

VARNISHING THE FURNITURE.—On a sunshiny day take the old chairs and tables out on the porch or by an open door, and after thoroughly dusting and wiping off with a damp cloth apply a thin coat of varnish, and so cover up scratches and marred spots of all kinds. It will dry in a very short time, and you will be surprised to see how much good you have done. A flannel cloth with a very little linseed oil is good to rub furniture with, but the greatest care must be exercised to prevent any oil being left on the wood to attract dust. It must be rubbed until you would not know, except by the improved appearance, that any oil had been used.

In warm weather lay eggs in very cold water half an hour before using, and they will beat up as light as in cold weather.

An even oven for cake, except cookies, which must be quick; also for pies a quick oven makes the crust flaky.

Fit a piece of thick paper in the bottom of the cake pan and butter it, remove when baked, and it will save it from becoming too brown.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

All for Her.

He held her in his strong right arm,
Close to his throbbing side;
They heard the music of the sea,
The moaning of the tide.

Long years have passed, and often now,
The neighbors, either side—
Hear, when the family jars break out,
The moaning of the tide.

A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;

It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,

And grimly try the temper'd edge he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd,
He seem'd to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a tongue—

"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprang;

He heard me, but he headed not; one glance around he gave,
And ere I could arrest his hand he had begun to—*shave!*

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.

"You are not fond of money for itself?" "Oh, no," said Jay Gould; "I am fond of it for myself."

Jones says that the clouds of his early childhood were no bigger than a woman's hand, but a squall always followed them.

An Irishman, ridiculed for starting off on horseback with only one spur, replied, very justly, "If I get one side of the horse moving, I'll trust the other side."

A boy defined salt as "The stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on." He was twin brother of the boy who said that pins had saved great numbers of lives by not being swallowed.

One of the managers of a hospital asked an Irish nurse which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sur," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments lying on the table.

"Ma," said a little four-year-old, "I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was? The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and then gave it up when the little fellow said, 'Why ma, it was water.'"

If you like a hot nice pie that will come on the table smoking, make it of pipe plant. With this authority the fair cook will need no other to backer.—[Syracuse Sunday Times.] And you will then cigarlands of steam wreathing from it.

Miss Susie M. Russell, editor of the Duluth Weekly, says, "When things go to D K how C D they B come." The most C D thing we know of this season is the Q cumber; B ware of it, Susie, or it will W U up. Watch for it, wait for it.

"Mother," asked Mary Jane at the breakfast-table, Monday morning, "don't you think gray hair is awful becoming?" Mary Jane, it should be remarked, has a beau whose locks are silvery. "Yes, I do," replied her mother, grabbing at something on Mary Jane's shoulder; "yes, I think it becoming too common. That makes the tenth one this morning," holding it up between her thumb and finger.

"How do you like the Episcopalian service?" asked Jones. "Never heard it," replied Fogg; "I dropped in at one of the churches last Sunday. It was quite early, and so I began reading the service. I didn't read far though before I found that it would never do for me; so I came out." "Why, what was the trouble?" "Too many collections." "Too many collections?" "Yes, on almost every page it said 'collect.' One collection is all I can afford to respond to. Must be awfully expensive to be an Episcopalian."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Poet's Reply to a Challenge.

When Skirving, the poet farmer, charged a Lieut. Smith in one of his poems with having displayed much pusillanimity at the battle of Prestonpans, the Lieutenant came to Haddington, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet him and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. Skirving replied, "Gang awa' back and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington, but tell him to come here an' I'll tak' a look at him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him, and if no, I'll dae as he did—I'll rin awa'."

Funny Old Story.

Tom Marshall was engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the judge struck him so bad that he rose and said:

"There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ."

"Mr. Clerk," responded the judge, "fine Mr. Marshall \$10 for contempt of court."

"I confess your honor," continued Tom. "that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of court."

Mr. Clerk make the fine \$20 for a continuous contempt," said the judge solemnly.

"Well Judge," Tom added, "as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty."

"Mr. Clerk," cried the judge hastily, "remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can."

"I congratulate the court on its return to a sane condition," said Tom resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.