

on the road that happened to be before us, and not allow anything to pass us that was coming up behind; but the many scrapes in which he involved me for payment of damages to stable partitions, as well as for doctors' bills for attendance on ostlers that he had kicked, or nearly squeezed to death against the sides of the stall, compelled me to part with him.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

The death of an ossified man in Tennessee is reported. He died hard.—*Chicago Tribune*. This is as bad as a man who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. It suggests also the case of the consumptive undertaker who died of a coffin.—*Medical Record*. These remind us of a man who choked while eating an apple, and died of appleplexy.—*National Medical Review*. It was in a St. Louis hotel that a Pike County farmer blew out the gas and died from gastritis.—*Meyer Brothers' Druggist*. Not any worse than the man struck by an engine; verdict, died from locomotor attacks.—*Montreal Pharmaceutical Journal*. The other day a negro in Southern Georgia ate six watermelons. He died of melancholia.—*Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal*. "Gaily the troubadour touched his cattarrh," you will remember. And that is what was the matter with the troubadour.—*The National*. And the summing up of the whole list was exemplified in the death of the Life Insurance agent who died the other day of knows-all-ogy.—*Detroit Indicator*.

"How," demanded the advocate of equal suffrage, impassionedly, "are women to be induced to stop and reflect? 'Put up mirrors.' They searched for him who had spoken, but found him not, nor knew they aught of him except that he must be a supporter of the ancient regime and an observer of human nature.

ARTIFICIAL GEODES.

THE MYSTERY OF LIQUID CANDIES HAPPY THOUGHT.

King Alfred it was, though some say Dr. Johnson, who, examining with care some apple dumplings and finding no seam, was puzzled to know how the apple could possibly have gotten inside. We modern Americans, all of us kings and sovereigns in our own right, are confronted with an equally puzzling problem in those candies which are solid on the outside, yet which contain within a quantity of sweetened, flavored liquid. Two questions arise in the mind of the inquisitive one, first, how the liquid became enclosed within its prison cell, and second, why it does not dissolve its way out through the thin crust of sugar. But puzzling as it seems, the reason is very simple, and the process is one used in others of the arts besides the confectioner's, and, according to some authorities, even by Dame Nature herself in the formation of those curious miniature crystal caves known as geodes, many of which have been found to contain a liquid.

For the benefit of those who visit the porcelain works at Sèvres the guide explains to some extent the processes. 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, withdraws some of the liquid from the mixture, and a portion of the solid part, having lost the water which belongs to it, is deposited in a thin layer along the surface of the mold. This is the cup, and, after a number of strengthening processes, it becomes the delicate, egg-shell porcelain cup.