

## STILL GOING WEST.

TWO PER CENT OF POPULATION CONSTANTLY MOVING.

The Process Sometimes Looks Natural But as a General Rule One Can See the Finger Marks of an Unexplored Force.

WHEN emigration to the west began, as early as 1783, the leaders of the eastern states were frightened. There still exist old pamphlets, not to say old caricatures, which ridicule the desire to go west. In a dozen forms the old story is still told of the emigrant from a Massachusetts town, who went to Ohio, carrying with him a jug of molasses, and came back boasting that he had sold his molasses for enough to pay for the molasses and the jug. On the right hand and on the left, every effort was made to persuade our people that they had better stay here and not trust themselves to the rich valleys of the Scioto and the Miami. Those who went and trusted themselves there were perfectly indifferent as to what was said to those who remained behind. And the caricature and the pamphlet are now left to the dust of antiquarian libraries, and only referred to as Mrs. Partington's broom is referred to, with which she tried to sweep back the waves of the sea.

All the same, however, little or nothing is known about the wave of emigration. De Toqueville studied the matter with care, and gave to us the curious figure, which has been verified, that the average flow of the wave was, in his time, seventeen miles in a year. A similar flow began from the Pacific coast eastward, after we took a foothold in Oregon and California, and the two waves have met each other. There are people to-day who are as unwilling to encourage emigration to the west from New England as their grandfathers were. They are a little apt to be people who own tenement houses, ten stories high, and would be glad to make them twenty stories high if they could get good rents for the nineteenth and twentieth stories. They are people who are living under the delusion that a city, because its population is large, is prosperous and rich. But the prophecies of these people, and the Partingtonism, does not in the least affect the purpose of those people who wish to emigrate. As Abraham Lincoln would have said, those people who want to go west, and those people who mean to go west, are in point of fact, roughly speaking, two per cent of the population of the seaboard states move westward every year. It is a little curious, and it is satisfactory for us in Massachusetts to observe that the attraction of Massachusetts to another set of people is, in its way, as great as, in its way, the attraction of the western valleys. It would probably be fair to say that at this moment 280,000 persons born in Massachusetts are living in other states of the American union, and that 280,000 persons born in other states are living in Massachusetts. The two fancies about meet each other. The account is about as broad as it is long.

At the interesting meeting held on Monday evening, the first colony club in Massachusetts was formed, not to make any particular colony for any particular place, but set on foot such arrangements as shall tend to the comfort of emigrants. The Colony Club proposes to collect and circulate information on the subject of open-air life in the west. It proposes some such mutual assistance as has proved possible in the Chautauque circles and other great reading circles of the country. It proposes the establishment of similar clubs in all the larger centers of New England. And it cannot be doubted under prudent and wise management a satisfactory result may be secured.

To a certain extent, the indifference of the general government towards interior emigration may be atoned for by such arrangements as these clubs may be able to make.—Edward Everett Hale, in Boston Commonwealth.

**A Heart Party.**  
The old-time donkey party recently suggested a new form of evening entertainment, namely, a "heart party." A large heart made of red flannel cloth was pinned upon a sheet hung from a door. In the center of the heart was sewed a small circle of white. Arrows of white cloth with pins placed therein were given to the guests, each arrow bearing a number, the number corresponding to a list whereon the names and numbers of the guests were placed. The point of the game, of course, was to see which person, when blindfolded, would pin the arrow nearest to the central spot of white. Four prizes were offered—one each for the lady and gentleman coming the nearest to the center, and one each to those coming the farthest from the bullseye. The prizes consisted of a heart-shaped pincushion, a heart-shaped photograph frame, silver heart-shaped pin, and a heart-shaped box of bonbons. The booby prizes were a Brownie holding a tiny heart with an arrow inscribed "Try, try again," and a pincushion made of red satin, shaped like a beet.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**She Just Eats Him Up.**  
The female spider is always larger than the male, and, if accounts be true, is of a rather peppery disposition. When the husband becomes obstinate and will not obey orders, the loving wife eats him up to get rid of him and seeks a more obedient spouse.

## HIS UNPLEASANT DUTY.

He Did Not Make Very Hard Work of It, After All.

Now the wild rush for home begins, and when one of the women, who have gotten to know each other very well, appears upon the porch of the country house or hotel, valise in hand, and while the impatient driver of the stage or carriage protests loudly and often, this sort of thing occurs: "Good-bye, Miss Bemis (kiss). Good-bye, Miss Jones (kiss). So sorry to leave you all! Good-bye, Mr. Brown; kiss your daughter for me. All right, driver; we're coming. Good-bye, Miss Jenks (kiss). Good-bye, everybody. Come along Katie; all right, driver. Where's Miss Burt? Oh, dear! I've left my umbrella, and it's bad luck to go back! Oh, thank you so much! All right, driver! I declare it's too bad to leave you all. You must call and see us some time—Newark, Ohio, you know. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

There's a flutter of handkerchiefs from the stage, a reply from the porch and the vehicle has turned the corner.

A quiet little man, who saw one of these performances the other day, said to his wife:

"Maria, must we do that sort of thing when we go tomorrow?"

"Why, certainly!" was the reply. "You wouldn't be impolite, would you?"

"Yes, I would," said he, earnestly, "and I will, too. I'll never do that, and I tell you so right now. I'll say good-bye to the whole lot in a general way, same as the deacon said grace over the whole barrel of pork, but I won't go 'round in any such fashion as that."

"Then they'll be very much hurt, and so shall I," said his wife. "You always do want to sneak out of everything and leave it for me to do."

"Oh, all right," he said, doggedly; "I'll do it."

So when they appeared on the porch the next day, equipped for traveling, the husband laid his satchel in the "bus, came back, seized the prettiest girl, gave her a rousing kiss, and said: "Good-bye, Miss Field; I really hate to leave you."

Then he gyrate around like a hummingtop, shook hands with the men, hugged the landlady, and kissed two more pretty women—married, these—before their husbands could protest or his panic-stricken wife interfere.

Then he bounced into the omnibus, and said, as they were driven deponent:

"Well, Maria, that was one time I didn't sneak, did I?"—New York Recorder.

## A Model Child.

Her temper's always sunny, her hair is ever neat; She doesn't care for candy—she says it is too sweet!

She loves to study lessons—her sums are always right; And she gladly goes to bed at 8 every single night!

Her apron's never tumbled, her hands are always clean; With buttons missing from her shoes she never has been seen.

She remembers to say "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please;" And she never cries, nor frets, nor whines; she's never been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys; She never slams the parlor door, nor makes the slightest noise;

But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother, And she's never in her life been seen to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid? I long to grasp her hand!" She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody, And she lives in Nowhereland!

—Helen Hopkins, in St. Nicholas.

## Proof of Genius.

First Poet—I think Thomson's "Seasons" is the most remarkable book ever written. Second Poet—Why? First Poet—It contains over 1,000 lines on spring, and he managed to get it published.

## WORTH KNOWING.

Women have colds in the head less frequently than men, because they are not accustomed to heavy head coverings.

When an artery has been severed the blood comes in jets, because the heart throws it directly to the point where the artery has been cut.

The most sensitive nerves are in the nose, tongue and eyes, because in these organs greater sensitiveness is needed than in any other part of the body.

Many diseases cause pallor because in wasting diseases the number of red corpuscles in the blood is diminished, and this fact is apparent in the color of the skin.

The cheeks become pale from fear because the mental emotion diminishes the action of the heart and lungs, and so impedes the circulation.

The taste is often the last faculty to be impaired by old age, because it is most needed for the protection of the individual against the use of unwholesome food.

The term "thick-headed" as applied to stupid people, has its foundation in a fact of nature. It often happens that the brain shrinks, and as it does, so the skull sometimes thickens.

People sniff the air to locate an odor, because by distending the nostrils a larger quantity of air is drawn in, the nerves are better exposed, and the odor more clearly perceived.

Venous blood is blue or almost black because it contains many impurities collected from the system, and has not itself been purified by contact with the air in the lungs.

## A DUDE, BUT VERY STRONG.

Some Bad Men Get Into Serious Trouble with Him.

"Appearances are deceptive," said the club man. "I remember, several years ago, I was a passenger on an avenue car one evening. A gentleman, accompanied by two stylishly-dressed young ladies, got aboard. He didn't look much for size, but he was gotten up regardless. His linen was the whitest, his collar the highest, his clothes fitted him to perfection, his tall hat was the shiniest, and his trousers couldn't have been creased more. He looked like a typical dude—nothing to him but clothes. The car was not crowded, but fairly well filled. On the rear platform were a couple of toughs who had evidently been drinking, for one of them leered at the young ladies as they passed and made an insulting remark. The young man passed into the car apparently without noticing the insult. When the ladies were seated he politely lifted his hat and asked to be excused a moment. Upon reaching the platform he quietly said: "You made a remark as those ladies passed."

"Well, what the— is that to you?" "Bim! I never saw such a quick blow. The fellow fell off the platform as if he had been shot out of a gun. Of course, his companion jumped to his assistance, but he had scarcely moved before he was met with one straight from the shoulder. He, too, landed on the asphalt. But the young man was not satisfied. He jumped off, and as one of his victims attempted to get up gave him a settler, and there they both lay completely knocked out. Of course, the conductor had stopped the car, but it was hardly necessary, for it was the quickest fight to a finish I ever saw or heard of. When the supposed dude rejoined the ladies his immaculate attire was not a bit rumpled, he wasn't even breathing hard. You could have thought he had simply gone out to speak to some one. He apologized for having left them, and I don't believe they had any idea of what he had done. The next day I saw the young man on the street, and said to a friend, 'Do you know who that is?'"

"Why, yes. Don't you? I thought all the boys knew him. He's the champion all-round athlete of one of the big Philadelphia clubs, and has more medals and prizes for running, rowing, jumping, and sparring than any man in Philadelphia."

"So I say appearances are mighty deceptive, and I'm not picking quarrels with well-dressed strangers."—Washington Star.

## IT IS FADING AWAY.

A Kansas Town, Deserted and Distressed, Being Wiped Off the Map.

J. M. Davis, a member of the Kansas State legislature from Kiowa county, gives a doleful account of the condition of his section of Kansas, and especially of his own town. Five years ago, Greensburg had 2,500 inhabitants; now there are 123. There is a bonded debt on the municipality of \$45,000, and practically no valuation to pay it with. These bonds were issued for water-works, lighting and other improvements demanded by the progressive people who were trying to make a city. The few people there now decline to pay their taxes, and lots and buildings are being sold by the county treasurer, or rather that official tries to sell them. Farmers come into town and buy tax certificates for comparatively nothing. These they desire for the buildings, which they remove, caring nothing for the lots. Five years ago a flouring mill was erected at a cost of \$7,000, the city giving \$3,000 in cash. Recently the building was purchased for a few dollars and removed to Colorado. Small as Greensburg now is, its population may soon be indicated by two figures, and then possibly by one. In the meantime the owners of \$45,000 worth of bonds will be looking for some one to pay interest and principal when due.

## Women and Coquetry.

At what age does a woman cease to be coquettish? This query is suggested by the case of Mrs. James T. Taylor, of Linden, Wis., who is accused by her husband of being so overstocked with kisses that she throws them to other men, and who, in consequence of the fuss he has made about it, has sued for divorce. If Mrs. Taylor was a young woman we should not be surprised at these little evidences of coquettishness; but she is 69 years of age. If she intends to settle down to uneventful home life and abandon the fascination and excitement of seeing admiration we should think it almost time. Yet she is still, according to her husband, darting kisses at other men and looking at them coyly from the corners of her eyes. This would indicate that those students of womanhood who have held that she never ceases to be a coquette when opportunity offers spoke wisely. Yet we must take issue with them on one point. They go too far in their assertion. They speak of that of which they are ignorant when they can put no limit to her coquetry. There is an end. At least we have no reason to believe that she carries it into the next world, or, at any rate, no proof.

## His Computation.

"Arabella has a great many freckles," said that young woman's mother.

"Yes," replied the man who was figuring up his summer resort expenses, "she got 'em all at the seashore."

"I suppose so. I didn't know you took so much interest in Arabella's complexion."

"Interest? Why, I studied that girl's face for 20 minutes yesterday. She has just 61 freckles, and they cost me exactly \$53.29 apiece."

## EMPRESS EUGENIE.

HOW SHE APPEARED TO AN INMATE OF TUILERIES.

Miss Hicknell, a Governess, Had Unusual Chances to Meet the Beautiful Spaniard—Portrait of Her as She Looks To-day.

MISS Anna L. Hicknell, an English lady, was chosen as governess for the daughters of the Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie, during the reign of Emperor Napoleon III., and for many years lived in the Tuileries. She was treated with the utmost consideration and had unusual opportunities for studying the private life of royalty. She has contributed some of her reminiscences to the September Century, under the title of "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire." Of the ill-fated Eugenie she writes as follows:

I had seen the Empress Eugenie pass by in her carriage more than once before I entered the Tuileries, and although I could not but think her beautiful, still, like most of those who saw her only under such circumstances, I had no idea of her real attractions. A few days after my arrival at the palace, as I was crossing the large courtyard with the future Princess von Thurn und Taxis, I suddenly saw her stop short and perform the court courtesy—a downward plunge instead of the usual bend—while the sentinel presented arms as she hastily whispered: "L'Imperatrice!"

There was the Empress, standing before us at a large window on the ground floor, a vision robed in pale blue silk; the sun, forming a sort of halo around her, rested on her hair, which seemed all molten gold. I was absolutely startled, and my impression was that I had never before seen such a beautiful creature. I fully understood at that moment the enthusiasm which I had supposed to be exaggerated. Her face was beaming with smiles as she recognized my pupil, to whom she nodded with the most unpretending good-nature. I remarked after we had passed on, that I had supposed her hair to be

of a darker hue, whereupon I was told not to judge till I had seen her in the shade instead of the sun.

The first time that I was able to see the Empress in private life was at St. Cloud, where the de Tascher family occupied a villa adjoining the palace, with an entrance to the private grounds, of which we had a key.

One evening I had taken a drive with the duchess, and on our return she had gone into the garden with her elder daughter to enjoy the fresh air, requesting me to order the lamps for the drawing room. I had just laid my hand on the bell when I heard a voice asking me for the duchess, and the door suddenly opening, I saw a lady standing in the entrance. Supposing her to be a visitor from Paris, I immediately went toward her, begging her to come in while I called the duchess, who was in the garden; but I saw some hesitation, and although the room was nearly dark a ray of moonlight resting on her face revealed the Empress Eugenie.

I was startled, and hardly knew what I ought to do, so paused for a moment; whereupon she hastily took flight, closing the door. I ran to the duchess, saying: "Madame! The Empress is here!" She hastily came forward, when the door opened again and the Empress, accompanied by the Duc de Tascher and a numerous suite, came in quickly, with extended hands, which the duchess kissed. She had previously run on alone, leaving the others behind her, and in the anteroom had asked the servant on duty if the duchess was at home, wishing to surprise her. The man, who was half asleep, sprang to his feet with evident trepidation; on seeing which she exclaimed, "Do you know me?" "Certainly. I have the honor of knowing Your Majesty." "Oh! how tiresome!" she cried ("Comme c'est ennuyeux!"); "everybody knows me!" She then hastily opened the door before her, and saw that I too recognized her, on which she flew to the duke, saying, "Tascher! Tascher! I cannot go in—there is a strange lady!" He answered, laughing, that he thought he knew who that strange lady must be, and that her Majesty need not be alarmed on which she consented to return. As the duchess welcomed her warmly, she said that she had felt quite shy (intimidee) when she saw "madame," with a smiling bend toward me, on which I was presented in due form to her very gracious Majesty. The whole party then went on the terrace before the house, and after assisting in providing seats I withdrew, fear-



EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

ing to intrude on their privacy. But in a few minutes one of my pupils came running in; the Empress had asked why I retired, and expressed a particular wish that I should join them. It was rather an ordeal to go through, when I found myself standing at the top of a flight of steps, which I had to descend in full view of the large court circle before me; the more so as there was bright moonlight, and I knew that I must remain standing until permission was given to sit down. But the Empress saw me immediately, and with her usual grace of manner desired me to be seated, using her usual polite circumlocution, "Will you not sit down?" I obeyed, with the requisite low courtesy, and a most pleasant evening followed. The Empress chatting gaily and familiarly, as she energetically dug up the gravel at her feet with a tall walking-stick that she held in her hand, repeatedly addressing me personally, with marked courtesy. When an opportunity occurred, she called me to her side, and gave me a chair with her own hand. In short, it was impossible to show more kindness and consideration than I noticed toward every one present and experienced personally. She spoke French with a marked Spanish accent, and, to my surprise, her voice had the harsh guttural sounds so frequent among Castilians, but which seemed foreign to that sweet face, so delicate in its loveliness.

## SHE IS A FIGHTING WOMAN.

Weights Only 100 Pounds, but Is Not Arrested Easily.

Mrs. Matilda Nagle, wife of Emil Nagle, of this end of Riverside borough, weighs only 100 pounds, is about 35 years old and has a pleasant face with soft brown eyes. She is accused of attacking two boys, knocking one down with a large muskmelon and biting another's thumb, says a River Edge (N. J.) dispatch. For this she was charged with assault and battery and placed under bonds to await the action of the grand jury. She resisted Marshal Vanderbeck when he attempted to arrest her, and, although the head of the borough's department of public safety is large enough to carry an ordinary woman under each arm, he returned to Mayor Webb's office without the "fighting woman." The mayor thereupon appointed brawny Henry Baker, a deputy marshal, and the two men succeeded in hauling the prisoner to the mayor's office by carrying her the better part of the way. When released she threatened vengeance upon everybody connected with her prosecution. There are at present two bail bonds against her, and the mayor expects that the number will soon be increased, as he has been informed that the little woman has declared her intention of shooting George Kreher on sight. Kreher is an ex-policeman of New York, over six feet tall, and broad shouldered, and Justice Webb remained at home all day to-day waiting for him to appear and give bail for assaulting Mrs. Nagle's husband. The mayor explained that Kreher had a step-son, aged 9 years, who cannot be kept at home. The child went to Nagle's, where he remained in defiance of the wishes of his mother and Kreher. The latter had a dispute with Nagle over the matter, which ended in the ex-policeman punching Nagle's face. When Mrs. Nagle saw her battered husband she became very angry, and went on the trail of the big assailant. Kreher deemed it the better part of valor to keep out of the village until he thought the little woman had spent her fury, when he sent word to Mayor Webb, who is a police justice by virtue of the office that he would surrender and give bonds. An execution was issued against Mrs. Nagle last week, but there isn't an officer who will serve the papers. Chief Marshal Vanderbeck, Special Marshal Baker, Marshal David Bloomer and State Detective W. H. Doremus all have so much other business on hand that they cannot find time to visit the little woman.

## MERELY A BLUFF.

It Might Have Worked Had an Explanation Been Made.

Ex-Congressman O'Neill, of Missouri, who was in the city for a week or ten days recently, has a friend in Washington, a Frenchman, who has the happy faculty of beguiling the hours in such pleasant manner that the Missourian often gets to bed long after the beginning of another day. About 3 a. m. a few nights ago it occurred to Mr. O'Neill that nature had some claims upon him of paramount importance with those of his French friend and just for a bluff he suddenly broke off the conversation, which took place in the lobby of the hotel in which the retired statesman was stopping, and said to the clerk in a loud voice:

"Call me at 6:30. I've got to take an early train!"

The Frenchman excused himself hurriedly and departed, and with a heart rejoicing in the success of his stratagem, O'Neill sought his couch and prepared to press it until the dinnerbell should summon him to his day's task for he had no intention of leaving for several days to come.

About 15 minutes of 6 o'clock a violent rapping at his door aroused him from the sweetest part of his slumbers, and a familiar voice in the corridor was heard to exclaim:

"Pardonnez-mois, Meeester O'Neill. Eet's nearly seex o'clock—"

"Hang it!" exclaimed O'Neill, "what's that to me? Go away and let me sleep." At this the pounding at the door became more violent than before.

"But you see you wanted to greet oop to catch ze t-r-ain, and so I haf coom to wake you. Get oop, get oop, or you will meeex ze t-r-ain," and the pounding continued.

It was no use to remonstrate. O'Neill's friend insisted on making him get up and open the door. Then he explained that he had heard him tell the clerk to call him in time for the early train, but as he had kept him up so late the night before, and accordingly he had come to the hotel to see that he did not oversleep himself.

"So old muttonhead!" exclaimed the Missourian, "don't you know that I left that order just to get some sleep? Don't you know it was all a bluff?"

"Bloo!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "bloo, Meeester O'Neill?"

"Yes, bluff!" repeated O'Neill.

"So. Why you not tell me zat?" demanded his friend, "and I woot not haf come."—Washington Post.

## JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

We all praise contentment, but none of us practises it.

The human harte haz sekrets that it never reveals, even to its possessor.

Vanity and jealousy allwuz travel together—two very selphish krittlers.

A loafer iz a human being, and this iz the most mortifying thing about him.

There is but little bad luk in this world, but there iz a heap of bad management.

The more a man knows the less he doubts. When Reason fails, he lets Faith lead him.

There ain't no theory that will work on the jumping toothake like the dentist's forceps.

I do luv a live man. The only thing in the devil's karakter that saves him from supreme disgust iz, that he iz allwuz red hot.

The man who brags about his happiness, and the one who brags about his virtue, are both open to grave suspicions.

There seems to be a growing dislike in the upper circles to hav "one's name" mentioned in the nuzepapers; but thuz far it iz confined to those who kan't git thare.

Trying to liv on a pedigree iz a good deal like trying to liv on dried apples; about the best yn kan do after yn haf filled yourself with the apples iz to take a drink, and then sit down and awell.

Menny smart ones mistake abuse for sarkkasm; abuse lands you awa below yure opponent.

Yung man, if you want a cheap obituary notiss, let yure hair gro out, drink whiskey and rave to the full moon, and dl in the gutter.

Natur haz its devious and winding ways, az well az its strate places; hence-ly I haf learned to respect the awell in the kat's back, and the krook in the dog's tale.

## THE AVAILANCHE.

The guide gave the word to leave the channel of ice and take to the rocks on the side, for a snowball or two had rolled down from above, and he was afraid more might follow. Scarcely had we got out of our trough and up on the crags, when down came an avalanche with a vengeance, and we were within twenty feet of a tremendous discharge of thousands of tons of snow and ice, which swept down the track that we had just ascended. We were perfectly safe, but somehow the half hiss, half roar remained in my ears for some time, and for many nights afterward, when indigestible suppers or bad Swiss beer produced evil dreams, the avalanche was sure to figure in them.

## A Miniature Launch.

A novelty in a steam launch has just been completed. It is nine feet long, with thirty-two inch beam and a nine-inch propeller. The engine weighs sixty-five pounds, and is said to be the smallest marine engine ever made. The launch will carry three persons, and is complete in every respect. There are lockers and air and water-tight cabinets, for the launch was built for an artist, and every appliance necessary for the business has been provided. Cedar and oak are the woods used in the construction of this hilliputian craft, which, when full rigged, weighs 175 pounds.