

PARK-STREET CAKE.—Stir a cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter to a cream, add another cupful of sugar, a cupful of milk and four eggs; the yolks and whites beaten separately; sift two teaspoonfuls cream tartar and one teaspoonful soda into three cupfuls flour. Flavor with lemon, and bake on two sheets. This recipe is "tried and true."

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—To settle coffee without eggs, put the ground coffee—two tablespoonfuls or more, according to the size of the family—to soak over night in a teacup of water. In the morning add more water, and put it on to boil, boiling fifteen or twenty minutes; then fill in what water is necessary, and put the coffee-pot on the stove. In fifteen minutes it will be as clear as amber.

VINEGAR, CHEAP AND GOOD.—Do not throw away your apple-peelings. They can be turned to good account in making vinegar. Have a clean, tight, half barrel, or a large stone jar, and as you peel your apples for mince meat or apple butter, throw aside any skins or cores which are decayed, and put the rest into the jar. Cover them with boiling water, and lay a cloth over the top of them as well as the cover. Set it in a warm place in the cellar, and in seven or eight weeks you will find it turned into a good vinegar. You can then strain it off into bowls or jugs ready for use.

BESWAX dissolved by heat, in turpentine, till it gets the consistency of cream, and then applied with a woollen or cotton rag, is a good old-fashioned method for polishing furniture. It takes a great deal of elbow grease, but it lasts well, and is considered by many to be worth the extra rubbing it costs.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

She stood upon the beach and watched in awe the storm-tossed ocean,
And in her large and melting eyes there gleamed a strange emotion;
Were those wild glances born of fear, or rapturous devotion?

About her feet the wild waves broke, and made a strange commotion—
She stooped and filled a water-pail, and then we had a nocean
She'd got the rheumatiz, and used salt water as a locean.
—*Somerville Journal.*

The more flour a housekeeper has the more she kneads.

Never put off to-day the flannel you may want to-morrow.

Potatoes planted must have their eyes about them if they are to come up.

When a thief steals five cents he doesn't think half the dime that some day perhaps old nickel get him.

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land, look out for fishing-smacks.

The farmer who "ran rapidly through his property" wore a red shirt and had his brindle bull behind him.

"My vocation," said a justice of the peace, "is one of the fine arts."

A boy in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," being asked the name of one, promptly replied, "A baby."

A Cairo girl, whose lover is called Peleg, blushing addresses him as "Pelim." Her modesty is of several years' duration, and has baffled the skill of the best physicians.

How quickly we forget the rules of arithmetic as learned in school is shown in the fact that a prominent dry-goods merchant in Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer: If four men build a wall five feet high in four days, how long will it take six men to build a wall eight feet high in seven days?

A widow at the West, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertises that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

It's funny that we haven't a solitary pawnbroker's shop in Evansville, when any body knows that there are more "redeeming" features about it than any other branch of business.—*Evansville Argus.*

Some people are so very anxious lest men should be spoiled by the possession of too much money that they strive to get it all themselves. This kind of philanthropy is not uncommon.

A New Brunswick, N. J., four-year-old, on seeing the cook take the baked potatoes from the oven, was astonished at one which had burst its skin. "O, Annie," he exclaimed, "there's one all unbuttoned!"

A Galveston widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand, if the Lord keeps on taking them, I will too," was the spirited reply.

An English servant girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told that she looked "really aristocratic." To which she responded, "Yes, in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

The costume of the Persian woman is the handsomest upon the face of the earth. It consists of a loose waist, short skirt and trousers not too loose. I have made this costume beautifully and hung it up in Paris, but the women will not wear it. I can do nothing more. They must suffer till they are willing to adopt it.—*Worth.*

A GOOD CUSTOM.—In Germany and in other parts of the Continent cherry-trees are commonly planted by the roadside. The road from Brunn to Olmutz, sixty miles in length, is bordered with cherry-trees. This useful kind of hedgerow has many parallels in other districts of Austria. Any passenger may eat of the fruit of these trees, except those few about which the owner has bound a wisp of straw, in token of reservation. The sign is universally respected.

IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the birds to roost on!"—*New York Express.*

AN HONEST BOY.—A boy walked into an office yesterday with a pocket-book in his hand, and inquired if Mr. Blank was in.

"That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen.

"Well, here's a wallet with your name in it."

"Yes. I lost it this morning."

He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call:

"Say, boy, what's your name?"

"O, that's all right," replied the boy, as he backed down.

"Tain't worth your saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes-line."

An officer of the Union army relates that upon one occasion, after a charge upon the enemy's works, a fierce encounter and a fall back for reinforcement, a bright young Irish soldier was found to have a rebel flag captured from the foe. Approaching him, he said:

"I'll send that to the rear as one of our trophies; give me the flag."

"Sure, I'll not give it ye," said Pat; "it ye are wanting one, there's plenty av 'em behind that ridge over beyant, where I got this; sure ye can go and get one for yourself."