

WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME THINGS WHICH A NURSE MUST BEAR IN MIND.

**How Children's Digestion is Ruined.**  
**Decorative Hints—The Toothpick—Care of Nipples—The Husband's Position—A Woman's Rooms.**

When a nurse does her best to perform some difficult service, and is grumbled at all the time of the performance, and told she does not do it so well as the doctor does, or as somebody else does, it is not easy to render the service again in any other spirit than that of a plain understanding of duty. When the patient, unable to move, makes a mockery of the nurse's unflinching efforts by endeavoring to do a thing personally, as if suffering from neglect, and as if she told the nurse that she is neither alert nor obliging nor even dutiful, then the nurse would be more than human in loftiness of character not to feel herself the victim of injustice, and perhaps of outrage. And when the patient snaps and snarls and frowns and reproaches and accuses, then the nurse has to bear in mind during every moment of her waking hours that the sick are irascible, and that the nerves of the patient are as sick as all the rest of the body, worn out and worse than useless, and that the patient, moreover, is as much the sport of these drenched nerves as a dead leaf is of the winds, and thus not to be considered blameworthy. But, all the same, the sick nerves and their sick owner do not win love.

On the other hand, how different is the feeling evoked by the gentle sufferer, the patient patient! The patient who, equally distressed with the other, to all appearance, unable to lift hand or head, to whom the nurse is a but a blotch of pain and restlessness, yet who only the grateful glance, the word of thanks, the half apology for trouble, whispered up with difficulty, who can bear to see the nurse sit down without thinking of being consequently neglected, and who, whenever able, makes feeling recognition of the kindness and devotion revealed—that patient who is filled by the nurse as much as any person whose whole happiness depends upon her recovery; and the nurse, who cannot help the least bit, but although she will do her utmost, it is yet a doubtful service she renders the world in keeping the other alive, thinks in turn that in this different instance the world would hardly leap in its orbit if this gentle-sufferer, this patient patient, slipped out of it.

A great part of the difference between the two patients, of course, lies in temperament. One may have the calm and unexcitable nature that knows how to wait, how to endure; the other may have the fiery, impetuous nature of him who drives the horse, and who will usually fall, at the first bit, from his seat of understanding. But said our contemporary, a goodly share of the trouble lies in early training and in self-training.—Harper's Bazar.

**Feeding Children's Digestion.**

It is not surprising and highly irritating that those children who will never be offering to children at all times and seasons all kinds of things to eat. People who have had occasion to take their children in the cars must remember how constantly they have been annoyed by strangers who were more generous than judicious and who bestowed upon the little folk fruit cakes or candy, to the great damage of the patients of the parents and the detriment of the digestion of the children.

Then there are those innumerable individuals, for the most part kind hearted old ladies with whom it would be impossible to remonstrate, whose single idea of entertaining children is to treat them with indigestible, and a visit to them is as much followed by a colic attack for the children as a lady's letter is supplemented by a postscript. Mothers take their flock to pay visits of duty to these well meaning old dames with the same feeling they would have in leading pet lambs to the slaughter, feeling that it must be done, but inwardly raging at the fate that so cruel a necessity is laid upon them.

In these and a score of other cases which will occur to anybody, the entire dietary system of the family is thrown into confusion because some thoughtless person is selfish enough to gratify an impulse to please himself or herself by feeding children on the same principle as children feed monkeys. People who flatter themselves that they are actuated by kindness are far more likely than not to be deceiving themselves. Parents dislike to thwart their children, and it is not pleasant to face the comments of the world for donors of small gifts when their will is thwarted. The instinct to ease discontent generally prompts them at once to attack the judgment of the parents. They say at once: "Oh, it can't hurt the child!" or something of the sort, a sentiment which easily appeals to the minds of the little ones, with the delusions before their eyes. It is idle to hope that this race of injudicious nuisances will vanish, and the only thing possible is to meet them with a resolute front. They must be rebuffed, but they should not be allowed to injure the nice victims of their selfishness.—Boston Courier.

**Decorative Hints.**

Antiquated armor made of paper mache is not imposing in any sense of the word.

Most interiors nowadays run to "brandy." Evergreen embroiders and every body "decorates" chairs, and a place must be found for the results of their labors.

Keep your corkery where it belongs. Plastering jars do not belong on parlor walls or over parlor doors unless they are really works of art, which precious few of them are.

When a woman with artistic instincts, but with an untrained eye and hand, "goes in" for home decoration she should always reserve both spare money and energy enough to utterly undo her own work. Given woman there with a resolute front, however, and with a collection of "rag rags" and "rag rag" and the results are apt to be rather frightful.

A regular though utterly false decorative idea is that of an article of ordinary use, such as a clock or thermometer, can be made to look like something else if at once becomes an object of art. So we have little boxes, antique boxes and Place Vendome columns with incongruous thermometer stuck on them, and racks, trip lanterns, brackets, embossed shells and plaques with clock faces starting from them. All these things are in the vilest taste. Ornamentation in such objects, no matter how elaborate, should rather emphasize their use and nature—in a word, be congruous.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**The Toothpick at the Table.**

Why should toothpicking in the presence of others be considered such a heinous offense? Of course, the man or woman who goes about the process ostentatiously and exposes the whole interior of the mouth, or indulges in it as a luxury and not a necessity, is not to be commended. But the case here is different. The old maxim is that toothpicking must be done in private and that he who picks his teeth in the presence of another is ill bred, sometimes works hardship. Not long since I

sat at dinner next a man who made me the confidant of his woe.

"I am suffering the tortures of the damned," he said. "There is a piece of that confounded beef lodged between two of my teeth."

"Haven't you a toothpick?" I asked.

"Yes; but if I use it all these people will think I'm a fool. If I leave the table it will create more or less disturbance. What on earth am I to do?" and I could see the signs of perspiration caused by his suffering soul even at his forehead.

My attention was attracted by my neighbor on the other side, and I failed to notice just what the sufferer did do, but as he sat through the dinner and afterward appeared quite as usual, I fancy he found a way out of his difficulty.

Heaven preserve us from ever becoming a nation of toothpickers, such as we have been pictured by some of those Englishmen who have accepted our hospitality and then gone home and written lies about us; but at the same time the man should bear in mind from the process that in case of absolute necessity one might make a dot and dash use of the toothpick without thereby becoming an outcast from the society of the well bred.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Women at the "Case."**

There are about 600 women who get type in New York, and a well known writer recently said: "This was the reckoning of a proof reader of long experience. It is, as things go, a good trade for a woman, and how are the wages? The prosperity of the Typographical union has been a good thing for women, so I was informed. Typesetters are men of sufficient intelligence to know that the principal danger to be feared from the competition of women comes from their lower rate of wages, and so it comes about that, whereas in some unions there is a difference of several cents per 1,000 ems is frequently made between the pay of the sexes, in union cases they stand on the same footing, and a double rate than is accorded to the feminine members of the force."

It would not seem a bad road to typesetting, for their reputation as workmen, in newspaper positions at least, does not, I find, equal the average of the men. The proportion of women employed is, however, small and an accurate judgment is not easily reached. As a rule they are employed on morning papers, and on the night, and not on the evening newspaper press. Newspaper men are not much given to the washing of their hands, and their quarters are not well paid than those of the men. In the Century, the best of them get a woman's pay. The plans of the house are very different, and reach, good men on a morning daily, not infrequently making up a week.—Chicago Herald.

**Washing the Belle's Bouquet.**

The wife of an old bachelor has a remarkably good idea of how to wash the flowers that he brings her. She takes the flowers and puts them in a bowl of water, and then she washes them with a bit of his hair, in fact, she washes them out of some dish water and makes them a mixture of the water and her own hair. They are washed in a bowl of water, and then she washes them with a bit of his hair, in fact, she washes them out of some dish water and makes them a mixture of the water and her own hair. They are washed in a bowl of water, and then she washes them with a bit of his hair, in fact, she washes them out of some dish water and makes them a mixture of the water and her own hair.

**A Holy Mission.**

There is a most beautiful profession for which women are especially adapted open to our sex today. Its ranks are not yet filled to overflow. It requires small outlay of expense and only a year or two of study and close application before considerable money reward can be obtained. Two or three years of close application to study and practice fits any earnest, honest and sympathetic woman to earn an excellent living with no more fatigue of mind or body than the work of the actress produces. It is well paid labor and always in demand. It is a holy and beautiful mission. I speak of the profession of the trained nurse.

My own nervous restoration to perfect health and my escape from a terrible illness I feel was greatly aided by the skillful care of one of these noble nursing angels. With infinite skill and ordinary attention she nursed me for two weeks, and I am now a healthy woman and say the same. Let this be a plain warning, vitality, health and happiness are more easily and better represented than in a house of sickness. To be a first class nurse means plenty of responsibility, hard work, but better pay and a more useful and useful life than that of a housewife who makes or mends, and a more useful and useful life than that of a housewife who makes or mends, and a more useful and useful life than that of a housewife who makes or mends.

**Care of Nipples.**

Two or three writers on home topics have generalized strongly the use of nipple rings, and have urged that clean nipples should be given each member of the family at every meal. A little mental arithmetic brings the number of nipples needed, according to this plan, for a family of five persons, to 165 per week. There are few families, except among the wealthy, who can own nine dozen nipples they can have in constant service. More than this number would be required for a change

or for company. This supposes only a weekly wash. In the average household, with its own mind of all work, there would be difficulty in having raskins done up all through the week, and complaint made if nine or ten dozen were sent to the laundry every Monday morning. In addition to this, the constant wear of washing is bad for the damask and prevents its lasting nearly as long as it would under ordinary circumstances. There is no need, however, for changing so frequently. Hissing accidents, nipples may easily be used three or four times without becoming unpleasant, nor should the housewife whose means oblige her to observe this allowance feel guilty because she cannot give each one of the family three clean nipples per diem.—Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

**Women and Their Rooms.**

Some one has said "show me the room in which a woman spends most of her time and I will tell you something about her," and undoubtedly there is a certain amount of truth in the remark, although in these days of professional shoppers and house furnishers one cannot be quite sure when in looking about and admiring whether one is praising the taste of the owner of the apartment or the person employed by her. However, in a woman's own bedroom and boudoir, if she is fortunate enough to possess one, this is not so apt to be the case, for as a rule each one likes to try for herself to see what new effects can be produced, and there are any number of young women who not only select the furnishings but actually do the decorating of the room, and ceilings of the room with their own hands, and if the result has not always been satisfactory there is a certain amount of pleasure in having tried. This, if any are the rooms where the individual taste is paramount and where the wildest flights of fancy are permitted.

And it is curious to note the difference in apartments, from those of the greatest simplicity to the ones where everything is as luxurious as possible. And if any special gift or hobby is indulged in, here is the chance to give it vent.—Chicago Herald.

**Care of an Oilcloth.**

Never use soap in the water when washing oilcloths; it is good for a great many things, but this is not one of them. It will, to be sure, remove any grease or dirt there may be, but with it will also remove the paint and fade the colors. An oilcloth that has been always washed in soap and water is easily discovered by its faded look. Ammonia should never be used in the water, which is one of the few things for which it cannot be recommended, although some women use it for this work. It may not injure the colors or remove the paint, but it will denature the luster and give to the cloth a dull, dead look. There are very few housewives that do not know that a brush should be used on oilcloth only on rare occasions, and that only a very soft one should be used them. When an oilcloth has been neglected, and by fairly washes or dries the water or soap has been allowed to settle and dry between the rough surfaces, a brush is the only thing that will remove it, but it should be a soft one and used as lightly as possible, but just enough scouring done to loosen and remove the sediment.—Boston Budget.

**Small Babyhood.**

It is getting to be the fashion now to name children before they are born. Before a youngster has gazed at this motley world a brief round of the sun the engraved cards announcing his or her debut and his or her name are out to all of his or her mamma's dear 500 friends.

It is surprised from the celerity with which these little notes of information are launched upon the world that two sets of cards are printed, since, as every one knows, it is next to impossible to place any reliance in these babies.—Chicago News.

To whiten the hands, mix thoroughly eau de Cologne, two ounces; lemon juice, two ounces; powdered brown Windsor soap, six ounces. When hard it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands.

Save all the brown meat paper, for it is very useful for wiping out greasy kettles and pans; it absorbs the grease, saves the dishcloth, and can be burned when through with it.

An old stove zinc is improved in appearance by rubbing over with lard or with kerosene. Leave it a few minutes, then rub with a dry, soft cloth till all grease seems removed.

There should be a small table about the height of the range for use as a resting place for utensils when omelets, griddle cakes, etc., are made. It should be covered with zinc.

To soften water for washing napkins, cloths, dishes, etc., use one teaspoonful of granulated lye to four gallons of water and dissolve thoroughly.

To remove the shiny look from black clothes, wash well, then dip a black cloth in hot tea and coffee, equal parts of each, and sponge the clothes thoroughly.

Plates and tumbler should never be placed on the table bottom upward. The fashion is antiquated and has neither sense nor beauty to commend it.

Once a year even the most frugal housewife should replenish her linen closet, adding at least the furnishing of one bed and a dozen towels.

To remove grease from garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, shake well and apply with a sponge.

To keep highly polished brass absolutely bright and free from tarnishing (thinly coat with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

The kitchen window is the best of all windows for plants. They receive the needed moisture from the steam of kettles and boilers.

Crackers that have been softened by exposure will become crisp and fresh again by being heated in an oven a few minutes.

Keep the flour barrel raised a few inches from the floor, so that the air may circulate underneath and prevent damp.

To prevent a shiny skin use a little camphor in the wash water. Never use face powders; they are delusions.

To clean tinware, dampen a cloth, dip it in soda, rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry.

A kitchen grindstone that sits on the table only costs \$1 and lasts a generation.

For children there is nothing better than saffron tea for teething and fever.

Do not allow ashes to accumulate in the ashpans until they reach the grate.

Revive leather chair seats by rubbing with well beaten white of egg.

**LIFE ON THE BEACH.**

LAUNCHING A LIFEBOAT AT OAK ISLAND STATION.

Regulations of the Life Saving Service. Throwing the Life Line—The Life Saving Anchor—The Breeches Buoy—Resuscitating a Drowning Man.

Every morning after breakfast the lifeboat is launched for practice. The boat lay on the beach just beyond reach of the waves. It was shaped like an Indian canoe, twenty-eight feet long and six feet wide. The captain steers the boat with an oar, twenty-two foot long. There are places for twelve men in the boat, and each man handles an oar sixteen feet long. The boat is rolled down to the water on wooden rollers. Five rows of great green sealashes were tumbling in, waving their white manes, when the rescuer climbed into the boat and took a seat in the bow. Six men ranged themselves on either side and Capt. Arnold stood at the stern. As a great wave reared suddenly the captain cried:

"Now, boys, let her go!"

The boat forged slowly ahead, thrusting her nose into a towering wall of foaming water. The men jumped in and grabbed their oars. The next wave lifted the boat on its foaming crest and hurled it back. Before the life savers could recover their lost ground a great green monster slipped his mighty shoulder under the keel and threw the boat high and dry upon the beach. Deluged with water and panting like hounds, the men bailed out the water now, rested for a moment, and then they were not dismayed. On no more they placed the boat on an even keel. This time they succeeded in getting through three lines of the ocean's guards, but the fourth was what one of the men called an "old underster." It seemed to froth with rage at the audacity of those puny life savers. The men threw their whole weight on the oars. They lunged until the stout wood groaned in pain; but it was no use. The crew were pretty well fagged out by this time, and were inclined to give up the attempt; but Capt. Arnold's blood was up. He decided on trying it one more. This time great care was taken in the selection of a receding wave. Just at the right moment the boat was launched and forced through the breaker in one, two, three oars, and the gallant craft at last shot through the last foaming sea wall and rode on the long swell outside the surf.

The regulations of the service require that the life boat shall be launched every day from the 1st of September to the 1st of May, but in very rough weather this rule can be modified at the discretion of the captain. But throwing the life line is practiced only twice a week. This is a very interesting operation. After dinner, which consisted of apple potato, coffee boiled in a three gallon coffee pot, a big pitcherful of milk with real, genuine cream half an inch deep on top, mealy potatoes and juicy blackberries, the stove was blackened with molasses and vinegar, and the boat containing the life lines was run out into a meadow back of the station house. The little cannon was carried out into the field and sighted so that the life line, or whip, as it is called, would be shot over a post about 500 feet away. The captain took from a leather cartridge box swung around his shoulder a little red flannel bag containing one ounce and a half of coarse powder. This bag was placed in the cannon and rammed home. No wadding was used. Then an iron or steel weight about one foot long, and having on one end a thin piece of iron resembling a section of pipe with a ring in the end, was dropped into the cannon. It weighed about fourteen pounds. While the cannon was being prepared for use the anchor had been placed in position.

A life saving anchor is a very curious contrivance. It consists of two very heavy oak blocks about six feet long and bolted together in the middle with a ring bolt. These blocks are spread apart until they resemble a cross. They are then buried in the sand two feet to three feet deep. The ring comes upon the center of the anchor and Capt. Arnold said the anchor would stand a sudden strain to part an inch line. When the anchor had been properly buried, the cannon was fired by means of a lanyard and a patent fuse. The iron weight shot up in the air and the anchor was hauled up by the whip with it, which was about the size of a clothes line, but much stronger, and plumped down into the sand. The line had been carried directly over the post and was caught by a man on a ladder, who represented a shipwrecked sailor. He hauled away on the end of the anchor, and he pulled the anchor line about an inch in thickness. From the center of the anchor and the ring came out a rope which was about three inches in size. Upon one side of the board was printed in English the following words:

Make the hawser fast about two feet above the nail block. See that the rope is in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore.

After the hawser was made fast by means of blocks a breeches buoy was pulled over to the lifeboat wreck. This buoy is an ordinary life saving buoy, pendant from which was a pair of knickerbocker trousers made of stout canvas. Seven men heaved away on the hawser until it was stretched perfectly straight. Then a prop made of two forked pieces of wood was placed under the shore end of the line, which raised it up in much the same way that a clothes line is raised into the air. The breeches buoy was pulled over the line, swinging from a block and tackle, the make believe castaway swung himself into it and was pulled ashore, and the practice was over. The process of winding up the whip line so that it will not snarl was very ingenious. A board about two by three feet in size was placed upon the ground. Into the outer edge of this board pegs were set about an inch apart. The rope was wound up on these pegs in such a way that when the weight flew from the cannon's mouth the rope was unwound in a way which prevented a snarl such as occurred before this process was invented. The longest line in the station was 1,300 feet. If a case should occur in which the breeches buoy would be required, six ounces of powder would be used in the cannon.

After the life line practice the men went into the station house and practiced resuscitating a drowning man. Each one of the men is required to commit to memory two or three pages of printed matter from a book containing instructions as to his duties when a half drowned person is rescued. These rehearsals are sometimes very funny, for no matter how well the life saver understands the practice, practically, when he tries to operate on a living man and repeat his lines at the same time, he is apt to become confused and forget what to say. It was so in this instance. A big, brawny, bearded life saver lay upon his back upon the floor. Another man knelt beside him and placed one hand upon the prostrate man's breast bone. Then he began to repeat his lines in a sing-song fashion, running his words together without any regard to pause or inflection. He came to a sudden halt. He scratched his head and reflected for a minute. "I'm stuck," said he. The captain jogged his memory, but it was of no use, and all had to give up the attempt. The captain took the patient in hand and finished the job by compressing the lower ribs of the patient to induce artificial respiration.—New York Evening Sun.

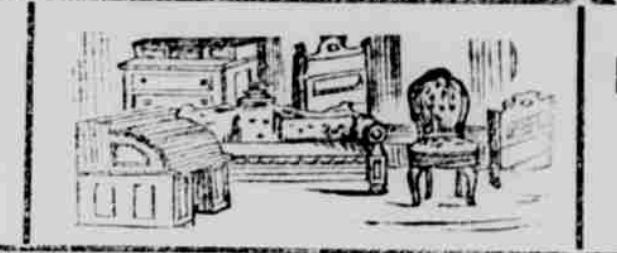
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