

How to Tell a Good Potato.

Here is a good place in which to impart what is a secret to the vast majority of people, and it is one well worth knowing. It is simply how to tell a good potato, that is, as well as it can be done without cooking it, for sometimes even experts are deceived. Take a sound potato, and paying no attention to its outward appearance, divide it into two pieces with your knife and examine the exposed surfaces. If there is so much water or "juice" that seemingly a slight pressure would cause it to fall off in drops, you may be sure it will be "soggy" after it is boiled. The requisite qualities for a good potato which must appear when one is cut in two—for color a yellowish white; if it is a deep yellow the potato will not cook well; there must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not too much; rub the two pieces together and a white froth will appear around the edges and upon the two surfaces; this signifies the presence of starch, and the more starch, and consequently froth, the better the potato, while the less there is the poorer it will cook. The strength of the starchy element can be tested by releasing the hold upon one piece of the potato, and if it still clings to the other, this in itself is a very good sign. These are the experiments generally made by experts, and they are ordinarily willing to buy on the strength of their turning out well, though, as stated above, these tests are by no means infallible. So a San Francisco paper tells us.

To take the woody taste out of a wooden pail, fill the pail with boiling hot water; let it remain until cold, then empty it and dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it and wash the inside well with the solution; after that, scald with hot water and rinse well.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

The Declaration.

What makes my heart so wildly throb?
I'm glad, not sorry—yet I sob;
What ails me that I cannot rest?
He told me what I partly guessed.

Why will the tears o'erflow my eyes?
It must have been the glad surprise:
Surprise to find I rightly guessed,
Delight to hear he loved me best.

A sudden joy affects like grief;
But with joy's tumult comes relief
To feel all tears are set at rest,
As when he drew me to his breast.

Sir George says he don't wonder his sweetie is afraid of lightning—she's so awfully attractive.

"A red flag is a danger signal," said old Uncle Zadkins. "I know it is, for I found it out by waving a red flag at a bull."

A great many people's morality resembles sign posts at corners of country roads. They point in the right direction but they don't budge an inch themselves.

A lady put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there, all the time, was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all.

PUNNING UPON NAMES.—On being told that Bishop Goodenough was appointed to preach before the House of Lords, a wag wrote:

'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach:
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach.

When the above most respectable prelate was made a bishop, a certain dignitary, whom the public had expected would get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new bishop, replied, "Because I was not Goodenough." The pun is perfect in its way.

A rather verdant young man, conceited and consoriorious, while talking to a young lady, at a party, pointed towards a couple that he supposed to be in another room, and said, "Just look at that conceited young prig! Isn't it perfectly absurd for such boys to go into society?" "Why," exclaimed his companion, "that isn't a door; it's a mirror!"

A Buffalo girl will not have her wedding dress made in that city, for fear somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe.

IN A RESTAURANT.—*Gent* (to the waiter)—Bring me some grammatical and typographical errors. *Waiter* (looking puzzled at first, but recovering in a moment his usual serenity)—we're just out of them, sir. *Gent*—Then what do you mean by keeping them on your bill of fare?

HOW MRS. SMITH ESCAPED SEASICKNESS.—"Strange!" said Mrs. Smith, as Mrs. Brown concluded the tale of her terrible seasickness; "strange that going on the water should have made you so sick! Why, I am never seasick." "Aren't you?" replied Mrs. Brown; "I suppose you are an old sailor." "No, indeed!" Mrs. Smith responded; "I never was on the water in my life." Mrs. Brown: "O!"

At a recent examination in a girl's school the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of Government?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. A little girl in the class raised her hand. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Salie, what do you say the answer is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came, "Civilized, half civilized, and savage."

Horne Tooke, when at Eton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the master. "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne, however, persisted, and the master flogged. After the punishment, the master quoted the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied, "I know that very well, but you did not ask for the rule; you demanded the reason."

There is an awful state of affairs in a little Michigan town, where a type-setter substituted the word "widows" for "windows." The editor wrote: "The windows of the church need washing badly. They are too dirty for any use, and are a disgrace to our village."

As weeds grow fastest in fat soil, so our corruptions grow and thrive most when our natural state is most prosperous. Therefore God's love and care of us constrain Him sometimes to use severe discipline and to cut us short in our temporal enjoyment.

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed. made to feel his need of God—to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence he is no better off in this world than a lost child in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent.

A man's greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, arrogance to the lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself about what others may think or say.