

AND HOME.

HUSBANDS CAN DO TO MAKE WIVES HAPPY.

Sorts of Hints for the Household, Parlor and Kitchen—Care of Children's Feet—The Belle as a Wife—Pet Dogs, Items.

A writer talks upon the other side of a question often discussed. She thinks those disquisitions about the duty of the wife to make home happy are all well in their way, but very pertinently asks if it does not sometimes occur to the writers that the husband has ought to do with the matter of making home happy. She thinks it takes something more than a well furnished house, abundant wardrobe, well filled larder, yea, even than a full purse, to keep a womanly heart always in smiling order.

"Be not ashamed to be lover like; do not fancy it is not becoming to middle aged people. 'All the world loves a lover' is a true saying, and the elderly married lover is as much admired, if not more, as the young lover. Except some occasional sourd spinster, or unhappily married elderly people, all hearts warm to the man who is not afraid nor ashamed to show that he loves his wife. The girls envy her and pray heaven to send them such a one; the young men learn a lesson of faithfulness, elder people honor him; he wins golden opinions from all.

"Is your wife plain, quiet, old fashioned? Let her but feel that she is dearest of all the world to you, in spite of all that, then a little tender urgency and encouragement will induce her to amend herself so far as she can. She does not wish you to call her beautiful if she is not, but only to know herself as dear to you as if she were, inasmuch as you chose her rather than any more beautiful woman at first.

"Is she growing elderly, diseased, deformed, unfortunate in any way? Ah, remember that she gave you her best years, her best strength; that in loving service to you health and youth have been lost, and love her all the more. It is more for your sake than her own that she mourns over fading face and whitening hair and halting step. She sees changes in you, no doubt, but loves you none the less for the thinning hair, the furrows on your brow, the changes in face and form from your sturdy youth; but you are only the dearest to her. In pity, man, in honor, in all manly nobility, give her back love for love, truth for truth.

"You are all in all to her. If you fall her nothing can make good the loss. Your admiration, your appreciation, are worth more to her than all the world. If she had every other good gift, and the love of all other hearts, and the praises of all nations, it would be void without your affection. Is it not worth while to appreciate such love as this and retain it? Is it not a prize to be cherished?

Then strive always to be patient, be sympathetic. Sometimes children may have been disobedient and trying; sometimes the big boy, in the plenitude of the wisdom of hobbledyhood, has scouted her advice contemptuously; sometimes the grown girl has sneered at mother's notions. Then, if you have it in you to comfort and cheer her, to make her feel that she is indeed dear and honored and wise and precious to you, then are you well worthy of just such a crown of honor as her heart craves you with. Then if you can show her that she is as dear to you as ever, you have done a deed that God will smile upon.

"Many a man says: 'My wife ought to know I love her without my talking about it. I have proved that I did, not only by my choice itself, but by years of careful providing and faithful adherence.'

"Very true, but do not fear to say so. Man cannot live by bread alone, and woman either. In no relation of life is it satisfied without definite tokens of appreciation. You comfort your minister's heart with thanks for a helpful sermon; you give a friend a warm hand clasp and expressions of esteem; you delight the heart of your little child with fond embraces and sweet names; nay, you call your dog good fellow and pat his head; you pet your horse, and these, too, appreciate kind words. Do as much at least for your wife as you did for the friend or servant.

"And by all that is true or noble or good, I adjure you, suffer no outsider to comment upon her peculiarities, to depreciate or slight her because of them by look or word. Who so does disrespect of her does double dishonor to you. Allow no criticism of her; you chose once; stand by your choice. Even if it were mistaken, then pride would bid you let no one know it."—Arthur's Magazine.

Save the Bits of Soap.

Gather together all the pieces of white soap that you may have, castile, ivory and any others that are known to be good. Cut them into small pieces and dissolve in boiling water in the proportion of a teaspoon of water to half a cup of scraps. As soon as the scraps have melted, and while the water is still hot, stir in ground oatmeal to make a stiff batter. Grease some old cups and pour enough of this mixture in each for a small cake, and set it aside to harden and dry. You have now a very nice soap that is excellent for daily use in the nursery; or the mixture may be made just a little thinner and kept in a tin cup to be brought out as soft, white soap at the children's baths. For the boys and girls' tri-daily hand scrubbing stir the batter very stiff with oatmeal, bran or wheat middlings, and mold into flat cakes. These have a roughness that is necessary to remove ink stains, pitch and the many defiling substances with which every healthy boy and girl seems to come in contact.

For fancy hand soap, mix all together the piggs of any colored toilet soaps, provided, of course, that they are good, and do not contain injurious materials; stir in a few drops of perfume and a very little Indian meal. Pour this into shallow dishes (fancy shaped if you wish) and when partly cold stamp on a pattern and mold the corners of the cakes round, or cut into shapes with a cake cutter.

The scraps of yellow soap may be put into the soap shaker—a wire receptacle for holding soap that is to be shaken in the dish water; but for those who have no such implement, this is a way of disposing of them: Dissolve the pieces as before, using less hot water, and when the mixture has partly cooled stir in a quantity (as much as it will take nicely) of scouring sand or bath brick scraped fine; pour into a wooden box and stir often until cold. This is excellent for scouring tins and cleaning unpainted shelves and floors, but will, of course, remove the paint from wood work. Yellow soap may, like the white, be simply dissolved and left to stiffen a little to be used as soft soap.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Old Sort of Entertainment.

A fern breakfast is the very latest. Today that is, something as yet undreamed of may be had a wide veranda for a fern morning some days ago. Climbing ferns were stanch about the sides to form cool, green shades of lush, rank growing ferns each corner. The table

appeared to be spread on a mound overgrown with ferns. The smallest ferns of the brooks and the woods, mingled with a delicate orchid or two and green mosses, were ranged about a miniature pool of water, which formed the central decoration. A delicate maidenhair fern, planted in a tiny vase of china, stood by each plate as the breakfast favor. Throughout the meal the color green was preserved as far as possible, all the fruit being served surrounded by fern fronds.

The pretty girl who gave the breakfast wore a gown of fern green China silk, which made her look like a wood goddess whose skin the sun had graciously forborne to tan. Fern seed, which is fabled to make one invisible, was flung in laughing ceremony over the group to make its session the more confidential, the ban being removed later when some tennis players began to show on the lawn ready for a game. Breakfasts where all the decorations were of striped grass have been given, and a variation, still following the fancy for green things, is an oak lunch, oak leaves supplying the basis of the trimmings.—New York Mail and Express.

Recklessness Concerning Drugs.

There is absolutely no limit to the recklessness of women with drugs, especially those proper to the toilet. One woman fancied carbolic acid would improve her skin, and so it will, diluted enough. But she used it strong, till the skin of her face cracked, peeled and—that was not the worst—left a downy growth which spoiled originally decent cheeks. Another thought cold baths the finest stimulant in the world, and took a plunge in the coldest well water twice a day in warm weather, till she had to give up, with her heart probably injured for life. Another believed in hot baths, and after unlimited trial came out so weakened that it took years to restore her.

Moderation is the rule for all treatment, but most persons learn it too late, and miss the lifelong benefit they might derive from the agencies they wear out in a year or two.

Electricity has been sadly overdone by women who fancied they knew enough to treat themselves, bought a small battery and tried to use it as a bank of vitality. Students try to do double work by aid of this fearful stimulant, and find out it shatters their nerves in less time than alcohol. It is of no use to try to find a philosopher's stone, or an Aladdin lamp, or any substitute for the painstaking process of developing care and judgment for one's self. You cannot by any marvel of science give health or beauty by pressing an electric button, or holding the handles of a battery, or swallowing any bolus, or lathering yourself with sweet scented lotions, although cosmetic recipe books and dealers may tell you so in flourishing sentences.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

Care of Children's Feet.

"Aristocratic feet may be cultivated," remarked a fashionable shoe dealer the other day.

You take the grandchildren of such plebeians as Jay Gould and old Commodore Vanderbilt, and they all have beautiful feet," he continued. "It's all a matter of shoes, bathing, stockings and care of the feet."

"How so? Well, take one of the Vanderbilt grandchildren or George Gould's baby, for instance. The child's feet from its birth are carefully attended, bathed daily, and only the best kind of shoes and the finest of stockings put on it.

"The difficulty with many parents is in selecting shoes that are just the length of their children's feet," continued the learned shoe dealer. "Now, there is nothing more injurious to the shape of the foot than a short shoe. People of wealth soon learn this, and while the narrowest possible width is chosen, the shoe is always an inch longer than the foot."

"Children who are permitted to walk or run about much need not have large feet. The secret is to bathe the feet each night in warm water and each morning in cold water and a little salt, rubbing vigorously. Then, if fine, darnless stockings are worn, and shoes that fit snugly without being tight, a beautiful foot is sure to be the result."

"Old shoes, shoes of different makers, and shoes of various sizes are more trying to the beauty of feet than either tight or narrow ones."—Baltimore News.

The Belle as a Wife.

If a young lawyer should be disbarred, a young clergyman degraded from the ministry, should a merchant fail or an engineer lose his position, he would scarcely suffer a greater sense of change than does the young belle when she finds herself ineligible to the post which has been hers by the consent of her parents and by the approbation of the world. She misses the bouquets, the murmurs of applause, the atmosphere of adulation. Why should she not? The lover, a creature all smiles, who came bringing gifts, has become a stern taskmaster, scolding over bills. The belle has become a slave to the cook, of whom she is afraid, and to the grocer, the baker, the candlestick maker.

However, if "Love goes like a light in the pathway," all this becomes right in time, and the young wife will accommodate herself to circumstances, and when she emerges, after a year or two of seclusion, still beautiful, still young, still pleasure loving, there is no doubt an added appetite for admiration from the long fast. The husband is absorbed in money making. He cares little how his wife spends her time, and so grows the married flirt, innocently at first. Innocent at first; but alas! a dangerous game, fraught with possible misery to herself; for even the most innocent flirtation is a troublesome affair. Its essence is secrecy, and that is a bore and a nuisance to an honest heart.—Mrs. John Sherwood in Once a Week.

The Loud Voice in Public.

The ill breeding that manifests itself in loud talking in public is entirely too prevalent hereabouts among women whose attire and general conduct stamps them as otherwise well bred. That womanly trait, a low voice, which Shakespeare found so excellent in most American communities. The impression conveyed by hearing such a voice in public places and conveyances is that the forte speaker's usual surroundings are the factory or the rattle of the kitchen dishes, each resulting in enforced elevation of speech to a key high enough to drown other noises. The factory girl or the dishwasher has every excuse for loud talking, for with her it is the force of habit. Other women have no such excuse and their vociferousness may be set down to innate vulgarity. Such women focus the eyes and arouse the attention of every occupant of a street car. There it is simply amusing and perhaps annoying. In the place of amusement the loud talker, man or woman, is simply a pestilence, a reminder of barbarians and that rudeness is the rule and refinement the exception.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Advice to Anxious Housemothers.

If your husband's salary is small, don't try to live in the same style as your neighbor who has twice your income. It will cost you dearly in the end. Don't dress your children and furnish your house the same as theirs. They can have their sewing done and their rooms dusted; you cannot. Don't wash until

you can get as costly books as they; a cheaper edition will furnish just as much intellectual food. Be content in a cottage when you cannot afford a mansion. Don't send your daughter to Vassar because they do, or that she may associate with them as equals, while you spend the weary hours from 5 a. m. to 11 p. m. to devise to means. Do try, by all means, to give her a solid, practical education first; then, if circumstances permit, the ornamental afterward.

Be systematic, but do not be so systematic that you cannot drop your work for a holiday or an evening out. Slight it, if need be, and let me say, you can slight systematically. For instance, don't mind ironing those sheets or dish towels nor those woollen hose. Don't scrub the kitchen floor every day. There will be time enough when it is soiled. Have a place for everything, a certain day in the week for certain work, also a certain portion of each day for recreation. It may be only a few minutes, but it is wonderful what you gain in that short time.—New Orleans Picayune.

Keeping Up Appearances.

How many a roof, transparent to the mind's eye, discloses anxious fathers and harried mothers, sacrificing everything to keep up appearances. The underclothing may be patched and insufficient, but it is covered by stylish gowns. Slipshod, ragged and unkempt at home, when abroad one would suppose them to live luxuriously. Scrumping on the necessities of life, eating crusts, shivering over a handful of coals, piecing out whatever is needed by makeshifts, such are destitute of refinement as of comfort.

This course of action should not be countenanced with that forethought and thrift which boards remnants and looks decent and trim on what would be impossible for a poor person. It is merely a pretension and obtrusive assumption. They believe "we live amid surfaces, and the true art of life is to skate on them well." They have not grown to the understanding that the object of existence is the culture of soul and body, and that the condition of the latter depends upon the former.—Hester W. Poole in Good Housekeeping.

How to Use Rugs.

Rugs are such delightful "properties" that there can scarcely be too many of them in a house, and they are utilized in every possible way. No longer condemned to a monotonous existence of lying on the floor, they are frequently suspended as portieres, elevated to the position of wall hangings, and even employed (and this enough) as table covers. They afford so much more variety than carpets and are so much less trouble, besides being cleaner and less expensive, that their popularity is not to be wondered at.—Ella Rodman Church in Woman.

Something for Sunburn.

Young ladies who expose their faces much, be it in riding, boating or playing lawn tennis, will find the following recipe very efficacious in cooling the parched skin and removing the brown appearance which their face and hands assume by being exposed to the sun: Sprinkle unripe grapes with alum and salt, and soak them in water for four hours. Then wrap them in thick paper and roast them in hot ashes. Press out the juice and wash the face with it once each day.—Aunt Sally's in Once a Week.

Many of the so called cheap cuts of meat are preferable; for instance, the shoulder of mutton is much more delicate than the leg, and, as few persons know, the price is low. The English, who of all people know what good mutton is, always give the leg to the household and save the shoulder for the guests or first table.

The daily vigorous use of the flesh brush for those parts of the body that are covered by the clothing increases the energy of the circulation on the surface of the body and in the extremities, and is thereby a panacea for premature decay and all diseases of old age.

Pongee silk must be washed in tepid lather; soap must never touch it, as it makes it harsh; hung to drain without wringing after being well rinsed, then folded while very damp, rolled in a cloth and ironed after twelve hours.

Freckles may be removed by bathing the skin with distilled elder water, or using the honey wash. The latter is prepared by mixing one ounce of honey with a pint of lukewarm water. It is used when cold.

Green corn and Lima beans deteriorate more quickly than any other vegetables; they should be spread out singly on the cool cellar floor as quickly as possible after they come from the market.

To keep green vegetables for a day or two, sprinkle with water and place them on a cellar floor. Fruit should not be kept in the cellar, but put out singly and stood in a dark, dry, cool place.

To render a roughened skin soft and smooth, wet it in warm soft water, then rub thoroughly with oatmeal flour and wash off with water containing a teaspoonful of pure glycerine.

Visit the market yourself rather than order by mail or messenger; be more interested in your own welfare, and you will supply yourself with better food at one-half the expense.

Newspapers are the best thing for cleaning lamp chimneys. Put the least bit of kerosene on a piece when filling the lamps, then rub the chimneys until they shine.

The best way when hot grease has been spilled on the floor is to dash cold water on it, so as to harden it quickly and prevent its striking into the boards.

Matting should be washed with strong salt water and a clean cloth, and do it if possible at midday, to insure quick drying, which prevents discoloration.

For stains on the hands nothing is better than salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spot and then rinsed off with clean water.

The essence of happiness in married life is self sacrifice; and in the practice of this both man and woman find their characters raised and ennobled.

Rub your lamp chimneys, after washing, with dry salt, and you will be surprised at the new brilliancy of your lights.

The rooms of a house need ventilation in the daytime as well as in the night; in the winter as well as in the summer.

It is false economy to buy stale anything; the freshest is none too good, especially during the summer season.

Twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room.

Young veal may be told by the bone in the cutlet. If it is very small the veal is not good.

Many persons prefer almond meal or oat meal to soap for washing face and hands.

WHENCE COMES SPEECH?

A STRANGE CASE RECORDED IN A BOSTON NEWSPAPER.

Two Brothers Who Speak a New Language—A Parallel Case in the State of Nevada—The Children of the Bastille, Freaks.

A Boston newspaper recently published an account of two brothers living in that city, who, it declares, have grown to man's estate without ever being able to speak the English language, although born in the United States of American parents, and having heard English spoken continuously. Their vocal organs have been examined by the best specialists and found to be perfectly normal. These brothers, it is asserted, speak a language of their own, which they perfectly understand, but which, thus far, has been unintelligible to everybody else. Some words of the language were given by the journal referred to, and a philologist would trace a resemblance, if nothing more, to Sanscrit.

But the case referred to is not without its parallel. The writer of this article saw on more than one occasion, two children, a brother and sister, living at a little stage station in the state of Nevada, who had invented a language of their own, which they constantly used in talking with each other. The girl was 9 or 10 years of age, and the boy a year or two younger. There could be no deception and no mistake about the matter. The children would play together and chatter in this strange speech of their own devising, and it was perfectly apparent that it was not such meaningless gibberish as children often use in play, but a genuine language. It resembled no language with which the writer had any acquaintance. There could be detected no resemblance to any modern language, no similarity to root forms or stems which may be said, roughly, to be common to all spoken languages; nor there any likeness to either Latin or Greek, and, consequently, none to the cognate language which is called Sanscrit.

The children were not at all shy about talking in the presence of strangers, but they could not be made to understand what translation from English into their language meant. They understood English, and could and did speak it when spoken to; but they either could not or would not give the equivalents of English words in their own language. The mother of the children said she could not in any way account for this strange linguistic freak. She said that the first time she heard them, and indeed for many times afterward, she paid no attention, as she supposed they were "only jabbering nonsense," as she expressed it, and so she was entirely unable to say whether the language was evolutionary or whether the children spoke it just as well the first time as the last. They certainly spoke enough of it when the writer heard them to understand them without any difficulty, although it seemed to the writer from the cursory observations he could make that the vocabulary was a very limited one; but that would have been equally the case with children of that age had they been speaking English.

There has been a story in vogue for many years, although it is impossible to verify it and it is probably apocryphal, that for the purpose of determining whether there was a primal language, and if so what it was, two infants were at one time confined in the Bastille and were never allowed to hear a word of any language spoken, it being supposed that nature would supply them with the means of communicating with each other as they grew old enough to talk, and that the controversy as to a primal language would be conclusively determined. The story says, however, that up to 11 years of age the children never uttered an articulate sound. They communicated with each other in a fashion, but it was entirely by signs, and not by anything resembling a spoken language of any kind. The story goes on to say that they were then released from their confinement and placed among people where they heard French spoken all around them, and that they soon learned to speak the language which they heard, but never gave any signs of knowing any other tongue.

The story may be true, or it may not. If it is, it would tend very strongly to show that our speech is the result of imitation, and that the faculty of articulate speech depends on the ability to repeat what is gathered from the speech of others. This view receives confirmation from the observation of deaf and dumb people, who are, as a rule, dumb because they are deaf. They possess the vocal organs fully developed, but they cannot speak because they are not able to imitate either the sound of language or the mechanical vocal efforts of speaking persons, and this, not because of innate inability, but because of the lack of a medium of intercommunication.

And yet the observation of the cases in Massachusetts and Nevada to which we have referred shows that there must be exceptions to what would seem to be a general rule. Those children in Nevada knew no more of the accepted theories of philology than they did of the differential calculus. They did not know the first thing about the development theory; they never heard of the rules of linguistic structure; and yet they constructed for themselves a language which was, for all practical purposes, just as much a language as Hebrew or Greek or German or English. It meant something to them; each could understand the other; each could say what he or she wanted to say, and that constitutes a language.

The Boston case is somewhat different, if it is told correctly. In that case there would seem to be some structural deficiency in the brain—some distorted convolution or something of the sort—for, generally speaking, a man who can speak one language can speak every other, at least after a fashion; but these brothers, it is asserted, cannot speak English, although they can understand it to a certain extent.

These cases, strange as they may be, do not militate in any degree against the generally received doctrines of philology. They are freaks of nature, nothing more, and are, if we stop to consider, no more strange than other cases with which we are familiar.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Chicago's Underground Railway.

Chicago has organized an underground railway company with a capital stock of \$27,000. Its general plan is to build and equip twenty-seven miles of road covering the several divisions of the city, the underground roadway to be from 100 to 125 feet below the surface. The proposition is that the road shall not only be used for passenger traffic between the city and the suburbs, but also for freight business to the relief of the present railroad centers and the better accommodation of the business public. At the great central depot, for instance, it is proposed to build an immense subterranean yard for the handling of the several depots which will be connected with the loaded cars can thus be taken into the main tunnel at any of the termini, the grade being the same as the ground surface, and can at night be brought to the city, switched to the depots and raised by elevators.—Boston Transcript.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

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

of this year and would keep pace with the times should

SUBSCRIBE

FOR EITHER THE

Daily or Weekly Herald.

Now while we have the subject before the people we will venture to speak of our

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Which is first-class in all respects and from which our job printers are turning out much satisfactory work.

PLATTSMOUTH, :: NEBRASKA.