DEATH OF PRIVATE BRIGGS

NEBRASKA SOLDIER DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Private John G. Maher Reports the Sad Funeral and Eloquent Oration by Chaplain Tate at Chickamauga—A Sad Event.

Camp George H. Thomas, Ga., June —The first funeral in the regiment caused the tears to come to the eyes of the brave boys as the train of thoughts it suggested flashed through their minds. It was over the remains of Private Ernest G. Briggs, who was drowned while bathing in Chickamauga creek. The funeral services were conducted by Chaplain Tate of the regiment. The body was placed in a casket and carried beneath the trees of the avenue fronting the headquarters. The band played a funeral dirge, after which the chaplain offered prayer. The day was very hot and oppressive and Chaplain Tate made the services short. Colonel Bills and staff headed the procession, followed by the officers of the regiment. Then came the pall bearers and the wagon containing the body and the battalion of which company B belongs followed as mourners and marched to the edge of the camp and then returned to quarters. The chaplain and a military escort of 15 men accompanied the remains to the national cemetery at Chickamauga. Too much cannot be said of Chaplain Tate, as he rode fifteen miles in order to give Christian burial to our dead comrade, and by his many acts of kindness he has won the hearts of the boys of the Second Nebraska. At the national cemetery he spoke very eloquently.

Among other things, he said that in this sacred ground we tenderly deposit his body, where he will peacefully sleep beside the 12,958 men who died in camp and field from 1861 to 1865. This very ground was red with the blood of our noblest sons in the awful struggle for the preservation of the union. What stirring thoughts come trooping to the soul as we think of the days gone by. Days of weeping and parting, days of camp and battlefield, days of hunger and suffering, days of pain and death, days of roll call when many did not answer, days of home coming with shattered health and mutilated bodies, days of weeping and mourning in thousands of homes. Millions of money and streams of blood were spent in those darg days. Our national sky was overcast with dark and ominous clouds. Then men who lived and fought for our flag could not see the coming of the glory of the Lord, nor the glorious fruition of the battles they were fighting. They were in the valley. Beyond the distant hills great opportunities were awaiting their children.

Today our hearts are sad at the loss of oru comrade, but through our blinding tears we see the glorious heritage our fathers bequeathed more than thirty years. This very ground trembled beneath the tread of contending armies and two flags floated in the sky. Look up my boys, look up, search where you will, only one flag can be seen. The same states are represented here as today as were here thirty-five years ago but there is only one flag, one camp, one army, one president and one nation. Oh, that those dead could rise from their graves and see the fulfillment of their fondest hopes, the realization of that for which they gave their lives. Thank God they did not die in vain. Again our country is at war, but thank God not at war with itself. Today our country is fighting for humanity.

The danger and privations incident to war are apt to discourage us. When our hearts are full of aching for a sight of the dear faces of our loved ones, and we long for home and fireside, let us draw our inspiration from the fact that we are engaged in the first war fr humanity known to history. It is an honor to be a soldier in this war. Let our hands be strong, our eyes clear, our arm true, for as we conquer the foe so we exalt mankind. We shall suffer and perhaps die, but when this war is over a new song will be sung, a new principle established and a new era entered upon. Henceforth nations will not fight for conquest or glory. Only man and his wrong will be ground for war. To be participants in such a struggle and heirs to such an heritage is glory enough for any life. Humanity's greatest possessions have come from its greatest struggles and sufferings. The way to heaven is through Calvary and Gethsemane. The steps to a Pullman car lead by the poverty stricken home of a Watts. The amelioration of Armenia and the freedom of Cuba are by way of battlefield and death. Childhood is life looking forward, old age is life looking backward. The woes of life are the chisel strokes which hew out the beauteous vision. From the landing of the Pilgrims to Independence was by way of Concord, Valley Forge and Bunker Hill. Preservation of the union was by way of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Appomatox. So the establishment of human rights in all the earth may lead us by way of Key West and Cuba. Already we have passed Manila harbor and are knocking at the gates of the Philippines. God grant the day when we shall all be mustered out and leave every man in all the world in full possession of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

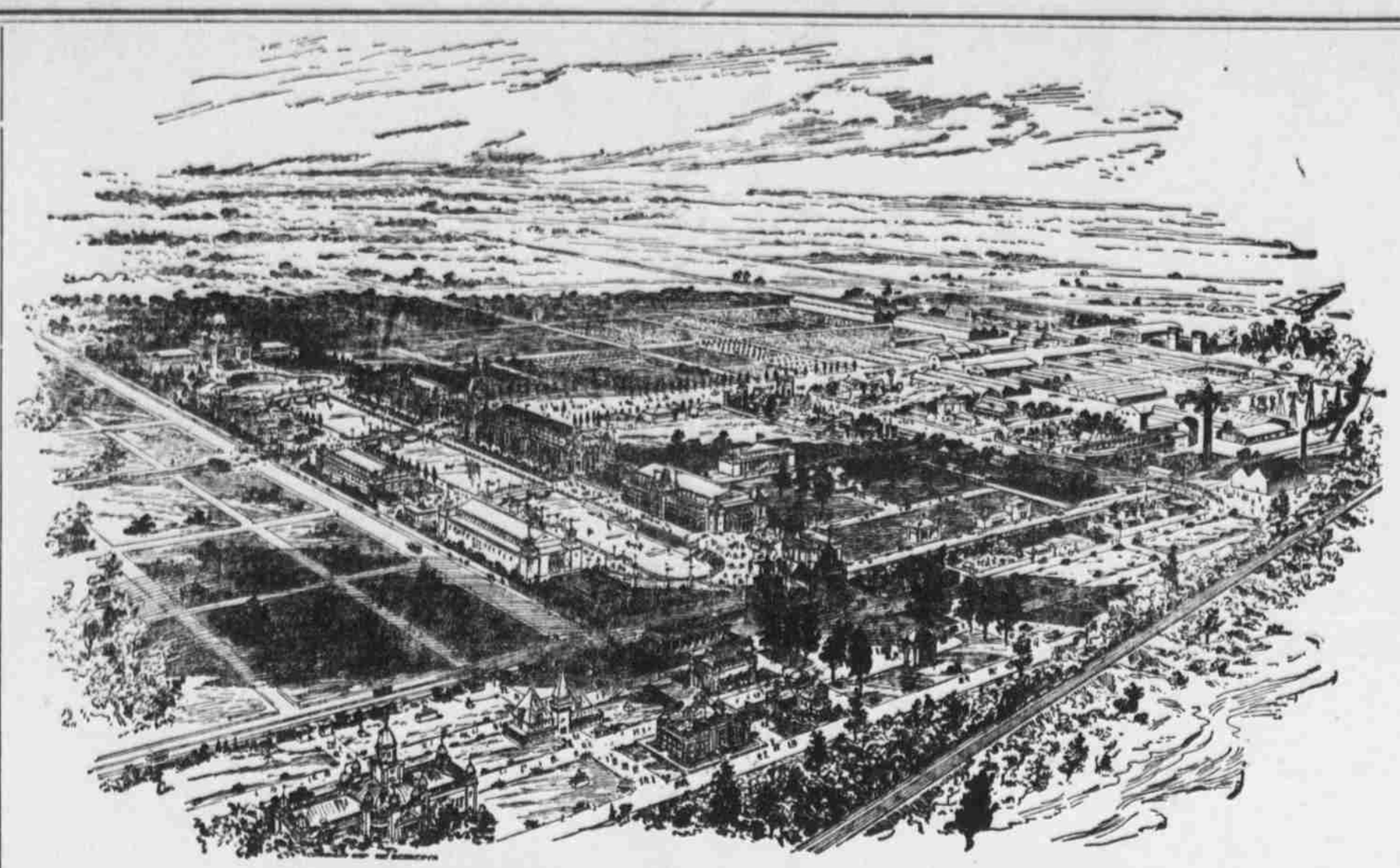
The national cemetery at Chattanooga is perhaps the most beautiful in the United States. The services were attended by a large number of people from the city and other parts of the state. The Nebraska boys are all well and in good spirits, but regret very much the accident which caused the death of our comrade. Colonel Bills felt very badly about it, and during the exercises he was seen wiping the tar from his eyes. No one knows how long we will be here, but all the indications seem to be that we will see the better part of June in this camp. J. G. M.

Tied fast to the railroad track, unable to move hand or foot, the poor wretch could hear in the distance the rumble of the approaching train! Nearer and nearer it came to where he lay—louder and louder grew the roar of its swift oncoming—the earth shook with its mighty rush! He struggled and strained at his bonds, but was powerless to move them, while horrid fear clave his tongue to the roof of his mouth when he would have screamed for help! Nearer—nearer—louder—louder! Ha! There—there—the fearful rumbling fills his ears and floods his brain! It is on him! Merciful heavens! Will—

With an agonized start the sleeping tramp awoke and fell to kicking his mate.

"Give me nightmares with yer snorin', will yer!" he savagely snarled. "Take dat! An' dat!"

To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it. White parasols and elephants mad with pride are the flowers of a grant of land. —East Indian Proverb.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

Omaha, June 15.—The exposition, representing in its semi-official character the Trans-Mississippi country, has, during its opening weeks, impressed the thousands and thousands of people who have visited it from every state in the union to their full satisfaction.

It is not so big, but it is more beautiful than the World's Fair. And even Chicagoans concede that many of its exhibits are marked improvements over like exhibits at the Columbian Exposition. The Trans-Mississippi outsizes and outclasses the Nashville, Atlanta and San Francisco expositions in every respect.

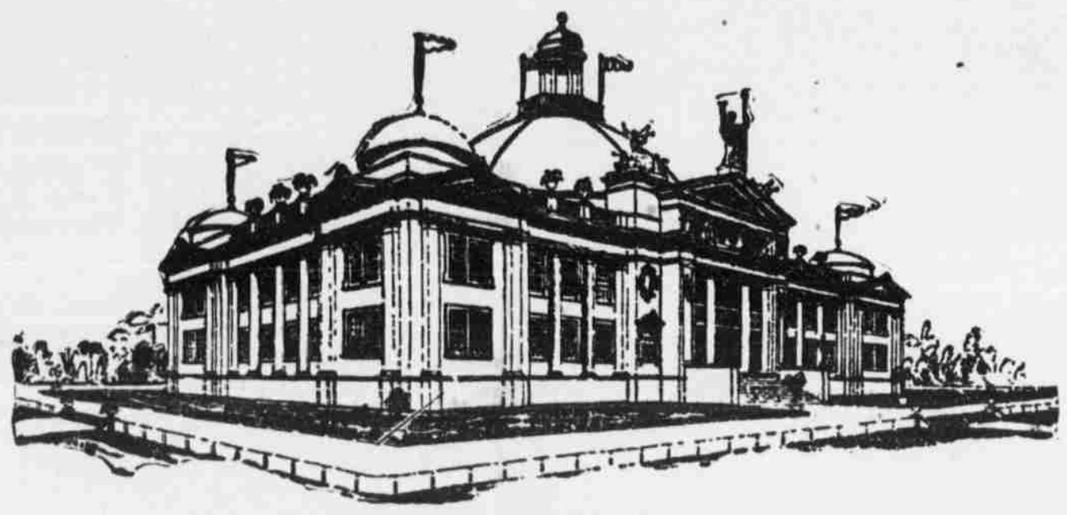
The above picture lacks a great deal of doing the subject matter justice. Usually pictures of places and things are misleading, but the trouble is that this one does not lead far enough, and at night when the main court is illuminated by a little over 17,000 electric lights its fairylike beauty is indescribable.

The exhibits are not all placed yet, but an army of thousands of artisans and decorators are at work completing them, and in about two weeks everything will be in tip top shape.

The solid, substantial people throughout the west will fully realize as soon as they have spent an hour or so on the grounds how marvelous are our people and their country, and the wonderful amount of useful knowledge to be gained by a careful study of these acres and acres of exhibits. It is nonsense to classify such an exposition as simply a fleeting pleasure, a luxury, a place for idle minds and idle hands. Nebraska proudly stands at the very head of the educational column of the nation, and to have the advantages of such a wonderful, practical schooling within its borders is a blessing which makes public and private errors and misdoings connected with its management sink into insignificance.

Even the Midway, where there is a little mixture of everything, a place where it takes an awful level-headed person to tell where the good leaves off and the bad begins, has its lasting and useful information to impart, and which is to be gained from no published book.

The purpose of this notice is not to boost anything or anybody, in fact it is written by a country newspaper man who feels chagrined because he was not provided with even the usual courtesy of an admission ticket to the grounds. If this was intended as a character sketch of a part of the personnel of the "management," its general tenor would doubtless be somewhat less flattering. But it is not. Beside the exposition which is the product of the brains of thousands of men and women, those individuals who are enjoying a little brief authority are mere pigmies. However, after all, there is much good which can be said about them, and as the big show progresses from week to week and lengthens out into months, the various features of the exposition and the actions of those men who assume to shape its destiny will be discussed.



NEBRASKA BUILDING.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG EXHIBIT.

Leaving or entering the government building at the south entrance visitors invariably stop to inspect a feature absolutely new in the exhibit of the agricultural department. This is the microscopical examination of pork for trichina. It is not a pantomime, and the four women who sit at the long table are not handling the little tin boxes of raw meat and looking down the bright, brazen and curious tubes just for fun. They have simply for a few months stopped doing their work at the South Omaha packing houses and are doing it in the government building. It is bona fide work, and reports all turned in on it every day just as if they were at their usual quarters in South Omaha. Miss Brereton is in charge. She is assisted by Mr. Kilbourne, Miss Wilson and Miss Sayre. They get the boxes from the packing houses every day, each tagged to identify the sample with the carcass from which it comes, and the way the sample is prepared for inspection under the glass can be easily followed by the spectator.

In a glass case at one side may be observed models showing just exactly what the little varmints are like which are being scouted for through the microscope. These models show the dangerous little animal magnified to such proportions as to appear truly formidable, and a visitor, as he views them, could be pardoned if he became filled with much regret that he had eaten pork that same day.

The whole exhibit of the bureau of animal industry has great interest, but it must be confessed that it is more curious than pleasing, for there is so much of it that carries uncanny suggestions. For instance there are models and specimens in alcohol representing some of the infectious diseases in the domesticated animals, models of diseased horses' hoofs, cultures of bacteria, animal parasites and the like.

In the section of chemistry is also something which in its completeness at least is a new thing and one which it was naturally thought would have special interest for westerners, for it is an illustration of the beet sugar industry. Here are shown beet products and models of typical beets with the appliances used in sugar analysis and apparatus for examining beets for seed collection. On a map is shown the beet sugar belt and photographs show the prominent beet sugar factories of the country.

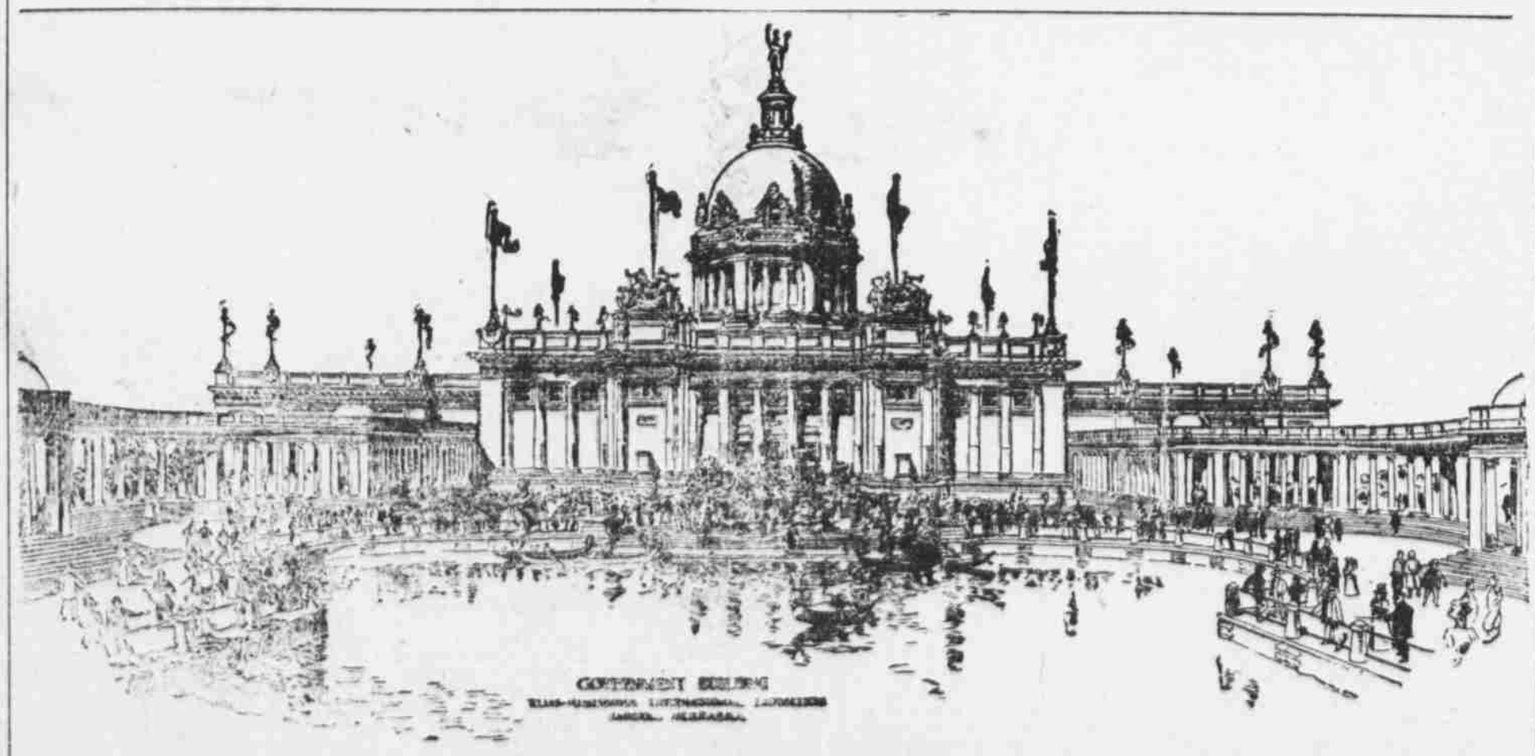
The fiber exhibit is a collection of the more prominent examples of the commercial flax and hemp of the world. In connection with the exhibit is also shown a series of flax samples, illustrating the experiments of the office of fiber investigation in the cultivation of flax in the United States. The collection is arranged in twenty-two panels under plate glass in such a way as to show the fiber at full length. In some cases the series shows the whole story from the raw product as grown on the farm and unprepared to the manufactured product. Specimens are shown grown in the United States from lots of flax valued at $500 per ton.

These samples and a collection in another place that will be mentioned represent the favorite field study of Charles Richards Dodge, who, in the absence of Colonel Brigham, is in general charge of the agricultural exhibit. It is not strange therefore to find that Mr. Dodge has his desk room in this corner of the building, so that the fiber panels surround it on three sides. He has been engaged in fiber investigation for thirty years. He became connected with the department of agriculture first in 1867 as assistant entomologist and assistant curator of the museum. It was then that he became interested in fibers, and he has made from that time to this a practical study of fiber cultivation and incidentally of fiber manufacture.

There are 24,000 Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in the city of Glasgow.

The strength of two horses equals that of fifteen men.

Twenty-four members of the house of commons are total abstainers.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

WOUNDS FROM MODERN GUNS

The most assiduous care having been bestowed upon the selection of men for a campaign and the most minute precautions taken for removing all risk of epidemics, it is necessary to examine the nature of wounds produced by weapons of war and to arrange the measures necessary for minimizing their effect.

In the science of war weapons are divided into two categories, offensive and defensive. Defensive weapons consist of pieces of metal protecting the body. Offensive weapons are cold steel and firearms.

The arms of defense are the helmet and cuirass. The latter does not afford protection against modern firearms. Still less must it be supposed that there can be any safety afforded by a certain cloth recommended by a German tailor, of which so much was said five or six years ago.

Cold steel, as used in war, is represented by the saber, bayonet, lance and sword. These weapons are used for thrusting, and the saber is also used to cut.

Firearms are divided into portable and non-portable kinds.

Within the last twenty-five years portable firearms have been completely transformed. At present guns of small caliber, furnished with a repeating mechanism, have been adopted by all the powers. Spain began in 1895 to substitute for its 1871 model of the Remington type of eleven millimeters a Mauser rifle, 1893 model, weighing 4.070 kilogrammes and having a length of 1.234 meters, with a caliber of seven millimeters. The projectile is a bullet weighing 11.2 grammes, fired by means of smokeless powder, with an initial velocity of 697 meters per second.

The rifles of small caliber with which all countries are provided are incontestibly superior to those hitherto used. They can inflict serious havoc upon massed bodies at a distance of 1,500 meters.

Artillery, which, it must not be forgotten, plays a most important part, now employs in the field three kinds of projectiles—shrapnel shell, cylindrical case shot and segment shell.

The shrapnel shell, furnished with a double fuse, by which it can be exploded in the air or on hitting a mark, is the typical field projectile. Its destructive principle is composed of bullets of hardened lead and irregular fragments caused by its explosion. All European armies have adopted this shell for field artillery, which mostly works against infantry and seeks to attain its ends by the aid of time fuses, exploding the shell in the air. The weight of the bullet varies, according to the country, from ten to fifteen grammes. The fragments of casing generally weigh twice as much.

Cylindrical case shot consist of a cylindrical envelope containing bullets of hardered lead, either free or cemented by various methods—clay, plaster, sawdust, rosin or molten sulphur. This projectile is used at close quarters, at ranges not less than six hundred meters.

In seeking to increase the destructive power of their arms, artillerymen have been successfully led, first to assure the segmentation of shell in such a way as to multiply the products of explosion, and then to make projectiles whose splintering and bullets have dimensions that are determined and invariable.

The segment shell or obus torpille, gives a minimum of 400 fragments and also a quantity of metallic dust that has been pulverized by the explosive gases. This projectile is loaded with various explosives. When the projectile is of steel the splinters are longer than those of cast iron. All the fragments, great and smalla—nd there are some very large ones—are bevelled. They act like a lot of two edged knives propected with utmost violence. All, even such as weigh only 50 centigrammes, can inflict deep wounds,cutting through the limbs, fracturing bones and carrying with them portions of clothing.

These fragments no longer have, as in the case of old fashioned projectiles, a velocity but slightly superior to that of the shell itself at the moment of bursting. They exert their action over a radius of 1,200 meters, instead of being hurled only 300 meters, which gives an idea of their velocity. Lastly, they are so hot that it is impossible to hold them in the hand just after the explosion.

When the 7-mm. bullet encounters a bone the injury varies according to the distance at which it was fired and the part affected. At close range, that is, less than four hundred meters, the effect is of an explosive kind, far reaching in character. The bone is fractured again and again, and the lesions are about as serious as those caused by an 11-mm. ball. At the extremities of the bones, where they widen out for the joints, a 7-mm. bullet generally causes mere perforation.

At long range, exceeding 500 meters that is to say, under the ordinary conditions of firing, the 7-mm. projectile usually makes clean perforations at the osseous extremities of a diameter, but slightly larger than itself. Articular lesions are consequently less serious.

Bones struck in the medial region are less splintered than with the old bullets. In short, the greater the range at which the shot is fired, the less serious is the fracture. Perforations of the cranium are clear cut, as if they had been punched out, and the explosive effect distances is not met with.

When the 7-mm. projectile traverses clothing it does not, like the 11-mm. bullet, so often carry with it more or less rounder portions of tissue into the wound, but fragments of wool or linen are always found in its passage through the flesh. The presence of these debris, however slight, is the chief cause of infection of wounds from firearms. The bullet itself has been rendered aseptic by the high temperature which follows upon its explosive discharge, but these filaments are charged with germs, which they deposit in the wound. Suppuration must therefore be reckoned with in wounds of this character.

The adoption of small caliber firearms has on the whole resulted in diminishing the gravity of the wounds inflicted by them and opening up a wider field for surgery. But the conditions of surgical interference have not much altered. It is still the first care of the surgeon to extract the projectile, for although rifle bullets are not as liable as formerly to remain in the tissues, the same does not apply to case shot, which has a much smaller power of penetration.

And as there is reason to expect an increase of at least 20 to 25 per cent over the losses in the last great wars, too much attention cannot be bestowed upon the organization and equipment of the army medical contingents.

"I have fallen hopelessly in love with her," sighed the strong man of the museum.

"No wonder," responded the jealous woman with the iron jaw and in withering tones, "I always asserted that she is the only genuine snake charmer I ever saw."—Syracsue Post.