THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1889 -- SIXTEEN PAGES.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

One of the Most Memorable Event in Military History.

HARD LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

Meagre Clothing and Miserable Food -Invalids Refused Admittance to the Hospital Because They Were Needed at Their Posis.

And Yet These Men Were Merry.

I daily meet men now gray with years, many crippled or infirm from wounds or hardships, in whose sober gait it is difficult to recognize the wild ensign or the reckless captain with whom I laughed time away thirty-three years ago in the Crimen, says General Wolseley in the Youth's Companion. They carry nothing that indicates to youth of this generation how gallantly they fenced with death in the days when one gallant soldier was to England

when one gallant soldier was to England worth scores of the vestrymen who nowadays call themselves statesmen. To them, individually, the remem-brance of the cruel slege, of that first winter on those bleak, cold heights around Sebastopol, speaks of noble en-durance and daring deeds. Peering back upon that vista of years, one sees the bright living faces of gallant com-rades whom we laid in shallow, rocky graves there, and it seems but vester. graves there, and it seems but yester-day that their joyous laughter rang loud as their strong, manly hands grasped ours as we met in these trenches.

Before the winter of 1854-55 set in Before the winter of 1854-55 set in with all its rain, snow, plereingly cold winds and unusual rigor, life in the trenches, during the day, was by no means unpleasant. To the young, earnest and cager soldier it was, of course, full of interest, although after the battle of Inkerman it was very evi-dent to those with any knowledge of war that a winter of trench-work was before us.

Even those of us who were well-read in the history of our sleges in Spain under Wellington-and we had very few amongst us then who knew any-thing at all of military nistory—had little conception of what a siege would be in such a climate and at such a distance from home.

The ordinary routine of daily duty was as follows: The companies detailed for the trenches from each battalion "fell in" about 5 o'clock in the morn-ing and marched in the dark to the first parallel, where they were told off by the field officer on duty to their several positions in the miles of siege works we had constructed.

If your post was in the batteries in rear, you had an easy time of it. You fired an occasional gun at some working party of the enemy, and you had a few mortar shells back in return. The large-sized Russian shell was bigger than our thirteen-inch shell, then the largest in our army or navy.

You watched what seemed its slow, solemn flight through the heavens. Owing to its wooden fuse it made a noise which is best reproduced by the words "pitchah-tewichtah, pitchah-tewich-atah-" These shells often burst in the air, when their great splinters, each of many pounds' weight, came tearing through the air with a rushing sound of anger entirely unlike the seemingly dignified procedure of the shell itself before it burst.

When these shells did not burst before they struck the ground, they fell with a heavy, booming thud that seemed to shake the neighboring carth, burying themselves some feet if they fell in our parapets, and when they burst, like a small mine, they drove clay and stones about into showers of

Happily, the pieces into which they burst were sufficiently large to be easi

climate of the Crimes. In the winter A QUAINT OLD MISSION TOWN. the cold was excessive, and our trenches were often for days mere ditches of mud and water. All ranks suffered much, accordingly, from the want of long boots.

In returning to camp one afternoon, I overtook a merchant seaman, who had come from Balaclava to have a glimpse of Sebastopol. He stopped to inquire the road, when my eyes soon fastened on the good, warm pea-jacket and long boots he wore. I felt they were just what I wanted for trench work. A short bargain made them mine. We parted thoroughly contented, he with my sovereigns in his pocket to get back to his ship as best he could, without the cont and boots which I carried off in

triumph. I have always felt how much I owed my good health to this chance meeting, and my servant's contract for offal. I and my servant's contract for ond. I confess that I never pitted or felt the least compassion for myself or my brother officers; all my sympathies were with the rank and file who could not afford to buy boots or food. Day after day I have seen the half-fed, poorly clad private soldier struggle with feeble limbs to the trenches, trying above all things for his own credit as a soldier, and for the credit of his regiment to keep out of hospiral, and, what he termen, at his duty." Many I have seen return from the trenches to lie down in their tents, and there die from netwal want of monore sustances. actual want of proper sustenance.

Our doctors said that their most heartrending duty then was, day by day, to refuse admittance to hospital to those whom they know to be seriously ill, and so reduced in strength by diarrhoe and dysentery as to be really unfit for duty. They did so, because the necessities of our position required the services of every man capable of currying a rife. Our numbers were so weakened through losses in action and the winter hardships, that companies often marched to the trenches consisting of not more than ten men each. Indeed, with all the information supplied on these heads to the enemy by our own newspapers, it was often a wonder to us at the time that the Rus-

sians did not make more sorties. The march to the trenches was af-fected in the dark when possible, so that the arrivals of the reliefs should not attract the enemy's attention. During the winter days our usual work was clearing the drains and the batteries of mud and water, filling sand-bags for the next night's work, relaying gun platforms, and whatever could be done without the enemy's knowledge.

We did not care to embark upon an work that would entail throwing earth over the parapet, for the moment we attempted to do so, shell after shell was poured upon us, to which, with our very limited supply of ammunition, we could not reply. We were forced to husband all the ammunition we had for the much-talked-of and long-expected event, "the next bombardment."

The condition of things under which sieges should be, and almost are, only undertaken, was entirely reversed. We were content not only to carry the siege on without having subdued the fire of the place, but it was the attack-ing and not the defending side whose supply of shot and shell was limited. When posted in the advanced works an occasional musketry duel was started with the Russian rifle-pits.

I have seen men, when amusing themselves at this game, jump up and expose their bodies to the sharpshoot-ers view, trusting to being able to jump under cover when they saw the puff of smoke from the hostile loophole before the bullet could reach them. To put your cap on the end of a ramrod, and show it over the parapet to attract the enemy's fire, was a very common pastime.

The men on the lookout told stories, talked of home and their sweetheasts read any available scraps of books and sheep. newspapers, slept and played games. I was cating my breakfast very early one morning in a rifle-pit we had just taken from the enemy, and became interested in some men near me were playing pitch and toss with halfpence. A fine-looking young fellow of the party, with his halfpence poised on a piece of stick, was on the point of throwing them up in the air, when I heard that horrid "thud" I knew so well, the sound made by a bullet as it strikes a man, and the player and his halfpence fell at my feet. He was stone dead, without a sigh, exclamation or movement of limbs or muscle. chance bullet, in coming through sand-bag loon-bole, had struck some stone that caused it to glance downwards I have always remembered the cir cumstances, because it is very rarely a bullet causes such actually instantance ous death. But very many were the curious circumstances under which leath and wounds presented them selves. I shall mention one remarkable instance. I was sitting some yards in the rea of our first parallel, alongside, an officer who was giving me instructions for the coming night. Two sergeants stood together facing us, listening to the or-ders which I wrote in my pocket-book. Whilst so occupied, in what we con ceived to be a very safe spot, down tum bric-a-brae. bled woth the sergeants in front of us a shell rushed past so close that we felt its wind. One man's head had disap peared, and the other's face was horri

The Village of San Juan Capistiano in Southern California.

WHERE ANTIQUARIANS LINGER.

The Adobe Chapel and Its Interesting Relics-Beautiful Scenery and Luscions Fruits of the Santa Anna Valley.

A Memory of Other Days. LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 25.-[Special

to THE BEE.]-In a sequestered vale leading from the rugged Santa Ana hills to the ocean, in the extreme south-

cast corner of Los Angeles county, is a quaint old mission town called San Juan Capistiano, to distinguish it from San-Juan-by-the-Sea, a village a few miles distant. This ancient Mexican hamlet was the scene of some of Father Junipera Serra's most successful labors. It was the second mission in southern California founded by that indefatigable missionary padre. The adobe church was begun in 1776. The carved and crumbling corridors of the old chapel are the delight of antiquarians and these ancient walls have a place in the efforts of scores of amateur artists, not to speak of their value to the best of landscape drawings made by several talented knights and ladies of the paint brush. The tile roof, the mission panels in the floor, the grass-grown court, the ancient bells, and the dis-

tinctive Jesuitical architecture are all noted with interest. The building was A HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT for the mission fathers and their christinnized Indian disciples. The art by

which some of the building material was wrought and how it was cemented is lost. Men send to Great Britain for Portland coment, in these days, but the monks who redeemed this land for christianity more than a century ago, managed to build with a skill which the generations of atmospheric disintegration and long neglect have not been able to undo.

But interesting as the old church and its surroundings are from an historical point of view, and apart from its sacred sepulchres of faithful pries and carnest converts, and its hallowed shrines. Capistiano contains attractions of a more modern and worldly character. The home of the late Don Juan Forster

stands at the crest of a declivity front-ing on the dreamiest, most idyllic of semi-tropical gardens, with the most luscious of fruits upon evergreen trees. some tall and stately, others spreading their low inviting branches nearer the earth, and bordering the banks of a lucid stream, coursing its serpentine way through the luxuriant vegetation. The air is fragrant with sweet perfumes and bowers of flowers bid the visitor re-cline in their midst to forget the world

and live in an . EDEN OF UNFORMIDDEN FRUITS. The ranch is seven miles by fourteen, and contains 145,000 acres. It is about

to be sold to an English company for an English colony, and the visitor wonders whether the romantic home of the old Spaniard will be as charming, as peace-ful and as hospitable when its new owners enter its lovely precincts, and burden its now screne beauty with the clamor of the strange voices of the Anglo-Saxon farmer, tearing up its

virgin soil and planting dwellings and orchards, where now the lonely shepard is the only human being that startles the wild animals and the only human

occupied by the immabitants and the church and expressly forbid the impious American from this ing or owning any American from targeting or owning any part of it so that there might remain at least one example chas civilization now almost passed away. T. W. BLACKBURN.

General Jacqueminot. S. A. Wood in New York Sun. S. A. Wood in New York Sun. What conflicts you drive your blade in I know not if any base knows; But I know that the preenliest maiden Says yours is the queenliest rose.

And who would not envy, on seeing It blush from her diffeom of snow, The exquisite pleasure of being The red rose of Jacqueminot !

Whence came the deep hue of your flower i Was it imgred by the blood of the foe Who felt in dream-battles your power, O General Jacqueminot ?

What if you have failed in man-slaying In history's pantheon to pose-'Tis sweeter to hear the world saying: "You gave us a penutiful rose."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. Sara Bernhardt is thinking of playing in Zola's "Therese Raquin."

Martucci is the name of a new Italian com-poser, a trio by whom was lately brought out in London and was pronounced a remarkable vork.

The Bellini theater in Naples recently pro-duced an Italian version of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," which met with great success.

Lawrence Barrett has sailed for Europe He hopes to improve the glandular affection from which he is suffering by the use of the waters at Crusnach.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann, who has a rep-utation as a Chopin player, recently gave two piano recitals in London, at which the programme was made up entirely of works by the Polish tone poet.

Rose Coghian denies the report that she has seperated from her husband. She states that she has a bad case of hay fever and is going to California for relief.

The Chinese lack appreciation of the stage. As soon as a Celestial enters upon the stage he is deprived of citizenship and his children after him for four generations. "Taunhauser," in the Paris version, has been produced at Karlsruhe, and is said to have reflected the highest credit on Kapell-meister Mottl, who directed the performance. The first performance of Richard Wagner's "Nibelungen Tetralogy" to be given in a for eign tongue will occur at Pesth in the fall, when the entire work will be sung in Hungarian.

A monument is shortly to be erected to Robert Schumann in Zwickan, his native city, for which 6,000 marks has been col-lected, and besides 3,000 marks voted by the town itself.

Mr. David Laurie of Glasgow has refused \$10,000 for the famons "Alard" Stradivarius violin, but \$12,500 has now been offered on violin, but \$12,500 has now been onered on behalf of an American, and the matter is under consideration.

Lydia Thompson is a wonderful woman in her way. Now that she is talking about bid-ding farewell to the stage, it is remembered that thirty-seven years have elapsed since she appeared upon it as a leading dancer.

The former director of the Paris opera populaire, M. Garnier, has applied to the Egyptian government for the privilege of giving four months of French grand and comic opera at Theater Kheaivial in Cairo. Among the plays which Mr. Henry Irving Among the plays which Mr. Henry Irving hopes to be able to produce is one dealing with the life of Queen Mary. One of the characters is that of a court jester, and it is probable that should Mr. Irving present the play Mr. Marshall P. Wilder may appear in that part.

Verdi is said to be at work at present on an opera, "Romeo and Juliet," for which Arrigo Bolto has written the fibretto. The role of Romeo it is reported, is destined for the baritone, Maural, who created lago on the occasion of the initial representation of "Otherito."

It is stated that Verdi's "Otello" will be produced next wheter at the Paris Grand opera, with Jean de, Reszke as Otello and Madame Melba at Desdemona. These are ists, and also Edouard Reszke, have just re-newed their contracts with MM. Ritt and Gailhard.

Audran's "Le Grand Mogul," which, in its English adaptation, "The snake Charmer." first orought Miss Lillian Russell forward in comic opera, has just succeeded "The



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ONE SCHOOL'S GREAT WORK. | must feel a reasonable amount of honest

Those Who Call the Council Bluffs

must feel a reasonable amount of honest pride. C. B. H. S. Almmni. The eighteenth anniversary reunion and banquet of the Alumni association of the Council Bluffs high school was held last Marker Bornett, Miss Grace Swearingen, Tra-Miss Ling, Miss Grace Swearingen, Tra-Charles Woodbary, "Miss Inez Young and Miss Carrie Zurnuchlen, Class of 1884-Miss Jennie Baldwin, Miss Agnes Blancoard, Mrs. Janette Gernor Lange, Miss Anna Mayes, Miss Clara Meyers, Miss Ruth Phillips, Mr. W. H.

seen by the quick and experienced eye and consequently to be dodged with tolerable certainty by an agile man. At first, all thought it necessary Gto lie down until the shell burst. By doing so, one presented a far smaller mark and when lying on the ground it is often easy to obtain cover for the head or body.

The short period when the fuse hissed and seemed to splutter between the shell striking the ground and its bursting was always one of suspense, when men held their breath if the shell was near. With what a pleasant feeling of relief one rose unhurt after the explosion. What numerous instances of hair-breadth escapes could be related. This practice of lying down for a mortar shell had come down to us from the days of Wellington in Spain, and possibly from those of Marlborough in Flanders.

Sebastopol was an immense arsenal for both army and navy; its stores of guns, mortars and of ammunition were practically inexhaustible. For every shell we could bring from England and convey to our trenches, the Russians had lifty on the spot ready for use. Those whom duty took most frequently to the trenches were at last so accus-tomed to this shell firing, so expert in telling by the sound of the shell's flight whereabouts it would fall, that after some time they became very indifferent to it.

The officer I relieved one evening bade me good-by at a mortar battery where at the time a sort of duel was being carried on with the Russians, whose practice just then was bad, and their fuses still worse. A shell of their had just burst far up in the air, somewhere about its highest point of flight. Before the mocking laughter it occasioned entirely ceased, a sergeant came running back to report that my friend who had only just relieved me, was killed. When in the act of lighting his pipe, a lively splinter of the shell over

whose untimely explosion we had been so merry, had killed them on the spot. The siege of Sebastopol is without doubt in many ways the most remarkable one in history, minus the Homer to sing its eventful story. Its length alone would make it memorable, if no other circumstances combined to do so.

Oh, how never-ending it seemed to us! Especially to the young and inex-perienced, it was as if we had become soldiers, expressly to take our turn day after day, and night after night, in its ever-ending trench duty. When in camp, at least during the summer, we ate, drank and were merry, and raced our ponies to our great satisfaction. Thank God! it is impossible to repress the bubbling spirits of fresh, sparkling, manly youth.

The maudlin, puling, poor-hearted creature to be met with often in the garb of a man, even in armies, soon discovered he had no calling for e sol-dier's life. He felt he had had enough of it after a wock or two on the daily ration of one or two hard navy bis-cuits, with a piece of very heavy, red "salt junk" about as large as an old-

fashioned watch. Personally I managed to obtain enough food-I say nothing of its quality-thanks to my enterprising serwas a commissariat butcher who was camped near us. The offal of all articals killed is by custom the perquis-He of the butcher, so a bargain was struck between the two cockneys, in cordance with the terms of which I id him a guinea a week, and he supdied myself and servant with hearts and livers.

Our clothing was as insufficient as

bly mangled, his jawbone, as we supposed it to be, obtruding from a ghastly wound. The next morning I inquired in camp how the man was, and learned he had not been touched by the shell, but that his terrible wound had been made by the jawbone of the other sergeant which was driven into his face. Indeed, a little reflection ought to have told us that no man could be seriously wounded in the head by the blow of shell and still live.

The day duty, especially during the winter, was generally light, but it was a cold, wet and dreary occupation.

We were relieved about sunset, when -generally well soaked through-we marched home to a very wet camp, all round which and in which the mud was ankle deep. No dry clothes, or warm fire, or hot meal awaited our return Almost every officer had some sort of raised bed, out the sergeants and privates alike slept on the wet ground in their wet clothes, and with only a cou ple of damp and very inferior blankets ornians.

as bedding. The private's supper was some biscuit and generally a "tot" of rum, with sometimes, if the camp was well managed, a tin of hot tea. A pot of jan or a box of sardines, with ration biscuit was the officer's usual evening meal but as our servants did not do trench duty, they were generally able to have hot tea or some hot preserved soup ready for their master's return from the trenches.

What did most to kill our men was want of fuel to cook with. Before any fire could be made, men had to march a mile or two to dig up the roots of the brushwood that had stood on the hights at Inkerman. The brushwood had quickly disappeared, but their roots constituted our coal mine during our first winter. It was a sad sight to the poor, wet and tired soldier on his knees, trying to kindle enough fire with these damp roots to boil his kettle.

voices are the soft calls to the grazing theater career of 150 nights. But coming back from the hills and

city.

nesas, the canons and valleys of this beautiful and fertile ranch to the garden and the home, there are cupids. bowers and lovers' lanes, where the luxuriant foliage meets above a narrow oot path, and the sweet song of the nocking bird can be heard night and day among the overhanging branches. Even in the languorous midday hour these retreats are cool, and are lighted only by glancing beams between the close touching leaves. Oranges, lem-

ons, pomegrantes, nectarines, apricots, olives, bananas and other semi-tropica fruits, hang in clusters inviting and delicious, and far more toothsome if partaken of amidst their dreamy surroundings than when eaten in the marts of trade or picked from the abundance of the market man. The interior of the low-porched and

rambling adobe mansion, hidden by vines, is not less interesting than spacious grounds. Every nook and corner being filled with

GRAVE RELICS AND CURIOS. The walls of this old-fashioned Spanish

dwelling are hung with paintings in oil and water colors-not cheap chromo ike daubs, but works of real art. The tables in the parlors are solid marble imported and inlaid with Mexican onys or more highly colored stone, in unique designs, covered with globes vases, card-receivers and other costly

A private chapel in the housecharacteristic of many of these ancient Spanish homes—overlooks the grand ad ruin at the mission. It contains an elaborately carved crucifix and alabas ter statue of the Virgin, and beatific saints in purest Parisian marble, which are the adoration of all visiting Catho-

To the stranger the ranch extends a generous hospitality and Canistiano a welcome. The natives em earty ployed on the big ranch or dwelling in the shadow of the old mission are simple minded, contented and kind. Their sincere affection for the old church and its memories and their kind

words for the deceased lord of this real are CHARMING IN THEIR SIMPLICITY

and recall with keenest interest the stories of the days whon Americans and their money-getting eagerness were not known, but when each community followed implicity the guidance of the faithful padre. There is much that the hurrying, driving and sordid fortune seeking yankee could learn of these black showled, dusky native Cali-

San Juan Capistrano 18 a favorite re sort of artists. One scarcely ever visits the ancient mission village but he will find one or more enthusiasts with pen cil sketching one or other feature of the lovely and romantic, though lonely spot. Fifty or more are said to hav congregated here at one time and ever aspiring genuis among them carried away a sketch book filled with flicker carried ing inspirations of grand results there after to be accomplished. It is a health giving spot. The sea is a brief step distant and mountains are reached in few minutes gallop or drive, along ob and broken roadways, made by the In dians before the Spanish settlers had come amongst them. It is a quiet. restful sort of spot. without hotels, without town lot status, without real estate owners—in short it is about the only primitive Mexican settlement still undisturbed by the march of progress. It would be well to set aside the ground Mikado" at the Freidrich Wilhelmstadtische in Berlin, where the latter had a

Now that John Gilbert has left us, the question arises what Mr. Jefferson will do! It will be difficult, indeed, to find anybody to play old comedy on level terms with Flor ence, Mrs. John Drew, and himself. Beath has robbed playgoers of a treat, eagerly expected, but expected, unhappily, in vain.

The Carl Rosa "Grand Opera" company is now resting, having concluded a prolonged and highly prosperous tour. It will start again early in August and produce in course of the season Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," Walto Conquer," and Weyer's "Der Freischutz. Stoops to Conquer," and wegers "Der Freisenutz." There is a prospect of a second visit to London of Herr Angelo Neumann and his "Rings des Nibelungen" company. Taking into considération the greatly increased pop-ularity of Wagner's works since 1889; there is little doubt that, given a suitable theater, reasonable prices, and good performance, the venture would mean a suitable theater the venture would prove a substantial success.

"A Fest Spiel," in five acts, by Otto Devrient, was performed in the large Con-cert Snal in Frankfurt-on Maine during the of a religious tendency, portraying several events in the life of Luther, and was inst produced on the stage in Jena in 1883 on the anniversary of the great reformer's 400th burthday.

News of Mary Anderson does not quite dispel the fears entertained by many of friends as to the state of her health. It It was cabled frem London recently that she "is gradually recovering her nervous poise." Yet it is also declared that time booked for her at certain American theaters next sea son is not likely to be filled, and that other stars have been offered the dates.

The announcement is made by Director Stanton that the Munich tenor, Herr Vogl, has been engaged to sing at the Metropolitan opera house next season. Henrich Vogl was born in 1845 near Munich. In early life he was a school teacher in a village in the Bavarian Alps. In 1805 his voice having at tracted a great deal of attention he went t Munich, where he passed an examination is singing so successfully that he was immedi ately engaged for the Royal opera of that

CONNUBIALITIES.

An old fellow sixty-nine years of age led a blushing bride of sixteen to the altar re-cently at Yerk Center, N. Y.

The first license for the marriage of a white man to a colored womay in Pittsburg was is sued recently, though not a few licenses for the marriage of white women to colored men have been issued. 10 /

given out, is about to marry Louise Ropek, daughter of the head gamekeeper of the Dag-

was told that a certain widow had set her cap for him, and John was so afraid that he

Naglay-You wanted to got married bad enough, Lord knows, when I took you. You'd a married a fool. Mrs. Nagley (meekly)-Well, don't twit me with what I have done: We all make mistakes.

If it is a toadstool you die; if it is a much room you don't.

Says an old woman in Barry's "When Man's Single:" "I mind when Jeames Gowrie speired (courted) me. 'Ye wad rather hae Davit Curly, I ken.' he says. 'I dinna deny't,' I says, for the thing was well kon't. 'but ye'll do vara well, Jeames,' says I, and marry him I cid."

School Alma Mater.

RESULTS OF THE LABOR OF YEARS

Some Are Married and Some Are Dead, Some at Home and Some Abroad, But All Are Recommended.

Parochial Schools in the Bluffs. During the past week the commencement exercises of the two parochial schools of the city, St. Peter's and St. Francis', have taken place, and were both events of sufficient importance to deserve more than passing notice. The former is a new educational institution, having been opened less than a year

ago; still, it has an attendance quite remarkable for the time since it was started. It is the parochial school of the German Catholic parish, and is in charge of Rev. Herman Mengwasser.

The school was built immediately after the splendid new church of this congregation was completed, the people being satisfied that a outding for the purpose could be erected. The ladies of the church were largely instrumental in raising the money necessary for its erection. It bids fair to soon do a very important part in the education of the rising German generation of the city. Its first commencement exercises were held Tuesday evening, and the excellent manner in which the proexcellent manner in which the pro-gramme was rendered reflected the highest credit on pupils and teachers. pro-A part of the programme was in German, so that not only the Americans, but the dis-tinct Germans in the audience were highly entertained. The smaller pupils played quite a part in the exercises, showing careful training for the parts assigned them. The evening for the parts assigned them. The evening's entertainment was a pleasant sur-prise, even to those who thought they were well acquainted with the progress the school was making, and will result very beneficially to the institution in the future.

was maximum and needs no introduction in the future. St. Francis' academy is a much older in-stitution, and needs no introduction to the people of Iowa, Nebraska, Kanasa, Missouri and Minnesota, all of which states have sent scores of pupils, in years gone by, to receive the advantages offered by its score of able instructors. The academy is in charge of the Sisters of Charity, and the superior ad-vantages always offered by the sisters' schools are here found in their nearest ap-proach to perfection. It is one of the olicest educational institutions in this part of the country, having been esenucational institutions in this part of the country, having been es-tablished here nearly twenty years ago. During the past year there were enrolled at the academy fifty-eight boarders and 175 day scholars. A class of four young ladies was graduated. The exercises occupied two graduated. The exercises occupied two evenings. Wednesday evening was devoted to the smaller pupils, who participated in a very pleasing programme, and the com-mencement exercises proper were held Thursday evening. A fine art exhibition, the work of the pupils of the school, was dis-played in the studio and parlors of the insti-ution tution.

tution. Many of the pupils are among the leaders in Council Bluffs society circles and have availed themselves of the thorough teaching to be secured here. Some of the finest artists in the city are graduates of the academy. Aside from the many landscape painting in the city are graduates of the academy. oil and crayon, was a large collection of ar tistically executed articles in fancy embroid tistically executed articles in fancy embroid-ery and fine needle work. To give a com-plete list of the many exhibitors and their work would be impossible, but among those deserving especial mention are Misses Mag-gie Gibbons of Orleans. Neb. Davis of Knox-ville, Pussee Keating, Gertie Pusey, Blanche Arkwright and Sophia Gerner of this city. Their work is not only creditable to them as artists of ability, but to the painstaking at-tention and watchfulness of their teachers. The academy was crowded on each even-ing, and many, unable to find soats in the crowded hall, passed the time pleasantly in the art rooms above. The school is one in whick not only the Irish population, but the entire city as well, takes great interest, and entire city as well, takes great interest, and in its gratifying successes of each year all

Council Bluffs high school was held last Tuesday evening in the auditorium of the Bloomer school building. The weather was very stormy, and the attendance was much smaller on that account than would otherwise have been the case. The reception committee consisted of Mrs. E. Risser, Miss Vernie Reynolds, Miss Kate Blaxsim.

The auditorium was very tastefully de corated with appropriate mottoes and flowers. Down the center of the room were arranged rows of tables, around which the company gathered to take part in the exercises and discuss the choice viands.

The Stryk-en-Bhas-Lust club played several selections from "Olivette," after which the oration was delivered by Finley Burke Esq. E. M. Thornton followed with a vocal solo, entitled "Anchored." After the reception of the class of 1889, refresh ments were served. A number of toasts were happily responded to by many of the older graduates who are now among the most prosperous and respected residents of the city. Several fine instrumental and yocal numbers were interspersed through the programme with pleasing effect. The fol-lowing is a complete list of the graduates of

In programme with pleasing effect. The fol-lowing is a complete list of the graduates of the school in the past nineteen years: Class of 1871-Mr. John W. Baird, Mrs. Lena Barnett Chase, Mrs. Kate Stone Meigs, Mr. Orville DeKay. Class of 1872-Mrs. Mary Warren Dailoy, Mrs. Hattle Williams Gray, Mrs. Lizzie Oliver Gleason, Miss Vernie Roynolds, Mrs. Ide Kielensthick Skewed Mer. Ida Kirkpatrick Shepard, Mrs. Inglest

Smith Ware. Class of 1873-Mr. Finley A. Burke, Mrs. Clara Newton Bope, Miss Stelta Grayes, Mrs. Maggie Field Glover, *Mrs. Eva Bur-

Mrs. Maggie Field Glover, "Mrs. Eva Bur-roughs Haugh, Mr. Herman Partsch, Mrs. Eila Humpbrey Stinson. Class of 1874-Mrs. Parthenia Jefferis Burke, "Mrs. Lizzie Cassady Burke, Mr. Charles M. Harle, Mr. Henley Lee, Mrs. Frankie Ricz Otis, Dr. Frank W. Portor-field, Mr. George Forrest Smith, Mrs. Jenoie Patton Weidensall. Class of 1875-Mrs. Coral Fleming Ask-with, "Mrs. Lizzie Knabe Barstow, Mr. Horace Evans, Mr. Eugene A. Houghton, Mr. Ernest E. Hart, Mrs. Lottie Oblinger Harle, Miss Lillie Millard, Mr. Arthur L. Munger, Miss Belle Merwin, Miss Mary Michaelson, "Mr. Martin Reynolds. Mr. George D. Rice, Miss Gertie Sharp, Mrs. Emma Slyter Stewart. Class of 1875-Mr. Charles J. Baker, Mrs. Eva Hewytt Beach, Mrs. Lulie Keller

Class of 1870-Mr. Charles J. Baker, Mrs. Eva Hewitt Beach, Mrs. Lillie Keller Brown, Mr. Alvin J. Caugher, Mrs. Etla Hewitt Cowles, Mrs. Lizic Crocker, Mrs. Annie Blanchard Entrikin, Mrs. Nellie Graves Eels, Mrs. Rachael Fisher Harmon, Mrs. Carrie Rice Jackson, *Mrs. Ada Crock-well Keith, Mrs. Isabella Fairman Paulsoh, Miss Hattie Ross, Mrs. Nellie Blanchard Swan, Miss Lizie Stuart, Mrs. Eva DeKay Stuart, Dr. Herbert A. Woodbury, Mrs. Mamie Rue Wright, Class of 1857-Mrs. Constance Williams Benson, Mr. Frank H. Evans, Mrs. Lizie Randall Odell, Miss Katie Payne, Mrs. Lucy Williams Sr.itb. Mrs. Kate Hooten Sprague,

Williams Sr.ith. Mrs. Kate Hooten Sprague, Miss Laura Scott, Mrs. Josio Knabe Tate, Mrs. Susie Baldwin Walker.

Miss Laura Scott, Mrs. Josie Knabe Tate, Mrs. Susie Baldwin Walker.
Chass of 1878—Mrs. Carrie Thiekatun Bal-linger, Mrs. Effle Patton Bowman, Miss Kate Blaxsin, Mrs. Ida Harris Beno, Mrs. Alice Motaz Cooper, Mrs. Ida Noack Frazier, Miss Bettie Graves, Mrs. Mary Reese McMillan, Mrs. Laura Casey McBrue, Mrs. May Ba-ker Restarick, Mr. Walter L. Smith, Mr. Edgar A. Scott, Mr. Walter E. Tostevin, Miss Della Thrall.
Class of 1879—Mrs. Jeonie Millard Ashton, Dr. Fred W. Houghton, Mrs. Jennie Beebe Houghton, Miss Anna Oberholtzer.
Class of 1850—Mr. Galen Allison, Miss Hen-rietta Donahey, Mrs. Etta Durfee, Mrs. Ida Cook Hail, Mr. Dell G. Morgan, Mr. Georgo Wittum, Mrs. Mary Marshall Wells.
Class of 1881—Mrs. Carrie Shepard Bars-tow, Mrs. Leua Wilson Collister, Mrs. Olivo Woodbury Greenlee, Miss Kate Gerner, Mrs.
Carrle Duncan Hanna, Miss Lu Millrad, Mr.

Carrie Duncan Hanna, Miss Lu Millrad, Mr. J. R. Tate, Miss Kate Treynor. Class of 1882-Miss Nellie Clarendon, Mise Nellie Rain Hagg, Mrs. Tillie Autooreith Montgomery, Miss Effic Moon, Mrs. Vinnie Rosa Osborne, Mrs. Romie Lyon Rissor, Miss Nellie Sackett, Mrs. Mollie Meatley

Plumer, Miss May Sims, Miss Mary Swar-son, Miss Pheebe Shontz, Class of 1885-Miss Ada Bolin, Miss Anna Bowman, Miss May Colo, Miss Mary A. Damon, Mrs. Maie Oberheltzer Davis, Miss Roberta Hattenhauer, Mr. Lemnei Knotts, Miss Maud Oliver, Miss Margaret Shontz, Miss Helen Spooner, Mr. John Sylvester, Miss Ida Wallace, Miss Licia Young, "Miss Amanda Zumuntian Amanda Zumuehlen. Class of 1886-Mrs. Mary Josselyn Allen.

Class of 1860-Mrs. Mary Josselyn Allen, Miss Mary Davenport, Miss Julia Judson, Mr. George Mayne, Miss Elsie Pusy, Miss Stella Sutton, Mr. Emmer Tinley. Chass of 1887-Miss Ada Ainsworth, Miss Myra Briggs, Miss Josie Clauseo, Miss Dora Grass, Miss Nannie Hardin, Miss Iva Hat-tenhauer, Miss Mary Munson, Miss Lottic Pile, Miss Clara Southwell, Mr. Emil Schurz, Miss Mary Tinley, Miss May Kil-more. more.

Class of 1888-Miss Margaret Britton, Miss Class of 1885-Miss Margaret Britton, Miss Lena Clausen, Miss Carrie Clifford, Miss Edith Fletcher, Mr. Charles Huntington, Miss Jennie Howe, Miss Grace V. Heffley, Mr. Edwin Mitcheil, Miss Mary McMillan, Miss Mary E. Oliver, Mr. Paul Tulleys, Miss Lena M. Wallace. Class of 1889-Mr. William J. McD Brock, Miss Lena Beadle, Miss Heien Bowmau, Miss Carle Chamberlin, Miss Richie D'ckey, Miss Grace Poster, Mrs. Lena Van Geison

Miss Grace Foster, Mrs. Lena Van Gerson Fuller, Mr. Frederick Grass, Miss Carrie Henn, Miss Lillian Hart, Miss Hulds Luchow, Miss Jennie Alle, Miss Nellis Par-sons Miss Julia Walker, Mr. Ernest Woodbury, jr., Mr. Lee Witter.

"Decensed.

The event was one which will long be remembered by all who attended.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mary Fisher, a colored girl, is valedicto-rian of the Atchison class of the Atchison high school.

Miria Mitchell, for many years professor of astsonomy at Vassar college, is reported to be lying near the point of death at Lynn, Mass. Her aliment is general debility, due Mass. to old age.

Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, the Pres-byterian "heretac," has been elected a trus-tee of Northwestern university, but in the face of vigorous opposition from the country members of the board.

Dr. Pepper, prevost of the university of Pennsylvania, greatly wants to resign his post, but the trustees will not hear of it. He gets \$5,000 a year salary and gives the college \$10,000 a year from his own pocket.

The "two hundred and fiftleth anniversary of the establishment of the first public school in the United States, sustained by a direct tax on the people," was held at Meet-ing House Hill, Dorchester, Massachusotts, on Saturday.

France has more than half the population of the United States, but spends loss than one-fourth for public education. But this money goes further and accomplishes more than for the same amount in the United States. In the matter of clucating the eye and taste and muscles for practical purposes, France outstrips us.

Prof. E. B. Andrews, of Cornell university was elected president of Brown by the unan-imous vote of the corporation. Prof. An-drews is of the class of 1870, Brown, and hus been a professor of history and political economy here several years. He was pro-fessor at Cornell of sociology and political economy.

coonomy. Colgate university is to be the new name of Madison university at Hamilton, N.Y. Originally named after the great federalist president, it now adopts the name of two benefactors. Samuel and James B. Colgats, of New York, the scap manufactorers, who erected the Colgate academy building at the goat of \$200,000 cost of \$60,000

What are you old Presbyterians klok-

ing about-you old possum-eared hounds? If a man was to come to my town and talk about my church like I have yours, I would either cowhide him or build a new church.

Macon, Ga., boasts of four elopements one day several veeks ago. The marriage of three sisters to thre brothers is reported by Conterville, O.

The news comes from Tabiti that Mr. Doty. the American consul there, has led beautiful Princess Polona" to the altar.

Lieutenant Joseph Loisinger, brother-in law of Prince Alexander of Battenburg, it naiska forest in Hungiry. John Williams,a bachelor in Augusta, Me.

might be roped into marriage that he went to the barn and hanged himself.

The only way to solve the problem, "Is Marriage a Failure!" is to try it. It re-minds us of the story anent the toadstool and the mushroom. How can you tell a toadstool from a mushroom! By eating it.