

MAN AND HOME.

LEVITE WHO "PASSED BY ON THE OTHER SIDE."

Some Hints About Bedrooms—Disappointments of Life—Soap for the Face—The Mind Healer's Advice—Hot Water. Hints for the Household.

Mr. Dorsey's natural eyes were looking straight ahead of him, but the eyes of his spirit were gazing at something back in the halls of memory—something painful, evidently, for a shadow fell upon his face.

"I don't want to be preachy or any of that kind of thing, but I hope you will remember the story, and tell it whenever you can in the interest of exterminating cowards. If I could put into the tale what I have suffered from my own sin, I am sure that none who hear it would have the same thing to regret. I was drowned once in one of those little Minnesota lakes which look so sweet and peaceful, and are as treacherous as tigers.

"Talk about the sensations of a drowning man! I know them. I was brought back, not from unconsciousness, but from consciousness in a strange and interesting country. I knew what was happening when I came to the first time. It seemed to me that I could see through the water to the very sky. After the first roaring sound, when my ears were filling with water, all was utter silence. I was at the bottom of the lake, drowning, and I knew it. I could do nothing to save myself, and, indeed, I didn't think of doing anything then; my mind was busy with the panorama of my past. I have listened incredulously a hundred times to stories of the drowning who remembered every act of their lives as they were sinking. I believe the stories now.

"I remembered everything. Queerest feeling imaginable! I forgot that I was drowning—that is, I forgot to be frightened about it. I seemed to be resting on some elevation, and watching my life fly past me, one scene after another. I assure you I witnessed several times in strong colors. Many a sin which I had lightly committed and lightly dismissed from my mind looked very dark to me then. And there was no shutting my eyes to them, either. There they were, grim accusers, accompanying me to the bank of judgment. I believe truly in a rescuing angel. I think his name is Memory. I have never seen his account against me up to that date. Since then I have endeavored not to increase it.

"Every deed carried its motive and consequences in full view. The darkest among them all—the one from which my spirit turned with the greatest abhorrence—was a sin of cowardice—moral cowardice. A young girl in our town, when I was in my early twenties, got the tongue of scandal after her. She was alone in the world and poor, but bright as a diamond, and had a pleasant face and sweet manners. She was employed as bookkeeper in one of the stores, and somehow there began to be coarse gossip about her and her employer.

"It may have been the most malignant of lies—doubtless was. At least I had no right to judge her. In any event she was my superior in magnanimity. Bravely she bore it all, high spirited creature that she was. She never bent an inch under the malice of those accursed tongues, but she must have suffered cruelly. Probably every fiber of pride she had was wounded every day, again and again. We had been at school together and were good friends.

"What did I do when they began to hound her down with their low suspicions and wicked tales? Never went near her. Yes, and worse than that. It so happened that one morning, as we were both going down town, I overtook her on a corner. I spoke courteously, of course, yet feeling so cowardly within that I dare say my embarrassment showed in my face and manner. I thought of what Mrs. So and So would say if we were seen walking on the street together. So, like the poltroon I was, I crossed the street and walked down on the opposite side.

"Think of it, will you? I felt base at the time. I feel vile now when I remember it. If I had stuck a knife into her heart I am sure I could not hurt so cruelly. Oh, she was very proud. I saw a stony look come into her face that I can never forget, though I wish I could.

"Well, the scandal mongers did their worst at last. They drove her out of town. She went to the city and died of heart break and starvation, while trying to find honest work—literally done to death by wicked tongues. Of all the scenes memory revealed to me while I was under water, that one on the street corner was the most repellent—the one I regretted most.

"I had been a contemptible coward when it would have been so easy to be brave. I threw away that priceless thing, the opportunity of helping a heart that was stricken. I had dealt a dastardly blow to a woman who was making a brave fight against poverty and injustice. I grew weak at the thought of it even now.

"I never realized how basely I had acted, until that drowning panorama showed my conduct to me in its true light. I repented of it from that hour and have repented ever since. I had been guilty of things the world would call worse; but no other sin looked so hateful to me, no other was so entirely without mitigating circumstances. A man is always a coward who consciously hurts a woman; but to wound one who is already wounded, alone, defenseless, struggling, working, and putting a brave face on it all—well, I hope none of you may ever have to confront an accusation from the past like this.

"That scene in the mirror of memory has influenced my life ever since. I am now sure—try to remember, each of you—that when we injure another the one most injured is ourselves. I am 55 years old, and have been in the pulpit in the faithful service of my Master more than twenty years, yet that scene never grows a shade dimmer in memory.

"I have seen that girl's proud, hurt face when I stood by coffins and said the last solemn words over the fair young dead. I have seen it when I joined the hands of the youthful and loving in wedlock. It has risen before me when I wrote, alone in my study, at midnight; and it was near me when the morning sun lit up the earth. Not avenging and terrible—no, not that, for long ago I felt that she whom I had hurt had forgiven me; but I could not forgive myself. No; it was there to remind me that a heavy penalty is exacted for the sin of cowardice. It has helped me to teach my people that woman is the spiritual part of man; that when he hurts her he hurts himself.

"In the Talmud is a proverb which says: 'God counts the tears of women.' Remember it."—From Gertrude Garrison's "The Wrong Man" in Belford's Magazine.

Some Hints About Bed Rooms. Care of the bed room is sometimes neglected. The style in which it is usually furnished is known to every one. She who throws back over the

dirty floor, and the window is left open five or ten minutes, a length of time popularly considered quite sufficient to air the room. The bed maker may possibly turn the mattress, but in seven cases out of ten the bed clothes are spread up without going through this form, and tucked in snugly at the sides and foot, to prevent the fresh air getting in or the stale air escaping.

The right way of performing this work is not so difficult that one need shrink from it. The coverings should first be stripped back over two chairs set at the foot of the bed. The mattress should then be doubled so that the air may get to all parts of it, and left so for from half an hour to an hour. In very severe winter weather the time may be lessened. Each piece of bedclothing should be well shaken before it is restored to its place and the pillows beaten and patted into shape. The white spread, that should have been removed at bedtime the night before and neatly folded, is now fresh and smooth. If pillow shams are not used, the crossed night slips may be exchanged for fresh day cases, and the former laid aside until the evening.

The bed is not all that needs close care in the sleeping room. The dusting is far more important than many people suspect. Accumulations of fluff and dust form a favorite nesting place for disease germs and unsavory smells. On this account many ornaments are not to be commended in a bedchamber. The receptacles for waste water should be washed out every day and scalded three times a week. In hot weather the scalding should take place every day, and the utensils be sunned if possible. Wash cloths should be wrung out in boiling water every other day. Without this they soon become offensive. Shoes and other articles of apparel should not be left lying about the room to gather dust and look untidy. Soiled clothes should never be left in a sleeping room. They contaminate the atmosphere.—The Housewife.

Disappointments of Life.

Can anything be more barren than a commonplace life? Can anything be more sordid than the cry, the selfish cry, "we can't afford it." Is it not hard to sit at home and see some one else make the coveted trip, some one else receive the expected gift, some one else read the longed for letter? Are not these disappointments hard to endure? Try them and see. In our commonplace lives we need the poor words of my vocabulary the heart-aches, the temptations, the longings, the sadness of doing without, that go to make up so much of life for you and me. But overhead is the blue sky. The song is there. The music is there. The poem is there, and with uplifted gaze we rediscover that which we had forgotten, and the cook, the seamstress, the teacher, the worker, that is our human shape, turns again to the place God meant us to fill, and life for us flows on again.

Who can fathom the depths of life of this little home tender and patient sewer of long seams? Only another woman may guess at the aggravating little toils and troubles that make up life for her. Smoky stoves, bread that will not rise, needles that break, threads that knot, pots that will not boil, babies that fret ceaselessly, dishes to wash, beds to make, knives to clean, floors to sweep, stock-lags to darn, and no kind words, no unexpected pleasant events, no outings, no new books, no evenings at the lake, no new gowns. How is a woman to get beautiful under a life of such petty, ugly, rasping, gut-like miseries? The finely tempered steel of patience, the hopeful heart, the granite temper—all these uplift the spirit and make its owner lovely and happy. The heart of a woman is a crystal with many facets. You must hold it up to the light and let the sunshine through it to see how pure and beautiful it is, even with its little blemishes of earth.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

Soap and the Complexion.

Some women will not on any account use soap when washing the face, claiming that it has a tendency to roughen the skin. This is very true where the soap used is of an inferior quality, but if a good soap is used this objection is easily overcome. The best soap for this purpose is the pure white Castile. Toilet soaps are not to be recommended, for while there are some very good ones the cheap ones are unfit for use. Where there is a tendency to eruptions the pure Castile soap has a healing effect where most soaps will aggravate the trouble. When possible, use soft water to wash in; but as around the city this is impracticable, a few drops of ammonia added to hard water will soften it wonderfully.

As regards rain water for the skin, an old lady friend of ours, who at the age of 97 years had skin as soft as velvet, attributed it to the constant use of rain water in washing. Never use soap on the face during the day, but just before retiring for the night wash the face with a soft cloth in warm water, using the Castile soap liberally. Rub the lather well into the skin, then rinse off with clear warm water, and wipe dry. In the morning wash in warm water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia. Use but a very little ammonia, fifteen drops to a basin of water is plenty, and as some ammonia is stronger than others, do not use so much as to be disagreeable to the eyes, for aside from its being annoying it will chafe the skin. For an oily skin there is nothing like ammonia in the wash water.—Boston Budget.

The Mind Healer's Advice.

"Give me that priceless receipt," I pleaded in thrilling tones. "Think beautiful thoughts," she answered. "Do not envy your friends, do not quarrel; be careful to cherish no feeling of discontent or malice. Don't use your mirror; forget what the body you knew as yourself looked like, and sit down and sketch in your mind the picture you want to represent. Think, 'My arm is white and soft and round, my face is bright and intelligent, my complexion is clear and my body is erect, my movements are graceful, my conversation is pleasing; I love the world, I love life, I love God,' and in a few weeks your friends will tell you of the improvement."

I looked at her. I recalled my mirrored self. "I wondered. "Our mind and body are like a magic lantern," she continued, as I silently tried to estimate the amount of faith it would require to work the transformation she suggested. "Our mind is the lantern, our thoughts the slides and our body the wall of reflection. If we slide in an ugly thought it reflects on the body; if we slide in a lovely thought it reflects, and so we make ourselves."—Nellie Bly in New York World.

Hot Water Cures.

A strip of flannel or a napkin dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has croup, and then covered over with a larger and thicker towel, will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times, dipped in hot water, wrung out, and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic acts like magic. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism, as hot water, when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water,

and kept applied to old sores, new cuts, bruises and sprains, is a treatment now adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of three feet. E. water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in case of constipation. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia.—Oracle.

Fun at a Luncheon.

A query corner correspondent asks for some "pretty devices" to enhance the attractions of luncheons, teas, etc., and also what souvenirs may be given. At a recent luncheon, before each cup was placed a prettily decorated bowl or quest containing beans. The one who guessed nearest to the number of beans in her own cup received the first prize. To the one who made the next best guess was given the second, and to the one who made the poorest guess was given the "hooby" prize. It created much fun and merriment, and the pretty cups were taken home as souvenirs. At another luncheon a large bowl with beans was placed in the center of the table, and prizes given in accordance with the guesses, a prize being provided for each person at the luncheon.—Mary E. Bryan in Fashion Bazaar.

Cement for Knife Handles.

A material for fastening knives or forks into their handles is much needed. The best cement which is used for this purpose is made by melting one pound of colophony, bought of any druggist, and eight ounces of sulphur. It may be kept in a jar or reduced to powder. Take one part powder and mix with iron filings, fine sand or brick dust, and fill the cavity of the handle, heat the stem of the handle, then heat the stem of the knife or fork and insert. When cold it will be found to be firm in its place.—Good Housekeeping.

One Reason Why.

A woman has told me that this is one reason why men fail to selfish girls for wives, to wit: that these look cooler, keep fresher and better arrayed than the girls who help their mothers and have less time to look to themselves. If we were well, I think, both for a man and for a woman who reach age to be married, to search into any one who looks well kept, and discover whether, like a fruit, he be not over-ripened altogether by the pickle that has preserved him, or his heart be not like a mummy dried in spices.—Globe Democrat.

He Forgot One Course.

"It seems to me, Maria, that we've had nothing but veal, veal, veal for breakfast all this week," remarked Mr. Bentley. "You forgot another thing we've had, Robert," remarked the old lady, quietly; "we've had growl, growl, growl for breakfast every day too."

And then Johnny Bentley was sent away from the table for laughing at "nuthin'."—Harper's Bazar.

Coldness of Complexion.

A person with but little color in complexion or hair must supply the deficiency by having deep, rich tones in the dress material. She should never wear any flat colors, no gray or drab, pale tints of green, lavender or lemon, but she should brighten up the coldness of her complexion by darker colors—something that has warmth in it.—Woman.

Lime water, an expensive article when purchased at the chemist's, can be readily made by taking pieces of lime as large as a walnut, adding two quarts of filtered water, and allowing it to settle for twenty-four hours. The clear water on top is then ready for use, and is sufficiently impregnated with the alkali.

A remedy for tender feet is cold water, about two quarts, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one tablespoonful of bay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for ten minutes gently throwing the water over the limbs upward to the knee. Then rub dry with a crash towel, and all the tired feeling is gone.

If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet. If a large basketful of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept, there will be no danger of it becoming tainted.

A long handled brush, long enough to reach the ceiling, is as important to a good housekeeper as a good broom; if the walls and ceiling are lightly brushed before the room is swept, the paper will keep clean and fresh much longer.

Flour is a great absorbent of any smells that may be adjacent to it. Therefore, never store it near onions, fish or any other odorous substance. It is best stored in a cool, dry, but airy place, and should always be sifted just prior to use.

Moths or any summer flying insects may be enticed to destruction by a bright tin pan half filled with kerosene set in a dark corner of the room. Attracted by the bright pan, the moth will meet his death in the kerosene.

To take rust out of steel, rub the steel with sweet oil, in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen, and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

Tar may be removed from one stands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve the tar so that it can be rubbed off.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

An excellent cement for fastening the tops of kerosene lamps is made with three parts of resin, one of caustic soda and five parts of water.

A pan of sliced raw onions placed in a room where there is diphtheria will absorb the poison and prevent the disease from spreading. The onions should be buried every morning and fresh ones put up.

If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling pin or potato masher, it tightens up the cotton, and makes them seem soft and new.

For hoarseness, beat a fresh egg and thicken it with fine white sugar. Eat of it freely, and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

A little ammonia and borax in the water when washing blankets keeps them soft and prevents shrinkage.

Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month becomes more durable.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well beaten white of egg.

To clean oyster plates use a solution of ammonia in water, applied with a rag.

BEAUTY'S BLEMISHES.

VEXATIOUS SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS AND THE UGLY LITTLE MOLE.

Visit to the Electrical Physician—How Moles May Be Removed—A Stitch in Time—Freckles Not Feared as Formerly. A Cure.

Nothing except wrinkles is so disliked by the feminine variety as the unexpected appearance of a long wiry hair protruding from the chin or any part of the face. They seem to come without any warning; no preliminary fuzziness, but in a night they arrive.

The first resort when they are discovered is the scissors. But they grow again, like mushrooms after an August rain, all the thicker and more bristling after each cutting. Then comes the reign of the tweezers, and, regardless of pain, out they must come. But, as in the case of gray hairs, they, too, come to the funeral. Still, such were the only remedies of the women of yesterday, and they had to bear this sign, as well as others, of advancing age with what courage they could. Poor old things! you had to put up with such a lot of trials and escape.

Nowadays a woman with superfluous hair has only to make two or three or four visits to an electrical physician. Indeed, the family physician often undertakes the removal, and at each visit he removes some half dozen of the objectionable capillaceous adornments by the aid of his electric needle. One tiny puncture at the root of each hair, one quick, little shock from the battery, and good-by hair forever and ever. It is very wise to have more than six or seven hairs removed at once. It becomes then a case of more haste less speed, for the operation is apt to produce a sore which will prevent any further procedure until that is healed, but a few may be removed at a time—say, twice a week—without any inconvenience. Nor need any person fear any after effects whatever from this cause if done carefully a few at a time.

Another discovery of modern study of physical development is that there is no need of allowing such unsightly disfigurements as moles to continue upon the human face or body, although persons rarely go to the trouble of having any such thing removed from the body unless on the arms or neck. Physicians touch the surface of a mole very lightly with a pencil or sharp pointed stick dipped in fuming nitric acid. When in the country state it requires no more than two applications to entirely eradicate the defect, and it is very unwise to await the certain growth of the excrescence before having it treated.

It is, perhaps, as well not to give here the strength of the acid necessary to perform the operation, for it is a dangerous thing to trifle with and should be left entirely to the use of physicians or surgeons. A single drop too much at a time will not only drive away the mole, but a very nice little round hole in the skin all about the place where it used to be. Women must remember that they forbid children to play with fire.

Certain small round brown moles are considered a mark of beauty, and therefore unless they are as thick as freckles, which they resemble, it is not worth while to tamper with them. Especially should one appear on the back of the neck, it should be treasured like a ruby, for what says the old rhyme we learned with our Mother Goose?

Moles in the neck, money by the peck. It is the clear, white, watery kind of mole from which hairs grow that is so ugly—such as afflicted Liszt, the composer, who was known by his moles, his wizen death mask showing them plainly. There is a kind of white mole or hard pimple which grows about the eye and eyelids which is one of the most disfiguring things seen on a face. Somehow one never likes to look directly at a person who is afflicted and has not gone at once about their removal. They grow with astonishing rapidity and sometimes come in little groups, which run together and made one large one.

Getting rid of these is such an easy matter that there is no excuse for permitting them to remain. One visit to a surgeon or oculist, one touch of his sharp scalpel and the cause, a little hard, round, white lump, rolls out, and the little cut in the skin soon heals. Sometimes the puncture of the skin with a needle is all that is necessary, but usually the foreign substance is imbedded so deep that one fears to fool around the eye with a sharp pointed needle. There is no lotion or wash or ointment which has the slightest effect on these sort of things.

Freckles are looked at in a very different light today than they were formerly. They are regarded as a beauty, and women go so far as to have them painted on in certain beautifying emporiums, where the art of whitewashing, bleaching, calcining and painting is carried to a remarkable degree of perfection, though it must be confessed the result of their experiments and researches is, not very evident art, and not nature at all, nor even the semblance of it.

There are hundreds of preparations for removing freckles, some of them pleasant, agreeable washes to us, but none of them truly efficacious. Freckles which come in summer time wear away when the bright, hot sunshine goes. A few days spent indoors, in cool, dark rooms, makes them disappear; a little attention to the diet, the abstinence from food and drink containing iron is a partial cure.

But freckles have a comely, healthy, wholesome air, and it is rather nice than otherwise not to look exactly the same all the year round. Besides, open air exercise is the fad of the day, and the woman who wraps herself all up in veils and gloves is all out of the fashion.

Brave the freckles and have a good time all summer.—"S. E. M." in Chicago Herald.

Bluing Habits.

The skirts are still made so narrow that as a fashionable tailor told me the other day they are becoming each season closer allied to breeches. By the by, these articles, made in doekin, are beginning to be worn in preference to any other kind. They are expensive to start with, but they last practically forever, and are the perfection of comfort in wear. Reindeer is another material used for the same purpose. There has been a great effort made by some of the best tailors to re-introduce the all round basque again, but it has not found favor. Plain clothes, not braided, fitting closely, high sleeves to wrists, are what are to be seen in the parks. The novelty seems to lie in the waistcoats, which are seen sometimes only at the neck, sometimes at the waist also, and are made of check, woolen, speckled linen and sometimes of leather. Some of the habits only open enough to show a man's necktie. Dark blue, green and browns are still the favorite colors. A few habits have been made this year in pepper and salt mixtures. Elastic cloth, Venetian cloth, doeskin (which is an improved make, much stronger than the old kind), serge, are all employed, and most of the cloths are waterproofed.

Glycerine does not agree with a very dry skin.

The Plattsmouth Herald

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DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

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The present year bids fair to be a disastrous one from tornadoes and wind storms. This is fore-shadowed by the number of storms we have already had—the most destructive one so far this year having occurred at Mt. Vernon, Ill., where a large number of buildings were destroyed or damaged. The exemption from tornadoes last year renders their occurrence more probable in 1888.

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