

EMIGRATION FROM ENGLAND.

Greatest Proportion of It Is Still to the United States.

The report by Mr. C. P. Lucas on the emigrants' information office for 1895 gives evidence of good work done at small cost to the public, says the London Times. We are not sure that much more could be done than is done already by the managing committee and their agents. The colonies do not, as a rule, care to receive more emigrants than we are sending to them. The general tendency, there and in the United States, is to look with some jealousy at each new arrival. More working hands means more competition for employment, with lower wages as the result; while new hands who are not inclined to work are as little desirable a part of the population in the new world as in the old.

In 1895 the passengers who left the ports of the United Kingdom for places out of Europe amounted in round numbers to 272,000, as against 227,000 in 1894. In the first two months of 1896 the emigrants of British origin have been 15,184, as against 13,711 in the corresponding period of 1895. The place of destination for the largest number is, and continues to be, the United States. This is most markedly so in the case of foreign emigrants passing through this country on their way to their place of settlement, but it is the case, too, with emigrants of British origin.

Next in point of attractiveness comes South Africa, and, in spite of recent disturbances, it has gained ground very considerably during the present year. In 1895, 26,000 emigrants went to the Cape and Natal, as against rather less than 17,000 in 1894. This shows an increase of more than 50 per cent., but it has been far outdone during the present year by the further increase from 1,941 to 3,343 in the first two months of the year. British North America has also been doing better as an emigration field, but the number of emigrants thither and to the Australian colonies continues to be comparatively small.

One point of interest in emigration statistics is, as Sir Robert Giffen has shown, that they serve to indicate the state of trade generally. As trade improves emigration will be found to increase, while a decline in emigration is a most certain sign and forerunner of an approaching trade depression. The report of the emigrants' information office and the further figures in the Board of Trade's emigration returns are therefore very satisfactory. They combine, with such proofs as the trade returns have lately been furnishing, to show that we are at length in the course of a genuine trade revival.

The Australian colonies, it is true, have not yet fully recovered from the grave crisis which they have gone through, and so close are the modern industrial relations between one country and another that effect of Australian depression must be felt here as certainly as in Australia itself. But there is nothing in this to discourage us. If our trade shows signs of revival while Australia is still depressed, we may be confident that it will improve the more when Australia, with its energy, its amplitude of resource, and its vast recuperative powers, has recovered the ground which it has lost, and when the upward and onward movement now in progress has extended to the two or three districts of the country which, as the report shows, it has not yet fully reached.

Gordon's Rebuke.

The anecdotes of "Chinese" Gordon are innumerable, but however slight they may be, we cannot have too many of them. The author of "Fire and Sword in the Sudan" says that Hassan Bey, a sheikh of the region, related to him many incidents about the white man, for whom he had the greatest admiration and regard. He pointed out a magnificent saddle and sword. "Look!" said he. "These are the last presents Gen. Gordon gave me. He was most kind and generous. Pride was unknown to him. One day when we were traveling an attendant shot a bustard, and when we halted at noon the cook at once boiled some water and threw the bird into the pot so as to take off its feathers. Gordon, seeing this, went and sat down by the cook, and began helping him to pluck the bird. "I at once rushed up to him and begged him to allow me to do it for him, but he answered: "Why should I be ashamed of doing work? I am quite able to wait on myself. Certainly I do not require a boy to do my kitchen work for me." "Once when he was traveling with me I fell ill, and Gordon came to see me in my tent. In the course of conversation I told him that I was addicted to alcoholic drinks, and that I put down my present indisposition to the fact that I had been obliged to do without them for the last few days. This was my indirect way of asking Gordon to give me something, but I was mightily disappointed at receiving instead a very severe rebuke. "You a Moslem," he said, "and forbidden by your religion to drink wine and spirits! I am indeed surprised. You should give up this habit altogether; every one ought to follow the precepts of his religion."

"I promised to be more moderate in future, and Gordon seemed satisfied."

Crushed by Mighty Words. I sat on the seat with the colored man who drove me down to the railroad depot with a shackly old wagon, and as we left the hotel he said: "Don't let 'em do any other a few big words on de way down, de ole man will be 'specially disoblaged to yo'."

"How big words do you want?" "Don't let 'em do no big words. I've a powerful head to 'member big words on de way down when a colation occurs."

HE WAS NEARLY MOBBED.

Practical Joker Who Advertised for Quarters and Nickels.

"Have you an American quarter or nickel dated 1885? 1885 quarters are worth \$471.25; 1885 nickels, \$94.25. The above is a fac simile of an 'ad' which appeared in the St. Louis Republic a day or so ago, and every one whose eye caught the 'ad' hastily ran his hand down into his jeans and pulled out all sorts of money. If he was lucky enough to find a nickel or a quarter which had that date a flutter ran through his system and he would hasten to the man on South Fourth street who put in the 'ad' and claim the prize. A few hours later quite a mob gathered in front of the store on Fourth street, anxiously awaiting the opening of the place. One of the boys who saw the 'ad' looked over all the money he had, but he could find none of that date. He walked up to a friend on the street a few minutes later and asked him if he had a quarter or a nickel of that date, keeping quiet about the 'ad.' The friend was lucky enough to have a nickel, but suspecting that something was in the wind, asked him what he wanted with it. The boy told him he wanted it as he had a small brother at home who was born in that year.

The young fellow would not give it up, and the boy offered him a quarter for it. He got the nickel. Then the boy made a grand rush for South Fourth street. When he arrived there he saw, much to his dismay, a large crowd outside waiting for the advertiser.

After a half hour's wait a boy about 16 came whistling down the street and opened the door. "Did you advertise for 1885 quarters and nickels?" eagerly asked the young man a quarter out. The boy said that he had put in an 'ad' stating that 1885 quarters were worth \$471.24, and 1885 nickels \$94.25. "Well, I have one," said a raw-boned young fellow on the outside who had been fighting his way to the front with indifferent success.

The young fellow explained that 1,885 nickels would amount to \$94.25, and that many quarters to \$471.25. Then the crowd got 'next,' and it looked like the mob was going to lynch the boy, but a policeman happening by scattered them. The "quarter out young man" then went back to the office where he kicked himself and did without his dinner.

How Lincoln Began. Possibly the story of how Lincoln learned grammar—and so learned that he could master things without an instructor—has already been told in these columns. Whether it has been or not, it may do some youthful reader good to read it. We borrow it from McClure's Magazine.

"I have talked with great men," Lincoln told his fellow-clerk and friend, Greene, "and I do not see how they differ from others."

He made up his mind to put himself before the public, and talked of his plans to his friends. In order to keep in practice in speaking he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practicing polemics," was what he called the exercise.

He seems now for the first time to have begun to study subjects. Grammar was what he chose. He sought Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, and asked his advice.

"If you are going before the public," Mr. Graham told him, "you ought to do it."

But where could he get a grammar? There was but one in the neighborhood. Mr. Graham said, and that was six miles away.

Without waiting further information the young man rose from the breakfast table, walked immediately to the place, borrowed this rare copy of Kirkham's Grammar, and before night was deep in its mysteries. From that time on for weeks he gave every moment of his leisure to mastering the contents of the book. Frequently he asked his friend Greene to "hold the book" while he recited, and when puzzled by a point he would consult Mr. Graham.

Lincoln's eagerness to learn was such that the whole neighborhood became interested. The Greenes lent him books, the schoolmaster kept him in mind and helped him as he could, and even the village cooper let him come in at his shop and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night. It was not long before the grammar was mastered.

"Well," Lincoln said to his fellow clerk, Greene, "if that's what they call science, I think I'll go at another."

He had made another discovery—that he could conquer subjects.

In Summer's Sweetness. The reapers labored cutting at the wheat, and with bowed backs bound up the sheaves; the doves came out from the coope and fed among the stubble. Among the beech trees there floated the sound of the falling water on its way to the cool green flags of the brook. Faint rustling of squirrels' feet, the hum of invisible insects, the flutter of butterflies' wings, the hum of a humble bee wandering among the fern, the call of the grasshoppers in the grass, the amorous sigh of the breeze, the quick mase of the sunlight dots, the sense of all summer things, the distant thunder deepening with the pressure of its note, the voices of the sunlit earth, the fullness of the harvest, the touch of a loving hand.—Richard Jeffries.

Terrors of the Unknown. A gentleman in England whose premises were often invaded by trespassers put up the following on his gate-house: "A terrifkoblondomenoi kept here."

A friend asked him what terrifying thing that was.

"Oh," he replied, "it is just three big Greek words put all together; but it serves the purpose well; the unknown is always dreadful."

GRANDMOTHER.

Slowly, upon the kitchen floor

And in the freight's glow, On winter evenings long and cold Grandmother's step would go. With her right hand she turned the wheel, The other held the wool. While to a merry, humming song My heart beat fast and full.

And as she spun, her mellow voice Was ringing clear and sweet, And in her tread I heard the tramp Of soldiers' marching feet; For she outpoured in measured tones Great Homer's lofty line, That told of mighty Priam's fall And Helen's face divine.

Or she would quote from Pollok's lay: How Byron's lonely soul Was brother to the rocks and storms And ocean's wintry roll; Or yet of Hohenlinden's field— Of drums that beat at night, And how the pure, untrodden snow Grew crimson with the fight.

Till, listening, I enraptured grew An aspirer to her voice, And chilled or glowed as she essayed The poem of her choice. Ah, those were days of wonderment, Of youthful hope and fire, When all the fibers of my soul Were tense as Sappho's lyre.

Oh, this, all this, was years ago, When I was but a boy, Yet often now my pulses leap With that remembered joy; Again I see, again I hear Grandmother at her wheel, And to her magic numbers thrill And to her power feel.

Her rhythmic voice her kindling eye Arouse me here to-night, And her sweet face in halo shines And fills me with delight. For me she lives, although the years Are piled upon her tomb, And still I hear her measured step In that old kitchen room.

She is a part of me and mine, And every song I sing I feel that I should credit her As rivers do their spring. And if there be, in time to come, Some laurel for my lays, Oh, place it gently where she sleeps And give her all the praise.—Chicago Record.

WAS IT MADNESS?

"My dear, if you will keep the children quiet I will try to take a nap before I go to the bank. My head aches cruelly. Wake me in half an hour."

It was a costly house in which Mr. Steadman, the great banker, lived and it was in the most luxurious of easy chairs in his handsome library that he now sought repose. A loving and sympathetic wife adjusted the curtains to soften the light for the suffering man and then, with her firm, soft hands she tenderly pressed and stroked his throbbing temples. Dwelling in an atmosphere of unbounded love, surrounded with every comfort that wealth could supply, he gradually lost all consciousness in profoundest slumber.

Horrible visions, so unreal and yet so vivid, flit through Charles Steadman's brain. Hard, stern faces are about him, restraining walls, an iron palisade!

At times a spirit of rage comes over him—a blind, unreasoning, overwhelming rage. It fills his veins with burning fire. He feels a mighty strength through every nerve and fiber of his being and longs to grapple the throats of the bright-eyed demons who stare at his through the grated door of his imprisoning cell.

Hands reach out and clutch him and when he fiercely struggles to be free they thrust him into a padded cage, scarce larger than a coffin, in which he cannot stand, he cannot rise; like a curtain of death it enshrouds him. Choking, suffocated, he dashes his fists, his feet, his head against the yielding sides; then comes oblivion, now complete, now partial, through which his suffering consciousness is charged with constant terror, and through which vibrate piercing, inhuman cries and awful laughter.

At times a softer mood comes over him. He calls for wife and children; to his eager inquiries for those he loves false hypocritical answers are returned. But the dear ones never come, never come! Ah, now, happy relief, at length he awakens. What a frightful dream!

"Mary," he cries; "Mary." But there is no answering touch, no answering voice!

Is he then awake? Surely he is. His pulse beats calmly; his eyes are open; he feels that he has his full understanding.

Yet this is not his chair! Those walls, that window, they are not in his house. The floor is hard beneath his feet. Where are the thick rugs, the decorated walls, the rich draperies of his library? And above all, where are the gentle hands and voice of Mary?

"Upon my word, Doctor; this is amazing! I believe he is himself. Look at his eyes."

"Incredible! He is an incurable!" "But look at the expression of his eyes! I tell you, this man is sane."

"Of course I am sane," says Steadman, "and what do you mean by this talk? Why am I not at home? And how do I come here?"

Now he sees that he is in a small room, sitting in an iron chair, which is fastened to the floor.

Startled, his eyes eagerly take in his surroundings—cold, gray walls—a little window protected by iron bars—a door with iron grating, a narrow iron bed covered with a neat, white counterpane; all so strange, and yet strangely, strangely familiar!

A quiet, elderly man, dressed in a long, black frock coat, stands before him, and by that man's side is another who stoops and peers intently into Steadman's puzzled, frightened face.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?"

What crime have I committed in my sleep that I am in prison? What will my wife think? And he endeavors to rise from his chair.

"I am very glad, Mr. Steadman," says the man in black, placing a restraining hand upon his shoulder, "to hear you ask these questions. You have been very sick, but now you shall go home. Your wife will be a happy woman to hear of your recovery."

"But, Doctor, if you are a doctor, why should I have been removed from home if I were sick? Surely, home is the best place for a sick man, and my wife is the best of nurses. This is an outrage and I'll teach you sounder doctrines that such things cannot be done with impunity."

He feels that old, mad fury coming upon him. He dashes aside the Doctor's hand, springs to his feet and hurries himself at the iron-grated door. In an instant four hands seize him, well he remembers that hated touch—there comes the sound of hurried feet, the door is opened and in rush two attendants. Despite his frantic efforts handcuffs are snapped upon his wrists, brawny arms hold him, panting and struggling, down upon the iron cot. Oh, what does this mean? Those fearful visions, those dreams of mad struggles, of stern faces, of resistless coercion, of prison surroundings flash through his mind. Were those dreams? Surely this is reality. And if this is reality, were not those things real? Merciful God, is he mad? Yet not now, if then, for lying there helpless as a child in the grasp of those terrible men, his reason assures him that he no longer dreams.

"Doctor," he says pleadingly, "release me. I will be calm. I will injure no one. Surely you do not wish to cause me unnecessary suffering."

"Release him," says the Doctor, "and leave the room."

They do so and he rises to his feet. "Doctor, however things have been, I am well now. I wish to go home. Will you not permit me to do so? If you will, I will pardon all that is past. Only let me go to my wife."

"You shall," returned the Doctor, "immediately. Be calm and patient and I will procure a conveyance as quickly as I can and you shall be with your wife within an hour."

The Doctor leaves the cell, but fastens the door behind him, and Steadman, faint and sick, sinks back into the iron chair and seeks to collect his thoughts.

It was but an hour ago that the sound of children's voices was stilled that he might sleep away his headache in the library at home. He can hear the echo of his wife's gentle "hush," causing his little Edith and his little Ned to stop their noisy play. He can feel the dear wife's breath and the slow stroke upon his forehead which carried him into dreamland. But what then? Nothing.

Is this dreamland? No, it is too frightfully real. He can hear—and see—and think—and remember. How clearly he can recall every incident of this eventful day! He had not been well for some time. His wife had been very anxious about him. Yielding to her persuasion, he had that morning consulted his family physician concerning himself. He can remember every word of the good man's advice.

"Too much worry; too much application to business; nervous breakdown threatened; must quit work and get away."

And he had answered: How could he, the president and principal stockholder of a bank, and a director and official in a host of business enterprises which demanded his personal supervision? He was rich, yet there were liabilities which he alone knew how to turn from disaster into great profits. He could not stop, he must work awhile longer—just a little while, and then he would take his wife and children abroad and have a happy year and regain his former health and old-time vigor.

But the Doctor had shaken his head and said: "Mr. Steadman, you are in a serious condition, more serious than I would care to mention did I not know that, unless you are reasonably alarmed, you will not follow my directions."

And he had promised to think it over and had gone home to luncheon and his hour's rest in the peace and quiet of that dear abode.

But here comes the Doctor and he will soon be with Mary and the children again and know all, for she will tell him why he was carried, in his sleep, to this dreadful place. It was no lack of love which sent him there—he knows that well, if it was done with her consent.

The cab stops in a part of the city where Steadman has never been before, in front of a plain, unpretending house. The cabman opens the door and the Doctor alights.

"Oh! doctor, I beg of you do not spend time to make a call. Get me home! Get me home!" "Come, Mr. Steadman, you will find her here."

"Find my wife here? Impossible! This is not my house. Driver, take me to 1741 Park place. If you must stop, Doctor, I will go on. You can follow at your leisure. Do you hear me, driver? Move on and don't spare your horses."

"But, Mr. Steadman, I tell you your wife is in this house. I will explain later."

Steadman springs from the carriage and hurries up the steps to the house. The Doctor can hardly keep pace with him. He rings the bell and to the maid says: "Is Mrs. Steadman here? My husband wishes to see her."

There are rushing footsteps in the upper hall—a familiar form glides down the stairway, a moment's hesitation, a glad cry, and he is clasped in his dear wife's loving arms. She leads him into the little sitting-room, makes him sit down and then she caresses and

comforts him as does a mother the child who was lost and is found again.

His eyes overflow with tears at this great tenderness—but what is this? The light maybe, perhaps the tears. It cannot be; but yes, the bright, brown hair is thickly streaked with gray!

"Oh, Mary!" he cries, "tell me, darling, why are you here? Why are you not at home with the children? And tell me, dearest, how came those gray hairs in your young head to-day? And now, that I look at you, you are not the same. Has my sickness hurt you so, my poor girl?"

And then he bursts into sobs, but restrains his grief, after a time, as he thinks that at least he is well now and come back to help and comfort her when it might have been so different.

"Come, dearest, a cab is at the door. You can excuse yourself here and we will go home together. I will spend the afternoon with you and the children and we will forget this horrible day. And, Mary, I'll fix things at the bank to-morrow. I'll take the Doctor's advice and we will all be off across the water for as long a vacation as you can enjoy."

Then the poor little woman and the kind old doctor gradually tell Charles Steadman the whole, sad truth. It is ten years since he fell asleep in the old home at Park place. When he awoke he was another man. They touch lightly on the need of restraint in the "hospital." With the loss of this supervision, and perhaps through fraud and trickery, his great fortune had melted away, and his delicately nurtured wife had been obliged to give up her home and seek employment for the support of the family. He is scarcely given to understand that this included the support of himself at the private "hospital," yet he feels it, oh, how keenly.

She had established and successfully maintained a school for children, and this is the school building and the children are now in the schoolroom upstairs awaiting the return of their teacher.

Then comes the cruellest blow of all—for it must come. The man is mad in his demand for little Ned and Edith, now grown large and handsome, he is sure. He is made to know—it is broken to him gently—that Teddie and Edith have been dead for many years.

He bows his head in grief too deep to find expression—a dry-eyed, burning, awful grief.

He is penitence. The best years of his life have been passed in a madhouse; he has come forth a broken, shattered man who can only be a burden to his little, frail, careworn woman; he can scarcely hope to lessen her toil, to witness which will be intolerable. For ten long years his own dear Mary—bitter to contemplate—has labored in desolation of spirit to support in the asylum her insane husband who could not repay her womanly devotion with one word of love, with one look of gratitude; who, in his insanity, was blind to her patient face, deaf to her appealing voice. And with it all, Edith and Teddie are gone. He can never touch them, see them, hear them again.

"Oh! God, can it be?" breaks despairingly from his trembling lips.

He feels again that velvety touch of gentle fingers, soothing, so, so soothing! on brow and eyes. He opens his eyes beneath those magic fingers—oh! happy, joyous transformation! The stiff, wooden chair becomes soft and easy to his aching frame. The walls recede, then stand dark and beautiful in familiar form; the rows of books in shelf, on shelf; the draperies, the furniture; oh! this is home again.

And now—a heavenly music to his hungry ears—that murmur of children's voices from the room above takes on the tones of little Ned, of lovely Edith—blissful sound! And all the time he feels the rhythmic stroke of the tender hands of his sweet wife Mary. Looking upward, he sees starry eyes gazing down into his and the dear face is young and free from care and the beautiful hair is all a rich, dark, glossy brown.

Was this returning madness, benignly sent by Providence to cloak a hopeless misery in robes of seeming happiness?

Or was it all a dream and this the blessed awakening?—Detroit Free Press.

Native Born in Cities.

Regarding the population of great capitals, M. Bertillon, the French statistician, has made known some interesting facts.

London has the highest percentage of native population, it being 65 per cent. In Vienna the native population is 45 per cent.; in Berlin, 41; in St. Petersburg 32, and in Paris 30.

The greatest number of foreigners is in Paris, over 181,000, including 25,863 Germans, while in Berlin there are but 397 French.

The greatest number of foreigners from any one nation in Paris is Belgians, 45,000. Of other nationalities there are 13,900 English, 23,823 Germans, 9,000 Russians, 13,000 Luxemburgians, 26,000 Swiss and 21,000 Italians. Of the present population in Paris only 36 per cent. were born there. For the past thirty years this percentage has remained practically the same.

Berlin contains 18,000 foreigners, St. Petersburg 23,000, London 35,000, Vienna 35,000.

Women Who Toil.

London leads the list of cities in its number of women who are either domestic or skilled workers. New York is next. The workingwomen over 15 average about 800,000 in New York City, as against 75,000 a quarter of a century ago. There are probably about 600,000 women of working age in a city like New York, with its 2,000,000, and this shows that half of them are obliged to toil.



Mr. George Moore is finishing a new novel, "Evelyn Innes," the subject of which is "the struggle between the spiritual and the sensual life."

Zola's enemies are preparing an anthology of the objectionable words and phrases in his works, to be presented to the French Academy when he next offers himself as a candidate.

The Publishers' Association of Great Britain is at last an accomplished fact. It is expected that the association will have a representative in the United States to watch out for copyright pirates and in other ways protect its rights.

Col. T. W. Higginson's gift of books to the Boston public library comprises 1,000 volumes relating to the history of woman in all lands and ages. The collection was begun in 1846 with the purchase of Mrs. Hugo Reid's "Plea for Woman," and has been continued ever since.

E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, is now in Egypt. He is writing a romance, the scenes of which are laid in Greece during the time of the war of independence, and filling up his spare time by doing archaeological work in Greece under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology.

All who last year were interested in Mr. Henry Norman's "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," will be pleased to learn that another illustrated volume containing the further record of Mr. Norman's travels and impressions will appear during the spring, under the supplementary title, "The Near East: Its Peoples, Problems and Politics."

In his younger years Verlaine was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl to whose house he went one night in a state of intoxication. The young lady was horrified by the sight, and the match was at once broken off. She is now the wife of one of the most prominent authors in France. The Bookman says that the most Verlaine ever received for a poem in France was 5 francs.

Sale of Royal Relics. A collection of historical relics mostly bequeathed by Clery, Louis XVI's valet, to his son and by him to his daughter, who lately died, was sold recently at Rouen. It is believed that the most interesting objects were bought for the Emperor of Austria. The shirt worn by Louis XVI the day before his execution realized 2,800f.; the hatkin used by him at his last communion, 1,950f.; a coat worn by the Dauphin in prison, 2,050f.; his waistcoat, 1,025f.; Louis XVI's head-band, 700f.; a key made by him, 520f.; Princess Elizabeth's headdress, 680f.; Marie Antoinette's knife, used at the Conciergerie, 875f.; fragments of the beam of her cell, 105f.; locks of hair of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and the Dauphin, 750f., 910f., and 750f.; and hair of the Princess de Lamballe, given to Clery by Marie Antoinette, 200f.—London Times Paris Correspondence.

Divorce Record-Breaker. An Indiana man has made application for his ninth divorce, and he didn't begin his matrimonial career until he was 55 years old. This shows what a man can accomplish in any one direction by giving his whole attention to the matter.—Portland Oregonian.

"Oh, mamma," said little Willie, as he made his first close inspection of a bicycle, "this machine has got rubbers on to keep its wheels from getting wet!"—Harper's Round Table.

It is unfair to repeat the unsupported lies of a gossip.