

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 material, starch for example, which at once begins to absorb the water. That part of the sugar which has been robbed of its water is deposited against the mold, just as the porcelain was, and the result is the liquid drop, which is to be regretted has sometimes a little brandy added to it for flavoring. The liquid which is confined within the drop has already all the sugar it can possibly hold, being saturated, so it cannot attack the sugar walls which confine it. The whole process is a simple and interesting 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.

NUGGETS FROM THE SAGE OF CHELSEA.

Carlyle was not a man of business, but he would have made a success of it had he tried it. In his writings one finds these lines of solid business truth: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market." "Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody." "To succeed, work hard, earnestly and incessantly." "All honest men will bear watching; it is the rascals who cannot stand it." "Better have the window empty than filled with unseasonable and unattractive goods." "When you hang a sign outside your place of business, let it be original in design and of good quality." "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance." "Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

George—"Whew! What can be the matter? Telegram says, 'Come home immediately.'" George (rushing to his suburban home one hour later)—"Tell me quick, my dear. What is it?" Young wife—"The baby said Mamma."

THE SINGING MOUSE IN REPERTOIRE.

A MUSICAL MARVEL CHICAGO EVENING LAMP.

From the little town of Hodgenville, Ky., comes the true story of a mouse that sings like a lark and imitates a wren, a chicken or a mocking bird with wonderful accuracy. This musical little animal is owned by Mr. Richard Russ, who lives in Hodgenville, and who keeps his remarkable pet in a cage and amuses his friends now and then with the tiny fellow's warblings. The other day, when the mouse was put on exhibition by his fond master, a correspondent who was present vouches for what happened as follows:

The mouse showed no signs of being scared, "Now," said Mr. Russ, "as soon as I feed it you will hear it sing." He gave the mouse a few crumbs, which it began to devour. As soon as it had finished its meal it began chirping like a chicken, then like a wren and then like a mocking bird. It kept this up four minutes, when the appearance of a cat interrupted it. Mr. Russ at once put the cat out, but the mouse was so scared that it would not consent to sing. After dinner several men from the neighborhood called in to hear the wonderful mouse sing. As soon as it finished more crumbs which were given to it, it began to sing.

"Every night for the last two weeks," said Mr. Russ, "we have been hearing strange noises, which sounded like the singing of a bird. For the first two or three nights we paid but little attention to it, but upon the continuance of this strange noise, we decided to investigate the matter, but we could not discover it. We called in several gentlemen to keep watch with us, and we sat up all night for two nights. The noise would not stay in one place, but would run from one room to another, then upon the roof. We began to think," he continued, "that may be this strange noise was a ghost, or a warning that some one of the family would soon die. This idea scared us all, and we were determined to find out what it was. Just then the noise sounded as if it was under the hearth, when out ran a mouse, which was grabbed by Mr. Kennedy. We locked it up in a corn-popper and continued our search, when about midnight the noise came from the popper. Then we were convinced that the mouse was the cause of our uneasiness, much to our joy."