

### To Get Rid of the Tramp.

An American judge is said to intend proposing to the Board of Supervisors that a workhouse be built and to it be sent every vagrant who sets foot in the county, the said vagrant to be compelled to earn his living. This is the most practical plan yet devised for ridding the country of the tramp. Some of the laws against vagrancy are severe enough to be inhuman; others require more jails and lockups than the towns possess, but a workhouse, properly managed, will be exactly the thing. It need not be very large or costly, either, for as soon as the tramps learn of its completion—and they have a marvelously quick ear for news concerning themselves—they will cease to infest that county. Then other counties, for self-protection, may be obliged to build similar workhouses, but the rural taxpayer will not grumble; any man will pay handsomely for the assurance that his family will no longer be frightened or insulted by burly vagrants.

### The Skeleton of a Giant.

George Arnold, a farm hand in the employ of Franklin Boots, who lives about fifteen miles west of Shelbyville, Ind., made a discovery which has excited widespread interest in that county. The object of this interest is the skeleton of what once was a man of gigantic proportions, which was uncovered in a gravel pit on Mr. Boot's farm. The skeleton was found in a sitting posture, facing the east, and about six feet beneath the surface. Some of the bones were badly broken by a caving of the bank, but the skull and some of the larger bones were taken out intact, and from them may be easily realized the gigantic statue of the being to whom they once gave support. A measurement of the skull from front to rear, the rule passing from the eye-socket to the back of the head, shows it to have been about sixteen inches, while the breadth of the inferior maxillary was eight and one-half inches, showing that the brain must have weighed from four and one-half to five pounds. Careful measurement of the other bones establish the fact that the man, when alive, was not less than nine feet in height, and large in proportion. From the appearance of the teeth, which are very large and do not show the slightest sign of decay, although they are worn down almost to the bones of the jaw, the man could not have been less than one hundred years old when he died, and, of course, he may have been much older. The bones of the lower jaw are very large and thick, showing an extent of muscular development in that organ which is far beyond anything of the present day. How long ago the body of this giant was interred where it was unearthed, or to what tribe or nation he belonged when he trod the earth in all the majesty of his strength, it is impossible to say, but it must have been ages ago, as all the indications show that the soil where the remains were discovered had not been disturbed for many generations. Steps have been taken to have casts made of the bones, and they will be placed either in the State collection or some of the American college museums.

### Modern Witchcraft.

A respectable German family named Boyer, who have lived in Stony Creek Valley, Pa., for several years, were recently compelled to move away. Most of the inhabitants are believers in witchcraft. For four or five years they have annoyed and persecuted the Boyers, on the ground that old Mrs. Boyer was a witch, and had bewitched a daughter or William Kildey. Kildey is an intelligent river pilot, and is known all along the Susquehanna as "Squire." He is a firm

believer in witchcraft. His daughter Emma was taken sick in 1877. She was afflicted with convulsions, during which she barked like a dog, made noises like a fighting cat, and talked German, a language she knew nothing about. Physicians tried for three years to cure her, but could not.

One day she told her father that a young man had asked to go home with her from Sunday school, and she would not let him. He told her he would give her over to old Mrs. Boyer, who would bewitch her and she would die. Since then she has been sick. A witch doctor named Wolf told Kildey that his daughter was bewitched. He showed her half-sister the likeness of the witch in a basin of water. It was old Mrs. Boyer, she said. Kildey then consulted Armstrong McClain, a peddler and witch doctor. He burned some hair on a shovel, and told Kildey that if he did not meet a brindle cow on his way home his daughter would be relieved from the witch's spell at sundown. He said that the witch was Mrs. Boyer.

Kildey said his daughter got better at sundown. She was well for some time, but had occasional relapses, when it was charged that Mrs. Boyer was tormenting her. Two years ago she was reported as being worse than ever. McClain was sent for to "lay the witch." He placed some roots and herbs in a bottle and sprinkled a white powder on them and filled the bottle with water. Then he asked for an old hammer, which was given him. He took it out doors and remained fifteen minutes. Returning, he walked to the patient's side. Drawing the hammer back as if to strike a powerful blow, he said: "Now I'll kill the witch, old Mrs. Boyer." He brought the hammer down gently against the girl's right temple three times. Then he took the hammer and threw it out doors, and said to Mrs. Kildey: "If your spotted cow kicks when you milk her to-night, be sure and don't scold her, because that's what the witches want you to do, and that will break the charm. I have settled Mrs. Boyer. She will die in seven months, and when they bury her, her coffin will burst open."

John Boyer, a son of Mrs. Boyer, had McClain arrested finally for defamation of character, and he was bound over to answer at court. The Kildey girl continued to assert that she was still tormented by Mrs. Boyer, and, being unable to convince the superstitious people that they were being imposed upon, the family decided to move away.

### Where He Had Us.

There were seven or eight of us in the smoking-car, and by-and-by the conversation turned upon hotels. Six of the crowd were going to stop off at the same village in Georgia, and one of them remarked:—

"Well, gentlemen, you can make up your minds to go through purgatory to-night."

"Why?"

"Well, there is only one hotel in the town, and that is run by the meanest man south of the Ohio River."

"Do you know him?" asked a chap who was suspected of being a lightning-rod agent from Chicago.

"I rather reckon."

"And what's he mean about?"

"Everything. He has bugs in his beds, uses beans in his coffee, his rooms are dirty, and he's a robber in his charges."

"And there's no other hotel?"

"No. If there was he wouldn't get custom enough to keep a cat alive. He's the meanest man in the State of