THIRD PART.

Sunday Correspondents.

ist or Humorist.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

# PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY

9, 1890,

that at one time frowned from its open front and commanded the entrance to the port. The soldiery that occupied the big, roomy and comfortable place found plenty of time to smile at and flirt with the pretty girls that daily crowded down to enjoy the sait and the officers gave little balls and enter-tainments there until finally Fort Clinton and its pleasant surroundings came to be of the show and fashionable centers of the metropolis. The open space in the neighborhood of the fort, now known as Battery Park, was one of the best lighted the pleasantest and saitest places for promenaders, as sentinels from the garrison were nightly detailed to keep order and duet away the hundreds that strolled about every pleasant evening. The fort was a favorite spot, the officers sociable and the soldiers polite, so that the New Yorkers of the garrison the Government had placed. that at one time frowned from its open front A NATION'S GATEWAY Story of Castle Garden and the Mill-

Things went along quietly for a couple of years, and the people at Washington not finding any necessity for maintaining the world. Within a few days by the

THE MUSIC HALL STAGE. But Castle Clinton, as it began to be called, was too nicely situated and a place of too popular resort to allow a few rusty cannon and a few venerable pensioners to keep the public from enjoying the place and its surroundings. So a company was formed and a lease of the place obtained. It was for a long time a sort of half beer garden and half music hall. The low wall fronting on what is now the old fortress was torn down and inside the old fortress was fitted She was to remain until the morrow. Malaup as a sort of amphitheater with rows of wooden benches that were for a long time had borne the girl thither, and the same chi and Baruch, with the help of a slave,

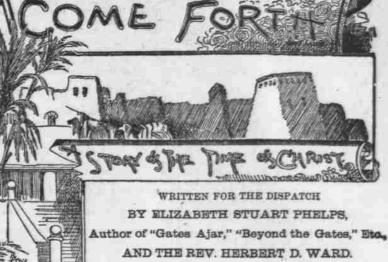
nightly thronged by the best people of New York. It was the one place in New York that would hold a crowd of a couple of thousand

people, and when Phineas T. Barnum, in 1850, brought over the Swedish Nightin-gale, Jenny Lind, to this country, it was in Castle Garden that her sweet notes were first better use. Give the girl her way." For "Verily, you will never put yourself to'a better use. Give the girl her way." For heard on American soil. That was a great Baruch had dealt privately with Hagasr, night for the old fortress-and incidentally, and urged the matter, taking no denial. of course, for the famous Barnum. Bon-fires blazed all around the wide and open And Hagaar and Malachi had returned to space about the garden, cannon boomed and bands played while the stream of humanity mounted higher and higher, until the old the litter without the house of Rachel, begging not to be carried within, till she must ortress could contain no more. It was one of Barsum's greatest successes, and the old hero of a thousand shows and of ten thou-

sand farewell seasons still speaks of those desert drinks from the gourd held to his stlffening lips.

> noon! "Baruch, I see a hill of tulips; they run up and down; they are red, like torch bearers at a race. "Mother, give me your hand. Lift my head a little that I may look unto Jerusa-"The Temple shineth like the rising of the day. In the Temple is the Ark. In the Ark God dwelleth. The people go up; go up like prayer into the heart of Jeboyah! Would ment of the day had sunk into its reaction; the thrill of joy had fallen into the grip of pain.

JENNIE LIND CHANGED IT. The singing of Jennie Lind in the garden The invalid's hopeless consciousness of suf-fering returned like the fall of night. Ari-The singing of Jennie Lind in the garden gave it what it had not possessed before—a certain operatic and theatrical olaracter, and from that day forth the beer mug, the sandwich and the waiter were banished from its precifieds. In 1851 Castle Garden was the really fashionable place of amusement for the metropolis. In that year a season of Italian operation in the density "Leave talian opera was given in the garden with



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[Continued From Last Sunday.]

CHAPTER IX.

BARUCH'S LOVING PLOT.

hands would return her before another sun-

grumbled over the job, which he held to be

set to her father's house, Malachi had

ground for hers. It was now quite dark. She could see no more than he. The sick girl laid her hand in that of the blind man. It was dew-fall at Bethany. In the house Both shook. Baruch bowed his face reverof Rachel, the widow, and Baruch, the blind ently above the poor little feverish hand. He did not touch it with his lips. He did not dare. After all he was a man. If he had touched Ariells, he felt as if he should man, excitement reigned. A great event had happened. Without the porch, panting with weariness, low upon a litter, lay a little have gone mad with love and despair. maiden, pale and frail, but peaceful as no "Is this Baruch, the old blind man?" well maiden ever is. Ariella had been asked at that moment a wonderful voice. Baruch did not start or release the hand of Areilla. He held it like a man, and quietbrought over to visit Rachel, her neighbor.

Areina. Its heid if like a man, and quiet-ly made answer. "Yes, Lord, I am he." "And the maiden, of whom thou didat speak with me-do I behold her?" "Thou beholdest her indeed." "Knowsth she that I am come?"

"Nay, Lord, she knoweth naught." "Give space to me that I may stand be

side her." The voice which spoke was one of unquestionable authority. Ariella started under it. She looked up, frightened and panting, through the dark.

"Be calm, Ariella, "said Baruch, quietly. "He of whom I spoke to thee, is here." their own dwelling, and Ariella lay upon "You arranged this, Baruch?-you plauned to bring me here-and told me not!" There was a touch of repreach in the girl's tone. She had fallen so thoroughly into Baruch's loving plot that her first sense of being deluded almost overpowered needs sleep; for Ariella drank the air of heaven as an Arab dying of thirst in the any other consciousness.

"What I have done, I have done," said Baruch firmly. "It becometh these not to distrust me, Ariella. It is not in thy power to distrust Him." On the way from the house of her father to the home of Rachel, Ariella had suffered acutely; every step of the bearers' jarring

to distrust Him." Baruch pointed at the commanding figure of their visitor, who, during this delay, had atood both silent and still. The three made a singular group—the blind man bent forward, eager, trembling, his whole body attaining as if to see; the sick girl panting and the science muta as the litter diffused agony through the poor girl's body; but she had not said so. At every glimpse of the living world she had evinced the keenest delight. It was: "Oh, father, the light! The light of the sun on the fields! How broad a thing is an afteron the litter, and the solemn figure, mute as

fate, before them. It was now so dark that Ariella could not oven see the familiar face of Baruch, bent so near and turned so tenderly toward her. Of the stranger she could perceive abso-lutely nothing except the outline of a grand form; the manilest, the most authoritative, she thought, that she had ever beheld. The face of the man was wrap, ed in the darkness of the summer night. Ariella atruggled for a sight of it, but it was as dim

Ariella lay now upon the fitter, herself as mute as an exhausted prayer; the excite-mented the device interiment of the doubt at word. She stood behind the olive tree for a mo-ment, unseen; then advanced and knels beside the litter, very near Ariella. Rachel quite understood what was going forward, for Baruen had confided in her. And Rachel was one of those who trusted in the The invalue of the fall of night. Ari-fering returned like the fall of night. Ari-ella's face became pinched with anguish; the lines about her mouth deepened like those in the face of an old woman—she was those in the face of an old woman—she was

"Leave me to myself," she panted, "Leave me, Rachel. Leave me, Baruch, Weariness overcomes me, for the exertion | faith or the material of power to the situa tion. He moved nearer to the litter and broke the oppressive silence; but it was only to ask a simple question: "Is this the mother of the maiden?" "Nay, Lord," replied Rachel, "She is my guest and the triend of my afflicted son. Baruch said that thou wouldst heal her. Had it been a little less dark they could have seen that the Nazarene smiled slightly, as a man does who hears from children prattle of a knowledge already his own. But his smile was as invisible to these agitated people as the sun that had set behind Mount Olivet. The most powerful personality in Judea presented himself to these three souls only in the torm of a But what a voice! Ariella's nature rang with it. It was as strong as the winds. It sand; Baruch stood in the doorway, a silent, waiting figure; he seemed like a man who expected something, and was patient and commanded the heart as heaven commanded the earth; but it appealed to the sensibility as tenderly as if one's regard wide as all heaven. Between the spasm of "Ariella!" said the Nazarene. He spoke as never a man spake to the sick or to the well. Arielia felt herself drawn upward, soul and body, to the utterance of her name by those invisible lips. It was as if the very waves of ether, set in motion by his voice, encompassed her; as the waves of the sea encompass a sinking person who strug-gles upon them if so be he may swim for his life. She felt herself lifted upon the sound; it buoyed her; she bad a singular sensation as it she began to float upon it. "Yea. Lord," breathed Ariella. She up-turned her face to him through the dark. Poor little wan, pinched face!-how feebly it moved. Ariella was in terrible pain. The excitement and exertion of the day, culminating in this agitating interview, had almost overborne her. Despite herself At the sound the blind man fell upon his knees be-side his mother. Jesus and the sick girl remained, the two undisturbed actors in the touching scene. Low, sweet, serene, and commanding, came the accents of the Nam-rene. Ariella perceived that he did not inquire concerning her faith in God his Father; and in himself, the heavenly Father's son; in his sympathy with human misery; and his power to heal the diseases of men; and he spoke to her also of his rela-tion to her own peculiar suffering. He said these things in words so few that Arielia knew not how it was be said them; but ahe was aware of these thoughts, and of his de-sire to understand her own state of teeling Now Ariella turned her head at this mo-toward himself. Above all else, she was aware of the searching, scorching necessity that she should speak the very truth albeit that should sound discourteous or distrustful toward the Stranger, who, overworn and overworked, had traveled to Bethany at the Dead Ses. Oh, to be borne thither in her litter, and sit afloat upon the strong water, and float her lie out on that soft bed! "It would need to be borne thit to be bed and the strong water and the known sick girl, if he might or could. It even decurred to Ariella that he was not sure that he could heal her; and that his effort was worth something more for this very reason. "Lord," said Ariella, "how can any heal me? I have been sick so long!" The Nazarene made no answer. He had advanced, and now stood close beside the litter; he stretched his hand out, and motioned to Ariella through the dark that she put hers within it. "Nine years!" said Ariells, "I' have lain fell pitcously enough from the poor girl's upon my bed for nine whole years. I suffer lips. Upon my bed for nine whole years. I suffer very much. It is great pain. People do not know about pain. It tires them to under stand it. I try not to trouble peopleam not a patient girl. I get worn out some-times. Lord, I am so tired-tired out! tired out!" Ariella began to sob quietly. "Lord, my faith bas grown sick—like all the rest of me. How can I be healed?" "Lord," said the blind man, still upon his knees, "my faith in thee is whole; it is sound enough to give life to the maiden though she did lie in the tomb." "Baruch! Baruch!" cried Ariella. The blind man was distressed. He thought she should have cried: "Lord! Lord!" But Jesus only smiled thereat, in the darkness, no one being able to see the smile. "Arialla," said Baruch, "give to him that

have to take the conversationalist and humorist out into the woodshed and give them something extra before the meal, in NYE RICH IN WISDOM. order to keep them up to where they would be willing to sparkle and be the life of the party, but even then it would be a great saving to you. I once went to a delightful dinner of this kind, but was not told to He Dispenses Information to His sparkle, so talked entirely with a young lady near me all the evening regarding Mr. Rus-sell and the Delsarte theory. The host was so mad that he did not pass EXPENSE OF A BALL IN NEW YORK. Cheapening Effect of a Live Conversational-

CHIEF IRAITS OF THE STAGE HAND IWBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. DO not know

ply party who acts as floor Twalker for a liverv stable during

who is not afraid to appear before any audience in a pair of high-top rubber boots which he has used all day to wash buggies in, and light the footlights amid thunders of applause. We had one of these gentlemen sleep on the stage nights. They were play-ing "old sledge" behind the drop curtain

when we came. I do not know what they were there for. We did not want them. We did not need them. They joyfully stood around in the way and spat down a large knothole near the curtain rope, although it was a hopeless task, for it dried up before the next one



could get ready, and so they are no nearer to floating the stage away than when they first began. I asked the head man if he would get me a glass of water. He said he in order to attend to the curthin. As we do not use any curtain or scenery or properties, except a glass of water and a stick of hoarhound candy. I thought he could be spared, but he did not seem to think so, and I got a small boy to bring me the water while the head boy, now the stage Napoleon, went to reading once more the thrilling tale, "Married in Haste, to Repent at Chicago; or, How I Won Her,' by A. Oner, Esq.

Bits of Romance in the Lives of Men TOM REED'S AWKWARD PROPOSAL. The host was so mad that he did not pass me the pie at all, and ate my dried prunes, with the rich umbrella juice that went with them, while I was looking the other way. When he gave me my hat and overcost at last in the hall he hissed in my ear: "You have went back on me and have came to my house for the last time. If you had of done the square thing you would have had as good a time as you was ever at. How Lige Halford Popped to the Little A MAIDEN WHOSE PAPA LOCKED HER UP

have had as good a time as you was ever at, and got your little old \$5 besides, but now you can be excused. I didn't ast you to that anyone has come here and stuff yourself full of my victuals and then talk art to a mere stripling ever referred publicly to the of a girl. If you want to get ahead yo

average stage want to do it some other way." I told him that when I found out where to get a head I would be sure to give him the hand as we find him at the oneaddress. I then selected a good pair of over shoes, took what I thought to be a fresh night stands. I do not mean the cigar from the stand and went away. It did not smell so fresh, however, after I lighted professional stage it as I thought it would. hand, but the NUMEROUS QUERIES ANSWERED. young and pim-

"Bright Alfarata," San Jose, Cal., asks what to do for an ingrowing nail and how to make salt rising bread. I do not know what to do. I never had eyether. "Theological Student"-No, you are

"Theological Student"—No, you are wrong about that. At Guttenberg, on the thescenery at the theater at night. He is a self-made young man, ear before any audi-h-top rubber boots

not or do not compare well with England in the matter of passenger steamers. Aside from the Hoboken ferry and a naphtha launch, our keels are not found plowing the the other night. He brought nine others to help him. I think that the most of them to London with his Indians and scouting clothes in a foreign steamship, and then foreign steamships take 300,000 people over

there to see him. Then, when they get through, foreign steamships bring them home, also the fleecy William and his band. Then he goes to Paris in a foreign steamer. Several hundred thousand Americans go over there also, utilizing English and other colonal Cody converse with Chemise La Rouge in French. Then they come home the same way, and he follows suit.

CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN.

When we get the World's Fair it will be the same way. The American is not an aquatic bird, but rather a hewer of wood and vender of town lots. He riseth up in the morning while it is yet night and saith unto himself, I will buy a farm in Anoka county, and I will lay it out in lots, and I will also lay out the gentle ass that buyeth the same, and I will make him for to bray before the evening has come, for behold he shall call for a room at an inn and he shall record his name thereat, and the name wherewithal he shall record himselt will be Dennis.

lives.

and then quite dryly remarked:

CABINET LOVE STORIES.

MRS. SECRETARY WINDOM.

the army and there was another long wait

They matried just before the close of the war at the little village of Maumee, which at that time was expected to take Toledo's

place and be the largest city in Northwest

HOW W. C. P. BRECKENBIDGE MADE LOVE.

they do now."

Mt. Vernon.

ern Ohio,

"Birdie," South Brooklyn, N. Y., asks: Who was Wild Bill, and how did he die? Wild Bill was a gentleman named Hickock, and he did not reck aught for anyone. It was said that he had a most peculiar thorax. All his ribs and breast bones were so closely united that his heart and side lights were encased in a bony canoply almost impervious to a bullet, and he was frequently spoken of time in such away that he would let it alone time in such away that he would let it alone

The result NOT AT ALL PUPER. The result NOT AT ALL PUPER. The result NOT AT ALL PUPER. The result The result NOT AT ALL PUPER. The result Th

had his romance and those wise heads that now bob up and down never thought any more of singing from different hymn books. One night they were on the waves of "iegislation have smirked a nd smiled as they whispered sweet nothings in their fair mistresses" Most of the base took and whispered, "Will you marry me?" The little soprano struggled pluckily on nutil the base took and "down Aaron's beard, down Aaron's beard, "down Aaron's beard, down Aaron's beard, Aaron's beard," and then she whispered, "Barkıs is willin'," and two voices dropped out of the final winding-up of the old arther ears. Most of them worked harder for their wives than they work on their anthem. speeches and not THREE DAYS ON BREAD AND WATER. a few found the The acknowledged beauty of the diplomatic corps is Madame Gusman, wife of the Nicaraguan Minister. Her tale of love is a romance. She was the only daughter of Mr. Ewing, a stern Quaker of Philadelphia, troubles of their courtships greater than the annoyance of office-seekers. Scores of them owe their prominence to their wives who have pushed

LOVES OF STATESMEN

Who Have Become Famous.

Soprano of the Choir.

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, February 8.

VERY man in

Congress has

had his romance

Mr. Ewing, a stern Quaker of Philadelphia, and when she was but 16 she met Horacio Guzman, a young Spaniard who was attend-ing college in the city of Brotherly Love. They will both say that love at first sight is not a myth for 24 hours after they met the Spaniard was sighing in true Castilian fashion beneath her window. The father soon learned the state of affairs and when the maiden rofused to give up her lover he them to the front and kept them straight. Ex-Speaker Carlisle is greatly indebted for his success to the blonde beauty who presides over his household, and Sam Randall would never have made his great reputation had it not been for the restraining influences of the little woman who is now watching over his bedside. Thomas B. Reed was hardly in the Speaker's chair before de-licious stories began to float down from Main the stories began to float down from the maiden refused to give up her lover he forthwith locked her in her room himself handing in the bread and water which was Maine that the man who weighs 300 pounds her diet for three long days. The gallant Nicaragnan, by means of a flying bit of paper, discovered the plight of his lady love would politically have weighed nothing if it had not been for his plucky, pretty wife. She was Susan Merrill, daughter of a New Hampshire minister and married "Tom" when he had hardly confidence enough in himself to propose to her. He was a big, awkward schoolteacher then, and it was her courage that induced him to study law, and finally to enter polities. He Main and the final of an outpritted for the fashion of the continued for a week. At the end of that time Mr. Ewing accepted the situation after the fashion of an outwitted Quaker and 'made no war' on his enemies. He confinally to enter politics. His Maine neigh-bors say he owes his whole career to the lit-tle woman who is so proud of him to-day. Yes, men owe much to their wives, and it is interesting to find out why and when and how women married as they did. sented to their marriage, and it is said, grew in time to admire his son-in-law.

MILLIONAIRE FLOWER'S DAUGHTER. There are two love affairs of this season Take the calm matrons who rule Washing-ton society. If one catches them aright they will blushingly confess to a bit of rothat are going to have a sad effect on the matrimonial question. Mothers never mention their own little romances to their romantic daughters, but here we have two most idyllic but totally impractical affairs occurring in the height of the season-two they will blushingly confess to a bit of ro-mance tucked away somewhere in their PRESIDENT HARRISON'S COURTSHIP. "There was none at all in our marriage," was the laughing rejoinder of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison when I asked her for her romance. "We just stood before my father and he mardaughters of millionaires marrying penniless young men. The girls' heads are completely turned by the sacrifice of ducats to romance and many a similar affair may be expected

ried us. There was no climbing down a ladder, no secreting notes in trees, nothing within the year. First of all is the idyl of the year 1880, the marriage of Emmas Gertrude Flower to John Bayard Taylor, of Watertown, N. J. New Miss Flower will one day have \$4,000,000, and her husband has only what he earns by his own efforts, but all the marriages made by American girls and foreign princes will not turn out as happily as this. for it is founded on genuine love. Miss Flower met Mr. Taylor while visiting a relative at Watertown. It was a case of love at first she told her father and mother, and they re-monstrated, as she was only 18, had not even made her debut, and had beyond her the seductive prospect of a winter in Washing-ton. It was all in vain, and the father First of all is the idyl of the year 1889, the that goes to makes up a romantic marriage I had known Mr. Harrison three years, for

her face had gained lines of sadness which it has never lost. The husband has never forgotten his wife's loyalty and devotion, and one of the prettiest sights at the Capital is to see the patrician-looking Breckenridge, the "silver-tongued," walking with his sweet-faced wife, for they act like lovers. ions it Has Sheltered. HOW ELIJAH HALFORD POPPED. There is a nest little romance hidden away back in the lives of Private Secretary Elijah N. Halford and wife. Before she was married Mrs. Halford was a great singer. She had an exceptional soprano voice, and NO LONGER FOR IMMIGRANT USE, Jenny Lind Sang Her First Song in America She had an exceptional soprano voice, and when she found it necessary to care for her-self she begged her father to let her go to Indianapolis and accept an offer which had been made to her to sing in a church choir. With some fear he consented, and off the young girl, scarcely 18, started to make fame and fortune. Standing next her in the choir was a young printer whom everybody liked and called "Lige." He sung bas and she sung soprano, and oftentimes there were not books enough to go around and they were forced to look on the same page. After a time "Lige" called incidentally on his Inder Its Roof. FORTRESS, BEER HALL AND THEATER

## COURSESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. 1 NEW YORK, February 8. OE nearly 53 years Castle Garden has been the great gateway through which

millions of people few days, by the authority of the

Secretary of the Treasury, that gate will be closed, to be opened no more. The immigrants

country will no longer find shelter and protection in the curious old ramshackle building, where the grandfathers and grandmothers and the fathers and mothers of so many thousands of stalwart Americans of to-day first enjoyed security and salety secured them by the flag that floated over the wooden rotunda. Hereafter the newcomers will be landed on Gov-ernor's Island, and the same protection that

nearly indeed some millions of people and their descendants in this country. Since it was first opened nearly 10,000,000 o immigrants-in round numbers up to January 1, 1890, 9,639,635 men, women, and children -have passed through its portals and gone forth to seek homes and fortunes under our

VICTIMS OF HORDES OF RASCALS. Before the garden was opened the immi-grants landing in this country were dis-

VIEW OF CASTLE GARDEN.

mmigrants from foreign lands.

ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

can be given them, but in the days of the

Nobody knows. When the Federal Gov-

THE KANGAROO SHOE.

ong voyages the condition of the new-comer

What will become of the garden?

has always been accorded them will be con-tinued and increased. The story of Castle Garden touches very

A VERY TIRED YOUNG MAN.

He was the tiredest young man for one who was just in the fluff and bloom and heyday of life that I ever saw. He had a very retreating chin. Otherwise he would not have had the strength of purpose to spit over it. His forehead also asked to be excused and went back into his hair in search of ideas and one thing and another, I judge. One of his front teeth had disappeared

Doubtless kicked out by an infuriated horse while the two were sleeping in the same stall, the horse being tied, however, and unable to get away, using his only means of discouraging a bed fellow with whom he could certainly have nothing in common. The loss of his tooth gave him greater scope as an expectorator, and would have assisted his smile if he had ever smiled, but he neve smiled. It is very rare that such a man laughs. His dignity and a set of liverwurs thought works in a poor state of preserva tion, are all he has. Life is a serious matter with an ass. I do not say this to be euphonions, but from the rich and overflowing treas of a ripe experience. (I thought I would say that before some one else did i for me.)

The ass is always sad and dignified. He is profound and mournful. If you desire to see solemnity, dignity and mental ob-liquity, go to the penitentiary and to the corral when the deep voiced ass with the low, retreating torchead trills his tremend-ous notes in the hush of the evening.

My dead friend, Mr. Shaw, once said that dignity was no more the sign of wisdom than the paper collar was the sign of a shirt, and I can put my hand on my heart and say he was right.

### A BALL IN NEW YORK.

En route I have received several letters and queries from readers and correspondents, which I will take the liberty of answering here if I hear no objection prior to the publication of this-"Betire Pennypacker," Toledo, Ohio

asks what the cost of a bail would be it properly given to one's friends in New York. A recent estimate is as follows, as nearly

as I can recollect: Rent of ballroom ... Orchids, palms, etc. Fioral favors for ladies. Jeweled favors for German, say at \$10 

make it for less). mer at \$10 per plate ....

B, and S. for following morning...... 10,000

Total ...\$50,000 Of course slight reductions could be made on this, say if you use field glasses with powdered alum on them and pressed autumn leaves instead of the orchids, you can save from \$7,000 to \$8,000. Or if you want to trim your hall with festoons of seed corn and dried apples instead of palms, you may cut down this bill \$3,000 or \$3,500. Again, you might cheapen the floral offerings to the indies by using paper flowers, or postponing the ball until golden rod gets within the reach of all. A dinner in New York may also be arranged much cheaper than \$10 a place, by having several bright conversationalists at each end of the table and skipping the norse doovers, arriving at once at the removes of, say a broiled pig's toot on toast, a bottle of Ann Hizer Sec and ice cream.

#### HUMOLISTS ARE USEFUL.

A bright conversationalist or a good amorist who is willing to give a fair quivalent for his food can save you at such mass hundreds of dollars. You mucht equivalent for his food can save you at such a meal hundreds of dollars. You might erate

The murderer of Wild Bill, after his crime, came at once on horseback from Deadwood to my town, where through strong political influence I got an intro-duction to him. He talked pleasantly and even kindly to me, although he had denied himself to all other reporters and held him-





#### The Killing of Wild Bill,

truthfully say that among all the murderer I have known, and who have written in my autograph album, he was the most up tious and least puffed up by his sudden elevation. He told me that he only regretted that he had not fitted himself for the osition to which he found himself so sud-

lenly elevated. On the day of his execution he ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, angel food, pork sausage, blane munge, calves' liver, custard pie, mackerel, snow pudding and codfish balls. He then wrote in a steady hand the following sentiment in an album for a beautiful young lady who tried marry the attractive girl he had wooed beto get him pardoned:

"DEAR ONE-I hope you will try to live | was Miss Halstead, the daughter of a suca blameless life, so that you can meet me in heaven. Yours, ROBERT." cessful physician. Mrs. Miller was 25 years old when she heaven. Yours, ROBERT All his advice to everyone was good. He

even told the clergyman who went with him to the scaffold that he must not be weary in well doing, but strive on through life and he would surely obtain his reward. He was dressed in his

BEST SUIT OF CLOTHES.

As he went to the scaffold, he carried a bouquet of choice orchids, given him by the Young Ladies' Band of Crime Preventers. When asked if he had anything to say be-fore his death he only smiled sweetly, laid his chew of tobacco on the crosspiece of the scafiold and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going home to die no more. 1 canno make a spe ch, but I am resolved from this out to lead a blameless life. I hope you will all do the same, so that you can meet me in that bright land to which I am now going to."

At this point the great weight of his overshoes broke his neck, and he passed on to receive his reward. Skeptical people were afraid that he had been a little oversanguine regarding the future state, but hoped that he had, as an old distiller expressed it become one of the rectified spirits. BILL NYE.

LOOKING out from the parlors of the Sturte

ton. It was all in vain, and the father and was living in a little house in Indian-apolis when my mother visited me. She acknowledged that his young daughter was wiser than many older people when shesaid: said very little until she was about to leave,

DIDN'T WANT & CLUB MAN. 'I see, my

dear, you have been able to make use o some of the things you learned."" "Of course, papa, I can marry a club man, but I want to marry a man whom I shall Mrs. Harrison laughed as heartily as see once in awhile, and who will love me better than his club, his horses or his dogs;" the sweetest sentiment in the world, and it carried the day, for Mr. Flower had not school girl at the recollection, and said proudly: "Even at this day I can go into a kitchen and prepare a dinner from the les-sons I learned then. A wife was a houseforgotten that he too started life as a poor man. January 2 they were married, and wife then, for men rose more slowly than even the mothers said it was the prettiest

wedding ever seen at the capital, although I beg you to believe that they still want The ladies of the Cabinet were romantic their daughters to marry club men.

"when they were girls." They all married young save Mrs. Miller, and her reason for The second one that is turning the mar riage conventionalities topsy-tarvy is that waiting I will tell later. Two of them, Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Windom, were teaching school when they met their husbands. All of Miss Eleanor Foster, the daughter of ex-Minister John W. Foster, to Mr. Lansing, a lawyer from the same favored village of Watertown. Miss Foster has been one of know how Harriet Stanwood, the plucky Maine girl, went to Kentucky to do what the most beautiful and courted of Washingthen was an extraordinary feat, to "earn ton's society belles, and not a few epaul her living." How the same need sent the letted dandies were chagrined that she acyoung Pennsylvanian, James G. Blaine, to cepted a poor young lawyer in preference to one of them. She has had wonderful social ie same village and how the two exiles soon fell in love and married. There are advantages, as her father was Minister to several Kentuckians in Washington who went to school to them and they all say Miss three courts.

Stanwood was a handsome, high-spirited girl. Two of their pupils were W. C. P. JULIUS CÆSAR SERVES THREE YEARS. Mrs. Congressman Burrows, of Michigau, tells a pretty tale of how she met and loved Breckenridge and wife. Strange to say, the Blaine children all her husband. He was teaching school married almost as romantically as their father and mother. They say that Mr. Em-Kalamazoo, and among his pupils was darkeyed Lizzie Peck, daughter of a wealthy farmer who still lives 12 miles out of Kalamons Blaine was in love with Miss Anita McCormick three years before he gained mazoo. He fell in love with her and wanted to marry at once, but her father heard of the courage to ask her to marry him, and that so lover-like a lover is rarely seen, and affair and sent her off to a private school everyone knows that the marriage of Mar-garet Blaine and the musician Damrosch He was a wise old fellow, this Farmer Peck, and did not forbid the marriage, but quite indulgently agreed to let it take place when will have a fine background of romance. his daughter had finished her education

She was away three years, and instead of Mrs. Windom was a graduate of Mount marrying the schoolgirl of 17, J.C. Burrows Holvoke, and like many another Massamarried the woman of 20. He had in the meantime gone from school teaching to the law, and Farmer Peck had much more rechusetts girl of that day, went to the "Far West to teach. She settled at the little village of Mt. Vernon, and a year before her arrival there came to the same village a young lawyer, William Windom by name. spect for the law than the beggarly school eaching. LOVE AFFAIR OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

He rose rapidly for those days, and within Then there is the Chief Justice of the United States. Who denies that he owes his high office to his wife? When he met two years was prosecuting attorney for Knox county. Such success assured his future, and Miss Hatch, the Massachusetts school teacher, soon changed from the school room to the little cottage, which still stands in Susan Coolbaugh, the daughter of a wealthy Chicagoan, over 20 years ago, he was an ambitious young politician caring more to Secretary Noble had gone out to Iowa bemake a political speech than to plead a case at law. He was flying around to all the county conventions nominating this one and fore he started out to make his fortune. She econding the nomination of that one when Miss Coolbaugh came across his path. Would she marry him? Yes, if he would give up politics and stick to the law. He wise enough in love to recognize her superior wisdom, and he forthwith gave up politics and devoted himself to the profession of married, but she had been engaged to the young lawyer many years. First he had to struggle to gain his law education, and then when they were about to marry he entered

which he is now the head. "I told him I should never marry a poli-tician," is the way Mrs. Fuller describes the veering in her husband's career.

MISS GRUNDY, JR. FITTING OPERA GLASSES.

# The Width is an Important Matter Very

Mrs. W. C. P. Breekenridge, "the woman Often Overlooked. with the Madonna face," has a bit of history

that is as sad as it is lovely. Her romance and trouble came after she married a hand-Very often one gets a fine opera glass, takes it to the theater with lively anticipasome Kentuckian. They had been married tion of pleasure, and then has the whole but a few months when the Civil War broke evening spoiled by what seems to be the ont. Now old "Joe" Breckenridge was perverseness of the glass, remarks an optiknown throughout Kentucky as a staunch Union man, and when his son "Willie" entered the Confederate ranks he vowed he cian in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. No matter how much it is screwed and adjusted it won't focus. The glass is looked upon as would never forgive him. There was a pitithe cause. This is an error. Most fre-quently it will be discovered that the glass ful parting between the young couple, and it was doubly full of woe as the bride, being alone in the world, must needs live with her father-in-law until the cruel war was over. is too narrow for the eyes or too wide. In either case imperiect vision, overtaxed eyes and a headache will follow the nse of the gluss. Opera glasses should fit the eyes She berself was a Southern girl, and all her sympathies were with her lover-husband. As time went ou old Joe Breckenridge be-came more embittered toward his son, and daily he made his young daughter-in-law feel her dependent position. When the war closed she was as beautiful a woman, but

less scoundrels. It took a long time to secure a remedy for the great wrong that was being penetrated, for behind the system were banded hundreds of runners for the boarding houses that crowded the North and East River fronts. Saloons, dance halls, money changers, employment agencies, railroad offices and a thousand other business arrangements more or less reputable, but gen-erally less reputable, each of which was growing rich out of the money filched from

the ignorant immigrants. The first fight made against these well entrenched robbers began in 1845, and was unsuccessful. Politics and the politicians were too powerful for the few men and newspapers who had taken up the cause of the new comers and the effort to dislodge the thieves and thugs who were robbing the immigrants almost without hindrance, met with quick deleat.

WON THE SECOND FIGHT. But public attention had been directed to

the matter, and the stories of the wrongs inflicted on the helpless foreigners aroused a storm of public indignation throughout the country, and finally the Legislature of New York was prevailed upon, in the face of a strong opposition from the politicians, to in-vestigate the subject and to devise a comrehensive remedy for these evils. Through the exertions of Thurlow Weed, Archbishop Hughes, Moses H. Grinnell, Charles O'Conor, Robert B. Minturn and other eminent citizens of New York, the passage of a bill to organize the Board of Immigration was secured in 1847. The final result of this move was the establishment at Castle Garden of an in-

stitution which for the motives of those who inspired it, the character of those who managed it, and the helplessness of those who came within its fostering care, stood for years among the most benign and efficient public institutions in our land. Especial care was taken to select public spirited citizens of high intelligence and stern integrity as members of the first board and they were Guillan C. Verplanck, James Boorman, Jacob Halliday, Robert B. Miuturn, William F. Havemeyer and David C. Colden, eminent, philanthropic and distinguished citizens of New York. The Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, the President of the Irish Immigrant Society and the President of the German

ernment withdraws from it, the city will Society were made members of the board by resume possession of the old fortress and will doubtless throw it open to all citizens, and, tearing down the outer fences, will add virtue of their offices. THE WORK ONLY BEGUN.

The passage of the law and the appoint-ment of the Board of Commissioners did tery Park. not stop the war made by the thieves and hoodlums along the docks against this effort to protect the immigrants. It took eight years for this energetic board to so far overme the prejudices of the public and the fierce opposition of the organized band of

Burn Their Kite. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] plunderers and this ves as to be able to secure a place where the immigrants could Shoe dealers say kangaroo leather is going

to be a favorite for shoes from now on, and be sheltered and protected. Castle Garden was opened in 1855. Long that the tan-colored shoe will come into even

> One of the able habitues of the press gallery at the Capitol has a striking way of putting things. Speaking of a Senator who is noted alike for wisdom and long-windedness, he said: "Oh, Senator - knows lots; there's no doubt of it. The fact is, he knows so much it's positively in the way.'

heart-the immortal Sontag as soprano, Salvi as te to se-tenor and Badiali as baritone. It was a hath been great. Do not watch me-nay, I shall the better endure alone." serious venture, and the subscribers were

"But Baruch cannot see thee," protested matter-of-fact Rachel.

mightily puzzled to know how the big ex-penses of the season were to be met. New York was not then much of a music-living "Baruch watcheth the closer, for that," murmured Ariella. Baruch's sensitive face city; and \$5 a ticket for a seat in Castle flushed; he rose without a word and left their guest. Rachel soon followed him as Garden was a good deal to ask of the boys and girls in those days. The result, howthe sick girl bade her; and Ariella had her ever, was a complete success, and when, in 1852, the great Julien Orchestra gave a will-sometimes the only one left to the sick; she was alone with her agony. The litter had been set down in a cool,

series of concerts in the garden the old for-tress was nightly packed from pit to dome. wide grass space in front of the house of But the stage at the garden finally had to go. It was Thurlow Weed who first threw "in something green," Ariella had Rachel begred; but it was too late in the season to find the parched grass green. Behind her out the suggestion that the Commission should secure Castle Garden as a landing place, where under cover and protection by the low house looked quiet and home-like; the faint glimmer of Ruchel's single candle ts walls the friendless newcomer would be shone upon the paved court and dull white prepared to step forth and search for a new nome. The project was kept quiet until all the plans were perfected, and on May 5, 1855, the Commissioners of Immigration en-tered Castle Garden and opened it for the impatient by turns. Without, the darkenreception, care-taking and protection of the wide as all heaven. Between the spasm of her pain she regarded it engerly.

Eastward of her the road to Jericho, rough, wild, dangerous and ragged, wound among the hills. Ariella could mark the spot where her misfortune had befallen her, nine Since that day it has gone on making hisory for the country and sending out from its comfortable gates the thousands who have helped to fill the land with sturdy men years ago. A caravan was winding past the place slowly, the outline of the camels rising and women. There must have been a vast difference in the needs and necessities of the immigrants who landed at the garden in and falling, like the outlines of ships upon a restless sea. The caravan was coming toward Jerusalem; the travelers were singing; those early days when compared with the men and women who arrive there to-day. they sang the Psalms of Degrees. Beyond,

the Desert of Judea stretched far and The records of the garden show, for instance, that in 1859 the passengers from Glasgow frowning. Turning her head, the sick girl looked about the little hamlet of Bethany. The Roman fortress rose, a grim, firm fact against which every Jewish heart revolted; the

spent on an average 50 days on their journey, those from Liverpool about 60 days, those from Hamburg 63 days and those from Antwerp 80 days. Just think of the horrors of the steer-age passage in the hold of a sailing vessel for two long and wears monthe and houses of Ariella's people were built with-out the fortress line. Now and then, the a low moan came from her lips. out the fortress line. Now and then, the spear of a Roman soldier caught the dying vessel for two long and weary months and then picture if you can, the condition of the light upon its tip. Yonder against the mountain side sepulimmigrants when they reached the shores of the New World. To-day with the swift chers showed, cut into the solid rock; these were owned by the wealthier families of Bethaay. Ariella gazed upon their solemn steamer making quick voyages of seven or eight days, the motley crowd that daily fills Castle Garden needs all the attention that

outlines quietly. "My life is a sepulcher," she said aloud, "What doth it matter?"

A slight sound behind the head of Ariel-A slight sound being did not arrest her la's litter attracted, but did not arrest her attention. She could not see, or she had attention. She could not see, or she had not noticed that the figure of the blind man had disappeared from the doorway. Barúch stood behind an olive tree, and the olive

it to the already increasing beauty of Batment to look further downward to the south-L. S. M. east, where, far beyond her gaze, the somber surface of the Dead Sea lay. One of the little freakish fancies of the sick possessed No person ever drowned in the salt From the Outlook Bootblacks May as Well her. No Dead Sea.

her li e out on that soft bed! "It would never hurt one's back," thought

Ariella. She laughed aloud at this co of hers, and tried to move upon her pillows to raise herself upon one arm and look along the valley till sight should be lost in the purpling gloom. The effort caused her such pain that she uttered an involuntary groan.

Ariella seldom groaned. This was a downright uncomfortable cry of agony, and

lips "Oh, Ariellal" oried Baruch, darting forward from behind the olive tree. He stood

before her; he bent over her; he trembled with sympathy the tenderest man or woman had ever shown for Ariella.

"Oh!" moaned Baruch, "could I only see how to comfort thee!"

"You teel how," said Ariella, collecting herself at once. "If love could comfort," breathed Baruch.

'If love could heal-"Love helps," said Ariella, "love serves." "Men and women who are not afflicted of

God-who love as they will, and do as they would-these are happy people, Ariella." "We are not as they," said Ariella sol-emply. Baruch stretched out his hand, and emply.

liked because of its softness. It never hurts the feet. But it never takes a good polish, and then there is some defect in the leather that makes it crack and wear into small holes alter a lew weeks. This year, however they have found a better way of preparing the leather, and it is said to wear as well as calf. Tan shoes everybody will wear this summer, and the bootblacks will all burn up

their kits. The shoe needs no blacking, can be kept neat by a little attention, is cheap, cool and easy on the feet. A man would have no more.

Superabundant Knowledge Washington Post.

grant, are the same walls that in those days made the fort considered as one of the most ONCE & FASHIONABLE CENTER.

tion of the harbor applied to the State of New York for the land upon which Castle Garden now stands. The Legislature considered the request favorably and the loca-tion was ceded to the Government, which

immediately began the erection of ort, and on its completion named it Fort Clinton, after DeWitt Clinton, the Governor of New York. The solid stone walls that

formidable for defense on this continent.

There was never any use for the cannon

greater favor this summer than it was last year. The kangaroo shoe has always been

ment looking about for a place upon which to locate a fort for the protec-

surround Castle Garden to this day, shutting out impertinent intruders upon the imm

before this time Castle Garden had been a notable landmark in New York. Sitting at the confluence of the East and North rivers and looking beyond over toward Governor's Island down toward the beautiful bay, the location was one which for beauty of site and healthfulness of situation could not be surpassed. In 1817 the Federal Govern-