

WOMAN AND HOME.

A HOPEFUL SIGN FOR THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

Putting on Gloves—A Wife's Letters. Types of Gossipers—"Tailor Made Girl." Tales Told by Faces—Conversation. Cure for Ivy Poison—Notes.

If there is anything calculated to disturb my usual self-possession and serenity of soul, it is the spectacle of an educated, accomplished woman, suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, sitting down with folded hands and harping about her "better days," or the cruelty of the fates that made her dependent on her own resources for a livelihood. All of us know or have heard of such women. They are dreadful thorns in the sides of all their old friends.

I went once with a friend to see a woman who had once been rich but was now poor. A few remnants of her former glory were to be seen in her two of three little rooms. The second sentence she uttered was, "Oh, sir, do not think I have always lived thus; oh no! I have seen better days." This was said with a sweep of her hand that took in the pieces of furniture and bits of expensive bric-a-brac and a costly picture or two representative of her "better days." Then she began to weep, and I let her weep. There she sat, a strong, healthy, accomplished woman, in the very prime of life, weeping because there was before her the necessity of earning an honorable living for herself. I think you may say that her friends had exerted themselves to secure her an excellent position as teacher in a school where her duties would be light. But she said she "shrank from coming into contact with anybody and everybody," and said something about being forced to associate with "all sorts of common people," that quite upset me, and I was glad when I was outside with my friend, and at liberty to express myself freely and forcibly.

Is there, on the other hand, a spectacle more worthy of praise and admiration than that of a woman suddenly thrown on her own resources, rejecting the charity of friends, and bravely taking up the battle of life for herself, and, perhaps, for her children? Hundreds of women are doing this in our own country, doing it bravely and well, without vain dreams and regrets for "better days," the days that never return. Many of them would not go back to their old, useless, easy lives if they could. To work should be the common lot of all, and a hopeful sign for the future of our own country lies in the fact that so many women are today earning their own living and taking up their own duties and responsibilities. Ladies' magazines, and newspapers, and the daily press, are full of accounts of such women. In the days of adversity, or down to weep, but with sleeves rolled up, perhaps, make themselves useful, self-supporting and independent women.—Zenobia Dana in Good Housekeeping.

Opening the Wife's Letters. Charles Dudley Warner, in replying to the question, "Can a man open his wife's letters?" said that it would depend upon what kind of a husband he is. I think it would be nearer right to say it would depend upon what kind of a wife she is. "Discretion is the better part of valor," as many a husband would learn if he made so bold as to open his wife's letters.

There is scarcely a wife who does not take her husband suddenly into her confidence to tell him who her letters are from and to read them to him, or, perhaps, let him read them himself; but this is a very different matter from having one of her letters read and passed on by one for whom they were not intended. Of course, many women receive letters that never reach the eyes of their life partners, not because they contain matter that would not bear the light of day, not because the wife is afraid or ashamed to show them, but simply because they contain things that are none of his affair. How often the same letters are written only for daughters or sisters' eyes! How much of the family correspondence can be told her that would be promptly withheld from her in-law or brother-in-law! Then there are the letters from dear, intimate friends, who pour out the secrets of their heart upon paper for the sympathy and entertainment of sweet Mrs. Jones, but not for the eyes of her husband. A very long, subtle but sensible reason for a wife very long to let her letters from her husband witholding is a contemporary not long since, was given by a contemporary not long since. She said: "These letters contain the confessions of another mind, that would be rudely treated if given any sort of publicity. And while husband and wife are one to each other, they are two in the eyes of other people, and it may well happen that a friend will desire to impart something to a great woman which she would not intrude to the babbling husband of that woman."

That's the whole thing in a nutshell.—Baltimore American.

The Putting on of Gloves.

A great deal depends on the first putting on of gloves. Have the hands perfectly clean, dry and cool, and never put on new gloves while the hands are warm or damp. Where a person is troubled with moist hands, it is well to powder them when trying on the gloves, but in most cases, if the hands are dry and cool, this is not needed. First, work on the fingers, keeping the thumb outside of the glove, and the wrist of the glove turned back. When the fingers are in smoothly, put in the thumb and work the glove on very carefully, then placing the elbow on the inner work on the hand. When this is done, smooth down the wrist and button on the second button first, then the third, and so on to the end. Then smooth down the whole glove, and fasten the first button. Fastening the first button last, when putting on a glove for the first time, makes a good deal of difference in the fit, although it may seem but a very little thing. It does not strain the part of the glove that is the easiest to strain at first, and prevents the enlarging of the buttonhole, either of which is sure to take place if you begin at the first button to fasten the glove.

When removing gloves never commence at the tips of the fingers to pull them off, but turn back the wrist and pull off carefully, which will, of course, necessitate their being wrong side out. Turn them right side out, turn the thumb in, smooth them out lengthwise in as near as possible the shape they would be if on the hands, and place away with a strip of white cotton flannel between the gloves, or night, but if dark colored the flannel may be omitted. Never roll gloves into each other in a wad, for they will never look as well after. There is always some moisture in them from the hands; consequently, when rolled up this moisture has no chance of drying, and must work into the gloves, making them hard and stiff, and of very little use after, as far as looks or fit are concerned.—Boston Budget.

Love and Friendship. Men of every nation, with the exception, perhaps, of France, go to men for intellectual sympathy, for exchange of earnest feelings, for spiritual intercommunication, in short, for companionship. Love, as generally un-

derstood, they get from and give to women, necessarily; but friendship they seek and find, as a rule, in their own sex. That is a false love which does not include friendship; but it is the love which the mass of men feel, and the mass of women inspire.

True love, love of the highest kind, contains the elements of friendship, mixed with sexuality; friendship is sexless; therefore, serene and stable, and comprehends the comforts of love without its passion. Many men are incapable of friendship; but the lowest and the basest think themselves capable of love. Most of those called the best and wisest would scoff at the very idea of friendship with women; and friendship and companionship may be considered interchangeable. Is not companionship like the rich deposit in life's resort, after love's passion has ceased to sparkle and effervesce?—Junius Henri Browne in Cosmopolitan.

Various Types of Gossipers.

The most dangerous type of gossip is not the woman who has won a renown in her profession. Her notoriety is our protection. We are on our guard in her presence. We speak cautiously and listen indifferently, and she is only able to injure where she is not known.

Far more to be dreaded is the really good hearted but indiscreet and garrulous woman who loves to impart information. I know some excellent wives and mothers, devout church members, and tireless workers for charity, who would be indignant were they classed among the despised gossips.

Yet these same women have related in my presence the outlandish errors of people whom I loved and respected. They have brought out the folded and filed away follies, long hid in the dusty pigeon holes of the past, for my eyes to peruse in the glaring light of the present. They did not mean to be malicious—they simply lacked the strength of mind to be silent concerning an old tale which could in no wise benefit me to hear. It was the love of imparting information, the impulse to astonish rather than any wish to injure. But its effect was pernicious and harmful.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The "Tailor Made Girl."

I have not spoken of the "tailor made girl" yet. This not un-descriptive title has been given to the somewhat independent girl who dresses in plain cut gowns, with little or no trimming, in contradistinction to the clinging young woman whose gowns are hung with ruffles and lace. There are some men who prefer the "tailor made," while there are others who prefer the clinging. The "tailor made" is not necessarily the least bit masculine, neither is she husband hunting. She is fond of walking, and so she wears shoes that do not pinch her feet. She "goes in"—as they say in England—for out of door sports. She rows, she rides, she walks, and she wields the lawn tennis racket. She talks more about these amusements than she does about moon light, love and flowers. She is almost as fond of animals as she is of men, and, in short, she can amuse herself without man, which the clinging girl can not. She is not afraid of being an old maid, the clinging is; and she—the "tailor made"—is quite as loath to marry as the athletic young man, but when she meets her fate she accepts it gracefully, and makes quite a good wife and mother to the clinging.—"Brunswick" in Boston Gazette.

Faces Tell Tales.

I never see a group of tired men hurrying by when the day's work is done that I do not wonder what kind of homes they are going to, and I think I can tell by the eager or sorry expression of their faces, and the elasticity or slowness of their steps whether their anticipations are cheerful or otherwise. I once saw a man going home with a face so begrimed with coal dust that it was anything but agreeable to look at it, but which became almost glorified with a sudden lighting up of joy, which shone through all the sooty black when, from a door in the distance, there came a little fair haired, blue eyed girl, fresh and sweet as a rose, who, with a glad cry, "papa, papa, papa's home," threw herself into his arms. I know the man was very poor, but I know also that he was happy in a home the thought of which made the longest hour seem short, and in a wife who had helped to make him a nobler and better citizen than are thousands in the higher walks of life, who spend upon one dinner more than he was worth.

"Blessed be the wife who, having won her husband's love, knows how to keep it and does it."—Mary J. Holmes in Chicago News.

Popular Conversation Parties.

It is astonishing how difficult it is for a party of fifty, we will say, to talk well. They sit, these fifty people full of ideas, and stare in each other's faces if they have met to talk. But get them into a crowded room, and how every tongue is loosed! Let some one play a piano forte solo, and the effect is equally good, everybody wishes to talk. There has been a great effort made recently for popular conversation parties. Several clubs have private meetings at the houses of members for familiar talk. A number of ladies' clubs have attempted it, but the result is utter silence. All are afraid of their own voices. There are one or two empirical remedies, however. If at "homes" and at evening parties the talk to conversation are not profitable or heart inspiring, if there is no ready made topic at command, it is not a bad thing to throw an explosive conversational shell into the middle of the floor. The powers of talk are often thus unloosed. A startlingly clever observation might be quoted, or a question of such a character that it will shock no prejudice. These are the empirical remedies.—Harper's Bazar.

Rapidity for Ivy Poison.

I have read an article in your paper on ivy poison, and, as I have had considerable experience with ivy poison, I wish to give a sure and simply remedy which I think I was the first to discover. About twenty-five years ago I was badly poisoned by climbing trees to get wild grapes. I was literally poisoned all over. My limbs were swollen and broken out with little blisters. My parents were away from home at the time. I did not know what to do. I had heard that salt water was good. I could find no salt in the house, but found some baking soda, so I thought I would try that. I got a large wash basin, put in about three quarts of water and about four ounces of soda. I then bathed myself good all over. It knocked the ivy poison higher than a kite. I was poisoned several times after that, but always cured myself with the same remedy. Also I know of many cases where they used it, and were speedily cured.—S. Heberling in Scientific American.

Eaten with the Fingers.

Another question often repeated is this, "What shall I eat with my fingers?" Although it is considered vulgar to be seen picking a bone, we have lately observed very well bred people take the leg of a little bird in the fingers, and delicately remove the flesh with the teeth. It is not generally done, but it can be done neatly. Cheese can be eaten from the fingers, and so with all the fruits: a very dry little tart or a cake can be eaten with the fingers. Asparagus is also conveyed to the mouth with the fingers.

Many English gentlemen eat lettuce and celery, with salt alone, with the fingers. Olives are also eaten in the same way. Pastry, hard leccream, jellies, blanc-mange, puddings, are eaten with the fork. The dessert spoon is only used for soft custards and preserved fruit, or melons which are too soft for the fork. When strawberries are served with the stems on, they should be eaten with the fingers, when served hulled and creamed, they should, of course, be eaten with a spoon.—Harper's Bazar.

Feet of Antique Statues.

Did you ever notice what beautiful feet the Venus de Milo has, how well formed and yet how large they are? All antique statues have large feet, and by what aberration of taste we have been brought to admire these little sausages of compressed heel and crimped toes that modern women introduce into shoes and slippers, seems a puzzle to me. They are more than I can tell. To make themselves still more ridiculous they are perched upon tall heels, and when they walk they have the graceful strut of an ostrich. Phillips, in his "As in a Looking Glass," calls it peacocking. And while I have the floor permit me to ask if any one in Louisiana ever saw a statue of Venus, a Juno or a Diana with wasp-like waist, skeleton arms, and a prominent addition to the human form divine at the lower end of the backbone. I do wish it were possible for our women to go back to the simple manners of the early Greeks and the Spartans.—Henry Haynie, in New Orleans Picayune.

A Judge's Sensible Words.

Judge Tully occupies a position which enables him, almost compels him, to collect statistics as to the causes of divorce. In a recent interview he said:

"I would not add to nor take away any of the causes of divorce now given by the statute. If it were practicable, I would prohibit by law any newly married couple living with the parents of either within the first five years. When left by themselves, their characters sooner assimilate and they much sooner learn that in order to be happy there must be continual and mutual self-sacrifices and dependence of each upon the other."

There is condensed in the last sentence the result of much experience by a close thinker. A vast amount of unhappiness might have been avoided if every newly married couple, and the parents of each, could have been made to know this before it was too late.—Chicago Times.

Enjoyable "Little Dinners."

The sincerest form of hospitality, and by far the most enjoyable left to us, is "little dinners." Showy banquets and display feasts may possess some interest as spectacles, and various forms of glorification, private and public, individual or collective, but the real soul of good fellowship is a gathering of six to a dozen persons—intelligent, congenial—round the table of a discriminating, experienced host or hostess (or both), who invite their friends, not to show the extent of their wealth and the luxury of their plate—though there is no objection to the use of the beautiful things, if one possesses them—but whose first thought is comfort and a little season of unclouded and, therefore, rational enjoyment, on such a basis as can be repeated and made a part, indeed, of the daily life—its milestones and happy occasions.—Jenny June.

Tales Told by Servants.

Three-quarters of the intimate domestic scandals of society probably get abroad through the interchange of confidences. It is told of a young married woman, that she complained to her mother that she was not pleased with her maid.

"She seems to be a handy girl, dear," said mamma, "and to understand her work."

"Yes, but she will talk to the other servants wherever she goes."

"Well, my dear," observed mamma, placidly, "they talk to her, I suppose."

"What of that?"

"Why, get her to tell you what they tell her, and let her tell them whatever she pleases."

From such philosophy as this, there is, of course, no appeal.—Alfred Trumble in The Argonaut.

Kissing Little Women.

Little women, as a general thing, have the better of it as far as kissing a man is concerned, because they have to reach up to that generally necessitates putting a hand on each shoulder, and the human representative of a Newfoundland dog is charmed by his soul because he thinks the little woman likes him so much. The woman who has to reach up to a man always control him. Her size acquires her of her folly, and he is certain to regard her as a dear little thing, and never see her Machiavelian schemes for ruling him. If I had daughters I should put heavy weights on their heads in early childhood to keep them from growing very tall, because to the small comes the victory.—"Bab" in New York Star.

For Perspiring Feet.

Bathe the feet in a weak solution of permanganate of potash, about forty grains of the salt to a pint of water; or sprinkle the feet with the following powder, made by mixing together seven ounces carbonate of magnesia, two ounces powdered calcined alum, seven ounces powdered corn root and one-half dram powdered cloves.—"V V K" in Yankee Blade.

Their Own Cottage.

Seven Maine schoolmairs, tired of boarding house life, are planning to erect a cottage for their own use. They have saved a few hundred dollars each and their building enterprise will be undertaken on the co-operative plan.—Chicago Herald.

Discard the old opinion that "one piece of work should be completed before another is begun." You will find that a change of work affords rest, sometimes it even seems to give fresh vigor to the worker.

When a person is "sick at the stomach" ice taken into the mouth in small pieces and allowed to melt before swallowing, will in many instances relieve the discomfort.

Do not leave any tomatoes in the bottom of a tin can, but pour them into an earthen bowl till you want them. This applies to nearly all canned vegetables.

That unsightly excrescence commonly called a wart can be removed by touching it several times a day with castor oil. This is the simplest known remedy.

A pretty looking dish can be made by lining some cups and saucers with lettuce leaves and putting a large spoonful of the salad in the center.

To lessen the fatigue of climbing stairs do not throw the body forward. Step leisurely and hold the body erect.

White and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whiting in the water.

A spoonful of fine salt or horse radish will keep a can of milk sweet for several days.

Never leave the cover off the tea canister.

A MOSLEM HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

Scenes of Splendor in a Mosque—Glimpses of the Worshippers.

You enter this mosque through a bronze door, having, of course, previously shed your profane feet with protecting babooshes; and then you are free to examine and admire. The first feature that strikes you is four enormous pillars, which might be compared to four fluted towers, and which support the weight of the principal cupola. The capitals of these pillars are carved into the form of a mass of statuettes, a style of ornament which may be observed in many fine Persian monuments; and halfway up they are encircled by a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish characters. The strength and simplicity of these four pillars, which at once explain to the eye the constructive system of the building, give a striking impression of robust majesty and imperishable stability. Sarcophagi, or vessels from the Koran, form bands of running ornament around the great cupola and the minor domes and the niches.

From the roof are suspended to within eight or ten feet of the ground innumerable lustres, composed of glass cups full of tall, set in a circular iron frame and decorated with balls of crystal, ostrich eggs and silk tassels, as in St. Sophia and all the other mosques. The mihrab, which designates the direction of Mecca—the niche where rests the sacred book, the Koran, the "noble book taken from a prototype kept in heaven"—is inlaid with lapis lazuli, agate and jasper. Then there is the usual member, surmounted by a conical sound board, the mastiche, or platform supported by colonettes, where the muezzins and other clergy sit. As in all the mosques, the side aisles are unumbered with trunks and bales of merchandise, deposited by pious Mussulmans under divine safeguard; and finally, the floor is covered with fine matting in summer and carpets in winter.

While I was lost in wonderment at the splendor of this mosque several Moslems came in to pray, with the usual prostrations and beard stroking and yawning. Two or three women also came to pray, clad in feridjis of brilliantly striped silks—rose and white, azure and white, yellow and red—and they, too, knelt on the matting and bowed and touched the ground with their brows; and their little baby girls, with their fine eyes and white veils wrapped round their heads, stood patient and motionless beside them, not being yet old enough to pray, or perhaps not strong enough on their legs to prostrate themselves without irremediably losing their balances.—Atlantic Monthly.

Men Who Get Side Tracked.

Perhaps the most numerous class of men who get side tracked are those who start in life in an occupation for which they have no natural aptitude. There are thousands of farmer boys who never should remain on the farm—the loud protestations of the agricultural press to the contrary notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, men who make a life business of stirring the soil when they ought to be stirring the senate; and, on the contrary, perhaps, there are men who are trying to stir the senate who ought to be stirring the soil. Good business men are frequently spoiled to make poor preachers; and there are many large and heavy lawyers who would make ideal blacksmiths; and there are some slender and unsuccessful blacksmiths with the keen logical brain and the shrewd masterful mind of the lawyer. Such men are side tracked for life, unless there is some great event crosses their track, such as crossed the track of Grant the teamster, or Cromwell the country squire. But no doubt there are many Grants who always team, and many Cromwells who never leave the farm. There are many men who start out in life, like hunters, on the wrong trail. They never bring down their game because their game has gone in another direction. They are like fishermen who bob for cod in a trout brook, or start whaling on an inland pond.

There are some men who are side tracked for life at their very birth. They are born into a mesh of circumstances from which there is no extrication. Of course it is easy enough to say that a man, like water, will always find his level; but it is hard for water to rise plumb with its fountain head when confined in an underground pipe. It would be no different for Shakespeare to assert his claim to immortality if he had been born in Patagonia, and we would never have heard of Plato if he had first seen the light in Scythia. To say nothing of the hereditary influences that mold the unborn man, the environment of the young human infancy usually shapes and directs his destiny, so irrevocably that only men of the strongest will and the toughest mental and physical fiber can ever counteract the impetus that is given them in childhood.—Yankee Blade.

Mr. Lincoln's Little Speech.

Mr. Lincoln was quite apt to prepare himself in advance for these little events, and when he did he generally followed his manuscript carefully. Mr. Hitt was present when the representatives of the national convention, headed by George Ashmun, called on Mr. Lincoln to inform him of his nomination. Mr. Lincoln did not quite like the way the man reporting him, especially when he was only making a speech of a few minutes, and when after a little general talk, Mr. Ashmun stepped forward and began to address Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Hitt got behind one of the spectators, and proceeded to take Mr. Lincoln's response verbatim. After the affair was over Mr. Lincoln came up to Mr. Hitt and asked: "Did you hear all that I said?" "Every word," was the response. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I was afraid you would not be able to hear, so I wrote what I was going to say beforehand," and he handed Mr. Hitt the stenographic report, and there was not the variation of a word.—"F. P. P." in Chicago Times.

Sewer Waste of Paris.

Sometimes the waste water of the kitchen and that of the closets is all emptied out into the sewers. Sometimes it is caught in a barrel shaped vessel (painted which retains the solid matter and lets the water pass. These receptacles, called tinettes, are removed at stated intervals by persons who use the contents for fertilizing fields in the suburbs. A great majority of the houses still have cesspools or tinettes in the cellars, which are pumped out or removed by the main entrance at stated intervals. So far only about 1,000 houses have their closets directly connected with the sewers, though the number is increasing rapidly and all will eventually be so arranged. It will then be more difficult to keep the sewers clean, but the necessity will follow its normal development, and the neatness of the underground avenues will still rival that of the streets above.—Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Cobalt for Plating.

Mr. Alexander Watt, the author of several valuable works on metallurgy, thinks that cobalt should take its place as a substitute for nickel for coating various articles. The advantages claimed for it are its superior whiteness, and the readiness with which it may be deposited by electricity.—Chicago Times.

The Plattsmouth Herald

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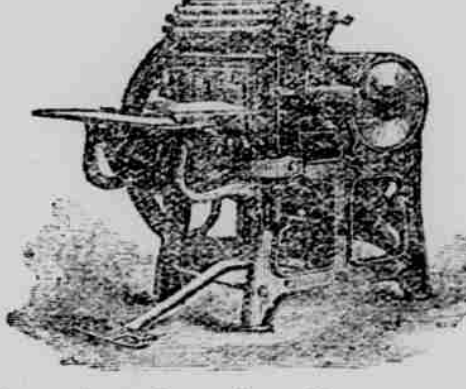
Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

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