls were peoling off in scales, spotted with dampcovered with cracks that were jet black, like the ceiling. There was no longer any furniture. The room appeared abandoned. Only confused and uncanny things were seen there, unrecognizable in the deep shadows that filled every corner. After

a silence the doctor spoke, "Yes, this is the room; it all began here. Nothing has been changed, only the furniture longer here. I have tried where it went. The b surely have been against opposite the windows; at wall, beds, for there were seven Soubirons—the father, mother, two boys and three girls. Just think of that; three beds filling this room and seven persons living within these few square yards! All this mass of people buried alive, without air, without light, almost without bread. What low misery! what humility! the poor, piteous creatures!"

Here he was interrupted. A shadow, that Pierre at first took to be that of an old woman, entered. It was a priest, the vicar of the parish who now lived in the house. He was acquainted with the doctor.
"I heard your voice, Dr. Chassaigne, so I

came down. So you have come again to "Yes, indeed, abbe. I gave myself that wretched lodging, the chance resting place, where all fresh religions of suffering and pity find their birth. Indeed, I sometimes ask myself if it is not better thus to have this chamber remain in this indigent and abandoned state. It seems to me that Bernadette has nothing to lose by it, for I love her all the more when I come here to pass an hour at a time."
He stopped for a moment, then made

fresh gesture of disgust:
"But yet, no, I cannot forgive; such ingratitude makes me beside myself, I told you that I thought Bernadette went willingly to cloister herself at Nevers. But if no one did make her disappear what a comfort them that she felt lonely and sad here They are the same men of today, so anxious masters here that they enforce every means to obliterate her memory. Ah! my dear child, if I might tell you all!" Little by little he told it, and felt comfort

in the telling. The dead Bernadette was even more feared by the fathers of the Grotto, who apparently exploited her work, than the living Bernadette had been. long as she lived their great dread was she might return to Lourdes to divide the spoils; and they were reassured only by he numility, for she was not at all dominating, having chosen herself the shadow of seciu sion, from which she would soon disappear But then they trembled even still more a the idea that some other power besides their own might be able to bring out the

relics of the secress.

The very day after her death a plan wa suggested by the common council of the town. The town wished to erect a tomb and a subscription was spoken of. Instantly the sisters of Nevers refused to give up the body; that, they said, belonged to them Behind the sisters every one felt the power of the fathers, who were very uneasy and agitated, opposing with all their might any bringing forth of those venerated ashes, in which they instantly could forsee a possible rival to the grotto itself. Imagine such a menacing condition of things! A monumen tal tomb in the cemetary, pilgrims going to it in processions, the invalids kissing the marble with their feverish lips, and miracles being worked in the midst of the saintly fervor! It would be a certain rival a disastrous one, the displacement of devo tion and of the wonder. So their great and only dread always remained—that of having to divide, to see the money go elsewhere, if the town that was now so well instructed should ever wish to build a tomb It even gave to the fathers a project most astute depths. They had a secret idea to keep the body of Bernadette to them-selves, that the Sisters of Nevers should simply be allowed to keep it for them in the bring it forth on the day that the wealth of the pilgrims commenced to fall off. Wha would be the use at prezent of the solemi rites, for the crowds came in just as grea numbers as ever; whereas, some day, the extraordinary success of Our Lady of Lourder must decline, like everything else in this world, and then it was easy to imagine what an awakening of faith might be produced by the solemn ceremony that would be heart of everywhere, when Christendom mighview the relics of the elect, replaced in the holy earth where she had once produced so many marvels. Thus miracles would be commenced anew, on the marble tomb, in front of the grotto, or in the choir of the

"You may look," continued Dr. Chassaigne 'you may look, but you will not find in all Lourdes an authorized portrait or image of Bernadette. Her picture is sold, but amounts to nothing in any of the sanctuaries It is a systematic forgetfulness, the same dull disquietude that has left this poor room where we now are in such silence and abandonment. It is because they fear some possible religion over her tomb; they are afraid lest the masses come here to pray, whenever two roses may be placed upon that chimney piece, or two candles lighted. And if a paralytic screams out that she is cured. what a scandal, what a concern in the souls of those good merchants in the grotto, who would thus see their monopoly seriously com-promised. They are the masters; they intend to remain masters, and they will never give up any of the magnificent property they have conquered and that they now exploit But nevertheless they tremble, yes, they tremble at the memory of those workers in the first hour, when they think about that little girl who is so great now that she is dead, whose enormous heritage burns them to keep intact to that degree, that after sending her to Nevers to live, they do not dare to fetch back her body that is left in prison under the paving stones of a convent yard.'

What a fate for that poor creature Ah! cut off from all living, to have her corpse likewise left in exile! Pierre also pitted her, that creature of misery, who seemed chosen only to suffer both in her life and in her death! Even if one admitted that any single persistent will had not caused her to disappear, nor even kept her apart until her what a strange circumstance made it seem as though some one, still disquieted by the immense power she might yet be, had always jealously forced her to remain separated from every one! To Pierre' was a martyr, one of the elect, and eyes she even if he could ever believe, the story this unhappy girl would have been sufficient to destroy all belief in him, for she not only ouched his fraternal senses, but she revealed to him a new religion-the only one that filled his heart, the religion of life and of human suffering. Just as they were leaving the room Dr.

Chassaigne said: You must believe here, dear child. Look at this obscure hole. Think of the respiendent grotto, the triumphant basilica, whole town that has been built—a world fact, created; all the crowds that flock hither! If Bernadette were but a mad woman, with hallucinations, would not the whole story be still more astounding, more How could the dream of inexplicable? mad woman have sufficed to shake whole nations? No, no; a divine breath has passed over here; that alone can explain the prod-

Pierre answered quickly. Yes, it was true, a breath had passed over them. sobs of sorrow, the inextinguishable desire for the infinity of hope. If the vision of a suffering child had sufficed to gather here all nations, to cause millions of gold to rain and create a new town on the face of the was it not because that dream satisfied somewhat the hunger of poor humanity, the insatiable desire they have to be dethe insatiable desire they have been covered and consoled? She had opened the unknown, undoubtedly at a favorable social and historical time, and crowds had precipitated themselves into the mystery. Oh! to take refuge in the unknown, when reality is so hard; to believe in a miracle when cruel nature seems to be but one long injustice The unknown might be well organized, reluced to the dogmas and made into revealed religions; there always remained at the bot tom that call from suffering ones, the cry for life, exacting health, joy, fraternal hap-piness, even if it only came in another world and could not exist in this earth. What was the use of believing in dogmas? Was it not enough to love and to weep?

But Pierre did not discuss. He held back

the answers that came to his lips, convinced that at any rate the eternal need for the supernatural would always cause eternal faith in the heart of a sad and mournful mankind. Any miracle that could not be depict must be the could not be mankind. Any miracle that could not be denied must be like necessary bread to de-spairing humanity. Then, that he not spairing humanity. Then, had he not sworn himself that by charity he would sworn himself that by charity he would never pain any one by his own doubts?

"What a marvel it all is," insisted the doctor. "Certainly it is," he finished by saying. "The whole human drama was

saying. "The whole human dfams was played, ail unknown forces were sgitated in this poor abode, so black and so damp." They remained silent for several moments more. They once more went round the walls, lifted their eyes to the smoky ceiling and gave a last glance out over the greenish court yard. It was indeed a crygreenish court yard. cobwebs, the dirty old casks, broken tools and debris of every kind that was rotting heaps on the floor. So, without adding a word, they slowly turned away, their hearts lightened by a hand of sorrowfu feelings. It was only when they reached the street that Dr. Chassaigne waked up. He shuddered slightly, quickened his pace, "It is not finished yet, my dear child

Follow me. We will now visit the other great iniquity. It is the meant Abbe Peyramale and his church when he spoke They crossed the Place du Porche and turned into the Rue St. Pierre, and it offy took them a few mo-ments. But the loonversation had gone back to the faffiers of the grotto and the They re-entered the nave, and were in vaded by the awful sadness of this whole

back to the fiffers of the grotto and the terrible warfars, merelless, between Father Sempe and the ancient curate of Lourdes. The latter, vanguished, was dead, in fearful bittercess, and after killing him with care, they had also destroyed his church, that he had teft unfinished, with no roof, open alike to wind and rain. This monumental church, with what glorious dreams had it filled the fatter years of his life! After he had been dispossessed of the grotto, sent away from the work of Our Lady of Lourdes, that wirk of which he was, with Bernadette, the first artisan, his church became his revenge, his protestation, his glory unto himself, the house of God in which he should triumph in his sacred which he should triumph in his sacred habits, from which he should lead forth interminable processions to realize the forma yow made to the Holy Virgin.

The man of authority and demination that existed in his being, the leader of crowds, the constructor of temples, longed

with an impatient joy to hasten the workmer but also with the imprudence of a man over-come by one idea, and who did not trouble himself about the money, allowing himself to be robbed by the contractors, so long as there was always a lot of workmen on the scaffoldings. And he watched it grow, his own church, and looked to see it finished some bright summer morning, new and bright in the rising sun. Ah! that was the vision it always invoked

and that gave him courage to struggle on in the midst of the sullen death warrants that he felt enveloped him. His church looking over the vast square, was finally raised in its colossal majesty. He had wished the Roman style, very grand, very simple, about ninety yards long, 140 high. It was resplendent in the sunlight, when finally the last scaffold was taken down, all fresh in its newness, large blocks of stone so regularly laid. In his thoughts he walked around it, enchanted by its bareness, it chastity of a virgin child, gigantically candid without one carving, not one ornament that might weigh it unnecessarily. The roof of the base of the transept and the apsis were of the same height, outside of the entablature, that was decorated by simple mouldings. In the same way the bases of the lower walls and of the nave had no other decorations than moulded archivaults, supported by piers. The decorations stopped at the great windows in the transept, whose rose windows shown above, went round passing behind the round apsis, against which the building of the sacristy showed two rows of small windows, and as the Abbe Peyramale walked round, untiring in his gape, at this royal building, those lines that stood against out the blue sky, those roofs so high above, th enormous mass whose solidity should defy all time to come. When he closed his eyes he most clearly saw the front, the bell towers, in his proud imaginations; below, the triple porch, the two porches to the right and left whose roofs should join, while the bell towers, rising from the central porch stretched in the middle, like a powerful water jet. There, too, the columns on their pedestals, supported only archivaults that were bordered by mouldings on a point of a pinnacle, a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was to be seen under a canopy, between the two high arches of the first story Then came one story more, where the sound-ing board that decorated the arch should be freshly painted. The buttress began at the ground at the four angles, growing less and less at each story, with great lightness up to the spire, a strong stone spire, with four bell turrets, likewise ornamented with pinacles that stood out against the pure sky. It seemed to this fervent priest's heart that he himself was thus developing, that he was rising with that spire to testify his faith throughout all ages, up above, near to his God.

At other times the vision enchanted him still more. He fancied he saw the interior of the church on the day when the first mass should be celebrated there. The stained glass windows shone forth with the colors of precious stones, all the twelve chapels of stations burned bright with And he himself stood at the high altar o marble and of gold, while the fourteen col-umns that supported the nave, cut from single blocks of Pyrenean marble, magnificent gifts from the four quarters of Christer dom, reared themselves, bearing up the vaulted ceiling that resounded with the or-gan peals and songs of praise. A faithful opposite the choir, that was surrounded a light grating as delicate as lace, held up by some wondrous wooden carvings. The pulpit, a royal gift from some grand lady. was a marvel of art, cut out of solid oak The baptismal fonts had been carved in hard stone by an artist of great talent. by the masters ornamented the walls, th crosses, the pattens, the precious mon strances, the sacred vestments, like unto so many suns, were heaped up within the cup boards of the sacristy. And what a dream to be the high priest of such a temple! to reign there after having built it unaided bless the crowds that should come hithe from all over the world, whilst the chiming bells should peal out to the grotto and to th basilica that they had here in ancient Lour des a rival, a victorious sister, where God likewise triumphed!

After they had walled for a few moments down the Rue Saint Pierre Dr. Chassaigne and his companion turned into the Rue de Langelle.

"Here we are," said the doctor. Pierre could not see any church. He only perceived wretched buildings, a poor quarter of the town, obstructed by dilapidated structions. Finally, at the end of an alley way, he saw a part of the old wall, hal rotten, that still enclosed the vast square of ground between the four streets of Saint Pierre, de Baguerio, de Langelle and des Gardins.

"You must turn to the left," continued the doctor, who had gone down a narrow passage amid the encumbrances, "Here we are, And suddenly the ruin appeared in th nidst of the hideousities and miseries that partially concealed it. The entire frame of the nave and corner

walls, the transept and the apsis were standing. The walls all round were as high as the beginning of the arches. One entered as to a real church, and could walk about easily recognizing accustomed portions of a holy edifice. But when the eyes were raise they met the sky; the roof was lacking, the rain came in, the winds howled there at their will. It was nearly fifteen years since the work had been stopped, and things had been left in the very same state as when the last workmen had quitted. The most striking things were the ten pillars in the nave, the four pillars of the choir, those magnificent marble pillars cut from a single magnificent marbie pinars cut from a single block of Pyrenean stone, that had been covered over by boards to protect them from any effacements. The bases and the capitals were still rough hewn, waiting the sculptors. And these isolated bolumns thus clad in wooden boards gave an air of great sadness to the place. This feeling of melancholy the place is the great was allowed was increased by theograss that was allowed to grow over the meglected grounds, the lower walls and in the nave, a dry grass like that in cemeteries, agross which the women of the neighborhood, had made footpaths by going across the square. They came here to spread out the clothes to dry. Thus the washing of poor families, their coarse sheets, ragged shirts and baby linen, was allowed to dry there in the dying rays of the sun that shone in through the large, empty mul-

Slowly, without speaking, Pierre and Dr Chasaigne walked around the interior. The Slowly, without speaking, Pierre and Dr. Chasaigne walked around the interior. The ten minor chaptes formed a rort of compartments, filled with rubbish and pieces of wood. The fiber of the choir had been cemented, doubtless to protect the crypt below from any moist filterings, but unfortunately the ceiling must have sunken in for there was a depression that the in, for there was a depression that the storm of the previous night had filled with water like a little lake. The parts that had suffered least from the ravages of neglect were the transept and the apsis stone had moved, the great center win dows up near the triforium looked as though awaiting the glazier, while the joists, forgotten up at the top of the walls of the apsis, might have led one to believe that they were to be covered over the very next day. It was only when they retraced their steps and came outside to see the facade that the lamentable condition of this young ruin was visible. On this side the work had been formerly less pushed, and the triple porch was alone constructed, and fifteen years of wintry neglect had sufficed to reduce the carvings, the columns, the archivaults, to such a state of singular de-struction that it looked as if the stone, deeply mossed and ruined, had melted un-der a flow of tears. It made the hour

strings tighten to see such destruction of a broken panes, this dead man appeared even work before it ever was finished. Never more lamentable and tragic. He took a to have existed and yet to crumble thus already under the sky! To be made motionless in a growing, gigantic splendor, only to form the field where general rubbish

sale assassination of a monument. Inside the vast vague spot was obstructed on all sides with bits of scaffoldings that had been thrown down, half decayed, lest their ac cidental fall might result in some mishap and everywhere might be found in the long grasses portlasses, putlogs, center bits, mixed up with pieces of old rope that the dampness had destroyed. There was also the bare frame of a windlass, rising up like some unseen power. Shovel handles, broken bits of wheelbarrows were still thrown down among forgotten building materials, a hear of mouldy brick, moss grown, covered with lichens. Underneath the coarse clothes lichens. that were drying on the grass might still be seen here and there the rails of the hand railway made to carry in the workmen's tools, while a small car was overturned one corner. The most melancholy object was the steam engine that still stood under the cart shed that used to protect it. For fifteen years it had remained there, cold and lifeless. The shed had fallen down or it, large holes permitted the rain to soak i at every shower. One end of the rope that formerly worked the windless hung down and looked like some link to the past, a gigantic cobweb. All the iron pieces and steel parts were rusted and decayed, covered. by lichens and all sorts of vegeta tion, whose yellow patches made of them? very ancient looking machinery, that winto and summer alike had devastated, and the inactive engine, that cold machinery with its extinct fires, the silent boiler, were like the very soul that had itself inspired. work, were all vainly awaiting the return of the great charitable heart whose comin through the briars and brambles was t wake that church of the sleeping woods fron its dull slumber and ruin.

At last Dr. Chassaigne spoke. "Ah!" he said. "When one thinks tha 50,000 francs, would have prevented this dis aster. With 50,000 francs things might have been tided over, interest paid, and this immense undertaking might have been saved and there was plenty of time to wait. But they wished to suppress the work as they had killed the man." He designated by a motion, over yonder

the fathers of the grotto, whom he avoided "And to think that they receive annually 800,000 francs! They prefer to send present to Rome in order to maintain powerful friend

ships." In spite of himself he flew off at a tanger at the thought of the adversaries of th Abbe Peyramale. The whole story haunte him with a holy sense of justice. Opposit the ruined buildings he began to tell the facts, how the enthusiastic curate had throw himself into the work of constructing the church, running into debt, allowing himself to be robbed, while Father Sempe, spying about, made use of each fact to bring him into discredit before the bishop, and, ended by witholding the donations and stoppin the work. Then, after the death of the van quished man, came all those interminable lawsuits, fifteen years of litigation, that gav plenty of chance to the elements to destro a pitable state, the debt was so enormous, that it appeared to be about useles The slow decay of the stones was achieve under the tumbled down shed, the steam power was falling in pieces, ruined by rain

"I am well aware they triumph; there no one besides them. It is just what they wanted, to keep all power, all the money to themselves. I tell you their fear of rivalry pushed them so far as to send out of Lourdes all the religious bodies that tried come here. Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedic tines, Capuchins and Camelites have alik made requests, but the fathers of the grotte have always succeeded in having them evicted. They only tolerate female com-munities, for they wish to lead their flocks. And the city belongs to them; they have shops there and sell the Almighty God, both wholesale and retail!"

They had returned with slow steps to the center of the cave. Amid all the brances with a sweeping gesture he showed the devastation that surrounded them. "Look at this sadness, this fearful misery. Over yonder the rosary and the basilica hav cost them more than 3,000,000 francs.' And just as he had done when in Bern-adette's room Pierre again saw the Ba-silica in his mind's eye—radiant in its tri-It was not here in this that the Abbe Peyramale's dreams had been realized and that he had officiated, blessed the kneeling crowds, while the organ pealed forth hymns of praise. Over there the basilica called up all this, with its ringing chimes clamoring with superhuman joy over the miracle, all brilliant with candles and banners and lamps, the gold and silver hearts, the clergy, clad in gold, and the monstrance like unto a golden star. She shone forth in the setting sun, touching heaven with her spire, with the murmur of millions of prayers shaking her ver-Here was a church, dead before it was born, forbidden by the mandates of the bishops, falling into powder beneath the elements. Each storm carried away some of the stones, great flies buzzed in the tles that had overgrown the nave, and ther were no other worshippers than the neigh boring women, who came in to pick their linen that had been spread out to dry on the grass. In the midst of the mournful silence a dull voice seemed to sob out perhaps from the marble columns, crying down their useless luxury under their plant covers. At times little birds skimmed across the deserted apses, uttering faint cries: enormous nests of rats, hidden under the fallen pieces of scaffolding, nibbling through them, ran out from their holes in a rush of terror. It was the culminating anguish of this voluntary ruin, to be hus compared to her triumphant rival basellica, all shining in her golden splendor

Again Dr. Chassaigne simply said: "Come with me." They left the church, going along the left side of the foundations, and came to a door rudely made out of some nailed boards, when, after going down a wooden staircase that was half rotten and whos steps creaked under their feet, they found themselves in the crypt. It was a lov place with vaults dug out in exact reproduction of the choir. The squatty pillars, lef in their rough condition, were also awaiting the hands of the sculptor. Building materials were all about, the woodwork was rotting on the sunken ground, the en-tire great room was white with plaster like buildings left half finished. At the end three windows that formerly had glasses but were now without a single pane, lighted the naked desolation of the walls with a cold, sullen shade.

And there, in the center, slept the body

of the Cure Peyramale. Pious friends had conceived the touching idea of burying him thus in the crypt of his unfinished church. The tomb was all in marble, up one large step. The inscriptions, in letters of told the thoughts of the subscribers, The inscriptions, in letters of gold cry of truth and reparation that came forth from the monument. On the top migh be read, "The pious contributions from all over the world have erected this tomb to the blessed memory of the noble servant of Our Lady of Lourdes." On the right were the brief words of Plus IX., "Thou has consecrated thyself wholly to erect a temple to the Mother of God." On the left were the words of the go-pel, "Blessed are them that suffer for righteousness sake."
Was it not all a truthful complaint, the legitimate hope of the vanquished, who had fought so long with but the single desire of strictly carrying out the order of the Virgin transmitted to him by Berna-dette? A small statue of Our Lady of Lourdes was there, placed above the funera inscription against the great naked wall that was decorated only by some crowns made of beads hanging on nails. In front of the tomb five or six benches were placed, like those in front of the grotto, for those faithful souls who might wish to sit. By a fresh gesture of touching pity Dr Chassaigne had silently shown to Pierre an enormous damp spot that was green on the celling above the end wall. Pierre remembered the little lake he had noticed on the disjointed cement up in the choir, where quite a considerable amount of water had been left by the storm of the preceding night. Evidently it was filtering through for an actual stream flowed down, covering the crypt when the rain was very heavy. They both felt badly, as they perceived that the water trickled down the in large drops right on the tomb. The doctor could not restrain a groan. "It is raining now. It is raining on him

Pierre stood still, in a sort of sacred fear. Under the falling water, the howling wind that must enter in winter through those

more lamentable and tragic. He took a feroclous grandeur, lying there in that rich marble tomb, in the midst of the rubbish of those crumbling ruins of his own church, He was the sole guardian of it all, the dreamer thus dead watched over those vast spaces, open to all the birds of the air. He dumb protestation, obstinute, nal, and he was also waiting there. Lying in his bier, having all eternity to con-his patience, he was there awaiting th orkmen who perhaps would come back of one bright April morning. If they waite en years he would be there; if they wait for a century he would still be there. I waited to see these rotten scaffoldings th were now lying in the grass of the hav-once more, like the dead themselves, resuected, in some product, the whole length of the wall. He waited to see the steam power, suddenly lighted up, pulling out it steamy breath again, to convey the tools an materials to the workmen on the roof. H beloved work, that gigantic construction, was crumbling on his head, and with hands clasped and eyes closed he kept watch over

the neglect and simply waited.

The doctor finished the cruel tale in low voice, telling how after persecuting the

Abbe Peyramale and his work, the tomb ha likewise been persecuted. There had form erly been a bust of the curate in the tomi before which devoted hands had kept lighted lamp. But once a woman fell her face on the ground, vowing she had seen the spirit of the defunct man, and the fathers of the grotte had demurred niracles to be produced here also? Invalid already came to pass whole days on the and kissed the marble, beseeching to cured. It became a terror to the fathers, these people were cured, if the grotto had rival in this martyr, sleeping thus alone, I the midst of those old tools left by th masons. The bishop of Tarbes was informe and worked up to pronouncing the mandat against the church, forbidding all cere monies there, all pilgrimages or processio Like Bernadette, his memory was proscribe his picture must not be seen anywhere lauthority. And just as they had beagainst the living man, so the father worked against the memory of the grea They pursued him even t dead man. tomb. And they alone, even to this day, im-pede the completion of the church, con-tinually created fresh obstacles, refusing to divide their rich harvest of donations They seem to wait, that the winter storm should finish the work of destruction, that the vault, the walls, the entire gigantic onstruction should crumble on the marble onb, on the body of the vanquished; that he should be crushed and swallowed up forever. "Ah," murmured the doctor, "I who knew him, so courageous, so enthusi-astic over his noble task. Now look at them, they weep for him."

them, they weep for him.

He knelt down painfully and quieted himself in a long prayer. Pierre, who could not pray, stood beside him. A feeling of vast pily overflowed his heart. He heard those heavy drops of water falling one by one on the tomb in a slow measure, and they seemed to tell of the seconds of eternity in the midst of that profound silence. He thought of the eternal misery of this world, of the election to suffering that was always striking down the best The two great workers of Our Lady of Lourdes, Bernadette and Abbe Peyramale lived again before him as piteous victims, tortured during their lives, exiled after their deaths. This would certainly have killed any faith that he might have had, for the Bernadette he had found after all hi long search was only a human sister, over-come by every sorrow. But he felt for her a brotherly tenderness, all the same, as two large tears rolled slowly down his

(To be continued next Sunday.) A PLEA FOR SHORTER HOURS.

OMAHA, July 5 .- To the Editor of The Bee: We hear a great deal of talk thes days about an eight-hour day for the labor ing man, indeed it is the intention of th American Railway union to call a confer ence of all labor organizations to establish an eight-hour day in every department of labor, and they intend to keep alive the agitation upon the subject by voice, pen and ballot until victory is achieved. With many others, I believe this is the proper thing, and there is no doubt that an eight hour day may be regarded as an important means of solving the labor problem.

If our working men are in earnest for their agitation, if they conscientiously bethat "eight hours is plenty to in a day," then why not act consistentl with their beliefs and demands? At preent they enjoy a nine or ten hour day with a lei-up of two or three hours Saturdays. but to their less fortunate brethren, our store clerks, they deny shorter hours, least so far as Saturday night is concerned Did it ever occur to workingmen that by their late shopping and "snap hunting" Saturday evenings they are the cause o untold misery to a great many men women and children whose bread and but ter is made at these stores? From early morning on Saturdays till 10 o'clock at night, and semetimes later, these poor clerks stand behind the counter, the major ity of them with salaries scarcely able to keep body and stul together, and in many cases irregularly paid. Tired, wearled and worried to death, they are expected always to be civil, obliging and conrecus, with a sweet smile and a kindly answer for every erank who cares to molest them, sit the men are not allowed, the girls son imes must." There is no class of worker in the city more deserving of sympathy help and encouragement than the femal clerks in our stores. With that con-sciousness of independence which surges through the veins of every free born Amer can they face the world to make an hones livelihood, and not only for themselves, bu n many instances for others younger or nelpless and dependent upon them; but alas for the treatment some of these poo

giris are subjected to.

Now, these late hours on Saturday even ings are hard enough on the men and women in our stores, but how about the boys and girls engaged in this business? If ever there was a disgrace in our nine-teenth century civilization I think it is in the hiring of these children. Why, bless your heart, 25 per cent of them cannot tell the correct time on a clock, and of the three "R" standard of education (reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic) they know little of nothing. There boys and girls ought to be at school all day, and in bed three hours before many of our stores close Saturdays. is only a few Saturday evenings agsince the writer found one of these cash

#### NATURAL AS NATURE

sometimes a great deal prettier. You may the color of bair you most admire. If your is gray, or spoiled by bleatening and in-us dyes, use

IMPERIAL

HAIR RECENERATOR It is hair tonic and coloring of perfect clean ws, which comes in several stades. One appli-tion will hast for months. It is absolutely in-smills to detect its use. Baths will not affect Send for free booklet.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL MFG. CO. 292 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Sold by Sherman & McConnell, 1513 Dodge Street, Omahs, Neb.

boys sound asleep on the stairway of the store where he was engaged, and one little tot of a girl was contemplating with a very

tor of a girl was contemplating with a very tired and weary look the journey of twelve blocks to her home in the rain after the store closed, about 10:20 p. m.

Our preachers may cry all they want about the nonchurch going habits of the present generation, but until something is done to shorten the Saturday hours of this class of our citizens it is next to impossible for them to reach church on Sunday morn-ings. If these "slaves" take the oppor-

this. If these slaves take the opportunity of resting up on Sunday or enjoying a little pure, fresh air to the neglect of the church, who can blame them?

Right here it might be put forward that the best way of dealing with this matter would be to approach the proprietors of the different stores on the subject, but, let me say, this has already been done, and while some of our merchants are in favor of early closing Saturdays, others are not and defiantly refuse to do so. Some three years ago one of our leading dry goods stores closed at 6 o'clock Saturdays, and continued doing so for over two years, but was compelled to open again by the opposi-tion of its greedy, grasping, mercenary

To the everlasting credit of the Women's Christian Temperance union be it said that these ladies have pledged themselves that all their shopping shall be done before 6 p. m. Saturdays, and they are religiously corping their pledge, as ladies always do,
And now to the workingmen of Omaha I
appeal. As believers in the agitation for an eight-hour day, we ask your assistance to break up this worse than cruelty to Arrange to do all your shopp animals. by 6 p. m. Saturdays, and so lift this stain from our civilization. It is you who can bring to time these rapacious, greedy soul-less corporations by forsaking their places of business at 6 p. m. It is you and you only who can do it. HUMANITY.

Cook's Imperial. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good efferves-cence, agreeable boquet, delicious flavor."

He-That fellow over there cheated me out of a cool million! She How could he? He-Wouldn't let me marry his daughter.

## Sweets to the Sweet.

For my lady's dressingtable, to charge with odor of sweet flowers the air of her boudoir; to lend its pungent essence to her dainty linen; to impart its fragrance to the water of her bath; and in a thousand ways to add a constant charm and sweetness to her life, send her a box of

## Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER.

Deer Park and Oakland

On the Crest of the Alleghenies, (MAIN LINE B. & O. R. R.)

Season opens June 23d, 1894 Rates \$60, \$75 and \$90 a month, according to

GEORGE DeSHIELDS, Manager, Deer Park, Garrett County, Md.

Mountain Lake BETWEEN DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

Season opens June 1st, 1894. MOUNTAIN LAKE CAMP MEETING,

MOUNTAIN LAKE CHAUTAUQUA, INTERSTATE W. C. T. U. CONVENTION. Rates \$7 to \$15 per week. Address L. A. RUDISILL, Superintendent, Mountain Lake Park, Md.

# FITSCURED

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and care 4 more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute care, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Codar St., New York

## Globe Savings Bank, STATE BUILDING, STATE BUILDING

S. W. Cor. 16th and Dodge 5ts

4 per cent. interest paid on savings deposits. 4 per cent. on time certificates 3

to 6 months. 5 per cent. on time certificates -6 months and over.

You are invited to come in and open as account with us. Banking hours 9 to 4 P. M daily. Open Saturday nights to receive do posits only, 6 to 8 P. M. H. O. DEVRIES, Pres. CADET TAYLOR, Vice-Pres

W. B. TAVLOR, Cashler. H. A. HANSEN, Asst. Cashler. SPECIAL PARROTS.



YOUNG CUBAN PARROTS have arrived. Price only 56 cuch. Do not forget that these favored parrots are but a few winds every year in

GEISLER'S BIRD STORE 416 N. 16th, Omaha,





EXACT SIZE THE MERCANTILE IS THE FAVORITE TEN CENT CIGAR.

sale by all First Class Dealers. Manufactured by the F. R. RICE MERCANTILE CIGAR CO., Factory No. 304, St. Louis, Me.