Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

JOHN H. REAM, - - Publisher.

A man's opinion on currency legislation is often accepted for what he is worth.

A California teamster has inherited $50,000. Good fortune never reins but that it pours.

Maybe more young men would join the army if they could be assured that there would be a chance to fight.

"Lying is often caused by indigestion," says the British Medical Journal. And sometimes by indigestible politics.

A Rochester (N. Y.) man died suddenly after shoveling the snow from his sidewalk. Make the boys get out and do it.

The Indianapolis News says an electrical plant has been discovered in Nicaragua. Was it trying to steal water power?

Malaria disappears from the list of human diseases, and mosquito fever takes its place—the same thing under a name that truly tells its origin. Bad air has nothing to do with it.

A wooden leg war is in progress, and as a consequence wooden legs can be bought for much less than ever before. Now is the time to have your leg cut off if you are going to lose one.

Five tons of human hair are said to be annually imported by merchants of London. This may be an item of interest to wives who have a habit of yanking their husbands' out by the roots.

We could never understand how anybody could take pleasure in predicting calamities, yet some of the so-called prophets seem to enjoy themselves at it, whether or not their predictions come true.

"A thoughtless man," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "may do more harm in giving away money than he has any idea of." The country will at once acquit young Mr. Rockefeller of the slightest guilt in this particular.

A Syracuse writer has gone to the trouble of digging up the fact that this country has never had among its Presidents a Charles, a oJseph, or a Robert. We could name several gentlemen who think it high time for one of the three to be added to the list.

Lhassa, formerly the mysterious forbidden city, will, if report be true, be joined to the rest of the world by telegraph, and there is to be a Tibetan newspaper. There will be no more celestial calm for a people who must learn to put a telegraph message into ten words, and must read in the morning paper that there has been a terrible fire in Chen Lung's barn at East Hankow.

Indeed, the imperial argument for peace is applicable to all lands. Peace is the most profitable of all international policies. In the whole circuit of the globe to-day it is impossible to find two nations between which a war would not be not only unprofitable, but also positively detrimental to both. The world is to-day so closely occupied and all its nations are so closely related that the conquest of even one of the smallest countries would affect others and almost inevitably lead to troublesome complications for the victor. The whole world might well adopt the common imperial policy of "peace, and again peace," development of commerce and industries, and a constantly widening national culture.

Notwithstanding that it was one of the most appalling natural catastrophes on record, the earthquake in Karatagh has scarcely stirred the sympathies of the good people of America. Karatagh is in Bokhara, one hundred miles southeast of Samarkand, surrounded by mountains ten and twelve thousand feet high. The earthquake not only destroyed the town, but several surrounding villages, and resulted in the loss of twelve thousand lives. So remote is it from what we call civilization that ten days elapsed before any detailed account of the disaster reached the outer world. The absence of any common bond between Bokhara and America doubtless explains the lack of interest here, for sympathy travels along the lines of commerce.

It would be little remarkable if the children of some of the immigrants entering New York harbor, notably those sad-eyed little ones escaping from the terrors of eastern Europe, should feel themselves, through no fault of their own, in the position of that misguided man whose repudiation of his country and subsequent miseries have been imagined and immortalized by Edward Everett Hale. But when these bewildered boys and girls "without a country" leave Ellis Island behind them, and enter the great educational palaces maintained by the metropolis, what a change must begin in the childish consciousness! How like "a dream come true" must it seem to them when they find themselves in the wise, patient and friendly hands of the teachers employed by the city to transform the polyglot throngs consigned to its care into little sons and daughters of the Great Republic! Think of a class composed of children of twenty-two different nationalities that has learned in six months' time to read English! For not only do [illegible] their genuine affection for the flag of their new country, but by the remarkable [illegible] in many instances, do the children—whom one hesitates longer to call "foreigners"—show their appreciation of the greatest gift of the republic to all her children, adopted and native—the gift of a free education. Particularly interesting is the fact that Dr. Hale's "The Man Without a Country" is quite generally used as a text on patriotism in the schools where the children of the immigrants flock. The story of wretched Philip Nolan is a means greatly valued in impressing upon the consciousness of the child that every American owes an almost incalculable debt to his country—"Land of the pilgrim's pride."

The poets have sung the praises of youth and of age. On their pages the charms of the maiden,

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,

vie with the serenity and wisdom of the spirit which has reached "The last of life, for which the first was made." But who has a good word, even in prose, for middle age? The woman of forty, or approaching fifty, is unsung, although we should surely miss her sadly if she were absent from actual life as she is from the world of verse. If middle age seems uninteresting to the imagination, it is by no means undesirable for the possessor of it. A woman's real happiness often arrives just as she finds, from her mirror or her calendar, that she is no longer young. On that fortunate day she is emancipated from many tedious tasks. She need no longer dance, either literally or metaphorically, when she is weary. She need not distrust her judgment for lack of experience. If she wishes, she may array herself in velvet, because she is old enough; yet she is not required to abandon muslin, since she is not too old. In fact, middle age is the halcyon day as regards dress, for becomingness may be substituted for modishness, and the whole realm of color and material is open to her mature taste and good sense. The girl may be unhappy unless she is called handsome or lovely, or at least pretty. The middle-aged may be quite content with that genial adjective "nice-looking," which almost any carefully dressed woman may deserve. The most precious possession of middle life is the sense of having "found oneself." A clear vision of her place, her friends and herself should be the dower of the woman of forty, be she plump or thin, rich or poor, married or single. To be middle-aged, to know the fact, to rejoice in it, gives a woman a large, fair view—such as one may command from a lofty table-land, where the horizon is almost as wide as that from the mountaintop, while the air is gentler, the soil more fertile and the sunshine more gracious. May the years from forty to fifty be as long as they are happy; and after fifty—well, no twentieth-century woman is ever over fifty.

"NEFARIOUS SCOUNDRELS."

Lawbreakers are frequently denounced, and rewards are offered for the apprehension of especially troublesome or dangerous offenders, in the newspapers of to-day; but it is not the custom to mix denunciation with advertisement after the fashion of our ancestors. With them, righteous wrath would not be denied the comfort of epithets, even in purely business communication.

No modern advertising column is likely to contain an advertisement as vigorous in its language as one published in an old Newburyport Herald of just a century ago, threatening with "public exposure"—no mention is made of prosecution—if he should repeat his raids, the "Nefarious Scoundrel, void of all manners or breeding," who had stolen apples from a certain orchard.

Whether or not the remainder of the crop was spared, it is impossible not to feel that the satisfaction of seeing "Nefarious Scoundrel" in good black print must have proved eminently soothing to the spirit of the peppery old gentleman who penned the advertisement.

The disproportion between the language and the offense reminds one of that trial, in another old colonial town, at which a pompous judge had discoursed so eloquently on the offended majesty of the law and the wickedness of lawbreakers in general, that the plaintiff, who was simple-minded, began to fear the special larceny in question would be lost sight of.

"Don't ye hang him, judge!" he broke in. "No, don't ye hang him! Mebbe he deserves it, for goin' agin the Law and the Prophets, but I don't want he should forget he stole my three biggest pumpkins! I want he should set sorrowin' in jail, and remember what brung him there. Try and forgive him his other villainies, judge, and jest you jail him for them pumpkins!"

Her Leap Year Proposal.

Miss Sweet—I have just proposed marriage to your son, Mr. De Goldbug, and been accepted.

Mr. De Goldbug (sternly)—Can you support him in the style he has been accustomed to?

Work.

"Shuffler is going to read an essay on 'Work' before the debating society to-night."

"How did he happen to choose that subject? He's the laziest man in the world."

"That's just it; he's going to argue against it."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Late to Die.

Gerald—I could die for you.

Geraldine—But pa says you're a dead one already.—New York Press.

An automobile is no more unpopular in the country than a hunter from town.

Old Favorites

Paul Revere's Ride.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folks to be up and arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar,
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch,
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church yard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went,
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second light in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil, and broad and deep,
Is the mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swing in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze,
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm yard wall,
Chasing the red coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm,
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forever more!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—H. W. Longfellow.

WASH DAY AN EVENT THERE

In France Laundering Is Only Done Few Times a Year.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that we had arrived during the "lessive;" that is always a most important function in France, says Mme. Waddington in Scribner's. In almost all the big houses in the country (small ones, too) that is the way they do their washing; once a month or once every three months, according to the size of the establishment, the whole washing of the household is done; all the linen, master's, servants', guests'; house is turned out; the linen closets cleaned and aired! Every one looks busy and energetic. It is quite a long affair—lasts three or four days. I often went to see the performance when we made our "lessive" at the chateau every month.

It always interested our English and American friends, as the washing is never done in that way in either of their countries. It was very convenient at our place as we had plenty of room. The "lavoir" stood at the top of the steps leading into the kitchen gardens; there was a large, square tank sunk in the ground so that the women could kneel to their work, then a little higher another of beautiful clear water, all under cover. Just across the path there was a small house with a blazing wood fire; in the middle an enormous tub where all the linen was passed through wood ashes. There were four "lessiveuses" (washerwomen), sturdy peasant women with short skirts, sabots and turbans (made of blue and white checked calico) on their heads, their strong red arms bared above the elbow. The Mere Michon, the eldest of the four, directed everything and kept them well at work, allowed very little talking; they generally chatter when they are washing and very often quarrel. When they are washing at the public "lavoir" in the village one hears their shrill voices from a great distance. Our "lingere," Mme. Hubert, superintended the whole operation; she was very keen about it and remonstrated vigorously when they slapped the linen too hard sometimes with the little flat sticks, like spades, they use. The linen all came out beautifully white and smooth, hadn't the yellow look that all city washed clothes have.

A MISCHIEVOUS ELEPHANT.

Coco, a small elephant in a circus menagerie, is known as the most mischievous animal among all the large herd of elephants in this show. Coco, writes Ellen Velvin in "Wild Animal Celebrities," was born in the circus, and from the very first few months of his life attracted attention, not only on account of his constant mischief, but also because he is one of the most affectionate and amusing animals in captivity.

Coco began one day to pull down the gas pipes over his head; and when those had been put to rights again, he tried to investigate the electric light by drawing the bulb over to his mouth with his trunk, and was barely saved from crushing it, and probably causing his own death.

Just round a corner of the wall where he and his companions are usually fastened up, underneath Madison Square Garden, is a water faucet where the men get the drinking water for the elephants. One night when, after the performance, the lights had been put out with the exception of one or two, and all the men had gone but the watchman, Coco was very quiet and thoughtful, and as all the elephants seemed quiet and comfortable, the watchman settled himself in his chair and began to doze.

Suddenly he was conscious of a curious sound like running water, and after listening a moment, looked down on the floor, and was surprised to see the floor swimming in water and a stream pouring from the faucet. The watchman knew at once what had happened. Coco had turned on the water faucet and flooded the place. It took about an hour with a lot of men to get the animals dry and comfortable once more, and Coco was made to understand, by having his trunk rapped smartly every time he attempted to put it round the faucet, that he was not to do that again.

Not the Worst.

Settlement workers go among the poor to teach; occasionally, howver, they are taught, as in an instance the Boston Post reports.

One afternoon Mrs. Murphy appeared at the settlement house, all dressed up in her best bonnet and shawl, as is the custom. A huge black and blue spot disfigured one side of her face, however, and one eye was nearly closed.

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, what is the matter?" cried one of the teachers; and then, realizing that she might have asked a tactless question, she hastily turned it off by saying, "Well, cheer up, you might be worse off."

"Sure an' I might," responded the indignant Mrs. Murphy. "I might not be married at all!"—which was rather pointed, as all the teachers at the house are single women.

Her Simplicity.

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "what beautiful names they give race horses."

"Yes."

"I don't blame you for liking to converse with bookmakers. They must have lovely vocabularies."—Washington Star.

A new serio-comic song is entitled: "I'm So Poor that I Have No Place to Stick My Gum When I Eat."

TYPES OF PEOPLE WHO DISAPPEAR FOR VARIOUS REASONS.

"DISAPPEAR FROM THEIR HOMES "TO GO ON THE STAGE."

"YOUNG MEN CONTINUE TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME TO BECOME TRAMPS."

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, "INQUIRING FOR MISSING RELATIVES."

If all the persons who during each year disappear from their homes and places of business, leaving behind them no clews by means of which their whereabouts can be traced, could be assembled in one locality it would be found there were enough of them to found a good-sized city, says the Chicago Journal. Records kept by the police and charitable organizations show that the number of persons who disappear is large. It includes the man who has become tired of supporting his wife and children and goes away to begin life anew. It includes the trusted employe who has abused his trust and has fled to escape punishment. In the ranks of those who have disappeared are many whose disappearance cannot be ascribed wholly to themselves.

The police have to deal with so many cases of missing persons that they attach small importance to any case in which it is known that the man or the woman who is missing is addicted to drink. Rough and ready psychologists in their way are the police. They know that many of the persons who go away leaving no trace behind are impelled to their departure by drinking.

Many other cases find their solution in the fascination which some member of the opposite sex has exercised over the person who has disappeared. There are many cases reported to the police as cases of mysterious disappearance which later turn out to have been elopements.

The personal columns of the newspapers, called in England "the agony columns," contain almost every day requests for information concerning the whereabouts of men and women for whom somebody is seeking. In some of the more businesslike inquiries $1 is offered for the correct address. Business houses and money lenders insert many of these advertisements for business reasons, but there is no one who can tell even approximately the number of cases in which it is some anxious mother, father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son or daughter who is in quest of information about some loved one.

The Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America are constantly appealed to for information about missing persons. The War Cry contains each week a department which is maintained for collecting such information and distributing it. Almost every newspaper published in a foreign language in Chicago and other great cities receives requests similar to those made of the War Cry.

The irksomeness of domestic routine and the fear of parental displeasure of one sort or another used to be the principal motives which impelled young persons to leave their home. Many of the disappearances which take place nowadays may be traced to either of these causes, but the complexity of modern life has given rise to many other causes. One young woman, for instance, left her home because her mother objected to her going to a matinee twice a week. A young man who worked for $10 a week left home because his father insisted on getting $5 a week for his room and board.

The boys who run away from home to fight Indians and who succeed in getting far from home are almost a negligible quantity. Only a few days ago one of the most experienced observers of tramp life stated that the lure of the road had never appealed more strongly to young men than it does at the present time. In addressing a meeting of boy tramps this observer, who himself has been a tramp, exposed the fallacy of the theory held by many boys that there is something worth while in tramp life.

Many of the young women who disappear run away "to go on the stage." Most of the disappearances of this class take place in the fall of each year. Young women who have become familiar with the stage through the work of summer stock companies in their home towns or who have met stage people leave their homes when summer is over and come to the city to get places in the chorus of musical attractions or as minor members of dramatic companies. Their parents write to the police asking that the young women be found and sent back home.

The ease with which persons may live in the city without having their whereabouts known makes Chicago the favorite refuge, not only for persons who disappear from other cities, but for many persons who find life distasteful in the surroundings to which they have become accustomed. Many of the disappearances are found upon investigation to be cases in which the missing person has removed to a distant neighborhood within the city's limits. Sometimes a change of address to a place only a few blocks has been sufficient to throw off the scent any persons interested in finding the one who has disappeared.

Disappearances which are caused by business troubles seem to be more frequent in January and February than in any other months in the year. Discouraging disclosures concerning the year's business often drive business men into seclusion. Men who watch the reports of mercantile rating agencies look for more disappearances at the beginning of the year than at any other time.

A PLAGUE OF WHITE ANTS.

A Fortune Awaits Their Extermination in Australia.

A fortune awaits the man who will come to the aid of the people of Australia with an effective plan to rid the people of that country of white ants.

Not only are they an annoying pest, but their destructiveness is costly. They have an especial taste for the woodwork of houses, and the damage they do reaches into astonishing figures.

Before the white man's advent houses were unknown. The aborigines of the vast territory knew nothing of such structures, a few sheets of bark composing the shelter they temporarily required. But even then the white ants abounded. They ate the standing trees in the forest; they devoured fallen branches; they made nests in logs and roots.

With civilization and house building came new spheres for their activity. Wherever woodwork was used, in city center or bush hut, the creature had to be guarded against, and the utmost care and precaution were often futile in the contest. Buildings have had to be remodeled and sometimes taken down because of the extent of the ravages. A building in the country, known to be affected with white ants, becomes practically unsalable. Occasionally the affected board or joist or several affected ones are removed and sound timber introduced, in the hope of making good the injury; but rarely does such patching avail.

The white ant is an unseen worker. It may have secured a lodgment in a house many years back; generations of the creatures may have lived and worked and died without creating by sound or otherwise the slightest suspicion of their presence; and it is only when they have consumed the entire substance underneath that the shell of the wood falls in and disaster is revealed.

Sauce for the Goose.

"So Miss Elder took advantage of leap year and proposed to Cholly, eh?"

"Yep. But Cholly succeeded in getting the fatal day put off till June."

"How did he do it?"

"Told her it would take him that long to get his trousseau ready."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can a man be called a cannibal because he lives on his father-in-law?

NEW USE FOR THE MAGIC LANTERN.

"I hear that the rich merchant gotall his daughters engaged at his soiree last night. However did he do it?"

"It was a natural conclusion. At thebeginning of the evening he showed them all his house, property, factories,etc., with the magic lantern."—Fliegende Blaetter.

QUEER CURE FOR SNAKE BITE.

Bite of the Reptile Said to Be an Antidote.

"Take a hair of the dog that bit you," is an old saw that, as a suggested remedy, has led many a man out of the frying pan into the fire, and it cannot certainly be recommended as a cure suitable for modern times, when an antidote is more recommendable. Dogs are not, however, the only animals whose bite is to be feared, and those people whose travels have led them to far lands know that poisonous snakes are much more to be dreaded, says Chambers' Journal. Though by far the greater number of those persons thus bitten die, there is a certain number who recover, thanks to prompt measures, and thanks also to the administration of the exact remedy which any particular snake bite requires.

The poison ejected by the tooth of asps and serpents varies as much as does the poison from the spoken words of the wicked, and it has lately been discovered—especialy in Brazil, which seems to hold the record for its variety of death-giving snakes—that the serum with which those bitten are treated should vary, according to the kind of snake. But this, though advantageous to know in theory, is of small practical use, since the traveler cannot be sure of having exactly the right serum with him at the moment of the fatal bite. It has lately been reported that, on the principle of the old adage mentioned above—which thus serves a turn—an almost certain cure for snake bite of the reptile which has attacked anyone, and which—the snake being generally killed on the spot—is naturally at hand. The gall bladder is extracted, its contents filtered and the fluid injected under the skin. The method sounds somewhat complicated, but no snake-bitten person will complain if by this means he escapes a rapid death. The experiments made have given the best results, those recovering from the poisonous bite of a South American snake coming off with nothing worse than an abscess at the point of penetration of the snake's tooth.

Flies.

The astonishing abundance of flies during the latter part of the summer is accounted for by the estimate made by an eminent entomologist that the progeny of a single house fly in the course of one summer will number 2,080,320. If it were not for the innumerable enemies provided by nature for the destruction of the fly, the whole air would be filled by the end of August with swarms of flies, which would render life insupportable.

Strictly Appropriate.

Gladys—Why is Miss Strictleigh wearing only half-mourning for her brother?

Gwendolyn—He was only her half-brother, you know.—Baltimore American.

Few men can look themselves over and give their faults a fair bearing.