

WOMAN AND HOME.

A MIDDLE AGED WIFE'S PATHETIC, UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

Keeping Up Appearances - Warning Against Face Powders - Social America in 1850 - Economy - A Girl's Education. The Nightcap - Household Hints.

Most finely organized women are so susceptible to the quality of the moral atmosphere that their very personality alters with their conditions.

No unequal struggle is more courageous or more pathetic than the effort of a middle aged wife to conceal from herself that the de-bonair lover of her prime, her Gratiatio, so gay, so airy, speaking his infinite debt of nothing, is converted into the silent boor of her meridian.

But she is not deceived. She knows that he owes her something more and higher than the "heaping up dust from year to year."

It is right that a man should secure a competence for wife and child, who without him might eat the bitter bread of poverty.

Some hypocrisy there may be in keeping up appearances. The last sacrifice may be made to keep up the parlor with a show of well doing, while the kitchen may be a pig pen.

This may all be hypocrisy, in great or small degree; but, after all, it means something deeper. People do not love to be hypocrites, unless we except the few Utah Heeps.

Economy only ceases to be admirable when it goes too far and verges on stinginess, and then it is very apt to defeat its own desires.

Common sense is the measure by which economy must be conducted. The guarding against unnecessary wear and tear, the mending of tiny holes and worn places as soon as they are perceptible, the stitching in time that saves nine, the changing about of rugs that they may wear evenly, the making over of old clothes, the skillful disposition of remnants, the watching for such little leaks as the throwing away of soap stock or the neglect to sift the ashes—all this attention to apparent trivialities only becomes misapplied when it withdraws the mind from higher objects, and binds it down to a mechanical round that leaves room for nothing but petty details.

Use no face powders that are not starch or rice powders, and second, use no face powders that contain lead, zinc, bismuth, arsenic or mercury. Of the numerous "face masks,"

"beauty masks," "complexion balms," "medicated pastes," blooms of youth, beauty or loveliness, "Lola Montez secrets," not one is good in any respect. The very best is without value.

Of the rouge preparations, those made from cochineal and madder are harmless. All others are bad, very bad, and horrible.

The furniture, of city houses especially, often costly enough, was almost without exception dreadful.

The ladies' boots, made usually of cloth, were heeless, laced at the side, and came not quite to the ankle bone; while the one button gloves left the wrist entirely bare.

Nightcaps injurious. Nightcaps as an article of dress, except in antiquated farces and amateur theatricals, have gone out of fashion.

It is right that a man should secure a competence for wife and child, who without him might eat the bitter bread of poverty.

I think a girl's education begins in the cradle. Who can say how early she discerns what she has no speech to utter—her, for instance, whether the people around her are serious, controlled, patient and sweet, or the sad reverse?

From Shoulder to Elbow. "I wonder," writes a fashionable milliner, "whether the confirmed wearer of the conventional sleeveless ball dress ever reflects on the fact that arms which look white early in the evening grow crimson with exercise?"

Woman as an Employee. When a woman asserts that she does exactly as much as a man, and does it just as well, that is her side of the case.

Grain Soup without Meat. Here is a grain soup without meat that is recommended. Fry in clarified dripping, or in butter, some carrots, turnips and onions, which are cut in small dice, taking care not to burn them.

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THE BOYS IN GRAY.

WHAT CONFEDERATES HAD TO EAT WHILE IN VIRGINIA.

Cooking Beef in a Camp Kettle—An Over-Polite Soldier—Bread Pudding. The Louisiana Tigers at Malvern Hill. A Yankee's Testament.

"That was an heap o' difference between the looks o' Johnston's army and Lee's," said Plunkett, as he proceeded to fill his pipe with tobacco that Brown had chipped from a plug.

"Johnston's army war'n't that way. They didn't have much clothes, but what they did have was Confederate, out and out, and I've sacket er 200 pound fellow with er coat and jacket on that looked like they mout er been made for er fellow weighing about 80 pounds, and er little old gray cap that didn't look like it was more'n big enough for er doll baby stuck onto er fellow that had er head as big as er peck measure."

"You couldn't tell Lee's army from the Yankees, to see them marching erlong; but they wore er daburned sight better clothes than ever Johnston's army got er hold of—every old soldier knows this—and I b'leve Lee's army was eating flour bread er many er time when the other armies were eatting er old corn dodgers."

"They didn't none o' em have anything to brag on," suggested Brown. "No," resumed Plunkett, "they didn't none o' em have much to eat, and what they did have war'n't fixed up much. The most commonest way for er soldier to cook, though, was to put his beef in er camp kettle and set it by the fire and let it simmer er way there all night, and next morning it would be looked all to pieces and brownd with gravy at the bottom that was good enough for er king to eat. But they'd have changes sometimes, and it's just as I've told you, whenever one fellow started any new way they'd all get at it, and they'd git plum disgusted 'fore they'd stop."

"I knowed er fellow," chimed in Brown, "that was sich er good cook that he liked to have starved himself to death lettin' fellows taste his vittels. But he soon got outen that. He was one o' these here polite kind o' fellows that would invite you to eat with him if you happened up at his meals, and it was right into er fellow's hand to git er meal offen another fellow's rations, till pretty soon it got so that just before he'd ax you to have some he'd turn eround, so he'd ax you to be so see him, and spit in his eating three or four times, and er fellow had to be mighty hungry to eat any o' it after that. He'd tell 'em that it was just er habit he'd got into, and there was er lots o' em that took it up."

"That's so," resumed Plunkett, "whatever one got to doin', there were others that would follow. I never will forget the dish what they called 'bread pudding.' It was er kind o' softening of cold bread and putting molasses into it and then bakin' er crust on to it; and then there was er kind o' weed that growed wild in Virginia that they gathered and biled for vegetables—I forget the name o' it now, but it was er about as good as poke salad."

"McClellan's army had better eatin' than most o' folks at home," said Brown. "You are right," agreed Plunkett, "and our boys got er heap o' it, too. But that was mighty hard times eround there then, and er fellow couldn't enjoy nothin' what he got. That Chickahominy country was er mighty bad place, and the weather was hot and the fields and woods got dusty from so much trampin' on 'em; but when it did rain that was mud to pay for it. If I live er thousand years I'll never forget the last day o' the seven days fight eround Richmond. The last fight was at night, or late in the afternoon and night. It was Malvern Hill, and the fight went on till erbout 10 at night, and the rain was fallin' all the time. That was er bad place, and you never seed the lightning come no ways nigh lighting up the clouds like the Yankee cannons that were on top o' that hill, and time after time, and regiment after regiment of our boys tried to get to the top o' the hill and stop 'em; but they couldn't and there was many a good soldier that gave up his life that night and died in darkness, with the rain fallin' down in his face, that there has never been er word said erbout in books, and never will be."

"What was called the Louisiana Tigers went closer to the guns on Malvern Hill than any others, and they came mighty nigh bein' all killed there. Maj. Wheat, the officer what led 'em, went nearer to the guns than any other man, and was shot down, and as he fell he bollerred out to 'em, 'Don't let 'em get me, boys!' and then there was a rush made to secure the body, and there was a hand to hand fight till two men caught the dead officer by the legs and run down the hill with him. The next battle finished 'em up and they were disbanded, only erbout twelve or thirteen of them being left, and I have never heard of them since."

"But that ain't no use in my talkin' erbout things erway off yander in Virginia, when I can look right out the window here and see the ground where there was just as hard fighting done as there was anywhere. I was over in the field there today, and as the plow would go erlong and turn up the dirt I could find an old piece of Sherman's shells every now and then. It looks like we never will get the balls outen the ground, for every time you plow it and just wait till er shower of rain comes and sorter settle it down, the dirt will wash offen the balls and leave 'em where you can see 'em. This is the way it's been ever since the war, and it looks to me like there has been more balls and pieces of shell picked up offen that ground than it would take to run er good sized war, and they didn't fight there but one day either."

"I used to save little things that I'd find, but I've give 'em all er way to strangers that would tell me they wanted mementoes, but I've got a little book there on the table that I've kept and I'm always going to keep till somebody claims it what has er right to it." The old man stopped talking as Brown reached over to a little table in the corner and drew forth a little soiled Testament. There was nothing that could be seen to identify the owner, owing to its soiled condition. There was a note sheet of paper which had been pasted to the inside back of the book, and there were three or four verses and a name on it, but here is all that can be read:

In this little book there's a promise that's precious. And but for that promise my poor heart would break; I give it to you and I know you will keep it. And read it and heed it, for dear mother's sake. "I got that little book over on the Yankee line the day after the fight, and I'm pretty certain that it belonged to er young Indiana fellow what was killed and buried over there. It was mucky and wet when I got it, and I brought it home and dried it, and I'm going to keep it."—"Sarge" in Atlanta Constitution.

While eating the slim meal he ordered, the stranger looked across at his well dressed vis-a-vis and remarked: "I see you have had celery; will you oblige me with ten cents to pay for some celery, sir?" "I don't know why I should pay for celery for you, sir," answered the gentleman haughtily; "you are a perfect stranger to me." "Allow me to introduce myself," cheerfully responded the other, presenting a card. Now, sir, shall I order the celery, or will you have it?—Detroit Free Press.

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