

Newfoundland Indians.

The head of the tribe was old Abraham Joe, a fine specimen of his race, an active, upright man, standing about six feet six inches in his socks, and broad and strong in proportion. He has spent nearly all his life in Newfoundland, and knew the interior of the island better than any man living. He was a good hunter, trapper and guide, but he had—well, he is dead, and I will put in mildly—he had the bump of acquisitiveness highly developed. There had I should imagine, a very pleasant life, these Indians; and if one can judge by the independence of the men, and the nature and quality of the clothing worn by the girls, they must have been very well off in this world's goods. They had comfortable little cabins in which they spent the winter in comparative illness, earning little or nothing. The single exception to this rule was in the case of one old Abraham Joe's sons, who carried the mail during the winter and spring months between St. John's and the copper mines at the entrance of the bay. He was well paid, and deservedly so, for his was an arduous task. Traveling on snowshoes backward and forward over a distance of some hundreds of long, weary, desolate, monotonous miles, over bare wind-swept barrens, through dense pine forests and thick alder swamps, without a mark to guide or a hut to shelter the traveler; tramping on alone with no companion to cheer one on the lonely way, without the chance even of seeing a human being from one end of the journey to the other; struggling long and hard in the dark of the short, wintry days against snow, storm, or sleet, or in the bitter cold of hard frosty weather; crouching through the long nights by a solitary fire with a few bushes stuck in the snow for shelter; caught perhaps in some sudden thaw, when the softened snow clogs and sticks in the netting of the snowshoes, and progress is almost impossible; exposed to mad blizzards, snow blindness, and all the chances of a forest life—such an occupation is one that fully deserves to be well paid. However, the activity of this particular "Joe" was abnormal; the rest of the family spent their winters lounging about the bench, making perhaps a few neat loops, hunting for berries, or sitting by the stove indoors, smoking their pipes and doing nothing. In the summer they fished a little, and in the autumn the whole community went up Indian brook and spent the months in the interior or the island, shooting and trapping beavers and otters. Fur was pretty plentiful in those days, and a man could make a goodly haul out of a couple of months' hard work, furring in the fall. These "Joos" appeared to entertain, to a limited extent, communitarian principles, while partially recognizing at the same time the right of private ownership in land and chattels. They would use each other's boats, canoes, etc., without hesitation, but spoke of them nevertheless as the property of the individual member of the spot. They wandered about the island in an apparently haphazard, aimless, happy-go-lucky way, and some member or other of the family was always turning up at odd times in unexpected places. Sometimes we would meet a Joe striding over some barren or crossing a lake in his canoe; occasionally a Joe would drop into our camp, miles away from any where, unprovided with boat, canoe, provisions or baggage of any kind and furnished only with a pipe, tobacco, a rusty gun and some powder and lead. He would sit down quietly by the fire and chat a little and smoke a little, and after a while accept, with apparent freedom, an invitation to take a drink, or after consuming enough good food for three men and swallowing a few quarts of tea, would say, "Well, I suppose I shall be going now. Adieu, gentlemen, adieu. Yes, I guess I was pretty hungry; most starved, I expect."

About Parrots.

A noticeable fact in relation to the peculiar food giving a flavor to the flesh of animals, such as muddy weeds to fish, fish to wild ducks, acorns to the flesh of pork, and many other instances, is most remarkable in the case of parrots. We are assured by those who live in South Africa, and frequently eat of parrots, that the delicacy of the flesh varies from a luxury to positive rejection during certain seasons of the year. When the delicious guava is ripe they are said and fat; the seed of the acorn imparts a slight and not disagreeable savor of garlic; spicy seeds give not only the flavor, but an aroma of cinnamon, cloves, etc., and all berries give a peculiar quality to their flesh. They are, moreover, wine-bibbers. We had a parrot which contracted that habit at the passengers' dinner-tables on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. He would watch the guests retire, and go around a "keep tap" every dish as dry as any servant. The seed of the cotton tree is the parrot's especial weakness, and will intoxicate it in the same manner as alcohol does man. Dealers are said to give parrots a like stimulant previous to showing them to a customer, as it has the effect of making them loquacious. In opposition to a contrary notion, parrots will often have been known to breed in captivity in different parts of Europe. They lay three or four white eggs each time, and incubate several times a year, sitting from twenty to twenty-five days, according to the season. The most successful results appear to have been attendant upon cases in which birds have been provided with nesting places suitable to their habits, in one case a small barrel was procured and pierced toward a third of its height with a hole about six inches in diameter. In the bottom was placed a quantity of sawdust three inches in thickness. On this the female laid her eggs and sat until they were hatched. Recent works question the fact that parrots breed in domestication, but there exists too many trustworthy evidences to the contrary to allow the denial to remain. Indeed, so long ago as 1833 a writer upon the subject said: "All experiments which have been tried at Caen and Paris on this interesting subject have been attended with the most favorable results."

Deacon.

"Deacon," said a widow, as she heaved a long-drawn sigh, and softly raised two tear-bejeweled eyes to his, "don't you sometimes have a yearning for the sweet companionship of a kindred soul to share the joys and sorrows that walk, twin-like, with us through all the varied scenes of life?" "Well, widow," sighed the old deacon, in reply, "I've kind of had a yearning all the evenin', but I thought maybe it was them cold beans I eat for supper."

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Golden Rules for Butter Making.

Keep only those cows that yield but-ter of good color, flavor and texture. There are some cows from which no one can get good butter. Feed only good, sweet food, the best for butter being early cut timothy and clover hay, or corn-meal, and give only pure water. Observe the most scrupulous cleanliness in the stable and dairy. Keep the cows in good health and contented. Use a churn that brings the butter in thirty minutes. Keep the temperature of the milk and cream as near to six degrees as possible, and churn the cream when only slightly sour. Work the butter-milk out of the butter with the ladle, and not with the hands. If water is used it should be pure and cold. The butter should be washed or cut in working, not "plastered" or flattened out. One ounce of pure dairy salt should be used for each pound of butter at two workings, with an interval of twelve hours between the workings (for immediate use many prefer less salt). Pack at once in a sweet, clean oak firkin or pail, and cover with a layer of salt until the next packing is laid down. When the firkin is filled it should be headed up air-tight and set away in a cool, dry, sweet cellar. The rest will be learned by experience.

Right Watering of Plinths.

"If you were very thirsty," said old Mr. Ewing, "would you want a glass of water on the top of your head, would you be very grateful to me?" "No," said Tom, who was watering his geranium, "I'd be mad!" "Well," said the old man, "you are not treating the plants much better. If we had mouths, and it like to drink when it is thirsty, you don't pour the water into its mouth!" "I don't know where they are," said Tom, looking curiously at the bush. "Its leaves are full of eager little pores, and they are choked with dust," Mr. Ewing said. "Just put the nose again on the watering pot and wash the leaves."

Care of Young Pigs.

Colonel Curtis writes to the Rural New Yorker: When pigs are two or three days old, unless the mother has a weak udder, they may be fed on sweet lent food to increase the flow. It appears to have plenty of milk smelt food should not be given to her for at least a week, in order that the inflammation in the udder may subside. The health of the mother and the growth of the young will depend very much upon the care and judgment exercised at this period. Many sows are injured at this time and the pigs starved by the excessive feeding of the mother. We consider milk to be improper food, and would prefer nothing but clear water or horse slops mixed with a little bran. At the end of a week more nourishing food may be given, gradually increasing the supply as the young pigs will demand. Barley meal will make more milk than any kind of grain. Oats rank next in value. They should have the hulls sifted out, as the sow will not eat this part of the grain which would be wasted, but which is excellent for young calves or cows.

Wheat shorts or middlings are good milk producing food, and are cheap and healthful for a sow suckling pigs. The best form of these feeds is that which can be prepared in a mix with milk. Hogs always relish their food when slightly fermented, just enough to make it sour. A little milk will produce this condition if mixed with the meal or bran the day before the food is required. By a little care and painstaking a supply of fermented food may always be kept on hand. This labor will always pay well, as the pigs will do much better on it. It is necessary to keep the appetite from flagging if they are expected to be thrifty. Abrupt changes of food or the failure of a steady supply are apt to produce derangement of the bowels, which is exceedingly injurious to young pigs. The little ones are sure to be affected by the condition of the mother; it is important that great care should be exercised in her food. Corn may be fed in connection with milk, but we consider corn alone the least desirable of any grain. We should prefer buckwheat rather than corn. Sugar beets or mangels may be fed with grain, and will be found conducive to health and will help to keep the appetite good.

When the signs are between two and three weeks old they will eat out with their mother, and this is the best kind of grain to give them. They will eat more every day, and the quantity may be increased without any danger of injury. They will also eat corn, but if it is given to them it should be in limited quantity. Corn is more heating than oats and harder to digest, and is liable to produce an excess of fat, which causes thumps, or it may cause inflammation of the bowels, which is fatal to young pigs. We have lost a number on this account, and have learned from experience not to rely upon corn.

Too much milk given to pigs will produce the same result. If the season will admit, a sow will do better if allowed to run out on the ground, where she can obtain grass which is an antidote to diseases of the stomach, and which will also help materially to increase the milk. Running out upon the ground will also arrest the thumps, which is more liable to affect young pigs when confined in a pen. This disease, so common among young pigs, may be known by the heaving of the sides or by the panting of the animals and their refusal to eat. We know of no medicinal remedy except the use of turpentine, which should be administered daily, diluted with milk, in doses of a half teaspoonful and more, according to the size and age of the pig.

Frequent washing with soap does pigs a great deal of good, and should always be practiced if they get dirty. Young pigs will never thrive well in a filthy pen. It is a rule in a healthy pig that when suckling, to get sore about the head and around their

THE BLACK DEATH.

Reappearance of the Great Plague Which Devastated the Middle Ages.

Already Europe is becoming alarmed at the appearance of the plague, or black death, in the East, and fears are expressed that it may spread westward. It, therefore, becomes important to know the character of the disease. The London Sanitary states, on pathological grounds, that it is a "very malignant form of contagious fever," which breaks out suddenly in certain localities and spreads with frightful rapidity, and that the present "type" is as virulent as that of the Middle Ages. It is characterized by swellings of the lymphatic glands and by carbuncles, and beyond doubt on seizure seems to afford no security against a second attack. This is, however, a point upon which physicians have not often had a chance to study, since "the pest" does not usually leave the same individual a chance of experiencing its symptoms twice. It has been contended that it is not contagious, but in almost every case of an outbreak the disease has been traced to persons who have come from infected districts. In the Astrakhan epidemic of 1873, and in that of 1871, which cut off 100,000 people in Moscow, the pestilence was known to have been brought, in one instance, from Central Asia, and in the other from Choczin. Again, during the latter outbreak, 1,400 inmates of the Imperial forwarding hospital, who were isolated, and in 1813 the town of Jeddah, in Malta, which was shut off from Valetta, where the disease was raging, entirely escaped. Quarantine, however, as a preventive against the ravages of the cholera, has been proved to be utterly futile, and it is very generally held that it is not more potent as a barrier against the plague. No other form of death has ever enlisted into its service historians of such brilliant talent. De Foe could not have been an eye-witness of the horrible scenes of 1665 in London. But he had doubtless talked to many who had survived those dreadful times and were able to give him the particulars of the living being unable to carry out the dead, and London deserted by the court, and, indeed, all who could escape fled to the country. In "Rienzi" the late Lord Lytton has given an account scarcely less pictorial of the plague in Florence, and in almost every other European country the pestilence which swept like a foul miasma over Asia, Northern Africa and Europe, from Naples to Archangel, and even to distant Greenland, where it smote the Esquimaux by thousands, has secured such able chroniclers that, at the slightest sign of its reappearance, Western Europe naturally grows alarmed. In the years 1348, 1361, 1369 and 1370 London was visited by the "black death," through whose early attacks of the disease sink into insignificance when compared with that which desolated the city in 1665, the year which will ever be known as "the year of the plague." In reality, however, though it caused before Christmas a mortality of 50,000 of the recorded thousands of people which the metropolis then contained, it did not abate till 1666, while in the thirteen subsequent years there were many fatal cases recorded. But after 1679 no death from plague is known to have occurred, and in 1704 so entirely had it disappeared that the name of the disease was actually omitted from the bills of mortality.

House Linen.

Once a year the house linen should be carefully looked over and arranged. Such sheets and pillow-cases as have seen the largest share of their days of usefulness and yet are still unbroken, should be laid carefully aside, that they may come into service when an unusual number of bed changes are required. Supply their places with new ones, and thus keep an abundance of fresh bedding for emergencies. The kitchen tablecloth, if it is heavily soiled, should be cut up, hemmed and devoted to the dish-washing department, and new ones of unbleached linen damask made to take their places. Glass-wiping cloths should not be of elderly linen, because of its tall-fiber fibers, and because there is a linen provided for glass-wiping exclusively for the purpose of even the most economical housewife. Hand towels should be looked over and replenished. Those for the kitchen should be divided and doomed to the floor-cloth hooks, and others, always with a tape loop at each end of them where a roller is not in use, should take the place of the old towels. There are many linen towels in the kitchen. The dining-room tablecloth may be cut into large towels and neatly hemmed.

Pork Pie.

A pork pie is excellent and as cheap as anything one can have. The best part of the pig, if you have not the trimmings from which pies are usually made in the country, is a rind, a rind of the loin. Take one pound of the fat and lean, cut it into nice, neat dice, mix a tablespoonful of water with it, season with a large teaspoonful of salt and a small one of black pepper. To make the crust boil a quarter of a pound of lard or dripping in a gill and a half of water, and pour it hot on to one pound of flour, to which a little salt has been added. Having mixed this into a stiff paste, pinch off enough to make the lid, and keep it hot. Flour your board and work the paste, as hot as you can, into a ball; then with the knuckles of your right hand press a hole in the center, mold the paste into a round or oval shape, taking care to keep it a proper thickness. Lay it out in the meat join the lid to the pie, which raise lightly with both hands, and so keep it in good shape; cut round the edge with a knife, mark with a paste cutter, make the trimmings of paste into leaves, and having placed them on the lid with a rose in the center, put the pie on a floured baking sheet, and brush it over with milk, and bake for an hour and a half usually bakes a pie of this size. Make a teaspoonful of gravy of the bones and trimmings of the pork, and when the pie is cold season the rose from the top, mix a small hole, and pour in the gravy either with a funnel or a spoon, then replace the rose on the lid.

Household Hints.

The fine siftings of coal ashes are excellent for scouring knives with. Common lye of wood ashes will soften hard putty in a few minutes. Drive two large nails through two spoons, as far apart as your broom-handle will reach, and insert a broom on brush up to keep it straight. A lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling, will absorb the gasses which oftentimes send such an unpleasant odor to the regions above. Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap in a wet cloth and set over boiler; will keep it as hard as if on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or even a tin one, will keep sweet for a long time if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

In a Maniac Barber's Grasp.

There cannot well be fancied a moment of greater terror to a man than when he is in the unyielding grasp of a maniac who seeks his life. John Wallace has had that experience, and it is safe to say one trial of it is all he needs. He went into a barber shop in Marion, Ind., and sat down in the chair of his favorite shaver, a young man. The following particulars are given: The young man carefully lathered his face, and then leaning heavily upon him and holding his head back by a powerful grip on his chin, looked him straight in the eye and said: "I am going to cut your throat." Wallace saw that the negro was a raving lunatic, desperately in earnest, fothing at the mouth, possessed of abnormal strength, and a great feeling of paralysis. The barber swung open the glittering blade, eyed its edge with satisfaction, and took a firm hold of the instrument. He seemed delighted at Wallace's position of absolute helplessness, and said: "Yes, I am going to cut your throat. You needn't look scared. It won't hurt you. I can do it in a moment. I'll first cut your throat, and then I'll cut you down the stomach. I'd like to know what's inside of you, anyhow. Oh, I know what they'll do with me for killing you, but I don't care for that. They'll hang me! I'm not afraid of death; you are." He then straightened out his arm to make the fatal movement, when Wallace, by a sudden and desperate effort, managed to roll over and out of the chair, and fled. Help was summoned, and the crazy negro after a desperate struggle was overpowered and locked up.

It is computed that since the beginning of the century fifty-eight attempts have been made on the lives of sovereigns and presidents of republics, of which nine have succeeded. The proportion of presidents who are murdered is, therefore, as fast as it is paid out in returns.

Remedy for Hard Times.

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THE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various commodities such as Beef, Pork, Lard, Flour, Wheat, etc., with prices in cents and dollars.

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RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Conklin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1871 he was taken with the grippe, followed by a severe cold. He lost his appetite and was confined to his bed. In 1871 was admitted to the hospital of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and was told that he was to die. At one time he lay on his back as if he were dead. At another time he was told that he was to die. At one time he lay on his back as if he were dead. At another time he was told that he was to die.

ARABIAN SKIN-TIGHTENER OR TONIC FOR WRINKLES AND CROCKED MARKS, giving a youthful appearance to the face, and all other ailments of the skin. Dr. J. C. DeLamater, Box 104, New Orleans, La.

For your throat and lungs.

THE DOBSON'S VEGETARIAN LIME LINTIMENT has been recommended by Dr. Cassell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic and for persons recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

THE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various commodities such as Beef, Pork, Lard, Flour, Wheat, etc., with prices in cents and dollars.

WISDOM WORDS.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you are better off than you fancied. To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. The subtlety of wisdom is to do those things living which are desired to be when dying. Let him who regards the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future. "The book to be read," says Dr. McCosh, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think." Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows in part the temperament of the individual. Conceit and confidence are both of them cheap; the first always imposes on itself, the second frequently deceives others too. If men knew all that women think, they would be twenty times more audacious. If women knew what men think, they would be twenty times more coquettish. Like dogs in the wheel, birds in the cage, or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb, and climb, with great labor, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top. Three things too much, and three things too little are pernicious to mankind; spend much and have little; to presume much and be worth little; to talk much and know little. Menno's image imparted not its mysterious strains except at the touch of the sunbeams, nor will manner yield its true witchery from any inspiration but that of the soul. It was a merry, merry house-cleaning time, and when he stepped airily out of bed in the morning he tried to hold both feet in the air at the same time, while he leaped from place to place and made remarks that were entirely inappropriate to any occasion. "Practicing for the circus?" asked the man from her place on the long downy pillow, with a sly, conspiratorial glance toward his proposition, and for a moment felt paralyzed. The barber swung open the glittering blade, eyed its edge with satisfaction, and took a firm hold of the instrument. He seemed delighted at Wallace's position of absolute helplessness, and said: "Yes, I am going to cut your throat. You needn't look scared. It won't hurt you. I can do it in a moment. I'll first cut your throat, and then I'll cut you down the stomach. I'd like to know what's inside of you, anyhow. Oh, I know what they'll do with me for killing you, but I don't care for that. They'll hang me! I'm not afraid of death; you are." He then straightened out his arm to make the fatal movement, when Wallace, by a sudden and desperate effort, managed to roll over and out of the chair, and fled. Help was summoned, and the crazy negro after a desperate struggle was overpowered and locked up.

Advertisement for Dr. F. J. Beatty's Organs, featuring a large illustration of a mechanical device and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Petroleum Jelly and Vaseline, highlighting its use for various skin conditions and as a household remedy.

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm, describing its effectiveness for treating various ailments and its long history.

Advertisement for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, emphasizing its reputation as a reliable remedy for coughs and respiratory issues.

Advertisement for Dr. Hall's Lung Balm, detailing its benefits for lung health and its ease of use.

Advertisement for Ensilage, a product for feeding livestock, highlighting its nutritional value and ease of preparation.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, promoting its benefits for improving blood circulation and overall health.

Advertisement for Pison's Cure, a remedy for various ailments, including a list of agents and distributors.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, possibly a page number or a small advertisement.