

Sample Copy.

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THE YOUTH'S HERALD.

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 7

DECATUP, TEXAS, JANUARY, 1886.

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25 Cts. Per Annum.

DAY-DREAMS.

THINK were yellow heads in the mountain
And yellow heads by the sea;
And now they are in the school-room
As busy as they can be.

But the yellow heads from the mountain
Remember the dear old rocks;
And how they would climb and clamber
About with their "alpenstocks."

And the yellow heads from the seaside
Sit dreaming of sands and caves;
Of bright blue skies and of sunshine,
Of foam on the "white-cap" waves.

And it's very hard to remember
The lesson they learned before,
When folks are dreaming of mountains
And sands and the dear seashore.
—Youth's Companion.

A Hard Swim.

DURING the summer that I was
eighteen I left my home in Cam-
bridge for a visit to an aunt, who
lived in a little town on the banks of the
Mississippi, in Tennessee.

The principal amusement during the
summer of the lads in the little town
where my aunt resided was swimming
in the great broad river that nearly en-
circled the little village and almost ev-
ery boy in the vicinity was an expert
swimmer.

But the best boy-swimmers in the
town were my cousin Bob Atherton and
his particular chum and crony, Harry
Shaw.

At the time of which I write, both
were aged about fourteen. Bob was a
stout, muscular fellow, with a firm, well
set chin and a cool, determined expres-
sion, that never forsook him under any
circumstances.

His friend was more slender, but ac-
tive as a cat and swift of foot as a young
Indian.

As I said before, Bob and Harry were
the best boy-swimmers in the town, and
several times when the day was fine and
the water smooth, they had swum across
the river, which, at that point, is nearly
a mile in width; but they had always
had a skiff along in which to return.

One unusually warm day in Septem-
ber we strolled down to the river bank
above the town, and made ready for a
swim.

We had just struck out into the cur-
rent when we saw, some distance up the
river, a huge raft of lumber floating
down in mid-stream; and we decided to
reach it, rest ourselves a little while and
then swim back to shore.

We reached the raft, and having se-
lected some planks on which to rest our-

selves, lay down to have a chat. We
had been resting perhaps ten minutes,
and Bob had just proposed swimming
back, when we were startled by a sort
of bump that shook the whole raft, and
springing up we found to our dismay
that the raft had landed on the Missonri
side of the river.

It was all very well to swim the river
as a volunteer feat, with a skiff along to
take one in if he gave out; but to swim
across as a matter of necessity was quite
a different thing.

"Well, fellows, how are we going to
get back?" I asked rather ruefully.

"Swim back, of course," said both in
one breath.

A fresh breeze had sprung up, and we
saw that the longer we stayed the less
likely would we be to reach the opposite
shore in safety.

It was now evening. The sky had
become overcast and the breeze came in
little irregular flaws. A storm was evi-
dently coming up, and storms in that
region sometimes come up very sudden-
ly. The water out in the current now
then showed an ominous white-cap, but
we fearlessly plunged in, one after an-
other, like frogs jumping off a log.

The water seemed very cold at first,
but the exercise of swimming soon drove
the chill away and we felt quite com-
fortable. The choppy waves annoyed us
a little, dashing into our faces at the
most unexpected moments, and some-
times almost taking our breath away.

We were more than a quarter of a mile
out when the wind completely died
away. That meant a squall. The west
grew darker and darker. Everything
seemed very still for awhile, and then a
distant roar was heard, and presently we
saw the squall coming up the river, lash-
ing the water with indescribable fury,
and bearing along a cloud of dust and
leaves.

There was no chance now but to swim
for life, and this we did with all our
might. We were more than half way
across the river when I noticed that
Harry began to show signs of fatigue.

Once he turned on his back and tried
swimming that way, but the water
washed completely over him, and he
came up coughing violently. I swam to
him and said encouragingly:

"Keep up, old fellow."

"Yes," he replied with difficulty, "but
I can't get my breath."

I got him to rest one hand
on my shoulder for awhile until he re-
covered himself. Then he struck out
again, but in a rather feeble way. He
swam for some distance quite slowly,
the great, muddy waves dashing over

us all the time. I saw with dismay that
Harry was again falling behind. Again
I urged him to renew his exertions, but
he only said, faintly.

"I am afraid I can't hold out."

I helped him all I could, at the same
time imploring him to do his best.

"I am doing my best," he replied,
bravely.

And in a few minutes we were cheer-
ed by a faint but triumphant shout from
Bob, who had reached shore. Harry
and I felt our feet touch bottom with a
thrill of intense thankfulness. Now that
we were safe, we all felt completely ex-
hausted, and could scarcely crawl
along.

It was a long and weary walk up the
river to the place where we had left our
clothes, and as soon as we had put them
on we hurried home, which we reached
about 9 o'clock.

We were very tired, very lame, and
not a little bruised by our terrible battle
with wind and waves, but then we had
it to say that we had swum the Missis-
sippi river from shore to shore in the midst
of a fearful thunder storm, and had lived
to gain the land in safety.—From Golden
Days.

School Savings Banks.

We mentioned a little while ago about
the savings bank in Mr. Higgins' school
in Brooklyn. You would like to hear
something about how it is managed. It
is like this: Deposits of from one cent
to ten cents are received by the teacher
from the pupils every Monday morning.
The roll is called. When all is collect-
ed from the whole school the money is
deposited in a real bank. When a pu-
pil deposits as much as twenty-five cents
he or she gets a bank book, just like a
grown person. The principal of the
school keeps the book accounts of the
children very carefully. When a pupil's
odd change amounts to twenty-five
cents the sum is put upon his bank book
again. The accounts are examined ev-
ery month.

The principal has charge of all the
bank books. When a pupil leaves the
school his book is returned to him, but
he or his parents cannot draw the money
without the consent of the principal.
Sometimes bad and drunken parents
want to take their children's savings
away from them. Under this plan, in
five weeks' time 400 pupils saved one
hundred and twenty dollars.

Try it in your schools, boys and girls.
Your teachers will help you.

Try the Herald 3 months for only 10
cents.

Written for the HERALD.]

Edison.

Thomas Alpha Edison was born in Erie county, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1847.

He came of an industrious stock, but owing to the limited means of his parents, his educational advantages were few, never having the opportunity of attending school but two months, and was indebted to his father for the knowledge of reading and writing.

When he was twelve years old he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway between Port Huron and Detroit, Michigan, and saved enough to purchase a small farm. His ingenuity and enterprise was here manifested by the publication of the first newspaper ever printed on a railroad train, and which he got up through the instrumentality of a font of old type and a small hand press. This paper was only 8:12 inches, and was called the "Herald." Still desiring experimental knowledge he purchased a lot of chemicals and started a small laboratory in the corner of the baggage car, but before he progressed far a bottle of phosphorus having fallen on the floor and broken, the car took fire, and he was compelled to bid farewell to railroading for some time.

About this time an incident happened which gave coloring to his whole after life. While standing on the platform one morning he noticed the little child of the station agent in the middle of the track. Just at this moment the express came thundering down, and in a few seconds would have been upon it. With great daring, and at the risk of his own life, he sprang upon the track and snatched the child from the very jaws of death.

The grateful father offered to reward him on the spot, but Edison would not think of receiving it. The agent struck on a happy idea. He offered to teach him telegraphy, with which proposition he set to work earnestly, and soon became an expert operator. He now traveled from city to city, investigating the mysteries of the telegraph and its wires, batteries, etc. Happening in "the gold room," in Wall Street, one morning, he found all in confusion. The gold indicator was out of order, and no one knew the cause. He offered his services, and in five minutes had it all right. He soon became famous for his skill, and orders for repairing complicated machinery of all kinds flowed in.

From then till now he has been busily at work, and has secured 300 patents to his electrical inventions.

Some of his most momentous patents are: the chemical telegraph, by which 2,500 words per minute can be sent, the micro-tarometer, for measuring heat, the quadruplex telegraph, the electric pen, and lastly, our present system of excellent electric lights, on which he is now experimenting to fully perfect them.

He has recently invented a process by which gold can be taken from the "tail-

ings," heretofore considered worthless by miners.

This great and inventive genius, who sets all narrow deductions at defiance, is now only forty years old, in the prime of his life, and many more wonderful things are expected from his ever busy brain and hand.

Written for the HERALD.]

Memory.

One of the most important faculties of the mind, and that by which we acquire and retain knowledge and wisdom is memory.

Conceive if you can a person whose mind is incapable of receiving an impression—a man whose youth is a blank to himself; who cannot cherish the memory of the bright faces and gentle voices of loved friends and relatives who have passed beyond his vision and whose voices are silent to him—how empty and joyless would be his life!

But, thanks to the Infinite power, all the human race are endowed with this indispensable faculty in a higher or lower degree. A great many owe their success in life to a good memory, and no doubt it is a great source of enjoyment to the aged and those in lowly condition to reflect on their young and more fortunate days.

When our brown and raven locks are silvered by age, our frail bodies worn out by disease, our minds burdened with care, then we will close our tired eyes on all unpleasant things, and let memory with gentle wings waft us into youth and gentle surroundings—once more will we feel the spirit of health that pervaded our youthful system; we will again feel the lightness of heart and mind that knows no sorrow, and feel even a deeper happiness than we did then, if our memory can reveal to us a useful and well-spent life.

That our memories can be improved is said to be a fact, and I am afraid this important faculty is neglected by many. Much might be said on its training and improvement, but I think one of the simplest modes is careful reading, earnest attention and close observation.

EVA CUTHBERTSON.

Written for the HERALD.]

Stamp Collecting.

This popular pastime is now recognized as a most pleasing and instructive amusement, and there is scarcely a village which has not several engaged in it.

The instruction derived from collecting foreign stamps stands pre-eminent. When a collector gets a new stamp his attention is instantly directed to the whereabouts of the country it represents, and in searching for this he also observes the manners, customs, religion etc., of foreign countries.

Sir Rowland Hill, an Englishman, invented the postage stamp, forty-seven years ago, and in this short time it has

proved a universal necessity and convenience.

It has now been forty years since the postage stamp was first used in the United States. Until then the postage was collected in money, and the prepayment was optional. From the mighty power of England, on whose possessions the sun never sets, and the great republic of the United States to the ice-laden shores of Iceland, the semi-enlightened empire of China, or the barbaric island of Borneo—all have their sets of stamps. Scarcely any small, remote islands of the world has not these great modern conveniences by which the news from all parts of the world may be obtained.

Among some of the most famous stamp collectors may be mentioned the royal family of England, the Pope, Baron Rothschild, Gen. Sherman and the late A. T. Stewart.

Probably the largest collection of stamps in the United States is owned by Mr. Tiffany, of St. Louis, which consists of nearly ten thousand varieties, and is valued at thousands of dollars.

12,000 New York school children are stamp-collectors. "CRITICUS."

Next month we will strive to enlarge the HERALD and several more interesting features will be added.

Not a Question of Arithmetic.

"Now, Johnny, if your father borrows \$100 and promises to pay ten dollars a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?"

"One hundred dollars."

"I'm afraid you don't know your lesson."

"I may not know my lesson very well" Johnny frankly acknowledged, "but I'm acquainted with pa."

Editorship.

Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quality of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his laughing yarns may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the re-writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selections more than anything else; and that we know is half the battle. But we have said an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness dignity, and its propriety.

For two new subscribers we will give a durable rubber stamp with any name, complete, with ink, pads, etc., warranted to last three years.

THE YOUTH'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CHAS. CATES, JR., EDITOR.

Subscription price, twenty-five cents per annum, invariably in advance.

Advertising Rate :

One inch one insertion, 50c.

One column one insertion, \$3.00.

Remittances for subscriptions and advertisements should be made by Postal Note. When this cannot be done stamps will be taken. Address

CHAS. CATES, JR.,

Decatur, Texas.

Entered at the Decatur postoffice as second-class mail matter.

We beg leave to return our thanks for the very generous patronage the HERALD has received, and also the many cheering words it has been the recipient of. It gives us new life and makes us feel as if our efforts in the journalistic line had not been entirely fruitless.

Another Christmas has passed away, and with it 1885 has been buried forever. 1885 will long be remembered as a year of great money depression, and has recorded many great failures. It has also witnessed the death of such great names as Grant, Hendricks, McClellan and Vanderbilt.

We have been asked several times why we do not give the local news in the HERALD. A weekly paper delays the local items long enough, while to endeavor to give it in a monthly paper is simply nonsense, and besides our subscribers are scattered all over the United States and have no desire to read the local happenings of a section hundreds of miles away.

The business of painting the huge signs upon fences and barns which assault the eye in all parts of the country is in the hands of a few contractors in New York and Chicago. One firm in New York spends from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year in this way, paying from 1-1/2 to 2 cents a square foot for the work. The bigger the sign the better. Many can be found reaching 300 feet in length, and the biggest of all, (at Newark, Ohio), is more than eight hundred feet long and contains only one word.

To the day of Commodore Vanderbilt's death his word was law to William H. An illustration of this is furnished by a little scene on a European tour which the two made in '53. They were on board the steam yacht Northern Star on their way to St. Petersburg. William, who was an habitual smoker, was puffing at his favorite cigar. "Bill," said the Commodore, "I wish you'd give up that smoking habit of yours. I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you will." The son threw the cigar overboard, saying as he did so, "You needn't pay me anything; your wish is sufficient." He smoked no more.

Amateur Journalism

Is an institution of young people, ranging in age from 14 to 25 years, who either edit, publish or contribute to amateur literary journals issued throughout America and Europe as an entertaining and instructive pastime. This association of editors of miniature journals now numbers 300 members, and forms quite an interesting and instructive circle whose influence will not depart with fleeting years.

The "College Chapel," edited by the young ladies of the Dallas Female College, is quite interesting and reflects much credit on its fair editresses.

"Gleanings," of Arlington, Texas, looks much neater in its new form.

The "Sunny South Oologist," an amateur monthly for conchology collectors, is announced from Gainesville, Texas.

"The Carrier Dove," an excellent representative of Canadian amateur journalism, has greatly enlarged, and is one of our most welcome exchanges.

"The Youth's Temperance Magazine" is edited by a boy only ten years old. He is certainly an editorial prodigy.

The "Comet" edited by the Vanderbilt Bros., is about one-half the size of this paper and a model of typographical neatness.

The Christmas number of the "Violet" is immense. Miss Arlington exhibits a great deal of pluck in getting up such a magazine, which will favorably compare with any professional journal.

"Plain Talk," although not an amateur paper, has a column devoted to "amateurism" does much good in recruiting our ranks.

We put the "Pacific Courant," of San Francisco, Cal., on our list with pleasure. It is the largest amateur paper we get from the Pacific coast.

For awhile Texas gave great promise of becoming the banner state of amateurism in the South, but is very quiet now.

What has become of the "Gulf States" "Lone Star Enterprise," and "Southern Press?" Boys, rise and explain.

Some Special Offers.

1. Send ten cents, a silver dime, and 2-cent stamp, and get this paper on trial three months and one-half dozen cold water pens.

2. Send twenty-five cents and get the HERALD a year, and get either an oleograph chromo or 100 choice foreign stamps free.

3. Send thirty-five cents and get the paper a year, and a good rubber stamp, complete, with ink, pads, etc., and your own name on it.

A Durable Rubber Stamp,

With any name, complete, with ink, pads, etc., warranted to last three years, for only 25 cents. Ten different amateur papers, edited by boys and girls, for a silver dime.

Chas. Cates, Jr.,
Decatur, Tex.

Prize Question Department.

Prize winners for last month are as follows:

Premium No. 1, The Complete Works of Shakespeare, bound in cloth—awarded to Miss Minnie Knox, Decatur, Tex.

Premium No. 2, a large collection of Colorado Crystals—awarded to Jerome W. Berryman, Arcada, Mo.

Quite a lively interest was taken in this department last month and we have concluded to have another:

PRIZE CONTEST.

For the best and most complete list of answers to the following questions we will present an elegant cloth-bound book. For the next best list a box of fine floral paper with envelopes to match. For the third next best, a rubber stamp with ink etc., and any name on them.

All lists must be sent in by February 15th.

All competitors must be subscribers. Subscriptions may be sent with lists, however.

1. When and by whom was the telegraph invented.
2. When was U. S. money established by act of Congress.
3. Who said "I would rather be right than President."
4. What city in Asia is nearly opposite Philadelphia.
5. Who invented the cotton gin.
6. How long do the judges of the Supreme Court hold office.
7. What natural curiosities in Iceland.
8. What is latitude.
9. What and where is the Sargasso Sea.
10. How many Territories in the United States.

Excellent lists were sent by G. Williams and D. Hardesty, Decatur, and Milton Grube, Basil, Ohio. Try again, boys. You may be the lucky winners next time.

Exchange Department.

Open to subscribers only. Make all notices brief as possible.

Four numbers of the Household Magazine, six numbers Young Weekly Magnet, thirteen numbers Young Folks' Circle, five numbers Youth's Advocate, one volume Youth's Companion for 1885, one agents' sample-card book and Hunters' and Trappers' Guide—all of the above for a pair of all-clamp roller skates, No. 8 1-2, or for books. Address
Marcellus Foster,
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Bayonne, N. J.

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Decatur Texas

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AND BY SPECIAL AGREEMENT COMBINED WITH THE

Youths' Herald at \$2.00 Per Year.

1887

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WANTED

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