THE HERALD.

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THERE are five thousand women employed in the Government departments at Washington.

THE first steamboat on the Mississippi River was the New Orleans, built at Pittsburg in 1811 by Nicholas J. Roosevelt, from plans furnished by Robert Fulton.

Some statistician has figured out that for the annual nourishment of 15,-000,000 cows and 12,000,000 horses there is needed 30,000,000 tons of hay, 90,000,000 bushels of ccrameal, the same of oatmeal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran and 30,-000,000 bushels of corn, at a cost of \$450,000,000.

Two young men in Iowa dressed up as ghosts and made a call at the house of a man who had always said that he believed he should drop dead at the sight of a spook. Queerly enough however, the effect was quite contrary, and he pitched into the boys and hammered them almost to death before he discovered that they were flesh and blood.

THE most celebrated modern library is the Bibliotheque Imperiale of Paris. It was commenced in the middle of the fourteenth century with ten volumes, and has been augmented by subsequent kings to the enormous number of 1,-100,000 printed volumes, 150,000 manuscrips, 300,000 maps, 300,000 pamphlets, 130,000 engravings and 150,000 numismatic specimens.

A HISTORIAN who is compiling the letters, messages, speeches, etc., of President Lincoln for publication has finished a search of the records of the executive office of Ohio. But one autograph letter was found. It is dated April 23, 1864, and accepts the offers of the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin to furnish 85,000 troops for 100 days' service.

THE most aristocratic society of women in this country is the recently formed "Colonial Dames of America," composed of women who are descendants in their own persons of some citizen who established his residents in America prior to 1776, and rendered worthy service in the building up of our country. The objects of the society are social, patriotic and historical.

A STONE coffin in a tomb in Canterbury Cathedral on being opened was found to contain the body of an ancient archbishop, fully vested. It is thought to be that of Cardinal Stephen Langton, who sided with the barons in extorting Magna Charta fom King John. Although buriedfsix centuries ago, the features were still perfect and the vestments quite sound.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON, of New York, has completed a book that consists of a single copy that never will be duplicated. It is one of 101 quarto pages of imitation parchment, with every word an illustration of the story of the author's experiences with rod and gun on lake and in field and camp, done with his pen or brush. It was prepared by Mr. Holberton for his children.

It is calculated that for \$5,000 Wordsworth's old home, "Dove Cottage," could be acquired and put in perfect order, and a vigorous effort has been made in England to procure subscriptions for this purpose. The committee lately organized propose to make of the place a permanent Wordsworth Memorial, managing and maintaining it in the manner carried out in the Shakspeare trust at Stratford.

A FAMOUS physician says that bread should never be eaten with fish, because the presence of the former during mastication often prevents the detection of bones in the food until one is fairly lodged in the throat. Bread is never served with fish at his own table, nor does he allow the members of his family ever to eat them together. In eight cases out of ten death from the lodgment of bones in the throat, he delares, the accident has been made possible by the presence of bread in the mouth while fish was eaten.

WHILE boring for water near Bowling Green, Ky., Ebenezer Cathcart struck a well of fragrant oil. It is so clear as to be nearly transparent, of a beautiful pale pink color, and, while entirely odorless when cold, if heated emits a most delicious odor, resembling somewhat attar of roses. An experiment was tried with a small quantity to test its burning properties, when it was found to burn slowly but steadily, giving a soft, clear flame, shedding a faint rose-colored light, and filling the air with a penetrating fragrance.

MISS KELLY, of New Westminster, B. C., imagined that she had broken her leg by a sudden movement of her limb. Doctors were called in and brain, causing instant death. The tusk could discover no break, but decided to | was over four feet lon g.

open an abscess which had developed GHOST OF LONE ROCK. near the supposed break. On an incision being made, a large-sized darning needle was found, the point of which penetrated the bone. The needle was removed and the young lady is rapidly recovering. She has been lame since childhood, and it is supposed the needle entered the foot then and gradually worked up to where it was found.

LONDON Industries says that "a very common impression is that Hong Kong is only a mercantile emporium or center for the distribution of merchan dise all over China and neighboring countries. It is, however developing into an industrial center of considerable importance. It has now three large sugar refineries, which have practically monopolized the trade of refined sugar in China and Japan. There are factories for icemaking and ropemaking; there is also a company which has a large establishment for supplying bricks and cement."

In the happy days to come, electricsystem and enable the home worker once more to compete on living terms with great aggregations of capital.

"What's the news about the kentry?"

"Well, boys, "setun down its with the home worker of the home worker once more to compete on living terms with great aggregations of capital.

"Well, boys, "setun down its with the home worker of the home worker once we have about the kentry?"

Hes the weddin' kum to pass?

Fer you know I'm quite a stranger,

"Tis six months or more since we Last gathered here together, In this pleasant hostelry!" ity will break up the present factory with great aggregations of capital. Great steam engines will undoubtedly become generally the sources of power in large cities, and will send out the electric wire in every corner of the town. helping the sewing woman at her machine, the weaver at his pattern loom, the mechanic at his engine lathe, giving every house the mechanical aids needed in the kitchen, the laundry, the elevator, and at the same time giving light, and possibly heat, in liberal quantity and intensity.

I HAVE known men to carry about unmeaning relics in my time, but Joe Gasper, a member of the Indianapolis Council, has a watch-charm which is enough to give some people the horrors, says a Vandalia conductor. Several years ago he had two of his toes amputated, and he preserved them in alcohol. The bottle was accidentally broken, and Joe threw the toes into a pox in his garret. Not long since he ran across the toes and found they were mummified completely. Though greatly shrunken, their forms were still perfect. He had them mounted in gold in unique designs, and now wears them as pendants to his watch chain, and claims that the strange charm has brought him good luck.

Just before starting out for a drive in Forest Park, Mr. Valentine Setting, a St. Louis jeweler, induced his wife to put his savings, \$4,605, in her stocking. This sum was the accumulation of years, and he had little faith in banks, and feared to leave it in the house during his absence. During the ride, the money felt uncomfortable in Mrs. Setting's stocking, and she took out the package and placed it at the bottom of a paper bag containing oranges, and which she carried in her hands. As they passed through the park, the couple ate the oranges, and when the last one was gone, threw the bag away, losing sight of the fact that it contained all the money they had in the world. They did not discover their loss until late in the evening, and all attempts to find the package proved unavailing.

How Long will a human body remain in the earth before it decays until it cannot be distinguished from the surrounding clays is a question as yet undecided by the scientists. Much depends upon the character of the soil and the different elements of which it is composed. In countries abounding in limestone, or, again, in regions thoroughly saturated with alkaline waters, human flesh will retain a natural color and firmness for an indefinite period of time. The bogs of Ireland have yielded up bodies fresh and natural as life that had been buried in their slimy depths for centuries. It is said to be an historical fact that the bodies of three Roman soldiers were found in a peat bog on the Emerald Isle, in the vear 1569 A. D., fresh and life-like, although they had been buried almost sixteen centuries.

THE Sumterville (Fla.) Times tells a remarkable story in connection with phosphate excitement. It says that several persons have been drowned in the Withlacooche River while diving for hidden treasures. A colored man named Abrams is the last victim, and his case is a very peculiar one. A party was sounding the bottom of the Withlacooche for phosphate, and when an extraordinary bone or tooth was discovered Abrams would dive down and bring it up. At last he saw a very large bone and dived for it, but remained at the bottom. Waiting a few moments and seeing his body at the bottom, grappling hooks were obtained by his comrades and his body was brought to the surface. As he came up a huge horn or tusk was seen sticking out to the surface. horn or tusk was seen sticking out of his head. Upon examination it was found that, in diving, he had struck head first a huge elephant's tusk that was standing on the river's bed in an upwas standing on th horn or tusk was seen sticking out of right position. It had pierced his

A Grandfather's Story. BY CLARA M. HOWARD.



West by good old 'Zekiel Parr,' Was one, a sturdy feller, 'Who often kem thet way on his way tew Noo York City With loads of grain, and hav.

I kin see him now before me, As he stood that stormy night As he stood thet stormy night Sippin' at his glass o' cider. In the firelight, warm and bright His hair was brown an' wavy, His eyes an honest blue; His smile was like a woman's, An' his natur' brave an' true

Well, boys," settin' down his empt'y glass,

Then poured out a flood of gossip Jest and story went the rounds Till the smoky oaken rafters Echoed back the merry sounds. All at once a silent youngster, Who'd bin sittin' like a post, Cried out, "Say, you, mister! Hey you hearn about the ghost?"

Then a silence fell upon them, While the wind howled long and wild, An' the bravest man among them Grew as timid as a child.



An' they drew together closer. Round the backlog's cheerful blaze, While Tom, the tall young teamster, Stared about him in amaze.

He smiled at their looks of terror, And cried, "What do you mean? What tale is this yer tellin'? Where may the ghost be seen?" "Ah, Tom, you doubt the story!" Cried Zeke, the worthy host; "But pass Lone Rock at midnight An' you'll surely see the ghost!"

"Come, tell me all about it!
What has his ghostship done?
Who's playin' tricks upon you,
Jest to see you brave men run?"
"Thero's never a trick about it;"
Zeke gravely shook his head,
"Tis some poor, lone, lost sperit
Can't rest easy 'mong the dead!

"And you needn't talk of courage, Couldn't face thet tall white figger, An' before it stand his ground!"
Then a peal of merry laughter Rang throughout the coken her

"I'll tell you what, good Zekiel, "In tell you what, good Zeklei,
I'm comin' back next week;
I'll pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' the ghost's acquaintance seek!"
Then spake again the silent youngste
"Oh, that will be great fun;
For, despite his boasted courage.
We shell see this brave man run!"

But Tom, the merry teamster, With his spirit undismayed, Yowed that be it man or devil, They should see the specter laid, On the banks of Susquehanna, Where the river makes a bend, And the darksome forest branches Cross the water shadows send



"CAUSED HIS MANLY FLESH TO CREEP." Stands the rock, on which, 'tis rumored A tall figure, clothed in white, May be seen to stand and becken, In the watches of the night.

'Tis a lonely place in summer,
With the sunlight breaking through
The tall pines clustered 'round it,
Shuttin' out the landward view;
But at night 'tis dark and gruesome,
E'en the bravest shun the spot;
Just the place for ghostly revel,
Or to hatch some devil's plot.

This the witching hour of midnight-Diamond-decked the wintry skies— The lonely road along the river In the deepest shadow lies. An's stillness, deep an's solemn As the hush of death is there. The snow lies white, untrodden, Save for foot of deer or bear.

But the silence soon is broken

With wondering eyes he scans the summit

"Ah!" cries he, "at last I have you, And no more tricks you'll play On the teamsters. O, the cowards? And he drew the sheet away.

But the sight that met his vision Caused his manly flesh to creep— Not a ghost, nor yet a trickster, But a maiden, fast asleep!

For a minnit poor Tom trembled, Half inclined to leave the field: Ho, who feared no man nor devil— All his courage seemed to yield Before this white-robed girlish figger, With her dark, disheveled hair; With her midnight eyes wide open, And her purty feet all bare.

Calling back his recreant courage, Down the snowy rocks he sped, Clasping close the lovely specter,



"TO THE SOUND OF DANCING FEET.

Placed her safely in the sled; Wrapped her well in robes and blankets— Fer the night was bitter cold— Walked beside the patient oxen, Like a stalwart knight of old,

Hopin' he might reach the tayern Ere the sleepin girl awoke. But the motion must hev roused her, Fer she soon sat up an spoke. "Where am I? O, where am I?" An' she giv's frightened scream.
"Who brings me here at midnight
Or is it but a dreadful dream?"

When he reached old Halfway Tavers When he reached old Halfway Taveri Callin' loudly to mine host, "I've passed Lone Rock at midnight, And I've surely caught the ghost! So come forth, good landlord Zekiel, Do be quick, and bring your wife, Here's a ghost who needs her 'tention, Would you save the critter's life?"

. . . Once again from top to bottom
Halfway Tavern's lighted up,
While old Zeke and all his helpers
Pass around the foamin cup;
Fer a weddin' is in progress
An' there is no lack of cleer.
Tom's the groom—the chost's beside him
But he snows no sign of fear.

The inn is full of strangers,
Who hev come from miles around,
To see the fun and heef the story
How the purty bride was found.
The oaken rafters echo
To the sound of dancing feet;
Tom clasps close the lovely specter
"Never yet was bride so sweet!"

Thus he whispers, "Annie, darling, Just one year ago to-night Since, upon the snowy summit Of Lone Rock's dizzy height, I lost my heart, but gained a treasur Far more precious than my life—Ah! you little thought good Zekiel, I should make your 'ghost' my wife!

Now, Tom's children's children-As goodly number he can boast—
Listen while their grandsire tells them
Listen while their grandsire tells them
How he caught the purty ghost;
Grandma, listens, too, intently,
While the old-time dimples peep,
As she adds, "Ah, yes, my darlings,"
Twas the last time I walked in my sleep!
HARVEY, Wis.

Horse Meat for Eating. Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance, says the Nineteenth Century. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of hare. One reason why horse flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef, is that horses which are poleaxed or which have died from injury, disease or old age are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advance price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

Lastly, horse flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste, we judge by flavor, and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as

A Good Manager.

A bare-headed woman, with a faded and ragged dress, solicited alms the other evening of a gentleman who was crossing the City Hall Park. He came to a halt and asked:

"Is it for drink?" "No, sir; it's for food."

"But I don't know how you live. I have to practice economy in order to have money in my pocket. You may be recklessly extravagant for all I know. How much money have you spent to-day?"

Well, sir, I've made 7 cents run five of us on cold potatoes so far; and if I can get 3 more we'll top off with bread and water before we go to bed. Might leave out the bread, sir, if I can find a bit of tar somewhere to thicken up the water and deceive the children. you draw it any finer than that, sir?" The man held out a dime as he passed by .- New York Sun.

Knew What Hurt Most.

Little Nan, of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation.

Nan-Have you got any little girls? The caller-Yes, I have two. Nan-D-do you ever have to whip

The caller-I'm afraid I have to sometimes.

Nan-What do you whip 'em with? The caller (amused) -- Oh. when they've been very naughty I take my slipper.

Nan (most feelingly as mamma enters)-Y-yo-you ought to use a hairbrush; my mamma does. and it hurts

Bellows Falls is where the dime maseum freaks are developed, and the country store actors fitted for the stage and \$30 a week. Last week a reporter passed a night at the Commercial House, and in company with handsome and witty Mr. Nims, the proprietor,

Head Against Head.

went over to an adjoining stable to see a son of Africa test his head against the head of a flour barrel. Before the trial was made Mr. Nims

took off the hoops from one end of the barrel and drove fifteen or twenty long malleable nails through the chimes, far ridding themselves of their children, down into the edges of the head. After this he drove the hoops on securely and nailed them. Then the barrel was placed firmly on a box, raised about three feet from the floor; the further end was fastened against a horse stall, and all was ready.

The colored man had on a big knitted cap, and when he drew off some two rods away to make his run fire flashed from his eyes like sparks from an electric car. A sharp run, a skip, and a mad, headlong leap, and his cranium came up against the barrel with a crash. It was no use. He winked demurely, scratched his head dubiously, and retired for another run.

"Make my \$5 bet a \$10," said Nims, who had been betting against the ath-

"Done," replied the reporter, and again the battering ram went forth to meet with repulse. The third time he came up he was evidently discouraged, though not disheartened. Failure again awaited him. During the lull which followed Nims went up to the barrel and began to pull bits of bark and slivers from the hammered barrel head.

See here," he said in an undertone to the reporter, "I'll pay the \$10 and call it off. That fellow has beaten those boards all to basket stuff, and he is bound to finish it the next whack. I've lost, and will pay now.

"No, sah, you doan't," cried the colored man. "Hold on ter yer money, sah; I'se gwine to finish him now,

Saying this he backed clear across the stable, gave a snort and a jump, and went for that barrel like a common bull and target. The air looked blue as he spel along. The usual "dull, sickening thud" was the result. The negro lay on the straw, a rod away from the barrel, gasping for breath, and the barrel was intact. It was fully five minutes lates and discovers new laws. before he could speak. At last he said:

"I must giv' dat one moah trial befo' I go to Bosting to the dime museum to work.

He scratched his head and walked away, and the reporter came to Boston alone.—Boston Globe.

Noble-Hearted Bootblacks.

Warm hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, says a New York paper, as is shown by the following incident: A kit is a box of tools or whatever

outfit is needed in any particular branch of business. It surprised the shiners and news-

poys around the postoffice the other day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way and hear him say, "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good, stout box and the count goes for two shillings."

ter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit and Tim pulling out on a foraging expedition. Our walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money, and said: "I guess I kin write if you filled corn-cribs. While the wagons give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper about a mile in advance, while other almost as he wrote it, but you might companies guarded the other apnot have seen it. He wrote:

"Died-Litul Ted-of scarlet fever; gone up to heaven. left one brother." 'Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the counter and gasped: "I—I had to sell one of the fiercest efforts to dislodge my kit to do it, b-but he had his arms around my neck when he d-died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not clasping the side of his neck, and been home an hour before a barefoot boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would followed, and Johnnie finished the war not respond if the right chords were unscarred. touched?

"The Society of Angels."

Some time ago a midwife of Warsaw Skublinskaya by name, was brought to justice, with several of her coadjutors, for the crime of killing illegitimate children. The woman and her helpers called themselves "The Society of Angels," and engaged in the atrocious work of "dispatching the little ones to heaven," of course for a certain consideration paid them by the unfortunate mothers or their friends. This fact aroused a discussion in all the Russian papers on the fate of illegitimate children in that country. The mortality of such waifs was found to be over eighty per cent., even among those in the government asylums in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Those asylums keep the children only for a short time, and send them to villages to be raised in the families of peasants. There they die in large numbers. But the number of such children as are "dispatched" directly by professional murderers like Skublinskaya can hardly be estimated. Only about three weeks ago a similar 'Society of Angels" was discovered in Vilna. The fate of the unfortunate infants has raised the question as to the causes for the prevalence of such a crime. The papers hint, as broadly as the strictness of the sensor of the press allows, that the cruel laws with reference to waifs are at the bottom of the whole trouble. An illegitimate child in Russia, if it ever grows up, has no standing before the law. No matter what his abilities or virtues if by chance long time before we decide in our or by natural endowment he happens to minds which of them we have been en be possessed of any, there is no hope deavoring to obtain.

and no prospect for him to do any good in the world or for himself. will not recognize him as a member of society, and he is tossed about and but society, and no some some into some gang of criminals passing their lives in gang of criminal mountains. In view in of these facts it is no wonder that sinful mothers regard it as a benefit for their children to be "dispatched to heaven" before they grow up to live in ignominy and suffering on earth, and that "angels" like Skublinskava should be found who have no scruples to help sinful mothers

An English nobleman who died recently was frequently spoken of among his fellows as being "too good for this earth." He was excessively absent. minded when in society, and passed much of his time in solitude and meditation. "He was as pure and unworldly," says his biographer, "as a being of another sphere.

Looking closely at his life, however, it appears, in spite of the large opportunities which his wealth and rank gave him, to have been of little use or value to his fellowmen. Aspirations and dreams, however high and noble, which never pass into words or actions, do not weigh heavily in the world,

When Prince Bismarck retired from public life last winter, a member of the Reichstag said, shrewdly, "The power of the Prince for good or evil lay in the use which he made of the present moment. He never worked for to-mor.

row, but for to-day. Probably the same criticism could be made upon every man who exerts a living force upon his generation. He lives not to dream of the past, nor to

hope for the future, but to work-now. The memoir of an old Italian navigator ends with these words: "His voy. ages brought no advantage to his country because he was a dreamer, and not a man of affairs. Though he had been all over the world, he never was in it."

Of Goethe, on the contrary, it was said, "He seized the passing hour as a bee does a flower, held it, wrestled with it, sucked it dry of all its honey, and then left it behind forever.'

The world has use for the man who looks forward, who is in advance of his time, who gathers facts which another who comes after him may cause to yield their lesson, who theorizes and specu-

But it is among the men who live in the present and make it their aim to influence their own generation that we find the Gladstones, the Bismarcks, the Websters, the Lincolns-all the men who force the world to call them great,

-Youth's Companion. He Wanted a Wound. Wounded?

No. Nor have I ever seen the time when I wished to be. Did any one?

Yes, indeed.

I have known volunteers who never gave a thought to rank or promotion; who served well and fought well with, seemingly, no other ambition than to carry home with them some ugly scar in a conspicuous place. I recall a remarkable case of this kind.

Johnnie was a young and rosy recruit in a Kentucky regiment, brave in action and a favorite in camp. He often expressed a wish that the war might not

"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.
"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quar"Goin' on 'skursion?" asked another.
"Goin' on 'skursion?" asked another.
The but I must have a quargreat of the awrulest kind just now."

Gen. Rosencranz was resting at Murfreesboro, Tenn., recruiting from the effects of Stone River, the company to the laborate belonged was ordered line of march was along the Shelbvville were being loaded, Johnnie's company took up a position across the turnpipe,

proaches. The enemy was not long in discovering our object and attacking our positions, which we had strengthened by a rail and log barricade, During these Tim tried to brace up, out he attacks Johnnie persisted in needlessly us, Johnnie mounted the barricade and yelled derisively at the enemy, but in shorter time than it requires to write it he leaped to the ground, with one hand danced with glee.

Wounded! When the enemy withdrew, and the wound was examined, it was found to be so slight that no hopes of a scar could be entertained. Tears and profanity

His Logic was Sound.

"Among the queer characters who lived down in Carolina during reconstruction days," writes the story-teller, was an old man named Nathan. He used to come to town about twice a month and get stone-blind drunk. When he became so drunk that it was impossible for him to get any drunker, the boys would load him into his cart and start his old team of oxen along the road toward his home. The oxen would mosey along straight home and return Nathan to the bosom of his family. One warm day during the summer Nathan got drunk, as usual, was leaded into his cart, as he had been a dozen times before, and his oxen were started home. Somewhere along the road the coupling-pin fell out, letting the box of the cart iall down and leaving it lying upon the road, but the steady old oxen went right along just as if nothing had hap pened. Just about sundown a party coming along the road found old Nathan fast asleep in his cart. They shook him until he sat up and looked around in a drunken way. Pulling a bottle of 'moonshine' out of his pocket he took a big drink and then said: "'Zis ish too many for me. Am I Nathan or am I somebody elsh?" I'm Nathan I've lost spair oxen; '11

an't Nathan I've found er cart." THERE are in the world three kinds of things—the valuable, the non-valuable and the invaluable; and it is