

you go to the executive department? It is only a few steps away from here."

He did not even wait for his answer, but started off to the other side of the Place de Rosaire, leaving his wife—who to some Raymond, 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 a sort of cellar 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 groto were three, 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 on 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, the offerings constantly exceeded the requirements. So it was said that the fathers were obliged to sell these candles once again. Indeed, the friends of the groto had been heard to boast that the rendering of the wax and sale of candles supported the entire work of the groto.

The actual number of candles they saw completely overcame Raymond and Mme. Desagneux. Nothing but candles, and candles, and candles. Particularly the small sizes that come from 10 sous up to 1 franc seemed to abound. M. de Guersaint insisted upon hearing statistics, and then when he attempted to calculate their lost count, Pierre was perfectly silent before this mass of wax, that was to be burned to the glory of God, 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 possibly take the fancy of men how much might have been accomplished with the money spent for these wax candles, that merely ended in smoke.

"What am I to do about the bottles I wish to send?" asked Mme. Desagneux.

"We will go to the office," answered Gerard, "it is a matter of only five minutes."

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

"Information given here regarding gifts, masses and societies with periods of grace. Subscriptions received for the Annual of Our Lady of Lourdes. The groto has already had already through these miserable offices, evidently dating from the age of innocence when the foundations of the neighboring houses were being laid. They all went in, curious to see it. But they saw only a little grating, at which Mme. Desagneux was obliged to step to give her friends' address. Then she paid 70 centimes and was handed a fluttering receipt like a scrap of paper used by employees in the baggage room at the station. Once more outside of Gerard, who was a large building, some 200 or 300 yards distant.

"Look, that is where the fathers live," said Pierre. "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 never visible," because they relinquish the entire management of the national pilgrimage to the Fathers of the Assumption."

Pierre looked at the building, built of brown 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 rattle that was stretched over the entire valley, raking up from the people the gold, and the very life blood of the crowds, which was used by the fathers to do good profit. Just then Gerard continued in an undertone:

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

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 the faint of the earth—a red and dull tint of the actual soil. Mr. Lawrence had, indeed, made a truly politic choice when he trusted the management and management of the groto to these Galician missionaries, nearly all of whom were sons of mountaineers and passionately fond of their native lands.

The little group of five then went down to the Square de la Marissee, the broad avenue that follows along the ramparts, and joins the Avenue de la Groto. It was already past 1 o'clock, but breakfast was still going on everywhere, for it took some time for this overflowing crowd of 20,000 pilgrims to pass in file before any luncheon tables. Pierre, who had left the table d'hôte at the hotel filled, and since then had seen the hospitalier crowded so closely at "la Potette," 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 who thus invaded the sidewalks with their rough tables, formed of long boards, with benches placed along, covered with a narrow kind of white tent. Soup was sold there and coffee for two sous a cup. Bread, piled up, with hams and pigs' feet were hung on the sticks that supported the tents, while some of the restaurant keepers were frying potatoes, and others were roasting others heated meats, with a strong odor of onions. A heavy smoke, filled with penetrating smells, rose to the sky, mixed with the dust kicked up by the continuous passing by of the promenaders. Long lines of persons formed in front of each of these tables of eating, and the pilgrims turned to turn at the board tables that were covered with oil cloth, and which were just wide enough to hold two bowls of soup. Every table was a great, noisy, and noisy, and the animal that forged 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 gastronomy, making of that dazzling Sunday morning—a satisfying of carnal desires, the joy of living—notwithstanding all this abominable stink and noise, and the noise of the pilgrims.

"They eat, they are amused; what else do you expect?" said Gerard, who guessed at the internal reflections made by his kind friends.

"Ah!" murmured Pierre. "It is only natural, poor wretches." He felt greatly touched by this revenge on the part of nature. But when they reached the bottom of the boulevard on the way to the groto, the noise of the pilgrims, the noise of the candle and bouquet sellers, who positively assailed the passers by with the rudest kind of insistence. They were nearly all young women, either archaic or with a handkerchief folded on their heads, who evinced the most extraordinary persistence, while the older ones were not any more discreet. With a package of candles held under one arm they all brandished the single 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 pushed by three of the youngest girls, actually had his coat torn off. "Buy! Buy! It was 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 imprecations behind her. This impudent negotiation tormented the pilgrims up to the very entrance of the groto. There might again be found not only the usual noisy crowd, but the other, turning each street into a bazaar, but all the pavements, the sidewalks, were overrun by people, who blocked the way offering rosaries, medals, statues and holy prints. Buying and selling went on at every side, almost as universal as the eating, so that all might carry away some souvenir of this holy fair. The loudest note in this commercial concert was struck by the ragamuffins, who, rushing through the crowd, went hitting and shouting in their piercing voices: "The Journal of the groto, the daily Journal; here it is, just out this morning, two sous; the Journal of the groto."

By reason of the continuous pushing and movement of the great living stream of people, the little crowd of pilgrims was separated. Raymond and Gerard fell behind. They began to talk softly, with an

air of smiling intimacy. Alone, and lost in this crowd, Mme. Desagneux was forced to stop and give them a call.

"Come along, we shall lose one another." As they came nearer Pierre heard the young girl say: "Mamma is so much occupied. Speak to her before she leaves." 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 rich people who will not let us? You remember the young sick lady accompanied by her husband and her sister?" He meant the Desagnays. 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 Lourdes could afford—curtains, rugs, without mentioning all the personal effects and servants that had been sent on from Paris before the wedding. The weather was so fine that they had rolled the lawn out into the open air, stretched upon a great armchair. She was dressed in a lace pelisse. Her husband, with his faultless coat, stood beside her right hand, while her sister, 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. Desagneux, "I have often heard about Mme. Jousseur, 'I 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 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 continued, "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 beauty than she has 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! Mme. Desagnays, who had been married barely two years, had brought all her wedding jewels to offer them to the lady of Lourdes, and Gerard, crowned the report, adding that he had just morning been told that the jewels had been placed in the treasury of the Basilica, without mentioning a golden lamp, or other precious stones. How large a sum of money that was to 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 worse and worse.

Pierre could now think of nothing but that miserable young woman, in her luxurious balcony, a pitious 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 ones who had met over the invalid so tenderly, the sister who so willingly gave up any social successes, the husband who had left his banking house, whose millions were rolling over the top of his 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 bustling, the bustle, the bustle of the valley. There they were, they were infinitely rich and infinitely wretched.

Just then the first sightseers, forgetting their pathway, were in constant danger of being crushed. Carriages were continually passing down the large roads, especially the main ones, which were crowded with tinking bells. These were filled with tourists, people from Pau, from Barroges, from Cantoria, brought their through curiosity, delighted by the lovely weather, and enchanted by the rapid pace across the mountains; and arriving but a few hours to remain, they rubbed to see the groto and basilica, all dressed in thin watering place toilets, then off again delighted with all they had seen. Families dressed 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 them a touch of brightness and gaiety, as through an fashionable society condescended to amuse itself at Lourdes.

Suddenly Mme. Desagneux gave a cry: "Why Bertha, is it really you?" "Only fancy, sir, my boarders stayed so long at the groto that they are only just breakfasting. Do you hear them? I retained for politeness sake—one has to please everybody."

"Do you keep lodgers?" "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 groto?" "At this Cazabau started, very indignant, with the razor held high in the air: "Never, sir, never. It is five years since I have even been down to the new part of the town."

He stopped himself, and he glanced over at Pierre, sitting behind the newspaper, while the sight of the red cross on M. de Guersaint's sleeve made him cautious in his words. But his tongue could not be bridled.

"Look here, sir, every one has a right to his own opinions. I respect yours, but I do not take much stock in your moral and social ideal. And I have never denied it, not even under the empire. I was even then a free thinker and a republican, and were not restricted in this town in old times? Yes, indeed, I glory in my liberty!"

He was jubilant as he commenced on the left cheek. From that time the stream of words poured from his mouth, impossible to present. First he recounted all the same accusations that Majeste had made against the fathers, and the diabolical religious articles, and the diabolical consequently shown to legitimate shopkeepers and merchants, hotel keepers and lodging house keepers. He then proceeded to the immaculate Conception, he also held them in holy horror, for they had taken from him two ladies who formerly spent three weeks each year in his shop and supported him above all, in his bitter remarks, the prevailing spirits of the day—that of the antagonism of the old town toward the new town, the struggle still existing between the poor little mountain village was slowly dying out, her streets deserted, overgrown with grass. The struggle still existed, while the poor little mountain village was slowly dying out, her streets deserted, overgrown with grass. The struggle still existed, while the poor little mountain village was slowly dying out, her streets deserted, overgrown with grass.

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

They reached the new bridge by way of the street that crossed the bridge, and the front of the Rosary. There they once again met the Abbe Hermolins, who was acting as guide to two young ladies who had arrived from Tarbes that morning. He was a tall, thin man, with his polite manner of the worldly wise priest, and showed them about, explaining all the legends, and presenting the disagreeable all the legends of the invalids with the secrets of poor human misery, which under the rays of that brilliant sunlight day appeared to have vanished.

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burning with ardor; those who simply did 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 groto. Pierre felt surprised to see a number of priests that passed in front of him, each one with his own particular desire, all rushing to the groto 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 part of Lourdes like an eye 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 woman, and ended by slipping a five franc piece in her hand.

He was rejoined by M. de Guersaint. "We must simply follow the boulevard and then take the Rue Bassa," he says. Pierre followed without speaking. He had just felt the weight of his own body, and 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 to the right and to the left, feeling that sudden shock of faith in spite of his growing uneasiness at the sight of the spectacles around him, he felt a cold feeling for the first time, like a voice that like himself, were trying to fulfill their mission of guides and consoles, 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 Lappas. Being anxious to inspect it all, they penetrated down some alleys and along a narrow street on the edge of the narrow stream. Several old mills stretched out their ancient arms. They were struck on the one that M. de Guersaint pointed out, the parents after the apparitions. They also visited a hut, supposed to have been the house of Bernadette, for there the Soubirous and her mother, when they left the Rue des Petites Fontaines, and to which the young girl, who was already living quietly with the Sisters of Mercy, must surely have been passing at last by Rue Bassa they reached the Square du Macadam.

This was a long, three-sided square, if that could be called the basin, the frequented part of the ancient town, where might still be found cafes, chemists and fine looking shops. One particular shop was most noticeable, a small one with a painted light green and ornamented with tall mirrors, all surmounted by an immense number of letters of gold, "Cazabau, hairdresser."

M. de Guersaint and Pierre entered. There was nobody in the shop, so they waited. From the street they saw a pair of tin of forks and knives, the ordinary tin of tin, having been changed into a table d'hôte, where, although it was 2 o'clock and after, at least twenty persons were sitting at breakfast. 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, he was not what their religious opinions were, Cazabau, during the season of pilgrimages, even forgot his own razor, and he was up his dining hall, and lived in the cellar, where he ate and crowded himself and his entire family into an ill-ventilated hole about three square feet in area, and he was obliged to make money. At these times the population disappeared like that of a conquered country, yielding everything to the pilgrims, even the very habits and customs of 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 Guersaint. "Finally a little man appeared. The keen Prizans type—the high cheek bones, the healthy skin, tinged with red. His large, shining eyes were never quiet, and throughout his entire little thin body there seemed to exude a certain exuberance of words and gestures."

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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; the new Lourdes, spoiled, demoralized by the flow of money, and the sight of the red cross on M. de Guersaint's sleeve made him cautious in his words. But his tongue could not be bridled.

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EXACT SIZE

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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 party with a girl, he had to have four or five women to go with him so that on fair days I have seen men standing in line at their doors waiting for their turn. On any word of honor, Ah, well, times are changed and morals are not the same. Nowadays all the country girls sell candles and bouquets, and you must have seen them importing the passers-by, almost putting their merchandise into their hands by force. Such bold actions are a perfect shame. These girls carry a great deal of their 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 maner 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 vice and grossness, and you can easily realize just what forms the first time the intention of the additional crowds that come to visit the groto and the basilica."

### THEN AND NOW.

Somerville Journal. She was a maid of seventeen. He was a youth of twenty. She ruled her courtiers like a queen. Little she cared for his sighs and vows. Carelessly she abused him. Then when at last he asked for love, scornfully she refused him.

### 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, on which side are the most people?" This was a poser and nobody answered. Finally a very young scholar held up his hand. "I know, he said, hesitatingly, the station of the two Lourdes. Old Lourdes, so honest, so pious, in its quiet solitude; the new Lourdes, spoiled, demoralized by the flow of money, and the sight of the red cross on M. de Guersaint's sleeve made him cautious in his words. But his tongue could not be bridled.

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

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

Harriet and Freddy are both very timid little children. 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 unfortunate morning the uncle rebuked the boy 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," spluttered the little boy, "if you don't put down that syrup jug, 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? Mamma—Eat the hair off.

Johnny—Well, why don't you put camphor on pa's head to keep the moths off of it?

Warren (aged 3) told his mother the other day that he had made up his mind that his father rather than an angel when he died because they didn't wear any clothes. "And," he added, after a few minutes serious contemplation of the subject, "I should like the looks of chicken wings on my shoulders, either."

"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 you are so green," was the unexpected answer.

"We are going to have Mabel very highly educated," said a clever young matron recently. "I don't want to be highly educated," came the unexpected voice of Mabel (a little tot of 6) from another room. "I want to be just like you."

Grasshoppers Preserved on a Glacier. About thirteen miles from Cooke, on the border of the Indian Territory has been discovered a glacier at least 150 feet high. Upon its glittering surface the bright sun looks down, as it has for ages, and in no way affects this icy mirror. Here and there are immense fissures where the awe-stricken adventurer can look down into unknown depths.

The strangest part of this glacier is that all over its surface in vast multitudes, and particularly near its base, lie great grasshoppers in a perfect state of preservation; this fact is very interesting. The grasshoppers 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 conversation, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."