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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free
Buss and from all trains. Special rates to
witnesses and jurors.
CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
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Rates moderate. Patronage respectfully sol-
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constantly passing the doors. It offers special
inducements to those visiting the city for busi-
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Your patronage respectfully solicited.
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One Square South of the New Post
Office, one half Square from Walnut
St. Theatre and in the very business
centre of the city. On the American
and European plans. Good rooms
from 50cts to \$3.00 per day. Remodel-
ed and newly furnished.
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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.
All work neatly and promptly Exe-
cuted.
Shop on Main Street,
Millheim, Pa.

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wants of individual students.
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and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young
ladies under charge of a competent lady Prin-
cipal.
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Mrs. Sarah A. Zeigler's
BAKERY,
on Penn street, south of race bridge,
Millheim, Pa.
Bread, Pies & Cakes
of superior quality can be bought at
any time and in any quantity.
ICE CREAM AND FAN-
CY CAKES
or Weddings, Picnics and other social
gatherings promptly made to order.
Call at her place and get your sup-
plies at exceedingly low prices. 34-3m
MILLHEIM
Sewing Machine
OFFICE,
F. O. HOSTERMAN, Proprietor,
Main St., opposite Campbell's store.
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World's Leader
AND THE
WHITE
SEWING MACHINES,
the most complete machines in market.
Each machine is guaranteed for
five years by the companies.
The undersigned also constantly keeps on hand
all kinds of
Needles, Oil, Attachments, &c. &c.
Second Hand Machines
sold at exceedingly low prices.
Repairing promptly attended to.
Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth
of these statements.
F. O. HOSTERMAN.

THE CHIFFONNIER.

A Little Chapter of Life Trans-
lated from the French.

How often have we read stories of
poor old misers who have died sur-
rounded by abject poverty, and who
have left secreted in odd stockings and
out of the way places immense wealth,
opportunistically discovered after their de-
mise! How often have these realities
been dish up by romancers, and been
eagerly devoured by the novel-reading
public.

"No matter how often," exclaims the
impatient reader, "if you've got a story
to tell, go ahead with it, and leave off
your dull speculations."

Well, my dear sir (or miss), we have
got a little chapter of life to relate, but
it is in French; however as your edu-
cation has been sadly neglected (?) and
your school-day learning of that unique
language has long been forgotten, we
don't mean to put you to the trouble of
hunting up your "Keel" or to the
mortification of showing your ignorance
before your younger brothers and
sisters by allowing your dotting parents
a chance to request that you will please
translate this French humbug for us,
my dear." So we give it to you in
plain Saxon.

Suzette Borgne was one of the many
Suzettes to be found in the great city
of Paris. A very good-looking female
of about twenty summers, an orphan
from childhood, and indebted for her
bringing-up to an ugly old uncle. Said
relative was a chiffonnier—we beg par-
don—a rag-picker, and to judge by ap-
pearances he had followed that mean
of getting money all his life.

Suzette's earliest recollections were
those of being perched upon a heap of
rags in her uncle's garret, and playing
with Misere, a large black tom cat that
old Gregory had kept by him from time
immemorial. Misere and Gregory were
enough alike to be brothers—if you can
imagine such a phenomenon—both be-
ing long, lank and lean, with large star-
ring eyes, and a general grizzly appear-
ance. They had even fought for each
other, for many an intrusive cur had
been driven yelping away from the vi-
cinity of his master's premises by
Misere, and many a scrape had the old
cat got his master into with his thiev-
ing propensities and midnight serena-
des. Once the house took fire, and
these two friends, woke up by the noise
and confusion, rushed outside their gar-
ret door and tumbled down three pair
of stairs together, a mixed combination
of human bones, cat fur and old rags.
Landing at the bottom of the third
flight, an excited member of the fire-
police struck at the hobgoblin apparition
with his axe, and poor Misere lost his
canal appendage, while Gregory was
brought to the hospital and the old
cat nursed herself; both recovered, and
having been fellow-sufferers were, no
doubt, more fond of each other ever af-
ter.

At another time the house was in-
vaded by *gens d'armes* in search of an
escaped prisoner, and while poking over
old Gregory's rags they were set upon
by the infuriated feline, who used his
claws with such vigor as nearly to
scratch the eyes out of two of them be-
fore he could be bagged and flung out
of the window. This latter piece of
cruelty maddened the aged rag-picker
to such a degree that he struck one of
the soldiers, and was ignominiously led
off to prison. Misere, landing on his
feet with a truss-pain howl, went back
to the dingy garret and kept guard o-
ver its contents till his master returned
from durance vile. Here was another
cord that bound them together. So
you see how it came about that the old
fellow loved his cat about as well as he
did his niece.

Suzette had now grown to be a wo-
man, and was quite tired of the dull
life she was leading as a rag picker's
assistant. A good-natured girl she was,
and moderately fond of her uncle, but
what charms had such a life for her?
She must get out into the world, and
Annette, wife of Daddy Public, who
kept the little bake shop over the
way, fully agreed with her on this im-
portant point. In fact, little Annette
was kind enough to offer her a position
behind her own counter.

"For you see, mon cher," she said
to her spouse, in private: "Suzette
will attract customers with her pretty
face, while you, Henri, and myself can
attend to the ovens."
"Ah, yes," responded the amiable
Daddy, with a knowing leer, "she'll
do. Not a bad match for our Henri
would that be, for savez vous, I think
that old uncle of hers has money stored
away!"
"Go along, you old wretch," roguish-
ly replied Annette, "you men are all
for money and nothing else."
So Suzette broached the subject to

her guardian, and after a good deal of
grumbling and a consultation with
his cat, he allowed her to take the situ-
ation in Daddy Public's bake shop.

Suzette went gayly to her new sphere,
and soon became a proficient in the
mysteries of that little trade. The
young students of the neighborhood
were observed by inquisitive people to
linger over the counter chatting with
the new clerk much longer than was
necessary, and the same busybodies no-
ticed a vast improvement in the dress
of young Henri. To tell the truth, Su-
zette had not been in the shop three
weeks before the heir apparent to the
bakery was completely fascinated with
her charms, and half the student cus-
tomers had sworn terrible oaths that
they loved the pretty girl to distraction.

The nice little compliments they be-
stowed upon her, and the before un-
heard-of liberality with which they
bought sweet-cakes and refused to re-
ceive their change, greatly pleased An-
nette and the Daddy, and drove poor
Henri nearly wild with jealousy. He
watched her through the little glass
door that separated the outer shop
from the ovens, and as she laughed
with and waited on the gay young fel-
lows, the wicked boy actually wished
they were all to the bad! yes, he actu-
ally felt so bad as to swear about it!
But swearing did not help the matter;
who ever found that it did? and he
had to vent his fury on the innocent
pies and cakes, the most of which he
burned to a cinder. In consequence,
the Daddy called down maledictions on
his head, and he in turn raved about
Suzette, who, quite unconscious of the
row she was causing in the rear, was
chatting in front with one of her new
made friends, a certain Louis Francis-
cano, who kept a little book store on
the next corner. This Louis was a
dashing young fellow, did a thriving
business, and sported a "beautiful mus-
tache." "Attraction enough for any
poor girl," thought our heroine, and
she accordingly accepted his invitation
to spend an evening at the theatre.

Suzette, had she dared, would have
treated poor Henri with scorn, but the
fear of displeasing her employers, and
thus losing her place, caused her to
look upon him in a respectful manner,
and to accept his little compliments
with becoming grace. But an evening
at the theatre with handsome Louis
was much better sport than walking
with dull Henri, and a little bonne-
tache from the former was received
with the sweetest of smiles and a pro-
fusion of mercies, while trifles from
the latter were taken with a hypocritical
grin, and quietly thrown out of sight.

To sum up the case, Henri was in
love with Suzette, Suzette ditto with
Louis, and Louis ditto with old Grego-
ry! "That's strange!" remarks the
unsophisticated reader. Not at all, my
dear sir, for bear in mind that our
young bookseller was a very shrewd
personage, and had his suspicions a-
bout hidden wealth as well as Daddy
Public. So he used to climb up to the
old rag-picker's garret, and drive bar-
gains with him for the product of his
toil, at the same time keeping an eye
out for hints or suggestions regarding
"the root of all evil."

Old Gregory was also shrewd, and
more than half suspecting the young
man's design, and thinking he would
be a pretty good catch for his niece,
used to jingle the silver that Louis
paid him with a satisfied chuckle, and
nod his grizzly head in a mysterious
way, thus confirming his patron in the
belief that he stowed away all such
treasures.

One afternoon Louis entered the gar-
ret very quietly and caught the old man
on his knees before the fire-place, where
he was depositing a small bag in a hole
caused by the removal of a brick.
Perfectly satisfied now he silently slip-
ped out again, made a loud shuffling
with his feet, and knocked at the
door. On entering, the old gentle-
man was picking over his rags as us-
ual, the brick was in its place, and
Misere, the cat, was curled upon the
hearth.

"I have come," said Louis, "to ask
the head of your niece. I'm a lonely
young fellow and want a wife."
"Parbleu! a wife! How many lou-
is can you show to support one?"
"Enough of them, good Monsieur
Gregory; besides, has she not some
of her own?"
"How should I know? Does she
not spend all her earnings on fine dress-
es and feathers?"
"But I mean, will she not come into
a property one of these days?"
"A property! Sacre! I know of
nobody who has anything for her!"
"Ah you old miser!"
And Louis went away and engaged
himself to Suzette that very night,
with the understanding that the af-
fair was to be kept secret for the pres-
ent.

Time wore on, and a very strange
event came to pass—Misere, the belo-

ved tom-cat, died! You never heard
of a cat dying before? Remember
this was a French cat, and not one of
our proverbially nine-live-independent
Yankee cats! The poor old fellow
was found stiff and cold one morning
by his disconsolate master, who mourn-
ed over the remains a whole day, and
then took them to a bird-fancier's and
had the skin stuffed. The first time
Louis visited the garret there stood
Misere in the corner, perched upon a
high pedestal, and seemingly as watch-
ful as ever; but he looked out of glass
eyes now, and was otherwise incapaci-
tated from active duty.

A short time after this old Gregory
himself fell dangerously sick, and Su-
zette devotedly gave up her clerkship
(much to the disgust of Annette, Dadd-
y, the student customers, and even
Louis), and faithfully watched over
and cared for her lone old uncle. Hen-
ri, who had long foreseen the state of
affairs between Suzette and Louis, and
had given up all hope of winning her
hand, still loved her with that intensi-
ty peculiar to Frenchmen. He now
became the kindest and most attentive
of friend, constantly bringing up little
delicacies for the uncle, and running of
little errands for the niece, so that in a
short time the latter began to wonder
that she had never before noticed the
many good qualities of the honest fel-
low. His actions shone more brightly
by their contrast to those of Louis,
which latter personage seldom made
his appearance, and was always in a
hurry to get away.

After many weeks of sickness old
Gregory died, and Suzette was alone in
the world. The day after the funeral
Annette, the Daddy and Henri came
into the desolate garret to keep her
company awhile. Presently Louis
made his appearance, when the others,
with unusual common sense, were for
going home and leaving the young cou-
ple to themselves, but Louis detained
them by saying:

"Don't go, my good folks, I want
a little talk with you. You know of the
engagement between Suzette and I, and
now as her future husband, I propose
that we together search this room for
money which I think old Gregory must
have secreted here. Come, let us be-
gin with the fireplace," and he easily
found the loose brick which he had
seen in the hands of the rag-picker on
the former occasion. Excitedly throw-
ing it down, he thrust his hand into the
opening, and drew forth an old stock-
ing.

"Stop!" hurriedly exclaimed Suzet-
te, "you are not yet the master, and
have no right to open that. Give it to
me."
"Just as you please," and handing it
to her, he again thrust his arm into the
hole but found nothing more.

All now crowded round Suzette, cu-
rious and impatient, while she emptied
the stocking of its contents,—an ob-
long, lead box. Louis forced the lid
open, and what do you suppose there
was inside?

"Heaps of money?" No, sir. "A
big bank-book?" No, ma'am. Nothing
but a piece of paper with this scrawled
on it: "Suzette, my child, take good
care of Misere, for the sake of your un-
cle."
"Very good, mademoiselle, a penni-
less bride is a small loss, to my taste. I
bid you a pleasant adieu."
And he took himself off.

It was now Henri's turn, and his offer
to take Suzette for herself was not
rejected. They were shortly after mar-
ried, and she took her old place be-
hind the counter of the Daddy's bak-
ery.

On going to remove the few things
from the old garret, Suzette remember-
ed the lines her uncle had bequeathed
her, and endeavored to remove Misere,
when lo and behold, he couldn't be stir-
red! Henri was called in, but still
old Misere wouldn't budge! A sur-
gical operation with a pen-knife and
a post-mortem examination revealed
the cause—he was stuffed with golden
lois!

Suzette, like the good girl she was,
ever after took the best care of Misere,
and his stuffing!

Little Pauline had been reproved for
some misconduct, and was sitting on a
small chair by the window, looking very
disconsolate. "Hallo!" said papa,
chancing to come in as two big tears
were about ready to fall. "Look at
Pauline! Why, what is going to hap-
pen?" "It has happened," said Pauline,
solemnly.

—Great reduction in writing paper,
envelopes and stationery generally at
the Journal Store. Call and see.

Utilizing Dead Horses.

A crowd had gathered on a South-
side street corner where a horse with
a broken limb had been shot. As the
owner stood ruefully surveying his
loss a fat, dark-complexioned man el-
bowed his way up and said, as he smiled
grimly:

"Say, mister, I'll cart that horse a-
way if you'll give it to me. Is it a
bargain?"

The owner pondered a minute, look-
ed around at the crowd and remarked:
"The animal is no use to me, and I
guess you can have it, but I'm blessed
if I know what you want with it. You
can have it if you'll tell me."

"All right. You see a dead horse
represents considerable money to me,
and when I can get one, I am going
to drop into it every time. I'll haul
the animal out to my place, where I
will skin it, and tan the hide, or else
sell it raw to one of the tanners. It
will then go to some boot and shoe
firm, who will proceed to make it up
nicely and commands a fancy price.

"Shoes made of cordovan, as the
leather is termed, are considered the
proper things by swells and sell well.
The tail, which is long and bushy, can
be made into a nice horse brush or
switch for ladies. To make a nice
switch I take out the bone from the
tail and stick the skin into a handle,
and there we have it all ready for use
as soon as it gets dry.

"But what do you do with the re-
mains of the body—the bones and
flesh?"

"Oh, they come handy. I raise lots
of hunting dogs. Of course, if I were
to buy beef for them, it would cost me
a small fortune. When I get or buy
dead horses I save some of the meat,
feeding the dogs on that. They thrive
on it, and it don't cost me much.

"The hoofs I sell to some glue fac-
tory, where they are boiled and made
into glue. Do I make use of the bones?
Of course I do. Sometimes I grind
them up and sell them as fertilizers,
ground bone is the stuff to spread on
your garden if you want to raise good
crops. When I am busy and want to
dispose of them I sell them to some
button-factory. They make buttons,
large and small, out of bones. I have
seen some knife handles made out of
bone, but it cracks easily and is not
used much. Buttons are more gener-
ally made from horse bone than any-
thing else in that line.

"Now, if you want any meat for
your cats let me know, and I will
supply you," but the former possessor
of the horse did not seem to relish the
idea of his cats being fed on horseflesh,
and declined the offer with thanks.—*Mil-
waukee Sentinel.*

A Man Must be at the Throttle.

When a locomotive rolled up to an
early East Tennessee town, and the en-
gineer, who was a man of small stature,
got down to oil around, two mountaineers
looked at the engine for the first
time; they examined it critically, were
lost in admiration, thought it was
"a big thing," but as one of them seized
the little engineer, he remarked: "It
don't take much of a man to run her,
does it, Jim?"

But he didn't know—it does look
easy—a boy might stand on the foot-
board, open and shut the throttle; but,
Jim, it does take a good deal of a man
to stand there all through the hours of
the day and night, to know all the
grades of the road, where he must
make her red-hot and pull her wide o-
pen' to get to the top of the hill, and
where to 'shut her off and let her roll';
it does take much of a man to read the
gauge, and know if the water is low or
if there is plenty; to know when she is
working easily or laboring hard; to feel
her pulse, as it were, as he stands in his
place, and tells whether all is well; and
then, if she 'lets down,' it does take
much of a man to know just what to
do to disconnect and block her up.

It does take much of a man when
there is a stretch of track to take a long
look ahead or peer around curves, to
watch the track for anything that may
be in the way, and if there should be—a
tree, a rock, or a broken rail, or a mis-
placed switch—then there must be a
man at the throttle, one who has the
nerve to do the act very quickly, one
who has brains to think with, and a
strong arm to act; one who loses sight
of himself and thinks of those behind
him, all unconscious of danger. It will
take a man then, Jim, to apply the brake
to 'throw her over and give her steam'

There is the gauge to watch and the
water; the track must be watched and
the signals—see if they are red or green.
It is watch, watch, all the time, think
and remember every figure on the time
card and the mile post and the station,
and the yellow tissue paper the tele-
graph man gave him at the last station
—verily eternal vigilance is the price of
life! Yes, Jim, it does take much of a
man to run her.—*The Pointer.*

General News.

Carl Schurz is lecturing in the South.
Samuel J. Tilden's writings and
speeches are about to be published.

Governor Alger of Michigan receives
\$1,000 a year, while his private secre-
tary gets \$1,600.

The United States Senate, after
March 4th, will have three gentlemen
named Jones, but not a single Smith.

A very rich old lady went to hear Mr.
Moody in Washington. She was so
pleased with him that when she went
home she changed her will and provided
that \$10,000 should be given to him up-
on her death.

Dr. Helmbold, of "Buchu" fame, has
been released from a Philadelphia in-
sane asylum after some years incar-
ceration, and will resume business in New
York.

Nancy Cass Wilmore, reputed to be
116 years old, died a few days ago in
Wilmington, Ill.

Mr. Hendricks, Vice-President-elect,
was one of the guests at a banquet given
by the Chinese residents of Indian-
apolis, Ind., in honor of the Chinese
New Year.

Eighty thousand visitors were pres-
ent during the annual Mardi Gras festi-
val in New Orleans. King Carnival
made his usual triumphant entry into
the city at the head of a procession, and
at night the streets were brilliantly il-
luminated.

The coinage of minor coins—one and
five cent pieces—has been suspended.

Russia has ordered 2,000 Krupp guns
of large size to aid in strengthening its
position in Central Asia.

The World's Depot.

Nearly seven million men, women and
children have looked back in memory
to Castle Garden as the spot whereon
their feet first rested on the free shores
of America. Out of these millions
many have passed the barrier which
separates all from the future. To the
general public nothing more is known
of Castle Garden than that it is a place
where foreigners are landed. The ex-
tent of the daily business done there,
and the manner of doing it, are to them
as a sealed book.

There are still living many who re-
member Castle Garden as the place
where, previous to 1855, delightful con-
certs, grand balls and brilliant recep-
tions were held.

Up to the year 1855 emigrants were
landed at the various docks along the
city front, where they became an easy
prey to the wiles of the boarding house
keepers and their satellites, the river
thieves, runners and the thousand and
one attaches of a nefarious trade.

In 1855 the legislature of the State
passed a law leasing Castle Garden
from the city, which had owned it since
1822, and designated it as a depot for
the landing of emigrant passengers.

Statistics show that from 1846 to 1854
inclusive, a period of thirty-eight years,
there have been landed 7,881,658 emi-
grant passengers at the port of New York.
This shows an average of 207,412 per
year. The largest number land-
ed 7,881,658 emigrant passengers at the
port of New York. This shows an av-
erage of 207,412 per year. The largest
number landed in any one year was in
1852, when 476,681 passed through the
garden. The lowest number received
was in 1887 when only 63,855 were land-
ed.

In the rotunda of the garden there
are offices where railroad tickets can be
obtained at regular rates. The differ-
ent telegraph lines have also branches
there. There is also an hospital con-
nected with the garden, which is in
charge of an experienced physician.

A day spent in inspecting the work-
ings of this real beneficial institution
will give food for interesting study.
Long familiarity with the wants and
needs of new arrivals has made the at-
taches efficient in the discharge of their
duties, and a crowd of two thousand,
or even as high as seven thousand peo-
ple are disposed of in one day.—*New
York Herald.*

Smart People.

Sam V. Harris lives in Fort Worth.
Neither he nor his wife are very smart,
as will be seen by the following inci-
dent. Last night Sam heard a noise
under his bed.

"There is somebody under the bed,"
said Sam to his wife.

"It's Fido; I guess."

"No, I think it's a burglar," replied
Sam.

"Just reach your hand down and if it
is Fido he will lick it."

The burglar, for it was one after all,
overheard the conversation, and when
Sam reached his hand down the burglar
licked it all over very affectionately.
This was entirely satisfactory, and they
both went to sleep, but when they woke
up next morning there was not much
left in the Texas Siftings.