

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
R. A. BUMILLER.  
Office in the New Journal Building,  
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.  
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,  
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.  
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited  
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 59.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1885.

NO. 9.

NEWSPAPER LAWS  
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.  
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have sent the bills and ordered them discontinued.  
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.  
ADVERTISING RATES.  
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year  
1 column 4 00 10 00 25 00 45 00 75 00  
1 " 7 00 15 00 35 00 65 00 100 00  
One inch makes a square. Advertisements and Excursions' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,  
Auctioneer,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER,  
Auctioneer,  
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REIFSNYDER,  
Auctioneer,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,  
Practical Dentist,  
Office opposite the Methodist Church,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. D. H. MINGLE,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office on Main Street,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
MADISONBURG, PA.  
Office opposite the Public School House.

D. R. A. W. HAFER  
Surgeon & Dentist.  
Office on Penn Street, South of Luth. church  
MILLHEIM, PA.

W. J. SPRINGER,  
Fashionable Barber,  
Having had many years' experience,  
the public can expect the best work and  
most modern accommodations.  
Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House,  
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

G. GEORGE L. SPRINGER,  
Fashionable Barber,  
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,  
Millheim, Pa.  
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,  
Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfactory  
manner.  
Jno. H. Orvis, C. M. Bower, Ellis L. Orvis,  
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,

O. HASTINGS & REEDER,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Office in Woodings Building,  
D. H. Hastings, W. F. Reeder

H. C. MEYER,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

W. M. C. HEINLE,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts of Centre county  
Special attention to Collections. Consultations  
in German or English.  
J. W. Gephart,  
BEAVER & GEPHART,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street

B. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,  
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN,  
PROPRIETOR.  
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free  
Buss and from all trains. Special rates to  
witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,  
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,  
EMANUEL BROWN,  
PROPRIETOR.  
House newly refitted and refurnished. Ev-  
erything done to make guests comfortable.  
Rates moderate. Patronage respectfully sol-  
icited.

S. ST. ELMO HOTEL,  
Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST.,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY.  
The traveling public will still find at this  
Hotel the same liberal provision for their com-  
fort. It is located in the immediate centres of  
business and places of amusement and the dif-  
ferent Rail-Road depots, as well as all parts of  
the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars  
constantly passing the doors. It offers special  
inducements to those visiting the city for busi-  
ness or pleasure.  
Your patronage respectfully solicited.  
Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor.

IRVIN HOUSE,  
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)  
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS,  
LOCK HAVEN, PA.  
S. WOODS CALDWELL  
PROPRIETOR.  
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travel-  
ers on first floor.

PEABODY HOTEL,  
9th St. South of Chestnut,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
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.  
W. PAINE, M. D.,  
Owner & Proprietor.

P. H. MUSSER,  
JEWELER,  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.  
All work neatly and promptly Exe-  
cuted.  
Shop on Main Street,  
Millheim, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA  
STATE COLLEGE.  
FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 10, 1884  
Examinations for admission, September 9.  
This institution is located in one of the most  
beautiful and healthful spots of the entire Alle-  
gheny region. It is open to students of both  
sexes, and offers the following courses of study:  
1. A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.  
2. A Latin Scientific Course.  
3. The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two  
years each following the first two years of  
the Scientific Course: (a) AGRICULTURE;  
(b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMIS-  
TRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGIN-  
EERING.  
4. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture.  
5. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.  
6. A reorganized Course in Mechanical Arts,  
combining shop-work with study.  
7. A new Special Course (two years) in Litera-  
ture and Science, for Young Ladies.  
8. A carefully graded Preparatory Course.  
9. SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the  
wants of individual students.  
Military drill is required. Expenses for board  
and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young  
ladies under charge of a competent lady Prin-  
cipal.  
For Catalogues, or other information address  
GEO. W. ATH-INGTON, LL. D., PRESIDENT  
STATE COLLEGE, CENTRE CO., PA.

A. 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.  
AGENCY FOR THE  
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 vic-  
inity 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 of three toes. The old man  
was taken 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's, who  
kept the little bake shop over the way,  
fully agreed with her on this impor-  
tant 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-

ed 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-  
fied 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 couple  
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-  
mainder 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 incarcer-  
ation, 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 as well as was carry-  
ing off.—*Houston Siftings.*