

A Baptist missionary in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would keep a dozen Chinese families; and what a Chinese family throws away in the same time would not feed a mouse.

During the trip of a small steamer up the Fox River, Wisconsin, which occurred one night recently, the crew was startled by hearing a German call out: "Yat you doing mit my basture?" Investigation developed the fact that the steamer had wandered with the flood over a portion of the German's farm, and the irate Teuton thought they were about to rob him.

Near Charlotte Harbor, Fla., is a coast where one can wade over fifteen hundred feet from the shore. In certain seasons this place is alive with men, axes in hand, who await the large fish that seek the place as means of escaping from their arch enemy the porpoises. The men easily kill the fish with their axes, as the water is as transparent as glass, and they can see how to strike them without any difficulty.

The Missionary Herald tells how the Turkish government extorts taxes from its poor subjects. One poor woman, it says, was tied to a tree with a large bag of stones about her neck, for the purpose of compelling her to pay taxes. In another place a sick man had his bed taken from him and sold; other persons are beaten and some are sent to prison. It is a sad cry of poverty which now comes up from all parts of the Turkish empire.

The general public is not aware of the existence of a medal of honor which is conferred by vote of congress on officers and enlisted men in the naval and military service of the United States. The manner in which this decoration is conferred is not calculated to render it widely known, as it is always voted on in a hurry, along with a lot of other routine military business, and sent to its winner by mail without the least ceremony. The medal was created during the civil war and has many wearers.

A Centralia, (Kan.) paper bursts into a paroxysm of joy over the arrival of a family as follows: "The glorious State of Kansas has received an addition of thirteen voters in one family the other day by the emigration to Seneca of Lora Grendahl and family from LaCrosse, Wis. Mr. Grendahl is the happy father of twelve sons. Two years ago he had but six. A pair of twins were then born, and two months ago, he received a further remarkable addition of four sons at one presentation. The four together weighed twenty pounds, and although they are now two months old, there are as lively as young crickets, and growing as though determined to prove an exception to the general fate of quadruplets of dying early."

A mad donkey at Montone, France, has just provided M. Pasteur with two new patients. The animal, which had itself been bitten by a mad dog, attacked its owner and a veterinary surgeon who came to treat it, inflicting severe bites on them both; and they both started immediately for Paris, bringing with them the brains of the ass which had done the mischief. They are not the only sufferers by the accident, which has cast a slur in local estimation at least, on the whole family of quadrupeds to which the offending animal belongs. The mountain excursions on donkey-back, in which visitors to those parts were in the habit of indulging, have fallen into temporary disfavor; and the donkey-boys have been heavy losers by the lull in their industry.

A Wonderful Shot.
In his book, "The Witchery of Archery," Maurice Thompson relates his adventures with "Tommy," an Indian who was a skilful archer. He says: From the first I recognized Tommy as my master in the noble science and art of archery, and I labored hard to win his approbation by some achievement worthy his notice. At last I accomplished this. He had a very broad feathered arrow which he had named "foo-foo," an account of a peculiar roaring sound it made while flying through the air. You could hear it 200 yards.

One day he shot this arrow at a plover standing on a point of sand. It went loudly whizzing just over the bird's back, making it settle low down as if struck at by a hawk and frightened out of its wits. I was at Tommy's side when he shot. The bird was a good hundred yards away. He did not miss it a foot. Now was my time and I settled myself to my work.

Selecting a light, narrow-feathered shaft, I planted my feet firmly, measured the distance carefully with my eye, drew to my ear and let go. It was a glorious piece of luck and good shooting combined. The arrow went like a thought, noiselessly, unwaveringly straight to the mark, cutting the game through the air, killing it on the spot. I leaned on my bow with as much nonchalance and grace as I could command, while Tommy gave me my need of praise. He patted me on the back and wagged his head significantly; he grunted in various keys, and finally wound up with:

"Deal'igh nicee good!"

Rejoiced by Two.
A certain Amish landlady is a very dainty sort of a man, much given to speaking before he thinks. He recently met Professor Snow, his next tenant.

"Good morning, Professor," good morning. Glad to see you looking so well. How do you like the house?"

"Very much, indeed."

"What do you like best about the house?"

"I like the house, I hope to die in the house."

The Pioneer.
Rouse! brothers, rouse! we've far to travel, Free as the winds we love to roam, Far through the prairie, far through the forest,

Over the mountains we'll find a home, We cannot breathe in crowded cities, We're strangers to the ways of trade; Welong to feel the grass beneath us, And ply the hatchet and the spade.

Meadows and hills and ancient woodlands Offer us pasture, fruit, and corn; Needing our presence, courting our labor— Why should we linger like men forlorn! The smiling axe, the falling tree— And though our life be rough and lonely, If it be honest, what care we!

The Way to a Fortune.
All the world is interested in the story of the way in which millionaires have become rich, and no receipt could be so universally popular as one which should give directions for the acquirement of wealth.

"Why, sir, I knew him when he hadn't a cent in his name!" At a remark like that I always prick up my ears; and I think the story which is invariably behind a remark like that must be interesting to everyone. This, at least, is what I said to my millionaire friend when he told me that the history of his first start on fortune's road was not worth telling.

"At all events," he said, "you would not be willing to make such a start as I did!" I am the reverse of rich myself, and I told him any start would do if the result were as desirable as in his case.

"Well," he whispered, "I began with a killing!" "Murder!" I cried in horror, stepping back from him with a feeling of intense repugnance, as there flashed rapidly through my mind the bloody tales I had heard of the lawless times in the early days of "Prisco, when knives and pistols were in more use than table forks.

"I will tell you how it happened," said my friend.

"It was during the gold fever that I sailed from New York for San Francisco, and I left with just money enough for the trip, thinking, if I could only reach California, I might soon make a fortune. We had a fair voyage on the Atlantic; but from Panama the vessels were a mere tub and much overcrowded. There were many women and children. I had a berth in the ladies' cabin, and sold it for a hundred dollars, and slept on the upper deck.

"Well, I had not been in San Francisco a month when I found myself without a cent, and was in a pretty bad fix. Food was dear in those days. It cost something to live. Flour was selling at thirty dollars a barrel, and I have seen apples bring a dollar each. It was a poor time to be short of money.

"I was standing on the street one day feeling pretty well down in the mouth, when an old Italian organ-grinder came along, and propping his instrument on a stick, began to grind out a tune. It was not the miserable business in those days that it is now. The organ-grinders made money in California at that time, hand over fist. They used to go up to the mines and bring back a fortune.

"As soon as this fellow commenced to play, I perceived that something was wrong with his organ. The old Italian would turn the handle, and for a short time the air would sound all right. Then of a sudden the most frightful discords would be heard.

"The old man's face was comical to see. He would stop, examine the instrument, turn it around, shake it, then with a scared expression on his face as if he thought it was haunted, begin again with the same frightful discords.

"I stepped up to him, prompted by curiosity.

"What's the matter? I asked, 'music very bad?'"

"No, buano," said the old man, with a look of great distress.

"No buano," I repeated, examining it. The thought flashed across me that here might be a chance to make some money.

"I fix organs," I said. "You know I make lots of organs." I pointed from the instrument to myself. Though his English was very poor, he seemed to understand nearly all I said.

"Were you not afraid to undertake the job?" I asked.

Jeanot! It sounded all right. I tried the 'Last Rose of Summer.' It played part way through. Then there was a terrible clashing of wires.

"A string must be loose," I thought, 'and has fallen across the others. I can fix that.'

"In the middle of that night I was roused suddenly by hearing a clashing of strings. I jumped up thinking someone was stealing the hand-organ. But no. There it was.

"Strange!" I said to myself. 'Could anyone have entered?' I came to the conclusion that my mind was so worked up on the subject that I had been dreaming. Still I lay awake for some time, waiting and listening. But all remained quiet. The next morning I started at my work."

"Were you not afraid if you took it to pieces, you could not put it back," I asked.

"I decided I would go with great care, and number each piece as I took it out. I carefully lifted off the case of figures, and as I was about to set them down, I heard the same strange sounds without human hand near. I gently lifted off the top, so as not to disturb the ghost or spirit; and what do you think happened?"

"What?" I demanded, excitedly.

"A mouse jumped out and I killed it."

"You fraud!" I cried.

"Yes," he went on, "that was the cause of all the trouble. When the handle was turned the mouse, being in extremely narrow quarters, was disturbed and crawled about on the strings. I replaced the top and case and left it till called for. When the old man came I told him it was as good as new.

"He tried it and found all went smoothly. I enlarged greatly on the case and trouble I had taken; and when I asked the sum of fifty dollars for killing a mouse, he paid it without a murmur, and gave me ten more to boot."

"And that sixty dollars is what you consider the beginning of your fortune?"

"Yes; it gave me a great lift. The next day I strolled into an auction-room, where a sale of lots was going on; I bought three lots at two hundred each, giving a small payment. Next day I sold two of them at three hundred each. The third I sold later at a large advance, and kept on in that way, dealing in real estate with large profits."

"Did you ever hear from your Italian organ-grinder again?"

"Yes; he sent several others to me. But I told them it was out of that line of business now."—*Out Storm.*

The Numerals.
When the noble Roman of remote antiquity wanted to mark the number one he drew a single straight line or digit to represent the uplifted fore-finger. In our modern type we print it I. For two he drew two digits, or II; for three he wrote III, and four he represented, not by IV, which is a comparatively late innovation, but by the good old clock-dial symbol, IIII. These, in fact, are nothing more than just the fingers of one hand. But how about five? Why should it be represented by the apparently meaningless symbol V? Simply because V is not V, but a rude hieroglyphic of one hand, the broad stroke standing for the four fingers united, while the narrow one stands for the extended thumb. V, in fact, is nothing more than a very degenerate pictorial symbol, like the E, still used by printers in certain circumstances to call special attention to a particular paragraph. As for X, that is usually represented as equivalent to two hands set side by side; but this interpretation I believe to be erroneous. I think it much more likely (on the Indian analogy) to stand for "one man made up"—that is to say, ten, with a people who counted by fingers alone, or, in other words, employed a decimal notation. If this hypothesis be true, X represents a double of the Indian man figure, with outstretched arms and legs like a colossus, the hand having disappeared entirely by disuse, as often happens in the evolution of what are called cursive hieroglyphics.—*Cornhill.*

They were Firemen.
Ellsworth's New York Zouaves came to Washington among the first regiments in 1861. The Zouaves placed great importance on the fact that they all had belonged to the Fire Department of the city of New York. One day two of them strolled into the office of the Secretary of War and accosted the clerk, saying: "We want to know when we are going to have a battle."

"Really, sir," replied the clerk, "I could not inform you, even if I knew; you see, if we should tell the people who ask, the enemy would soon find out our plans."

"Well," said the Zouaves, "nobody wants you to tell the people, my little man; we ain't people, we are firemen."

CONNUBIAL KNOTS

That Have Been Tied in the White House.

The Noted Nuptial Entertainments in the Federal Executive Mansion.

But eight weddings have occurred in the President's house at Washington, and Tyler, who was married in New York city in June, 1844, is the only President who ever took a bride of his own there. Tyler had a daughter married while he was President, lost a wife and married another nearly nine months before his term of office concluded.

The first marriage which ever took place in the Executive Mansion was that of Miss Todd, of Philadelphia, a relative of President Madison's wife, and was solemnized in the East Room in 1811. The bridegroom was Edward B. Jackson, a Representative in Congress from Virginia, and a great uncle of Stonewall Jackson. This Mr. Jackson, while in Congress, fought a duel with Mr. Eppes, another Virginia Congressman. A child born of this first White House marriage was named James Madison Jackson, and a few years ago there were many old people who remembered him.

The next marriage within the same building was that of President Monroe's daughter Maria, the bridegroom being her first cousin on her mother's side, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur, at one time Post-master of New York. This wedding occurred in March, 1820, and was a very handsome entertainment, though but a limited number of guests were invited to it, including only the attendants, relations and a few old friends. After the ceremony the bridesmaids were dismissed until a week later, when the bride received company at the White House, and her mother gave up to her the place of hostess and herself mingled with the citizens present.

The late Mr. Samuel Gouverneur of Washington was born in the White House of the marriage above noticed. He died in Washington a few years ago, and his widow and daughters still live there.

As above mentioned, Mr. Gouverneur who married Miss Monroe in the Executive Mansion, was her cousin, and the next couple wedded there were also cousins. This marriage occurred in the Blue Parlor in 1826, John Quincy Adams being President, and the couple united were his son and private secretary, John Adams, an elder brother of Charles Francis Adams, and Miss Helen, a niece of Mrs. Adams. The wedding occurred in the evening in the Blue Parlor, in the presence of a very distinguished company.

Two weddings occurred in the Executive Mansion while Jackson was President. First was that of Miss Mary Lewis, daughter of Major Lewis, General Jackson's intimate friend and companion in arms. Miss Lewis married M. A. Phelps Joseph Yoe Pageot, a native of Martinique, who was secretary of the French Legation at Washington in 1836 and 1840, and was minister from France to this country from 1842 to 1848. The other marriage was that of Miss Easton of Tennessee, his niece, and Mr. Polk of the same State, a kinsman of President Polk. Old residents recall that this lady was to have married Lieutenant Bolton Finch, of the navy, an Englishman by birth, who in 1833 had his name changed by Congress to Bolton and died in 1849 as Commodore William Compton Bolton.

A wedding reception took place in the White House also in Jackson's administration, when his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., brought his bride, who was Miss York of Philadelphia, daughter of Peter York of that city, whom he had married in her father's house there, to visit President Jackson in Washington.

The next wedding which occurred there was on January 31, 1842, when President Tyler's daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Mr. William Waller, of Williamsburg, Va. It was a grand wedding in the East Room, and Mrs. Robert Tyler wrote of it: "Lizzie looked surpassingly lovely in her wedding dress and long blonde lace veil, her face literally covered with blushes and dimples."

President Tyler was married at Ascension Church in New York, but had his wedding reception in the East Room at the White House the latter part of June, 1844 having begun his courtship of Miss Julia Gardiner, a beautiful young girl not over twenty years old, in that room the preceding February at an evening reception on Washington's Birthday. His wife had died in the White House soon after their daughter was married in 1842. At the wedding reception, when all their Washington friends were present to tender their congratulations, Senator John C. Calhoun escorted the bride to the supper table and cut the wedding cake for her.

No one remembers a wedding or wedding reception occurring in the Executive Mansion between this time and the wedding in the East Room, May 21, 1874, of Miss Nellie Grant and Mr. Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, which was by far the most elaborate entertainment of the kind that ever occurred there.

The following autumn Colonel Fred Grant, who was married in handsome style in Chicago to Miss Ida Honore, brought his bride to Washington, and his parents, President and Mrs. Grant, gave a very elegant evening reception in their honor.

All those who have lately been writing about White House weddings have mentioned that of President Grant's daughter as the last to occur there, but on the contrary, there was one there four years later—that of Miss Emily Platt, the niece of President Hayes, who, on the evening of June 19, 1878, was married in the Blue Parlor to General Russell Hastings, formerly lieutenant colonel of the Twen-

ty-third regiment of Ohio volunteers, of which Mr. Hayes was colonel.—*New York Herald.*

WARRIORS OF ASSAM.

A Missionary's Life in a Corner of Hindostan.

A People Who Ornament Their Houses with Human Skulls.

"I was sent to Assam," said Dr. E. W. Clark, a missionary, to a reporter of the Washington *Republican*, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary union, of Boston, Mass. Myself and wife were the first white people to set foot in Assam, which is a small valley sixty-five miles in width and 500 miles in length, and has about 3,000,000 of population.

"It is situated in the northwestern part of Hindostan and is an English possession. The inhabitants of the Naga Hills are wild mountaineers, living around the summits of the mountains. Up to five years ago these people were independent; the great war of India never succeeded in subjecting them. They delight in war and are barbarous as are American Indians. In the same manner as our Indians take the scalp the Naga warriors take the head."

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