

THE WORLD.

When it rains, the dollars every day... Make the dollars, make the dollars every day!

KISMET.



It was a pretty summer day, and Grace Flushing was the central figure in it. Grace was a girl whom reverses had placed behind a counter for a season.

Grace had saved her money to spend her fortnight's vacation at Brimmer's. You don't know Brimmer's spot, in the heart of the woods, miles from the railway station, and you reach it after a long, jolting ride in a big wagon.

After a night of sound sleep Grace found herself one of a delightfully "homey" party at the breakfast table. A plump matron dispensed fragrant coffee with yellow cream to her happy family, with the brooding air of a mother hen over her chickens.

Grace hadn't felt so light-hearted in the years since her father's death. The sense of elegant leisure, for a brief season gave her an air of repose, which became her vastly, as she crumpled her roll leisurely and sipped cream and strawberries.

She had been skirting the lake, thinking she would try the mountain to-morrow. She came upon a patriarchal tree, which looked inviting. The ground around it was trodden, and some natural steps in the gnarled trunk, led up to a seat, several yards from the ground, framed by branches crooked into the shape of a settee.

He was coming through cracking underbrush. Perhaps he was seeking her setter, with a prior claim. But no, he came in sight, and threw himself full length on the ground where she had a full view of him as he puffed his cigar, herself unobserved.

He was destined to remain in her memory, it seemed. After he had left with his purchase, she found among the gloves strewn on the counter, a charm, fragrant and amber-colored. On one side was a star and crescent and the mystical word "Kismet," while the other side was covered with cabalistic symbols.

Grace gave a guilty little start when this point was reached. She had been wearing "Kismet" for good luck ever since, had it suspended from her neck by a ribbon at that moment, and there, a few rods below, was its owner. Had things gone wrong with him since its loss? He didn't look quite as happy as the day he had pulled it out of his pocket with some crumpled bills, at Duck and Sunning's.

Jack asked Grace for her New York address, but she refused it. He found her out. He became quite a regular customer at Duck & Sunning's. Mysterious baskets of flowers were left at Grace's boarding house. But she was proud and he made slow headway.

They talked of New York. Jack let fall that he was from California, and had first seen Gotham six months ago. Grace was demurely reticent about herself. There was no need of unfolding herself before a stranger.

Now Grace had the "restful" quality, in a large degree. Besides, she was sympathetic. You could not be an hour in her company without wanting to console your latest trouble to her. She had no room for homey griefs, she declared, she was so full of outside ones.

Oh, he would have died for her? And what did Grace think? Why, this girl had jilted him. He was—well, he was worth a few thousands—but he never supposed she took his money into account until the papers reported the smash-up of the X. Y. Z. Company.

Grace's eyes gave him a fair shade of discreet sympathy. "Do you believe in charms?" he asked, abruptly. "Yes," said Grace, with proper decision. "So do I. I lost one I had worn for years the very day I got the mitten. My luck changed from that on. I've been missing boats and trains and losing valuables ever since."

"Kismet," interrupted Grace. "Why? how?" he began, with a look under the bonnet. "I found it," said Grace promptly. "I've carried it ever since. It has brought me lots of luck. I think it is time now to return it to its owner."

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They were very dainty animals and always make sure that their food is fresh and good by killing it themselves. They will touch nothing that has been partly eaten. They live upon small lizards, of which they are very fond, but will eat shrimps and insects if nothing better is to be had.

According to Professor Hengeveld, the Dutch horned cattle descend directly from the cattle owned by the Frisians and Batavi, who years before Christ peopled the regions to the north of the rivers Vahal and Rhine, says Tarl, Field and Farm. The cattle were kept for milk, meat and skins, and breeding was carried on with system.

It is a charming spectacle in the night. In Idaho are found springs of natural gas, which are said to furnish one of the most remarkable sights of the country. The springs are about 100 miles from Boise City, at the bottom of a deep canyon.

The Latest in Frocks for Little Maids.



Frocks for many little maids can be made after these fashions. Skirts are not worn so long this season as last year. A pretty idea is to find a pattern in figured challis, and plait straight lengths full to the bodice. Velvet ribbon should be run through openings in the material at hem line, and tied in a double bow at the side.

The animal most dreaded in Java is neither the wildcat nor the black leopard, nor even the rhinoceros, nor the royal tiger, all of which are to be found there; but strange as it may appear, a harmless little creature, no larger than a common squirrel, which is called by the natives malmag, and by the English-speaking people the tarsius.



As it suddenly appears at dusk moving noiselessly about, showing its queer face amid leaves of some tree, and peering down upon an intruder with its immense, staring, yellow eyes, it is a most unearthly looking animal, reminding one more of the gnomes and imps of fable than any creature of flesh and blood.

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Some animals have swiftness, some have strength, some cunning, and others are clad in coats of bony mail to protect them from their enemies; but the only defense with which the tarsius is endowed, and it seems to be effectual, is its strange, weird appearance and staring eyes.

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A Feminine Lawyers' Club.

The Portia Law Club, of San Francisco, was founded by women, its members being all of the same sex. The holding of a membership does not necessarily indicate any intention to practice, the members generally desiring rather to increase their knowledge sufficiently to make them self-reliant than to make a business of it.



COSTUME OF THE PORTIA CLUB.

visit the city will, of course, be welcomed. At all public ceremonies of the club Mrs. Foltz will wear a cardinal plush gown trimmed with ermine and a cardinal mortar-board on her head.



Just Out.

Miss Chick—"Say, mamma, ain't this new bonnet a bit too big for me?"

Reverend for Incivility. The other day a countryman came running into the station in breathless haste. He attempted to jump into the train after it had started, but was held back by the guard. Greatly incensed at being thus baffled, the starchy peasant gripped the guard around the middle and said: "If I am not to go with the train, you shan't either."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

The cracks in loaves are caused usually by too much flour being used in the kneading, making the loaf too stiff. When the batter is set at night sufficient flour is added to make it pour thickly from a spoon. In the morning, when kneading, only enough flour should be added to keep the dough from sticking to the hands and the board, and practice in kneading makes this quantity much less than at the first trial.

A FRESH TOMATO SALAD. The new tomatoes that grace the market stands at the beginning of the season are almost too expensive for use in any way except in a salad. The most beautiful salad course for eight people can be made from four small tomatoes and a head of lettuce, which, rightly purchased, need not cost more than ten cents.

WASHING BLANKETS. A sunny, windy day should be selected, and only one pair washed in one day. First put the blankets on the line and shake the dust out of them. Cut one pound of good soap in small pieces and boil in two quarts of water till dissolved. Add half a pound of powdered borax. Fill a tub about half full of water and add the soap and borax.

Then, without wringing, put the blankets on the line. Do not stretch them, and be careful to hang them exactly even, then the color in the stripes will not run into the white. Although dripping wet, on a clear day they will dry in four or five hours and will be soft and clear.

Recipes. Cold Beef With Poached Eggs—Slices of underdone roast beef heated for a moment on the broiler, and served with a poached egg on each slice and a good brown gravy poured around, is a new way of disposing of the cold roast that unepicurean folk object to in its plain state.

Snowed Eggs—Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth with two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Sweeten and flavor to taste a pint of milk; set over the fire and when it reaches the boiling point drop in the beaten whites, spoonful by spoonful, taking them out as soon as they set and laying in a glass dish. Remove the milk to one side of the fire and when it cools a little stir in the beaten yolks very slowly. As soon as this becomes thick pour over the snowed eggs and serve immediately, that they may be eaten hot.

Stuffed Shad—To stuff shad make an opening in front just large enough to properly draw it; fill with a seasoning made from equal parts of bread crumbs and mashed potatoes, seasoned with butter, pepper, salt and minced parsley. Sew up, lay on a trivet in a baking pan, put bits of butter over it and pour in a pint of water. Bake until, when tried with a fork, the flesh will lift easily from the backbone in the thickest part. Keep well basted. Make a sauce by washing the fried melts (if it is a male shad) into the thickened brown gravy made from the liquor in the pan.