

PLATTSMOUTH DAILY HERALD.

NOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

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"I am devoting all my time now to pious uses," Allen G. Thurman tells a reporter of "The Harrisburg Call."

"CORPORAL" TANNER, the new pension commissioner, seems to be as ardently hated by the democrats just now as he was hated by the same party when he carried a musket in the union army from 1861 to 1865.

The interest bearing debt of the United States is now reduced to \$915,000,000. Twenty-four years ago, at the highest point it was \$2,381,000,000.

CONGRESS very generously appropriated five hundred thousand dollars for the support of the Samoan commission.

HARD FOR EGAN.

An enterprising free trade cotemporary commenting on Patrick Egan's appointment as minister to Chili says:—"Mr. Egan is credited to a South American republic where the English have large interests."

The Irish World trusts that Mr. Egan's nerves will not fail him in that trying emergency any more than did those of that Irish-Spaniard, Leopold O'Donnell, when, as Prime Minister of Spain, he ranked with the proudest in European diplomacy.

We can easily pardon our cotemporary's sly hit as above quoted, believing it to be but good-humored badinage, but a later sentence in the same editorial seems positively vicious.

"Mr. Blaine was bound to show his appreciation of the Irish support which he has received in his several campaigns for the presidency, but he might have selected a more deserving man than Egan."

If the able editor will say how and where "a more deserving man than Egan" is to be found he will place us under most profound obligations.

Never Heard of "Davy Crockett's Coon"?

That's queer! Well, it was like this: Col. Crockett was noted for his skill as a marksman. One day he leveled his gun at a racoon in a tree, when the animal, knowing the Colonel's prowess, cried out, "Hello, there! Are you Davy Crockett?"

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A MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A "BETTY" AND THE OTHER KIND.

Female Prefers of the Masculine Gender Can Sometimes Make Themselves Very Useful—The Genuine "Betty," However, Is a Regular Bull in a China Shop.

Most women heartily despise a "Betty," by which is usually meant a man who peeks his nose into the details of household affairs, dabbles in the work of the kitchen and irritates the housewife by assuming, regularly or occasionally, functions which she deems exclusively to herself.

THE WOMEN ARE RESPONSIBLE. The women who are most jealous of their prerogatives in the kitchen are not always possessed of the best capacity for maintaining them; and some of the most perfect housekeepers the writer has ever known, easy mistresses of the arts and systems that make up the various departments of household management and industry, have been most indulgent and appreciative of the efforts of husband, son or brother to help about the house, even encouraging original experiment along the lines which have brought into being the scornful epithet above quoted.

In their households the men were never spitefully ordered to "Let things alone," told to "Keep out of my way," or requested to "mind their own business," because, in the first place, the housewife respected herself too much to use such expressions or their equivalents, and because, in the second place, the men had acquired such familiarity with the ins and outs of the kitchen that they were not likely to hinder rather than help when they had occasion to turn their hand to this, that or the other matter of housework.

A mother carefully taught her sons many details of work usually considered the sole province of girls and concerning which boys generally grow up in utter ignorance. They washed and wiped dishes, learned to prepare plain meals, had practice in sweeping and dusting and putting to rights, and were taught to patch and darn neatly and to sew on buttons. Some of them learned something of the "higher branches." When they went out into the world they had frequent occasion to bless the mother for these useful accomplishments; and when they became heads of households, they had an intelligent practical knowledge of the details of the work of which their wives had charge and were able to make the burden easy in many ways where another man would have made it heavier.

THE REALLY GOOD HUSBAND.

No man worthy of the name permits his wife or any woman in his house to perform the heavy drudgery of carrying coal and wood, caring for furnaces and stoves, moving stoves or heavy furniture, beating carpets, and so on. But this need not be the limit of a man's usefulness about the house. There is no reasonable reason why a man should not be able to broil a steak, boil or bake potatoes, cook an egg, make coffee or tea and prepare other articles of food should an emergency arise to make it desirable (and such emergencies do often arise), and do it too without turning the kitchen and dining room topsy turvy in the operation.

A woman whose husband is in the habit of "taking hold" when needed in housework has been heard to say that she would rather have him to depend on in case of indisposition or other emergency than any girl that could be hired. He does not interfere when there is no cause for it, but he saves labor for his wife and expense for himself, and he is not at all ashamed of doing it nor afraid to undertake it.

Some men have or profess a horror of all housework. It is often grounded in laziness. They will go to great expense and trouble rather than turn their hands to anything in the house, even to making a fire. The "Bettys" do not come from that class. Neither are they recruited from the husbands of common sense, tact and judgment, who know "how to do things" and know when to do them and when to refrain. The genuine "Betty" is a genuine meddler, whose zeal is without knowledge, whose helpfulness is without discretion, and whose officiousness and conceit neutralize what might be useful in his make up. Woman-kind is excusable for despising him. Let her, however, accept these lines as a plea for withholding the opprobrious title from men who do not deserve it, and for an honest recognition of the right usefulness of a properly taught and sensible man about the house, and even in the kitchen.—One of the "Men Folks" in Good Housekeeping.

A Clock with Many Faces.

Professor M. L. Hussey is now the owner of Edison's old home, and has been tinkering with old clocks for years until he has simplified a contrivance whereby a clock of five hundred rooms may have the necessary time in every apartment by a system of electric wires connected with a dynamo indicator in the center, from which these wires will run to clocks in rooms of the guests. The professor has made his electric clock so simple that it can be used, for example, for a small town.—Philadelphia Times.

HUSBANDS, STAND UP!

AMBER THINKS IT IS TIME SOME ONE TOOK YOU IN HAND.

Two Ways of Acting When You Come Home—Things You Should Do and Those You Should Not Do—Of Course This Doesn't Mean You, but It Fits Your Neighbor.

There is so much excellent advice given to wives, suppose, for a change, we turn around and read the husbands a nice little manual of correct behavior. It is high time some one took them in hand; but, although I have had my eye upon them for a good while, I have been bothered to find a ripe opportunity.

In the first place, to plunge right into the midst of things without further waiting, how do you go home to your wife at night? Chapters have been written as to how she ought to receive you; now let me say a word about the other side of the question. When you find a tired little woman who has been so hard at work all day with five babies and an incompetent girl, callers, and miscellaneous jobs of mending, pastry making and pickling, that she has found no time to curl her hair and put on her best gown to meet you, what do you do?

Do you, like a dear old sympathizing fellow, take her worn face into a warm embrace and whisper in her ear: "Never mind, dearie; I have got home, and we'll share the cares for the rest of the day. You go and rest yourself while I put Johnnie and Trot and baby to bed?" Do you see that she sits in the easiest chair while you skip around and minister to her wants? Do you keep silent while she reads the evening paper (to herself), and are you mindful of draughts and slamming doors while she takes her ease in slippers? Do the stars dance the Newport, and does the moon sing psalm tunes? Just about as much as you do all this. You expect the lushed home, and the siesta with the paper, and the slippers for yourself, to be sure, and if you don't get them you think you're terribly abused, and ten to one flounce off to the club to escape the noise and confusion, but you never take it into your head to consider that the day has been just as long, and just as busy, and a thousand times more full of petty cares for her as for you.

You bolt into the house, and the first thing you say is: "Why isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hound!" "Great Scott! Can't you keep that child quiet?" or, "What's the use of burning so much coal? Turn off the damper! You are enough to ruin a Vanderbilt!" That's the keynote of the song you sing, and yet you think it is dreadful if she ever makes a remark harsher than the bleat of a lamb. Suppose you had been a hansom cab driver, a board of trade man, cook in a restaurant, cash boy for a dry goods house, a kindergarten teacher and a hospital nurse all combined for the whole day long, wouldn't you be more tired, and wouldn't there be more excuse for your irritability than when you have simply attended to a single systematized branch of business.

A woman is required to be everything from a reception committee to receive calls in the parlor, to a nurse in the nursery, and a chief executive in the kitchen, while a business man devotes himself to a single trade or profession. DON'T BE AFRAID OF "SPOONING." And next, how do you entertain your wife evenings? If you were invited into a neighbor's house to spend a couple of hours with his wife and daughter, how would you entertain them, I wonder? Why, you would put a cosy in your buttonhole, and slick up your hair, and blow a little perfume out of the atomizer all over yourself, and throughout the evening you would overflow with bright anecdotes and be so racy and charming that after you had gone away everybody would say: "What a perfectly delightful man Mr. Perkins is! What good company!"

Now let us see, sir, how you entertain your wife. You stand in front of the fire and pick your teeth with a wooden toothpick until she starts to put the children to bed, and every now and then you make a few cheerful remarks about the scarcity of money and the general cussedness of children who run through shoes and clothes so fast. When the time comes that all is still and everything nicely adapted for a chat or a game, you draw out your miserable newspaper, and begin to read. And you read that paper all to yourself, word for word, and line for line, straight through from editorial to market report, as if it contained the secret of youth, wealth and eternal salvation! In the same way one might drink soda water by the pailful, or consume caramels by the ton!

Newspapers, read by husbands in selfish solitude, are answerable for many filthy heartaches. How many good stories and racy anecdotes do you tell your wife to make her laugh? How many roses do you pin on your coat and how careful are you of your appearance in the long evenings, when there is nobody but her to be captivated by your charms and bewildered by your manly beauty? There is just exactly as much excuse for her (and a little more, it may be,) if her dress is slatternly and her hair untidy as there is for you, and there is precious little for either of you.

You excuse your indifference and neglect and the withdrawal of fond and foolish attentions, just as dear to her at forty as at twenty, with the thought: "O, well, she knows I love her; what's the use of 'spooning' at our age?" By and by there will come a time when you shall see her lying in her coffin, perhaps, and you would sell your soul that day to be able to shine away long years of cold neglect with the manifestation of the love that was always in your heart, certainly, but carefully kept on ice. Call it "spooning," if you like, or any other name of contempt, but I tell you there is nothing so sad in all life's history as the vanished opportunity to manifest a love for which some friend went hungry through slow years of undemonstrative and stupid reserve.—Amber in Chicago Tribune.

Water Tight Match Box Wanted.

Bishop, who made a thousand mile voyage in a paper canoe, says that R. B. Forbes, of Boston, once gave him a water tight pocket match box, that he lost it, and was never able to find another. Thousands of hunters, canoeists, and others have hunted and longed for a match box that would be water tight—one that would preserve its contents dry even though the owner was compelled to take a swim with the box in the pocket of his pants, and the pants on the swimmer. An upset in the wilderness or on the coast, away from dwellings, often destroys every match a man has with him, and places him in a position of great danger.

Though match boxes are made in innumerable styles, we have never been able to find one which was suitable for carrying matches in the pocket and would at the same time protect them from water. There are some difficulties in the way of inventing such an article, because when carried in the pocket the air within the box is rarefied by the heat of the body. When the box is plunged into cold water a partial vacuum is formed, and this aids in forcing water through the joints.—Scientific American.

THE CORAL ISLANDS.

It has long been the opinion of geologists that the curious atolls of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the circular coral islands, including a shallow basin of the sea, were to be explained as was first suggested by the late Charles Darwin, through the long continued subsidence of the sea floor on which they rested.

Alexander Agassiz and John Murray have recently held to the doctrine that the greater part of our atolls at least are not thus formed, and that the central cup of the atoll is not due to the fact that it occupies the position of a subsiding mountain, but that it is brought about by a process of solution by which the coral rocks are dissolved away.

Dr. H. B. Guppy, a competent observer, has, during a recent sojourn on the Keeling atoll in the Indian ocean, been enabled to confirm the opinions of Messrs. Murray and Agassiz. It therefore seems probable that wherever coral reefs attain the surface of the sea the circular basin will naturally be formed, and that if Mr. Darwin's explanation has any truth in it, it is to be accepted only in rare and, as yet, unascertained cases.—Boston Herald.

The Young Folks' Friend.

A pleasant faced old gentleman, who looks as if he had forgotten as much as some people know about editing newspapers, comes over from the peaceful shades of Newark now and then to mingle in the busy metropolitan whirl of which he was once an important figure. He is Noah Brooks, long time an editor of the Tribune, a conspicuous journalist in San Francisco during vigilante times and one of the most popular writers for children who wield quills today. Mr. Brooks is a tall, well built man; his white hair has thinned out on top, his eyes keep their light, and his short, white side whiskers and mustache give him a venerable appearance. He is well over sixty and carries his age "like a major." As editor of the Newark Advertiser Mr. Brooks continues the active intellectual work which has characterized his life. He has given that journal—one of the oldest in the country, by the way—a standing it was unlikely to get otherwise. Besides, in St. Nicholas and such periodicals, where one looks for the lighter touch and the finer fancies, his name is always welcome, not only to the editors, but to hundreds of the little ones who have learned to look forward with eagerness to his stories for children.—New York World.

Napoleon.

The duke said: "After the retreat of Bonaparte from Leipsic, he never, in fact, had any hope of getting over his bad fortune. Mole, then minister of war, told me that shortly after Napoleon's return at that time to Paris he was playing at billiards with him when he became thoughtful and, laying down his cue, began talking to him of the impossibility of ever reviving the spirit of the nation sufficiently to expel the northern powers. Had these reverses, he said, occurred in the first days of the republic, there would have been a freshness of spirit that might have saved the game, but that spirit was how worn out and never could again be expected to revive. Yet, with this depressing conviction upon his mind, he went through his wonderful campaign of Champagne with an activity perhaps unparalleled in his former wars." The duke's invariable comment on Napoleon was: "He was not a gentleman."—Personal recollections of Lady de Ros in Murray's Magazine.

Two Smart Maine Women.

Two spinster sisters up in Maine who run a sixty-five acre farm, are credited with being the smartest women in the state. One of them chops every winter the year's supply of fire wood, going into the woods early in the season and remaining until the work is completed. She works in the hayfield in summer and digs from seventy to one hundred bushels of potatoes yearly and puts them in the cellar. The other sister is the carpenter of the family and has added all manner of improvements to the farm.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A White Tongue is Said to Denote a Febrile Disturbance;

a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, blood poisoning, typhoid fever; a red, moist tongue, inflammatory fever; a red, glazed tongue, general fever, loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and flabby tongue, feebleness, prostration.

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Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the Chairman of the Board of Public Works until noon on the 17th day of April, 1899, for filling the following: Contract No. 1, 1,375 cu. yds. more or less on Vine street between 6th and 7th streets. Contract No. 2, 2,625 cu. yds. more or less on First St between 6th and 7th Sts. Contract No. 3, 865 cu. yds. more or less on E. side of 4th St. between Main and Pearl sts. Contract No. 4, 744 cu. yds. more or less on east side of 4th St. between Main and Pearl sts. Two classes of bids will be received for said work: Class "A" the Contractor to furnish earth from private sources; Class "B" the contractor to take the earth from such places in the public streets as the Chairman of the Board of Public Works may direct. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 1, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 1, Class B, 25 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 2, Class B, 25 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 3, Class B, 25 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 4, Class A, 12 1/2 cts per cu. yd. Engineer's Estimate Contract No. 4, Class B, 25 cts per cu. yd. Work to be completed within thirty days from the letting, contracts to be let to the lowest and best bidder. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. For particulars require of the Chairman Board Public Works. J. W. JOHNSON, Chairman Board Public Works.

B. & M. Time Table.

GOING WEST. No. 1—8:40 a. m. No. 2—4:44 p. m. No. 3—8:16 p. m. No. 4—10:22 a. m. No. 5—8:01 a. m. No. 6—7:28 p. m. No. 7—7:36 p. m. No. 8—10:00 a. m. No. 9—8:08 p. m. No. 10—9:54 a. m. All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos. 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday.

GOING EAST. No. 2—4:44 p. m. No. 4—10:22 a. m. No. 6—7:28 p. m. No. 8—10:00 a. m. No. 10—9:54 a. m. DIRECTORS: John Fitzgerald, John B. Clark, J. E. Wanch, JOHN FITZGERALD, President. D. Hakeworth, J. E. White, S. WAGON Cashier.