

DRILL AND TACTICS.

THE GREAT CHANGES IN MODERN METHODS OF WARFARE.

Magazine Rifles to supersede Breech Loaders as Breech Loaders Superseded Muzzle Loaders—Smokeless Powder. The Charge—Use of Cavalry.

To those who knew him it is almost inconceivable that Gen. Skobelev could have become a strategist, but he was a born tactician. On the other hand, the lieutenant in the United States army who lays his plans so that he surprises and captures a band of hostile Indians is, pro tanto, a strategist.

There is a danger lest our officers fail to study tactics such as they would require every day and hour if they were opposed to a regularly organized force. The fact that they have to handle troops mainly against Indians and rarely against mobs in cities, is apt to induce them to ignore field tactics as unimportant and practical in other countries.

We are apparently on the eve of a mighty struggle, in which magazine rifles will supersede breech loaders, as breech loaders, in 1850 and 1851, superseded muzzle loaders. Not only will more shots a minute be available for the defense of a position, but these shots will be more effective on account of the lower trajectory of the bullets. A bullet fired point blank will penetrate at any distance up to 500 yards, instead of falling far short of that range.

The new number of Whittaker's Almanack, it may be interesting to say, contains a very well written and instructive article on the present status of the nations of Europe in this respect. But not only will magazine rifles play their part in coming wars; magazine guns also will aid enormously to the effectiveness of both attack and defense, though probably more to the latter than to the former.

Each year sees so many changes in the armament of a nation that the tactics of today are in some respects antiquated this day twelve months. Suppose it is true that the French and English have got smokeless powder in their new cartridges, as is more than suggested in the magazine above mentioned. That in itself must materially modify tactics employed by regular armies.

Gen. Skobelev told to Capt. Green, United States engineers: "The only formation in which troops can successfully assault entrenched positions is in successive lines of skirmishers." And that will probably now remain true in some sense as long as war lasts. But against magazine guns and machine guns the lines of skirmishers will have to be far more open than they were against breech loaders.

We recently pointed out the coming change in the use of cavalry, when each squadron shall have attached to it a galloping gun—a machine gun—such as Col. Hasbrouck saw one or two English cavalry regiments with on his recent visit to Alcock. Infantry will cease to despise cavalry so much as they are now taught to do, when they have had a few lessons from cavalry "droppers" behind a bank or hill crest and their lying down fire supported by a storm of bullets from galloping guns.

North America's Inland Ocean. First of all, a word or two in reference to Hudson's bay itself. The proportions of this inland ocean are such as to give it a prominent place among the geographical features of the world. One thousand three hundred miles in length by 600 miles in breadth, it extends over 12 degs. of latitude, and covers an area of not less than half a million square miles.

READING FOR REST.

Effects of the Restful Book—The Deeper Studies to be Considered Work. Nothing is more restful to the mind than a wisely selected work of travels, description or a judiciously selected romance. The romances most common are too weak, and their wit sinks too near to the line of silliness, to offer much repose to a person familiar with the best writers, and the effect of such productions is to deprave the taste or to excite irritation.

As Bad as a Man. Did you ever encounter a demonstratively drunken woman in a street conveyance, where you could not relieve yourself of her presence within a certain time without inconvenience? I did, the other day—or rather the other night, for I was on my way to a down town theatre. She was a young woman—perhaps 25. Her dress was neat enough, but tawdry, and she carried a pretty face in her arms.

"Where are you going?" she said aloud. "Guess you'll be late home, baby. Do you leave mamma's pet. Who cares! Hoop la! Everything goes—don't it, baby?" Three or four whisky laden kisses here attested the mother's affection. The ladies present shuddered, the gentlemen scowled, and the young man who was smoking a bad cigar on the rear platform grinned, while a newsboy engaged in stealing a ride peered through the glass and tried to fire at the infant.

Gen. Skobelev told to Capt. Green, United States engineers: "The only formation in which troops can successfully assault entrenched positions is in successive lines of skirmishers." And that will probably now remain true in some sense as long as war lasts. But against magazine guns and machine guns the lines of skirmishers will have to be far more open than they were against breech loaders.

While I believe that a grizzly bear will, in a majority of cases, wait for a fight with a man, and take pains to get in the way of one, there are times when it will seem to think better of it and back out. A remarkable instance of this kind I heard of once, where a famous Manitoba guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she one and two half grown young ones, and by a series of ridiculous monkey shins and acrobatic maneuvers on the ground within a rot or two of the bears filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that the three retreated into the woods with all rapidity. The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young ones appeared. He afterward said that it was a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a hand-spring, and jumping up and down, flapping his hands, and resorting to other unlikelier measures.

Queer Souvenirs in a Rig. Talk of originality. It was original and pretty, and an astonishing idea for an unskilled man to conceive of. A lady up town was showing to her friends a very handsome ring her husband had given her. It was an oval of diamonds, with three pretty little opaque bluish white stones in the center. Nobody could tell what those stones were, and everybody got curious to know. She did not know herself. Her husband had not told her. They insisted on his telling.

A PLUCKY MULE.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF A CONFEDERATE CANNONADE.

Hauling a Load of Ammunition Under Fire from Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner—A Critical Moment—The Last Shot—Safe.

Sometimes the mule is called upon for special service, requiring qualities for which he does not generally receive credit. The lines were tightening about Charleston when Admiral Dahlgren's fleet began operations in the harbor, and rendered it practicable for the troops on shore to advance with some hope of being able to hold points previously untenable. During the night a detachment of the Tenth corps disembarked a picket post on the eastern end of Morris island, and when daylight came had thrown up quite a formidable beginning for a field work.

But there was a combination in the Federal camp that was equal to the emergency; namely, a fleet mule and a plucky driver. The mule is mentioned first, only because he has long since faded his last kick, but the driver, if he still survives, will acknowledge that without the mule he could not have done what he did. It may be assumed that the mule had a good feed of oats before he was called upon to run the gauntlet, and, undeniably the driver, too, may then have felt justified in fortifying the inner man. Be that as it may, just before noon a few boxes of ammunition were thrown into the lightest available wagon, and, after looking the harness over carefully, the driver took his seat in the shelter of the sand hills. The mule stood with his extensive ears radiating out and a wicked gleam in his eye, as if the oats were beginning to rise into his brain.

"Good-by, boys! G'up, mule!" and the equipage started down through the dry sand to the hard level of the beach. Mule shook his head and executed a demi-volt, when he felt the damp sand under his feet, but driver caught him with a steady hand, and he did not waver. The mule was not yet damped upon the Confederates, but the expedition was intended for the relief of the garrison. But presently the gleam of intelligence was indicated with a rush in the shape of a shell from the southeast angle of Sumter. It struck the water fairly in line, ricocheted, and burst over in the marsh; but it was the signal for action. Up went the whip, and the mule, with his mighty hind legs under him, for a moment was uncertain whether he was going to kick or run, but a few remarks from the driver convinced him that there was demand for forward movement, so he "lit out for all he was worth." At least thirty guns commanded that stretch of beach, and they pounded away as fast as they could be fired. Now and then a shell would burst rather near the mule's ears for comfort, and he would sheer violently and try to make for home. But the gallant driver plied the lash, and held him to his work.

At length a ten inch shell tore up the beach and exploded so near that the mule was entirely demoralized; but not so his driver. Leaping down from his seat he caught the mule by the head, and he rapidly round once or twice, and was off again on the keen jump before the gunners could get his range as a fixed object. On he went, and at last dashed into the rebound; but there was no shelter in it for the mule. His ears waved conspicuously above the low lying parapet.

The ammunition boxes were tumbled out unceremoniously, and the mule, too, was sent for home! With the lightened load and the prospects of unlimited fodder, he beat the previous record. But the Confederate artillerists were on their metal now. They had failed to stop the supplies, but their hearts burned for revenge. Their shots now came more from the rear, and bets were freely offered with takers, on what the result would be should the mule have a fair chance to kick a ten inch shell, as it were, "in the eye." The crescendo scream of shell chasing him up the beach, but wings to his heels, and he fairly flew toward the sheltering sand hills. There were only a few rods more to be covered, when some careful gunner made a close calculation as to the lengthening range, and pulled his lanyard almost in the nick of time. The huge mass of iron struck the beach, as it seemed to the anxious spectators, exactly behind the wagon, and the next instant nothing was to be seen there but a cloud of white smoke and brown sand. In an instant, however, this floated away, and the mule was seen vigorously reducing to kindling wood what was left of the quartermaster's wagon.

And the driver, where is he? Well, he was apparently knocked over by the explosion, but he got on his feet in a moment, and, having cut the traces, was on the mule's back in another, waving his hat in recognition to the cheers that rolled across the water from Yankee blue jackets, from Confederate garrisons, and from the dark blue masses that crowned the distant sand dunes. It is a pity that the driver's name has not been preserved, for his daring and certainly deserves recognition and reward. Perhaps he received his, but the writer has been unable to find mention of the fact.—Adrian Rexford in American Magazine.

Books That Have Helped Me. All the articles which have been written about "the books that have helped me," tacitly assume that what helps me will help you, or that Brown, on learning where Jones got his mental provender, will order home a supply of the same, and live on it. Nothing can well be further from the truth. Wherever these articles do not gratify a harmless vanity, they are interesting simply as the literary experience of one more or less respectable human being, and nothing more. Every man who loves books and reads them, and makes any good use of them, reads in the line of his own tastes and temperament and pursuits. He is not, and for the most part cannot be, helped by another man's books, supposing books to be anything more than repositories of facts. All most, of course, go to the same sources of information, or in other words must consult the same books of reference, but every man who reads for culture, or for encouragement, or inspiration, or power, must choose his own books. Books that have helped Brown may be interesting to Jones, because he loves Brown and likes to watch the working of his mind; but they will not necessarily help Jones. In fact, the time he spent on them might be time betterly wasted, unless there existed the closest similarity in pursuits and in character between the readers.—New York Post.

Absent Minded Clerk. Old Lady (in drug store)—How is this Persian powder to be applied? Clerk (absent minded)—Give me a teaspoonful after each meal.—The Epoch.

FETISHISM IN AFRICA.

A Terrible Belief That Spreads Out Into Every Kind of Villainy.

So universal is this belief that almost every village of pagan Africa, particularly toward the west coast, has its fetish house, a grim and ghastly building, often ranged round with human skulls in every stage of decomposition, and a fetish man, who in its high priest. No human being surely ever had a more terrible power committed to him, and few have used it more unscrupulously or unaccomplishedly. The fetish man is bound by no law; he recognizes no rules of evidence. Anything which happens, even in the ordinary course of nature, he may pronounce to be the work of a fetish or a wizard, and to need his assistance to forestall it.

A heavy rainfall or a drought, a murrain among the cattle, a pestilence or a contagion, a child devoured by a wild animal, an illness or a death, each and all of these may be pronounced to be "fetish," somebody has done it, and he must be detected. No process are the natives by this belief, it is a form part of their belief, that it never occurs to any one of them, though he knows that his own turn may come next, to question the reality of this ungodly power, and, in the panic terror which waits upon the movements of the fetish man and his decisions, the negro loses for a time some of his most essential and manly characteristics, his frivility, his light heartedness, even his family affection. A son will join in putting his father to death; a brother will help to tear to pieces a brother.

If the accused dares to deny the charges—which he seldom does, however, persons or impossibilities may be—he has to submit to some terrible ordeal, such as the running at full speed under an archway of loaded arrows about half a mile, or rather as soon as he is accused, he is bound to death; or the drinking of some deadly decoction, such as the cobra bark, when the chance of escape is reckoned to be the fetish man to give him the exact quantity or quality which will make him desperately sick before the poison has well begun its deadly work. In Aden and Babomet, at Demay, and Cahabar, in the West country, a third party, as may well be imagined, it riddles out into every kind of villainy and crime.—Nineteenth Century.

Qualifications of a Type Writer. "Is not the type writing business some what overdone, and does it not offer a poor remuneration to women anxious to find a field for earning their own living?" inquired the reporter.

"No, it is not overdone, simply for the reason that there are comparatively very few competent type writers. This being true it naturally presents a good opening for women to enter a living, provided they have the proper qualifications for success to start with. The essential one is a good education. The operator should above all be a good speller, and be intelligently informed about general affairs. Next, great neatness in arrangement of the various kinds of copy is necessary. The arrangement of the manipulation of the machine is a comparatively easy matter and can be readily accomplished in three months. Anybody can learn it. The speed of the writer depends, of course, on the amount of application and natural quickness of the learner. The manipulation is purely mechanical, but when it comes to setting out correct copy, with proper spelling, punctuation, etc., it becomes an entirely different matter.

But a comparatively small number of type writers possess the knowledge to do this. I could tell you instances numerous enough to fill a book, where lawyers and others have had to pay for fast copy, or where work that would have been compelled to take a case where to be copied correctly by a competent person. Perhaps they wouldn't pay a man for such slovenly or poor work, but they have sympathy for the girls, and so they pay them and talk savagely under their breath. There are lots of type writers who appear to be good operators, but if the truth were known it would be found that they change their office frequently. As most intelligent women find their opportunities in this vocation, the unintelligent workers will be certainly crowded out into pursuits more suitable to their limited abilities, where knowledge is not so pre-eminently a requisite.—New York Evening Sun.

Protest Against Late Hours. The young men who dance are probably engaged in their fathers' offices or counting rooms, and have to be at their desks at least by 9 o'clock on 9/9 in the morning. As it is not fashionable to arrive at half past midnight or after, the breaking up time is seldom before 5. A man to be at his office by 9 must be up at latest, by 8, so he has more than three hours' sleep, after a day's work and a night's hard play. To pull himself together he is apt to indulge in a morning cocktail and a champagne lunch, and the result is that he is rather a poor specimen of humanity by the time he reaches his office. Then he sees the follies of his way, but it is too late. The fashionable hour for dinner parties is about the same here as in England—7 for ordinary dinner parties, 8 when they partake of the nature of a banquet. All this is as silly as it is hard on a man, or a woman either; but it is harder on the men, for they have to go to work the next day, while a woman can lie at bed and rest. If it was not that attitudes have to be held in this country it is English to be criticized, the result of these late hours would be even more marked; but a man gets pretty well built up in the summer and fall, and can stand a winter campaign better than it. He hadn't spent so much time out of doors.—Drummond in Boston Gazette.

An Amusing Turkish Story. Many a culprit has been brought to justice by following in his answer to a cleverly framed question. An amusing story is told illustrating this, of the Turkish Nasir-uddin Khojah, a kind of typical scamp, like Howells, Punch and Harlequin, in western countries. He was stealing turkeys from a garden, and had filled a sack with them, when up rushed the owner. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the angry proprietor. "A violent gale of wind caught me up, whirled me through the air and deposited me here," said the unshamed Khojah. "Well, but how came you to be holding some of my turkeys?" "Why," said Nasir-uddin, "the wind was so very violent that it tossed me about, and, to steady myself, I grasped these in my hand." "Good again," said the owner; "but tell me now who filled the sack?" "Ah," replied the Khojah, "I was just considering how that question should be answered when you came upon me so rudely and unexpectedly."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Realistic Effects. Admirer Visitor—The action of those oxen drawing the load of hay is simply immense, old man; but I don't quite catch your idea in painting that explosion behind the hill. Artist (with freezing haunts)—Pardon me, that is not an explosion, but a representation of sunset in the Rockies; and that's not a load of hay and oxen, but the overland coach and a pair of horses.—Boston Beacon.

The Plattsmouth Herald. Is enjoying a Boom in both its DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

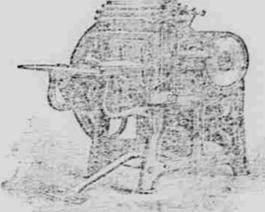
of this year and would keep pace with the times should

SUBSCRIBE

Daily or Weekly Herald.

Now while we have the subject before the people we will venture to speak of our

JOB DEPARTMENT.



Which is first-class in all respects and from which our job printers are turning out much satisfactory work.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.