only a few steps away from here."

He did not even wait for their answer, but started off to the other side of the Piaco de having but one wish-to amuse Ray-To tell the truth, the inspection of the candle factory was even less amusing than that of the packing rooms, from which they had just come. It was in a sort of cel-tar under one of the arches on the right— a deep recess that was divided by the beams into vast rooms. In all these divisions there were the most extraordinary numbers of candles, all sorted and classified in sizes. The overflow of candles given to the grotto were there, and they accumulated so largely that special carts, in which the candles were placed by pilgrims, were several times each day pushed to the grating and brought back to the factory. The principle was that all the candles ought to be burned at the statue of the Virgin, but there were far too many to do this, even though 200 were lighted day and night; but the number of candles never seemed to be diminished, for the offerings constantly exceeded the requirements. So it was said that the fathers were obliged to sell these candles once again. to sell these candles once again. Indeed, friends of the grotto had been heard to boast that the rendering of the wax and sale of candles supported the entire work of the

grotto.

The actual number of candles they saw completely overcame Raymonde and Mme.
Desagneaux. Nothing but candles, and candles, and candles. Particularly the small sizes that cost from 10 sous up to 1 franc seemed to abound. M. de Guersaint in-sisted upon hearing statistics, and then when he attempted to calculate quite lost his count. Pierre was perfectly ident behis count. Pierre was perfectly ident be-fore this mass of wax, that was to be burned to the glory of God, and although not an utilitarian he could not resist, in his appreciation of the joys of luxury, thinking how in place of this unsatisfactory illusion that may nousibly take the fancies of men that may possibly take the fancies of men, how much good might have been accom-plished with the money spent for these wax candles, that merely ended in smoke.
"What am I to do about the bottle I wish

to send?" asked Mme. Desagneaux.
"We will go to the office," answered
Gerard. "It is a matter of only five

They were obliged to retrace their steps across the Place de Rosaire and mount the

They were obliged to retrace their steps across the Place de Rosaire and mount the steps that led to the basilica. The office was up there, to the left, at the very entrance to the path of Calvary. It was a miserable little building, meanly put together, of boards and plaster, stained by rain and storms, and having a wooden sign, bearing these words:

"Information given here regarding gifts, masses and societies. All wishes carried out. Water from Lourdes sent from here. Subscriptions received for the Annual of Our Lady of Lourdes." How many millions had already passed through these miserable offices, evidently dating from the age of innocence when the foundations of the neighboring basilica were hardly begun.

They all went in, curious to see it. But they saw only a little grating, at which Mme. Desagneaux was obliged to stoop to give her friend's address. Then she paid 70 centimes and was handed a fluttering receipt like a zerap of paper used by employes in the baggage room at a station.

Once more outside Gerard showed them a large building, some 200 or 300 yards distant.

"Look, that is where the fathers live."
"But they are never visible," said Pierre.

tant.

"Look, that is where the fathers live."

"But they are never visible," said Pierre.
The young man seemed greatly surprised
and did not answer for an instant.

"It is true they are not often seen, because
they relinquish the entire management of
the national pilgrimage to the Fathers of the
Assumption."

Assumption."

Pierre looked at the building, built of hewn stone, that resembled nothing so much the building windows were hewn stone, that resembled nothing so much as a strong castle. The windows were closed, the house appeared deserted. Yet everything emanated from there, and all was planned within those walls. Pierre imagined he could hear the speechless yet powerful rake that was stretched over the entire vailey, raking up from the people the gold, and the very life blood of the crowds, which was used by the fathers to their own profit. Just then Gerard continued in an undertone:

undertone:

"Look there; you see they do show themselves. There is the reverend director, Father Capdebarthe."

A priest was passing at that very moment. He was a peasant. Half civilized, his rugged frame, with its huge frame, looked as if it had been hewn with a hatchet. No ray of intelligence lighted his opaque eyes, and his coarse face seemed to have retained a taint of the earth—a red and dull tint of the actual soil. Mgr. Lawrence had, indeed wade a truly politic choice when he deed, made a truly politic choice when he trusted the organization and management of the grotto to these Garaison missionaries, nearly all of whom were sons of mountain-eers and passionately fond of their native lands.

The little group of five then went down to the Square de la Mariasse, the broad avenue that follows along the rampants at the left, and joins the Avenue de la Grotto. It was ady past 1 o'clock, but breakfast was already past 1 octook, out breattast was still going on everywhere, for it took some hours for this overflowing crowd of 50,000 pligrims to pass in file before any luncheon tables. Pierre, who had left the table d'hote at the hotel filled, and since then had seen the hospitalier crowded so closely at "la Popotte," was simply amazed to see eating still going on—everywhere, on every side, people were eating. But out here in the open air it was the lower classes only thus invaded the sidewalks with their benches placed along covered over with a narrow kind of white tent. Soup was sold there and coffee for two sous a cup. Bread, piled up in baskets, was also two sous. Sausages, hams and pigs' feet were hung on the sticks that supported the tents, while some of the restaurant keepers were frying potatoes in the open air, and still others heated meats, with a strong odor of onions. A heavy smoke, filled with pene-trating smells, rose to the sky, mixed with the dust kicked up by the continuous pass ing by of the promenaders. Long lines of persons formed in front of each of these sort of canteens, waiting patiently for their turn at the board tables that were covered with oil cloth, and which were just wide enough to hold two bowls of soup. Every one was in great haste, eating with tha sudden and excessive hunger, that insatiable appetite that is always induced by any great moral excitement. It was the instinct of the animal that gorged itself after the exhaustion of its religious duties, forgetting in its bodily needs any part of the heavenly legends. It was a perfect scene of merrymaking on that dazzling Sunday morning-a satisfying of carnal desires, the joy of liv

ing-notwithstending all this abominable il-ness and miracles that were all too rare. "They eat, they are amused; what else d you expect?" said Gerard, who guessed at the internal reflections made by his kind

"Ah!" murmured Pierre. "It is only natural, poor wretches."

He felt greatly touched by this revenge on part of nature. But when they reached bottom of the boulevard on the way to the groto he was disgusted by the obstinacy of the candle and bouquet sellers, who post-tively assailed the passers by with the rudest kind of insistence. They were nearly all young women, either bareheaded or with a handkerchief folded on the'r heads, who evinced the most extraordinary persistence while the older ones were not any more discrest. With a package of candles held under one arm they all brandished the sin-gle one they offered for sale almost into the hands of the promenaders. "Monsieur, madame, buy a candle; it will bring you good luck." One man, surrounded and by three of the youngest girls, had his coat tails torn off. Then the same story with the bouquet sellers. These bunches were round, roughly tied with a string and looked like cabbages. "A bouquet, sir," or "Madame, here is a bouquet for the Holy Virgin." If the lady refused to buy she heard muttered improca-tions behind her. This impudent negotiation tormented the pilgrims up to the very entrance of the grotto. There might again be found not only shops, crowded one next to the other, turning each street into bazaar, but all the pavements, the side walks, were everrun by people, who blocked the way, offering rosaries, medals, statu-ettes and holy prints. Buying and selling went on at every side, almost as universa as the eating, so that all might carry away some souvenir of this holy fair. The loud-

the Journal of the grotto."

By reason of the continuous pushing and movement of the great living stream of people, the little company of five became separated. Raymonde and Gerard fell be-hind. They began to talk softly, with an

est note in this commercial concert was

struck by the ragamuffins, who, rushing through the crowd, went hither and thither,

shricking in their piercing voices: "The Journal of the grotto, the daily Journal; here it is, just out this morning, two sous;

to the executive department? It is air of smiling intimacy. Alone, and tost in s this crowd, Mme. Desagneaux was forced to stop and give them a call. "Do come along, we shall lose one an-As they came nearer Pierre heard the

young girl say:
"Mamma is so much occupied. Speak to
her before we leave."
And Gerard answered:
"Of course I will. You make me very

happy.' so the marriage had been concluded and decided during this charming walk amid the novelties of Lourdes. She had at last been vanquished, and he had finally made up his mind when he saw her both merry and reasonable at the same time.

But M. de Guersaint, who was looking all about him, said:

"Up there, on that balcony, are not those the very rich people who traveled with us?

You remember the young sick lady accompanied by her husband and her sister?"

He meant the Diculatays. And they were, indeed, on the balcony of the apartment they had hired, the windows of which looked out on the lawns of the Rosary. They had the first floor, furnished with every luxury that Lourden could afford—curtains, rugs, without mentioning all the personal effects and servants that had been sent on from Paris before hand. The weather was so fine that they had rolled the invalid out into the open air, stretched upon a great armchair. She was dressed in a lace peignoir. Her husband, with his faultless coat, stood beside her right hand, while her sister, divinely dressed in light mauve, was sitting on her left, smiling and leaning occasionally toward her, to talk, without receiving any answer.

"Oh!" said little Mme. Desagneaux, "I have often heard about Mme. Jousseur, the young lady in mauve. She is the wife of a diplomat, who neglects her, in spite of her great beauty, and last year there was a great deal said about a fancy she had for a young colonel very well known in Parisian society, but in Catholic circles it is given out that she overcame her passion by means of her strict religious sentiments.

They all stood looking up at her. "Just fancy," she sontinued, "they say that her sister, the invalid you see up there, was once her living picture. She even had an expression of greater loveliness and infinitely more gayety about her. And now, just look, she is a living death, a flesh without vitality, livid and boneless, that they are afraid to move. Oh, what a misfortune!"

Raymonde then told that Mme. Dieulafay, who had been married barely two years, had brought all her wedding jewels to offer them to our Lady of Lourdes, and Gerard confirmed the report, adding that he had that morning been told that the jewels had been placed if the treasury of the Basilica, without mention ing a golden lamp, studded with preciou stones, and a large sum of money that was t be given to the poor. But even yet the Holy Virgin did not seem to be softened or touched, for the invalid's condition appeared

vorse and worse.

Pierre could now think of nothing but that miserable young woman, in her luxurious balcony, a piteous creature amid all her wealth, looking down on the moving crowds. Lourdes in her merry-making and laughter on this glorious Sunday morning. The two beloved beings who watched over the invalid so tenderly, the sister who so willingly gave up any social successes, the hu band who had left his banking house, whose millions were rolling over the four quarters of the globe. These two people only emphasized by their unimpeachable manner the distress of the sad little group, there up above all the passing heads, opposite the delicious view of the valley. There they were, they were infinitely rich and infinitely wretched.

Just then the fine sightseers, forgetting

their pathway, were in constant danger of being crushed. Carriages were continually passing down the large roads, especially landaus with four horses attached, which were driven very fast and covered with tinkling bells. These were filled with tourists people from Pau, from Bareges, from Canterets, brought hither through curiosity, de lighted by the lovely weather, and enchanted by the rapid pace across the mountains; and having but a few hours to remain, they rushed to see the grotto and basilica, all dressed in thin watering place toilets, then off again delighted with all they had seen. Families clothed in bright garments, groups of young women with their gay parasols gave a dash of color to the crowd of neutral tinted pilgrims, and managed to give then a touch of brightness and gayety, as though even fashionable society condescended to

amuse itself at Lourdes.
Suddenly Mine. Desagneaux gave a cry:
"Why, Bertha, is it really you?" was just getting out of a landau, with three other ladies, all smiling and very animated. Their voices mingled, all gave ecstatic screams, and were enchanted to have this chance meeting: "But, my dear, we are at Canterets, so we thought we would all four come here together. Is your husband here

Mme. Desagneaux shook her head: "Oh no, he is at Trouville, you know very well. I shall go back to him on Thursday."

"Yes, yes, that is so," answered the large runette, who looked very amiable and lazy. 'I forgot you are with the pilgrimage, and tell me"—she lowered her head on account of Raymonde, who stood by smiling—"Tel me, that naughty baby who will not come Have you prayed for him from the Holy Blushing somwhat Mme. Desagneaux

topped her by whispering in her ear: deed, I have for two years, and I can assure But I really think this time some thing may happen. Oh, do not laugh, but I certainly felt something this morning when was praying at the grotto."

Every one laughed and all exclaimed as merrily as possible, so she immediately offered to show them about, promising they hould see everything in less than two hours. "Come with us, Raymonde; your mother

They bowed to Pierre and M. de Guersaint, and Gerard, too, took leave, pressing the young girl's hand between his own tenderly and looking into her eyes as though to impress her definitely with his own feel-ings. The ladies then walked off in the direction of the grotto, all six charming and happy, perfect types of delicious young After Gerard had also gonhis way, hurrying back to his duties, M. de Guersaint said to Pierre:

"How about our barber at the Place du Macadal? I must go on to see him. You will still come with me, will you not? "Of course, if you want me. I will fol-low, as Marie will not need us."

They reached the new bridge by way of the paths that crossed the broad lawns in front of the Rosary. There they once again met the Abbe Hermoises, who was acting as guide to two young ladles who had arrived from Tarbes that morning. He walked be-tween them, with his polite manner of the worldly wise priest, and showed them about, explaining all about Lourdes, without pre-senting its disagreeable side, all the poor, the invalids with the secrets of poor brilliant sunlight day appeared to have van

When M. de Guersaint first spoke about hiring the carriage to make the excursion into the hills of Gavarine the abbe seemed afraid he would be obliged to leave his

pretty visitors. 'Just as you please, my dear sir. Make all those arrangements, and, you are quite right, as cheaply as possible, for I shall have two priests with me who are not well off. we shall be four in party. Tonight only let me know at what time we are to leave the

And he joined the ladies, directing them toward the grotto, taking a shady path that led along the bank of the Gave—a green and

fresh path for discreet lovers. Pierre had stood aside, weary and leaning against the parapet of the new bridge. For the first time he noticed the extraordinary swarms of priests amid the trowds. He watched them passing over the bridge. Every variety was there-smart looking priests pilgrimage, that might be recognized by their assurance and neatly cut soutanes; poor priests from the country more timid, many poorly dressed, having made great sacrifices in order to come at all and finally a perfect cloud of ecclesiastics that seemed to have fallen in Lourdes from no one knew where, enjoying absolute liberty without any evidence that they ever said their mass every morning. doubtedly the greater number were at Lourdes just like the Abbe des Hermoises, or vacation, released from all duty, content live as simple men, thanks to the crowd in From the well groomed young priest up to the old priest in his dirty soutane, dragging in the dirt, the rustic species was repre-sented—the big, the fat, the thin, the wide, the small; those brought bither by faith, their duty as good men, and even those who were mixed with some political intrigue, and it was to their benefit to be seen at the grotto. Pierre felt surprised at the stream of priests that passed in front of him, each one with his own particular desire, all rushing to the grotto as all go to one duty, to one faith, to one pleasure, to one labor. He noticed one, a very small, dark and thin man, with a marked Italian accent, whose shining eyes seemed to absorb the whole plan of Lourdes like a spy who comes to inspect before a battle; and another one attracted his attention, an enormous paternal man, puffing because he had eaten too much, but who stopped before an old sick woman and ended by slipping a five franc piece in her

He was rejoined by M. de Guersaint. "We must simply follow the boulevard and then take the Rue Basse," he says. Pierre followed without speaking. He had just felt the weight of his own priestly habit, and yet he had never realized his profession as little as during these days of the pilgrimage. He was living in a kind of maze and inconscient state, always looking for and hoping to feel that sudden shock of faith in spite of his growing uneasiness at the sight of the spectacles around him, he felt a fellow feel-ing for them, for how many of them, like himself, were trying to fulfill their mission of guides and consolers, yet were themselves without belief?

M. de Guersaint raised his voice. "Do you know this boulevard is new? The number of houses that have been built within twenty years is fabulous. There is actually an entire new town."

To the right, behind the houses, flowed the Lapasa. Being anxious to inspect it all, they penetrated down some alleys and found curious old houses on the edge of the narrow stream. Several old mills stretched out their ancient arms. They were shown the one that M. Laurence had given to Bernadette's parents after the apparitions. They also visited a hut, supposed to have been the house of Bernadette, for there the Soubirous had moved when they left the Rue des Petits Fosses, and to which the young girl, Petits Fosses, and to which the young girl, who was already living quietly with the Sisters of Mercy, must surely have come. Passing at last by way of the Rue Basse they reached the Square du Macadal.

This was a long, three-sided square, if that could be; the gayest and most frequented part of the ancient town, where might still be found cafes, chemists' and fine looking abous. One particular shop was

looking shops. One particular shop was most noticeable among the rest, for it was painted light green and ornamented with tall mirrors, all surmounted by an immense sign, painted in letters of gold, "Cazabau, hairdresser."

M. de Guersaint and Pierre entered. There was nobody in the shop, so they waited. From the next room came an awful din of forks and knives, the ordinary dining room having been changed into a table d'hote, where, although it was 2 o'clock and after, at least twenty persons were eating break-fast. Even though the afternoon was far advanced, people were still eating from one end of Lourdes to the other. Like every other proprietor in the town, no matter what their religious opinions were, Cazabau, during the season of pilgrimages, even rented his own room, gave up his dining hall, and lived in the celler, where he slept, ate and crowded himself and his entire family into an ill-ventilated hole about three yards square. It became a perfect craze to make money. At these times the population disappeared like that of a conquered country, yielding everything to the pilgrims, even the beds of the women and children, seating the visitors at their own tables and furnishing them with their own knives and forks. "Is there no one here?" called M. de

Finally a little man appeared. The keep Pryream type—the long face, high check bones, the healthy skin, tinged with red

bones, the healthy skin, tinged with red. His large, shining eyes were never quiet, and throughout his entire little thin body there seemed to exist a trembling, an exuberance of words and gestures.

"Is it to be shaved, sir? I beg your pardon, sir, but my boy is out, and I was in there with my boarders. If you will be seated, sir, I will commence in a second."

Cazabau, condescending to operate himself, now began to mix the soan and sharpen, the now began to mix the soap and sharpen the razor. He glanced uneasily at Pierre and his soutane, who, without saying a word, had sat down, opened a newspaper and appeared buried between the sheets.

There was a brief silence, but Cazabau could not keep still for long, so he lathered "Only fancy, sir, my boarders stayed so Do you hear them? breakfasting. mained for politeness sake-one has to please verybody.

"Oh, yes, sir. We all keep lodgers," answered the barber simply, "The whole country has to do it.' "And do you accompany them to the

At this Cazabau started, very indignant, with the razor held high in the air: "Never, sir, never. It is five years since I have eve the new part of the town. He stopped himself once more and again glanced over at Pierre, sitting behind the newspaper, while the sight of the red cross on M. de Guersaint's sleeve made him cau-tious in his words. But his tongue could not

"Look here, sir, every one has a right to his own opinions. I respect yours, but I do not take much stock in this phantasmagorical idea! And I have never denied it, no even under the empire. I was even then a free thinker and a republican. We were not restricted in this town in old times! Yes, in-

He was jubilant as he commenced on the ieft cheek. From this moment on a steady stream of words poured from his mouth, impossible to present. First he recounted all the same accusations that Majeste had made against the fathers of the grotto; the sale of religious articles, and the disloyalty consequently shown to legitimate shopkeeper: and merchants, hotel keepers and lodging house keepers. As for the Blue Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, he also held then in holy horror, for they had taken from him two ladies who formerly spent three weeks each year in his house. He represented above all, in his bitter remarks, the prevail ing spirits of the day-that of the antagor ism of the old town toward the new town that town so quickly reared on the other side of the chateau, a rich town with house large enough to be palaces, where all luxury flourished without ceasing-while the poor little mountain village was slowly dying out her streets deserted, overgrown with grass The struggle still went on, however, for the prolong her life by sharing with he. bigging pil-ful younger sister the care of lodging pilgrims, opening shops and such things. shops only prospered when very near the grotto, just as only the poorest set of pilgrims were willing to live so far away, so the unequal combat widened the breach and made irreconcilable enemies of the old and new towns, that grumbled against each other in constant intrigues.

"Ah! no, indeed, you would never see me at their grotto," said Cazabau with a furious 'They abuse it well, their grotto think of such idolatries, such gross supersti tions in this nineteenth century! Ask them to tell you of one single invalid from this town that has been cured within the last Yet we have cripples enough twenty years. in our own streets. In the beginning the people round here were benefited by the earlier miracles, but it seems that some time since their miraculous water has lost all its virtue for us. We are too near; one must come from afar it you wish to have it suc-ceed. Really, it is too stupid. You would not get me down there, not for 100 francs."

Pierre's silence seemed to irritate him. He was now shaving the right cheek and began to rail against the fathers of the Immaculate Conception, whose greediness was the main cause for all the discord. These priests who really were at home, inasmuch as they had bought for their community all the lands on which they intended to build, did not respec the treaty they had signed with the town, for they fermally forbade any commerce to be encouraged except the sale of the water and religious articles. At least there should be some legal attempt made to prevent this. But they defied the law, because their strength was so great, and not a gift was permitted to be made to the parish, all moneys collected at once being appropriated by the grotto and the basilica. Cazabau gave an ingenious ending: "If the fathers were half way decent they would consent to

When M. de Guersaint, who was washing his face, sat down again, he went on: "And if I could tell you, sir, what they have made out of our poor little town.

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girls used to be very well behaved, I can tell you, forty years ago. I remember well in my youth when a young man wanted to go on a lark there were not three or four dis-solute women to go to so that on fair days I have seen men standing in line at their doors waiting for their turn. On my word of honor! Ah, well, times are changed and honor! Ah, wen, times are changed and morals are not the same. Nowadays all the country girls sell candles and bouquets, and you must have seen them importuning the passers-by, almost putting their merchandise into their hands by force. Such bold actions are a perfect shame. These girls carn a great deal, form idle habits and in winter do nothing at all, waiting for the season of the big pilgrimages to come around again. And I can tell you that any young man who wishes can find plenty of places to go to today. When one thinks of the loose man nered population by which we are invaded on the very first fine day; drivers, the low creatures, the drinkers, a whole gang of wandering people who live simply by and grossness, and you can easily realize just what forms the new town they have built, with the additional crowds that come what forms the new town they have

to visit the grotto and the basilica." Greatly struck by all this. Pierre had let his paper fall to the ground. As he listened he perceived for the first time the intention of the two Lourdes. Old Lourdes, so honest, so pious, in its quiet solitude; Lourdes, spoiled, demoralized by the float ing millions, so much wealth stirred about and brought hither by the crowds of strangers, who merely rushed through the town in haste, and also influenced by the fatal contact of propinquity, the contagion of a What a result, if one though kneeling before her primitive grotto, with all her innocent faith, of all her fervent purity, in the early workers in the belief. Was this fearful poisoning by means of filthy lucre and human depravity the end for which they had aspired? It was sufficient for people to gather together, to have such a pest break out! As Cazabau noticed that Pierre was listening, he made a final gesture, giving a menacing look as though he would sweep away all this poisonous

superstition. Then he ran the comb once more through M. de Guersaint's hair in silence, and hav-ing finished his work said: "There sir!" It was only now that the architect re-marked about the carriage. At first the barber made some excuse, and pretended that they would have to see his brother however, finally to take the order. A laudau to make the trip to Gavarini, with two horses, cost 50f. But delighted to have been allowed to gossip so freely, and to have been treated as a good fellow. bargain for 40f. As they would be four, it made each share 10f. It was arranged to start during the night at about 2 o'clock in order to get back the next day, Monday,

fairly early in the evening. "The carriage shall be in front of the Hotel des Apparitions at the hour named," repeated Cazabau, with his emphatic maner. "You may count upon me, sir."
All at once he listened. In the ne the noise of ching, knives and forks had not ceased for a moment. They were still eating in the wave of voracity that swept over

the town from end to end. A voice heard above the others asking for bread. "Excuse me," quickly said Cazabau, "my boarders need me," And with his hands still greasy he rushed Through the door that opened for

an instant Pierre raw hanging on the walls of the dining room, several religious prints, and what greatly surprised him, a view of the grotto. The barber doubtless hung them the grotto. The barber doubtless hung them up only during the season of pilgrimages to please his customers.

It was nearly 3 o'clock. As they went out of the shop Pierre and M. de Guersaint were surprised at the great noise of clanging bells. As the first peal for vespers rung out from the basilica, the parish church had responded and now the convent bells, one after the other, joined in the general ringing. The crystal tones tell of the Carmelites, blended with the solumn one of the Immaculate Conception, while all the joyous sounding bells of the Sisters of Hayen and the Dominton of the Sisters of Heaven and the Dominican aisters rang out together. On a fine day of rejoicing one could thus hear bells ringing all day long in Lourdes, as they answered one another across the roof tops of the old and new towns. No gayer sound could be imagined than this sonorous song, that mounted into the blue heavens far above the gluttonous town, that had at last finished breakfasting, and while taking a walk for digestion could thus listen to the merry

(To be continued next Sunday.)

The threatening condition of affairs among the miners in the Indian Territory has been brought to the attention of the War depart President Cleveland has decided that as the mines at Alderson, I. T., are in the hands of the United States court receivers soldiers can be furnished only at the request of the court.

THEN AND NOW. Somerville Journal.

Somerville Journal.

She was a maid of seventeen,
He was a youth of twenty.

She ruled her courtiers like a queen,
Lovers had she a-plenty.

Little she cared for his sighs and vows,
Carelessly she abused him;
Then when at last he asked for love,
Scornfully she refused him.

She is a maid of twenty-seven,
He is a man of thirty.
No more he sues for love from her,
She seems to him too flirty.
He has found out that it's always best
To take a girl's "No" serenely,
And she has found out that it doesn't pay
For a girl to be too queenly.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

The teacher in geography was putting the class through a few simple tests. "On which side of the earth is the north pole?" she inquired. "On the north side came the unanimous answer. "On which side is the south pole?" "On the south side." "Now which side are the most people?" This was a poser and nobody answered. Finally very young scholar held up his hand, said, hesitatingly, as if the excess of his knowledge was too much for him "Good for you," said the teacher, encour-agingly; "tell the class on which side the most people are." "On the outside," replied the youngster, and whatever answer the teacher had in her mind was lost in the

A Cincinnati newspaper reports a striking manifestation of amiability on the part of little maiden of that city. A beautiful new doll had just been given her, and as she sa holding it and singing to it, her moth noticed that the old one was not in sight. "What have you done with Beatrice?

"I've put her away." answered the little "If she saw me loving my new baby it might hurt her feelings."

Harriet and Freddy are both very timid They were both staying at the house of an uncle, who is generous and kindly when his liver is not out of order, but quite the reverse when it is. One un fortunate morning the uncle rebuked the unjustly. Freddy's quick temper rose, but his adversary was too formidable; so turning suddenly to his unoffending little sister, the boy proceeded to vent his wrath on her (a fault grown people are not always entirely free from). "Harriet," sputtered entirely free from). the little boy, "if you don't put down that syrup jug, I'll I'll—call a rat!

Johnny-Why are you putting camphor on those furs? Mamma-To keep the moths out of them. Johnny-What will the moths do if they

get into the furs? Johnny-Well, why don't you put camphor

on pa's head to keep the moths off of it? Warren (aged 6) told his mother the other day that he'd made up his mind that he'd rather not be an angel when he died be-cause they didn't wear any crothes. "And," he added, after a few minutes serious con-templation of the subject, "I shouldn't like the looks of chicken wings on my shoulders

"I like to look at you," said a dear little girl to a stately woman one day.
"Why?" asked the latter, pleased at the childish confidence. "Because your eyes are so green," was the unexpected answer.

"We are going to have Mabel very highly educated," said a clever young matron re cently.

came the unexpected voice of Mabel (a lit-tle tot of 5) from another room. "I wan to be just like you." DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures ulcers.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles

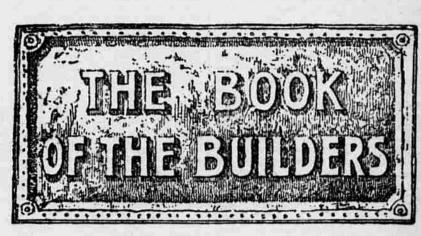
About thirteen miles from Cooke, on the Rosebud, in Montana, is a grand and impos-ing glacier at least 150 feet high. Upon its glistening surface the bright sun looks down as it has for ages, and in no way affects this icy mirror below. Here and there are immense fissures where the awe-stricker adventurer can look down into unknow

The strangest part of this glacier is that all over its surface in vast multitudes, and particularly near its base, lie great grass-hoppers in a perfect state of preservation; at the base they are heaped up in windrows and present a curious spectacle. There is field for much speculation and room for wonder and admiration as we stand and view this vast glacier and its burden of

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

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