

SUMMER DRINKS.

Refreshing, Thirst Quenching and Easy to Make.

In summer time we are all thirsty, and housekeepers are especially interested in the "drink question," for it falls to their lot to provide at least a part of the many cooling beverages so lavishly drank in hot weather.

Lemons lead the procession of fruit drinks, perhaps because the citric acid they contain cools the blood. Lemon squash is delicious when properly made, and only simple materials are required for its decoction. It must be drank the instant it is made, and a large glass is required to make each squash in. The juice of a fresh lemon, "plenty" of crushed loaf sugar and a bottle of soda water are all that is required. After squeezing the lemon into a pint tumbler, put into it at least 3 teaspoonfuls of sugar, mix well up and then put in the soda water, "stirring all the time." A bone spoon or a glass rod should be used for stirring with. Following are a few attractive recipes:

Lemon or Orange Beverage—Boil 2 pounds of hump sugar, add a pint of lemon juice and the juice of an orange, bottle the mixture and cork carefully. Put a tablespoonful of the sirup into a glass three parts full of cold water, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and drink at once.

Portable Lemonade—Mix an ounce of tartaric (or citric) acid with a half pound of fine powdered sugar. On this pour 20 drops of the essence of lemon. Put into a bottle. Two teaspoonfuls make a delicious drink when added to a glass of water.

Currant Drink—Mash an exact pound of currants, picked from the stem, in a mortar, put all into a quart of water, add 5 ounces of sifted sugar, the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of ginger. Stir all well together, pass it through a jelly bag and set on ice. This is a safe and soothing drink. A dash of brandy is considered an improvement by some. A small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of potash makes this an effervescent drink.

Cherry Sirup—Select fine ripe cherries, mash them well, then press out the juice through a sieve, add a little water and let them come to a boil. Strain, add sugar sirup and a little lemon juice. When cool, pour in glasses over cracked ice.

Raspberry Vinegar—Mash 4 pounds of ripe raspberries to a pulp, add 3 quarts of cider vinegar, let it stand four days, strain off the juice and add 4 pounds more of fresh fruit. Repeat this process again in three days, then to each pound of liquor allow a pound of best white sugar, bottle it and let it stand one week, then cork tight and keep in a cool place. Diluted with water it makes a most refreshing beverage.

Lettuce With Peas.

Wash, drain and slice 2 lettuces; boil them in salted water with a quart of green peas; when tender, drain. Roll an ounce of butter thickly in flour, put it into a stew pan with a teacupful of white stock and a saltspoonful of salt, pepper and whitesugar mixed. When this is hot, throw in the vegetables; shake them well and let them simmer for another 10 minutes. then serve.

The Old Masters.

Art Patron—Only 300 francs for a genuine Rembrandt, and so well preserved, too, that it is really very cheap. What does the picture represent?

Broker—Can't you see? The battle of Sedan, per Baccio!—Mondo Umoristico.

A Remarkably Good Boy.

Mother—How's this, sir? The teacher says you were not at school today, and the neighbors tell me you were playing in the street.

Little Johnny—Th' preacher said we mustn't go where we'll hear anything improper.

"What would you hear at school, I should like to know?"

"Th' teacher said that today we was to begin on improper fractions."—Good News.

Beating Dame Nature.

Drummer—It just beats all. I'm traveling for an umbrella house, and every place I've struck has been suffering from the drought.

Inventor—I am traveling with a rain producing apparatus, and every town I've struck was knee deep in mud.

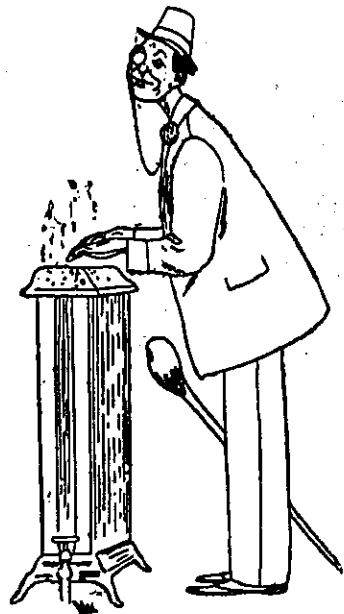
Drummer—I say, let's travel together.—New York Weekly.

Ignorance Is Poverty.

Tattered Tom—Well, I'm dummed! **Ragged Robert**—Wot's ther matter? Ain't them soup tickets good?

Tattered Tom—I wisht I'd paid more attention to me studies when I was young. Here I've tramped 40 blocks to a soup-house, an th' woman inside says these tickets calls for soap.—Exchange.

A Steam Heated Flat.



—Life.

A Penitent Culpit.

Magistrate—Then you admit having struck your wife on the head with a chair so violently that the chair was broken?

Prisoner—Yes, your worship.

Magistrate—Well, are you at least sorry for what you have done?

Prisoner—Certainly. The chair was as good as new.—Modernes Leben.

The Indication.

"This bump," said the phrenologist, "indicates that you are of a combative disposition."

"No," said the subject. "It indicates that my wife is of a combative disposition. That's where she hit me with a hairbrush this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

A False Charge.

Magistrate—What is the charge?

Officer—Carrying concealed deadly weapons.

Prisoner—'Tis false, your honor. I had no deadly weapon. It was only a French dueling pistol.—New York Weekly.

An Indulgent Husband.

Bachelor—No more sewing on of suspender buttons now, old boy, eh?

Benedict—No, I wear a belt now. I've got no time to sew on buttons. Keeps me hustling to buy bread and butter.—Texas Siftings.

The Chicago Side of It.

Beekman-Streete—Let me see, didn't I meet you at the Paris exposition in 1889?

Brodweigh—Yes. I spent a whole month there.

"So did I. It was a pretty expensive trip for me, I remember. Cost me an even \$1,000 from the time I left N' York till I got back."

"It was a costly trip for me, too—about \$850—but it was worth it. It was a great show."

"Yes, it was worth it. By the way, you're going to the Chicago exposition, I suppose?"

"Yes, I expect to spend a couple of weeks there anyhow, though I don't like the stories I hear about the extortion everybody is getting ready to practice on visitors."

"I don't either. A friend of mine that has figured the whole thing up says it will cost as high as \$35 or \$40 a week if you see everything that's to be seen and stop at first class hotels."

"That will make it—let me see—about \$75 for a two weeks' stay, \$40 for railway fare there and back, including sleeping and dining cars, and you'll have to spend something for cigars and incidentals while you are in Chicago, of course. Seventy-five and 40 make 115, and—why, great Scott, you can't do the thing for less than \$150 to save your life! I'll just be hanged if I'll do it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Tired of It.

They have an amateur dramatic society in Conneaut, O., that played a tragedy the other night, in onescene of which Ronaldo thrusts his head out of the second story window of a prison and cries to Madeline, who is trying to get him out:

"Fly, dearest! Leave me to my fate!"

This was Ronaldo's first appearance on any stage, and he was considerably confused. When he came to the above scene, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor. Raising himself partially up and gazing mournfully upon the audience, he said in a sad voice:

"By gosh, I don't want to act any more!"—Exchange.

On a Plane.

As a magnificent steamer, the property of the Peninsular and Oriental company, was steaming into Southampton harbor a grimy coal lighter floated immediately in front of it. An officer on board the vessel, observing this, shouted:

"Clear out of the way with that barge."

The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply, "Are ye the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer aicals," said Pat.

"I'm the captain of this."—London Figaro.