

THE HERALD.

By BLANK & BLANK.

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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, 30,000,000 bushels of cornmeal, 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 manuscripts, 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 residence 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 from King John. Although buried six 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 Shakespeare 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 declares, 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 that 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 could discover no break, but decided to

open an abscess which had developed near the supposed break. On an incision being made, a large-sized darned 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 merchandise 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, electricity will break up the present factory system and enable the home worker once more to compete on living terms 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 aid 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-chain 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 box 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 year 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 Withlacoochee 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 Withlacoochee 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 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 upright position. It had pierced his brain, causing instant death. The tusk was over four feet long.

GHOST OF LONE ROCK.

A Grandfather's Story.

By CLARA M. HOWARD.



Way back in the twenties, Sum seventy odd year ago...

For a man and poor Tom trembled, Half inclined to leave the field...

Well, boys, settin' down his empty glass, 'What's the news about the kentry?'

Then poured out a flood of gossip, Tell and story went the rounds...

Then a silence fell upon them, While the wind howled long and wild...



Once again from top to bottom, Tom's tavern he looked up...

Now, Tom's children's children— A goodly number he can boast...

Thus he whispers, 'Annie, darling, Just one year ago to-night...

On the banks of Suquehanna, In the slow and measured tread...

But Tom, the merry tempter, With his spirit undimmed, Vowed that he'd man or devil...

On the banks of Suquehanna, In the slow and measured tread...

But the silence soon is broken, Of four big, brown-eyed oxen...

'Tis a lonely place in summer, With the sunlight breaking through...

'Tis the withering hour of midnight, Diamond-decked the wintry skies...

But the silence soon is broken, Of four big, brown-eyed oxen...

With wondering eyes he scans the summit, Of Lone Rock's snowy crest...

'Ah!' cries he, 'at last I have you, And no more tricks you'll play...

But the sight that met his vision, Caused his manly flesh to creep...



Placed her safely in the sled; Wrapped her well in robes and blankets...

When he reached old Halfway Tavern, Callin' loudly to mine host...

Now, Tom's children's children— A goodly number he can boast...

Thus he whispers, 'Annie, darling, Just one year ago to-night...

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Head Against Head. Bellows Falls is where the dime museum freaks are developed, and the country store actors fitted for the stage...

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...

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...

"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...

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...

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...

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way and hear him say...

With slow moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; gone up to heaven, left one brother."

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered and he pointed to the counter and gasped: "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms around my neck when he—died."

He hurried away home; but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefoot boy left the kit on the doorstep...

"The Society of Angels." Some time ago a midwife of Warsaw, Skublinskaya by name, was brought to justice, with several of her conductors, for the crime of killing illegitimate children...

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.

There are in the world three kinds of things—the valuable, the non-valuable and the invaluable; and it is a long time before we decide in our minds which of them we have been endeavoring to obtain.

and no prospect for him to do any good in the world or for himself. The law society, and he is tossed about and buffeted until he finds his way into some gang of criminals passing their lives in a mine in the Ural mountains.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

He Wanted a Wound. 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.

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 end until he had received his scar.

The enemy was not long in discovering our object and attacking our positions, which we had strengthened by a rail and log barricade.

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.

"Among the queer characters who lived down in Carolina during reconstruction days," writes the story-teller, "was an old man named Nathan."

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.

"Zis ish too many for me. Am I Nathan or am I somebody else? P. I'm Nathan I've lost spair oxen; I I'm 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 a long time before we decide in our minds which of them we have been endeavoring to obtain.