FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Two Little Rogues.

Says Sammy to Dick,
"Come, hurry; come, quick!
And we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!
Our mamma's away;
She's gone for to stay;
And we'll make a great hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo!
We'll make a great hullabaloo!"

Says Dicky to Sam,
"Alf weddy I am
To do, and to do, and to do.
But how doeth it go?
I so little know;
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?
Ri too, ri loo, woo, woowoo!
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"Oh! slammings and bangings,
And wibingings and whangings,
And very bad mischief we'll do;
We'll clatter and shout,
And pull things about;
And that's what's a hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
And that's what's a hullabaloo!

"Slide down the front stairs,
Tip over the chairs:
Now into the pantry break through;
We'll take down some tinware,
And other things in there—
All aboard for a hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!

"Now roll up the table,
Far up as you're able,
Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too;
Put the poker and vases
In funny odd places:
How's this for a hullabaloo?
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
How this for a hullabaloo?

"Let the dishes and pans
Be the womans and mans:
Everybody keep still in their pew!
Mammy's gown I'll get next,
And preach you a text.
Dicky, hush with your hullabaloo!
Ri too, ri loo, loo, loo, loo!
Dicky, hush with your hullabaloo!"

As the preacher in gown
Climbed up and looked down
His queer congregation to view,
Said Dicky to Sammy,
"Oh, *dery* comes our mammy!
So'll *thoold* for dis hullabawoo,
Ri too, ri loo, woo, woo, woo!
So'll *thoold* for dis hullabawoo!

"O mammy! O mammy!"
Cried Dicky and Sammy,
"Wull never again certain true."
But with firm step she trod,
And looked hard at the rod:
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!
Boohoo, boohoo, woo, woo, woo!
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

The Hidden Reward.

A German Duke, of great renown,
Who dwelt quite near a famous town,
Clothed like a beggar, placed one day
A large stone in the king's highway.
'Twas near his grand old palace gate,
And there he sat him down to wait.

Soon came that way young peasant Bart,
With oxen strong and lumbering cart,
"This rock will not get moved by me.
This is the Duke's affair," cried he.

Next a gay soldier marched along,
With cockade hat and merry song;
Too high he looked the stone to see,
So fell, of course, and cried, "Ah, me!
Misfortune take the blockheads all
Who caused like this a brave man's fall!"

Soon merchants came, bound for the fair,
With horses fine and offerings rare;
To escape the stone they filed each side
(The loads were broad, the road not wide),
"How long," they jeered, "will that rock stay,
And thus impede the Duke's highway?"

The Duke sent out his writ of state
For all to gather at the gate.
The place was thronged on either side
Branch and poor from far and wide.
Then in the road in rich array,
Appeared the Duke, and thus did say:
"This rock, good friends, was placed by me,
That I your shiftlessness might see."
With his own hands aside he rolled
The stone, and showed a pot of gold
That lay beneath, a precious gift,
For him who should the stone uplift.

—Annie A. Preston.

A Moonlight Ride and Its Results.

Many years ago, when the city of Providence was quite a village, an old house stood in a lonely place a couple of miles from town. It was in the center of a large tract of land that had once been laid out in walks, and garden spots, and miniature lakes, for the occupants of the house had cultivated tastes, and the money with which to gratify them, so you may be sure it was a very beautiful place.

But one dreadful night a murder was committed there, and then the house was vacant for years, for the people, more superstitious in those days than they are now, believed that ghosts inhabited it, and no one could be found who would live in it. There it stood year after year, uninhabited and alone, the lovely flowers choked with weeds, the once well-kept walks overgrown with clover and grass, the fruit ripening and falling ungathered to the ground, for no school-boy, however daring, ventured to enter those walls.

At the time my story opens, a party of young men, my grandfather among the number, had planned a moonlight excursion, on horseback, to a neighboring town, and after some debate as to the place of meeting, they decided on the front yard of this old house, as they did not believe in ghosts, and the selection of the place exactly suited them.

My grandfather arrived first at the place of meeting, and, tying his horse, he sat down on the door-stone to await the coming of his companions. It was very still. No sound was to be heard save the occasional note of the whip-poor-will, or the chirping of some insect.

He had sat upon the step some minutes, and had become quite lost in meditation, when he was startled by three loud raps, breaking the stillness of the evening air, followed by a deep, sepulchral voice, saying: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" My grandfather jumped to his feet and looked around, but could see nothing. He pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming, and peered round the corners, and into the windows of the house, and finally concluding it was his imagination playing him a trick, he seated himself again on the door-stone. He had not sat long, however, when the three loud raps rang out again sharply, and the same deep voice said after them, in measured accents, the words uttered before.

This time my grandfather was convinced that he was not dreaming. Great drops of perspiration stood out upon his brow. He arose and looked all around him as before, but could discover nothing. He then walked to the gate to look for his companions, but none of them were in sight.

"I should not care to tell them, if they were here," he muttered to himself as he returned to the house, and commenced to pace back and forth, for he could not again sit down.

"What could it have been?" he suddenly exclaimed, in a resolute tone, as he stopped in his walk. "If it is a ghost, it cannot harm me, and come what will, I am determined to solve this mystery." So saying, he opened the door and went into the hall, but there was nothing to be seen save several bats flapping their wings in the damp air. The paper hung from the walls in long shreds, and was covered with mould, and the accumulated dust of years. The noise had seemed to come from above, so he began to ascend the stairs, which were very old and rickety, and threatened to give way at every step. As he got near the top, the moon shone out suddenly from behind a cloud with a strange brilliancy that gave a weird, ghostly look to everything around. My grandfather stopped, uncertain whether to proceed or go back before it was too late. His heart beat so loudly he could hear it, and his knees knocked together so he could hardly stand. Just here the three loud knocks began again, and decided him. He bounded forward, and just as his head appeared above the landing, he saw, sitting on the floor by a window in the hall, a poor old man, with long white hair streaming over his shoulders, and a cane in his hand, with which he gave the three raps.

My grandfather recognized him as an old man who had wandered about Providence and vicinity for years, sometimes begging his bread, sometimes living upon the fruits and nuts he gathered in the woods.

He was slightly deranged, but as he had no friends, and was perfectly harmless, the city authorities had allowed him to go his way unmolested. This poor old man had taken up his abode in the uninhabited house, and in his crazy fancy, believing himself the judge of the dead, he had given the raps and spoken the words, which had always been attributed to ghosts.

Of course this discovery exploded the ghost story, and my grandfather was quite a hero for some time among the young people of Providence, and what was better still, the poor, half crazy old man was taken care of by the citizens ever afterwards.—*Mrs. J. C. Hazlitt.*

Where They Come From.

You'll be shocked, I fear, when I tell you that your doll came out of a rag-bag, her curls from the back of a goat, and her elegant china tea-set out of a mud-hole.

But what will you say when I tell you that your jelly is made out of old boots, and your delightful perfumery from horrid-smelling coal tar?

You don't own all the made over things in the family, either. Johnnie's new beaver cloth overcoat was worn out on the back of a beggar, and perhaps even played the part of a scare-crow in some farmyard, before it began to come up in the world again; and the "table-gelatine," which every one of the family likes to eat, once did duty as skin on the back of a rat.

It is really wonderful to trace things back, and see where they come from, and which has reason to boast of his ancestors. Queer stories you would hear if the things around you could tell their history. There's your tatting-shuttle. It once made itself useful as a bone in a horse, while the ivory dice in the backgammon board adorned the jaws and crushed the oats of another of the race.

The pearl of your paper knife lined the shell house of a modest little creature at the bottom of the sea, while mamma's shell comb was the comfortable roof over a sea tortoise.

Your guitar strings were indispensable to the eternal comfort of some poor pussy or unfortunate sheep, and your piano would be but a dumb wooden box without some of the same internal arrangements of a horse.

Your nice hair brush first saw the light on the skin of a hog. The crinoline that stiffens the bottoms of ladies' dresses was used originally to switch the flies from the backs of horses, and the mattress on which you sleep so comfortably served the same use before it fell into the manufacturer's hands.

Your dainty toilet soap—dear me, how can I tell you!—was made of dead cats and dogs found in the streets, and the "bitter almonds" which so delightfully flavor your candy, came from the horrible-smelling coal tar, while the choicest ale is deliciously flavored with—putrid cheese.

The scent bags of that offensive animal, the skunk, furnish some desirable additions to the toilet table, used for removing freckles and tan, and the dreadful stuff left in drains is turned into a fashionable toilet article, and adorns the face of ladies.

To be sure, these disagreeable materials have some pretty rough handling before they come out in their new colors. The old boots, for instance. They do not step from the gutter into the jelly kettle, by any means. They go through a long process of washing and soaking in lye, and smoking with sulphur, and steaming and boiling, before they come out white and delicate and fit for the table.

The coal tar to grow into perfumery goes through the hands of chemists, who treat it so I don't know what dreadful chemical processes; and the dead cats and dogs are boiled to extract the grease, purified, whitened and perfumed before we see them as soap.

The doll whose ancestors inhabited a ragman's den, endured unheard of operations of washing, soaking, bleaching, chopping, moulding and so forth, before she took her place in the nursery to amuse the little folks, and the clay from the mud-hole was washed, and purified, and whitened, and kneaded, and baked and glazed, before it ventured to call itself china, and take its place on the tea-table.

The horse tails that stiffen the dresses and stuff our mattresses are washed, and soaked, and boiled, and baked before we use them, and the intestines which make the voice of guitar and piano went through long processes of scraping, soaking in lye, and washing, before they were drawn out into the fine, tough skins with which you are familiar.

The rat skin which we eat under the name of gelatine first flourished as the thumb of a kid glove, and after being worn out in that capacity went through ever so many purifying processes, somewhat as the old boots did, and ended on our table.

Nearly all the things we throw away in alleys, or even through our drains, the most disgusting things you can think of, are valuable, and after going through the hands of skilful workmen, come out in new shapes, and have new fields for usefulness.

The feats of old-fashioned fairies, who turned pumpkins into carriages, and old gowns into elegant robes, do not compare with the wonders performed in our work-shops by rough-looking men in shirt sleeves and white aprons.—*Olive Thorne.*

Using the Wire.

The International Telegraphic Bureau at Berne, Switzerland, publishes statistics of telegraph communication, of which the following is the substance:

For Europe, India, and the United States together, the average number of telegrams sent was 163 per 1,000 inhabitants, with thirty-six metres (forty feet) of wire per square kilometre. The Swiss make most use of the wire, sending 1,094 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants. After Switzerland ranks Great Britain, with 690 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants, but with a much greater intensity of wire. In Switzerland there were 385 metres of wire per square kilometre, while in England there were 580 metres to the same area. Third on the list ranks Holland, with 610 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants, and 584 metres of wire per square kilometre. The United States, Belgium and Denmark follow with about 540 telegrams per 1,000 inhabitants; Norway add Wurtemberg with 408 and 417 per 1,000 inhabitants; Bavaria with 378; Germany and France with 297 and 296; Sweden with 253; Austria with 229; Italy with 202; Hungary with 173; Roumania with 169; Portugal with 136; Spain with 93; and, lastly, Russia with forty eight. Belgium has the largest proportion of wire per square kilometre, where it amounts to 782 metres. England, as above mentioned, has 580 metres per square kilometre; Germany, 321 metres; France, 275; Holland, 384, and Italy, 266 metres.

Curious Cause of Death.

From a Marseilles (France) paper we learn that a soldier has just died in the military hospital under the following singular circumstances. He had been suffering for some weeks from severe attacks of headache, which totally incapacitated him for his duties, and eventually forced him to enter the hospital. Here the next morning he was found dead in his bed, and there being no assignable cause for his death a post-mortem was ordered. The result of the medical examination revealed the mystery. In the man's brain was found a thick tuft of hair, which science is of opinion had been there since his earliest childhood, and, growing with his growth, had ultimately occasioned death. The young man's parents, on being questioned, stated that in his infancy he had received a violent blow on the head from the fall of a chimney ornament, and that after the bruise had healed the mother remarked that the hair on the injured spot had turned inward, but, thinking the matter of no importance, she had paid no attention to it.

SOME DIRECTORY ODDITIES.

What is Found in the Last One Just Issued in New York—History Again Refuted.

The directory for 1878 and '79 has made its appearance, says a New York paper, and can be distinguished from all other books by the reckless manner in which it is shoved around in obscure corners. It contains 267,727 names, being an increase of 9,037 over last year's returns.

In glancing casually over the names, some startling facts are discovered, and it is found that there are among us 328 Kings, seventy-three Lords, fifty Nobles, twenty-four Dukes, twelve Queens, five Marquises, one Count, but no Sovereign, which makes it unpleasant as well as unfortunate, but in the absence of this dignitary, consolation is found in the fact that the other nobility are strengthened by three Courts, thirty-nine Judges, and two Lawyers; and if worse comes to worse the militia, which consists of twenty-six Majors eight Sergeants, one Private, and eighteen Gunns can be relied upon. They have with them six Drums and one Fife. In the Sutlers' Camp are 283 Bakers and thirty-seven Butchers. It may seem strange, but they carry with them three Derricks, to hoist—probably—the twenty-nine Bulls, nine Steers and one Ox.

Much has been said and written about Mark Twain's speech on New England weather, but right here, in this little city of New York, we have eighty-three Winters, six Summers, twenty-seven Springs, but no Autumn; however, this will be looked into next year.

It may not be generally known, but in this city are thirty-nine Skinners and three Beets. This looks bad for New York after all that has been done to evangelize the city, but there are three Nunneys here containing 107 Parsons, eighty-five Deans, a great many Bishops and fifteen Priests, who have promised to carry the good work on. Should they fail, there are now in readiness fifty-four Coffins and thirty-five Graves to place the evil-doers into.

The orphans will be provided for—intellectually—as there are two Schools and one Schoolhouse, with nine Masters, four Heads and one Schoolmaster. They already contain two Scholars.

The horticultural department is in a flourishing condition, the city florist having lately added 720 (sweet) Williams, 130 Roses, one Daisy, two Pinks and a couple of Onions, the latter being of a rare species. Near these have been planted four Apples, six Lemons, thirteen Beans and seven Nutts, whose growth will be watched with interest; their failure, however, is predicted, as seven Lions, nine Peacocks, four Stags and thirteen Bears are allowed to roam about in the inclosure.

The ponds contain thirty six Fish, twenty-eight Herring, 18 Pike, ten Haddock, three Eels, one Shark and a Smelt. They suffer for room, as a Ship with six Sailors was launched there recently.

There are twenty Houses, who are constantly annoyed by sixty-four Kats and a Mouse, and in the absence of any dogs, the Mouse is conqueror.

In other cities they are satisfied with a black and white population; not so here, though, for we find 610 Whites, 111 Blacks, 276 Greens, 190 Grays and four Blues. Among them are some who are Short and others Long; then there are Longfellows, Longstreets, Longaceres, and some who have one Soul and one Bodie.

Dr. Crosby's society has done some good work, but missed six Bars in their hunt. The stock in these places foots up in barrels 140 Porters, fifty-five Stouts, thirty Sherrys, twenty-three Beers, three Ginns and one Wine. In one of the back rooms was found an old trunk, probably stolen, which contained one Cap, seventeen Hammers and two Files. It was subsequently learned that these were left by ten Tanners, frequenters of the place.

Notwithstanding the great influx of English sparrows into this country, it is found that this city is well enough stocked with birds. There are 609 Martins, seventy-two Robbins, two (American) Sparrows, thirteen Pidgeons, fifty-seven other Birds, five Jays and a Jay-cock.

The streets are crowded by the poor people every day, and it is a source of gratification to know that there are at least eight Luckey men in this town, yet sad as it may seem, still it is a fact, that almost any day can be seen eight Luney people and one Luhn wandering around at random.

That the directory should furnish evidence destructive to the Darwinian theory, may appear to be an idiotic declaration, but it tells us that not only Adam and Eve, but nineteen Adams and an Eve are living here, and if further evidence were necessary, it may not be generally known that the four walls of the Empire city contain sixty-five Jacobs and three Esaus.

In this large city there is only one man, Single; this statement is made in spite of any ridicule that may be cast upon it.

How it can be possible that there are thirty-seven Barbers and only one Shaver, is a mystery, unless, perhaps, the thirty-seven are related to that Gab family and know not of the virtue of a quiet shave-r.

The almost daily occurrence of some atrocious and blood-curdling atrocity may account for there being only one Heart in this city, and he, it is said, lives in one of those three castles on Castleburg, in apparent seclusion.

The fact that history is a liar has been proven over and over again, and now it is shown that a Lie, the color of which is of so deep a hue, that it were base flattery to call it by any other name, is nailed and held up to be riddled and scoffed at by an outraged community.

Andrew Jackson is alive, and so are five of them, and so are five George Washingtons! What is history now! Of what benefit are schools? Stop—let's see. Where are we now? Ah! another thing, there is that lame yarn about John Smith. Why, in this little burg alone there are 3,552 Smiths! and their cousins, the Mc's, 10,020; but lack of space forbids, at this writing, the unearthing of any further inconsistencies of that thing called history.

Laying Back the Ears.

The expressive gestures which many animals make with their ears are matters of familiar observation. None of them is more significant than the drawing back and pressure of the ears to the head, which indicates a savage frame of mind, Mr. Darwin, in his recent work on the means of expression in men and animals, gives an ingenious explanation of this movement. He observes that it is only found in species which fight with their teeth. All the carnivora do this, and all, so far as he has observed, draw back their ears when feeling savage. This may be continually seen with dogs fighting in earnest, or puppies fighting in play. Cats, tigers, leopards, lynxes, show the same peculiarity. It is very noticeable in horses, and the vicious expression it gives to them is unmistakable. But cattle, sheep or goats, though they fight, never use their teeth in fighting, and never draw back their ears when enraged. The elephant, which fights with its tusks, does not retract his ears, but, on the contrary, erects them, when rushing at an enemy. The connection between biting, as a means of warfare, and laying back the ears, as a sign of anger, is so uniform, and the exceptions are so few, that Mr. Darwin's explanation of the origin of the habit is highly probable. He says that animals which fight in this way, try to bite each other's ears; and, reversely, being conscious that the ear is a weak point of attack, lay it back upon the head to keep it out of the way. This habit being deepened into an instinct through many generations, has become so associated with the feeling attendant upon warfare, that the ears are depressed even by an amount of anger too slight to find other expression. The opposite movement of pricking the ears forward, to express attention, is so natural as to need no special explanation. It is generally accompanied by an elevation and turning of the head.

The richest women in the Pacific Coast are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough, their combined wealth being estimated at $13,000,000.

At Bellevue Hospital.

This scene of hospital life in New York is from *Harper's Magazine*: We pass with the class from ward to ward and from cot to cot, the doctor treating the patients with a heartiness that forces an evanescent smile to the saddest faces, and explaining the cases and operations to the class with so much perspicuity and simplicity that the thickest-headed student would have unimaginable difficulty in not understanding. A mite of a boy is sitting in a big chair by himself, a Tiny Tim of a boy, with large, liquid eyes, the whitest of faces, and the sunkenest of cheeks. "How are you to-day, sir?" the doctor inquires, in a tremendous tone, that makes the piping answer sound ridiculously small. "Pretty well, thank you, sir." "Can you walk?" "I guess so, sir;" and the second answer is in a shriller key, for the voice has not yet recovered from the exhaustion of the first. Tiny Tim is lifted out of his chair by the doctor, whose hands are almost as large as the child's body; he is a sufferer from an obscure disease of a joint, and by that pre-eminent skill which has cheated death many a time he has saved the child's life. Tim limps across the floor and back again, the longest journey that he has made out of the nurse's arms for some months; a faint flush and a smile of satisfaction lighten his face as he climbs into the chair again. He is out of breath, but when the doctor asks if the exertion hurt him, he readily answers, "Not a bit, sir." "Now, gentlemen," says the doctor to his class, taking the repaired limb in his hand—"this is a very—" But we are not re, porting the doctor's lectures. We stand by the bedside of a woman whose life is ebbing away under the strain of a cancer, and here our good Samaritan speaks more cheering words—the most he can do, for the case is irremediable. One of the white-capped nurses of the training-school is watching the patient; she is a fair, wholesome-looking girl, intelligent, neatly dressed, and agreeable in manner. We ask her if there is much extreme suffering in the ward. "That is our worst case," she says, pointing to the woman by whom the doctor and his class are standing; "the poor thing has been here eighteen months without any hope of recovery. No one has been to see her—no relative or friend—in all that time." "Can she last much longer?" "Not more than three months; she is anxious for death, and prays for it." At this moment we feel that the glassy eyes of the sufferer are bearing upon us; her face is colorless, and her lips are pursed as though she desired to hold back the low moan that escapes them. Is not the sight enough to convert one to the doctrine of legalized suicide by proxy, or any scheme of euthansia? On the next bed a wrinkled and very thin old woman is muttering deliriously and sometimes inaudibly; she is over seventy years of age, and hers too is a fatal case. The nurse is young, pretty, and blooming, and her appearance of health and cheerfulness in the midst of pallid disease seems almost out of place. Is it a consecrated life, the sacrificial impulse of religious fervor? No: her motive is the earning of a livelihood, and she is the pupil of an institution which has opened a new and practical field for American women.

Stanley's Love Affairs.

A New York paper gives an account of two romantic passages in the life of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. Before going on his second expedition to Africa he fell in love with a beautiful girl in New York, and thought his passion returned. At Zanzibar he received a letter informing him that the lady had been married several months, and this intelligence wounded him to the heart. This, however, was Mr. Stanley's second love affair. He had experienced a previous disappointment, but it had not deeply wounded him. Chancing to be on the island of Crete, he saw from his window a Greek maiden in the garden on the opposite house, and at once felt that his fate was sealed. She was about fifteen years old, and Mr. Stanley has since declared that never before or since has he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. He at once sought out the American Consul and revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair; took him forthwith to the house of his inamorata and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. Stanley could speak no Greek; the mother no English; the Consul was the interpreter. He did his work so well that at the end of half an hour the maiden was sent for. Stanley was forbidden even to touch her hand; but he conversed with her with his eyes, and they soon understood each other well. At the end of a week he was an accepted lover; at the end of a fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. All this while he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother. On the day before the wedding he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and imprint upon it a chaste salute.

The morning of the wedding arrived; Stanley was dressed for the ceremony and was awaiting the happy moment. There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had not seen before, and an interpreter. They were introduced as the brothers of the bride, and they produced a parchment which the interpreter explained. It was a deed of settlement, binding Stanley to pay so much a year to the mother, so much to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to plank down the first installments on the spot. In vain Stanley explained that he was worth nothing and could not pay; the brothers looked daggers, the interpreter frowned, and the scene closed by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty got Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and shipped him off to Athens. He did not see his beautiful Grecian maiden again.

Typographical Errors.

Typographical errors are often a source of great annoyance to authors, and nearly every one can recall some very absurd ones. Yet it is a matter of great wonder that the text of books and newspapers is so comparatively free from them. An octavo page of Shakespeare contains on an average 2,680 distinct pieces of metal, and the misplacing of any one would cause a blunder. With this fact in mind, the accuracy of our printing is to be admired. An attempt was once made to secure a perfect edition of a work by Camolus, published in 1817. No care was spared to secure the most perfect accuracy, but after the edition was worked off an error was discovered. A printer's widow in Germany, while a new Bible was printing at her house, one night went into the office to alter the sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii, 16. She altered the sentence "And he shall be thy Lord" (Herr) to "And he shall be thy fool" (Narr). For this liberty she lost her life. Copies of this edition have been bought at enormous prices. An edition of the Bible is known to book collectors as the "Vinegar Bible," from the erratum which changed the reading "Parable of the Vineyard" to "Parable of the Vinegar."

Eight White-House Weddings.

The marriage of Miss Platt, niece of the President, to Gen. Russell Hastings, will be the eighth that has been celebrated at the White House. In 1811 Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Madison, was married there to Congressman John G. Jackson, of Virginia. In 1820 Monroe's daughter Martha wedded Mr. Gouverneur, of New York. In 1826 John Quincey Adams' son John married his cousin, Miss Helen, and during the administration of Jackson the daughter of his friend and companion in arms, Major Lewis, espoused M. Pageot, of Martiniqui, afterwards minister of France to the United States. There, too, Tyler's daughter married a resident of Virginia, a Mr. Waller. Tyler himself was married in New York, but held his reception in the East Room—that East Room where Mrs. Madison used to hang her clothes to dry, and where in a bower of roses Nellie Grant was married to Mr. Sartoris in 1874. There, too, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding on the 31st of December last.

AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Eothen's Voyage in Search of Relics of Sir John Franklin.

The steamer Eothen has sailed from New York on her expedition in search of relics of the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, whose fate while searching for the North Pole has excited so much conjecture throughout the civilized world for so many years. These relics are believed to be "cairned" on an island inhabited by the Natchilles, a warlike tribe, larger than the ordinary Esquimaux, in the Gulf of Boothia, not far from Franklin Bay, but not yet laid down in any chart. The vessel will start, however, on Saturday, or Monday at the latest, unless the weather should be foggy. She will carry twenty-five men, all told. Capt. Thomas F. Barry, whose discovery of the spoons bearing Sir John Franklin's crest and some initials, led to the present expedition, is in command. Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, of the Third United States Cavalry, is in command of the searching party, which will work under Captain Barry's instructions. Col. W. H. Gilder, an officer of volunteers during the late civil war, is second in command. There are twelve men before the mast.

The searching party consists of Lieut. Schwatka, Col. Gilder, Joseph Eberbing, Henry W. Klutschak, an Austrian by birth, and a civil engineer by education, and Francis Melhas. Joseph Eberbing, or "Esxuimau Joe," goes as trapper, hunter and guide. He insists that he is "buck-hunter," and his comrades persist in understanding him "bug-hunter." "Joe" carries with him a short fire-arm constructed by himself of an old Remington pistol, mounted on a stock of peculiar shape, which he made while on board the Polaris, and with which he saved nineteen lives in the trying times on the ice-floe of over 100 days.

The Eothen will first touch at Whale Point, Hudson's Bay, to take on a number of Esquimaux, increasing the searching party to twenty, and thence proceed to Beach Point, Repulse Bay, 140 miles north. At Whale Point, Capt. Barry first met the natives from whom he bought the spoons. They gathered about his winter quarters at Marble Island, remaining until his ship sailed, in the spring. Two other spoons, bearing the Franklin crest, and the initials "S. S. S.," in their possession, were purchased by the United States Consul at St. Johns. The property has since been restored to the niece of Sir John Franklin, who identified them. The Esquimaux stated that the vessel from which they got the spoons was crushed by the ice at an island near Cape Hallowell, and became a total wreck. The crew, among whom was Sir John Franklin, whom they recognized as "Hilata" or leader, were taken by the natives to a point near Cape Englefield, 640 miles from Whale Point, where, one by one, they perished of cold, hunger and sickness, and were buried by being sewed up in skins, placed on the ground and covered with stones to keep off the wolves and bears. The winter was severe and game scarce, and the superstitious natives attributed these misfortunes to the anger of the Great Spirit at the presence of white men. Capt. Barry stated as his belief that some of the crew were killed and eaten by these natives, but that probably most of them died. An important fact communicated by the Natchilles was that the white men left a number of books with writing in them, which were also buried at Englefield, which is about 900 miles inland, and has never yet been reached by any exploring party. These natives are greatly feared by the other tribes of Esquimaux, from whom they differ in many respects, being large, well-proportioned, very warlike and aggressive, and speaking another language.

Leaving Repulse Bay, the searching party, according to Captain Barry's plan, will take sledges and go across the country to Englefield. The journey will occupy four or five weeks. The expedition will cost about $25,000. It expects to be gone not less than two years and a half. Stores for eighteen months have been taken on the Eothen, and more will be sent next spring by the whaling brig Henry Trowbridge. The party is well armed, and carries ammunition for the entire thirty months. The stores consist of canned meats—roast lamb, beef, etc.; canned fruits and vegetables, especially apples; flour, corn-starch, Indian meal, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, molasses, vinegar and horse-radish as a preventative of scurvy. It is expected that plenty of fresh meat can be obtained, as King William's Land is rich in game, such as deer, seal, ducks, wild geese, etc. Contributions of supplies have been ample, and probably more than can be used, but cash contributions are still not over large.

A Short History of Petroleum.

The *Lumberman's Gazette* gives the following short history of petroleum. The production of petroleum as an article of trade dates from the 28th of August, 1859, when Colonel Drake, in a well sixty-nine and a half feet deep, "struck oil," and coined a phrase that will last as long as the English language. From that beginning it has increased to an annual production of 14,500,000 barrels of crude oil. The first export was in 1861, of 27,000 barrels, valued at $1,000,000, and the export of petroleum for the year 1877 was, in round numbers, $62,000,000. The annual product of petroleum to-day—crude and refined—is greater in value than the entire production of iron, and is more than double that of the anthracite coal of the State of Pennsylvania, and exceeds the gold and silver product of the whole country. As an article of export it is fourth, and contests closely for the third rank. Our leading exports are relatively as follows: Cotton, annually, from $175,000,000 to $227,000,000; wheat flour, from $69,000,000 to $130,000,000; pork and its products (bacon, ham and lard), from $57,000,000 to $80,000,000, and petroleum from $48,200,000 to $62,000,000. The total export of petroleum from 1861 to, and including 1877 (sixteen years), has been $442,698,968, custom house valuation. From the best sources of information there are at this time 10,000 oil wells, producing and drilling, which at an average cost of $5,000 per well would make an investment of $50,000,000 in this branch of the business. Tankage now existing of a capacity for 6,000,000 barrels cost $2,000,000, and $7,000,000 has been invested in 2,000 miles of pipe lines connected with the wells. The entire investment for the existing oil production, including the purchase money of territory, is something over $100,000,000, which amount cannot be lessened much, if any, for as wells cease to produce new ones have been constantly drilled to take their place.

Fatal Fire in a Theatre in India.

The tragedy of "The Tyrant" was over by ten o'clock and the Ahmednugur audience were laughing over an amusing farce brought out by a Parsee theatrical club from Bombay, when suddenly a crackling noise was heard in the lower end of the house. Then arose a cry of "fire," which deepened into a terrible shriek when it was seen that the ceiling was already in a blaze. For a moment the audience were paralyzed with fright, but as the flames spread a furious rush was made for the little entrance, and many fell and were trampled under foot. The whole pavilion quickly filled with flames, and by the time three-quarters of the audience had escaped, the wind caught the flame and carried it like a scorching sheet across the interior of the booth. By this time, though the door was still blocked with a struggling mass, most of those who were able to move were safe, but the others lay yelling and groaning in the agonies of an awful death. The whole fire did not occupy many minutes; but as the scorched and wounded people were pulled out from near the entrance and passed into the open air it seemed an eternity before the flames died down sufficiently to enable the rescuing party to drag the dead out of the centre of the auditorium. The sight was simply awful. About forty men had either been burnt to death or had more mercifully been suffocated by the smoke.

In the year 1877 marriages in England fell, for the first time in six years, below 200,000. In Scotland the number was the lowest registered since 1872.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The annual four-mile, eight-oar rowing contest between Yale and Harvard College crews took place at New London, Ct., and was won by Harvard in twenty minutes, forty-four seconds, Yale being nine lengths behind at the finish.

The corner-stone of a monument to commemorate the centennial of the battle of Monmouth was laid at Freehold, N. J. Twenty thousand people were present. There was a fine procession. The presentation speech was made by T. W. Morris, and addresses were delivered by T. W. Throckmorton, Hon. S. S. Cox and others. Governor McClellan, ex-Governor Bedle and other well-known gentlemen were present.

B. L. Solomon & Sons, New York furniture and upholstery dealers, have failed; liabilities estimated at $500,000.

By the explosion of a kerosene lamp, Mrs. Nelson Winfield, of Matamoras, Pa., was fatally injured. Her husband was also fatally burned.

Two men were killed by the sudden caving in of a tunnel in Forty-second street, New York.

During the first six months of this year there have been 514 failures in New York city, with total liabilities estimated at $30,030,795, and assets valued at about $11,012,662. This number is an increase over that of last year for the same time.

At Elmira, N. Y., Colonel Alvin Buckbee, a hotel proprietor, shot and fatally wounded his wife, dangerously wounded his mother-in-law, and then killed himself. Colonel Buckbee was a young man and at one time was under-sheriff of the county. Domestic trouble caused the tragic occurrence.

Troy, N. Y., has been the scene of a daring robbery. Two men garrotted Thomas Buckley, treasurer of the Albia Knitting Mill Company, on the Albia horse-car, securing $3,000 which he was taking to the mill to pay off the hands. The robbers escaped in a hack which, driven by an accomplice, had been following the car.

Seven wooden buildings comprising the rendrock manufactory of J. R. Rand & Co., near Paterson, N. J., were blown to pieces the other day by an explosion of nitro-glycerine, used in the manufacture of rend-rock. The windows and ceiling of buildings a mile distant were shattered, so great was the force of the explosion, but no one was hurt, as the workingmen of the factory were fortunately at dinner. Loss, $5,000.

The Manhattan Club, of New York city, gave a reception to the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Addresses were made by A. S. Hewitt, Fernando Wood and others.

The centennial of the massacre of Wyoming—at which over 300 settlers were massacred by Indians and Tories—was observed throughout throughout the Valley of Wyoming. At Wyoming, Pa., memorial exercises were held in the presence of over 80,000 people, among whom were President and Mrs. Hayes, Governor Hartranft, Secretary Sherman, Attorney-General Devens and others. An original ode was sung, poems were read, and addresses delivered by the President, Congressman Hendric B. Wright and others. The festivities were continued for two days.

The New York city authorities having prohibited the sale or discharge of fire crackers and other fire works on the Fourth, and no appropriation having been made for the customary pyrotechnical display in the evening, the day was consequently celebrated with less noise and fewer accidents than in previous years.

Ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden sailed for Europe a few days ago, on an extended tour.

David Trumbull, who rowed in the boat Yale in the recent race with Harvard, and Colonel Charles M. Coit, treasurer of the Chelsea Savings Bank, of Warwick, Ct., were drowned in New London harbor while trying to save a little son of Colonel Coit who had fallen overboard from a yacht. The little fellow was saved, but the father and the student lost their lives.

One hundred and thirty-eight doctors living on or near the line of the new elevated railroad in New York have memorialized the grand jury to compel the company to run its trains with less noise and smoke. The doctors say the rumbling of passing trains is detrimental to the health of their patients. The railroad corporation has employed Edison, the inventor, to invent some means of abating the cause of complaint.

Dr. James C. Ayer, well known throughout the country as an extensive advertiser of medicines, died at Winchendon, Mass., where he had been under treatment about a year for paralysis and insanity.

The trial of Benjamin Hunter for the murder of John M. Armstrong, at Camden, N. J., resulted in a verdict of guilty by the jury. The case was one of unusual interest, as the accused had been a man of standing in the community. On the trial witnesses testified that Hunter had killed Armstrong in order to obtain the insurance on his life. A man named Graham swore that he had been hired by Hunter to kill Armstrong, and detailed the circumstances of the murder. Hunter's defence was a denial and an alibi.

During a severe storm a large tree at Ross Grove, near Pittsburgh, Pa., fell on a picnic party who had taken refuge under it, instantly killing ten persons and more or less seriously injuring fifteen more. The picnic party was composed of German Lutherans, and the wife and daughter of the minister were among the killed.

Western and Southern States.

Large numbers of savages were killed during the recent engagement between the Bannocks and United States troops, the loss of the latter being four killed and two wounded. The number of hostiles engaged was 1,500, and they were charged by Major Bernard's command and compelled to retreat. The Indian camp, with tons of property, was destroyed by the military.

A bloody conflict has taken place in East St. Louis between two police factions, each claiming the right to govern the city. A party of twelve or fifteen deputy marshals, headed by Mayor Bowman, marched to the engine-house, which is the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, and also used as a council chamber by what is called the Wider Council. The Metropolitans barred the doors and windows of the lower story, and when the Bowman party endeavored to force an entrance the Metropolitans fired from the second-story windows; the attacking party also fired. Three deputy marshals were killed, when the rest retreated. The affair caused intense excitement throughout the city.

A railroad tie placed across the track wrecked a train near Claymont, Del., and caused the death of four persons—engineer and fireman (father and son) of the train and two others. A Former employee of the railroad company was arrested on the charge of having placed the tie on the track.

The Indian uprising in the West continues. A courier recently arrived at Baker City, Oregon, to ask for arms and men to go to the assistance of a company of fifteen scouts who were surrounded by Indians near Canon City. Two of the scouts had been killed and the rest were in great danger of being massacred.

The steamer Capital City and an elevator at Memphis, Tenn., were destroyed by fire, and two men on board the vessel were burned to death. The pecuniary loss reaches $250,000.

Throughout Ohio and Indiana a movement against the use of agricultural machinery has assumed large proportions, and many farmers have become seriously alarmed, as scores of reaping machines have been destroyed, and on other machines notices have been posted threatening their destruction if the owners do not discard their use and employ men to cut the grain.

Dispatches from the frontier indicate a very serious summer's campaign with the Indians. Orders have been sent to the different commands on the seaboard, directing detachments to proceed forthwith to Fort Leavenworth, to receive further instructions there regarding