

CRUEL WASTE OF WAR.

LOSSES WHICH OCCUR THROUGH IGNORANCE AND NEGLIGENCE.

Was Three Sorts of Circumstances—The March, the Camp and the Battle—Napoleon's Definition—Value of the Marching Power of Armies.

It is a well known fact that for the first three years of the war of the rebellion there were more lives lost and property destroyed from mere ignorance and negligence as a result of ignorance, than from any other cause; officers of volunteers who had no knowledge of military duties had, at the beginning, large responsibilities thrust upon them. The object of all military training should be to prepare men for war. Drill, as a means of teaching discipline, as well as preliminary field movements, can be taught anywhere at home, in the school, the workshop or counting house. But the underlying elements on which the art of war is founded, upon which the stability of all government rests, can be earned only by practical experience. And this is the experience the national guard wants. In time of war the guard will become the regular army, and the volunteers the reserve. The small regular army will be only sufficient to furnish high grade commanders and instructors for the vast army of the people. Now, war is the time for the application of teachings and principles, rather than the learning of them.

WAR'S THREE CIRCUMSTANCES.

All circumstances of war must be comprised under three heads: (1) the march, (2) the camp, (3) the battle. The first and second heads can be learned in time of peace, but only the second is practical. The most necessary and important of all is neglected by the national guard, except in one or two instances, as the march of the Twenty-second New York to Peckskill. When all the circumstances of the march are known it cannot be too highly recommended. It is an example to be followed by all the national guard, which will benefit it to a greater extent than years of drill and camp.

Napoleon defined the "art of war" to be the art of separating to subvert and concentrating to fight, and never before or since has the great science been so clearly and tersely enunciated. But this art of separating and concentrating is essentially dependent upon the marching power of armies. Students of the military profession ponder over questions of modern arms and armaments, tactics, drill and organization, and are apt to think less over the grandest subject of grand strategy, which, in one sense, is nothing more nor less than the art of marching or moving armies. Traditionally it is the march which has done much to change the phases of modern war, and the magazine or repeating rifle and powerful cannon have altered the tactics and order of battle, but they have none of them superseded the fundamental principles which underlie the grand strategy of war. Gen. Sherman says: "The only change the breech-loading arms will probably make in the art and practice of war will be to increase the amount of ammunition to be expended, and necessarily to be accumulated, to still further thin out the lines of attack, and to reduce battles to short, quick, decisive conflicts. It does not in the least alter the grand strategy or the necessity for perfect organization, drill and discipline."

MARCHING POWER OF ARMIES.

Well organized military railway systems may affect the first result of a campaign, and render impracticable certain movements impossible without them. But to that extent only and no further will they go, and all the grand operations of war will depend, as they ever have done, on the marching power of armies.

Take, for example, the lines where troops of civilized nations have been engaged. In 1839 Gen. Roberts marched 10,000 men and 100,000 guns from Kabul to Kandahar, a distance of 320 miles. The march was made in twenty-three days, over the rough roads and mountain passes of Afghanistan. He arrived in time to relieve Kandahar and defeat Ayoub Khan, and thus preserve to England a strong natural guard against Russian intrigue and force of arms. Had he been a day or two later Kandahar would have fallen, Gen. Roberts would have been defeated and the first phase of the coming struggle between the English and the Russian tiers would have been precipitated. In the Franco-Prussian war, if Napoleon had marched as rapidly as did the crown prince of Prussia he would have reached Metz in time to relieve it, and the disaster of Sedan would have been avoided.

We all know how Grandly Lord Waterloo—by not appearing at the time Napoleon had calculated, and how Wellington won it by the timely arrival of Blucher, who had marched in haste at the sound of battle. And example after example might be cited to prove that upon the marching power alone of armies has depended the fate of battles and nations. It is actually a fact that tactics alone, independent of questions of superior armament, quality of troops, etc., has very seldom decided the success of a battle. On the other hand, many campaigns have been won with scarcely a gun being fired, by the strategic marching of armies under a skilled general. Often also has the loss of life on a march been fully as great as that caused by a battle. Thus in the winter campaign of 1877-78, the Russians under Gurko lost 2,000 men from freezing in one storm, lasting four days, through which they marched. During the same storm the Twenty-fourth Russian division at Shipka Pass lost 6,000 men, 80 per cent. of its strength, from the same cause. The terrible losses Napoleon's army experienced in its retreat from Moscow are familiar history.—New York Post.

A Senator's Two Moods.

Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, has two moods, the talkative and the silent. This week while in the city he was in a silent mood, and wore his black slouch hat far down on the left side of his head. His hat is the barometer that indicates his moods. When he feels in the humor to pass a conversational Rubicon his hat is thrown squarely back from his high, round forehead, and rests jauntily on the back of his head. In stature the noted orator is squat, and inclined to be bowlegged. His lower limbs are considerably attenuated for the good sized body they pallid. These wrinkles fast coming and no whiskers to hide them, only a straggling gray moustache. Every man has, so to speak, his dressing center or focus. With the senator everything is subordinate to the shapeless slouch hat that picturesquely adorns his head the year round. The senator is still a strong advocate of President Cleveland for a second term, and fully believes he will be nominated and elected. Senator Vest, more than any other man, controls the Federal patronage in Missouri.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Drug Stores of Tokio.

There is not a single Japanese apothecary in Tokio who can make up a prescription of a foreign physician, nor is there a single drug store selling foreign drugs in Tokio, where one of the assistants knows a word of English, French, German or Latin.—Chicago Times.

HORSES FOR THE CITY.

Interesting Facts About "Railroaders" at the Old "Doll's Head."

"Where do you get your horses?" was asked of George Hill, a genial fellow well known to dealers in "railroaders," near the old "Doll's Head," a locality where horses have been bought and sold for many a long day. "We get them from Kansas, principally," answered George, "although a great many are brought from Illinois, and some from the northern part of this state, but Indiana supplies the market with the largest number of 'railroaders.'"

"How are they purchased?" "Some dealers have agents scattered over the country who purchase horses from the farmers and send them to the city. The agent receives a commission of \$5 for each horse thus delivered to his employer. Then there are the agricultural fairs, the Tattersalls, bazars in the cities and the large horse markets in the west, where the 'railroaders' are bought."

"In the trade 'railroaders' include horses used for public hacks, cabs, coppers, buses, stages, park carriages, city railroad cars, carts, drays, wagons, and vehicles in general. Farm horses also come under the head of 'railroaders.' Of course, private carriage horses, riding horses, racing horses and circus horses are classed above the 'railroaders' with his unpretentious name. The best horses are bred in old Kentucky."

"A good 'railroader' is worth at retail \$250, and at wholesale about half that amount. Carriage horses cost about \$1,500 a pair, and are therefore too high priced for our customers and their needs."

"The horses are shipped by rail in the usual cattle-car, which holds, when properly stowed, about twenty-four ponies or eighteen horses. A more expensive and, for the occupants, more comfortable way of transporting them, is to ship the horses through the Arns Palace Car company. One of the coaches of this company is simply a parlor car for horses, in which there are partial accommodations for a dozen and a half."

"By looking at a horse's head we are often able to correctly judge of his characteristics. A horse with a wide forehead is intelligent and docile, while that one with a narrow forehead and small eyes set back in a mean, vicious brute. Horses usually have good dispositions, and are gentle when kindly treated."

"Car loads of this poor quality horses are shipped from the west to various points in the east. At these establishments the horses are kept for a month or two, as the case requires, in a dimly lighted and warm stable, and are fed on a mush composed of bran, malt and water. Over the stalls is built a track for the car carrying the stuff, which is poured through into the troughs. These horses are 'stall fed.' Stall fed horses must be sold as soon as possible after being put in condition, for they will relapse into their former state quickly.—New York Evening Sun.

The Fleck of Gold.

There is found in the chasms of the Devil's Bite, Wyoming, and there alone, a curious little animal which is generally known as the fleck of gold, though it also rejoices in the equally glittering name of the golden guide. The fleck of gold is a little fellow undoubtedly belongs to the gopher tribe. The fleck of gold is of a general golden hue. This hue represents the various shades of gold, from the duller colors of the precious metal in its native state to the brilliancy given by the stamp of the mint. The duller hues are blended on the body, while the lighter ones spread itself along the tail. This tail is the glory of the fleck of gold and the wonder of the beholder. Fifteen inches in length, or more than three times as long as the little animal of which it is a dazzling continuation, this tail is as the glaucous gold. It is inert with action, an action which has no apparent purpose but that of display, and jerk and winks, curls and wags with the stiffness and light of a sun ray. The fleck of gold is voracious concerning this tail, and when for his own edification he folds it many times around his body, unassuming himself into a ball of brilliant ballion, the brilliant exhibition pleads hard in extenuation of the little fellow's vanity.

"The fleck of gold dips deep, and his burrow is regarded as an unerring indication of the presence of gold. As a matter of course, many and diverse speculations are extant in regard to the origin of this singular and brilliant little animal. The theory most advanced and believed in is that the fleck of gold was at first but a common gopher, but that the constant contact with the golden soil in which he burrowed so flecked his coat with the precious yellow particles that nature herself at last took cognizance of the matter, and the golden coat was made hereditary. The extraordinary length of the tail is accounted for by the supposition that it is a sympathetic growth, developed especially by nature as a brilliant advertising vehicle of the hidden riches of Devil's Bite.—Chicago Herald.

A Chemical Anomaly.

An astonishing result has been reached by Dr. Richardson, the English physiologist, in some experiments on the respiration of animals in pure oxygen. In most cases a steady flow of fresh oxygen rendered the animals confined in it excited and feverish, and none were quiet or made sleep. When, however, the oxygen, after having been passed once through the chambers containing the animals, was collected, purified and again used all the warm blooded animals, such as the cat, dog, guinea pig, rabbit and pigeon became drowsy and fell quietly asleep; and when the gas was again used after another purification the sleep became deeper, and some of the animals soon died. The oxygen appeared chemically pure at each time of using; and the cause of its remarkable change in effect is as yet a mystery. Whether some resultant modification of oxygen is formed during respiration, or whether the toxic properties are due to some active product of respiration which has escaped detection in the inhaled gas, is a problem which will doubtless be studied with much interest.—Ariana Traveler.

Blood Will Tell.

Charlie, aged 8, brought home a slinking yellow pup, low legged, drooping tailed and sham-faced. He cared for it tenderly, fixed a dry goods box in the back yard for a kennel and on every possible occasion exhibited the animal proudly. His sister Ella, age 18, asked him facetiously:

"Where did you get that dog?" "I bought him from a man for twenty-five cents," with the pride of ownership. "Mercy! The idea of paying twenty-five cents for that horrible beast!"

Charlie's eyes flashed indignantly. "He isn't horrid. That shows how much a girl knows. The man told me he is a full blooded cur."—The Portfolio.

Gold Mines of Australia.

The gold mines of Australia continue to be very productive. Some of them are more than 2,000 feet in depth and many will be sunk even lower than that in the near future. This is contrary to the predictions of old mining experts, who said many years ago that no gold would ever be found in Australia at a depth greater than 100 feet.—New York Tribune.

"LABBY" AT HOME.

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR OF LONDON'S FAMOUS WEEKLY.

A Visit to Mr. Henry Labouchere—Pen Pictures of the Noted Journalist—Daily Papers of London—The Marvelous Success of "Truth."

Mr. Henry Labouchere is one of the most interesting characters of our time. A scion of good family and independent means, he started out on a diplomatic career, and very early in life got behind the scenes and learned how to manage the conduct of the secretariat. Then he went here, there and thither until he brought up in Paris, where he voluntarily remained through the famous siege of that city, during which time he contributed to The Daily News those famous letters setting forth the experiences of the "Besieged Englishman."

It is understood that Mr. Labouchere holds a controlling interest in this paper, which is the leading Liberal organ, but of course he is more widely known as the man who made Truth, that famous periodical which initiated personal journalism and put the great "P" in place of the editorial "we." Mr. Labouchere is a parliamentarian by vocation, having for his colleague Bradlaugh, the atheist. Mr. Labouchere has given and taken plenty of hard hitting in his time. He is radical in the extreme, and yet for all he is one of the Prince of Wales' set, that coterie of good fellows who serve to amuse the fat man who possibly may succeed to the present queen and consort who has just left her jubilee.

Mr. Labouchere's country house is built on the site of Pope's villa, at Twickenham, and the grounds front on the silver Thames for some 200 feet. There are terraces, rookeries and a grotto or tunnel decked with some rather inferior statuary, which is a relic of the original villa once occupied by the author of "Dial of Truth," and now the abode of his natural successor, pursuant to the fashion of the day.

PEN PICTURE OF "LABBY."

I sent my cart up in the afternoon, but Mr. Labouchere was out, so my punt was moored in front of his water wall until a trim maid notified me that her master was at home and at leisure. Then I landed at the boat house, climbed some old wooden steps, at the top of which I was greeted by a big black retriever and a pretty little child, who directed me up divers terraces to where Mr. Labouchere awaited me on the gallery.

This veranda is very pretty; it is about 4 by 10 feet, completely arched in by foliage, while through three large logie of alcoves you look over the river and the low country on the other side. Three or four wicker chairs and a pretty little child, who directed me up divers terraces to where Mr. Labouchere awaited me on the gallery. This veranda is very pretty; it is about 4 by 10 feet, completely arched in by foliage, while through three large logie of alcoves you look over the river and the low country on the other side. Three or four wicker chairs and a pretty little child, who directed me up divers terraces to where Mr. Labouchere awaited me on the gallery. He was dressed in a rough suit of tweed, and the disposition of a plain gold chain showed that he carried his watch in an outside pocket. He was puffing a cigarette held in a pair of tweezers held in his natural forked tongs, and it may be interesting for some to know that he wore a pair of elastic side boots very much the worse for wear. He is a quick looking little man, with a come-what-will-amount-of hair about him, a freedom of thought and language very uncommon in the Old World, and withal one could perceive under the quiet ease of his manner the spirit of one who could hold fast and hit hard. Most men have their counterpart in the animal world, and Henry Labouchere strikingly reminds me of a chunky, well bred fox terrier that looks too lazy for anything as he lies in the sun, but can show lots of character whenever one of his natural forked tongs is in his way. He has the same sideways slant of the head that Vaino or Baby Mixer show when interested.

We got chatting about one thing and another until the stated objects of our interview were touched upon. Mr. Labouchere was of opinion that a civil servant should be allowed all his political duties, provided the exercise thereof did not interfere with the discharge of his official duties, but where or how to draw the line, he declared, was a difficult matter. "In theory with us every civil servant is free to act as he chooses," said he, and then, with exquisite simplicity, added: "But somehow or other if a man works hard for his party and doesn't win he doesn't get on very well in fact and in effect."

JOURNALISM IN GENERAL.

Were talking about journalism in general. He said: "The one great difficulty of the daily papers in London is the absence of any system of distribution outside that of the Smith monopoly. So long as Sunday is strictly observed there will be no Sunday edition of the great dailies, because they could not get rid of them when they were printed."

I touched on signed journalism when a man gets the credit of his work, and Mr. Labouchere, as a newspaper proprietor, said he didn't want to make a man and then have that man own his maker.

He further said: "The run of journalists in London have a pretty hard time; there are so many amateurs of good education and high leisure who are willing to do special work and articles for the mere pleasure of seeing their copy in type, while on the other hand there is an eminent superabundance of the ordinary reporter, who, by the way, is a very inferior animal to his American comrade."

He told me how Truth had been a success and paid from the first number. Henry Labouchere, Esq., was pretty well known among the literary fraternity before it was published, and when it was announced that he, who stood somewhere between Bob Ingersoll, Dave Hill and Tom Ochiltree, intended not to tell his any more, there was a unanimous and tremendous honorarium on the length and breadth of the land. So they made jokes about him and his truthful organ, all of which duly advertised the paper, so that folks brought it out of curiosity, and for a long time decent Philistines studied its pages, but only behind locked doors. Even today there are plenty of Pharisees and Sadducees who wouldn't touch the paper with a pair of tongs or say until their dearest foe gets a slapping.

Mr. Labouchere is pretty much of a law to himself. As such he has managed to make a good deal of moving in the ways of the world; he has managed many small mischiefs in social life; he has been a grand guerrilla in advance of Gen. Gladstone; he has created a new school of journalism, and his influence will be more lasting than even his most ardent admirers can conceive.—London Cor. New York Mail and Express.

Grief Too Great for Utterance.

Professor Clayton tells of a thrilling experience. At Ruby City, while looking over a claim to determine the most favorable place to prospect for a blind ledge, an extension of a valuable mine, he accidentally, in making the ground, dug up some good ore and exposed the ledge. The ledge, who had recently sold it for an insignificant sum, were with him. One of them indulged in a great deal of profanity, cursing his luck for having trifled away a fortune. Turning to his partner, who was less demonstrative, he inquired: "Why don't you kick?" "Don't talk to me, I'm hurt so bad I can't kick. I'm bleeding inside."—Wardner (Idaho) News.

THE FEATHER CLOAK.

THE FAMOUS WAR ROBE OF THE KAMEHAMEHAS.

A Lady Gives Her Personal Experience with the Historical Garment—Chat with a Dusky Browed Queen—A Robe of Rare Workmanship.

Some years ago, during an extended yachting cruise among the islands of the Pacific, we ran into Honolulu, as we felt deeply interested in the people of Hawaii from the flattering reports of the inhabitants. We received a warm welcome from prominent people to whom we had carried letters from friends. This was during the reign of Kamehameha III. The people were more simple in their habits than now, and they were not demoralized as now by the Chinese element. The women, in their flowing garments, now called Mother Hubbards, with wreaths of natural flowers bound round their heads, were picturesque objects as they dashed past, sitting man fashion on their horses.

Mrs. Judd, the wife of the prime minister, took me to many of her houses and we were always welcomed in a graceful manner. A day or two after our arrival, Mrs. Judd told me that she had arranged to present me informally to the queen that afternoon. Nothing could excel the beauty of the scene as we walked from Dr. Judd's house to the royal residence. The sun was just sinking afar off into the Pacific and the hills were all aglow with hislanting rays. Vegetation was most luxuriant. In one place we passed a hedge of egg plant. The fruit hung in enormous masses and in all colors from deep purple to overripe golden. Arrived at the mansion the queen and the Princess Victoria met us on the gallery, which ran quite around the building. They greeted Mrs. Judd familiarly and kindly, and gave me a cordial welcome. I was soon seated beside the dusky queen. My husband had gone with Dr. Judd to make the acquaintance of the king.

I found her majesty shy, and glad to shelter herself under the protection of Mrs. Judd. She was a short, stout woman; very dark, with heavy features. She had been a woman of the people, and for that reason her children, of whom she had several, were not eligible to the succession. Her marriage to the king, my friend told me, had been purely a love match, and that they were still an unusually devoted couple. I found conversation with the princess much easier than with the queen, for youth is sympathetic, and we were both young, barely out of our teens. She too was very dark, with pleasant manners and rather a pensive air. She was very curious about that far off world which she knew of only by hearsay. We were soon joined by the Prince Alexander, nephew of the king and heir apparent to the throne, and a young American naval officer who had been dining with the princess.

Our conversation ran on charmingly, forgetful of color or caste. An hour had passed all too quickly. We had forgotten our elders, when Mrs. Judd invited me into the house to see some objects of interest, only two of which, however, have kept a distinct place in my memory—the full length portrait of Louis Philippe and the feathered cloak of the Kamehamehas. The portrait had been presented to a former Kamehameha by the king of France. The portrait held a place of honor in a drawing room opening to the right from a wide hall, and the cloak had been brought from its repository and placed in the queen's bedroom for my inspection. The room was entered from the hall. To the left of the door and quite in a corner of the room stood a high post bedstead, and on the bed lay the object of a nation's veneration, the war cloak of the Kamehamehas.

One of the gentlemen lifted the cloak from the bed and brought it toward a lamp in the center of the room, the better to examine its curious workmanship and extraordinary beauty. Holding a corner of it in my hand I heard scraps of its history from the various mouths. "The work all done by royal fingers," "Only two of these feathers in a bird," "The race of birds completely exterminated," "The only one like it ever made," etc., etc.

As we stood thus expressing our admiration, the naval officer took the cloak from the hands of the prince and threw it over my shoulders, saying as he did so, "that is the costliest garment that ever a lady wore." I felt instinctively that he had done an improper thing, that he had treated lightly and irreverently an object of idolatrous respect. Being by my own admission a disapprover of the act, I turned to the prince to remove it, which he did in a very graceful way.

However, the royal mantle lay on my shoulders, the most expensive one certainly that any human being ever wore. It is a complete semicircle, and fell in ample folds about the bottom of my dress, and I am tall, like Rosalind, "more than common tall." It is made of a combination of network woven of the fiber of a tree. The feathers are sewed in with a twine made of the same material. It is soft and even as plush, of a beautiful golden orange, shading to silver gray. The feathers were taken from the Oo. But two feathers are used from each bird. It is said to have been generations in making, and feathers and work cost over \$1,000,000. The feathers were paid for in pieces of nankeen, four feathers for a piece valued at \$1.50. As the feathers are not over two inches long, some idea may be formed of the number required for a garment of this size. When Kamehameha was crowned in 1885 he wore this robe for his coronation, making the ninth king who has been so adorned.—"Moodna" in New York Home Journal.

Curious Album of Photos.

A local photographer, who does a fashionable trade, has a curious album of photos. They are of women's hands, and every hand is distinguished by one ring. Some years ago, he tells me, a young society woman who had very pretty hands experienced the fancy to have the one on which her sweetheart had recently put an engagement ring pictured. The fashion being thus set, he says, still kept up. Not all of the hands are beautiful ones by any means. In fact really pretty hands are in the minority. There is a preponderance of fat palms and stubby fingers that do not speak well for the annual increment of our best society. But even the best kept hands, unless they are symmetrical in proportion, are liable to look clumsy in a photograph. The variety of rings on this collection of pictures is a credit to our jewelers. Indeed you can trace the fashions in rings for several years by them. "If I had the value of those rings," said the photographer, meditatively, "I think I could spend a year in Europe and not have to swim home."—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Bibliophile's Comfort.

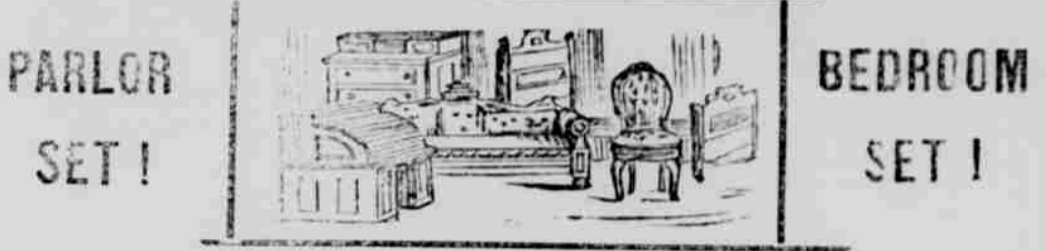
An enthusiastic bibliophile, as a special favor, showed a visitor his collection of curiosities, and a dilapidated quarto among them, written in strange characters. The visitor asked what was the title and character of the book, and what was it about. "Well, Mr. —," was the reply, "I—I don't know, but it is a great comfort to have it."—Home Journal.

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