able to remain at the altelter on account of

such a state of rebellion against the unjust suffering that was imposed upon this poor

feeble little creature, so pure, so incapabl

the child sleep and stop the mean that was tearing out her heart. And suddenly, ex-hausted, agonized with this suffering, she had

the Virgin whose miracles saved and par

claps of thunder echoed through the moun-tains. Once she fancied her prayer was granted. Rose made a slight movement as though the Archangel had touched her, opened her eyes, moved her white lips and

gave one last faint sigh, then she cried no

"Ob. Virgin! Mother of our Savior, cure

er. Oh, Virgin! Mother all powerful, heal

She felt her child grow lighter in her arms. She was now fearful, because she no

longer heard the faint complaint, to see her

so white with open eyes and mouth, with-out a breath. Why did she not smile if she

Pierre ran at once after Mme. Vincent to

mass was over. The rain was falling less

violently now, and the celebrant went off under the white silk umbrella, embroidered

n gold, while a kind of omnibus came to etch the invalids back to the hospital.

Marie took Pierre's two hands: "Oh, how happy I am. Do not come to

Pierre once more entered the grotto and sat

down on the bench near the spring. He did not care to go to bed, for sleep dis-

quieted him, in spite of his lassitude, for his condition of excitement was even greater

than on the previous day. Little Rose's death had upset him still more, and he could

not forget the sight of that suffering mother

know how her mother's heart could resist curing but 10 per cent, the 10 per cent

fore if he had the power to select ten to

surprise perceived that the spring was over-flowing through the panels of the grating.

swollen the waters thereabouts. And he

thought that this spring, however miraculous it might be, was subject to the same

laws as other springs, for it must communi-

cate with natural reservoirs, into which the waters emptied and collected. And he

went away so as not to get his ankles

(To be continued next Sunday.)

EDUCATIONAL.

There are 421 schools connected with the

Commencement exercises at Princeton col-

The annual commencement exercises of the

20. William E. Russell, ex-governor of Mas-

sachusetts, will deliver the customary address to the graduating class.

who has been made honorary chancellor of Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., of which he is a graduate, will deliver the chancellor's

ing in Boston on "Art in the Public Schools,

makes an effective disposition of the sub-

One of the former students of the Harvard

annex has been chosen dean of Barnard

college, the annex of Columbia, her place

being practically that of president. She is

oddly named Miss James Smith. She is only 30, and will control nineteen professors.

all of whom but one are men, who are instructors in the college, and the 106 young

The appointment of John Patton to the

senate makes five members of the same Yale class in public life in Washington. Four of these are members of the senate—

Wolcott of Colorado, Higgins of Delaware, Dubois of Idaho and Patton. The other is

Frank Jones, assistant postmaster general

the sweet singer of the administration and the favorite at the white house. They pro-

pose to hold monthly reunions from this time on, and Wolcott has been chosen presi-dent of their organization.

In the summer of 1892 some of the pro-fessors and instructors of Cornell university

fit of public school teachers and others. The

opportunity to pursue work under university

instructors, by university libraries, museums

and laboratories, was eagerly seized. In 1893

the summer school was made an integral part of the university and was attended by

170 persons. This year many new courses have been added and the school more completely organized. Much valuable work will

schools of Providence, R. I., in a recent address before the young women who are soon

to be graduated from the High school, urged his hearers to become teachers. Every High

school graduate was wanted, he said, and more besides; fifty new teachers were needed

each year, and the school committee, ac-

cording to the present outlook, would have to hunt for candidates instead of waiting for

applications. The young women who are educated in Providence are given the prefer-

ence. Those from outside have to pass special examinations. The salaries fixed by the city council are \$350 for the first year.

\$450 for the second year, and \$600 for the

The Berlin Society for the Purification of

the German Language is trying to have some action taken on the offer made by Herr Hoin-rich Krohn of Paris, in 1889, in regard to which nothing has thus far been done. Herr

Krohn offered to contribute the sum of 100. 000 marks to found an academy of the Ger-

man language. "I intend this academy,

he said, "to revise and purify the German language, and to make it a universal lan-

guage, in the same way as the Academie Francaise has done for the French lan-guage. The members of the academy are not to receive a salary from the govern-ment—the sale of the academical dictionary.

adorned with the imperial coat of arms, will yield a sufficiently large income. If the 100,000 marks berewith offered by me do not

third year.

e done in the six weeks' session beginning H. S. Tarbell, superintendent of public

offered courses of instruction for the ben

women whom they instruct.

such thing as art in the public schools.

declaring that at present there is no

oration at the next commencement. Mr. Percival Chubb, who has been lectur-

lege begin on June 9 and close on the 13th.

New York State university.

ignorant laws of mankind.

ake me before 3 o'clock this afternoon." Left alone in the fine and drizzling rain,

all roads, in an endless path, hoping

plaints made about the con-

f of His existence. So he was once unempy at the thought that as he had looked his duty as a priest, in not say-his masses, God would not hear him. Vhy should be not go at once to the Church f the Rosary, whose altars were at the osition of all the traveling priests from midnight to morn? So he went tack by another path, under the trees to the corner. where with Marie he had watched the pro-cersion of torches. Not a light remained; it was a boundless, shadowy sea.

Then, again, Pierre felt frosh remorse, and mechanically he entered the shalter for pilgrims, as though he wanted to gain time. The door stood wide open, yet it was insuffi-The door stood wide open, yet it was insulinced to ventilate the vast room filled with people. At the first step inside he was struck by the heavy, heated atmosphere, charged with the thick and fetid smell of breath and perspiration. The smoky lanterns lighted it so hadly that he had to take care not to step on widely flung arms and legs, for the browd was something extraordinary, and many people, who had not been able to find places on the benches, had stretched themselves on the ground, on the damp flagstones, solied as they were since morning. There was a nameless promisculty -men, wonen, priests-all sleeping pell mell, lying down anywhere, overcome by fatigue, open mouthed, exhausted. A great number were snoring, sitting up, their backs against the wall, their heads fallen on their breasts. Others had fallen down, their legs crossed. One young girl was half across an old country priest, whose calm, childlike slumber was almost smiling. It was the barn, where the poor people as they traveled came in and rested by chance, for all those who had no home on that beautiful night had come hither to throw themselves, like brothers, into one another's arms to sleep. Some of them, however, could not rest, and in the excitement of their unrest turned about or looked in their baskets for provisions. Some sat motionless, with eyes staring open, fixed on space. Amid the snorings, the dreaming cries, rose also mouns of suffering. It was indeed great suffering and an anguish of pain that came from that flock of wretches, tumbled altogether in the misery of their rags, while their pure white souls were wandering elsewhere in the beautiful land of dreams.

Pierre was just going out when a feeble yet continuous moan stopped him. He recognized in the same place, in the same posi-tion, Mme. Vincent, still holding little Rose on her knees.
"Ah, Abbe," she murmured, "you here?

She waked about an hour ago and since then she has been crying. I swear I never moved a muscle, it made me so happy to

The priest leaned over to examine the child, who did not have strength enough left to open her eyelids. The moan came from her mouth almost like her breath, and she was so white that he shuddered, for he saw the approach of death.

the approach of death.

"My God! what am I to do," continued this martyred mother at her wits'-end. "It cannot keep up long this way. I cannot bear to hear her cry. If you only knew what I say to her. My treasure, my fewel, my angel; I also beseech you, I pray you, do not cry any more. The Holy Virgin is going to cure you. But she keeps on cry-

ing."

She was sobbing, her great tears fell on the child's face, whose rattle never stopped.

"If it were daylight I should go out of this room, all the more because she annoys the people here. An old lady over there was very angry. But I am afraid it is too cold, and then where could I go at night? Ah, Holy Virgin, Holy Virgin, 'ake pity on us!"

Pierre, overcome by her tears, kissed the blonde hair of little Rose, and then went away that he might not himself burst into blonde hair of little Rose, and then went away that he might not himself burst into tears with this sorrowful mother, going straight to the Place du Rosaire, as though decided to conquer even death.

He had seen the Church of the Rosary in broad daylight, and he had not been pleased, for the architect, hampered by the situation

for the architect, hampered by the situation on the crooked rock, had been forced to construct it low and round, overweighted by the great cupola, supported by square pillars. The worst feature was that, notwithstanding the archaic Byzantine style, the church lacked any religious sentiment, being without suggestion of mystery, but looked more like a modern market whose large cupola and a modern market, whose large cupola and broad glass doors made it as bright as day within its walls. Neither was the building complete, for the ornamentations were missing; the panels of wall behind the altars had no other decoration than the colored paper roses and some meager thank-offerings, so that an effect of a large waiting hall was produced, with its paved floor, which in rainy weather was as wet as the platforms a railway station. The temporary hig altar was of painted wood. Numberless rows of benches filled the central rotunda-benches on which the public rested at all hours, day and night, for the Church of the Rosary was always open to the crowds of pilgrims. Like the Shelter, it was the refuge God's for His poor people.

Plorre felt a sensation on entering as though he were in some ordinary waiting place. The bright light no longer showed the naked walls, for the candles byrning on the gitars merely served to throw their long shadows on the quiet, vaulted alcoves. There had been high mass at midnight, celebrated with unusual pomp, with all the brilliant lights, chants, golden vestments, swinging of incense, and of all this glorious glitter there only remained the regulation candles there only remained the regulation candles on the fifteen altars in the circumference to be used for the celebration of mass. At midnight the masses were begun, only to end at midday. At the Rosary alone more than 400 were said in the twelve hours. In all Lourdes, where there were about fifty altars, Lourdes, where there were about hity altars, the number of masses said amounted to more than 2,000 every day. The crowd of priests was so great that it was difficult for many of them to fulfill their duty, so they formed in line for hours before they were able to find a vacant altar. It surprised Pierre to find, in a semi-darkness, that tonight all the altars were besieged, whole rows of the altars were besieged, whole rows of priests patiently waiting their turn at the foot of the steps, while the celebrant hurried over the Latin phrases, with many signs of the cross, and the fatigue was so exces-sive that most of the priests were sitting on the ground, while others were sleeping

on the steps, fallen, overcome and waiting for the beadle to wake them.

For a moment he walked about undecided. Should be wait like the rest? The sight detained him. At every altar, at each mass crowds of pilgrims came forward to comin haste with a kind of voracious municate in haste with a kind of voracious fervor. The patten was filled and emptied without stopping; the priest's hands were tired out dispensing the bread of life. He felt fresh astonishment, for he had never before seen a corner of this world so watered by the divine blood, nor where faith was so fully developed in such a number of It was like a return to the heroic nges of the church, when nations knelt under the influence of credulity, alarmed in their ignorance and placing all their happiness in the hand of an Almighty God. He could fancy himself carried back eight or nine centuries, to those epochs of great public devotion, when the end of the world was anticipated; and all the more as he glanced about at the assemblage of simple souls, who, having partaken of the communion, returned to their benches at rest with God and themselves. Many of them had no other place to live—was not the church their ther place to live—was not the church their house, the refuge where night and day they might seek consolation? Those who did not know where to go and could not even find a place at the shelter, came to the rosary, and sometimes found a seat on one of the benches, but many stretched themselves on the pavement. Others, who had a bed waiting for them, tarried to pass a whole night with pleasure in this divine temple, so full of beautiful dreams. Up to daylight the proof beautiful dreams. Up to daylight the promiscuous crowd was extraordinary. All the rows of benches were occupied, stray sleep-ers in every corner, behind every pillar; men, women and children leaning against one another, heads falling on neighboring shoulders, their breaths mingling with a tranquil unconsciousness; the surrender to a boly need that had been demanded by sleep, e church transformed by circumstances into an hospitality, the great door wide open to the beautiful August night, letting in all the darksome passers by, good and bad, the loose and the lost. And from each of the fifteen altars the tinkling bells at the time of the elevation sounded unremittingly, while from the confusion of the sleepers, bands of faithful pilgrims would rise at short intervals, communicate and then return to the flock, without a name or a shepherd, rolling in the half light as through a veil.

As Pierre walked on with an undecided air through these vague groups an old priest aiting on one of the altar steps motioned to him. He had been waiting there for two hours, and now at the very moment his turn had come he was taken with such a weak turn that, fearing lest he should be unable finish his mass, he would give up his acc. Doubtless the sight of Pierre's restessness in the shadows had touched the old

He showed him the sacristy, and the Holy Virgin her little Rose, now a prection waited until Pierre had returned lous but sorrowful burden. Having been uneven then waited until Pierre had returned with his chasuble and the chalice, then slept endly on one of the benches. hen wold his mass. Hive an honest man, as he used to do in Paris, from a sense of professional duty. His external appearance was that of absolute faith. But nothing touched him or melted his heart as he had expected after waiting those two feverish days, in the midst of the extraordinary and days, in the midst of the extraordinary and upsetting excitement in which he had passed the time. He had boped that at the moment of communing, fust as the divine mystery was being accomplished, that he would be struck by some great emotion, that he would be bathed with grace, before the open sky, face to face with God. And no such thing had been produced. His frozen heart did not even seem to beat. He pronounced the customary words, made the regular gestures, with the propriety of a mechanical tures, with the propriety of a mechanical duty. In spite of his fervent effort, one single thought came back, obstinately—that single thought came back, obstinately—that the sacristy was much too small for such a large number of masses! How could the sacristans provide sacred vestments and linen for so many priests? It confused him. and filled his mind with a stupid persistence. Presently Pierre was surprised to find himself once more outside. He was once more

self once more outside. He was once more valking in the night time, a night that seemed more black, more still, more immensely empty. The town seemed lifeless; not a light was shloid. There only sounded the purling of the Gave, to which his ears had become accustomed. Suddenly, almost like a miraculous apparition, the grotto blazed out in front of him, lighting the darkness with its perpetual brightness, berning like an inextinguishable flame of burning like an inextinguishable flame of love. Unconsciously his steps had turned that way, brought thither, no doubt, by his thoughts of Marie. It was nearly 3 o'clock; the benches were empty, and only about twenty persons' black and misty forms were seen kneeling in ecstatic unconsciousness-fallen into a divine reverle. It might almost be thought that as the night adgrotto had receded in the distance like a dream. All was covered by a delicious sense of lassitude, and the wide open country appeared to alumber on, while the voice of the invisible water was like the rhythm of this slumber, wherein smiled the Holy Virgin in her purity, surrounded by tapers. Among the insensible women Mme. Maze still knelt, her hands clasped, her head bent so low that she seemed petrified in her ardent supplication. Pierre at once approached Marie. He was shivering, and he imagined she must be frozen, as morning advanced. "I besecch

be frozen, as morning advanced. "I beseech you, Marie, cover yourself up; do you wish to suffer still more?" And he picked up the shawl that had slipped down and forced her to fasten it

"You are cold, Marie; your hands are like She did not answer, but continued in the same attitude that she had taken two hours before, when he had left her. Her elbows leaning on the edge of the cart, her face half raised, with the same wrapt look at the Holy Virgin; her expression transfigured, beaming with celestial joy. Her lips moved, yet no sound was heard. Perhaps she was holding a mysterious interview in the en-chanted land, when, in her waking dreams, she had found herself there! He spoke

again, yet she did not answer. Finally she spoke of her own accord in a far away voice: "Oh, Pierre; I am so happy. I have seen Her. I have prayed to Her for you, and She smiled and made a little sign with Her head, to signify She heard me and would grant my prayers. She did not speak to me, Pierre, but I understood all the same what She meant. I shall be cured today at 4 o'clock, when the host passes by." He listened, completely overcome. Was she askep with her eyes open? Was it in

she asleep with her eyes open? Was it in a dream that she had seen the marble head of the Holy Virgin bow and smile? He was selzed by a terrible shudder at the thought that this pure child should have prayed for him. He walked as far as the grating, fell on his two knees, muttering, "Oh, Marie!" Without knowing whether this cry from his heart was addessed to the Virgin or to the adored friend of his childhood. Then, overcome, he awaited some sign of favor.

Several interminable moments passed. Several interminable moments passed. This time it was the superhuman effort,

thus to wait for the miracle that he sought for himself, a sudden revelation, a lightning bolt, that should take away his doubt, giving him back his simple faith, renewed and triumphant. He gave himself up and wished for nothing but that some sovereign force should purify his being and transform it. But, just as before when he celebrated mass, he felt naught but a fathomless silence, he happened and his despairing heart almost seemed to stop beating. He tried in value to force himself to pray, to fix his wandering thought on this powerful Virgin, so gracious to poor mankind, but in spite of all his thoughts fled, were vanquished by those of the exterior world and occupied themselves with puerile details. On the other side of the grating he had just seen Baron Suire sleeping, continuing his peaceful slumber, his hands joined over his stomach. Other things, too, distracted him—the bouquets at the Virgin's feet, the letters thrown in as though to a heavenly mail, the delicate wax lace that remained standing round flames of the larger candles, looking like some rare chiseled silver jewelry. Then, without any apparent connection, he thought of his childhood, and the face of his brother William appeared d'stinctly before his mind's eye. He had not seen him since mind's eye. his mother's death. He only knew he lived a very secluded life, occupied with scientific work in his little house, where he was almost cloistered with a mistress and two great dogs, and he should never have even heard of him had he not lately read in a newspaper in connection with some revolutionary movement. He was supposed to be occupied in experiments with explosive sub-stances and associated with all the most advanced ideas. Why should he have thus appeared in this spot of bliss, in the midst of these mythical lights, the same as he used to look in old days, such a good tender brother, with charitable feelings for all suffering?

For a moment Pierre was haunted by the sorrowful regret of this lost brotherly love. Then he seemed to have an insight of him self, and realized that were he to spend hours in this place his faith would never return. Still he felt a kind of trembling excitement, a last hope, at the idea that if the Holy Virgin did accomplish the great mira-cle of curing Marie he could believe. It was the last straw he held, to have a meeting with faith that afternoon at 4 o'clock, when the host was carried past, just as she had said. At once his anguish ceased, he re-mained on his knees, half dead with fatigue, and overcome by an invincible somnolence. The hours went by, the grotto still casting out her resplendent lights on the black night, and reflecting on the near hill sides and their white convent fronts. But Pierre saw it less and less, and awoke with a start, with a half frozen shiver, to find that day was breaking through a stormy sky overcast with clouds. He perceived that one of those sudden mountain storms was coming up from the south. The distant thunder was already growling, while great puffs of wind swept down the streets. He must have been asleep for he could not find Baron Suire, and he did not remember having seen him go away. There were not fifteen persons before the grotto, among them he still saw Mme. Mare, her face hidden in her hands. But when she perceived it was broad day light and that she could be seen she got up and disappeared down the narrow path that led to the Convent of the Blue Sisters.

Greatly troubled Pierre came to Marie to say she must not stay there any longer uness she wished to risk being soaked to the "I will take you back to the hospi-

She refused. She besought: "No, no. I must wait for mass; I promised to take communion here. Do not worry about me. Go back at once to the hotel and go to bed, I beg of you. You know that closed carriages are sent here for the in-

valids when it rains."
She insisted, although he repeated that he did not wish to go to bed. In fact, mass was said every morning very sarly at the grotte, and it was counted a great joy by the pilgrims to communicate thus after a long ecstatic night, in the glory of the rising sun. Just as large drops began to fall a priest appeared in a chasuble, accompanied by two clerks, one of whom held an open wilte slik umbrella, embraidered in gold, over the cele-brant, to protect the chalice. Pierre had pushed the cart close against

the grating to shelter Marie under the ledge of the rocks, where several assistants had also taken refuge, and he watched the young girl as she received the host with her burn-ing ferver, when his attention was attracted

by a piteous spectacle that greatly affected him.

In all the drenching rain that was now steady and pouring down, he saw Mme. Vin-cent, with her arms outstretched, offering to supply whatever may be wanting."

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

ing of the little girl she had brought her into the night air, had struggled in the darkness Practical and Interesting Feature of the for two hours, crazy, desperate, carrying the sorrowful flesh of her flesh strained to her bosom without being able to help her. City's Educational Work. She did not know what road she took not under which trees she wandered, she was in

PROGRESS THROUGH MANY DIFFICULTIES

Glimpse Into the Rooms Where the Curious of sin. Was it not abominable, the strength and tenacity of the disease that tortured her Labor is Performed-Beautiful Examples darling without ceasing for weeks, her own child, whose cries she could not hush? She of Pupils' Work-Popular and Persistent Instructor. carried her, nursed her without repose, by

The city of Omaha has good reason to be proud of its magnificent system of school buildings. Most of them are substantial, well ventilated, well equipped; some of them are beautiful. All facilities seem to be prodoned all wees.

"Oh, Virgin! adorable Mother, cure this little one. Oh, Virgin! Divine Mother of Grace cure her." wided to make the pursuit of knowledge as easy as possible in congenial and pleas-ant quarters. There is, however, one branch that has been sadly neglected. In the north end of the High school building Grace cure her."

She fell upon her knees, still holding out her dying daughter in her trembling arms, in an exaltation of hope and desire that alone sustained her. The rain, that sine did not feel, on her heels, poured behind her with the downfail of a torrent, while loud the manual training department is estab-lished. The rooms used for this purpose are, practically, only two in number, small and not very well lighted. The tools in use are about fifteen years behind the times. One instructor teaches all the clarses, and in addition is supposed to keep all the ma-

chinery in order.

Some ten years ago manual training was added to the curriculum of the High school It was partially an experiment, and on this account, and also because there was no other available place, it was put in the basement and compelled to take unsuitable rooms that could not or would not be used by other departments. The course has grown stendily from year to year in popu-larity among the pupils, and the classes have continued to increase, but no more room has been given. Girls have in the past been members of the class, but of late years it has been found impossible to accommdoate them. Preference has been given to the boys, and they will become the

out a breath. Why did she not smile if she was cured? Suddenly there was a piercing cry—the mother's cry—that sounded above the thunder, in the redoubled fury of the storm. Her child was dead. She stood straight up, turned her back to that deaf Virgin who allowed children to die, and rushed off like a crazy woman out in the pouring rain, going, she knew not where, still carrying and nursing the poor little body that she had held for so many days and nights. The thunder rolled and must future breadwinners of the world.

On the east side of the north end of the long hall that runs through the basement is the carpentry room. This is about 50x40 feet and is lighted by windows near the ceiling. and nights. The thunder rolled and must have struck one of the great trees near by, with the force of a giant's fist, for the branches crackled and fell with a loud It is fitted up for twenty pupils, that being as large a number as can be conveniently handled by one teacher at a time. The benches are arranged about the walls and there are two rows in the center. Each bench is supplied with all the necessary tools, arranged in racks and lockers. guide and help her. But he was unable to follow her and lost her at once in the midst

Across the hall from this is the room con taining the turning lathes. This room is somewhat larger than the carpentry room, and is lighted in the same way. The lathes were formerly run by steam power, but now are run by electricity. An iron lathe, which cost \$200, is a feature, as is also a grindstone, run by electricity, with a stone for planes, chisels and other such tools, and another for guages. These two machines were obtained by the instructor only after strenuous and repeated requests. The motor that furnishes the power for all of the mag chinery is set up in a little room to the south of the lathe room, which is cluttered with lumber. The motor is set on a level with the floor, with no means of collecting the dripping oil and without any seeming protection from crossed wires and other ac-cidents. To the eye of a stranger this room appears to be a reritable fire trap. An expenditure of \$100 would clean it out and remove all danger.

wandering about the muddy roads bearing her child's body. What were the reasons that decided the Virgin? It confused him to think she ever did choose. He longed to WORK OF THE BOYS. In another small room further down the hall all the various articles made by the miracles told about by Dr. Bonamy as being proven! He had asked himself the day bepupils during the course are stored. Arranged around the room on shelves one ranged around the foom on shelves one sees the various examples through which the fore if he had the power to select ten to cure which ones he would choose? What a terrible power, redoubtable choice, for which he would never have the courage. Why this one and not the others? Where was the justice or the goodness? To be powerful enough to cure all, was not that to satisfy all hearts? And the Virgin seemed cruel, badly informed, as hard and indifferent as that impassable nature that distributed life and death by chance, according to the pupils are led to the most difficult work. The last three months of the year are used The last three months of the year are used by the boys in making things for themselves and many of them have turned out skillful work. Some of the pieces can be called beautiful and equal the work of good carpenters and joiners. The articles are of various kinds—tables. Indian clubs, stands, chess boards, card receivers, cake dishes, foot rests, etc. One beautiful piece of work is a sanding chess board made by life and death by chance, according to the of work is a standing chess board made by a first year scholar. The board is made of five different kinds of wood neatly inlaid and is supported upon a finely turned leg. Arother pupil has made a miniature motor The rain was over. Pierre had been there for two hours, and he felt his feet were wet. He looked and greatly to his entirely without assistance. It is no play-thing, but runs as smoothly and is as skill-The ground inside the grotto was already inundated. A stream was running outside, fully put together as those for sale in stores. A prospective architect has molded and put under the benches, as far as the railing together the columns of a store front. unique article is a castor, the frame being entirely of wood and very neatly turned. and which will undoubtedly be more highly prized by the recipient than a solid silver one. Indian clubs, foot rests and chess boards seem to be the favorites of the boys this year and most of them are beauti-

ful specimens of inlaid work.

The course of study covers two years.

The first year is occupied with drawing, grinding edge tools, carpenter work, glueing, finishing and varnishing. The first seven months are devoted to making examples and the last three to construction of more difficult articles. The first seven months of the second year are devoted to mechanical drawing, casting in plaster paris, lead and type metal, and three months to construction. Curving had also been included in the course, but lack of room has crowded Yale law school will be held Tuesday, June it out. Girls were especially interested in this work and a large class of them was at Senator Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming.

one time occupied with it. The department started out in the fall with 125 names on the roll. The number has decreased to eighty at the present time. In every study some will be found whose interest in the work will wane and who will consequently drop out. Some also have left the school to enter upon various occupations in the world. Of the present numbers fifty-five are in the first year's course and the rest in the second year. They are divided into five classes, to each of which an hour in given. The instructor says that the pupils are deeply interested in the work and spend as much time on it as they can. The busy whirr of the lathes the scraping of the planes and the repeated blows of the hammers which greet a visitor bear out the truth of the statement. A view of the workshops shows how much more interest is shown than in the class rooms of Latin, Greek and algebra, which are more highly prized in public estima-

Mr. J. E. Wigman is the teacher and is a practical mechanic. He appears to be much liked by his pupils, probably because he is able and always willing to help the boys in any of their difficulties. He has been a conscientious worker and is to be congratulated upon the popularity of his department, which has continued despite the many discouragements in the lack of facilities. He will attend the national meeting of teachers of manual training schools to be held in Philadelphia this summer. It is hoped by the friends of this work that better arrangements will be made in

the near future for this branch of public education which is continually growing in importance. Other cities have recognized worth and have given it large and adequate buildings.

It is the hope of the instructor that the much talked of annex and perhaps a separate building will soon be erected on the grounds and quarters assigned in it. More modern means of instruction are also

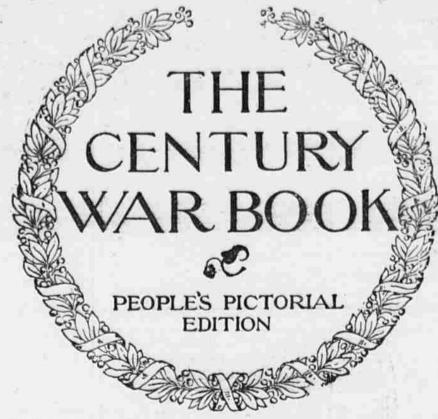
Cheap

does not mean poor in quality. It means a great deal for the money paid. In this sense, and in this only Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER is the cheapest perfume, as it is also the most delightful. Low priced substitutes are dear at any price. Insist on having the GENUINE

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