# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

## INSURED AND MURDERED.

**Why Joseph Raber's Friends Drowned Him—Nine Thousand Dollars of Insurance on a Worthless Man's Life—The Four Holders of the Policies Hire Two Men to Commit the Murder—The Six Men Found Guilty.**

[Correspondence New York Sun.]

LEBANON, Pa., April 25.—The trial of six men for the murder of another, an aged beggar on whose life they had obtained insurance amounting to $30,000, has just been concluded here, and the accused, all but one of them woodchoppers and grossly ignorant men, have been convicted of murder in the first degree.

The scene of the murder was Indiantown Gap, lying 15 miles from here in the backwoods country at the foot of the Blue Hills. It is a wild and barren forest country, inhabited by woodchoppers, backwoodsmen and ignorant laborers, who burn charcoal for a living. Indiantown Creek, a shallow stream, meanders lazily through a swamp. Back of it stands a high range of hills. Between the creek and the mountains runs a public road, and by this stands a log cabin, over whose door are the words, "St. Joseph's Hotel." Israel Brandt was the proprietor. He is a one-armed man, with a shrewd face and sharp eyes, tall and portly. Back of the hotel is a famous well of water, surrounded by four lofty cedar trees. This well is known as "St. Joseph's Well," and has furnished cool and refreshing drink for over a hundred years. The surroundings resemble a scene in the Holy Land. There are tall cedars all about, and the cabins have low thatched roofs. Three hundred yards further on in the forest stands the cabin that, up to December 8th of last year, was the rude home of Joseph Raber, the man who was murdered. It is roughly built of logs, and the roof is of hickory poles, covered with grass and mud. It has no floor; and a simple board-bunk, containing a few filthy quilts, is the bed. Every thing here indicates the most squalid and wretched poverty; yet, strange to say, this cabin was the home of a man upon whose life insurance-policies were held amounting at one time to $30,000.

Joseph Raber was about 60 years of age. He was penniless and without friends. He did what work he could at coal-burning and wood-chopping; but most of his time was spent tramping from place to place, begging and in idleness. The instigation to the murder of such a man was this: All about here prevailed a reckless mania for life-insurance speculation. Every body seemed to be going wild on the subject. Young men invested their surplus earnings in insuring the lives of old people. And it happened that once a number of men came together and selected old Joseph Raber as a desirable man to insure for their benefit.

In the rude inn known as St. Joseph's Hotel, four persons living in the neighborhood decided to insure the old man's life. These men were Israel Brandt, the landlord of the inn; Henry F. Weise, Josiah Hummel, and George Techman. A number of mutual companies were found to take the various risks, and at one time policies were held by the four amounting to $30,000. These men had the policies assigned to them, they paying the premiums, and promising old Raber that when he died they would provide him a decent burial.

On the afternoon of Dec. 8 of last year, the dead body of the old man was found lying in the Indiantown Creek, near a small foot-bridge, about 125 yards from St. Joseph's Well. It was given out that, while the old man was crossing the bridge, he was seized with a fit of vertigo, fell into the shallow water of the creek, and was drowned. This was on Saturday afternoon. The neighbors saw the body, but no one removed it from the water. It was left there all night, and all of the next day until late in the afternoon, when the Coroner came. The Coroner held an inquest hurriedly, and rendered a verdict in accordance with the statements made, that the old man had fallen into the stream while suffering from an attack of vertigo. The body was buried, and the holders of the life-insurance policies had proofs of death made out and applied for their insurance money.

About 30 yards from St. Joseph's Hotel stands the humble cabin of an old man named Charles Drews. He was a veteran soldier in Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, and was rewarded for great bravery on the Peninsula. He is known as Charley Drews, and has a wide acquaintance. His wife and six children lived in that little cabin on the day when Raber was found drowned. Drews has a daughter named Lena. She is married to a young man named Joseph F. Peters. Peters visited Drews's house about the first of last December. He came there on a 10 days' furlough, being a private in the United States Army, and stationed at Fort Adams, Newport. On the day that Raber was found drowned, Peters and his wife were up stairs in Drews's cabin. From the front window can be seen the neighboring inn, the well, and the foot-bridge across the Indiantown Creek; and from a rear window can be seen the old cabin of Raber. Several weeks after the funeral, the young soldier, Peters, went before a country Justice, and swore positively that old man Raber had been murdered. The people were still more astounded when they learned that Peters had sworn that his father-in-law, Charles Drews, was one of the murderers; and that the daughter of Drews herself, (Peters's wife) was willing to corroborate her husband's testimony. The home Constables took the case in hand, and from additional evidence were led to arrest Charles Drews, Frank Stechler, Weise, Brandt, Hummel, and Techman, all of whom were lodged in the Lebanon Jail. Drews and Stechler were charged with having committed the murder direct, and the other four (who held the life insurance policies) were arrested as conspirators and accessories before and after the fact.

The trial of the prisoners lasted more than a week. The principal witnesses against them were Peters and his wife, the son-in-law and daughter of Drews. Peters swore that, on the afternoon of the day old Raber was found drowned, he was up-stairs with his wife. He had heard considerable talk about the insurance on the old man's life, and had been offered money to kill Raber. On the afternoon in question he heard Raber, Drews, and Stechler leaving the house. He watched them from the window. They went down toward the creek single file, Stechler first, Raber second, and old man Drews last. When they reached the foot-bridge crossing the creek, and when old man Raber was about in the middle of it, Stechler turned quickly around, caught the old man by the shoulders, kicked his feet from under him, and threw him sideways into the creek. Stechler jumped after him and held old Raber's head under the water until he was dead. Old Drews was with the party and assisted. In 10 minutes Drews and Stechler came back from the creek to the house, and his wife went down-stairs. Stechler, whose clothing was very wet, was given dry clothes by Mrs. Drews. Both Drews and Stechler remarked that old Raber was very strong, and that it required great strength to hold him under the water until he was dead. Peters was asked by the counsel for the defense why he had not made the information sooner, and he replied that Drews had threatened to kill the first man who dared to say a word about it.

Mrs Peters swore that her father said, before the death of Raber, that he (Drews) was to get $1,500 to kill the old man, from Techman, Weise, Hummel, and Brandt, the four alleged conspirators; that her mother had told her father that they might not pay him for the awful deed, and that he replied: "O yes, they will pay me. We had a hard bargain, and we made out that the first man who would back out or go back on his promise we had a right to shoot down." The young woman was on the stand about five hours, and half the time was in tears. Her aged father sat in the prisoner's row, and lookod upon her with apparent indifference. When asked why she had not informed the officials sooner, she said that the entire family—wife, children, and all—were under a threat of instant death if they told what they knew.

The testimony developed the facts that, when $30,000 of insurance was effected on the old man's life, the holders of the policies could not hire a man to put an end to him. On several occasions they planned to have the old man pass over a lonely road at night; but this he did not do. Finally, they were unable to pay the premium on so large an amount, and about $20,000 dropped through by default of making up the interest. The men became desperate, as they saw a fortune quickly slipping from their grasp. All their money had been paid over for premiums, and still old Raber was alive. Mrs. Peters testified that Brandt accused her that it was her fault that the old man had not been killed; that the murder must be done by Friday or Saturday, Dec. 8 or 9, or all the policies would certainly fall. Other witnesses told, plainly and forcibly, of offers made to kill the old man. The plot was no secret in the Drews family, and was freely spoken of before the children; but they were all under a threat of instant death if they breathed a word about it to any one.

Drews is the oldest man of the prisoners. His head and face are a nearly perfect fac-simile of the famous physiognomy of G. L. Fox as clown, in full clown make-up. Drews is yellow, however, instead of white. He is nearly hairless, has very small blue eyes, large nose and mouth, round chin, and very round and smooth head. He is about 62 years of age. His companion in the direct murder, Frank Stechler, is the youngest of the six, and is the only unmarried man among them. He is about 21. His uncle testified that the young man was induced to help Drews to do the deed under a promise of $200.

There are in this region hundreds of cases where old and decrepit old persons have been induced to have their lives insured, under promise that they would be decently buried and have a nice gravestone. The policies are at once assigned to the person who pays the premiums, and who subsequently waits with an anxious heart for the death of the person insured. All the temptations for foul play can be readily imagined especially here in this wild backwoods country.

## An Ancient City.

Ayodhya is one of the sacred cities of India in the province of Oude, and is the cradle of the Hindoo and Buddhist faiths. Three thousand years ago it was in its glory, but it is now considerably run down. Nevertheless some of the principal temples and other objects of interest are kept up. One of the chief attractions is the Hanomangarhi, or Monkey Temple. Within its walls dwell 600 "Disciples of the Silent Sect." They live as monks do, and pass most of their time in solid indolence. There are in Ayodhya seven cloisters of this order, each of which is presided over by an abbot. These are the "Silent Sect," the "Void-of-Affection" Sect, the "Naked" Sect, the "Ash-Besmeared" Sect, the "Dumb" Sect, the "Patient" Sect, and the "Provisionless" Sect. The men who compose these sects are supported by the revenue of land set apart for the purpose and by the gifts of pilgrims. Ayodhya contains a tomb of Seth, one of Job, and one of Noah. Noah's grave is 27 feet long and 2 feet wide. The great Fair of Ramnammi, which is held annually at Ayodhya, has recently closed. It attracted this year nearly a million of pilgrims. The name of the place means "The unconquerable city of God."

TELEGRAPHIC postal-cards are another new-fangled notion in Paris, that will be likely to prove a great convenience. They are to take the place of telegrams, and are to be sent almost instantaneously from one quarter of Paris to another by the pneumatic tube system already constructed and to be used hereafter exclusively for town-dispatches. For 10 cents one can send a message of any desired length within the limits of a postal-card, to be delivered in half an hour after printing. Sealed messages may also be sent for a charge of 15 cents—the forms on which these are to be written having twice the capacity of the postal-card. Telegraphing thoughout France is done at the low rate of about one cent per word, but the new system will make the average service in Paris much cheaper.

IN China, where the opium habit ruins and destroys many men annually, the efforts of the Government to abolish or diminish the use of opium have recently been more energetic than ever. All these efforts have been in vain, as were those of many previous years. The Pekin Government have at last determined to take the final step in the business, and an edict has been issued, which goes into effect next year, making the use or sale of opium punishable by death. It is hard to say how the edict will be met by the ten million opium victims of the Celestial Empire, or what proportion of them will come to this country to enjoy their fascinating custom.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Prepare the strawberies, weigh and use sugar pound for pound; heat the sugar hot before you add the berries. They will then not mash up. If you wish to can them, ¾ of a pound of sugar to the pound of berries will be plenty. They should cook 20 to 30 minutes. Grapes can be preserved in the same way.

## CAT TALES.

**Some Remarkable Yarns Illustrating the Cat's Tenacity of Life.**

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes: The interesting account of the resuscitation of a cat given recently by Dr. Lambert in the *Evening Post* encourages me to relate some stories which may be entertaining, although my experiments were not made from motives of humanity. Many years ago I sailed from New York in the bark Black Squall, for the Cape of Good Hope by way of the port of Baltimore, where we loaded the vessel with flour and wheat. Before leaving New York a friend had, as I afterward found reason to suppose, not disinterestedly presented me with a cat. We had scarcely passed Sandy Hook when that cat proved to be an intolerable nuisance. Sailors have a superstition that it is unlucky to throw cats overboard. So as we anticipated a speedy arrival at Baltimore I resolved to keep my disagreeable passenger until she could be safely landed on the shores of Maryland, where the immigration tax would not interfere with my disposition of her by turning her loose upon society. She was accordingly put upon the wharf at Fell's Point. But she walked directly on board the vessel again. She was then carried a short distance up the street, but not far enough to give her any trouble in returning. As I had taken up my quarters at Barnum's Hotel, about three miles from Fell's Point, I directed the mate, when he came to call on me in the evening, to bring the cat in a bag and to leave her with the landlord, to whom I recommended her as an excellent mouser. Fortunately for himself the landlord had not long the opportunity of comparing her good and bad qualities, for on the next morning she was on board the ship again. "Kill her!" I then said to Mr. Crowell. He did kill her, and I saw him throw the body over a fence into a neighboring coal yard. We soon completed our cargo and sailed for Cape Town.

Off Bermuda we experienced a terrific gale. The ship was deeply laden and labored fearfully in the heavy cross seas which were continually breaking over her and filling the cabin and forecastle. Worst of all, she sprung aleak that increased so dangerously that the efforts of the men, who were lashed to the pumps, did not suffice to keep her free. As a last resource I determined to throw overboard some of the cargo. We took off the main hatch, and out rushed that cat, haggard and lean, but with fire in her eyes, as she took the decks to herself and flew fore and aft like an incarnate fiend. The crew were paralyzed, but our circumstances did not permit them to remain so long. The pumps were kept at work while sufficient cargo was thrown overboard to lighten the ship, and as the gale soon afterward moderated and the leak decreased we were again in safety. In the evening our attention was given to the cat. We chased her all over the decks, up and down the rigging, and finally out to the jibboom end, where all track of her was lost, as she undoubtedly went into the water, not being aware of the guys, martingale gear and bobstays, on which she might have found her way on board. We crossed the line, and one beautiful night, as we were running through the southeast trades, the whole watch came aft in consternation, reporting that the ghost of the cat was on board, for they had heard her familiar, discordant me-ouw! I tried to reassure them, and only partly succeeded. Again and again they imagined the same improbable thing, and they were tenfold more scared than they had been in the gale when we all thought that the ship was about to sink from under us. We arrived in due time at Cape Town and discharged our cargo. Away down in the forespeak underneath the forecastle, as the last bag of wheat were coming out, we found the cat, more lean and scraggy than ever, and weak—so weak now that she could scarcely drag her tail behind her. I was going to Stellenbosch, twenty miles from Cape Town, that afternoon to pass the Sunday. The cat was fed and put in a bag. I took her ashore, a distance of a mile, in the boat, then put her on the coach, took her to Stellenbosch and left her there. On the homeward passage we kept a sharp lookout for her, but if she had succeeded in getting on board again her previous experience must have induced her to hide herself effectually and to make no more noise. The old Black Squall was sold and was, I believe, abandoned at sea on her next voyage to California. If that cat was aboard and was, as may reasonably have been supposed by my old crew, the cause of the disaster, it is to be hoped that she was at last absolutely drowned even beyond the power of Dr. Lambert to restore her.

I was telling this story with all the truthfulness with which I have again endeavored to relate it, one evening in the parlor of a New York hotel. My venerable friend Dr. T., of Connecticut, who happened to be present, listened attentively, and then proceeded to remark in his habitually serious mood: "Captain, that was an astonishing cat, but I have one at N—— M—— that is even more wonderful. She, too, always annoyed us, but we are now resigned to the inevitable. It is said that a cat has nine lives, but some cats never die. Three years ago I attempted to poison her with arsenic, and gave her a dose large enough to kill an ox. It had no effect whatever. I then tried strychnine, but was equally unsuccessful. As to croton oil, which was next given her, she would lap it like milk. In short, every thing in the way of poison being a failure, I went out to the pond near my house and cut a hole in the ice, which was a foot thick, put her in it and covered it securely with a plank. But she swam underneath the ice for an eighth of a mile and came out where the water was over the dam.

"At last I adopted a decisive measure. I took a hatchet and cut off her head and threw it over the wall. But the wonderful instinct of that cat! When I came down in the morning to my kitchen, there she was, sitting in the chimney corner, holding in her mouth the head that she had found."

Without a word of reply I took my hat and left the room.

At breakfast in the morning the Doctor called me over to his table, and expressed his regret that I should have left so hastily, without waiting for the "moral" of his story.

"Moral?" I asked. "What moral?"

"I'll tell you," he replied. "Over there at N—— M—— we have an old fellow they call 'Uncle Ben.' One rainy day Uncle Ben, who had been listening at 'the store' to some remarkable histories related by other gentlemen sitting around on the counter and on flour barrels, was 'reminded' of something in the range of his own experience. When he had wound up his exceedingly tough yarn, some one exclaimed: 'Why, Uncle Ben, you know that is an infernal lie!' 'Well, what of it?' he innocently replied; 'I thought you were all lying!'"

## RUSSIA'S REIGN OF TERROR.

**How a Detective Was Entrapped by His Nihilist Sweetheart.**

[From the London Telegraph.]

A few weeks ago Serge Lawrowski, one of the ablest detectives attached to the Third Department, was sent from St. Petersburg to Poltava with instructions to get at the secrets of the Nihilistic organization there established. Arrived at Poltava, Lawrowski displayed great activity in guiding the researches of the local police, made many acquaintances in different characters, being an expert in changing his appearance and manner, and was hopeful of success in his mission, when his evil fortune prompted him to fall in love with the pretty daughter of a priest, named Achristoff. This girl, only 17 years of age, was affiliated to the associations and had been planted upon Lawrowski by order of the Poltava Committee, with the object of betraying him into their hands. After a fortnight's ardent courtship, Mlle. Achristoff allowed herself to be persuaded to give her admirer a rendezvous by night in a garden just outside the town.

When Lawrowski reached the trysting place he was surrounded and seized by five masked men, armed with revolvers and knives, who bound him to a tree and then cut off his nose and ears. Bleeding and unable to shout for assistance, as he had been gagged by his mutilators, he remained where they left him in an agony of pain until early morning, when he was found senseless and all but dead from loss of blood. An open letter in his pocket contained the following ferocious announcement: "We cut off his nose because he is a sleuthhound, and his ears because he has proved himself to be an ass, in that he paid court to one of Us!" Mlle. Achristoff has vanished from Poltava, and all the efforts of the police to track her to her hiding-place have proved utterly ineffectual. Meanwhile, Lawrowski lies in a hopeless condition; and even should he rally from the utter exhaustion induced by the hemorrhage suffered during that terrible night, he will bear hideous witness on his disfigured countenance, as long as he may live, to the pitiless anger of the Poltava Committee.

The *St. Petersburger Zeitung* reports four attempts at assassination committed at Kasan, the victims of which have one and all been State officials of high rank. Three of the four persons attacked have died of their wounds. One of these latter, Novikoff, the President of the district, walked into the principal restaurant of Kasan a few minutes before he was shot, and said to one of the waiters: "Friend, give me a dram; perhaps it will be the last I shall ever drink." A glass of vodki was brought to him, and the waiter noticed that Novikoff's hand shook as he lifted the liquor to his lips. Immediately afterwards he left the restaurant; but, as he opened the door, a bullet struck him full in the breast, inflicting an injury which has since proved fatal. The agents of the committee actually engaged in these outrages have been arrested. Two are workingmen, one is a Boyar, and another a handsome and highly educated girl of 17.

The latest news from Kieff indicates that the revolutionary propaganda is assuming extraordinary dimensions in that province. Eight peasants were brought into the provincial capital in chains from a village named Chramowko, about 16 wersts from Kiew, accused of distributing Socialist pamphlets and insurrectionary proclamations at the fairs and markets of the district. These men confessed under pressure that they had succeeded in circulating some 40,000 of these publications among the country folk. In another village, Toporowko, a secret printing press was discovered by the police in the schoolhouse of the commune. Their search was instituted upon the strength of information supplied by the scribe of the Mir, a man named Koprowski. Next morning he was found dead in his bed with a knife plunged to the hilt in his breast.

### Sentence of a Young Socialist.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The Russian revolutionary journal, *Land and Liberty*, reports that on the 12th (24th) of March sentence of death was passed at Archangel on a young man named Bobikoff, who had been a subaltern in the army. Bobikoff, though only 20 years of age, had already, for some offense unnamed, been sent to serve in a penal or disciplinary battalion, somewhere in Western Siberia; and his indignation had been roused by the publication of an order to the effect that desertions from the disciplinary battalions in Western Siberia should be punished by exile to Eastern Siberia for life. He himself deserted, and, an attempt being made to recapture him, he defended himself, revolver in hand, against his would-be captors. The court formed to try the young man was composed of military officers, under the presidency of Gen. Mordvinoff; and *Land and Liberty* declares that as the members of the special tribunal were leaving St. Petersburg, the Commander-in-Chief, Nicolas Nicolaievitch, said to them: "I hope you will not sentence him to an honorable death." "The slaves," it adds, "did not disappoint their master, since they sentenced Bobikoff to die by the rope." Only high functionaries were admitted to the court, which was surrounded by a large body of police and soldiers, so that the whole street was crowded with them.

Bobikoff was brought into the hall by 12 soldiers. "His young sympathetic face," we are told, "was care-worn and pale. On each side of him stood a gendarme with naked sword; while he was separated from the public by six soldiers with loaded muskets, and from the Judges by five soldiers similarly armed." The act of accusation was read. Based on Bobikoff's own avowal, as made at the preliminary investigation, it was conclusive, and left him no opportunity of exculpating himself.

"I belong to the Russian Social Revolutionary party," he had said, "and I have done my best to serve it. But I should not have committed the act now charged against me had I not been driven to it by the harshness of the Government and its officials."

Called upon for his defense, he was proceeding to give instances of cruelty and oppression on the part of the Government authorities, when the President stopped him, saying that his statements had nothing to do with the offense of which he was accused. Bobikoff then exclaimed that he had never expected justice from such a tribunal; that he had to deal not with Judges, but with executioners; that he did not ask for mercy at their hands, but that his death would be avenged. Sentence of death was then passed upon him. The tribunal, however, recommended him to mercy on account of his extreme youth, and it was uncertain, when the number of *Land and Liberty* containing these particulars was published, whether he would be executed or sent to the Siberian mines for life.

## A Land of "Magnificent Distances."

The enormous extent of the territory over which the Hudson Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which depots and posts are established, can scarcely be comprehended at a merely cursory glance. From Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is as great a distance as from London to Mecca; the space between the Company's post at Sault Ste. Marie and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2,500 geographical miles; from the King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is farther than from Paris to Samarcand. The area of country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe.

For purposes of trade the original chartered territories of the Company, and the vast outlying circuit of commercial relations, are divided into sections called the Northern, Southern, Montreal, and Western departments. Of these, the Northern Department is situated between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains; the Southern between James Bay and Canada, including also East Main, on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay; the Montreal Department comprehends the extent of the business in the Canadas; while the Western comprises the regions west of the Rocky Mountains. These four departments are again divided into fifty-three smaller portions, called districts, each of which is under the direction of a superintending officer, and has a depot fort, to which all the supplies for the district are sent for shipment to England. These districts are again subdivided into numerous minor establishments, forts, posts, and outposts. Over each of these there is an officer and from two to forty men, mechanics, laborers, and servants. Besides, the Company employs multitudes of men as voyageurs, manning and working the boats and canoes in every part of the territory. The discipline and etiquette maintained are of the strictest kind, and an *esprit du corps* exists between the three thousand officers—commissioned and non-commissioned—voyageurs, and servants such as is only to be found in the army, or in an ancient and honorable service.

The forts and trading posts of the Company are scattered over its immense territories at distances apart varying from fifty to three hundred miles. A better idea may, perhaps, be obtained of their relative positions, and of the isolated lives of their garrisons, by imagining the broad State of Ohio planted in the middle of the fur country. In that event the Company would build one trading post in it.—*H. M. Robinson, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

## Voltaire's Remains.

Mr. Stewart's remains can hardly have a more checkered career than those of a very different celebrity—Voltaire. When he died at Paris in May, 1778, the Church there refused sepulture to its arch-enemy, and his body was interred at Scellieres, in Champagne. During the revolution the National Assembly decreed that Voltaire's remains should be brought to Paris, and they were accordingly deposited in the Pantheon with great pomp, in 1791. Thither, too, presently came the body of Rousseau. One dark night in May, 1814, when the Bourbons were enjoying their own again, some of the faithful, indignant that the bones of such enemies to religion should rest in consecrated ground, threw them pell mell into a sack, and carried them to a point in the suburbs near Bercy, where there was a large vacant lot belonging to the city. Here a hole had been already dug, and the contents of the sack were shaken into it and covered with quick lime. The hole was then filled in, and the conspirators trampled down the earth. Voltaire's heart had been saved by a friend, in whose family it remained until 1864. On its then being offered to the Government, Napoleon III. decided that it should be placed with the body. On consulting the Archbishop of Paris, that functionary suggested the expediency of verifying the actual presence of Voltaire's remains. An investigation followed, and the truth came out. The heart was then placed in the National Library, and a portion of the brain appropriated by the surgeons at the autopsy was publicly sold. Its present whereabouts is unknown.—*New York Sun.*

## Some Habits in Madeira.

The Portuguese are not a clean people, which may be one of the causes of English repugnance to them. Some of their customs are very nasty. They expectorate continually, and before doing so make a horrible, long-drawn, whirling noise up the throat, which is very annoying. They seem to do this once in every two or three minutes, and make quite an art of it; for little boys practice it, and young men seem to take pride in doing it well. There is also a great deal of hat lifting to one another among the men, and from observation I should say that the art of expectoration, with the proper noise, and the art of lifting the hat, were two things that the native male youth of Madeira first learned. The presence of a lady does not deter the men from the former nasty habit, and the Portuguese ladies have been known to indulge in it also, as they hang over the balconies, so that it is well to keep the middle of the street in walking. There is a small public promenade called the Praca, laid out with trees and seats, where a band occasionally plays. The English seldom frequent it, but the Portuguese gather there, the men in groups together, and the women in groups. The horrible noises and expectoration going on all around one there are sickening. The band might be termed a performance on drums and cymbals, with an accompaniment of wind instruments, for the Portuguese love a noise.—*Temple Bar.*

CURRANT JELLY.—Scald the currants and let simmer until quite soft; then strain (without squeezing) through a flannel jelly-bag; when the juice no longer runs squeeze what is left into a separate vessel, and finish separately, as it does not make as pretty jelly, though it is equally good-tasted. Put the juice again on the fire and let boil 4 or 5 minutes, removing any scum that may rise to the top. Have ready in a bowl 1 pound white sugar to every pint of juice; pour the boiling juice over it, stir till it is dissolved, and pour at once into molds. In 24 hours it will probably be ready to paste up. This is an easy way to make currant jelly of a very pretty color and excellent quality.

THE puzzle which careful mothers try to solve is how to train the girls, and how to restrain the boys.

IT only costs 28 cents a week to feed a prisoner in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

## Indian Trappers, Hudson Bay.

About the first of November, when the animals have got their winter coats, and fur is "in season," the Indian trapper lays out his trapping walk for the winter, along which he places a line of traps from 10 to 15 miles in length. Once or twice a week he makes the round of this walk, and gathers such furs as may be caught. Most of the finer furs are taken by means of the wooden dead fall and steel traps of various sizes, the larger fur-bearing animals being either shot, caught in snares, or killed by the poisoned bait.

Toward the latter end of March the Indian trappers leave their hunting grounds, and make a journey to the forts with the produce of their winter's toil. Here they come, moving through the forest, a motley throng. The braves march in front, too proud and lazy to carry any thing but their guns, and not always doing even that. After them come the squaws, bending under loads, driving dogs, or hauling hand sleds laden with meat, furs, tanned deer-skins, and infants. The puppy dog and inevitable baby never fail in Indian lodge or procession. The cheerful spectacle of the two packed together upon the back of a woman is not of infrequent occurrence. Day after day the mongrel party journeys on, until the fort is reached. Then comes the trade. The trader separates the furs into lots, placing the standard valuation upon each. Then he adds the amounts together, and informs the trapper that he has got 60 or 70 "skins." At the same time he hands his customer 60 or 70 little bits of wood, so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment for the goods for which he really barters his furs, just how fast his funds decrease. The first act of the Indian is to cancel the debt contracted for advances at the beginning of the season; then he looks round upon the bales of cloth, blankets, etc., and after a long while concludes to have a small white capote for his toddling boy. The price is told him, and he hands back ten of his little pieces of wood, then looks about him for something else. Every thing is carefully examined, and with each purchase there is a contest over the apparent inequality between the amount received and that given. In the Indian's opinion, one skin should pay for one article of merchandise, no matter what the value of the latter may be. And he insists, too, upon selecting the skin. The steelyard and weighing balance are his especial objects of dislike. He does not know what medicine that is. That his tea and sugar should be balanced against a bit of iron, conveys no idea of the relative values of peltries and merchandise to him. He insists upon making the balance swing even between the trader's goods and his own furs, until a new light is thrown upon the question of steelyards and scales by the acceptance of the proposition. Then, when he finds his fine furs balanced against heavy blankets, he concludes to abide by the old method of letting the white trader decide the weight in his own way; for it is clear that the steelyard is a very great medicine, which no brave can understand.

When the trapper has spent all his little pieces of wood, and asks for further advances, he is allowed to draw any reasonable amount; for, contrary to the rule in civilized life, a debt is seldom lost save by the death of the Indian. He may change his place of abode hundreds of miles, but he still has only a Company's post at which to trade. The Company has always been a good friend to him and his, and he pays when he can. He knows that when he liquidates his old debt, he can contract a new one just as big. No attempt was ever made to cheat him, and there never will be. When he is ill he goes to the nearest fort, and is cared for and attended until he recovers. When he does his duty well he gets a present, and he never performs any labor without receiving fair compensation. Such humane treatment strongly binds the Indian and half-breed to the Company.—*H. M. Robinson, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

## The Boy Who Would Travel With a Circus.

The boy who *would* travel with a circus has been out about three weeks now. He is homesick, and would like to get back to the old home again if he could, but he can't very well. They ain't paying boys much to go along with a circus this year, and he isn't in funds. Besides that, he doesn't know exactly what direction to take to get home, being somewhat bewildered with the zig-zag route they have been taking.

Things haven't turned out precisely as he expected when he ran away from home to join the show. His ambition to be a circus boy was inflamed when he first saw the posters displayed on the old blacksmith shop at the corners, while on his way to school. Then the procession on the street added to his yearnings for the circus, and by the time the canvas was spread on the village common he was satisfied that nothing but a life of mingled spangles and sawdust could ever satisfy him. He got in that night by doing some little jobs for the boss canvasman, and when they pulled up stakes after the performance and started for the next town, he hid among the rolls of canvas on a wagon and was carried away with the rest of the paraphernalia. But he hasn't had a pleasant time altogether. He has been kept at all manner of drudgery ever since his presence along with the show was detected. He has been cuffed about by rude hostlers, bounced off wagons by grouty drivers and ordered around by every body. Once he was jolted off the pole wagon while asleep at night, on the road, and nearly killed. He expected when he joined the show that he would be dressed up in spangled tights at once and be taught to ride in the ring, having "the old clown" fling all manner of funny sayings at him for the people to laugh at and applaud. If not that, he would be set to play the snare drum in the band. But none of these things came. His chief duties were to assist the cook or carry water to the elephant. Three weeks with a circus and not yet advanced to the position of property boy. Poor lad! how have his hallucinations been dissipated! Actual show life is very far from his wide-eyed dreams of it while studying the circus poster. We hope he will get home all right at last, bringing some useful lessons from his rough experience. But the boy who ran after the show is but an illustration of human life, after all. How many men have been deluded by spangles and found that they were only carrying water for the elephant.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE British Admiralty have issued regulations that all candidates for the naval service, whether officers, men, boys or marines, must produce a certificate that they are able to swim, or they will be ineligible.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

AN "old soaker"—the flood.

A NEVADA stage-robber says he can get out of any jail west of Omaha if he only has a ten-penny nail and a teaspoon.

THE placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber-shop can not be counterfeited, even by an old maid with her first love-letter.

WHEN you observe a family sitting about the dinner-table, each member bathed in tears, remember that the horse-radish season is upon us.—*White-Hall Times.*

A YOUNG girl returning alone from church in Lancaster, Pa., a few nights ago, was insulted by a well dressed man, and hit him in the face with her prayer book with a force that sent him reeling into the gutter.

LOOK not upon the strawberry when it is red, when it giveth its color in the short cake; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and is indigestible like unto a Welsh rarebit eaten at midnight.—*New York Mail.*

GIRL (to shopkeeper)—"Can ye give me change of a sixpence?" Shopkeeper (to vanishing girl with change)—"The sixpence, my girl—the sixpence!" Girl—"My mither says she'll gie it to you i' the morning."

PARTY (who doesn't know much about 'osses)—"And what do you call the horse on the left hand side, driver? He looks a good sort." Driver—"Oh, that's the off un." Party—"Is it, indeed? dear me! Lost both his parents, I 'spose!"

A MAN and his wife can never agree upon what constitutes a tidy-looking room; a woman will grow irritable when she finds half a dozen cigar-stumps sticking to the scorched mantel-piece, and he can't be expected to keep calm when he finds a bunch of long "combings" in his shaving mug.—*Puck.*

EXTRACT from young lady's letter—"And do you know, Maud and I are quite sure that Capt. Popple had taken far too much champagne at the ball, for he took out his watch and looked hard at the back of it and then muttered 'Blesh my shoul! I hadn't any idea it was that time o' night.'"

A PROMINENT attorney residing in Syracuse, while fishing a day or two since, pointed out to his companion a sign-board, remarking, "The fellow who put that up is a liar." "Why?" asked his companion. "Because that sign reads, 'No fishing in this brook,' and I caught the best trout in my basket directly under that board."—*Rochester Union.*

"WHERE to strike an attacking dog" is thus told by *Land and Water*: "When you have the good fortune to be armed with a shillelah, do not, says General Hutchinson, hit him across the head and eyes; bear in mind that the front part of his fore'egs is a far more vulnerable and sensitive spot. One or two well applied blows upon that unprotected place will generally disable the strongest dog."

A PEDOMETER is a machine to accurately measure the distance a person walks in a given time. When a business man, after supper, Saturday evening, told his wife he was "only going down to the office to square the books," she slyly attached a pedometer to his leg, and when he returned she discovered that the office was 15 miles from the house. P. S.—A night at billiards entails considerable pedestrianism.

## M'Kinstry's Great Orchard.

The largest orchard in the world is doubtless that owned and worked very successfully by Mr. Robert McKinstry of Hudson, Columbia County, N. Y. The orchard is situated on the east bank of the Hudson River, on high, rolling table-land, and contains more than 24,000 apple trees, 1,700 pears, 4,000 cherries, 500 peaches, 200 plums, 200 crabs, 1,500 vines, 6,000 currants, and 200 chestnuts. The varieties grown are Rhode Island greenings, 7,000; Baldwins, 6,000; King of Tompkins County, 4,000; Astrachans, 800; Northern Spy, 500; Wagener, 500; Graven stem, 400; Cranberry Pippins, 200; Ben Davis, 200; Duchess of Oldenburgh, 200; with Jonathans, Hubbardstons, Cayugas, Vanderveers, Pearmains, Peck's Pleasants, 20-ounce Pippins, Russets, and others in less number.

The pears are Bartlett, B. d'Anjou, Sheldon, Seckel, and Lawrence chiefly. Of cherries there are 28 varieties. The orchards are remarkably thrifty, and the oldest trees are about 20 years old. The soil is dry, rolling gravel, with some limestone; the trees are planted 20 feet apart and do not by any means seem to be crowded. The ground is plowed several times in the year and kept fallow; except when thought advisable it is seeded to clover. The orchard is intersected by roads over six miles in length for the passage of wagons, and is bounded by a continuous row of apple trees set ten feet apart for four miles and a half. The apple crop of last year is 30,000 barrels. Twenty-four men and fourteen horses are employed hauling out the crop or in plowing.

The success of this orchard has not been achieved, nor is it maintained, without the closest supervision and most industrious work. Suckers and sprouts are removed as soon as seen; the borers are watched and followed with vigor. Wires are used to reach them in their burrows, and the damaged bark is removed with chisels. As trees fail, others are planted in their places.

As the market for good fruit is extending every year, and foreign customers are seeking supplies, the business of growing fruit can not fail to be profitable and permanent. No other business pays better than this for the most skillful attention and management; indeed, without these, it is vain to expect a crop that will sell in the market for remunerative prices. Good fruit sells itself, and the grower is soon sought for by the purchasers. Those who desire to take a lesson in things appertaining to the business, and to prove the truth of these facts, may well study the ways and means and methods of Mr. McKinstry and his orchard.—*Rural Home.*

## A Champion Whopper.

Spring overcoats gave way to ulsters yesterday, and at one resort the general conversation turned upon the extreme severity of the past winter, when one gray-haired veteran chimed in: "What er yer talkin' about? When I was a boy in 1717 there was sixteen feet of snow on Fisher's Island, and John Winthrop lost 1,100 sheep under it what were drown-dead; and in April, 1834, it hailed blocks of ice three inches square in Louisiana, and killed animals browsing in the pasture." The conversation ceased, and the only response was: "Let's take up a subscription to get a medal for the old man with a big memory." It was done.—*Norwich Bulletin.*