GILLMORE'S SWAMP ANGEL

THE GUN THAT POURED SCREECH-ING MISSILES INTO CHARLESTON.

The First Messenger from the Masked Battery in the Marsh-Accuracy of the Conners-Incidents of the Cannonading.

There are a good many people in Charles-ton, who had an intimate but somewhat unpleasant acquaintance with the Swamp Angel. One calm night in August, 1863, a strange noise was head in the air. It was a noise that some people had become familiar with, but one that to the women and children in Charleston was entirely unknown. Some people compared it to the blast of the last trump, others to the howl of the hyena, and others to the concentrated noise of 10,-600 locomotives rushing through a tunnel in the air and condensed into a scream of the most harrowing intensity.

It was the first Swamp Angel messenger sent into Charleston by the late Gen. Gillmore. The watchman at St. Michael's steeple sounded the alarm, and the firemen and other people hurried out in haste. The shell came from a masked battery, which Gen. Gillmore had erected in the marsh at the extreme south end of Morris Island, and on the soumern borders of the creek which separates Morris from Folly Island. In a straight line it was over five miles distant from the city. The battery had been constructed under the greatest difficulties, and in what was considered an impossible place. The idea of a gun throwing a projectile a distance of five miles had not at that time penetrated the minds of the average public, and the arrival of the first messenger from the Swamp Angel was as unexpected as it was unpleasant.

The battery was the famous Swamp Angel. It consisted of a single 8-inch Parrott rifle mounted in the marsh and surrounded by an earthwork of circular shape. It burst at the thirty sixth round, and that was the end of the Swamp Angel proper. After this the bombardment was directed from the batteries on Morris Island. It is said that the elevation of the guns was so great that they could only be used to fire a half dozen times, and as a matter of fact the people who remained here during the bombardment became so accustomed to the sound that they could tell by the sound when a gun had

Gen. Gillmore's gunners soon attained a womlerful accuracy in firing their guns. It was said that the Swamp Angel shells were leaded with "Greek fire," but this was never erified. Fires frequently occurred, and the firemen always promptly turned out, taking the chances of the shells. A fire at night invariably awoke the Swamp Angel to renewed activity The shells were sent in generally at an average rate of one every fifteen or twenty minutes. Occasionally when a gun would burst there would be a suspension of operations at the Swamp Angel end of the line, sometimes for several days, This invariably followed a fire in the city. The light from the blaze would give the gunners at the Swamp Angel a good mark, and they would fire more rapidly, which probably cost them several guns, and then the people of Charleston would have a rest until the burst guns

were raplaced. The accuracy which the Swamp Angel gunners attained was remarkable. On one occasion the buildings on Brown's wharf were fired during the day. The fire department was promptly on the spot and set to work to extinguish the flames. The building was on the water front, and the dense columns of smoke offered a splendid target to Gen. Gillmore's marksmen. There are perhaps a dozen men in Charleston today who will refact that during the progress of that fire at least three shells were thrown into the burning building. The accuracy with which the Swamp Angel guns were fired, in fact, gave color to the statement subsequently made that the gunners intentionally refrained from firing at St. Michael's steeple, which was never hit during the entire two years of the bom-

Perenssion shells were used by the Swamp Angel gunners for over a year. During this time the people of Charleston had abundant time to study the peculiarities of the percussion Parrott shell. The shell, of course, could only he exploded when it came in contact with a hard surface, and was, therefore, only dangerous under these conditions. In nine cases out of ten a percussion shell that struck a wooden building simply buried itself in the earth and remained there. The only danger to life or limb, therefore, was in being struck by the shell on its passage, and most people soon learned to avoid this.

In 1864 there was a startling change in the condition of things. By this time those who were compelled to remain in the city had become used to the Swamp Angel. Up to this time not more than two or three people had been killed, notwithstanding the fact that fully five thousand had been almost constantly under fire, to say nothing of the exposure of the firemen, who, besides doing military daty at night along the water front, were called upon frequently to subdue the flames in the shelled district. On the night of Sept. 2, 1864, a building was fired in the lower wards. The alarm was sounded, and in five minutes the engines were on their way to the scene of the conflagration.

The boom of the alarm bell and the bright glare of the fire invariably caused the Swamp Angels to wake up and redouble their attentions to the "doomed city." An engine, the Phoenix, was on its way to the fire, dragged by a dozen or more men. In Hayne street an obstacle was met. A measemper from the Swamp Angel plunged into the earth directly in front of the men, and making a bole six feet wide and as many feet deep, baried itself in the ground. A half dozen men were precipitated into the excavation, and the engine, "Old Betsey," followed suit. The shell did not explode, however, and beyond several painful bruises nobody

While the men were getting the dust out of their aves and trying to lift up "Old Betsey" the "boom" which signified the advent of another messenger from the Swamp Angel was heard. Then every one stood still and listened. A few seconds after the boom came the peculiar and excruciating "whistle" which marked the passage of the messenger through the air. The whistle was not familfar. There was an indescribable something about it that made one shiver. It was not the old familiar percussion shell scream. A few moments later and the mystery was explained. Just as every one was "lying low," awaiting the crash, there was another expiosion very near, followed by a dozen baby screams and a dozen sharp reports, while a flesh of light illuminated the scene. Then it was realized that our friends, the enemy, wanted blood. It was a fuse shell, something which no man could dodge.

The advent of the fuse shell led to the com-Do, and from that time until the "Union the, and from that time until the "Union came in" that portion of the city was abandoned to the rabbits, the wild pigeons and the bets. Work on the fortification "breastworks" that had been started in Meeting, new Queen street, was abandoned, and although Fort Sumtor still beld out, the fate of Charleston seemed settled.—Charleston (3.

A WOMAN'S SONG.

She took her song to beauty's side, Where riches are and pomp and pride; There in the world amidst the crowd She found out hearts by sorrow bowed; And midst a dream of light and dress She saw the pain of loneliness. Her voice's magic held a tear. She made the weary ones draw near; And all the passions of the throng Were melted into peace by song!

She took her song along the street, And hushed the heat of passing feet; And tired tollers stopped to fill Their hearts with music at her will, She sang of rest for weary feet, Of sea moan and of meadows sweet; Her voice's pleadings stilled the air, And little children wept with her; So all their sorrow, grief and pain She softened into love again.

She took her song to those who rest Safe in the clasp of nature's breast, Amid the graves, along the shore, Washed with sait tears forevermore; And then she sang, How long! How long! Before we hear that perfect song-That angel hymn! That mystic strain. When those who loved shall love again, When life's long struggle shall be blest With music of eternal rest! -Clement Scott.

The Rights of Inventors. When an inventor brings out something that accomplishes a useful purpose not before accomplished, or does this better or more economically than it has been done, it is reasonably certain he has invented something in the value of which he has an interest. And this point is the one that is overlooked by those who declaim against the rights of in ventors in favor of some one who tried to do something similar twenty years before. The very fact that the party who tried first did not succeed is fairly good evidence that he did not make the invention. All recent construction of patent law is in favor of sustaining the inventor who accomplishes some thing, as against the man who has tried and failed, even though the means used are very similar. And this is justice and common sense. The patent laws are presumably in the interest of the public, and the public is interested in the inventor to exactly the extent that it is benefited by him. - American Machinist.

Tobacco Growing in England. Tobacco has been grown experimentally in England during the last year or two under a license, or something equivalent to it, from the inland revenue authorities. But a legal

journal contends that tobacco growing is absolutely illegal by statute. The truth seems to be that in the reign of Charles II two stat ntes were passed expressly forbidding to bacco culture in Great Britain, under a peualty of \$50, subsequently increased to \$200 per rod planted. These acts were framed solely for the benefit of the American colonies. - Boston Transcript.

A recent decision in Germany is worthy of record for the benefit of American telephone patrons. One unfortunate telephone user lost his temper at being kept waiting by the central office, and when explanations were made he told the telephone official per telephone to shut his gab and not lie about it. The court gave the merchant sixty marks fine and twelve days in jail as a warning against a libelous use of a scientific convenience,-Electrical Review.

An Enraged Hack Driver.

Jack Allprey has a large foot—a phenomenally large foot—wears No. 13 shoes—and he has also a phenomenally cool way of repudi-

"Ye don't owe me \$27" said an enraged hack driver to him the other day. "Ye don't, ye ch'atin' thafe? An' ye won't pay it, ye won't? Well, it's meself wishes I cud have the kickin' ov ye all aroun' the block wid your own fut!"-Harper's Bazar.

Artesian Weil Power.

Heavy machinery is now run by artesian well power in many parts of France, and the experience of the French show that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. The famous Grenelle well, sunk to the depth of 1,800 feet, and flowing daily some 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, the water being so hot that it is used for heating the hospitals. - New York Sun.

Method in Her Madness.

Bachelor (whom Brown has brought home to dinner)-Does your wife always kiss you, Brown, when you return from the office? Brown-Yes, always, never fails.

Bachelor (with a sigh) -Ah, it must be delightful to have a cozy home like this and a lovely little wife to greet you with a kiss. Brown (also with a sigh)-Yes, she kisses me to discover if I have been drinking any thing.-The Epoch.

Ahgad of the Doctor. Doctor-I'm afraid you don't take the

baby out doors often enough. Mother-Nonsense. She catches cold every time she goes out. I'm sick of this air bath "But, my dear madame, you know flowers

can't get along without sunshine"-"Well, flowers can't get along without wet feet, either."-Omaha World.

It Is in the Bible.

"You mustn't say 'feller,' Johnny, re marked that young gentleman's Sunday school teacher. "It isn't correct." "Well, I don't care, it's in the Bible!" exclaimed Johnny. "Isaigh xiv, 8: 'Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down no feller is come up against us."-Burlington Free

How to Be Happy. Jabber-Heilo, old man! Spring cleaning up at your house this week?

Jiber-No, not much! Jabber-No! How in the world do you get rid of the pesky thing? Jiber-Easy enough. We move into a new house on the first of May-Burlington Free

A Novel Movable Dam. A Pittsburg mechanical engineer has in rented a movable dam, by the use of which he claims a boating stage of water may be obtained in shallow rivers at all seasons of of the year. The invention has been exam ined by old river men and pronounced practicable. The inventor is 82 years old .- Frank

Preachers' Healing Power.

Flossie (aged 4)-Bobby, why do they call ministers, dectoral Bobby (a lad of considerable information) -'Cos they make folks better. -The Epoch.

A good piano player makes the best typewriter, but after six months' practice on the "writer" no girl can pick out a tune on the or two piano. She runs to "dear girs" and "yours trulys" instead of notes.

TASTE AS TO NAMES.

CONDITIONS ON WHICH THEIR GRACE AND BEAUTY DEPEND.

How a Commonplace Surname May Be Transfigured by a Happy Prefix-Parental Stupidity-Initials-Selection of Names for Children.

Tastes differ as to names, of course, and it is impossible to draw a line, with all the sheep on one side and all the goats on the other. Some people think that John and James are excellent names, while others consider them ugly and commonplace. Names like Charlotte and Clarence are admired by some and detested by others. But whatever disagreement as to particular names may exist, it will be found that there is very little difference of opinion as to the pleasant or unpleasant sound of any one's full title, be the same double, triple or quadruple in its construction.

The grace and beauty of a full name or title depend on certain uncompromising conditions. It should be rhythmical; it should not be tautological; it should contain a sufficient quantity of vowel and consonant sounds; it should be easily pronounceable; it should not suggest unpleasant associations. For example: (1.) Three long monosyllabic names in succession, like "John Paul Jones," are not as desirable as a combination of long and short quantities, like "Oliver Wendell Holmes." (2.) Tautological names, like "John Johnson" or "William Williams," are an abomination. (3.) "Ella Ellis" is too monoton ous; it would be better to name the child "Kate" or "Marian." (4.) "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" satisfies all the foregoing conditions, but it is not easily pronounced The words do not run together smoothly, as in "James Russell Lowell." (5.) "Benedict Arnold" sounds well, but no one would be apt to give that name to an infant.

SOFTENED BY A PREFIX.

Since these conditions are so obvious and so easy of fulfillment, and since the choice of names is so wide, the prevalence and per sistence of harsh, awkward names must be a constant source of wonder and disgust. Even when the surname is commonplace, as in the case of the noble army of "Smiths" and Browns," or even hopelessly uncouth, as in Potts" or "Hogg," it can be softened and transfigured by a happy prefix, just as ingen ious decorators beautify bare walls and un lovely articles of furniture. Thus "Sydney Smith" and "Goldwin Smith" and "Ballard Smith" are good names at least in this, that the "Smith" part is overshadowed and, as it were, eliminated by the prefixes, which are so uncommon that they engross the attention.

But many parents are so stupid about this that one would think they were hardly older than their babies. It is incredible that any Christian should be baptized "Judas Iscar iot," but I read the other day that one of Roscoe Conkling's ancestors rejoiced in the name "Ananias," What could have possessed the parents of that unfortunate individual to name him after the typical liar of all time! As well might they have called him "Apollyon" or "Beelzebub."

Again, the matter of initials comes in for consideration as a feature of minor, but still appreciable, importance. No matter how smooth or high sounding one's name may be, it will dull the edge of his self satisfaction if the initials spell some offensive word. The composer of "Pinafore" has a very pretty name-"Arthur Seymour Sullivan"-but he always drops the second of the three words, and a very brief investigation will show the

reason why. EUPHONIOUS AND WELL BALANCED. By all means let the children have euphonious, well balanced names. If the surname be short and abrupt, the baptismal names should be pollysyllabic and flowing, and vice versa. A true car and a just sense of proportion will insure a wise decision in every case. Keeping in mind the five conditions already mentioned, one will find, on further and more critical examination of the subject, that the best possible triple combinations, rhythmically, are either (1) a long monosyllable followed by a trochee (or spondee) and a dactyl, or (2) a dactyl, followed by a trochee (or spondee) and a long monosyllable. In other words, if the surname be a monosyllable, it is well for the first name to be of three syllables, and the second name of two syllables; but if the surname be a dactyl it is best led up to by a monosyllabic first name and a dissyllabic second name. Of the second combination "Oliver Wendell Holmes" is a splendid example, coinciding with all the requisite conditions, while excellent specimens of the first combination are found in "Ralph Waldo Emerson" and "John Greenleaf Whittier," which may be considered practically perfect names, satisfying the demands of proportion and rhythm, containing an agreeable variety of vowel sounds, and being sufficiently smooth in pronunciation, while not deficient in strength, which should pertain to sayary

masculine appellation. Trochaic surnames, which are the most numerous of all, are not so easily balanced as the foregoing. Three trochees in a line is a frequent combination, and not a had one, by any means. Thus, "Edmund Clarence Sted man," is a very good name, viewed from all points; but rhythmically "Frank Dempster Sherman" and "George William Curtis" may seem a little more satisfactory. Certain comtinations are conspicuously awkward, as, for example, the three successive monosyllables already alluded to, in the case of "John Paul Jones;" a dactyl followed by an iambus, as "Frederic Eugane," and a dactyl followed by a monosyllable and a trochee, as "Theodore Dwight Woolsey." It will be found desirable as a general thing, by the way, to select a word of two syllables for the middle name.— New York Commercial Advertiser,

The Barber in Germany.

The German barber on his native heath differs radically from the German barber with American improvement. In the ordinary provincial town of Germany a man is geated in a cane bottomed chair, without head rest or foot rest. His head is tipped back in such a manner that the chair back cuts his neck just above the collar. The barber turns out a small soup plate full of water, in which floats a piece of soap. A small semicircular gouge in the rim of the plate is fitted to the customer's Adam's apple, and his face

is rubbed vigorously with the stick of soap till a sufficient lattier has been produced. The shaving proper is performed with more of the proverbial Teutonic deliberation. A few more hasty strokes on either cheek, a few more on the throat and chin, and the man has been shaved. A little along is applied where the blood has started, the soup plate is again used to aid in a rather superficial wash, the customer pays his two and a half cents and leaves. There is no bay rum, no brushing the hair without extra charge, and no brushing the coat. Foreigners, however, often receive these comforts by paying a cent

Shaving at a shop rarely costs more than three cents, and often only one and a half. Barbers are to be found in every provincial Steel, when hardened, decreases in specific town who are willing to go to a customer's town who are willing to go to a customer's town who are willing to go to a customer's town who are willing to go to a customer's town who are willing to go to a customer's town who are willing to go to a customer's town who are willing to go to a customer's A STORY OF BLACKMAIL.

Experience of a Centleman Who "Came Down" and Got Out. A gentleman who was staying at a hotel in

Saratoga was one morning passing down a corridor which led from his room, when a lady who stood in the door of her room accosted him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me the time?" He looked at her and Judged her to be a respectable and inoffensive person.
"It is 10:30," he replied, consulting his

The woman turned back into her chamber, but instantly wheeled about again.

"I am very sorry to trouble you," she said, "but my clock is stopped, and I do not know bow to set it. I have an important engage ment in about an hour, and I shall be extremely obliged if you will set it for me."

The gentleman kindly and rashly acceded to her request and stepped into the chamber On the mantel stood an ordinary traveling clock. He went up to it, took out his water again and laid it on the shelf, while he proeceded to set the clock. The lady fellowed him and picked up the time piece.

"What a beautiful watch," she said. "Yes," he answered, turning away from the clock. "It is an heirloom," "I think," the woman observed, "that I will

keep this watch." And as she spoke she showed him in the other hand the key of the door, which she had noiselessly closed and locked. He looked at her a moment in silence, "Very well," he said, holding out his hand

She tucked the watch into the bosom of her gown and gave him the key, smiling serencly. He opened the door and the

"Upon second thought," he said, with unruffled coolness, "I think I will redeem the watch. It is an beirloom, and I am fond of it." "Yes?" she responded,

"I will give you \$50 for it," be said, taking out his pocketbook. "Very well," replied the adventuress, pro-

ducing the watch. He gave her the money, took the watch, and departed a poorer but possibly a wiser

When this tale was recited at the club the gentleman who told it related it as an ad venture which had befallen a friend of his When he ended some one asked:

"But why in the name of common sense didn't be ring the bell or kick up a row?" "He knew better," responded the narrator, with a smile. "He was locked alone into a chamber with a daring and abandoned woman, who would have fought to the last

gasp It was worth more than \$50 to him to escape the scandal." "That is all very well," observed another clubman, "but if he had looked the baggage in the face and calmly ejaculated 'Oh, rats!

she would have come down quickly enough. Which may be true. I am not an expert in such matters, but it does on the whole mailed are either victims of foolish coward ice or are conscious that there is that in their

Admiral Porter's Life and Ways.

David D Porter, is 74. His father, brother and uncle distinguished themselves following the flag on the seas. Admiral Porter began his life on the water sixty-four years ago, when, as a boy only 9 years of age, he sailed with his father in the expedition against the West Indian pirates. At 14 years of age be was a midshipman in the Mexican navy; at 15 he was wounded and captured by the Spanish and imprisoned in a Cuban castle, and at 16 he was a midshipman in the United the Mexican war as a lieutenant, he saw the limbe will first and last gun fired in the civil war, and cent off. became the second admiral in all American history, Farragut being the first to achieve that supreme rank. He investigated San Domingo for the United States government when he was only 27, and rode 1,700 miles on horseback. Jefferson Davis, as speratury of war under Franklin Pierce, sent Porter to Asia, where he bought eighty-four camels that the government thought would be use-

ful to the army on the western plains, The admiral's face never felt the razor but once, and when he reported for duty in the war with Mexico the commander of the fleet, Commodore Couners, swore that no officer with the "whiskers of a pirate" should sail under him. Neither the army nor the navy had ever seen another officer with a full headquarters in Washington are fitted up like on admiral's cabin aboard ship, but Porter has nothing to do. He is a voluminous writer of romance and amuses himself with his pen. He can compose and dictata 1,000 words an hour. He neither drinks por smokes,-Wash. Cor. Boston Globe.

Written in Sober Enraest. The past week has been one of unusual excitement in town over a fraces in journalistic circles. Mr. Climie seems to have applied to himself one or more paragraphs that appeared in our last issue, and on Friday last he followed as into Messra. Murduch's grocary store and asked us to whom they were meant to apply. We refused to comply with his request, saying that we wanted nothing to do with him, or words to that offeet. At ter a vain attempt to draw a satisfactory an upon us from behind, and dealt us a blow or the ear. We turned to defend ourself, and received another blow on the left tample, We then "went for him," and after a brief scuffle got his head "in chancery," as our counsel termed it. We had on our overcost and gloves when attacked, being too ill shas day to work and was going home to go to bed. We had been under the doctor's care for the previous three weeks, and was suffering at the time with a violent attack of sick | headache, in addition to a more serious all ment, so that we were not in fighting "fettle." After we had got his head under our arm and his wrists as firmly gripped as our strength would permit, we said to the on-lookers, "Gentlemen, I am sick today seed do not want to fight." We were than parted by Mr. T. Bursews, of Hampton, and Mr. John Irwin. - Bowmanville Canadian States-

Scrub Woman on the Stage,

As an addition to funny incidents on the stage you should bear about the scrub woman who made her debut in "Martha" the other night. It was in the forest scene. The main part of the costume of the new character was an old red shawl, and her general appearance left no doubt about her duties. She thought she was walking across the stage behind a scene, but she was in full view of the tittering playgoers, who made the singer blush and falter because he thought they were laughing at him. The stage manager and his assistants on both sides said in subdued yells, "Come off;" but the poor tewil-dered woman didn't know where to turn, and in trying to go all directions at once, stood still. The audience recalled the singer afterward, in order to reassure him that he was |

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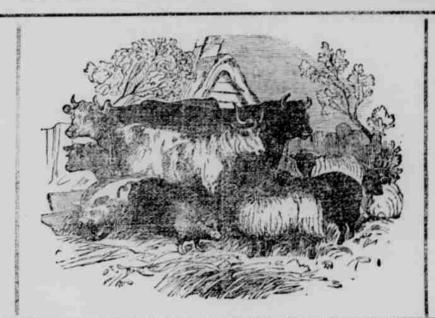
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SALE!



As I have sold my farm and have a lot of horses, cows, pigs and seem probable that most men who get black | farming mensils that have to be sold, I offer them at public sale on

pust records which makes it wise for them to avoid investigation.—Boston Cor. Providence BEIDAY, JUNE 1st, '88, Journal.

The chief officer of the navy, Admiral at 10 o'clock a, m., at my farm, three miles west of Plattsmouth. The following is a partial list: Six fresh milch cows, twenty cows and heifers, two Polangus heifers, one yearling Polangus bull, thirteen breeding sows, two broode mares, four work horses, two ccarling colts, one single buggy, one set of single harness, spring wagon, hay racks, harrows, bob-sleds, mowing machines, seeder, stock cutters and corn shellers, a large number of chickens, and a number of articles too numerous to mention. All have got to be sold,

TERMS; All sums under \$10, cash, all sums over that amount, States navy. Having already gone through time will be given at 10 per cent with good security. For cash, 5 per

WIM. NEVILLE.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

beard, but Porter insisted on his prerogative and sailed with his whiskers unclipped. His beadquarters in Washington are fifted by 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

ter a vain attempt to draw a satisfactory answer from us, be made a cowardly attack Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

> of this year and would keep apace with the times should

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

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

PLATISMOUTH.

NEBRASKA.