LIQUID CANDY.

be Secret of Its Manufacture Erplained.

For the benefit of those who visit the percelain works at Sevres the guide Among other things he shows how the delicate cups are made. He holds in his hand a mold, fills it from a tank of porcelain mixture as one would fill a glass with ice water from a cooler holds it for a moment or two and then pours out the mixture from the mold The solution is a saturated one, that is to say, a given quantity of the liquid cannot contain any more of the solid than is actually in it. But the mold being porous it withdraws some of the from the mixture, and a portion of the solid part, having lost the water layer along the surface of the mold. This is the cup and after a number of strengthening processes it bees the delicate, egg shell porcelair

In much the same way the candy drops are made. The liquid is a saturated solution and will not dissolve any more sugar, just as your coffee in the morning will not dissolve the fourth lump of sugar that you put into it, but disintegrating it, deposits it at the bottom of the cup. The sweet mixture is poured into molds of absorbent mate-cial, starch, for example, which at once

Degins to absorb the water.

That part of the sugar that has been robbed of its water is deposited against the mold, just as the porcelain is, and the result is the liquid drop, which it is to be regretted has sometimes a little liquor added to it for flavoring. The liquid that is conuned within the drop has already all the sugar it can possibly hold, being saturated, so it cannot

attack the sugar walls that confine it.

The whole process is a simple and ineresting experiment in absorption, although probably not one in a thousand of those who have tasted the candy have had any idea of the method of its manufacture.—Philadelphia Times.

A Dollar Well Spent.

Prof. Mendenhall, of the United States Coast Survey, and a scientist of world-wide reputation, discovered his special mental bent in a curious way. He was the son of a farmer in B Western village. One day, when he was about fourteen years old, a man from another township bought a cow of his father, who, not wishing to be troubled with delivering the animal himself, said:

"My son, I will give you a dollar to drive that cow to X—— for me,"
"How far is it?" asked the boy.

Twenty-five miles by the road you would have to take.

The distance was long, but the dollar looked big. A bargain was struck on the spot, and the next morning, before daylight, the farmer's son started on his journey.

He reached his destination by night, very tired, but, before going to bed, he happened to notice in a corner of the sitting-room of the house in which he was to lodge, a well-worn copy of Euclid. A glance inside of the book fracinated the youngster, who sat most of the night, in spite of his day's tramp poring over the angles and arcs, sines and tangents. He resolved he must have that book. The next morning he said to the master of the house:

"What will you take for your Eu-

The man reflected a moment, and then said he would sell the book for a

Down went young Mendenhall's hand into his pocket; out came the dollar which he had so hardly earned, and the next minute he was the owner of the book, which he carried tenderly under his arm as he trudged home. That was the opening suggestion of a career in science, of which any man might be proud.-Golden Days.

Rainy Days.

Sir John Millais once said of Scotland that it is like a pebble in which all the best colors are brought out by the rain. Two persons were comparing notes recently of the most vivid pictures they remembered of country scenes and both said that the pleasantest picture they had in mind was of a rainy day. 'I shall never forget," said one, "the glistening leaves in the vegetable garden back of the house. I can see the brown wet earth and the varying shades of green to-day just as plainly as when I watched them disconsolately from the window. Even then I thought them beautiful." "And I," said the other, "remember the pelting of rain upon the dusty road and upon the sand and have always before me the black waves crested as I have never seen them in any but Cabanel's pictures rising against a gray sky which only a Turner could paint." It is Alice Cary who speaks of the pictures which hang on memory's wall. Be sure you get gainy day sketch for that wall this summer. It may be framed by a hotel or farm house window and the price of it may be a disappointment, but it will be a treasure for the coming years.

Spine of the Child.

If girls are taught to sit properly apon a chair with an ordinary straight ack, they can rest their spines perfeetly upon the bars behind them, without any suspicion of lolling, even at meal times. Often a mother will say, "I always make my children sit upright," and when we see the ugly forms, with their shoulders gradually rounding forward, we wonder if she has seen a picture of the human spine, and if she realizes how easily it can become wearled and out of shape through small bad habits.

Let the growing children walk uprightly, the foot turned out a little, and every muscle of it used; shoulders back and head erect; straight without being stiff; springy in step, without anything approaching to a jerk. Sit firmly and sensibly, according to the needs of the body. Lie flat upon the floor if they are tired, rather than huddled up in an easy chair; and they will grow up into rosy cheeked, strong, merry and graceful young men and women, giving pleasure, whatever their faces be like, to all who look at them.

Going Off.

"Papa, where are we going this sum-"I don't know, Willie. Off some-

where. said Willie. "Like firecrackers?"

A VACATION HINT FOR BOYS.

Some Suggestions for Young Insect Collectors.

Many of the wideawake youngsters who are planning to spend their vaca-tion in the country will find special fascination in making a collection of insects. Now is the time to study up the subject of preserving these treasured specimens. One who is interested in natural history, and has been especially successful in preserving insects for his fine collection, claims that there is no varnish nor other preparation of this sort which will preserve the insects by being placed upon them. Certainly to varnish moths or lepidoptera would injure them, and beetles would not be kept from falling apart because of this application.

In the first place, in collecting in-sects it is a good plan to kill them with eyanide potassium, prepared by mixing it with plaster of Paris and water, in wide-mouthed bottles kept tightly corked, except when placing insects in them. The fumes of the cyanide of potassium will quickly kill the insect, and this also helps to preserve it from

the attacks of museum pests.

After the insect is killed, if it is fleshy, like a large-bodied moth, for instance, take a pair of pointed scissors, cut open the under side of the body, holding the slight cut open with a pair of jewelers' pincers, and with a second pair of pincers take out the contents of the body. Then fill the body with cotton, made the right size and rolled in hellebore and a little arsenic. The hellebore tends to dry the body and

helps the arsenic to preserve it. Very large beetles may be prepared in the same way, closing the upper cut made in the body and letting it dry.

The only way to keep insects from falling apart is to put them in tight boxes or cases that will keep out the museum pests-the anthrenus museorum and dermestes lardarius-as they are called.

The larva of the dermestes eat into the bodies of the specimens, doing their destructive work out of sight. After they are through there is nothing left but a thin shell; and soon the head will fall off, the wings will follow and the specimens become worthless. A fine collection should be kept inclosed in tight cases to save it, as it will certainly be destroyed if the least chance

is given to these pests to reach it. With these precautions a collection should be carefully examined as often as once a month in cold weather and twice a month in warm weather. It is also well to keep a piece of cotton pinned in each case, which has been dipped in creosote as a help to pre-

serve the collection.

It should be remembered that sev-eral of the preparations mentioned are poisons, and the boys who are interesting themselves in studying insects and their habits of life, while making a collection of native specimens, should be allowed only to collect and arrange his specimens, while some one older uld attend to this work of preserving them. After all, the trouble and time required for the work (by the mother or older sister, or the one most interested in giving the boys a "royal good time" during the summer outing) will be very slight in proportion to the pleasure given to the enthusiastic col-lector in thus taking an interest in his treasured specimens; and much danger from the use of the poisons by the in-experienced boy will be avoided. Evmother should keep herself posted in the studies and pastimes that prove of special interest to her wideawake son, and even if the outing preparations require a great deal of time, it will pay to study up this subject of insect collection and preservation for the boy who is interested in natural his-

A Child's Game.

The Chinese Tea Table-All the children must form a circle and choose the names of articles used upon the tea 'Tea" begins. She turns round rapidly, saying "I turn Tea, who turns Sugar?

Little Cora, who is Sugar, then begins to turn around, saying "I turn Sugar, who turns Milk?" Margaret-I turn Milk, who turns

Bella-I turn Cream, who turns Hot Water?

Mabel, whose name is Hot Water, forgets to turn, and pays a forfelt.

Mabel—I turn Hot Water, who turns

Dorothy-I do, who turns Muffins? "A forfeit, Dorothy; you must say the exact words."

Charley-I turn Muffins, who turns Crumpets? Sidney-I turn Crumpets, who turns

Harold-I turn Cake; and now we are all turning round like teetotums!

When may we stop? Ada-Not till I say "take away the So the revolving tea table articles

continue to whirl around for some sec-onds till Ada claps her hands and cries: "Take away the Tea," when they all sit in their chairs again.

This game may be played by any number of little girls and boys, and after turning twice in one direction turn in the opposite way, so as not to become dizzy.—Bxchange.

Water for Your Pets.

When you rush in so thirsty that you ean hardly wait to draw a glass of water remember that your dog and cat may be suffering in just the same way, so look at their bowl. If well cared for they will not drink water on which the dust has settled or which has grown tepid from standing in a hot room. Let them have a bowl of pure, cold water several times a day. The experiment was tried last summer of giving a pet dog water that had been slightly iced. He had more sense than his human friend, however, and declined drinking until the liquid had changed to the

natural temperature.

Cage birds, especially parrots, often injure themselves by biting and pulling their tail feathers. A correspondent of a foreigh paper offers the informa-"ion that this habit may be overcome by suspending an old ribbon or necktie in the cage close to the perch. says that a string of old spools will give the bird much pleasure, observation leading her to believe that the biting comes from what would be called in human beings nervousness arising from lask of something to do.

He-My dear, some of those people behind us are making remarks about your hat. She-Isn't it on straight?-Brooklyn Life.

Friend-What did you find the most difficult thing when you wrote your first verses? Poet-To find some one who would let me read them to him.-

"Waiter, I hope this steak isn't a piece of the bull from the bull fight yesterday?" "No, Senor, I think it is a piece of the horse from the bull fight yesterday."-Truth.

Physician-You must avoid all men-tal exertion. Patient-But, docfor, I must finish a society novel upon which I am working. Physician—Oh, I guess that will be all right,—Commercial Ad-

Mrs. Sharpley-Then, perhaps, you are familiar with the old saw? Patie-What old saw, ma'am? Mrs. Shapeley
—"The one behind the woodhouse But he was gone.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Manager-That leading comedian of ours seems to be getting a swelled head. Assistant—They do, sometimes. Manager-If he keeps on he'll begin to think he's more important than the cooling apparatus.—Puck.

More Repartee,—"You can't keep a good man down," said the proverb-lov-ing boarder. "Not," said the typewriter boarder, "unless he has a seat in the car. Then you can't get him up."-Cincinnati Enquirer. "Do you ride a wheel?" asked the cludest of the doctors on the Insanity Commission. "Yep," answered the subject. "What make?" "I never noticed." The verdict was unanimous—

dementia.-Cincinnati Enquirer. Petie Pushalong—You know the proverb, ma'am, "She that giveth to the poor an' unfortunit lendeth to the Lord." Mrs. Sharpley—You are s lover of proverbs, I see. Petie—Yes, ma'am. I—wuz brought up on 'em.

Mrs. Wickwire-I suppose, like most of your class, you think that the world is all wrong. Dismal Dawson-Yes'm, While they was makin' it, it would have been jist as easy as not to make all the roads run down hill.-Indianapolis Journal.

The famous baseball pitcher had walked the floor with the youngest of his family for an hour or so. "Mary," said he, "if the manager saw me now I bet I'd get soaked with a fine."
"Why?" asked his wife, sopply. "I
don't seem to have any control of the
bawl at all, I don't."—Cincinnati En-

Sherlock Holmes at the 'Phone. ? "Hello!"

The law clerk was in communication with the typewriter in another office. "Ah, you have red hair," he remark-

"How in the world can you tell "A white horse has just passed. Your

hair is not very red, though." "How can you tell?"

"The horse is not very white."
"For the land's sake!"

"And you once lived in the agricultural districts."

'Y-e-s, I did-once; but how did you "By your exclamation, 'for the land's

"You are from the country, too," she

"Yes; how did you know that?" "By the way you rang that telephone You thought you were still turn-

ing a grindstone." Never turned a grindstone in my

"Then it was a feed-cutter, a coffee mill, a corn sheller, or a cider press, It's all one. And you have whiskersno, it may be the wind whistling through the telegraph wires I hear. Good-by."-San Francisco Post.

Getting Desperate. Mrs. Scribbler-What shall I order

for dinner to-day, Ephraim? Mr. Scribbler (thoughtfully)-Softshell crabs, cucumbers, terrapin, balf a dozen lobsters, sauerkraut, tripe, charlotte russe, pickled pigs' feet, caviare, spaghetti, olives, Philadelphia scrapple, Chinese mooncakes, salt pork to fry. some pickled onlons, frozen pudding, and some cherries and milk.

Mrs. Scribble-Mercy! Do you want to commit suicide?

Mr. Scribbler-No; but I am going to write a poem like Stephen Crane's tonight, or die in the attempt.-Somerville Journal.

Seiling a Hat, Miss Passee (aged forty)—I wish to French Milliner-For yourself, miss?

Miss Passee—Yes. French Milliner—Marie, run down stairs and get me ze hat for ze ladies between eighteen and twenty-five years,-Tid-Bits.

His Principles. "You're for free silver, I see," remarked Bronson, as he turned over his salary to the affable hold-up.

"Yes," responded the highwayman; 'I'm for free silver where there's no protection." And with a Bland smile ne walked into darkness .-- Puck.

A Matter of Making Up. The wife of his bosom had bought for him Just the loveliest made-up tie, And he only escaped from wearing the

thing By many a made-up lie. -Indianapolis Journal.

That Was the Cause of It. "A Bicycle Face-The Philosophical Cynic paused to observe one.

-Illustrates forcibly the saying

that 'there's a wheel within a wheel.' How She Parsed Love. 'A common noun is 'Love,'" she said; At least till Jack asks Popper;

Then, to parse it, I should say

"It certainly is proper." An Instituation. Fanny Westside-Is baldness a sign

of intellectuality? Era Quoy (head like an egg)-In some uses, Miss Westside. With me it's a sign I didn't marry my first love.

THE NEW CABINET OFFICER. David R. Francis, Who Will Be Secretary of the Interior For a Short Time.

David Roland Francis, the new secretary of the Interior, is an exgovernor of Missouri, and has several times before been mentioned as a possible cabinet member. He has been for more than ten years a prominent figure in Missouri politics.

Mr. Francis is a Kentuckian by birth and is not quite 46 years old. At the age of 15 years he removed to St. Louis and was educated at Washington University in St. Louis. After being graduated he returned to Kentucky, and for a short time studied law, but as his funds were low he accepted an offer from his uncle, then the head of a large commission house in St. Louis, and returned to that city to work as a shipping clerk. He developed so much business ability that he soon became a partner in the firm, and a few years later branched out for himself in the same business. His success in commercial life was phenomenal. He operated largely in wheat, and in a few years had amassed a fortune of \$750,000, which, by the way, it is said, he has since then almost doubled. He was successively elected director, vice president and president of the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis.

It was not until he had reached a high position in the commercial world and had become a millionaire that Mr. Francis turned his attention to politics. He was first elected as a delegate to the Democratic convention of 1884 which nominated Grover Cleveland. The next spring he was elected mayor of St. Louis, which office he filled for three years. As mayor he was noted for his vetoes of franchise bills and for his generally vigorous policy. It was while he was still mayor that he was elected governor. During his term of office he entertained lavishly, and Jefferson City enjoyed the gayest social seasons which it had ever known. At the time he was the youngest governor in the country.

Ever since 1884 Mr. Francis has been a strong personal friend of President Cleveland. During the latter's first term Mr. Francis was mentioned as a probable cabinet member, but he was not chosen because of political complications. When President Cleveland came to make up his second cabinet, the name of Mr. Francis was again on the list. When Mr. Bissell resigned, it was thought that Francis would succeed him, but the time for him to enter the cabinet did not come until Hoke Smith's resignation. Secretary Francis will have six months to

According to a celebrated anatomist there are upwards of 5,000,000 little glands in the human stomach. These glands pour out the digestive juices which dissolve or digest the restore the health of these organs. The best and most natural help is that given by Shaker Digestive Cordial. Natural, because it supplies the materials needed by the glands to prepare the digestive juices. Because it strengthens and invigorates the glands and the stomach, until they are able to do their work alone. Shaker Digestive Cordial cures indigestion certainly and permanently. It does so by natural means, and therein lies the secret of its wonderful and unvaried success.

At druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

Medicinal Foods.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia. Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia. Watercress is a remedy for scurvy. Onions are almost the best nervine known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion. Spinach is useful to those with gravel. Asparagus is used to induce perspiration. Corrots for sufferers from asthma. Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy. Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt and heated by placing it in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly, and affords the best nourishment. Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in a compact, quicly available form. Beaten up raw with sugar they are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice the beaten white of egg is to relieve hoarseness. Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

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## SAPOLIO

GIRLS DUCK A PLEPER.

Heroic Measures Adopted by Fair Bathers in a Jersey Stream.

Madge and Jennie Hackett, who live in New York, have been spend- their singing is not known, but he had ing their vacation as the guests of crawled up to a convenient place be-Miss Martha Robbins at her father's hind the hedge, leaned forward, lost food. Indigestion is want of juice, farm, in Old Bridge, a village about his balance, and fallen through. He weakness of glands, need of help to ten miles from New Brunswick. Young was recognized by Miss Hickman as men with leisure are scarce in that vicinity, and the girls have had to amuse themselves as best they might with the aid of Miss Sadie Hickman and Miss Agnes Thayer, who live on adjoining farms. Each of the five girls is about 20 years old.

Yesterday morning they held a conference and debated the question of what they should do to entertain themselves during the day. It was Miss Hickman who suggested that they should take a swim in the brook.

"That's a splendid idea," said Miss Robbins, "but what will we do for bathing suits?"

"Oh, we can dig up something. Anything will do. I can take you to a place where the swimming is grand and nobody would ever come near us. There's a thick hedge right down to the edge of the bridge.' Upon this assurance the five girls

started for the brook, and five minutes after they had reached the bank there were five splashes and they were enjoying the coolness of the water.

Having got them safely into the water, the reporter may now safely disclose the fact that two of them had decided at the last moment to dispense with bathing suits altogether. The attire of the other three was not so complete as the regulations at Asbury Park prescribe, but all of the girls felt perfectly safe in their remoteness from any roads or houses.

They dived and ducked and splashed each other to their hearts' content, and at length, in sheer excess of enjoyment, they began singing in the water. This performance came to a sudden stop as the eyes of Miss Hickman were seen to be fixed in mute norror upon a point in the hedge along the bank. As the sound of the girls' voices died away there was a rustling in the hedge, then a crash, and a man fell out upon the hedge of the stream.

"Oh!" cried Miss Hickman.

"Oh, oh!" ejaculated Miss Robbins. "O-o-o-o-h!" shricked the other three in chorus.

The two whose interest in this turn of affairs was most acute, and whose identity shall not be disclosed in this story, tried to get as far down into their heads under.

The man in the meantime had scrambled to his feet, and stood gazing intently at the shells, which could plainly be seen at the bottom of the clear stream. Whether he had followed the girls or had been attracted by her father's farm hand. Samuel G.

"Sam," she screamed, "go away from here this minute! What do you mean by standing there? Go away, I tell you.

Sam's only response was a comprehensive grin.

It was a time for prompt and heroic measures. The five girls got as far away from the bank as possible, and held a whispered consultation. Then there was a sudden and unexpected movement upon the enemy. The three girls, who were not entirely unincumbered, made a dash for the bank. Sam saw that they were after him and started to run, but he stumbled and tell, and before he could rise the three girls had pounced upon him. They pushed, pulled and dragged him to the bank at a distance from the point where the other girls were, and, in spite of his protestations, they took him into deep water and held his head under long enough for the other girls to get out of the water and behind the hedge. Then they gave Sam a breather, but before he could get the water out of his eyes

down went his head again. "A-grr-bb-b!" he remarked as he went under, but no attention was paid to this suggestion.

He was kept under water, with brief intervals for breath, until the girls had resumed their clothes. Then the three let him go, and he ran of dripping water by the bucketful When he got to Farmer Hickman's house he went in to change his clothes A couple of minutes later the girls began to arrive, and they told Hickman what had happened.

Hickman went on the war path for Budlong. He burst into his room, and, grabbing him, ran him down stairs, half clothed as he was, and kicked him out of the house. There is a vacancy now for a discreet farm hand on Mr. Hickman's farm.

Not Like Its Parents.

Elam Russell, weight 200 pounds of Plainfield, Ind., is the proud papa of a ro-inch baby, which weighed one pound and a half at its birth, and at the end of three weeks weighed three pounds. Mrs. Russell's weight is 150 pounds.