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REJUME OF LOURDES.

Brief Synopsus 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," shich was commenced in serial form in Sunday's liee of April 15, is in a car of the "white train," which carries the very sick pilgrims from Paris to Lourdes. Among the pilgrims is Marie de Guerstint, a young woman who for years has been bedridden. She is accompanied by her father and the Abbe Pierre was the Son of a chemist, who lived at Nonilly. Living next them were M. de Guersaint and his family. Little Marie de Guersaint and Pierre played together, and finally fell in love with each other as they grew up. Marie received an injury which resulted in pearly total paralysis. As she could never become his wife Fierre became a priest.

CHAPTER III.—The suffering in the train is thense when it stops at Poirtiers half an hour CHAPTER IV.—As the train starts Sophic Con-cau gets in. She tells the story of the cur-accorded to her diseased foot by simply dipping it in the waters at Lourdes. CHAPTER V.—The abbe reads about a book giving the history of Bernadette, and describes the eighteen times she saw the visions in the grotto. Lourdes is reached in the early morn-ing. As the train rolls into the station an un-known man dies.

CHAPTER I.—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-trowded. At 8 a. m. the procession to the grotto starts. Father Massain asks the vast congregation to pray for a great miracle, as the body of the man who died in the train is to be immersed in the pool in hopes that life will be restored. restored.

CHAPTER III.—The abbe meets his old friend, Dr. Chassaigne. The crowd forces the abbe to the pools. The dead man is brought in and immersed. No miracle occurs. On going out the sible finds that Marie has been beined without effect. out effect.
CHAPTER IV.—Dr. Chassaigne accompanies
the abbe to the Bureau of Certifications. Eliza
Rouquet, whose face was made hideous by a
lupus, declares the sore is steadily drying up.
La Grivotte, who had been in the last stages of
consumption, comes rushing in, snowling, "I am

CHAPTER V.—In the evening the abbe visits larie. She is much depressed and is losing her lith. He reads to the invalids, continuing the lory of Bernadette, telling how persecutions followed upon the first miracles. The recitation lears them up, and restores Marie's faith.

THIRD DAY.

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. Desagneaux, Mile. Baymonde and M.
de Peyrelongue, to whom Raymonde is engaged.
They visit places of interest.

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

father and Pierre, watches the magnitude to the corchlight procession.

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

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

FOURTH DAY.

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

CHAPTER II.—So great is the rush of per pie to the grotto on the last day of the pil-grims at Lourdes that women and children are curshed in the procession and severely in-fured. There is great religious fervor shown thring the services. In the midst of it Brother Isidore dies, with his eyes fixed on the

FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER III.

The Holy Sacrament was appointed to be borne by the pious Abbe Judaine in the procession at 4 o'clock. Ever since the Holy Virgin had cured his diseased eyes, a miracle that was still vaunted in all the Catholic newspapers, he was one of the glories of Lourdes; he was, therefore, always given a prominent position and made an honored participant of all ceremonies. He made ready to leave the grotto at 3:30

But the extraordinary concourse of people alarmed him and he feared to be late, unless he could manage some way to circumvent them. Fortunately, aid was at hand.

"Now, abbe," explained Berthaud, "do no try to go round by the rosary, for you will only be detained. The better plan is to take the zigzag paths. Wait, I will go ahead and you can follow.' elbowed his way through the compac-

masses, opening a path for the priest, who gratitude You are too kind. It is all my fault.

quite forgot, but then, good God, what are we to do presently, when the procession must get past?' ed, that procession troubled Berthaud On ordinary occasions an uncommon degre of excitement always arose when the cession marched along. That obliged

to take special precautions. What might happen in this jam of people persons-wrought to such a fever of faith that they were ready for any kind of religious demonstration? So he could not resist improving this opportunity to giv some wholesome advice.
"Now, I beg you, abbe, do tell the clergy

not to allow any gaps to come between them, to walk along slowly, one right after the other. And above all, hold the flags banners very firmly, so that they may not be upset. As for you, abbe, see to it that the men who hold the dais are strong and fasten the linen around the stem of the monstrance, and do not hesitate to use both hands to carry it with all your strength."
Though somewhat frightened by all these instructions, the priest continued his thanks "Of course, of course, you are most kind

Ah, sir, how much I thank you for helping get through this awful crowd. Already clear of the people, he hurried to the Basilica by the little, narrow, zig-zagging paths that ran up the side of the hill, while his companion plunged back into the se creatures to take up his post of watchful-

Just at that time Pierre, who was pulling Marie in her cart, struck the impenetrable wall of human beings on the side of the resery. The maid at the hotel had waked rosary. The maid at the hotel and girl at him at 3 to go to fatch the young girl at him at 3 to go to fatch the young girl at papital. There was no hurry. They have plenty of time to reach the grotto before the procession started. this immense crowd, this irresistible wall that he could not pierce, began to cause crowd, this irresistible wall great uneasiness. He would never get along with the cart he was dragging unless people were a little more obliging.
"Excuse me, madame, please; I beg your

Do you not see it is for an But the tadies would not stir, hypnotized at the sight of the brilliant grotto distance, to see which they were standing on tiptoe for fear something might be

missed. Besides the noise of the litanies was so great just then that the supplicaflons of the young priest were quite los Pray, stand aside, gentlemen, and allow me to pass. Please make room for an But the men, no more than the women, made no motion to move, beside themselve Throughout Marie smiled with serenity, as if unconscious of any impediment, and sure that nothing in the world could hinder her However, when Pierre did succeed in tude, the situation became really serious.

The crowd overwhelmed the frail vehicle on every side, and almost submerged it at At every few steps they were forced to stop, to wait and begin again to beg their way out. Pierre had never before felt so anxious in a large crowd. It was harmless and as innocent and passive as a flock of sheep, but a troublesome undercurrent might be felt-a poculiar condition of excitement, ready to overwhelm them at any moment In spite of his love for the poor and humble, these ugly faces, common sweaty features, bad breaths and old clothes turned his

then, ladies; come now, gentlemen, let an invalid past. Do make room, I beg you."
The cart was drowned, tossed about on this

vast sea. Yet the progress made was sure,

as many yards of the ground. At times the cart disappeared completely; nothing could be seen. Finally it did appear up near the pools. A tender sympathy made it-self felt for this young, sick girl, so wasted by suffering, yet still so lovely. As the crowd gave way under the determined showing of the priest people turned around and showed pity for the thin, sad face, set round with its oreole of blonde hair. Words of pity and admiration circulated. Ah, the poor child! Was it not too cruel to be so infirm at her age? Might the Holy Virgin be gra-cious to her? Others were surprised, struck by the ecstatic look she bore, with her bright eyes open to the future of her hope. perceived her heaven. She would surely be cured! It was by means of a roadway of astonizhment, a kind of fraternal charity, that the little cart was able to steer through

the floods of people.

Pierre was in despair and was about to give up, when one of the stretcher bearers came to his aid by forcing a passage for the procession, and this passage had been or dered by Berthaud to be kept straight by means of ropes held at intervals of two After that he was able to drag Marie easily, and finally got her within the served space opposite the grotto, to the left. It was impossible to stir. The crowd seemed increase overy second. It seemed to him as though the recollection of this painful trip to the grotto through all that moving crowd was like a struggle through midocean whose waves swept over him relentlessly and on every side.

Ever since they left the hospital Marihad not opened her lips. He now under-stood she wished to speak to him, so he leaned over her. "My father," she asked, "is he here? Has he come back yet from

He replied that M. de Guersaint had not come back yet, and had no doubt been de-tained against his wishes. She was satisfied, and added, with a smile, "Ah, poor papa! How happy he will be when he finds

regarded her with emotional admiration. He never remembered to have seen her look so lovely since the slow destruction of her illness had gone on. Her hair, her only glory, coverd her with its golden fleece. Her head, with its refined, gentle look, had a dreamy look, with eyes melting away in their suffering, her motionless features appearing as though she had fallen asleep in some absorbing idea, to walt for a happy shock to waken her. She was far away from this world, and would return to it when God was willing. Thus the child, still a maiden at 25, having stopped short at the moment when struck by the accident that had retarded her sex and prevented her from being a woman was now ready to welcome an angel's visit, that miraculous shock that was to rouse her from her torpor and put her on her feet. Her morning's ecstasy continued, her hands were joined, her whole being was wrapt and carried away from the world, from the moment she contemplated the image Holy Virgin. She prayed and offered herself, her soul and body.

To Pierre it was a season of great trouble. He realized that the drama of his life as a priest was about to be played-that if faith was denied him at this crisis he would never attain it. With no wicked thoughts, but without resistance, longing with all his might, he also prayed to be cured together. Oh! to be convinced by seeing her healed; to believe together, to be saved together. He longed to be able to pray ardently as she did, but in spite of himself he was preoccupied by the crowds-that surging mass, in which he had so great difficulty to lose himself, to disappear, to become like a simple forest leaf, whirled away with all the other leaves. He could not help from thinking about Marie and analyzing her case. He was so conscious of her fascination, and influenced by these past four days, by the fever of the long journey, the excitement of fresh sights and sounds, those days spent at the grotto, the sleepless nights, excruciating pain and the leanings to illusions. In addition, the continued prayer, the canticles, the litanies that had shaken her very soul without ceasing. Still another priest has come after Father Massais, and he could hear the former, a small, dark man, offering cries to Jesus and the Virgin, with a snapping voice like the cracking of a whip, while Massais and Father Fourcade, stood at the foot of the pulpit, directed the prayers of the congregation, whose lamentaions rose higher and higher beneath the impid rays of the sun.

Suddenly a paralytic woman got up and walked toward the grotto, holding her crutch in the alr; and that crutch, high above the heads of the crowd, shaken like a flag. brought forth acclamations from the faithful. They were waiting in expectation of prodigies, with the certainty that they would ake place, brilliant, innumerable! hought they saw them, they were announced by feverish voices! Another one cured! and yet another, and still another. A a consumptive resuscitated. How is that, a consumptive? Why, certainly, it happened consumptive? Why, certainly, it happened every day! There was no possible surprise evinced, not even if an amputated limb had rown out again. The miracle became suc state of nature, such a common thing, ordinary through force of every day occurren To their overheated imaginations all incredible tales appeared quite simple, in their logic, that it was expected from the Holy Virgin. And it was strange to listen to the ales that circulated; the absolute certainty whenever an invalid cried out she was cured. Still another! What, another cured?

times, however, a sad voice would be heard, "Ah, she is cured! Is she not lucky?" Pierre had already felt this incredulous sensation when at the office of the verifica-ion. But here it was more so, for the extravagances he heard exasperated him, said simply with childlike smiles. to become absorbed, not to listen to them: 'Oh, God, cause my mind to be overce can no longer understand, but just accept the unreal and the impossible. an instant he fancied he might undergo an examination, and he allowed himself to be carried away by the supplicating cry, "Saviour, heal our sick!" "Saviour, heal our sick!" He repeated it with all his might; he clasped his hands and gazed fixedly at the Virgin's statue, almost giddy, and so that he fancied she was moving. Why could he not become like a child as were so many others, since happiness was to be found in ignorance and falsehood? The contagion must spread, and soon he would be nothing more than one grain o sand among the many sands, humble among the humblest, without asking what force subdued and crushed him. Just at that moment, when he felt sure the old Adam in him was dead, that he had subdued it by his will and intelligence, the dull work thought began again in his brain, vincible, incessant. In spite of his effort he returned little by little to his inquiry of doubt and seeking. What was the force that took him away from that crowd? Some vital fluid strong enough to determine what were really the cures effected, what ones were merely semblances. It was a phe-nomenon that no physiological student had ever worked out. Must be believe that the crowd was but a single being, able to increase tenfold on itself the power of auto suggestion? Could be admit that in cermomenta of extreme exaltation will that forced matter to obey? might be explained how the sudden stroke of healing were accomplished, in the very midst of the crowd, upon the most sincerely exalted subjects. All the breaths were united in one breath, and the power that poved it was the power of consolation,

This thought of human charity touched Pierre. In another moment he was able to pull himself together, to pray for the healing of all, and greatly overcome by the thought that he was thus working a little thought that he for the cure of Marie. Without knowing

how the chain of thought was made, suddenly remembered the consultation that he had exacted over the young girl's case before they left for Lourdes. He could see room clearly, the gray wall paper, with ts blue flowers, and he again heard the three doctors discuss and come to their con-clusions. The two who had given certificates diagnosing the case to be paralysis of the marrow, speaking with the wise air of well known practitioners, esteemed for their perfect honor, while in his ear still hummed the quick, warm voice of his second cousin, Beauclair, the third physician, a young man of vast and bold intelligence. whose confreres treated coldly as an adventurous spirit. And Pierre was surprised that he remembered just at this moment things that he did not know were in his mind at all. Made clear by that singular phenomenon that reproduces words badly heard, of one heard, engulfed spite that yet awake in the brain, shine forth make themselves known, after a long forgetfulness. It seemed as though the ap tions, under which Beauchir had said the cure would be accomplished.

It was useless for Pierre to try to forget the scene, although he prayed doubled fervor. Again he saw the spot. Words came back to his mind and filled his ears like some clarion trumpet. Now he was once more in that dining room which Beauclair and he remained after the others had gone. Beauciair was making out the true account of the case—the fall from the horse landing with a shock on her gans, torn and turned to one side, un doubtedly some ligaments had been severed, and that caused the heavy weight in the lower abdomen and hips, the weakness of the limbs amounting to paralysis, then followed the slow repairs of the disorder, the organ going back of itself to its normal posi-tion, ligaments healing, yet there came no ressation of the painful, phenomenal suffer ing, for the brain of this nervous child had been affected by the accident and could not be disabused of localizing the point of pain in her motionless condition and incapable of acquiring fresh ideas; so that even after she was cured the suffering still went on, a nervous state of consecutive agonies, no doubt aggravated by a poor condition of nourishment, at that time but faintly understood. Beauclair also exfaintly understood. Beauclair also ex-plained easily the contrary diagnosis and false numbers of the other physicians who had taken charge of the case, who, perhaps, never had paid one visit, but went purely on facts, some believing it to be a tumor, the rest, by far the greater number, insisting upon a giving way of the marrow. He alone, after inquiring after the antecedents of the invalid, suspecting the simple case of be ing hipped, regarding her disease by reason of the continuous pain, the first violent shock to her young frame, and he gave his reasons-the affected vision, the fixed eyes he absorbed, absent expression, the nature of the suffering that had left the organs to locate in the left ovary, where she felt an immense weight—intolerable that sometimes filled even her throat in fear ful turns or spasms of choke Only a determined wish to herself from the false idea her trouble, a will power to move. choking. breathe freely, to suffer no longer, could put

great excitement of Joy or exaltation.
Once more Pierre tried to settle his mind to neither hear nor see these visions of the past, for he felt it was a simple irreparable ruin of any belief in miracles. In spite of his efforts and the ardor with which he cried 'Jesus, son of David, heal our sick!" he still saw, he still heard Beauclair tell with his calm, smiling manner just how the miracle would be accomplished. It would be like a thunderclap, at some season of extreme emotion. Under some decisive circumstances would the muscles be unbound. Under some wild transport of joy the invalid would rise and walk, her legs suddenly released and relieved from the overpowering weight that had made them like lead for so many years, just as if the weight had melted and run to the ground. But above all that horrible load hat crushed down her abdomen ravaged her breast and choked her throat, would the same time depart in a prodigious release like a tempest wind, carrying off all her trouble. Was it not thus in the middle ages. that those possessed of the devil gave the evil one through their mouth, that evil one who had caused such agony to their virgin flesh. Beauclair had even added that one day Marie would be a woman, with all th this awakening from the child life so delayed and broken from the deep dream of suffering she would all at once be restored to perfec health, with its bright eyes and radiant mien.

her to her feet, cured, transfigured by som-

As Pierre gazed at Marie his trouble came greater to see her thus wretched and imploringly pathetic in her little cart, all hope centered in Our Lady of Lourdes, who gave back life. Ah! if she might be saved even at the price of his own damnation But she was too III. Science lied as easily as faith did, and he could not believe that this child, whose limbs had been dead for years, could ever recover! In the chaos of doubt into which he again fell his bleeding heart called louder than before, repeate with the delirious crowd without end "Savior, son of David, heal our sick!"

"Savior son of David, heal our sick!"

At this moment a stir was felt in the growd, and all heads were turned. The pe ple swayed back and forth, faces looked around and upward. It was the procession of the Fourth Hour, somewhat late on this occasion, but whose cross was now appearng from under one of the monumenta arches. There was such a commotion. an instinctive surging toward it, that Ber thaud made frantic gestures to order stretcher bearers to push back the crowd by pulling the ropes more tight. These men to an instant were overwhelmed and thrus back, with wounded hands, and it ended by enlarging the passage reserved for the pr cession to pass slowly by. At the heavalked a superb "Suisse" dressed in blue and silver, who was followed by the processional cross bearers carrying a high cross sur rounded by stars. Then came delegations from all the different pilgrimages, with their banners and standards of velvet and satis embroidered in metals and guy colored silks rnamented by paintings, bearing the of the various cities—Versailles, Rheims Orleans, Poitiers, Toulouse. One, all white of great magnificence, bore in red letters this inscription. "The work of the Artisans Catholic Club." Then came the clergy, 200 or 300 priests dressed in simple soutane fifty in golden chasubles, resembling stars.
All carried lighted candles, and sang

me 100 or more in surplices and abou oud voices, "Laudate Sion Salvatorem." Th canopy was royal, of purple silk, festooned with gold, and held by four priests, who had evidently been selected on account of their muscular strength. Underneath the canopy, between the two priests who assisted him, Abbe Judaine held the Holy Sacrament, his ten fingers tightly closed, as Berthaud had recommended him to do. His uneasy looks, cast right and left as he walked, showed that he dreaded the pushing of that surging crowd, and how fearful he was of harm coming to the heavy, yet divine, mo strance that was breaking his wrists weight. As the sun's rays struck it, is seemed like another sun. Choir boys swung the incense holders into the blinding sunbeams, that caused the whole procession t walk in a glory. Finally, behind all, there was a confused mass of pilgrims, a tramping like that of a flock of sheep, composed of faithful and curious souls, whose enthusiasm was roused, following in the wake made by the rolling wave of human beings.

A few moments after Father Massals had got up again into the pulpit, and this time he had conceived another form of worship. After those burning cries of faith, of hope and love that he had uttered, he com-manded that here should be suddenly absolute silence, so that each soul, with lute silence, so that each soul, with closed lips, might speak in secret with God during two or three minutes. This instantaneous silence in the midst of that vast crowd, those moments of dumb vows, in which all revealed thier own mysteries, duced a touching and most extraordinary

The solemnity was intense, and one could almost hear the passing thought, the immense desire to live. Then Father Mas-

sels asked the invalids alone to speak to supplicate God to ligrant them what they needed from His potency. Then followed a supplicate God to ligrant them what they needed from His potency. Then followed a piteous lamentation, hundreds of broken and faltering voices raised in a concert of tears, "Lord, Jesus, if Than wilt Thou canst cure me! Lord Jesus, have pity on Thy child, who is dying of love!! Lord Jesus, that I who is dying of love? Lord Jesus, that I may be able to walk again!" A shall voice of a little girl, light and vivacious as a flute, dominated over the universal sob and repeated in the distance: "Save the others! Save the others, Lord, Jesus!" Tears flowed from every eye, supplications poured from all hearts and made even the most frivoous feel charitable in a sublime disord that incited them sto tear open their hearts if they might thus give to their neighbors their own youth and health. Father Massais, without allowing this enthusiasm to be checked, again took up his cry, lashing the crowd once more, while Father Four-cade, settling himself on one of the pulpit steps, lifted his streaming face The procession was coming; the delega

ions, the priests were standing right and

left, and as the dais entered the place re served for the invalids in front of the grotto when they perceived the host, the holy sac rament shinng in the sun in the hands of Abbe Judaine, there was no longer any further direction possible, all voices were blended, a vertigo carried away every desire. The cries, the calls, the prayers were lost in groans. Hodies were lifted from lost in groans. Hodies were lifted from their miserable pallets, trembling arms were outstretched and folded hands seemed to try to stop the miracle as it passed by Lord Jesus, save us, for we perish," "Lord Jesus, we who adore Thee, heal us." "Lord lesus. Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God! Save us." Three times these despairing voices uttered the supreme lamentation, in their exasperation, in a damor that pierced the very sky, and the tears increased, inundating the burning faces that were transfigured by the longing for salvation. For an instant the excite ment became so intense, the instinctive movement toward the hely sacrament toward the seemed so irresistible that Berthaud made chain of all the stretch bearers who were about. It was a maneuver of extreme protection. A regular wall of men formed to the left and right of the dais, each one protection firmly locked in the neck of the one next him, forming a kind of living hedge There was not a crack; nothing could pass through. But these human barriers did not suffice to keep out the passion of those famishing for life, those desirous of touching, of kissing Jesus, and they oscillated shoved back against the data they were protecting, while even the data itself was in a continual danger of being upset, rolled down under the mass of persons, like som-holy vessel in peril of shipwreck. Just at the height of this holy

ment, smid the supplications and sobs, as when during a storm the heavens opened and a thunderbolt descends, mirricles began. A paralytic woman got up and threw down her crutches. There was a piercing cry. A woman appeared standing on her mattress, wrapped in a white cover, as though in a shroud, and was said she was a half dead consumptive who was restored. Time after time grace was said sale was a lime who was restored. Time after time grace was shown. A blind woman saw the grotto distinctly, as though a flame; a dumb woman fell on her two knees, praising the Holy Virgin in a loud, clear voice, and all prostrated themselves at once at the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes, overcome by joy and gratitude.

Pierre had not taken his eyes off Marie and what he saw filled him with tenderness The invalid's eyes, still open, had grown larger, while her poor, pale face, with its heavy expression, had contracted as though she were suffering fearfully. She did not speak, thinking, no doubt, that her illness had returned forever, in despair. Then, suddenly, as the holy sacrament passed and she saw its golden splendor in the sun-light, she was dazzied and thought she had been struck by lightning. Her eyes bright-ened again, they once more recovered their flame of life, they shone like stars. Her face, beneath its renewed vigor, became ani mated and flushed, smiling with the loc of happiness and health. He saw her sudlenly rise, stand up in her seat, sway back ward and forward, stammering, able to ut ter this single caressing word: dear; oh, my dear friend!" "Oh, m;

He approached quickly to hold her up, bu she pushed him aside by a gesture, and steadied herself, so lovely, so touching, in her dress of black woolen stuff, in slippers that she always wore, tall and thin, surrounded as by a nimbus, formed by her beautiful golden hair that was only covered tained some terrible shocks, as though mighty fermentation had regenerated it At first the legs were released from thos binding chains, then as she felt the blood pour through her, the life blood of a woman wife and a mother, the final agony was attained, an enormous load came up into her throat from her stomach. This time it did not stop there, nor choke her, bu poured from her mouth and rughed away is cry of sublime toy: 'I am cured! I am cured!"

Then followed an extraordinary sight. Th overing fell from her feet. She triumphed Her face was superb in its brilliancy. Her cry of healing had sounded out with such power that the entire concourse of people were struck. She only existed, was to be looked at, as she stood there, large, radiant and divine:

"I am cured! I am cured!" Pierre began to weep in the violen emotion that he felt in his heart. Tear. oured afresh down his cheeks. In th nidst of the enthusiasm, the exclamations he praises, the fantic excitement cam nearer and nearer, carried on by the explicable emotion of the thousands oilgrims that thronged about to see plause could be heard, a perfect fury of applause that rolled like thunder from on nd of the town to the other. Father Fourcade waved his arms. finally, from the pulpit, Father Massais made himself heard:

"God hath visited us, my dear brothers ny beloved sisters. 'Magnificat anima me

Dominum." All the voices, those thousands of voices ntoned the chant of adoration and grati-ude. The procession was stopped. Abb-Judaine had reached the grotto with the monstrance, but he waited there before giving the benediction. Outside the grating stood the dais, surrounded by priests it chasubles and surplices, shining like snow and gold, in the rays of the setting sun Marie remained kneeling, sobbing, and al during the singing of the chant she made a burning act of faith and love. But the crowd wished to see her walk, and happy oices called. A group surrounded her that learly lifted her up and pushed her toward he Bureau of Certifications, in order to prove the miracle to be as clear as the sunlight Her cart was forgotten. Pierre followed ner, while she who had not used her limb for seven years advanced, stammering hesitating with adorable awkwardness, with uneasy air of a little child that takes its first steps; and it was so touching, delicious, that he could only think of the tremendous happiness of seeing her youth thus removed. Ah! beloved friend of his dearly loved in the past, she would ast be the beautiful and charming at least be woman that the young girl of former years had bid fair to become, when in the little garden at Neuilly she was so pretty and gay beneath those great trees whose idaye danced in the sunlight. The crowd continued to acclaim, and

immense concourse accompanied her. Al were awaiting her, stationed near the door with feverish impatience, after she had gone into the office, to which only Pierre was

admitted besides her.
That afternoon there were very few people at the Bureau of Certifications. The little square room, with its overheated wooder walls, its rudimentary furniture, its straw chairs and two tables, of unequal height, was occupied, outside the customary officials by only some five or six doctors, all sitting and silent. In front of the tables the chief of the Service of the Pools and two young pricats were making up the registry and sorting the papers, while Father Dargelis, at he end of one table, was writing notes for per. Just then Dr. Bonamy was in examining the lupus of F his paper. Rorquet, who had been for the third time to certify the increasing cure of her sore. "At any rate, gentlemen," cried the doctor,

"have you ever seen a lupus of this sor mend so rapidly? I am aware that a worl has appeared on faith healing, in which it has appeared on faith healing, in which it says that certain sores are of nervous origin. Only nothing is less palpable in this case of lupus, and I defy any commission of doctors to meet and agree together to ex-plain the cure of this lady by any ordinary He paused and turned toward Father

"Have you noted, father, that

the suppuration has ceased entirely and that the skin is becoming a natural color?"
He did not wait for an answer, for Marie returned, followed by Pierre, and he in-stantly guessed the lucky stroke of fortune that had come to him by the beaming air of the cured girl. She was fascinating, just made to attract and convert the multitudes. He quickly sent Elisa Ronque away, asked the same of the new comes and called for the books from one of the young pricats. Then as she trembled he wished her to sit down in one of the arm

chairs. "Oh, no, no," she cried. "I am so happy to be able to use my legs."

Pierre had glanced about, hoping to fine Dr. Chassaigne, but was sorry not to find him. He stood apart and waited while they searched through the untidy drawers, unable to find the necessary paper.

"Let me see," repeated Dr. Bonamy 'Marie de Guersaint, Morie de Guersaint, Rabyin at last discovered the papers classified in the wrong alphabetical list and when the doctor ascertained the two certificates therein contained he was much excited.

Now, this is very interesting, gentle men. I beg you will listen attentively. This young lady whom you see was seized with a ser ous affection of the marrow, and if there should be any doubt felt, these two certificates are enough to convince the most incredulous, for they are signed by two physicians of the faculty of Paris, whose names are well known among all our confreres.

He passed the certificates to one of the doctors present, who read them with slight neds. It was undentable.

"Well, gentlemen, if the diagnosis is no ontested, and it never can be when an invalid brings documents of such value oust now examine what modifications have been produced in the condition of this lady But before he questioned her he turned and addressed Pferre;

"Abbe, you came from Paris with Mile, de Guersaint, I believe. Did you happen to talk with the doctors before you started?"

The priest felt a shiver that froze him even in his great joy.

"I was present at the consultation, sir." Once more the scene came before him. He saw again the two grave and solemn doctors He saw Beauclair standing while his assoc ates corrected their certificates to be alike Should he put these aside and speak of the other diagnosis, that which allowed a scientific explanation of the cure? The miracle had been foretold, ruined beforehand, "You will notice, gentlemen," again said Dr. Bonamy, "that the presence of the abbe gives a new force to these proofs. Now ademoiselle will tell us exactly what she

He leaned on Father Dargelis' shoulder and advised him not to forget to give Pierre a place in the account as an eye witness.
"My God, gentlemen, how can I tell? said Marie in her breathless voice, broken by happiness. "Ever since yesterday I was sure of being cured. Yet just now the tingling came in my legs, I feared lest it might be only a fresh attack. I did doub for an instant. Then the tingling stopped but it recommenced as soon as I began t pray again. Oh, I prayed. I prayed with all my soul. I ended by giving myself up as though I had been a child. 'Holy Virgin Our Lady of Lourdes, do with me what thou wilt.' The tingling stopped no more. It seemed as though my blood was boiling, and a voice cried, 'Stand up, stand up.' I felt the miracle like a great cracking of my

by lightning." Very pale, Pierre listened. had, indeed, said that the cure would come as suddenly as lightning whenever, under some influence of over-excited imagination some powerful wakening of her will should produce a similar effect.

bones, of all my flesh, as if I were struck

"My legs were first set free by the Holy irgin," she continued. "I had a distinct Virgin," she continued. "I had a distinct sensation that bands of iron were sliding down my skin like broken chains. the awful weight that always crushed me on my left hip seemed to surge, and l ought I was dying, it was so fearful. But it passed by my breast, past my throat and it came into my mouth, from which spit it violently out. It was all over. no longer was possessed of disease-it has

She made the tired motion of some nigh bird that flaps its wings and ceased smiling at Pierre, who was utterly undone. Beau-clair had foretold all this, using almost the same words, the same descriptions, every point the prognostication had realized; there was nothing in it but a foreseen and natural phenomenon. Rabins had followed the account with round eyes, with the interest of a limited devotion "It was the devil," he cried. "She spa-

ut the devil." Dr. Bonamy silenced him, being wiser and turning to the physicians, said

"Gentlemen, you know we try here never pronounce that great word 'miracle. But here is a fact, and I am curious to know now you can explain it by natural means For seven years mademoiselle has suffered from a serious paralysis, evidently due to a Miction of the marrow. If it were denied, there are the certificates, indisputable. She neither walked nor could make a motion without pain, and had reached such a condition of complete exhaustion that ermination was apprehended. Suddenly she gets up, walks, laughs and beams. The paralysis has entirely disappeared. No pain remains. She is as well as you or I. Look at her, gentlemen. Approach, examine her. at her, gentlemen. Approach. Tell me how it all happened."

He triumphed. Not one of the doctors spoke. Two, doubtless practical Catholics. approved by an energetic shake of the head The others remained motionless, rathe bored, little desirous of being placed upon record down to this history. A small, thir one, however, whose eyes were shining be hind great spectacles, finally got up to loo at Marie nearby. He took one of her hands, examined the pupils of her eyes and seemed simply preoccupied by the look of figuration that covered her face. with a courteous air, not willing to even discuss, he returned to his seat. "This case surpasses science, that is all I can verify, concluded Dr. Bonamy, victoriously, must add that there is here no state of co valesence to be found; health has returned all at once, full and entire. Look at mademoiselle. Her bright appearance, her pink complexion, her features have regaine heir lively state. Of course the separation of the tissues will continue rather slowly ut one can almost say that the young lady has been born again. Is that not so, abbe you who see her so often; do you recogniz Pierre stammered:

Again Dr. Bonamy leaned over Father Dargells' shoulder, who had finished his notes, a sort of complete official report. They exchanged words in a low tone fter some further consultation the doctor

"Abbe, as you were present at these won-lers, you will not refuse to sign this very exact account that the reverend father has ist prepared for the journal of the grot Must be sign that page of error and lies' He was seized by a feeling of revolt and was on the point of crying out the truth. Bu the weight of his cloth forbade him. pove all Marie's divine joy filled his heart. He was so permeated with happiness to see her saved. As they were not questioning her now, she had come and was leaning or his arm, continuing to smile at him with her lovely eyes. "Oh, my friend," she said very softly, "do thank the Holy Virgin. She has been so good! Now I am well, beautiful and young! And how happy my father, my poor, dear father, will be!"

So Plears signed. Everything in him

So Pierre signed. Everything in him went against it, but it was sufficient that she was saved. He would have considered it as sacrilege to touch the faith of this childthat great faith that had caused her cure. When Marie came out the acclamations be-gan again, the crowd clapped their hands The miracle was now official. Charitable people, fearing lest she might be fatigued and require the use of her cart, that she had abandoned in front of the grotto, had fetched it to the bureau of certifications. When she saw it she was filled with emotion. Ah, that cart, in which she had lived so many years, that moving coffin in which she had

metimes thought herself buried alive. How many tears, how much despair, how many bad days it had witnessed! All at once she thought that if she had suffered in it for so long it should also take part in her triumphs. It was a sudden inspiration, a saintly folly that made her grasp the handle.

Just at that moment the procession was passing, coming back from the grotto, where Abbe Judaine had pronounced the benedic-tion. And Marie, dragging her cart, placed

herself behind the canopy. In her slippers,

her head covered by its bit of face, she also walked with panting breast, her face held high and superb, dragging along her cart of misery, that moving tomb in which she had suffered, and the crowd applauded her, the frenzied crowd that follow after.

Pierre had followed Marte, and now found imself just behind the canopy with her, as hough they had been caught up in the puff of glory that caused her to drag her cart in triumph. But the awful shoving was so tremendous, so tempestuous that

sustained him. "Do you fear? Give me your arm, other rise we shall not be able to keep our feet." He turned and recognized with surprise ather Massais, who had left Father Fourcade in the pulpit to accompany the camppy He was actuated by an extraordinary fever ish strength that enabled him to push ahead as solid as a rock, his eyes like firebrands, his visage exalted, though covered with

sweat. Do take care! Give me your arm!" A fresh human wave had nearly swamped hem, so Pierre surrendered himself to this terrible man, whom he recollected had been a fellow student of the seminary. What strange meeting! And how he longed possess such a degree of faith, but faith whose strength even now caused him to cry

out, amid choking sobs, the ardent supplica "Lord Jesus, cure our sick! Lord Jesus heal our sick!

The cry never stopped behind the canopy, for there was always to be found there a crier charged with the duty of keeping down any signs of falling enthusiasm of faith ther times it was piercing and shrill. of the priest was imperious and ending by breaking with his emotion:

"Lord Jesus, heal our stek! Lord Jesus ure our sick!" The news of Marie's astounding cure, of that miracle, whose marvels were to fill al Christendom, had already spread from on end of Lourdes to the other, and accounted for the increased fury of the masses. Th contagious delirium that caused every one to flock round the Holy Sacrament rolled on unchecked like a flood at high tide. Each me yielded to the unconscious desire t per, to touch her, to be cared, to be happy God was near, and the invalids were no the only ones who sought life; all were seize by the necessity for happiness, that lifted them with bleeding, open hearts and empty

hands. Berthaud, who doubted this excessive love. had made a point to come with his men. He ordered and watched, that the double row of stretcher bearers on both sides of the canopy should not be severed; "Close in more, more; hold each other's

arms tight." These young people, chosen from among the strongest, had hard work to do this. The wise shoulder to shoulder, arms linked about waist and neck, that gave and rebounded at every moment under these involuntary as saults. No one admitted that he pushed and hus it was a continual bubbling of waters that came from profound distances and that threatened to overwhelm.

When the canopy reached the middle of the square of the rosary Abbe Judaine thought that he would go no further. Several cross currents were met in the vast square that made the rush come from every side. He therefore stopped under the canopy, beaten like a sail before the wind. held the holy sacrament very high up by his two hands, fearful lest some one shoving from behind should throw it down, for he knew very well that the golden monstrance shining under the bright sun was the interest to all these people, the God they desired to embrace, to lose themselves in Him, ready for annihilation. So, quite unstrung, he turned his anxious face toward Berthaud.

"Do not allow any one to go by," called out the latter to his associates. "No one; this or der must be obeyed, do you hear?" But supplicating voices were raised,

wretches were sobbing with outstretched arms and open lips, with the mad desire that made them come to kneel at the feet of the priest. What a mercy to be thrown trampled upon by the procession. An infirm man held out his withered hand, convinced that it would again be useful if only he b allowed to touch the monstrance. A duml ders, furiously, to loosen her tangue by on kiss. Many more cried, implored and ended by clenching their fists against the cruel persons who refused a healing to the sufferings of their souls and miserable bodies. The assword was absolute, for they feared som fearful accident.

There was one woman, however, the sight whom touched every heart. Miserably ctad, her head bare, her face covered with tears, she held in her arms a little boy about 10 years old, whose two legs hung down useless, paralyzed. He was far too heavy for her feeble strength, but she did not seen to feel the weight. She had brought her son. She implored the bearers with a sullen obstinacy that could not be overcome by either words or pushing.

Finally Abbe Judaine, greatly called to her by a sign. Obedient to the official pity, in spite of the danger of opening a breach, two of the stretcher bearers separated, and the woman precipitated herself and her burden down before the priest. For a moment he placed the foot of the holy sacra ment on the child's head. The mother pressed her own lips upon it. Then as they moved on once more she remained behind the canopy, following the procession, her hair flying, and trembling under the heavy load that was breaking her shoulders

They crossed the Place de Rosaire with the utmost difficulty. Then began the ascent the glorious ascent by the monumental rampart, while up above, against the sky, the Basilica reared its slender spire, from which rang out a carillon of chimes telling of the triumph of Our Lady of Lourdes. It was to this apotheodis that the canopy was slowly reaching, toward the high door of the sanc-tuary that seemed open to the infinite, above that immense crowd, whose surging, like th sea, below all over the streets and squares, kept up its grumblings. The magnificent "Suisse," in his blue and silver, had al-"Suisse," in his blue and silver, had al-ready arrived at the cupola of the Rosary with the processional cross, overlooking the vast esplanade of roofs. The delega-tions of the pilgrims enrolled their line of march. Their silken and velvet banof march. Their silken and velvet ban-ners, with the gay coloring, floated in the fire-lighted horizon of the setting sur Then the resplendent clergy, the priests i their snowy surplices, the priests in gold chasubles, looked like strings of stars. The incense holders were singing before the canopy that went upward and onward though no visible means of support was to be seen, as if some invisible force—unseen angels—were carrying it in a glorious ascension to the open doors of heaven it-self. Songs burst forth and voices no longer claimed a healing for the sick, now that they did not form part of the crowd. The miracle had been wrought and it celebrated by loud voices, ringing bells a quivering gayety in all the air. ringing bells, by

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum."
Again the canticle of praise that had sen sung at the grotto burst from all earts: "Etexius altavit spiritus meus in

Deo salutari meo!"

Marie partook of this glorious ascension
by means of the colossal ramparts toward
the basilica of light with an increasing overflow of happiness. Each step she took upward seemed to bring fresh strength; her restored limbs gained solidity, though they had been useless for so long. The very cart that she dragged so victoriously was a kind of revenge against her illness, that hell from which the Holy Virgin had delivered her; and, although the hands hurt her hands, she insisted on taking it all the way with her, to throw it at the feet of God. No obstacle impeded her; she laughed in the midst of great tears, her breast heaving, her step like that of warrior. On the way one of her slippers had come unfastened, and the lace scarhad fallen from her head to her shoulders, but she walked on just the same, bon-neted by her lovely blonde hair, her face beaming in ruch an awakening of will and strength that the heavy cart she pulled be-hind her bounded over the rough paving

stones like a child's toy wagon.

Pierre had remained with Father Mas-cais near to Marie, the former having kept hold of his arm. In the midst of his mendous revulsion of feeling he had unable to reflect. His companion's aon grous voice deafened him.

"Peposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit On the other side, to his right. Berthaud was following the canopy, quite easy now in his mind. He had given his orders to cease keeping so close a "cordon" of men, and now regarded the human sea that was crossing the procession with a degree of

torest. The higher up they climbed the more did the Place du Rosaire and the garden paths extend below their eyes, black and filled with people. It was a whole and filled with people. It was a whole tribe in a bird's-eye-view-an ant hill more and more busy in the distant scene. "Do look," he finally remarked to Pierre.

THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN

it not grand, is it not fine? this will not be a bad year."
To him Lordes was, above all, the audience chamber for the Propaganda, where he gratified his political bitterness by rejoicing in the numerous pilgrimages that he thought to be disagreeable to the government. Ah! If they could only bring hither workingmen arely have fallen if a rough hand had not

rom the cities and create a Catholic "Last year," he continued, "hardly 200,-

last year, he continued, "hardly 200,100 pilgrims came hers. This year I trust
that number will be surpassed."

And with his good natured manner, in
spite of his sectarian passions, he said:
"Indeed, a while ago when there was such
t crush I was pleased! I kept thinking,
I's a success. It's a success." 's a success, it's a success

Pierre was not listening. He was quite struck by the wonderful sight. The crowd stretched out before him as they climbed higher up the hillside, the magnificent valley that lay at his that lay at his feet, widening out indefinitely until it was lost in the fatuous horizon of the mountains, filled him with a trenbling admiration. His uneasiness seemed to swell and grow larger, and he looked at Marie to attract her attention to the lovely view by a wide sweep

The motion deceived her for she did not take in the material side of the picture in her present state of spiritual exaltation. She fancied he took in the whole earth as a witness of the predigious favors that the Holy Virgin had showered on them, for she imagined he had also received his share of the miracle, and that her sudden restoration, her return to health, had likewise lifted him, her dearest friend and neighbor, to the same divine strength and that his soul had been saved from unbelief and restored to faith. How could he have been present at her marvelous cure and not be convinced? And besides, she had prayed so hard the previous night at the grotto! She saw him through all her excessive joy, transfigured, too, weeping and laughing, given up to God. And it hashed her on to greater happiness. She dragged her cart without fatigue—indeed, would have dragged it for miles and miles, ven higher up to inaccessible heights, to the dazzling glories of Paradise, if she might have carried their double cross to this resounding mount, her own ransom and the ransom of her friend.

Oh, Pierre, Pierre," she stammered, "is it not good to have this great happiness together, together? I had longed so ardently for it, and She was willing. She has saved you by saving me. Yes, I felt your very soul melt in my soul. Tell me that our mutual prayers have been granted, that I have obtained your method. have obtained your salvation as you have obtained mine."

He understood her mistake and shuddered. "If you knew what a mortal agony it would be to me to come up here alone to the light. Oh, to be among the elect without you, to go up above without you! But with you, Pierre, it is a delight. Saved to-gether! Happy forever! I feel such strength to be happy, oh, strength enough to support the whole world!" But he could not answer the truth, so he

led, revolting against the idea of spoiling her great and pure felicity. "Yes, yes, be happy, Marie, for I am very happy myself, and all our troubles are forgotten." Be in his inmost soul he felt a great and sudden break, as though the stroke of an ax had separated them from one another. Up to now in all their common sufferings she had always remained the little girl friend, the first woman he had ever ingenuously desired, that he had always felt to be his own, since she could belong to no one else. And she was cured and he was left nione in his hell, to say to himself that she could never again belong to him. This horrible thought so overcame him that he turned

away his eyes, unwilling to witness the prodigious happiness in which she exulted. The canticle continued, as Father Massais, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, all filled with burning gratitude toward God, begar the last tersicle in a thundering voice, "Sicut locutes est ad patres nestres, Abraham, et semen ejus in saecula.'

One more rampart to go up, effort to make on this mountain side, with its large, slippery paving ctones! orocession moved on and the ascen procession moved on and the ascension con-tinued in the broad daylight! There was There was just one more turn; the wheels of the cart grated against the granite stones. Higher and higher it rolled upward till it touched the very border of heaven.

Then suddenly the canopy was seen to

n the stone balcony that overlooked the plain. Abbe Judaine advanced, holding up in the air by both hands the holy sacrament. Near him Marie had halted with her cart, her heart beating by her walk, her face scarlet in the golden halo of her unbound hair. Behind them the clerg, were ranged, with their snowy surplices, their shining chasubles, while the bauners waved and flags floated, dotting the white balustrades, and then followed a moment of in tense solemnity.
From above nothing could be finer. First

the crowd below was like a human sea in its somber hue, with the unceasing swell, restle t unceasing, in which here and there might be distinguished little white spots of faces raised toward the basilica, waiting for the benediction, and as far as the eye could reach, Place de Rosaire, in all the paths, the avenues and squares, to the old town in the distance, the little pale faces were multiplied, innumerable, without end; all anx ious, with eyes fixed on that august threshold where the sky was about to open. On the other side the immense amphitheater of the hills, the mounts and mountains raising their peaks to the infinite and losing themselves in the blue ether. To the north, beyond the torrent on the lower steeps, amid the trees, were the number-less convents—the Carmelites, the Assumptionists, the Dominicans, the Sisters of Nevers-sil were bathed in a rose colored reflection, catching the tints of the setting

to the heights of Buala, that went past the Serre de Yulos" overtopped by Miramont To the south deep valleys opened out, narrow gorges between walls of giant rocks whose bases sank in the bluish shadows of the ground, while their tops shone forth with the farewell glories of the sun. On that side the hills of Viseus were purple, a coral promontory that barred the sleeping lake in the sapphire-clear ether. But to the east opposite the horizon again stretched out wide to the cross roads of the seven valleys. The chateau that had formerly protected the reads now stood on the rock at whose base ran the Gave, with its dungeons, its high walls, the ancient fortress with its black profile. And beyond the new town, gay in the midst of its gardens, a swarm of white facades and great hotels, of furnished houses and fine shops, with all their windows illuminated like great fires; while behind the chateau old Lourdes reared itself confusedly, its discolored roofs looking misty under the red sunlight. At this late hour the little Gers and the big Gers, these two enormous mounds of naked rock, dotted with wild grasses, behind which the royal orb was setting, looked like some neutral background, two purplish curtains violently

drawn across the horizon.

Abbe Judaine, opposite all this vastness. lifted the holy sacrament in his two hands higher yet and higher. He slowly moved it from one end of the horizon to the other and made a great sign of the cross in the open sky. To the left he saluted the convents, the heights of Buala, the Serre du Yulos, le Miramont; to the right he saluted the great hewn blocks of of stene in the obscure valleys, the purple hills of Viscus; opposite he saluted the two towns, the chatcau skirted by the Gave, the little Gers and the great Gers, siready slumbering; and he saluted the woods, the atreams, the mountains, the indistinct chains of distant peaks, the whole world beyond the ifted the holy sacrament in his two hands tant peaks, the whole world beyond the visible horizon! "Peace on earth; hope and consolation

Below the crowds trembled beneath the great sign of the cross that covered them all It semed like some passing breath of divinity rolling over that billow of little white faces, as numerous as the waves of the ocean. A murmur of adoration went up; all mouths declared the glory of God, when the monstrance, struck by the full rays of the setting sun, appeared like a new sun—a sun of gold tracing out the emblem of the cross in lines of flame on the edge of the sky.

The banners, the ciergy, Abbe Judaine,

The banners, the clergy, Abbe Judaine, under the canopy, were already going into the basilica, when Marie, just as she was about to enter, too, without letting go the handle of her cart, was stopped by two ladies, who kissed her and wept over her.