

FARM AND GARDEN.

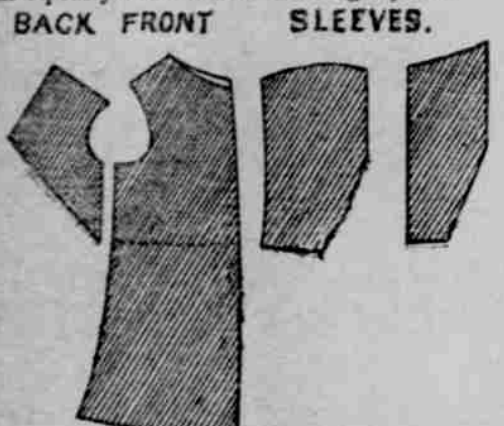
TOPICS INSTRUCTIVE ALIKE TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.

An Apron Designed Especially for Dairymen, but Which, with Slight Alteration, Becomes an Admirable Protection in the Milking Shed and Stable.

In the annexed cuts are illustrated a new dairy apron and pattern for making the same, which are described and recommended by W. H. Lynch in his manual on "Dairy Practice."



FIG. 1.—A CONVENIENT DAIRY APRON. In Fig. 1 is shown the apron as it appears when worn for general dairy work. Fig. 2 presents the pattern of said apron. This pattern will also serve as a guide to an equally convenient milking apron.



PATTERN FOR DAIRY AND MILKING APRON. The pattern shows one-half the apron. When a milking apron is desired the front is divided across the middle, say near the dotted lines. For the lower part a wider piece of cloth may be used, which may be gathered into folds. This will give it a larger skirt, so that it will cover the knees while the milking pail is held between them. For a dairy apron the front is made in a single piece. Two buttons are sewed on the front of the apron, to which a clean towel may be fastened for use in wiping the hands—a frequent necessity in doing dairy work. (See Fig. 1.) The strings for tying the apron are attached one at each point at the back (A). In tying cross the strings at the back, bring them to the front and tie them. If preferred they may be made of small length to reach again around the person and be tied behind.

The peculiar merit of this style of apron is the complete manner in which it protects the body and arms of the person and the ease with which it is put on and off. There are no buttons to be buttoned. It can be made in an hour or two by almost anybody who can use a needle, and will cost for material from thirty to sixty cents for cheap calico or heavy cotton.

If farmers, as well as dairymen, will have some of these aprons made for themselves, they will soon become favorite articles of use. On special days, when the farmer has on his holiday clothes, such an apron would be especially useful, for it would prevent soiling his clothes should he happen not to make a complete change of dress. In any case by its use the ordinary clothes of stable workers will be saved and kept cleaner for wear throughout the day at general work, and especially for carrying milk into the dairy.

It is one of the most expedient which may be adopted by the farmer as a practical and easy means of securing, in a measure, a like result to that attained, at the expense of greater pains, by the makers of fancy brands of butter.

Feeding Young Chickens. For the first twenty-four hours after hatching no feeding is necessary, the chief want of the little brood being maternal heat, and the more quiet and less disturbed the hen can be kept the stronger the chicks will become and the less danger there will be to them in their weak state from the feet of the mother.

In about thirty-six hours after the first chirping is heard, some of them will make their appearance on the outside of the nest, as if curious to learn into what kind of a world they have entered and how they are to make a living in it.

As soon as the hen is removed from the nest to the coop, give a little food, consisting of fine oatmeal, or bread soaked in milk, which is continued, three or four days, with an occasional hard boiled egg, which is then gradually changed to any variety suitable to their age, until they are able to eat cracked corn, wheat and other whole grains, when the labor of feeding will be greatly reduced. A little meal and finely chopped vegetables will be useful occasionally, especially as long as they are kept in limited quarters.

Several Valuable Insecticides. Among the best insecticides is pyrethrum, which does not require to be eaten, but kills by coming in contact with the insects and is safely and easily applied in all cases where it may be useful, for it is quite harmless except to insect life. For fowls that are troubled with vermin dust it into the feathers. It is very useful in killing cabbage worms and the slugs and insect pests that infest rose and currant bushes. Kerosene emulsions may be made with one quart of soft soap to eight quarts of boiling hot water, well stirred together, when for safety the kettle should be taken away from the fire and one pint of kerosene oil and one pint of sour milk be added, and all well mixed up while hot by churning or using a small hand pump. This makes a quite useful wash for trees infested with borers and any kind of insects. Powdered white hellebore is also especially effective on currant worms and rose slugs. Unlike pyrethrum, it is poisonous, and care should be taken not to sprinkle it on fruits that are to be eaten. Paris green is the standard remedy for the potato beetle.

BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI.

Nothing Like It Elsewhere in the World. An Indescribable Scene.

The inhabitants of Capri say that their island is built upon grottoes and supported by natural arches like the structures of men. This is perhaps an exaggeration, but all along the rocky shores there are beautiful grottoes, and in the center of the island a descent may be made for hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth in the Grotto of the Stalactites. The sea grottoes were visited in making the "cavo," or circuit of the island, which is an excursion that brings the traveler into contact with some of the rarest effects of natural scenery known. Nowhere in the world is there aught resembling the famous Blue grotto of the island of Capri.

The entrance to the Blue grotto, situated in the rocky cliff which faces the north at the western extremity of the island, is perhaps three feet in height and not more than five in width. When the sea is high it cannot be entered at all. The marinaro who conducts the party through this aperture—and there must be but three in the boat—has all that he can do to effect an entrance without having his frail craft dashed in pieces. The visitors are obliged to lie upon their backs in the bottom of the boat, while the marinaro, taking advantage of the wave as it rises, and holding on to the rock, guides her by a dexterous shove into the cavern. Here for a moment the eyes are dazzled by a strange light, but soon they accommodate themselves to it, and then the visitor finds himself in a lake of limpid water, whose blue is that of the sky, and whose sheen is that of molten silver. The effect is indescribable. Objects dipped in the water, the boat and oars are covered with this silvery sheen, while the marinaro, who plunges in for the amusement of visitors, rises clad in a garment of flashing light. The whole extent of the grotto is 100 feet by 175, and the roof of ribbed and groined natural arches shares the blue effulgence of the water beneath.

Besides the Blue grotto of Capri there are among its coasts a series of others, each of which seems to take the blue waters of the Mediterranean and convert them into a tint peculiar to itself. The Green grotto on the south side of the island, with its waters of the purest emerald hue, ranks next in beauty to the Blue grotto. It can, however, be entered without difficulty through a lofty archway, and the effect, though grand and beautiful, is not so marvelous. There is the White grotto, where the water seems like milk, and the Red grotto, where the roof is spangled with red crystals in the limestone rock. There is also the Grotto of Ferns, and along the shore as well as in the interior of the island are grottoes where in some places the crystal stalactites hang like great pointed columns and in others like a delicate fringe above the visitor's head.—Mary E. Vandyne in Harper's Magazine.

Prices Paid for Magazine Work. Speaking a few evenings ago with the editor of one of the great New York magazines, I inquired to ask him as to the present rates paid to authors for their work. His answer was not uninteresting.

"The present average rate for magazine work is \$10 per thousand words. This is now paid to a large number of what is termed average writers—that is, writers whose reputations have yet to be made. Of course, this price does not apply to known and tried writers. Where articles are solicited they always command higher prices. Work of famous writers commands different prices; some come very high. For example, we have paid as high as \$1,000 for a single poem. How long was it? Five pages of our magazine. For a single story as high as \$500 has been paid, although usually \$100 is a good price for a good short story. Those which are considered especially meritorious command as high as \$250.

"But rates fluctuate, and I am frank to confess that a great deal depends upon reputation. This must, of necessity, be so, for the public will read a story or poem very often because of the name attached to it, where the same story might go unread in many cases if an unknown name is signed to it. From my experience, we pay the best short stories. They are better equipped to meet the demands of the age. Most stories sent to the magazines by men embody some attempt at a plot. Now, almost every conceivable plot has been invented, and it is almost a miracle when anything strikingly original comes to us. Women, on the other hand, are more apt to employ situations which admit of a portrayal of subtle shades of feeling. These are the successful story writers of the present day."—William J. Bok in New York Graphic.

Women as Home Decorators. The amateur's work in decoration has chiefly found its way to store windows where it seems to plead for purchasers, while it shunned criticism. China painting, figures on silk and satin, and useless articles of finery, for a long time were the limits of the resources of women who could paint and desired to turn their skill to value. It was a poor field because overcrowded. A new outlet has been opened to them; namely, home decoration, and I hope it may prove sufficiently wide in range to drive the crude, immature paintings and decorations placed in the art stores and shops in the chance hope of sale.

Many who have elegant homes have found the advantage of some decoration which will last longer than the paper hangings and art, and are having their houses brightened with pretty or quaint work. Panels, walls and ceilings are being painted, and the neat work for which women are noted is chiefly desired. I know of several houses in which the marble stationery washstands are decorated with flowers and plants, so that when "faded" water the dowers seem to be real. Others of the new houses have the panels of the doors covered with pretty designs, and I know a young lady who has received an order to decorate a screen. The demand for such work is growing, and I think it will increase.—Artist in Globe-Democrat.

A Plea for the Mosquito. Mr. H. Sullivan Thomas, who has been lecturing on the mosquito before the Literary society of Madras, India, is ungallant enough to say that it is only the female mosquito that does the biting. He considers the mosquito a most useful pest, seven-eighths of its existence being devoted to the service of man and only one-eighth to his annoyance. It exists in the larval state twenty-one days, and during that period engages in sanitary work with ardor and thoroughness. Wherever there is dirty water, wherever there is a filthy drain, there the mosquito larvae are to be found, voraciously devouring the contaminating matter.

And in clarifying the water of India, which needs the process so badly, the mosquito is performing a public benefaction and atoning to some extent for the bloodthirsty appetite he develops during the three days he exists in the more familiar form. Mr. Thomas tells us he never yet found a case where a bite was inflicted by any other than a female mosquito, and though he suggested as a possible explanation that the male had quicker care and might be more on his guard against being caught, this was obviously rather a concession to the feeling of the female; portion of his audience than the expression of scientific conviction.—Scientific American.

A STRANGE WAR DUEL.

HOW A FEDERAL AND A CONFEDERATE SCOUT SETTLED MATTERS.

Guarding a Bridge in East Tennessee. How the Question of Possession was Decided—Navy Pistols at Twenty Yards. The Results—Peace.

On the 12th of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a Confederate scout, in Green county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor of one and then the other. Their commands were encamped on either side of Lock creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferry boat, but there a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge, that communication should go neither north nor south, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with navy pistols at twenty yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds and agreed upon a Confederate surgeon as he was the only one in either command to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, 5 feet 10 inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man soldiers would admire and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight errantry in the Middle Ages and brave men embalmed in modern poetry, but when I saw Jones come to the duelist's scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but, as he honestly thought, for his country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

BRAVE, COOL, COLLECTED.

Fry was a man fully six feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet black eyes, wearing a slouch hat and gray suit, and looked rather the demon than the man. There was nothing ferocious about him, but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptom of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "Fire," and as he slowly said, "One—two—three—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word "One" and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand, and, firing his pistol in the air, sank down, his feet, his head, falling, and his pistol, dropped in the ground and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down, and asking him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around that organ and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got well. Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one the left, and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well and fought the war out to the bitter end, and today the two are partners in a wholesale grocery, and are certifying the sentiment of Byron that "soldier hearts are death," etc.—Confederate Surgeon in Georgia Union.

Well Up in His Part.

She was a woman of ready resource. While the hour was late, two or three evening visitors yet tarried, and the moment she heard her husband scribble the steps she knew that he was boozey, and also grasped her line of conduct.

"Ha, ha," she laughed, as she rose up, "be cometh. He has been out rehearsing for amateur theatricals, and it will be just like him to try to show off. He takes the part of a Maj. Springer, who comes home full."

"What's this I see 'fore me?' Shay, Em'ly, whizzer doing, eh?"

"Do-licked! splendid!" cried the wife as she clapped her hands. "Why, Harry, you are a grand success in your role!"

"Whizz about! Whizzer luffin' bout? First time been shrunkt in two years. Had lizzle time wize zhe boys, you know?"

"Be-awtiffull! Booth couldn't beat it!" exclaimed the wife. "Why, dear, you are a born actor. It's just as natural as life."

"Who shays I'm a liar! Whoop! I can lick any man in 'racy. Been out wize'er boys, you know! Shay, Em'ly?"

"Isn't he natural, though?" replied the wife. "Run upstairs, Harry, and change your clothes. You'll do. Nothing could be more perfect."

MAY DAY SUPERSTITIONS.

Strange Beliefs of Georgia Colored People—Atlanta Street Scene.

"May day seems to be a day for peculiar superstitions," said one of Atlanta's charming young ladies to a reporter. "Last May day I was passing along Spring street when I noticed a crowd of negroes standing around an old well. As some of them were rushing around the yard in an excited manner, and one woman had her apron up to her face, crying, and a man was holding a looking glass so as to throw the light into the well, I naturally supposed that some of the numerous pickaninnies had fallen in. Upon investigation I found that they were only having a little innocent fun, though they seemed to be enjoying it in a very grim sort of way. They were using the glass with the firm belief that the image they saw reflected would be a likeness of their future wife or husband, as the case might be.

"All seemed to believe implicitly that something strange and supernatural was going to take place, and they worked themselves up to a very high state of excitement. Presently an old woman, a regular old crone, exclaimed: 'Look! look! I 'clar fo' de Lord I see a 'oman laid out and two men kneeling on each side of de coffin, and hit looks like my Mandy what died last spring.' The negroes all seemed awestruck and proceeded to go into hysterics. A mulatto girl next took the glass and after patient waiting on her part and anxious silence from the others she declared she saw the best looking old gemin she ever set her eyes on, an' he had on a white vest and a blue necktie. She was so entranced that she did not want to give up the glass to the many who now grabbed for it.

"Well, a big, burly man got it. Presently a broad grin illuminated the surrounding darkness of his swarthy countenance, and with a loud guffaw he declared that he saw 'stripes—broad, black and white stripes—and them's for that nigger Tom, there, what stole den chicken last night.' But when they all exclaimed with one voice that what ever was seen that it was meant for the one holding the glass, he turned as pale as he knew how, dropped the glass and hurriedly left the throng who had so adroitly turned the joke on him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Servants in German Families.

In Germany it makes no difference to a nobleman whether you own a shop or are merely employed in one. In both cases you work, and that is sufficient. The effect of this is that the German shopkeeper and man of middle class does not keep his clerks and servants at half the distance that his American confrere does. An American shopkeeper lives in a fine house and walks about his "emporium of fashion" as haughtily as a czar. If his wife or daughter honor the place at all it is when they want a new dress or a check from papa. In France or Germany the same class of shopkeeper lives in the town over his shop, and in all probability has his wife keep his books and his daughter wait at the counter. At night, when the house is put to rest, the housemaid will come into the family sitting room, and while knitting listen to her employer read his papers or chat with the family. She is not kept in a back room in the attic nor thrown entirely on her own resources for amusement.

Here the Germans and French do not experience that difficulty in securing capable domestic help which most American housewives too often encounter. They bring their customs, more or less, to this country; and in American cities the first to get good house servants and the last to lose them are not American but German and French families. Time was, in New England at any rate, when house girls were not called servants and were not treated as machines out of which was to be gotten all the work possible. They used to say "help" in New England, and when the "help" had finished her duties she not seldom rolled down her sleeves and took her seat at the table along with the family. That custom is no longer in vogue, except perhaps now and then in the country, or in very small towns, and as a result it is now as hard to get house help in New England as in any other part of the country.—Cor. Washington Post.

A Quip Savings Bank.

There is a certain young student at the Boston School of Technology whose method of regulating his personal expenditures is so strikingly original as to be worthy of description. Like many another youth of salad age, he finds it impossible to refrain from squandering his money. It simply burns a hole in his pocket. No matter how much he is supplied with, it is all expended in frivolousness as soon as he gets it. This weakness of his has given much pain to the young gentleman's relatives, and to himself has been a source of no little embarrassment. So, to get over the difficulty, he has hit upon the following plan:

Upon receiving the check for a fortnight's allowance, intended to cover his living expenses, he first liquidates any indebtedness that may be outstanding to his lodging house keeper and washerwoman and converts the whole of the balance into 50 cent silver pieces. Then going to his room and closing the door, he takes the coins by handfuls and scatters them broadcast about the floor. A few of those which remain in plain sight he puts into his pockets. When they are spent he picks up a few more, and so on, as necessity requires. After a week or so has passed he is compelled to hunt about pretty sharply for the cash, and the last days of the fortnight find him grubbing under the washstand and the bureau, poking beneath the bed and squinting down the register in the hope of discovering a stray half dollar that has eluded previous search. But, though occasionally impoverished, he is seldom reduced to absolute penitence. The landlady looks out for his money, lest a dishonest chambermaid absorb the current two weeks' allowance, and thus his pecuniary affairs administer themselves on a thoroughly systematic basis.—Chicago Tribune.

A Profession for Young Men.

The profession of veterinary surgeon is an excellent one for young men. It is a profession that is not overcrowded, and the young man who has the necessary capabilities and the requisite amount of push needed in any vocation will almost always find plenty to do. Our government is, however, slower than it should be in recognizing the value of this class of professional men. In the regular army veterinary surgeons are classed as farriers and taken in the ranks as enlisted men. Their pay is from \$75 to \$100 a month. In private practice the rates of the veterinary surgeon are the same as those of the medical practitioner. The need of skillful men who know how to treat intelligently the diseases of animals is shown by a few statistics giving the number and value of some of the domestic animals in the United States. These statistics were taken four years ago. There were then in the United States 10,838,111 horses, valued at \$756,041,308; 1,871,079 mules, valued at \$148,732,200; 13,125,053 milch cows, valued at \$386,975,405; and 28,046,077 oxen and other cattle, valued at \$611,549,169. From 1878 to 1882 the estimated loss from pleuro-pneumonia alone was \$10,000,000.—New York Mail and Express.

The Plattsmouth Herald DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

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