

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

There are concerns in New York city, whose success depends upon successful advertising, which pay from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year salary to advertising managers.

Members of the Forty-first Kentucky Regiment claim that the United States Government owes them about \$3,000 each on the ground that they were never formally mustered out of the service.

A Florida judge who sentenced fifty tramps to receive each thirty-nine lashes on the bare back was moved by numerous appeals to revoke the sentence, but declares the penalty shall be enforced on the next lot of tramps brought before him.

In these days neither cities nor individuals can set their light under a bushel and still succeed in business. Advertising is the every-day labor to move the wheels of trade, and the newspapers are the most powerful mediums of advertisement.

A London coroner has raised the question whether a man can cough himself to pieces. A broken rib was found in a diseased lunatic, when medical evidence was brought forward to show that under certain abnormal conditions bones may be broken by muscular efforts, or even by a violent fit of coughing.

The fact that Berlin bankers are willing to lend Mexico upward of \$30,000,000 bears witness to the striking transformation of that country under the Diaz Administration. For the first time in thirty years the republic is able to borrow a large sum of money, and avails itself of the accommodation for the honorable purpose of paying debts long outstanding and until recently looked upon as worthless by European creditors.

There is in London an organization called "The Twenty Minutes Work" society. The rules are that any lady who joins this society shall work twenty minutes a day, or two hours a week, for the poor in East London. The garments when finished are generally sold at various mothers' meetings for a nominal sum, the proceeds being given to the sick fund of the parish in which the sale takes place, thus attaining a twofold object.

The London Times recently showed that the number of paupers in England and Wales had fallen from 910,000 in 1870 to about 667,000 in 1887, although the population had been increased by 3,700,000. The number of paupers per thousand inhabitants had fallen from 40 to 24. There were in London in 1870 nearly forty paupers to every 1,000 inhabitants, while at the end of August, 1887, there were only twenty-one per 1,000 inhabitants, the ratio for the metropolis during the present year and the last being the smallest on record. These facts are of deep significance.

It is understood from a recent communication from Antwerp to parties in New York, says the Cultivator, that the adulteration of American refined lard shipped to the former market has reached such a point and become so general that unless something is done on the American side to raise the standard, there will be legislation passed excluding American refined lard from that market. The cause of these complaints is understood to be chiefly due to the heavy consignment of cotton oil refined lard from the West, which have nearly ruined trade with all other continental markets in its imports of American lard.

California rejoices in the fact that it has no weather but plenty of climate; likewise in the fact that it has only two seasons to wrestle with, one partly wet and the other wholly dry. But, according to the Alta, of San Francisco, it has a very "ornery" State seal. "Upon its face," remarks the Alta, "is an impossible female, with a head-dress no woman would wear. Alongside of her is a stump-tailed bear nosing a cactus, while in the middle distance is a placer miner brandishing a pickaxe, and in the back distance is a sheet of alleged water occupied by a few schooners." It thinks this seal is as vacant as a bunghole or anything suggesting the present resources of the State, and calls for a new seal for New California.

The New York Sun says that the Russians are pushing forward the Trans-Caspian Railroad as rapidly as some of our own roads have advanced. The people of Bokhara never saw so novel a sight before as the spectacle of the 7,000 men who are now grading the road through the country where a few years ago no undisgusted white man was safe for a moment. The road is now ready for the rails for four-fifths of the way between the Oxus and Samarcand, nearly 300 miles, but the track cannot be laid until the bridge over the Oxus is completed. This bridge, now more than half finished, will be three miles long, and will be one of the largest structures of the sort in the world. It will connect the road now completed to the Oxus with the extension to Samarcand, and this spring the ancient capital of Tamerlane will be connected by steam with the Western world.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1 00 One Square, one inch, one month... 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months... 8 00 One Square, one inch, one year... 25 00 Two Squares, one year... 35 00 Quarter Column, one year... 20 00 Half Column, one year... 15 00 One Column, one year... 10 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for year's advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

OWNERSHIP.

Old Farmer Boggs, of Boggy Brook, Went to the count on Wednesday, and with his wife he strolled around to see the wonders there. "That horse," he said, "Gray Eagle Wing, Will take the highest prize; But our old Dobbin looks as well And better to my eye. He is, I know, what folks call slow; It's far the safest way to go; Some men, perhaps, might think it strange, I really should not like to change.

"And those fat oxen, Buck and Bright, Don't show so large a girth, Nor match like them, just to a hair, But I know what they're worth. They're good to plough, and good to draw, You stronger pullers never saw, And always mind my 'go and 'haw.' Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want to change."

"That Devon heifer cost, I heard, A thousand dollars," "Now," Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn Is just as good a cow; Her milk I'm sure 's the very best, Her butter is the yellowest; Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange, I really shouldn't want a change."

"Those premium hogs," said Mrs. Boggs, "My little Cheshire pig Is better than the best of them, Although he's not so big. And that young Jersey is not half So pretty as old Brindle's calf; Nor is there in the poultry pen As Speckled Wings so good a hen!"

As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook Rode homeward from the fair, He said: "I wish my animals Had all of them been there; And if the judges had been wise I might have taken every prize!" —Marian Douglas, in Youth's Companion.

BESIEGED BY SIOUX.

On the morning of August 18, 1862, as I was carrying a pail of milk from the cow yard to the house, on the farm of William Miller, seventeen miles from New Ulm, Minn., I saw a covered wagon coming along the prairie as fast as two horses could pull it. I handed the pail into the house, called to Miller and his wife, and by the time we were out doors the wagon had stopped at the gate. It was a vehicle belonging to a man named Saunders, living about nine miles away, and he and his family were inside. We had not reached the gate when he shouted: "Fly for your lives, the Indians are on the warpath!" He would have driven off with that, but one of his horses fell down in the harness from exhaustion. There was Saunders, his wife, and four children, and I never saw people so broken up. It was fully ten minutes before we could get their story in a shape to understand it. The Sioux rebellion, which many pioneers had predicted, had broken out at last. For the past three months we had noticed a change in the demeanor of the Indians, some of whom called at the house almost daily. They had become impudent and threatening, and many of the older settlers were becoming alarmed. Some would have given up their farms, but there were a few smart Alecks who rode about the country saying there was no danger, and that there were enough soldiers in the forts in the State to thrash all the Indians in the whole West. These men were, as we afterward found out, interested in the sale of real estate, and of course they did not want any sensational reports sent East. But for the civil war their raging there would have been no uprising of the Indians. Uncle Sam had his hands full in the South, and hundreds of our young men had enlisted to fight the Confederates.

Saunders had received warning at daylight from a settler on horseback, whose whole family had been butchered. He was a teamster, and his wagon then contained a part of a load of stores which he was hauling out to a store-keeper in a new settlement. He had unloaded some of the stores and hung in household goods and provisions, and had driven at such a pace as to exhaust one of his horses. Miller and his wife were Germans, cool and phlegmatic. Their all was invested right there. While they knew that trouble was at hand, they did not want to abandon everything at a mere alarm. We had three horses in the stable and six oxen in the barn, and for one to take the place of his exhausted beast. He was bound and determined to get on, even if he had to go on foot, and he consented to let the horse go. While he was being harnessed in Saunders asked us to throw out some of the merchandise and lighten the vehicle. We took out four kegs of powder, about one hundred pounds of lead, fifty pounds of shot, three double-barreled shot-guns, and some groceries, and the horse was no sooner in the traces than Saunders drove off at a gallop. "Well, what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Miller, as we stood looking after the wagon. "Stay and fight," replied the husband. "I was then a boy of 16, and had been with the Millers over a year. There was never a day but that some of the Sioux came along, and in many instances they had eaten of our food. Miller did not think it as serious a matter as it turned out to be, and with true Dutch grit he proposed to stick. We went into breakfast, ate as heartily as usual, and when we were through my employer said: "Now we will get ready for the Indians."

As we went out doors we saw three columns of smoke in different directions, showing that the murderous redskins were at work. Miller had 100 acres of land, almost every acre as level as a floor. We had just finished building a milk house over a spring, about 300 feet from the house. Around the spring was about two acres of broken ground, underlaid with rock, and a stream of water sufficient of this to lay up the walls of the milk house. Miller was a stone mason by trade, and his work had been well done. The house was pretty large, being 18x24 inside the walls, and the walls were perhaps a foot thick. The roof had been planked and then soiled, and the door was of heavy plank. The place would make a capital fort, and while I was carrying into it such things as Mrs. Miller directed, the husband used a crowbar to make loopholes in the walls.

In the course of an hour he drove five or six, and then he bored two in the door with a big auger. We carried in all the provisions in the house followed by the clothing and the bedding. While we worked we kept our eyes open for signs of Indians, but it was 11 o'clock before we saw them coming. They were not more than a mile away when we retired to our fort and barricaded the door. All the live stock had been turned loose and driven away, while the fowls were flying about on the prairie. There was very little left in the house, and the worst they could do was to burn it. When we shut ourselves up I missed two of the kegs of powder, but my query as to what had become of them Miller made no reply. There were rolls of paper from the morning except by a laugh. He had been working by himself all the forenoon, digging holes and running trenches, but I had been too busy to notice just what he was up to.

There were thirty-two mounted Indians in the band which came up, and among them they had five fresh scalps. Every one had a bow in his hand, and appeared much the worse for liquor. They had probably seen us enter the milk house, for they rode right up to the cabin without fear. We could see them very plainly, and among the gang we picked out several who had often been applied with food and ammunition. There were rolls of paper from the morning except by a laugh. He had been working by himself all the forenoon, digging holes and running trenches, but I had been too busy to notice just what he was up to.

When daylight came our enemies were re-enforced by a band of twelve, and these newcomers brought with them two settlers' teams and wagons and three prisoners. Two of the prisoners, a man and a woman, were killed soon after coming up. I knew the man. He lived about eight miles away, and had frequently called at our house. The third prisoner was a settler none of us knew. About an hour after daylight the Indians sent him forward with a white flag to demand our surrender. He came up within thirty feet of our barricade, and then halted and told us what he had been commanded to do. A dozen or more Indians had the rifle in hand, ready to shoot in case he attempted to play them false. He was a big powerful fellow, and I never saw such grief and anxiety in a human countenance. In a voice loud enough for the Indians to hear, he demanded our surrender, but in whispers he warned us not to, as every one of us could be butchered. Miller replied to him from a loophole, telling him to go back to the Indians and ask their best terms. When he returned he was to come as close as possible, and at a signal he was to spring forward, and the door was to be open for him. He was a pretty cool fellow, in spite of all his sufferings. He returned to the Indians, consulted for a few minutes, and when he came back to us he approached within twenty feet before he shouted to us to halt. Then he told us that we were permitted to take one of the teams and leave the country; that the Indians all loved us; that all they wanted to cover him, and we had our guns ready to cover him, and I saw him draw a long breath just before the signal came. As Miller opened the door and the men pulled the stranger made spring for shelter. It was a veritable spring for life. The Indians fired at him, but too late, and he pitched in among us without a scratch.

Then began a siege which lasted nine days, and in which over forty Indians were killed or wounded. They gathered in the quarry, as expected, and Miller and I were the only ones who were not badly wounded or killed. They tried every possible way to burn us out, and on one of these occasions, while they were congregated together, Miller sprang another of his mines and killed several of them. Five or six different times they displayed a flag of truce and sought to coax or threaten us into surrendering. Miller was wise enough to refuse to trust them. From first to last they fired about 4,000 bullets at our fort, but none of us was wounded. The besieging force never numbered less than thirty-five, and one day the number was over 100. On the ninth day troops came and drove the Indians off, and it was only then we learned of the widespread devastation. Not a house nor barn had been left standing for miles and miles in any direction. Crops had been destroyed, stock shot down, and settlers butchered or driven off all over a great section of the State. We had been the only ones outside of the towns to make a fight, and by our standing a siege we kept a large force of the savages from going against the settlers. —New York Sun.

Statues in the National Capitol. The State of Michigan is preparing to send to Washington a statue of Lewis Cass, to take its place among the large number now in position in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol. Each State is entitled to send statues of two of its distinguished citizens to be added to the collection. The Cass statue will cost \$10,000. Michigan has not yet decided upon the second distinguished citizen to be honored. It may be Stephen T. Mason, the first Governor, or perhaps the late Senator Zachariah Chandler.

New York's two statues are already in place. One is that of ex-Vice President George Clinton, in bronze; and the other, that of Robert Livingston, who was one of the committee of five that presented the Declaration of Independence. He was the first Chancellor of the State and administered the oath of office to Washington. He was also Minister to France when the purchase of Louisiana was completed. New York is the only State with more than two representatives. The third being a \$10,000 statue of Alexander Hamilton furnished by the Government. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A Rivak for Terrapin. A new industry at Auburndale, Fla., is a gopher farming. Judge Tison and John Mulken are equal partners in a large farm, embracing over 1,000 acres. They will try the market with a carload shipment to Washington. It is said the most fastidious epicure cannot tell the flesh of the Florida gopher from the Maryland terrapin. The Florida gopher is a species of turtle. —Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Meats and their Accompaniments. With roast beef, graded horseradish; roast pork, apple sauce; roast veal, tomato or mushroom sauce; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, cranberry sauce; boiled turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, blue currant jelly or red; boiled fresh mackerel, gooseberry sauce; boiled bluefish, white or cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas and cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

Staple Supplies. A store-room should be well ventilated and so arranged that it will not freeze in winter. Flour should be bought by the barrel, but Indian meal is so apt to become infested with weevils that it should not remain more than a week on hand. Twenty-five pounds of granulated sugar is enough to keep in store, with ten pounds of the loaf and powdered. Coffee is improved by keeping in a cool, dry place, but loses in flavor if kept too long after roasting. Vinegar improves with keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply. Butter, lard and drippings should be stored in jars and kept in the coldest and driest place. Soap should be purchased by the box, taken out of the wrappers and stood in a dry place, as it improves by keeping. Starch is much cheaper by the box. Vegetables are best stored in a room by themselves. —Detroit Tribune.

Making Soap. By and by the farm wife will be busy about the soap making, and many inquiries will be made as to how it should be done. An experienced soap maker describes the usual method of making soap for scouring wool in wool factories. He writes: "The manner of making the different grades of commercial soap is essentially the same, though different kinds of fat may be used. It is always made on a large scale, in enormous vats or boilers. Several hundred-weight of crude soda ash is first dissolved in boiling water in the soap boiler, which is a huge circular vessel holding from 300 to 1,000 gallons, with a steam pipe in the centre. Half the weight of the soda in pure caustic lime is then added, and the mixture boiled. When the time has rendered the soda caustic, the boiling is discontinued. Several hundred-weight of tallow are now put into the soap pan, which is a different vessel made of cast iron, to which heat is applied, either by means of furnace beneath it, or by steam carried by pipes around the bottom of the pan. The latter is the usual method. The pan usually holds several tons. After the tallow, cut up into pieces, is put into this pan, a quantity of the lye is added, the steam is turned on and the boiling continued until the lye is thoroughly incorporated with the tallow, and the whole becomes a pasty mass. Several shovelfuls of common salt are thrown in. This causes the lye to separate, and as the mass cools, the lye, deprived of its soda, is drawn off. Fresh lye is then added and boiled, and this is repeated until the tallow is saturated with the soda; that is, it will not take up any more. Water is now added until the proper consistency is reached. If resin is to be used, it is now added, and the mass again boiled. It is then run off into frames and molds, where it is allowed to solidify, and then is cut by wires into bars, dried, and packed in boxes. Two thousand pounds of yellow soap will require 1,000 pounds of tallow, 350 pounds of resin, with lye sufficient to make the whole a smooth, perfectly homogeneous and sapaceous mass. The figures given succinctly describe the proportions of the materials, viz.: ten pounds of tallow and 350 pounds of resin make twenty pounds of hard soap. —New York Tribune.

Useful Hints. Cold black tea is said to be good for keeping the hair in curl. If camphor is applied to a burn it will take out the fire almost immediately. For frosting, whites of eggs beat up stiff in half the time if first cooled in the refrigerator. Put a pail of water into the tubs directly after using, and they will not leak when wanted for use. Let dishes be neatly washed, rinsed in hot water and drained, and then rub them until they shine. Wetting the hair thoroughly once or twice a day with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out. Do not put iron on the stove to heat long before they are wanted, as an exposure to high heat will roughen and injure them. Children's feet should be bathed in warm water every night in the year, rubbed dry and the stockings hung up so they will be well aired. A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at night after you have finished using it. When you boil a cabbage, tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put it in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor which makes the house smell like an old drain will be absorbed by the bread. Moths are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in a piano, and may be kept out of it by placing a lump of camphor, wrapped in soft paper, in the inside corner, care being taken to renew it from time to time. Pattern table cloths for very wide tables can be obtained at but little more expense than that by the yard, and with the manifest advantage of having the border around the ends as well as along the sides. The patterns, too, are usually far prettier than those of the linen by the yard. Mr. Joseph Douon, who died at St. Augustin, Canada, recently, at the age of eighty-two years, left a widow aged eighty-one and sixteen children, 10 grand-children and eighty-three great grand-children, making in all a family of 290 persons. He had been married sixty-four years.

GOTHAM'S RIVER PIRATES.

HUMAN WHARF RATS WHO LIVE BY STEALING FROM VESSELS.

Carrying Off an Entire Ship—The Floating Police Station Which Watches the Plunderers. It may seem strange that there are gangs of human beings who live on the rivers and are housed like water rats under the docks and piers of this great town. Not even London with its hosts of Thames pirates and its skulking boat robbers ever had a more lawless multitude than the thieves that for many years made the harbor of New York a terror to honest mariners and a danger to commerce.

Most of the old gang who swept the rivers and piers in their snaky black boats ten to twenty years ago have been shot to death, drowned, or have died in prison, and although the waterside of the city is much safer than it was in those days, there are still many predatory rascals that keep the watchmen wakeful along the pier where goods are transported. The working ground of the river thieves is wherever booty is to be found and carried away with the smallest risk. At the East River docks fronting the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the river sweeps around a ragged jutting turn and the tide dashes about uncomfortably, the pirates occasionally hold high carnival. The big south-side teneement running close to the water's edge are hiding places for the criminals and storage ground for their plunder. So too on the West Side down in the neighborhood of Charlton and the adjoining streets abutting the docks of the North River, where the vicious elements live and thrive, the water thieves find chances for robbery and odd corners in which to hide what they have stolen. Before the present system of police surveillance a d repression was adopted no man's life was thoroughly secure on any of the richly-laden vessels that lay within easy reach of the docks when the darkness of night covered them, and many a tale of piracy is yet told among the grizzly-headed longshoremen that crowd the drinking-places along the West street piers.

The scandal of the lawlessness, the robberies and occasional murders that occurred on the water front culminated one night when a richly freighted sloop, captain, crew and vessel, were taken bodily from an East River pier, towed out safely far into the bay and stripped of every thing of value that the sloop and its crew possessed. The hull of the boat was left, but that was about all, and the crew were landed and warned to get away from New York as fast as they could ship again. And the did, for when after long investigation two of the thief pirates were captured, not a man of the sloop's party could be found to testify against them.

But the occurrence stirred up the authorities and very soon the Harbor Patrol became a recognized and essential portion of the city's police force. It did not suppress river piracy, nor has it suppressed it, but the thieves have been driven from many of their skulking places under the piers and along the docks, and where almost whole cargoes used to be stolen and carried away the robbers must now content themselves with a small boatload and run their chances of escape from the swift-oared police-boats that day and night keep watch and ward over the docks and the stream.

Down under the big iron pier that is the city's great outlet to Coney Island during the summer months there is a ragged looking stone building, where the Department of Locks has its offices. Close up to this building, in a granite-walled slip, lies, when not on duty, a rakish, black hulled side-wheeler that carries forty men, and is nothing more than a less than a police station. No one would suppose that in official parlance the good and seaworthy craft, which has the single word "Patrol" on her wheel-house, is a numbered precinct station-house, with round-men and sergeants and a captain, just like the big buildings in various sections of the town where our ordinary policemen are based. But the men who fill the ranks on the Patrol are of a far different brawn and muscle from the men who guard our streets. Many of them are young, hearty fellows who have served an apprenticeship on the sea, and all of them can handle an oar or launch a boat with as much promptness and safety as the most experienced sailor. They carry no clubs while on night duty along the river, for the pirates need more forcible arguments than the shabby iron night-stick, and those are furnished usually from the quick speaking mouths of the big revolvers which the Harbor Police carry. The life is not a pleasant one by any means, for the river front is a long one and the wintry nights are the thieves' best time for plundering. Through the darkness, the rain and the sleet, along the choppy water, under big ferry piers and among the harbor shipping, out into the stream and over toward the Jersey shore, around the dirty East River docks, always full of good things and swarming with thieves, the three police boats, with six men each, pull silently and swiftly all through the night. The pirates know that the glare of the police lantern may be thrown upon them out of the darkness at any instant, and that a spotted pair of brassy arms will send the boat spinning through the water after them in a way that will make escape impossible. The Harbor Patrol has done and continues to do a great work. It has not, and may never be able to entirely drive out the river thieves, but when one considers the miles of river front that are to be guarded, the hundreds of wharves and docks that are to be watched, the thousands of craft coming and going that are to be looked after, and the untold millions in freights laden and unladen which are to be saved from depredations, it must certainly appear a marvelous thing that forty men with revolvers in their hands and the law at their backs have been able to do so much for the preservation of life and property along our piers and among our hitherto ungarded shipping. —N. Y. Graphic.

There are 700 incubators in this country, and the production is 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 annually.

PHASES.

A song of life I sing, A ripple in a stream— A day and night I kiss— A smile—a kiss— A sweet, enchanted dream. We strive for might and power, Some newer heights to climb— Our triumphs ring— We shout and sing A psalm of life sublime. We long for "sweet repose," For rest and quiet sigh— Ah! wherefore must We live—in dust Our shattered idols lie. We moan and look for Death, And count his coming dear— Our heart's dull pain Knows no refrain, Save sigh and sob and tear. With meekly folded hands, We neither sing nor sigh— Our longings done— Our rest begun— In peaceful sleep we lie. —Sarah M. Osborne.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A two-foot rule—Never wear tight shoes. A very troublesome young lady—Misunderstood. For weights that are dark commend us to coal scales. —Pittsburg Chronicle. The sweetest thing in curses is when a pretty girl purses her lips. —Epoch. A firm resolve—an agreement to go into partnership. —Merchant Traveler. Jay Gould's advice is to "keep out of bad company." The Western Union Company for instance. —Life. How to cook a canvas-back duck is instructive. How to buy one, at present prices, is a problem. —Baltimore American. The cat is shining as bright as silk. She's a beautiful sight to see; For she seems to feel while lapping the milk, The lap of luxury. "Boys, these days," remarked a newsboy, as he picked up the stump of a cigar and sniffed at it, "begin where the grown people leave off."

Maud (awakened suddenly at 3 a. m.) —"Mother, there's a man trying to break into the house." "Hush, my child; it's your father. He's afraid to ring the bell."

There is a man in Chicago who plays billiards for the drinks before he goes home in the afternoon and then whips his youngest son for playing marbles. —Merchant Traveler. "Silence in the courtroom," thundered a recently elected police magistrate. The court has already committed four persons to jail for being able to hear a word of the testimony.

Making Pottery With Great Rapidity.

A novel and remarkable exhibition was given at the Westminster Museum, when Harry Flaxman, the clever potter worker, undertook the feat of making an entire tea-set of forty-four pieces in the short space of 7 1/2 minutes. When it was announced that such an attempt would be made, those who were unacquainted with the record of the young man from Wedgwood's great pottery establishment, England, offered wagers that it could not be accomplished. Much interest was manifested by the large number present when Manager Bingham gave the word and Flaxman began his task, while several watches ticked off the minutes. The pliable clay was manipulated with deft and skilful fingers and twelve cups and saucers, 20—a the board in short order. General merchandise were piled upon each other, and under four large plates, a teapot, sugar bowl and two other vessels sprang up as if by magic, all shapely and almost perfectly formed. When the last piece was finished the hands on the majority of the watches indicated the lapse of eight minutes from the time of starting, and the remarkably quick workman rested, beaten by a half minute. But he can make the set in seven and one-half minutes under more favorable circumstances. The whole work, including molding, is accomplished by the fingers, and the only tools used are a thin glass wire for cutting the clay and a small revolving wheel. —Providence Journal.

Not a Paradise for Doctors.

The Chinese penal code provides that when an unskilful physician, in administering medicines or using the acupuncture needle, proceeds contrary to the established forms, and thereby causes the death of the patient, the magistrate shall call in other physicians to examine the medicines or the wound. If it appear that the injury done was unintentional, the practitioner shall then be treated according to the statute for accidental homicides, and shall not any longer be allowed to practice medicine. But if he have designedly departed from the established forms, and have practiced deceit in his attempts to cure the malady in order to gain property, then, according to its amount, he shall be treated as a thief; and if death ensues from his malpractice, then for having thus used medicine with intent to kill, he shall be beheaded. There appears to be nothing in the "Celestial" code answering to the laws of "barbarian" nations concerning civil damages recoverable by parties made to suffer from "unintentional" malpractice. —Chicago News.

Where the Oldest Citizen is Honored.

Belgium has the habit of paying worship to its oldest citizen. The oldest citizen here is as much an official as Tenyson is in England. In order that the patriarch's fame may wing its flight across the Atlantic, I must tell you that his name is William Van Heuterghem and that he is at the present moment one hundred and six years old. The Government allows him a little pension, which suffices for all his material wants. The entire population of Lunderdowze, where he resides, is waiting him as I write these lines. Walizes are being composed in his honor; poems laudatory of him are being penned and recited. The Mayor and corporation are presenting him with an address, and the clergy are giving him their benedictions. The respectable old gentleman is enjoying the best of health and is as solid, as the best and active as a man of forty. —Chicago News.