do you know about them? Just tell yourself that you know nothing at all, and that the impossible, according to our ideas, is being accomplished al about us, at every instant. accomplished al about us, at every instant. Well, we have talked a long time, it will soon be 11 o'clock, and you must soon go back to the grotto. But I shall expect you at half past 3 and take you to the medical bureau of certifications, where I hope to show you some things that will surprise you. Do not forget, at half past 3."

After sending Pierre away he remained alone on the bench. The heat was increasing, the distant hills looking burning hot in the brilliant furnace heat of the sun. And he mused awhile, dreaming in the subdued light of the shadows, listening to the con-tinuous murmur of the Gave, that sounded like a voice from far away, a beloved voice speaking to him. Pierre hurried away to rejoin Marie. He did so without difficulty, the crowd was thinning out, for many had already gone off to breakfast. Near the young girl, sitting quietly, he saw the father.

M. de Gueraint, who common the father. de Guersaint, who commenced at once explain his long absence. For more than two hours that morning he had flown all over Lourdes in every sense, had knocked at the doors of twenty hotels without finding either board or lodging; all the good rooms were rented, and one could not even find a mattress on which to sleep in a hallway. Just as he was giving up he sud-denly happened to find two rooms, small and under the roof, to be sure, but at a good hotel, the Hotel of the Apparitions, one of the best in the town. The people who had engaged them had just telegraphed that their invalid was dead. It was indeed great luck, and he seemed in great spirits.

Eleven o'clock struck and the lamentable

procession reformed to walk back through the sunny squares and streets, and when they reached the Hospital of Our Lady of they reached the Hospital of Our Lady of Sorrows Marie begged them to go and break-fast quietly at the hotel, then to rest a while, and only to come back for her at 2 o'clock, just before it was time to take the invalids back to the grotto. But, after break-fasting at the Hotel of the Apparitions, the two then went up stairs to their rooms, and M. de Guerraitt oversome by M. de Guersaint, overcome by fatigue, had gone to sleep so soundly that Pierre had not the heart to wake him. To what end? His presence was not indispensable. So he returned to the hospital alone, and the procesturned to the hospital alone, and the procession started again through the avenue of the grotto, filed down the place of Merlasse, crossed the square of the Rosary, in the midst of the growing crowd that shuddered and crossed themselves in the enjoyment of the perfect August day. It was the culminating hour of a splendid day.

When once more placed in front of the grotto Marie asked:

grotto Marie asked:
"Is my father coming?" "Yes, he is resting for a while." She motioned that she was glad, and then

She motioned that she was glad, and then said in a voice full of trouble: "Listen, Pierre, do not come for another hour to take me to the pool, I am not yet in a state of grace, I want to pray, to pray longer."

After trying so greatly to get there, now that she was about to experiment with the miracle she felt terrified, and as she was telling that she had eaten nothing a young girl came up.

"Dear Madamoiselle, if you are feeling so badly you know we have soup here for you." She recognized Raymonde. Young girls were thus occupied at the grotto, distributing were thus occupied at the grotto, distributing soup and milk to the invalids. In fact, during the preceding years so many had indulged in such foolish coquetries by way of smart aprons trimmed with lace that a modest kind of uniform apron of blue and white check had been substituted by the authorities. And notwithstanding this Raymonde had contrived to look very charming in its simplicity, with her fresh skin and busy air of a good housekeeper.

simplicity, with her fresh skin and busy air of a good housekeeper.

"Is it not so?" she repeated. "Just nod your head and I will fetch you some."

Marie thanked her, said she really did not want anything; and turning to the priest; "An hour, another hour, my friend." Even then Pierre wanted to stay with her. But the whole place was reserved for the invalids, and not even the litter bearers were allowed to stop. Carried along by the moving crowd, he found he was going in the direction of the pool, where he met with such an extraordinary sight that he stayed. such an extraordinary sight that he stayed. In front of the three eddles where the baths were, in rows of three, six for women and were, in rows of three, six for women and three for men, there was a large space under the trees, hemmed in by a thick rope tied from tree to tree. The invalids, either in their carriages or on the mattresses of their litters, formed in a file, took their turn, while on the putside of the rope stood the while on the outside of the rope stood the crowd, intensely excited. At this moment a Capuchin, standing up in the middle of the open space, was conducting the prayers. Ave followed ave, repeated by the masses in a great confused murmur, when Mme. Vetu, who had been waiting for a long time, pale

with anguish, finally entered, carrying her precious burden, her darling little girl that looked like a waxen image of Jesus. The Capuchin fell on his knees, with arms crossed, crying: "Lord, heal our sick!" This he repeated ten times, twenty times, each with growing energy and each time each with growing energy, and each time the crowd, too, repeated it, screaming louder at every supplication, sobbing and kissing the ground. It was like a mad whirlwind, throwing down all heads into the dust. Pierre stood overcome by this sob of suffering that seemed to come from the very bowels of the populace; at first a prayer, rising higher and higher, that became an exaction, uttered in a clamorous and angry voice, decafening and threatening to do violence to heaven: "Lord, heat our sick; Lord, heat our stck!" And the cry went on without ceasing.

An incident occurred. La Grivotte was crying piteously because they would not

They only say so because I am consumptive, and they cannot plunge consumptives into cold water. But I saw them do it to one this morning, why not do it to me? I am killing myself by swearing to them for the last half hour that they are offend-

ing the Holy Virgin. I am going to be cured, I feel it, I am going to be cured."

Fearing lest she might create a scandal, one of the almoners of the pool approached her and tried to calm her. They would see about it presently, they would ask the pinion of the reverend fathers. Perhaps, if she was very well behaved, they might bathe her. Still the cry kept up: "Lord, heal our sick; Lord, heal our sick!" Pierre, who had just noticed Mme. Vetu, who was likewise waiting at the entrance to the pool, could not take his eyes off that face so tortured by hope, with its eyes fixed or the door from which the happy ones, the elect, came out cured. But a fresh frenzy, a rage of supplication, again attracted him affecting him even to tears. It was Mme. Vincent, who reappeared with her daughter still in her arms, that miserable yet adored daughter, who had just been plunged fainting into the ley water, and whose poor lit-tle face, half dried, was still as pale as ever, with closed eyes, sadder and more deathlike than before. Her mother, overcome by her long agony, in despair over the refusal of the Holy Virgin, insensible even to the condition of her child, was sob-bing bitterly. Yet when Mine. Vetu in turn went in with the strength of a dying person who expects to drink new life. the cry rang out once more, without dis-couragement or lassitude: "Lord, heal our sick; Lord, heal our sick!" The Capuchin once more fell on the ground, crossing his arms, howling and biting the ground as he

Pie-re tried to join Mme Vincent to say an encouraging word to her, but a fresh wave of pilgrims prevented him from passing and carried him forward toward the fountain, beseiged by still another rabble. This was a low construction—a long stone wall, with a smooth coping—and netwith-standing there were twelve faucets that flowed into the narrow basin, a long stream of people stood waiting in line. Many came to fill their bottles, tin cans and porcelain jugs. In order not to lose any water each faucet ran only when a button was pressed. Women with their weak hands helped them selves, wetting their feet. Those who had no jugs to fill came at least to drink or wash heir faces. Pierre noticed one young man the drank seven glasses and washed his face seven times without drying the latter. Others drank out of shells, pewier mugs or leather cups. And he was most particularly interested in watching Elise Rouquet, who thinking it useless to go to the pool to benefit the frightful sore on her face, had continued ever since the morning to bathe it in the fountain every two hours. She knelt down, threw aside the scarf and ap-plied on the sore a handkerchief folded lengthwise that she soaked like a sponge in the miraculous water, while all about her the growd surged in such excitement that people no longer saw her fearful looking

face, but used and even drank from the same stream at which she was constantly ing, drawing M. Sabath or to the pool, seeing that Pierre was idie, called to him. He asked him to come along and give a help-

ing hand, for the paralyzed man was not easy to move or get into the water. It was thus that Pierre remained for nearly half an hour at the men's pool, waiting with the invalid while Gerard returned to the grotto to fetch others. The pools seemed very well planned. They consisted of three divisions, each one a bath, that was en-tered by steps and separated by walls, the entrance to each one being hung by a cotton curtain, that could be drawn to hide the invalid. In front was a general sitting room, paved with stone, furnished only by a bench and two chairs, that served as a

a bench and two chairs, that served as a waiting place. The invalids were undressed there, and dressed again quickly with awkward haste, a kind of false modesty. A man was there, still naked, who, half hidden by the curtain, was trying to readjust a bandage with trembling fingers. Another, a consumptive, frightfully thin, was shaking like a rattle, bis livid skin stained with purple stripes. Pierre was particularly interested in Brother Isidore, whom they were taking out of one of the baths. He had fainted, and for a moment they thought he was dead. and for a moment they thought he was dead, but he commenced to utter a cry; and it was a fearful sight, his great body withered by suffering, like a human sacrifice thrown on a butcher's stall, his hip perforated by a running sore. The two hospital assistants that had just bathed him had the greatest difficulty to get on his shirt, for they feared

to have him die should they shake him.
"Please Abbe, you will help us, will you not?" asked the one that was undressing M. Sabathier.

Pierre at once acquiesced, and recognized as he looked at the man who was performing these humble offices, the marquis of Salmon-Roquebert, whom M. de Guersaint had pointed out to him at the station. He was a man of about 40, with a large pointed nose, set in a long face; the last representative of one of the oldest and most distin-guished familles of France, he had quite a fortune, a royal hotel in Paris, Rue de Lille, and an immense country seat in Normandy. During the three days of the national pilgrimage he came every year to Lourdes simply for charity's sake, without any religious motive, for he was nothing more than a good fellow. He was determined to be noth-ing more than an ordinary assistant, that year bathing the invalids, his arms break-ing from fatigue, his hands full from morning till night taking off their rags, adjusting and changing bandages. "Take care," he said; "remove his stockings without hurrying-a moment ago when they were dressing that poor man yonder the skin came away."

As he left M. Sabathier for a while to go and put on the wretched man's boots, he felt that the left shoe was wet in his hands. He looked—some matter had run down filling the end of the shoe, and he had to empty it out before replacing it on the invalid's foot, which he did with infinite precautions, so as not to touch the leg, which was eaten by an

"Now," said he to Pierre, coming back "Now," said he to Pierre, coming back to M. Sabathier, "pull the drawers off with me, so that we only make one attempt." In the little room there were only the in-valid and the assistants who had charge of the pools. An almoner who was also there repeated aves and paters, for the prayers were not allowed to stop for an instant. Nothing but a simple curtain served by way of a door, and shut off the large open space that was kept clear by the ropes; so the ar-dent supplications of the crowd were heard in a continual clamor, whilst the shrill voice of the Capuchin was still heard repeating without stopping: "Lord, heal our sick—Lord, heal our sick." A pale light fell from high windows, while there avose a faint odor as from wet cellars and constant dampness. M. Sabathier was naked at last, and for decency they tied over his stomach

a narrow apron.
"I beg you," he said, "to let me down into the water little by little."

The cold water terrified him. He related that the first time he had experienced such the first time he had experienced such a fearful shock that he had vowed never to come again. To hear him there was no greater torture. Then, too, as he said, the water was not inviting; for lest the supply from the spring should be insufficient, the fathers of the grotto only changed the water in the baths twice a day, and as nearly 100 invalids went into the same water, it can be imagined what an awful kettle of fish was the result. All kinds of things were to be found, bloody strings, pieces of skin, scabs, bits of lint and bandages, a hideous collection of all ills, of all kinds of sores, of every disease. It was a regular nursery for poisonous germs, an essence of the most horrible contagion, and it was a miracle that any one came out from the human mud alive.

"Carefully, carefully," repeated M. Sabathier to Pierre and the marquis, who had taken him underneath his thighs to carry

He looked at the water with the fear of child-that thick and livid looking water where floated glistening scales or clouded scraps of flesh. On the edge to the left there was a red clot, as though an abscess had burst just there. Bits of rag, as well as of flesh, were swimming about, and still his dread of cold water was so great that he preferred the dirty afternoon baths, be-cause after so many bodies had been soaked in them the water became somewhat warm "We will let you slide down on the steps," explained the marquis in a low tone. advised Pierre to hold him up well by

the arm pits. "Do not be afraid," said the priest, "I will

Slowly M. Sabathier went down. Nothing could now be seen save his back—a poor, psinful back—that swelled, balanced and shivered in a chill. When they did plunge him in his head fell back in a spasm and a noise was heard like a breaking bone, while he choked with all breath gone. Instantly the almoner standing in front of the bath cried out with a fresh fervor:
"Lord, heal our sick; Lord, heal our sick!"

At each immersion M. de Salmon-Roquebert repeated the cry, which was the rule for the Pierre also was obliged to utter it, and his pity was so moved at the sight of so much suffering that he experithus for so long, and he thought there must be a God in the heavens whose employeence was able to comfort such miserable human-bling, Pierre felt a deeper and more hopeless sensation, to see him so wretched, almost overcome and unable to afford any relief. Another useless trial. For the seventh time the Holy Virgin had not deigned to listen. He shut his eyes, while two great tears relied from his closed eyelids while they Presently Pierre recognized little Gustave Vigneron, who entered with his crutch to take his first bath. At the door the family were knoeling-the father, mother and the aunt, Mme. Chaise, were all there was whispered among the crowd that this was a superior employe of the minister of finances. Just as the child was beginning to undress there was a commotion, and Pather Fourcade and Father Massias arrived uddenly and gave the order to stop all immersions. They were about to try the great niracle, the extraordinary miracle so ardently solicited since morning-the resurrection of the man.

Outside the prayers continued-a wild cry f voices that was lost in the sky above in the hot summer afternoon. They brought in a covered litter, that was deposited in the middle of the room. Baron Suire, president of the Hospitalite, followed it, as did also Berthaud, one of the heads of departments, for the trial affected the entire society, and several words were exchanged in an undertone between these gentlemen and the two fathers of the Assumption. Then these latter fell on their knees, with crossed arms, pray-ing, their faces lighted up, transfigured by their burning deaire to manifest the cinaipo-

"Savior, hear us! Savior, grant our prayer" They had carried M. Sabathier out, and of the invalids only Gustave renained, half undressed, forgotten in a chair. The curtains of the litter were drawn the corpse of the man was seen, already stiff, reduced and shrunken, with great eyes that remained obstinately open. But they had to undress him, for he was entirely and the assistants hesitated at this terrible duty. Marquis de Salmon-Roquebert, so devoted to the living, had turned saide, and knelt down beside him, as if he did not want to touch the body. So he imitated the marquis, and the body. So he imitated the marquis, and did likewise, to have some one to keep him

in countenance By degrees Father Massias became exalted and his loud voice drowned that of his auperior, Father Fourcade. back our brother! Savior.

do this for thy glory!" One of the assistants had decided to pull off the man's trousers, but the legs would not yield, and it would have been necessary to lift up the body; so the other assistant, who was unfastening the old top coat, said

in a low voice that it would be quicker to cut everything off with the scissors, other-wise they would never get to the end. Berthaud rushed forward. In a few words he had consulted with Baron Suire. In his heart as a political man he disapproved of Father Fourcade's trial of this miracle. Now it was no longer possible to draw back, the crowd was waiting, and had been supplicating God ever since the morning. The wisest course was to finish at once, in the most respectful way they could toward the dead man. Therefore, in place of moving him too much to get off his clothes Berthaud thought it best to plunge him into the pool just as he was. There would still be time enough to change him if he was resuscitated, and in the contrary case it mattered little. He quickly explained this to the assistants and helped them pass the slings under the and seeped them pass the sings under the thighs and shoulders of the man. Father Fourcade had approved by a sign, while Father Massias redoubled his fervor: "Savior, breathe upon him and he will be

born again! Savior, give back his soul, that he may giorify Thee!" With a great effort the two assistants

lifted the man on the slings, took him to the edge of the bath and slowly let him down into the water, fearful lest he might escape from them. Pierre, seized with horror, could not help but look, and saw plainly for could not help but look, and saw plainly the body immersed, with its miserable clothes, that stuck to the bones, outlining the skeleton. He floated like a drowned man. The most horrible thing was that, notwithstanding the rigidity of the corpse, the head fell backward and was under the water, although the assistants struggled in vain to hold up the sing about the shoulders; the man nearly sligged to the better vain to hold up the siing about the shoul-ders; the man nearly slipped to the bottom of the bath. How then could be recover his breath, with his mouth full of water and his large open eyes looking as though he were, under this element, dying a second time. During the three interminable min-utes that they were soaking him the two fathers of the second time. fathers of the Assumption, as well as the almoner, in a paroxysm of desire and faith, forced themselves to implore heaven so

forced themselves to implore neaven so loudly that their voices fairly strangied:
"Lord, look only upon him, and he will rise again! Saviour, let him rise at Thy voice, to convert the world! Saviour, Thou hast but to speak one word and Thy people will praise Thee."
As though a vessel had burst in his

throat. Father Massias fell on his elbows choking, with only sufficient strength to kiss the pavement. And from outside came the clamor of the crowds, the cry repeated without ceasing that the capuchin was ever without ceasing that the capucini was ever saying: "Lord, heal our sick! Lord, save our sick ones!" It sounded so strange that Pierre felt worse than ever. He felt the marquis shiver next to him. And it was general relief when Berthaud, much put out by the incident, said in a harsh voice to the assistants: "Take him away, take him away.

They took the man away, placed him on the litters, with his watery rags sticking to his limbs. His hair was matted, streams ran down and inundated the room. And the dead man simply remained a dead man. They all got up and looked at him in the midst of a painful silence. Then, as they covered him over and carried him off, Father Fourcade followed, leaning on Father Massias' shoulder, dragging his gouty leg that he had forgotten in the moment of sad heaviness. He was already recovering his customary serenity, and might be heard saying to the crowd during a silence:

"My dear brothers, my dear sisters. God did not wish to give him back to us. Without doubt it is because in His Infinite goodness He has kept him among the elect." That was all. There was no longer any question about the man. Once again the invalids were brought, the two other baths That was all. were occupied. Little Gustave, however, had followed the scene with his curious and pene-trating eyes without feeling afraid, and was now finishing his disrobing. His miserable body of a scrofulous child might be seen, with his skinny ribs and bony spine, so thin that his legs looked like walking sticks, especially the left one, which was withered down to the bone, and he had two sores, one on the thigh, the other on his hip the latter most fearful looking, with proud flesh. He smiled, however, so sharpened by suffering that he seemed to have the by salering that he seemed to have the mind and brave philosophy of a man, though his fifteen years might have been only ten from his looks. The Marquis de Salmon-Roquebert, who had taken him quietly in his arms, refused any assistance from Pierre. "Thanks, he does not weigh more than a bird. And do not be afraid, my little man; I shall go slowly." "Oh, sir, I im not afraid of the cold water. You can

plunge me into it. He was plunged into the same bath where they had bathed the man. At the entrance Mme. Vigernon and Mme. Chaise, who were not allowed to come in, had again fallen on their knees and were devoutly praying, while the father, M. Vigneron, into the room, was making great signs of

The sudden thought that it was long past 3 o'clock and that Marie must be wait-ing for him caused him to hurry. But as he was trying to stem the tide of people he saw the young girl coming, dragged by Gerard, who had not stopped taking invalids to the pools. She was querulous, and vaguely ove c me by the certainty that she was finally in a state of grace. And she uttered just one word of reproach: "Oh, my friend, did you forget all about me?"

He had nothing to say, and watching her enter the women's pool he fell on his knees, terribly sad. He would wait for her there, thus prostrated, to take her back to the grotto, cured, of course, and singing praises. Since she felt so sure of being cured, would she not be healed? Vainly did he hurriedly seek for words of prayer in his troubled being. He was struck down still by those terrible things he had just witnessed, overome by physical fatigue, his brain depleted no longer knowing what he either saw or believed; only his great tenderness for Marie remained and created a need for solicitations and of humility in the thought that the young, when they love greatly and supplicate the Mighty, end by obtaining mercy. And he feit surprised to find himself repeating with the crowd, in a distressed voice that came from the bottom of his soul: "Lord, heal our sick! Lord, heal our sick!"

That lasted for ten minutes, perhaps half an hour. Then Marie reappeared, still in her cart. Her pale face was desperate, her splendid hair was knotted in a heavy, round like gold, and had not been touched by the water, and she was not cured! A stupor of infinite discouragement had deepened and lengthened her face, while she turned away her eyes as though she did not wish to meet those of the priest, who, overcome, with a frozen heart, decided to catch hold of the handle of the pole to drag her back in of the grotto. And the cry of the faithful went up in growing folly, with crossed arms and kissing the ground on bended knees, augmented by the sharp voices of the Capuur sick! When Pierre was placing Marie in front of the grotto again she had a faint turn. At once Gerard, who was there, ran to fetch Raymonde, who brought a cup of soup, and between them there was an ac-cession of zeal about the invalid. Raymonde insisted that she should take some soup, holding her cup so carefully and assuming the positive manner of a good nurse, while Gerard instantly thought her charming—this girl without a penny, already an expert about the good things of life—ready to take charge of a house with a firm hand, yet not ceasing o be amiable. Berthaud was right; this was the kind of wife he needed. Madamoiselle, do you want me to lift her

Thanks, sir; I am quite strong enough. I

shall make her take it from a spoon; that will be better." But Marie, refusing to break her fearful silence when she came to herself, declined the soup by motion. She wished to be left atone, not to be spoken to. And it was only after the two others had gone away smiling to one another that she said to Pierre in a

"Has not my father come?" The priest, after hesitating a moment, had to confess the truth. "I left your father asleep and he has probably not waked up." Then Marie, falling once more into her state of weakness, sent him away with a motion that she refused any help. Motion-less, she no longer prayed; she regarded with her large fixed cyss the marble Virgin, the white statue, in the glittering grotto. And as 4 o'clock struck Pierre, with an aching heart, went off to the bureau of certifications, remembering the rendezvous that Dictor Chassaigne had given him there.

In France, where during the year of 1893 there were 100 musical feativals organized, there are more than 3,000 societies orpheoniques, comprising a membership of 120,200.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pills, safe pills, best pills.

CARE OF DISABLED VETERANS

A Glance at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Grand Island.

AN ECONOMICALLY CONDUCTED INSTITUTE

Detailed Review Showing the Pare o the Inmates and Comparative Cost at Present and in the Past.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., May 8 .- (Correspondence of The Bee.)-Grand Island is a little city of about 10,000 souls, built on a level plain on the north shore of the Platte river, in Hall county, 154 miles west of Omaha, on the main line of the Union Pacific railroad, and is woted not less for its beautiful location than for the enterprise and commercial activity of the inhabitants. Grand Island has from the first been noted for the energy and enterprise of her citizens and the permanent character of her com-

mercial and industrial institutions. The Union Pacific company several years ago established and still maintains extensive shops in the eastern suburbs of the city. The buildings are large and massive, built of stone, and within their walls hundreds of workmen are constantly employed. The city has become noted all over the world by the establishment of the largest beet sugar factory in the west, built and operated by the Oxnards,

operated by the Oxnards.

But probably the mest noted institution in the city, and one which will always stand as a monument of the fidelity of the people of the state of Nebraska to the nation's defenders in their declining years, is the Nebraska Soldiers' and Sailors' home. The latter institution was founded in 1887, by legislative enactment, \$35,000 being appropriated for carrying out the provisions of the act and for the maintenance of the home for the years 1887-8. The bill provided for the the years 1887-8. The bill provided for the erection of a central building capable of accommodating not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty persons in addition to the more than fifty persons in addition to the necessary officers and employes. A section of gently rolling and highly productive land two miles north of the city was donated for the use of the home, upon which the buildings, now forming quite a village, stand, and from the products of which much of the subsistence of the brave old boys who find a home there is derived. home there is derived.

A horse car line connects the home with the city, supplying a cheap and convenient mode of transit for the officers and their wards. The main building is of brick, three stories and basement, with all modern conveniences, heated by steam, supplied with water throughout and is surrounded with many smaller buildings, hospital, commissary department, residence cottages, barns, sheds,

mplement houses, etc. A beautiful and well kept lawn, studded with fruit and forest trees, stretches away on three sides of the main building. This lawn is the special pride of the population of the home, the solders vicing with each other in its care and in the planting of

Arbor day was probably better observed here than on any other of the public grounds in the state. A very large oblong mound, directly in front of the south entrance of the main building, forms a summer recep-tacle for potted plants which in winter occupy stands in the sunny south windows of parlors in the buildings, tenderly cared for by Mrs. Walker, wife of Adjutant M. K.

A single little No. 4 hand power engine pumps all the water and runs all the machinery of the institution. The water works consists of a tank with a capacity of 500 barrels, furnishing all the buildings besides water for stock and irrigation pur

The main building is 100 feet from the power house, the old hospital 150 feet, and the new hospital 500 feet, and the loss of steam in transit is a matter of quite serious moment, adding materially to the expense for coal. There are seven double cottages for families, forming the west boundary of the extensive lawn, and six of them are occupied by soldiers and their wives, making twelve families to be supplied with heat, provisions, water and care at a great increase of expense over the denizers of the main building. One of the many arduous duties of the matron, Mrs. S. E. Myers, is the supervision of the cottages, presided over, as they are, by superannu-ated women, but few of whom are capable of properly caring for their own persons, much less that of performing the ever recurring duties pertaining to the sanitary conditions necessary for health and comfort in home life.

The cottage plan is certainly far superior co the corridor theory, which places all in-mates of a state institution under one roof and thus obliterates all semblance of real home life, but the greatly increased cost, both as to attendants and supplies, under the former system, raises a barrier which it is not always possible to surmount, especially in the newer western states, where taxpayers object to extravagant appropriations for state institutions.

THE HOSPITAL.

Dr. John Janues is the present resident surgeon for the home, and has been in charge for the past four years. He is a painstaking, conscientious and skilled phy sician, prepares all his own medicines from the store of drugs supplied by the state and has twenty patients under his charge at the present time. The wonder is that a competent physician can be obtained for he small salary allowed, Dr. Janues filling the dual office of surgeon and steward, re-ceiving \$50 as surgeon and \$25 as steward, making \$75 per month.

The old hospital, which was, for a time. emporarily abandoned for repairs, is now one of the most conveniently arranged infirmaries in the west. It is provided with bath and toilet rooms for each ward. making it very convenient for the decrepit patients, who, for the most part, are vic-lims of the various forms of paralysis and rheumatism. An ample kitchen and dining room, presided over by special cooks, tempts the appetites of the patients, while wide verandas, extending around three sides of the building form building, form a pleasant promenade for those who can walk, or a sm he use of their limbs. Mr. T. Pridemore who for the past four years has acted as turse, is most highly spoken of by both surgeon and patients, and their greatest fear is that he will not consent to stay nuch longer on a salary of \$25 per month As stated above, the class of diseases to be reated are, for the most part, chronic and of a character which render the pa tients helpless, very few cases of acute attacks, as in younger persons, occurring, which necessitates competent and extremely nursing. This fact also adds materially to the expense, many articles of clothing, bedding and bandages being unfit, for prudential reasons, to be used a second

THE LIBRARY.

A large, airy and well lighted room in the main building is used for a library and reading room, and you would be astonished at the interest centered there. The room is never entirely deserted, except at night and meal times. The gray-haired old veterans eagerly devour the contents of the books contents of the books, magazines and daily papers, and many of them can hold the edge on the brightest college professor in an argument on current

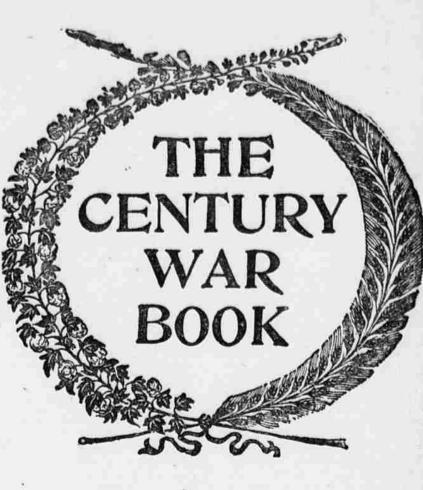
The daily papers are snapped up as soon as they arrive and the news discussed with all the vigor if not the intelligence usually accorded only to the reang. There is more politics to the square inch in the soldiers home than any other place in the state, and horses, seventy-one cattle and fifty-six hogs not including young pigs. The milk and butthe arguments are sometimes clinched with blows, in spite of the thorough discipline maintained in the institution. ter from twenty-two cows are used at the

The library consists of a few hundred volumes, mostly historical works, with a sprinkling of fiction, and supplemented by urrent literature in the form of daily papers and periodicals.

KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM. The culinary department is sadly deficient, having been planned to accommodate not more than fifty persons, while for the past six months the average number sitting down to meals in the dining room has been 100. The kitchen room is too small and the range not of sufficient capacity, while the dining hearted ministers from the city of Grand room has been provided with an overflow table in a small dark room formerly used in the chapel every Sabbath, and it is from deliver all the goods enumerated in the con-

"Across the Range!"

Have gone most of those mighty men of valor who fought the battles of the Civil War and wrote the articles comprised in the great Century War Book. They have passed, in glorious throng,



"To That Bourne"

whence no tales of war will ever come. The rest are going fast.

General Henry W. Slocum

Gave Up This Life

During the Past Week. He it was who told the story of part of Sherman's March to the Sea (in which

he distinguished himself), and also described the final review in Washington.

So Also Has Passed

The Confederate General Kershaw, who graphically describes the thrilling

General J. B. Kershaw.

attack of his own brigade at the fa-mous Peach Orchard on the bloody field of Gettysburg.

Other Contributors

Who have joined the silent majority are the following:

General U. S. Grant, General W. T. Sherman, General G. T. Beauregard, General Abner Doubleday, General B. F. Cheatham, General Thomas L. Crittenden, General Quincy A. Gillmore, General Daniel H. Hill, General Joseph E. Johnston, General George B. Mc-Clellan, General J. C. Pemberton, General John Pope, General E. Kirby Smith, Admiral Porter, Captain John Ericsson, Captain James B. Eads, and many others.

There has been but one History of the Great War, written by its makers, and that is There can never be another.

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

It May Be Had Upon These Terms Only:

On page 2 of this paper will be found a War Book Coupon. Four of these coupons of different dates will, when accompanied with 10 cents, entitle the holder to one part of this book. The whole work will be completed in about twenty parts, bound in heavy paper covers; a new part will be issued each week, and coupons will be printed daily until the series is complete. Any 4 of these coupons, with 10 cents, entitles you to any issue or number of this book. FOR CITY READERS-Bring coupons, together with 10 cents, to the office of The Omaha Bee, where you can ob-

tain one part. Other parts will follow weekly. FOR OUT-OF-TOWN READERS-Mail to War Book Department, Omaha Bee, coupons and 10 cents in coin. Be particular to (1) state the number of the part desired; (2) your name and full address: (3) inclose the necessary coupons and 30 cents. The part you request will be sent, post paid, to your address.

loaves of bread every other day to supply the table, and other things in proportion. There is nothing smacking of luxury in the supplies furnished by the commissary partment to the kitchen, but there is nothing lacking which could be desired by ordinary, every-day people.

THE FARM.

Two hundred acres of the 640-acre farm is now under cultivation, and thirty acres more will be broke this year. John Murry, superintendent of the farm, is one of the best farm and stock men in the state, and has two assistants who are paid \$16 per month each, while Mr. Murry gets \$25. In outlining his past work and future plans Mr. Murry casually remarked that he was verworked and underpaid, but knowing that all persons connected with the institution were in the same boat, he did not want to

It is a fact that every employe at the haps more, but under the present economical pusiness administration, salaries are scaled down to fit the conditions of the people who pay the taxes. In this con-\$100 per capita apportioned to inmates of the state home annually, goes into the state treasury and is not added to the appropriation, as many suppose, and which is the case in some of the nineteen other states having soldiers' homes. To arrive at the real cost of maintaining the Nebraska home, \$100 per capita of inmates per year should be deducted from the appropriation as so much earned.

The National Home paid to the treasurer of Nebraska (not to the home) during 1893, \$8,-938.37, leaving the actual cost to the state only \$22,269.87 to be met by taxation. The farm is well stocked with cattle and logs of high grade and registered animals. Enough beef and pork are produced on the farm to supply the home and the cash fund is increased by the proceeds of the sale of several thousand pounds of pork annually, Your correspondent saw Quartermaster Walker on "meat day" cutting as fine steak as ever went on the table from the carcass of a young animal bred and raised on the place. A registered Holstein bull and Poland China boar head the herds. At present the live stock consists of seven head of work

On the recommendation of Governo Crounse, who recently paid a visit to the in stitution and made a thorough inspection 100 sheep will be added to the stock on the

A neat frame edifice, at a respectful distance from the other buildings, stands the little chapel, capable of seating about 200 persons, provided with opera chairs and a handsome pulpit, the interior appropriately decorated with the stars and stripes. Although the home has no chaplain.

only for storage. It takes a baking of 120 here that the little processions wend their way to the cemetery at only too frequent intervals, after religious ceremonies have been observed, conducted by ministers rep-The chapel is also used for an occasional lecture or entertainment not strictly of a

religious nature. OFFICERS AND MANAGEMENT.

The management of the home is vested n a visiting and examining board, who are required by law to visit the institution at least once every three months, and inquire into the management of its affairs, as to the treatment of the members, define the duties of the officers, fix their compensation, prescribe rules for admission of applicants and Buildings such expenditures as they may deem necessary, audit all bills and claims, and, in short, govern the entire affairs of the home in all its departments. present visiting and examining board I. H. Barber, president, Fullerton; Mrs. L. A. Bates, secretary, Aurora; Mrs. E. M. Abbott, Grand Island; A. H. Brown, Hastings; W. E. Morgan, Scotia.

Officers-D. A. Scovill, commandant; M. K. Walker, adjutant; John Janus, M. D., surgeon; Mrs. S. E. Myers, matron. Commandant Scovill, who, by the way, is a very quiet, efficient officer, is fortunate n having under him an excellent corps of officers and employes. His experience in public life, having been a member of three different legislatures, stands him in good stead now, and his adjutant and quarter master, M. K. Walker, who was also in the legislature a few years ago, is peculiarly well qualified to perform the multifarious duties of his position. Both men have the confidence and respect of all the members

PAY ROLL.

The pay roll of officers is as follows: Commandant, per year......\$1,509 Adjutant-quartermaster, per year..... \$60 irgeon-steward, per year. Matron, per year.

The state is not concerned in pensions of members of the home, each pensioner being allowed to use his money as he pleases. A few of the soldiers have left wife and family and sought a home here, simply to lighten the burden at the old home, and all such faithfully save penny to send to the wife and family. Others who have none dependent upon them and still a few others who take no thought of the morrow, as soon as their pension comes, ask for a thirty day furlough. away and stay away while the money lasts, which is usually less than a week, and then return and settle down to the old routine. shelters eighty-nine pensioners in all. Out of the total number of members forty draw less than \$8 per menth, and many of the

CONTRACTS FOR SUPPLIES.

Under the present administration of state

tract at the price stated. There is no dodg ing as formerly. Heretofore a bidder would take the list and make a price on those articles least used and which represented but a small amount of money, away below the actual value, and on the more staple articles, representing more money, and of which large quantities were needed, a higher figure. For instance a certain contractor out a price on nutmegs which was lower than the wooden Green mountain article could have been delivered for, supposing of course that but few would be called for, but he thought it was quite a spicy joke when Governor Crounse ordered the entire lot delivered at once. The consequence is the state owns a supply of nutmegs at a mere nominal price. So rigid is this rule that the commandment of the home is obliged to make special requisition when any small article is wanted which is not covered by the con-tract. If it is merely marking tags for the aundry, involving an outlay of only a few dollars or cents, a requisition must be sub-mitted to the board of purchase and sup-plies, and if approved the same must be at-tached to the voucher, and all articles purchased under the regular contract are pared with a copy in the hands of the board before approved.

CENTURY

BOOK

The cost per capita for inmates of the home for the last half of 1893, which period came wholly under the present administration, was \$146.67, while for the first half of the same year the cost per capita was \$186.40. From figures not available at the present time it is known that the per capita ost will be still further reduced in 1894. It should be borne in mind that this reluction is not due to parsimony or made at the expense of the comfort of the inmates of the home, but is simply and strictly the result of the application of more rigid business principles.

Fifty Feet of Rainfall Annually.

There is always more or less guesawork oncerning the amount of rain that falls during any storm period, says the St. Louis Republic. Throughout the United States the amount that falls on any one day rarely ex-ceeds one inch. There are certain portions of the globe, however, that are frequently and others only occasionally, deluged with

water. On the southern slopes of the Himalaya mountains, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, 610 inches of rainfall have been registered in a single year, of which amount 147 meres (12 feet 3 inches) fell in the month of June, At a meteorological station in latitude 18, near the western boundary of Hindoostan, the average rainfall for the fifteen years ond-

ing with 1893 was 254 inches. In the northwestern part of England, at an altitude of 1,390 feet, the average au-nual rainfall is 146 inches, 111 inches in exsess of the mean for St. Louis, which is but thirty-seven inches and a fraction.

The wonderful record given above is still phenomenal when we consider the fact that all the moisture the atmosphere is capable of holding at any one time would cover the entire surface of the globe to a depth of less than four inches should it all be instantly precipitated.