THE PORCH PLEASANT.

An Inviting Place For the Summer. Curtains, Cushions and Mats.

In summer time the wide porch can be made so inviting a place that there will be but slight probability of your breaking the tenth of the Decalogue when thinking of your cousins at Bar Harbor.

Curtains of Japanese splint, a vine on a trellis, casting delightful shadows, or gayly striped awnings contribute largely to the coolness and picturesqueness of this retreat. There should be a screen from the Japanese bazaar or a homemade one; a wooden settle or wicker divan, a hammock, some wicker or rush bottom chairs, and a low table with shelf, the table for periodicals and for convenience in serving afternoon tea or lemonade in the morning.

Then of course there should be a big growing plant in a jardiniere on a taboret. Your male friends must be taught that this jardiniere with plant was not designed as a dead match or ash receiver.

Admirable porch cushions are stuffed with dried wild immortelles, clover blossoms, rose leaves and curled strips of paper intermingled, eucalyptus leaves, bay leaves or pine needles, the coverings being of art denim in the cool shades, Japanese cottons in blue and white and bandanna handkerchiefs.

The woven grass floor mats serve well as chair cushions in summer time, although the original purpose of these quaint, inexpensive things is not to be lost sight of by her who loves to sit on the piazza steps in the dewy morning or in the summer gloaming, attired possibly in a frock of simple white muslin.

A porch screen can be made at home by covering an old frame or a new one, on the inner side of which the cabinet maker has put a wide bookshelf, with denim, rice matting or Japanese calico. The screen of the poster collector is also a neat thing, made by the devotee herself, the posters being irregularly arranged on a foundation of thin wood and protected by lengths of glass the exact size of the screen, each panel framed in oak or cherry, hand carved.

IRONING A SHIRT WAIST.

The Method Used In Best Laundries Where Handwork Is Done.

With every returning summer the feminine fancy turns seriously to thoughts of shirt waists and their proper ironing, a process which the Boston Cooking School Magazine clearly sets forth as follows:

When ready to iron the waist, dip quickly into a pail of hot water, then put through the wringer and iron at once. Begin with the cuffs, pressing first on the wrong side and then finishing on the right, until perfectly dry. Next iron the collar band and then the sleeves.

The sleeves are the most difficult part of the waist to do well, and a sleeve board can be purchased for about 25 cents, which is considered by many as a great help. These are commonly used in hand laundries, and when used the sleeves are ironed last. If the sleeve is to be ironed without a board, press it flat, ironing both sides. Finish the top by putting a small iron inside of the sleeve, through the arm's eye, and

A SLEEVE BOARD.

smoothing out the gathered top. Many object to the fold in the sleeve when ironed flat, and this can be removed by rubbing with a damp cheesecloth and pressing out with a small iron.

Before ironing the front of the waist stretch into shape, having the front plait very straight. If there are tucks, smooth them out evenly and iron on the right side until dry. Then iron the back and finish the bottom of the waist. If parts of the waist have become tumbled after ironing, smooth out quickly with a hot iron. Fasten the collar band and the cuffs with a stud or pin, and dry thoroughly before folding.

Pique waists should be ironed on the wrong side, excepting the sleeves, and on a well padded ironing table, so that the cords will stand out well. If the cuffs be desired very stiff, place them on a clean board and with the hand rub in a thick cooked starch until the linings and the outside of the cuffs are as one piece; then wipe superfluous starch from both sides of cuffs and dry. Let stand in the dampened body of the waist under pressure for about half an hour before ironing.

Early Tomatoes.

The early tomatoes are particularly good broiled, as they are not apt to be as ripe and luscious as later. Cut in thick slices, drain and dry on a towel, dip first into slightly beaten egg, to which a tablespoonful of water has been added, then into fine breadcrumbs, and broil quickly over a hot fire. Serve on squares of toast garnished with watercress and send round a cream sauce with the dish.

Notes From the Jewelers' Circular.

Gold shirt waist sets include cuff links, buttons and collar studs.

Watch fobs will be fashionable for both men and women this season.

Paddock sticks covered with pigskin and silver mounted are the latest thing in walking sticks for men.

Pink pearl and diamond corsage ornaments are dreams of loveliness.

A chain bracelet with a chrysoprase heart center is a pretty affair suggestive of summer engagements.

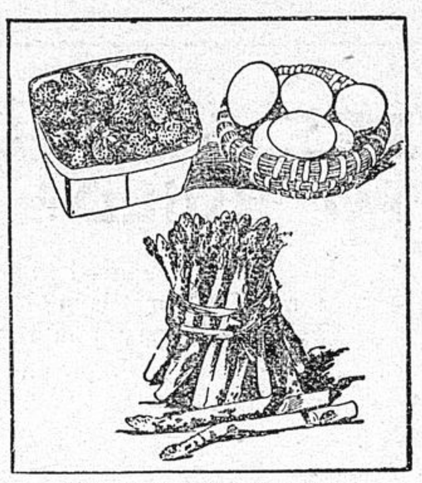
White enamel and baroque pearls figure in the dainty brooches for the hot days.

The narrow ribbon bow of diamonds is a favorite design in the jewelry of the present.

THE HOME TABLE.

Interesting Items About a Few Seasonable Delicacies.

Eggs should be used in as many ways as possible for the next two or three months. At 25 cents a dozen eggs are cheaper than the better cuts of meat, and when the labor of preparation is taken into account they are less expensive than the cheaper cuts, especially this year, when all meats are high in price. There is one fundamental principle to remember when cooking eggs by themselves or in cakes and puddings, of which they are a leading ingredient, and that is that the best re-



DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

sults are reached by moderate heat for a longer period than by great heat for a short time.

The basket shown has eight eggs in it, which, as they were all large, weighed just one pound. The fuel and nutritive values of a pound of eggs are higher than those of most varieties of fish and about the same as veal.

At 75 cents a bunch asparagus is a luxury, at 25 cents it may be used sparingly and freely when it reaches the two for a quarter stage. Choose that which is not too fully grown. Short stalks, partly green, on which the buds have not separated, are most desirable. The large buds are better than the small ones.

Notice the broken stalks in front of the bunch in the illustration. There are two inches or more which would never cook tender and which would better be removed before the edible portion is cooked, as this part is likely to be strong or bitter in flavor.

Asparagus, even if slightly wilted, can be improved by breaking off the tough ends, washing and putting the stalks upright in water for a few hours before cooking.

Few people use real intelligence about washing strawberries. Some say never wash them, forgetting the many hands they may have passed through and the long distance and clouds of dust through which they often travel.

Often the berries are hulled, put in a colander and water from the faucet allowed to run over them. The force of the water extracts the juice from the hulled berries, and any sand there may be is liable to be left with the lower layer of fruit.

Rather have a pan of water and put in a few berries at a time, rinsing each slightly as it is taken up to remove the hull. The berries float, and the sand will settle to the bottom of the pan, and, as the hull is not removed till the berry is lifted from the water, no juice can be lost. A gentle shake as the berry is removed from the water disposes of the superfluous moisture.—American Kitchen Magazine.

Fashions and Fancies.

Many toques have a point in front.

Batiste parasols are ethereal affairs.

Black crepe de chine makes a dressy and useful bodice.

A set (stock, belt and fob) for "tub" dresses is the newest thing with smart people.

A becoming touch of pale blue appears on many gowns.

Dotted foulards are all the rage.

Sashes and coattails are growing in importance.

Diamond shaped appliques of lace lead in elegant garnitures.

Fine, clear meshes are popular in veils.

Red and flame colors are a great deal used in millinery.

Whole hats covered with poppies are handsome and striking.

Even linen and tailor made frocks are a mass of intricacies.

The Lord Chief Justice may exercise the office of coroner in any part of England.

"Wal, horse-swapping ain't any more risky than marrying."
"Yes; but yer can swap hosses more'n once."

A TRIP FULL OF PERILS.

EXCITING CANOE RIDE DOWN GARDEN RIVER.

A Fish Summer Resort Where the Trout Preferred Pork to Flies.

In the royal sort of tobogganing the fruit of much labor is a small measure of wild exhilaration. So it was with our canoe ride down the Garden River, a Canadian stream emptying into the north passage of Lake Huron, says a writer in the New York Mail and Express. Indians and white men who go to the headwaters, to fish and lumber, pole up it in flat boats, but we, after studying the current of the stream, decided to portage around. This journey of about fifty miles occupied four days, being lengthened by good trout fishing in some lakes along the route and heavy forest roads. Having circumvented the river in such generous fashion we put the canoe into the waters one summer afternoon and slid down to the outlet in six hours.

Before starting on our long slide we slept three nights by the stream. Our camp was in a grove of small growth, mostly birches. At our front door ran the river in its wildest state, at the rear was a little bayou in which we could paddle unmolested by currents. The shores were lined with driftwood and short spruce timber known as pulpwood. Where this flotsam and jetsam of the wilderness had formed a "jam" and the water underneath was spotted by masses of foam, like suds from a washing, we dropped our lines. We stood in the brawling stream up to our waists and solved the double problem of keeping a balance on a ground stone in a swift current and of landing a fly in a patch of quiet water, but we caught no fish. The conditions were ideal and we had sought in those places where, so tradition says, trout should abide, but our creels stood empty.

A FISH SUMMER RESORT.

The second day we forded the river half a mile above camp, entered the woods and followed a little brook that often lost itself under the roots of giant trees, until it broadened into a pool an acre and a half in extent. The approach to it from one side was through black, gummy muck. A tangled undergrowth held one up on the opposite bank. The trout were there, however. The place was a sort of fish summer resort. The prolonged hot weather had driven them from the river to gather in this cool habitation. The water in the pool was like ice. We dubbed the spot our cold storage, and went there morning and evening for the day's supply. The trout would not rise to a fly, but had a bourgeois taste for salt pork.

When we started to toboggan the Garden River the water was at the lowest of the year. We had located at a bend in the stream where the current was too swift to launch the canoe. This forced us to leave our island camp by the back way. Even then there were difficulties at the outset as before reaching the main channel, we had to get out in the stream and drag the boat over a sandbar. After this the exertion was mainly in the direction of keeping our craft from getting beyond control.

We slid into the channel down a natural chute between a pile of bowlders and a jam of floodwood and then had a patch of smooth water before us. This was the repeated experience all the way to the outlet, and at the end of them plunging into deep pools. It was much like coasting, as, after the slant where speed was gained, we had a long, level expanse on which to test our momentum.

A TEST OF SKILL.

The journey down covered thirty miles. At one place the channel made a wide detour of an immense deposit of sand and gravel, and then moved in a reverse curve back to within a few rods of the starting point. Yet we had paddled two miles. The river was full of bends and crooks. It was at these elbow joints, so to speak, that the skill of the canoist was most severely tried, for there the current swung into the shore with terrific force. Then all the power that one could command was necessary to avoid a smashup against the bank.

The current of a stream like the Garden River is, by the way, no mean opponent. There are times when it pushes with irresistible force and little can be done but steer your craft and pray that there are no concealed rocks in the channel. But rocks there always are and many times one's protection from them lies in a thin layer of tough, elastic bark, which makes the bottom of the canoe. Often we went scooting down a watery incline with rocks all about and experienced relief when the descent was accomplished, only to feel the sensation of being lifted out of the boat as the bottom bulged and swelled upward while we passed over a bowlder that gave no sign of its whereabouts. The keel of a skiff would be crushed in a jiffy in this sort of encounter, but a bark canoe is broad and flat between thwarts. Though heavily loaded it moves smoothly in shallow water.

All the way down the river, especially where it twisted badly, were great piles of pulpwood—spruce logs six inches in diameter and four feet long—that some lazy driver had left during the running season. They were high above the water, secure against dislodgment until the next spring's freshets. At one point was a wide path in the timber covering a mountain side—a log chute, so the guides said. At the bottom of it stood a red deer. He sniffed the air as we hove in sight and rushed into the brush.

FEATHERED COMPANIONS.

We had many feathered companions on the journey. A flock of crows followed for miles, sending out taunting cries from a distance. Two eagles, swimming where their wings seemed to touch the sky, watched like sentinels. A kingfisher, crossing and re-crossing the river, blamed us in each note for the sport we spoiled. And we filled with consternation an old duck with a brood of little ones, too young to fly. They were paddling in a broad pool not far from our camp when we approached. The mother went scudding down stream, the ducklings followed as fast as strength allowed. Soon the guardian of the flock turned about and started up the river. With a loud flapping of wings and angry squawks, she sailed by at express speed. Paddles slapped the air as she passed.

We had been paddling for a mile or so through baby rifts and had entered a smooth patch of water that from a distance appeared almost dead. It was not so, however, as we discovered too late. Directly in the path was a fallen pine. The current challenged our best efforts. The odds were against us as they are against him who single handed fights wind and tide.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

We paddled vigorously across stream toward shore. For one canoe's length gained in crossing we floated down three. Then a paddle snapped. There was no choice of direction. We had to face the music.

The tree hung two feet above the water. The first impulse was to grasp it, swing out of the canoe and let it slide beneath empty, to be caught lower down. Before we had definitely decided on this plan the bow of the boat was passing under the pine. We ducked, pressed hard against the bottom of the canoe. It was "low bridge" with a vengeance. We went through safely, with the loss of but one hat, a couple of pails and a frying pan that were on the top of our traps piled amidships. Luckily the river was comparatively clear below the tree, as our craft went its own way for a few rods before we could give it guidance. As it was, it drew up against a rock that rose from the water a little out from the shore, and the strain started a leak in the bow. This accident forced us to land and smear the loosened seams with pitch and resin—the woodsman's salve for all canoe wounds.

We embarked in the mended canoe near a gravel pit that furnished ballast for a near-by railroad. The laborers had left for the day. We had not far to go now. The excitement of the trip was over. There only remained the delight of idly floating down stream.

Tolerance is the charity of the intelligence.—Lemaitre.

Mrs. Youngbride—"I've come to complain of that flour you sent me." Grocer—"What was the matter with it?" Mrs. Youngbride—"It was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it."

SIMPLY JOGGLES.

Wit is a sunbeam, sarcasm an icicle.

The forward person is frequently set back.

A bank account is the greatest labor saver.

Revenge is not sweet to one of exalted mind.

Some of the rough riders are very smooth men.

There is some excuse for poverty, but none for filth.

In the spring the liar's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fish.

The novel the villain of which doesn't hiss should be a howling success.

The subtle mind is only submissive when submission subserves its interest.

"Vain imaginings" bring some people more misery than does hard reality.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" when it comes to the bill collector.

A boy wouldn't be happy in heaven unless he could run the risk of breaking his neck.

You can't take a woman at her face value as long as cosmetics are on the market.

Many a man who is a walking encyclopaedia is anything but a perambulating bank.

When the fire of ambition turns to ashes of despair there is but little need of hope re-kindling the flame.

If you can't afford champagne drink nothing stronger than coffee; and when you can afford it let it alone.

In a country town a ten cent vice looks like a dollar one; while in a city a dollar vice looks like a ten cent one.

A man feels like a boy again when he imprisons a bee in a trumpet flower; but he knows he is the same old fool when the insect gets in its

MATTER OF FAMILY PRIDE.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"A few words, my lord. I am 30 years of age."

"Well?"

"Your elder brother is a physician."

"This is impertinent and irrelevant."

"It may sound so, my lord, but it means life or death to me. I understand that you take a great pride in the phenomenal success of your brother?"

"I do, but what possible bearing can that have upon your case?"

"Simply this: Your brother, the doctor, examined me a year ago, and predicted that I would live at least twenty years more. It would certainly undermine his reputation as a scientist should I die before that time."

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

A cook of a kindly nature was very fond of giving food to the beggars that came to the door. Her mistress, disapproving of this custom, reminded the cook that the food was not her own to give.

The cook excused herself by saying, "The people I give to are in great distress, and I do not think you should mind my relieving him."

The lady, finding remonstrance useless, thought she would try the effect of a practical lesson; so, being asked for clothes one day by a poor woman who told a pitiful story, she took a pair of the cook's boots and gave them to the beggar.

The cook, when she heard what had been done with her property, was very angry, and complained to her mistress, who answered:

"The poor woman was in great distress, so I do not think you should mind helping her!"

Canadians Should Stay at Home.

The industrial condition of the United States is not what it was twenty or even ten years ago. In those days there were ample opportunities for all who wanted work. At the present time nearly all branches of business are centralized, the great trusts are in control, labor-saving machinery has displaced hand work, wages have been cut down, and thousands of men and women are now walking the streets of the great cities, who would, if they could, eagerly embrace the opportunity to earn a few dollars a week to keep the wolf from the door. The enormous immigration from Europe, especially from the southern part, has glutted the labor market and been a powerful fact or in lowering wages. From Italy alone about 1,500 immigrants are arriving every week at the port of Boston, while probably double that number land at New York, Philadelphia, and southern coast cities. These people can live in luxury on wages that would drive an American to the poorhouse. The supply of laborers is therefore greater than the demand and much distress consequently exists. My advice to the young men and women of Canada is: Stay at home! Their opportunities are better there at the present time than they are here.—President Upham of Boston, Mass., Canadian Club.

RHINE WINE.

The process of making artificial Rhine wine is somewhat complicated. Mix one pound of essence in three gallons of proof spirits, and add thirty-seven gallons of rectified cider; then dissolve a pound of tartaric acid in a half gallon of hot water, and add to suit taste. About one-half of the Rhine wine used in the United States is made in this manner.