#### THE GERMAN SOLDIERY.

HOW THE ARMY OF THIS MILITARY COUNTRY IS CONSTITUTED.

a Million Armed Men Always Ready for Service-Every Man a Soldier-Hou

The German boy who reaches the age of 17 becomes liable to service in the army, and this liability continues until he is 42. If he is not fit for active service he is relegated to a reserve force not called out unless there is danger of in-vasion. For nearly his whole active life, therefore, the German lives in a species of military servitude that hampers him should he desire to emigrate, and may be full of petty annoyances to him if he

Under ordinary circumstances the German lad steps into the ranks at the age of 20. For three years he serves with the colors, the next four years he is in the reserve, and the following five years he belongs to the Landwehr, another reserve more remote than the first. Of these twelve years the first three are occupied entirely in severe military work. The most stupid peasant under a system so thorough as Ger-many's must be stupid beyond recovery if he does not turn out an alert, obedient and well trained soldier. From the time he takes his oath of allegiance to his military superior, the kaiser, he renounces the civil responsibilities and rights of a citizen. With the loss of his vote he is taught that the sooner he forgets political matters the better for him as a soldier. His life is completely engrossed with barrack routine and military ideas. His only law is the law of court martial; his only duty is to obey without ques-tion, and the interpreter of his duty is the captain of his company.

With the putting on of his uniform he

becomes one of an army which in times of peace numbers 468,409 men, thoroughly equipped, admirably trained and ready to follow their officers anywhere, from the storming of a Russian redoubt to charging a mob of workingmen on strike. The soldier of the German empire ceases to be a Bavarian a Wurtemberger or a Saxon when he steps into the ranks. His military service is personal to the emperor, from whom he receives his orders, to the exclusion of all others. to the emperor, from whom he receives his orders, to the exclusion of all other authority. Everything that he sees and hears in the army is calculated to impress upon his mind that his particular state and its particular public men are of very little consequence compared with an emperor who has absolute power over an army such as he belongs to. He also learns that fidelity to his duties as a well as sure

telegraph or postolice service, possibly

on the police force.

The peace footing of the German army.

468,409, becomes in time of war a fighting force of nearly 1,500,000, commanded by 35,427 officers. A careful estimate made by Hugo Hinze in The Berlin Nation of Jan. 14, 1888, shows that Germany has today 3,264,000 men trained to arms between the ages of 17 and 45. The experience of the Franco-German war has taught that to every 1,000 men there should be at least 24.5 officers in the active army and reserve, and from 20 to 21.7 to the 1,000 in the less responsible reserves called Landsturm and Ersatz-truppen—troops designed to provide home defense only. On this scale the German fighting force calls for at least 77,253 officers, making a grand total fighting force of 3,341,253—an army greater in numbers than the population of all the United States when it became ing force of nearly 1,500,000, commanded 77,253 officers, making a grand total fighting force of 3,341,253—an army greater in numbers than the population of all the United States when it became

greater in numbers than the population of all the United States when it became an independent power a century ago. To this must be added 27,000 more who are surgeons, paymasters, veterinaries, armorers, saddlers, officials of various kinds and 312,000 horses.

To raise the peace footing of the army, to treble its size in twenty-four hours, the most careful system is observed. Officials in every nook and corner of the empire know exactly where they can find every able bodied man who has served his first three years and is now therefore in the reserve. Then they know just how many uniforms and accounterments are needed and where they can put their fingers on them at a moment's notice.

Tribune has been at the pains of collecting statistics about them, and it finds that they can accurately be divided into the four following classes:

Remarried within a year, 75 per cent.; waiting for an offer, 10 per cent.; fallen into evil ways, 10 per cent.; fallen into evil ways, 10 per cent.; devoted to celibacy, 5 per cent.

These figures have been compiled from a comparison of the divorce lists with the marriage registers; from the statements of judges, justices of the peace, clergymen, lawyers and court officials, and from personal inquiry among those who have been divorced. They can be accepted as fairly and substantially correct.—Chicago Tribune. fingers on them at a moment's notice. These well drilled officials besides know

ber at 6:30 o'clock of the same day. This order he received exactly three hours before the troops were to arrive and had no other warning.

The 2.800 men came, had their coffee, and were off. At 6:30 came another detachment of 2.800 men. These were served with a dinner, consisting of boiled mutton, broth and vegetables, all boiled in fourteen huge pots, kept for the purpose close to the station. Each of these pots cooks enough for 200 men at one time, so that with fourteen such the dinner for that with fourteen such the dinner for

that with fourteen such the dinner for 2,800 can be served up in a short time after the materials are produced.

When, therefore, the order comes from the emperor that the troops are to be ready for the frontier, every able bodied man in the country between the age of 17 and 42 knows exactly what is expected of him; the provision trains with extra horses spring up as if by magic; uniform, weapons and forage appear from convenient places of concealment so rapidly and effectively that one almost suspects that the part has been rehearsed many times.

times.

people respond to the demands made upon them by their kaiser.

In spite of all this, however, there is much in this huge military organization that fosters cruelty or other unnatural feeling. The fact that 16 per cent. of the suicides tabulated by the government are in the army is in itself very extraordinary. Do we ever hear of suicides at West Point or Woolwich, or any other well managed training institution? Why should the German army furnish any appreciable quota to the general result. It is hard for us to appear this.—Fortisets.

A Captive for Thirteen Years.

Miss Jessie Lacomber, who is making a short visit to this city, says The San Francisco Call, has a romantic history. She is the stepdaughter of Gen. Lagreato, a retired Mexican officer, who became a citizen of the United States many years

Miss Josie was stolen from her parents in 1871 by the Banitto tribe of Indians of northern Idaho. For thirteen years her parents were unaware of her whereabouts, and many times had given her up for dead. The matter was brought to the attention of the United States government and a search begun. Gen. Sheridan was the man selected to look up the case, and after a protracted investigation, in which the department at Washington expended many thousands of dollars, and during which many lives were lost, she was rescued Aug. 7, 1884. The guide whom Gen. Sheridan employed during his search was the famous Dosh Kensington, a great Indian scout and frontiersman.

Miss Lacomber is a woman perhaps 26 years of age, and although giving no evidence of careful education, is quite intelligent, and is not in any wise reticent about relating the history of her cap-

tivity.

When she arrived at the age of 13 one of the chiefs of the Banittos decided that he would make her his wife. She indignantly refused, declaring that she wished

nantly refused, declaring that she wished to go back to her parents.

In order to force her to marry the copper colored captain the Indians resorted to easy methods of torture, but, finding it impossible, gradually increased the dose. As evidence of the ordeal which she suffered Miss Lacomber now exhibits sixteen wounds, the result of knife grashes on her person. Finding they gashes, on her person. Finding they could not prevail upon her to comply, the barbarians forsook their brutal methods, and for the remainder of her stay con-tented themselves with keeping a strict

watch upon her movements.

After being rescued Miss Lacomber went to her home only to find that her father had been killed by Mexicans along the Rio Grande for participating in clear-ing some renegades from Texas.

American Song Writers.

The most successful of all living populearns that fidelity to his duties as a soldier is one of the few as well as sure means of securing later in life a position in that great class of men whose salaries come from the taxes of the people and whose appointments hang upon the favor of the government.

Every soldier dreams of the day when he shall possibly be promoted as noncomeniasioned officer, and at the end of his term be given a berth in the railway, telegraph or postoffice service, possibly been a glorious triumph for a less forbeen a glorious triumph for a less fortunate composer, Mr. Hays has made a host. Prominent among these are "I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers," "The Moon Is Out To-night, Love," and

Too Much for the Indian,

every horse in their district, what he can do, and what he can be impressed for; they have a record of all the farm wagons that may be needed on the march; they have minute information as to the whereabouts of every truss of hay or bag of oats, as well as every pig, cow. or calf that might be needed.

To illustrate: Not long ago (1888) at a certain small town on the main line between Berlin and Metz the station master, who is also the head of the mobilizing district, received an order to prepare coffee for 2,800 men at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and dinner for an equal number at 6:20 o'clock of the same day. This order he received exactly three saveges, who, not understanding that kind of fighting, took to their heels.

Afterward one of them was captured, and when asked by Sheridan why he ran,

replied:

"Me big Injun, not afraid of little or big guns, but when white man fires whole jackass at Injun, he don't know what to do."—New York Tribune.

A French Bill Sykes,

A most dangerous species of Bill Sykes has been arrested, together with a ferocious mastiff which he owned, by the Paris police. The malefactor was the terror of the Ternes district, and his terror of the Ternes district, and his specialty in crime was to prowl around the neighborhood at night and set his dog at the throats of belated wayfarers. The mastiff only knew and obeyed his master, and at a word from that worthy would fly at the throat of a passer by, and never relax his hold until the pockets of his victim had been completely rifled. The latest victim was a government employe, who has almost succumbed to the injuries which he received from the dog. Sykes, who was known by the appropriate name of "The Butcher," has been infely lodged in the depot, and his enormous dog will be shot after the condemnation of its master.—Paris Cor. London Telegram.

AN ANGRY ELEPHANT.

A STORY TOLD BY JAMES INGLIS IN "TENT LIFE IN TIGER LAND."

Breaking a Victim's Skull on His Knee. Hurled Into a River with Stew Pan in Hand-Rushing Into the Jungle-Sensations of Suffocation

"Tent Life in Tiger Land," by the Hon. James Inglis, is the best book of hunting adventure we have seen for many a long day. Imagine Allan Quatermain in real life, and you have Mr. Inglis. His stories of what he and his friends actually did in the jungles of an Indian frontier district outdo in graphic power and exciting adventure anything that Mr. Rider Haggard has imagined. Mr. Inglis is a trifle prolix, but his pages will simply be devoured by boys, and read with eager interest by children of a larger growth. The story of the hunter impaled on the horns of à buffalo bull and carried about for days until the rotting flesh dropped marget eaten from ting flesh dropped maggot eaten from the bull's horns is one of the most grewsome horrors ever printed in the English

Here is a sample of one of Mr. Inglis' stories describing the escape of one of the author's friends from the attack of a must elephant:

"Run, run, sahibs—the tusker has gone 'must,' or mad. He has broken

We all started to our feet. George had just gone down to the bank of the river to where the cooking was going on, which lay nearer the mad elephant's picket. By this time the terror stricken servants were flying in all directions. The huge brute, with infinite cunning, had all along been making mighty efforts to wrench up the stake to which he was bound. This at last he succeeded in doing. With the first desperate bound, or lurch forward, the heavy ankle chains, frayed and worn in one link, had snapped asunder; and with the huge stake trailing behind him he charged down on the camp with a shrill trumpet-ing scream of maddened excitement and savage fury. The men with the spears waited not for the onset.

THE DESTROYER AT WORK. One poor fellow, bending over his pot of rice trying to blow the smoldering embers of his fire into a flame, was seized by the long flexible trunk of the infuriated brute, and had but time to utter the terrible death scream which had startled us ere his head was smashed like an egg shell on the powerful knee of the maddened monster. He next made a rush at the horses, that, excited and frightened by the clamor around them, were straining at their ropes, and buried his long blunt tusks in the quivering flanks of one poor Caboolee horse that had struggled in vain to get free.

All this was the work of a moment. Poor George, who was bending over some stewpan, wherein was simmering some delicacy of his own concoction, was not aware of the suddenly altered aspect of affairs till the huge towering bulk of the elephant was almost over him. Another instant, and he would have shared the fate of the hapless mahout had he not, with admirable presence of mind, delivered the hissing hot stew, with quick dexterity and precision, full in the gaping mouth of the furious brute. His next sensation, however, was that of flying through the air, as the brute with one swing of its mighty trunk, propelled one swing of its mighty trunk, propelled him on his aerial flight, and he fell sonse in the middle of the stream, with the saucepan still tightly clutched in his

Over the river we could see the infernal brute who had thus scattered us in a perfect frenzy of rage, kneeling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture, poles and ropes, and digging his tusks with savage fury into the hangings and cansavage fury into the hangings and canvas in the abandonment of mad, uncontrollable rage. We had little doubt but that poor Mac lay crushed to death, smothered beneath the weight of the ponderous animal, or mangled out of all likeness to humanity by the terrible tusks that we could see flashing in the clear moonlight. It seemed an age, this agony of suspense. We held our breaths, and dared not look into each other's face. Everything showed as clear as if it had been day. We saw the elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about as a dog would worry a door mat. Thrust after thurst was made by the tusks into the folds of cloth. Raising his huge trunk, the brute would scream in the frenzy of his wrath, and at last, after what seemed an age to us, but which in reality was an age to us, but which in reality was but a few minutes, he staggered to his feet and rushed into the jungle.

IN A VERY TIGHT PLACE. Just then a smothered groan struck like the peal of joy bells on our anxious ears and a mufiled voice from beneath the folds of the shamiana in Mac's well known tones groaned out: "Look alive, you fellows, and get me out of this or I'll be smothered!"

I'll be smothered!"

In trying to get out of the way of the first rush of the elephant his foot had caught in one of the tent ropes, and the whole falling canopy had then come bodily upon him, hurling the camp table and a few cane chairs over him. Under these he had lain, able to breathe, but not daring to stir, while the savage beast had behaved as has been described. His escape had been miraculous. The cloth had several times been pressed so close over his face as nearly to stifle him. The brute in one of its savage, purposeless brute in one of its savage, purposeless thrusts had pierced the ground between his arms and his ribs, pinning his Afghan choga or dressing gown deep into the earth; and he said he felt himself sinking into unconsciousness, what with ten-sion of nerve and brain and semi-suffocation together, when the brute had hap-pily got up and rushed off. "How did you feel?" I asked.

"How did you feel?" I asked.
"Well, I can hardly tell you."
"It must have grazed your ribs."
"It did. After that I seemed to turn quite unconcerned. All sorts of funny ideas came trooping across my brain. I couldn't for the life of me help feeling cautiously about for my pipe, which had dropped somewhere near when I tripped on the ropes. I seemed, too, to have a quick review of all the actions I had ever done, and was just dropping off into a dreamy uncoasciousness, after pulling a desperate race against Oxford with my old crew, when your voices roused me to old crew, when your voices roused me to sensation once more,"—Pall Ma'l Gazette.

Never to Go Again.

The married are longer lived than the single, and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall racen live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their them the clock was stopped, and it has been reconstructed to the death of Washington, not generally known, may be stated. The day after his death the clock in the Masonic lodge in Alexandria, of which he was a member, was set at the hour and minute of his demise, the clock was stopped, and it has been reconstructed to the death of Washington, not generally known, may be stated. The day after his death the clock in the Masonic lodge in Alexandria, of which he was a member, was set at the hour and minute of his demise, and the clock was stopped, and it has been reconstructed.

A SINGULAR HEATHEN.

His Appearance Made Him the Victim of

the Beggars Who Saw Him. A distinguished looking man, who called himself a heathen, was an object of considerable interest at the Fifth Avenue hotel. As he stood at the hotel entrance chatting on the subject of humanity and its shortcomings a ragged, shivering sot staggered along the street. "If that drunken wretch sees me," he said, "he will ask me for money. I am a victim. I look good natured, prosperous and, they tell me, generous. Beggars are wonderfully acute in their knowledge of human nature. They flatter me by making me a victim. I had not been here an hour before one singled me out. I made him give me his entire his-tory, and learned that he came of an excellent family in Tennessee. I telegraphed to his people, informing them of his condition, and obtained an or-der to commit him to the inebriate asylum at Fort Hamilton. He had been in the hands of the Christian as-sociation, but they had lost patience with him. The truth is, they were trying to ram Christianity down his throat with a crowbar. Your Christians having lost patience, I deter-mined to show them what a heathen could do. The man gave me the slip, but I have put a detective on his track, and when found he goes up for six months, which, I think, will cure him." He had scarcely finished speaking when the shivering sot, passing a dozen well dressed, well fed, prosperdozen well dressed, well fed, prosperous looking men, approached the
heathen and asked for money to
get a night's lodging. "Ah, ha,"
laughed the latter, "what did I
tell you?" I am a victim. I
was born thus. My father's weakness was his liberality. "Why do you
ask me for money?" he added, addressing the tramp. "'Cause-er I sees-er,
I sees-er-er-hic-'scuse me-'cause I kin
see that you are a-a gen'leman'n er sees-er-er-hic-'scuse me-'cause I kin see that you are a-a gen'leman 'n er scholar, 'n you look-er-like's if you wanted to gimme sump-zump'n." He departed happy—in search of another drink. Two minutes later a white haired cripple was knocking at the door. And the door was opened. "These fellows must become burdensome" remarked a hystender. densome," remarked a bystander. "Never," the heathen replied. "I have plenty to eat, drink and wear, a good home for my wife and daughter. My religion is the brotherhood of man. I am opposed to the laying up of great fortunes. I prefer to distribute my surplus with my own hand rather than leave it for somebody to squabble over."-New York Tribune.

A Cute Correspondent.

When Agnes Booth was in Chicago as Mrs. Schoeffel, her husband was on the door up stairs at McVicker's one night, when a young man presented himself, and asked that the privileges of the house be extended by reason of the young man's position as correspondent of some eastern newspaper. Mr. Schoeffel said he could not recognize the young man to that extent. "I desire to know who you are, sir," said the correspondent; "I'll attend to you in my paper." "My name is Schoeffel, sir; John B. Schoeffel, You can have my name, and be — to you, sir." "I didn't hear the name aright," said the among the tickets, and over it was written "pass two." The correspon-dent had utilized the autograph at the box office. - San Francisco Argonaut.

Fine Looking Dakota Indians.

The Dakotas furnish fine specimens of Indian manhood. The older ones of both sexes are of a dark copper color; the younger ones are much lighter, and the young women are quite comely, of clear complexion and good color, but often much overlaid with red and yellow ocher. The young buck's dress consists of beaded mocca-sins and breeches fringed with buck-skin, a government shirt, coat and

to understand from Europe. In Lon-don they have a system by which the reduction of the price of gas is a pay-ing matter to the company. They have a law which permits these com-panies to raise the dividend for every reduction of price to the consumers, In order to pay a dividend of 13 per cent. one of the largest gas companies has announced that the price of gas will be reduced from Jan. 1 to 61 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. With us it is different; the higher the dividend which a company wishes to pay the more the consumers have to bleed. —Cincinnati

Female Education.

Drilliant talents, graces of person and a continual habit of displaying these advantages, is all that is aimed at in the education of girls. The virtues that make domestic life happy, the sober and useful qualities that make a moderate fortune and a retired situation comfortable, are never incul-cated. One would be left to imagine, by the common modes of female edu-cation, that life consisted of one unversal holiday, and that the only contest was, who shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it.—Religious

The five neaviest hammers in the world were built in the following order: Krupp, at Essen, 1867, 40 tons; Terni Works, Italy, 1873, 50 tons; Creusot, France, 1877, 80 tons; Cockerill, Belginm, 1886, 100 one, and Krupp, Espine, 1886,

### WINTER IS COMINR!

10 ON'T you know it? Of course you do and you will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.

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PEARLMAN,

# didn't hear the name aright," said the young man. "Schoeffel, sir; J-o-h-n, John Schoeffel," "Write it for me; I want to get it right," thundered the correspondent. Mr. Schoeffel wrote the name on a card and almost flung it in the correspondent's face. That night, when the "count up" was going on, Mr. Schoeffel found his autograph among the tickets and over it was going on the tickets and over it was going to the tickets and over it was going the tickets and over it was going to the tickets and the tickets are the tickets and the tickets and the tickets are the tickets

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

-LATEST STYLES OF-

#### WINDOWCURTAINS

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

SIXTH STREET, BET. MAIN AND VINE.

# skin, a government shirt, coat and hat, though many go bareheaded. The hair is coarse and black and is generally worn by both sexes in two long braids down the back, each braid usually decorated with beads and wampum. They are naturally at home on their horses, the women riding straddle as do the men.—Detroit louves!

### With Us It Is Different. How a state has to deal with corporations is an art which we must learn to understand from Events. DIAMONDS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY

That Frank Carruth & Son has before purchasing Christmas Presents. Prices are such that it would not pay to cross the street, let alone going to Omaha, this year. All they ask is

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#### A LITTLE CASH

Will go farther this year than ever before. Don't Fail to call and see the Display of fine goods.

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