











ACT PROMPTLY.

Kidney troubles are too dangerous to neglect. Little disorders grow serious and the sufferer is soon in the grasp of diabetes, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure all distressing kidney ills. They make sick kidneys well, weak kidneys strong.

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HER FIRST PROPOSAL.



Ethel—Was she glad when he told her the old, old story? Marjorie—You bet she was. Why, that girl never heard it before.

His First Lesson in Economy. "When I was a very small boy and a dime looked pretty big to me, I met John H. Farley—who had always been my good friend—on the street one June day," says Frank Harris.

Good Advice, but— A traveler entered a railway carriage at a wayside station. The sole occupants of the compartment consisted of an old lady and her son, about twelve years old.

Of Course. "What's the matter?" "Cold, or something in my head." "Must be a cold, old man."—Lippincott's.

When a young man admires a girl's hair she thinks he is hinting for a bunch of it to wear in his locket.

It took Moissant three weeks to get from Paris to London by airship. Still, walking would have been worse.

A young lady says it does no good to "hitch your wagon to a star" for the darned star don't stop to let you get in!

It is hard to predict occurrences from day to day further than that an aviation record of some sort will be broken.

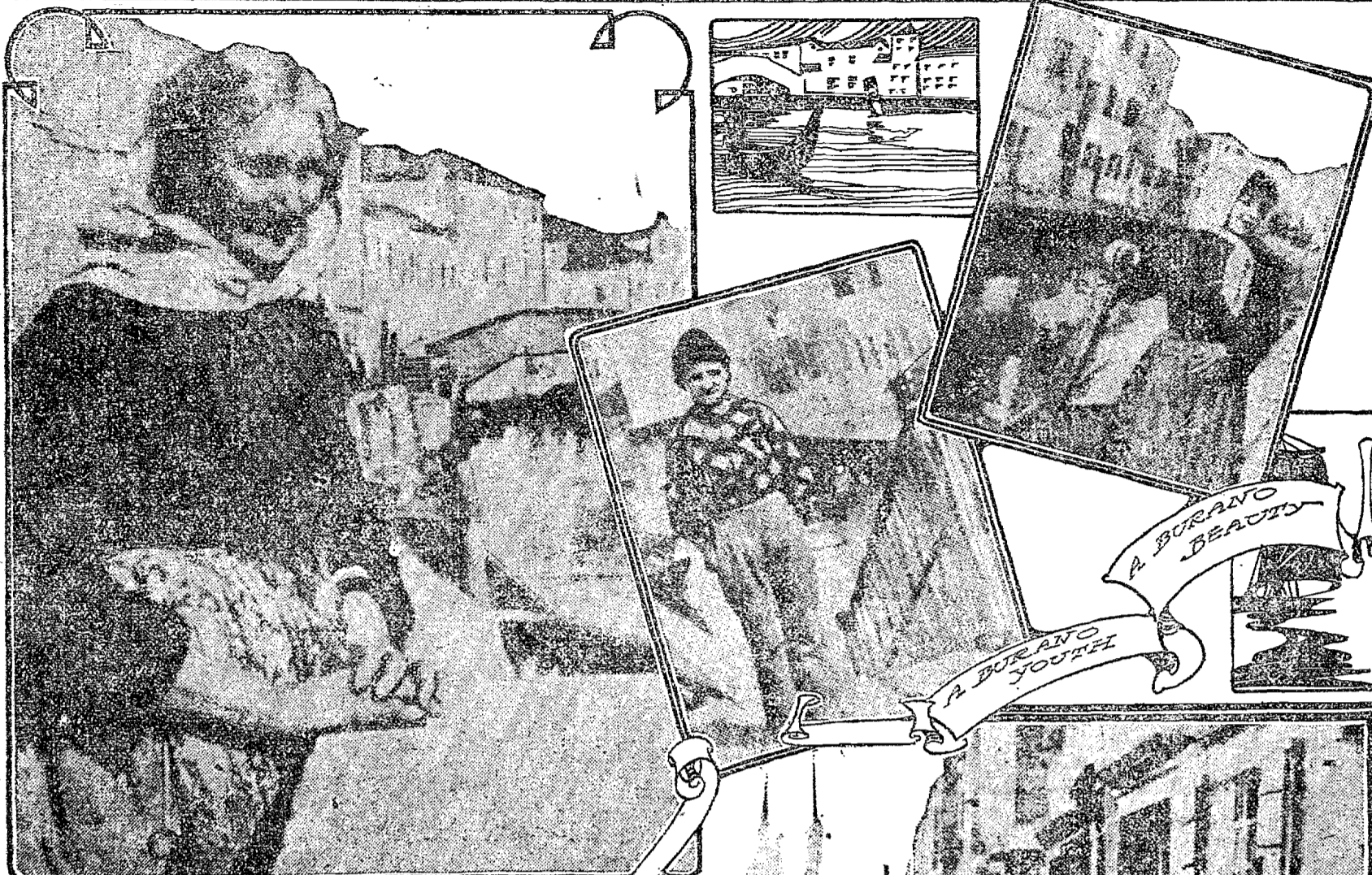
A Chicago man defeated a woman in a dishwashing contest. It were better for his sex had he considerably lost.

Now that the Balkan war cloud has begun hanging around again it is time to send up a flock of airships to invite it to go hence.

Another naval hero. A captain of a warship has been seriously wounded in action. His ankle was broken while he was dancing at Newport.

Chicagoans will now be expected to carry around a microscope to see whether their ice cream contains more than 5,000,000 germs, the new limit.

A Picturesque Burano by Dr. Habberton Lulham



AN OLD WOMAN OF BURANO

THOUSANDS of travelers hopefully seek Venice yearly, their imaginations long fed by the painters and poets who have pictured the beautiful city in hues and terms which, though it may be true to their own highly cultivated senses, tend to bring no little disappointment to the ordinary beholder.

If such a traveler be leaving Venice with a sense of disappointment, let him by no means depart till he has visited the fisher island of Burano; for, if he but choose his day and hour well, he will assuredly take home with him a satisfying picture of one spot at least, glowing with color and teeming with a picturesque life, that has outrun his most hopeful imaginings.

There can be few more pleasant experiences on a fine, warm afternoon in spring or autumn—in early May or mid-September for choice—than to take a gondola, with two good rowers, and win one's first sight of Burano.

A gondola it must be, not the vaporetto, that one may arrive alone or with a well-chosen companion, and not as one amongst a crowd of chattering, sight-seeing snapshotters.

The way to Burano takes one through about six miles of lagoon landscape to the eastward of Venice. The island is situated about five miles northeast of Venice, in northern Italy.

Approaching the island, one may find one's gondola passing or passed by increasing numbers of fishing boats racing each other home to Burano; finely bronzed, statuesque men stand bending lustily to their oars, their half-cad forms showing many a fine play and molding of muscle.

Then the island, with its leaning campanile, appears before one, its many-tinted walls basking in the late sunlight. Approaching it on its westward side one glides past the opening of a canal that intersects the island, and a first glance it reveals a scene that must live long in the memory of any lover of movement and color.

The Buranelli are an independent spirited, hardy, strongly marked race, but their dialect is one of a caressing softness; slurring and half-singing their words, they dwell on the vowel sounds till the consonants well-nigh disappear, and



A QUAYSIDE IN THE FISHER-ISLAND OF BURANO

each sentence ends in a sort of crooning diminuendo. One is loath to leave the little island and row home at last. But the lagoon is quieting down to a pearly gray in the evening light, though still flushed to westward with a faint rose, which touches also the far-away peaks of the Euganean hills.

There I first met old Pietro, with his crisp, white curls, ruddy bronze, and merry laugh, despite his ninety years and many seasons of toil in the boats, still cheerfully making his daily cast of nets.

There, too, dwell little Adelle, their granddaughter, an incarnation of youthful loveliness and delight in life.

Yet once you did beg; it was when you took us to see that poor, wasted little friend of yours, sitting at her cottage door, bending so frailly over her pillow lace; then you took her small, thin hand and drew it toward me, whispering a shy "Soldi" in my ear, and I felt proud of my little friend and her way of begging.

And again I see you, with your young rogue of a brother, Beppo, putting out in the small, light gondola—sandola, did you call it?—one May evening at moonrise, to take the same little friend's bunch of pink Judas-blossom across the lagoon and lay it before the shrine of the Fisherman's Madonna, that stood up solitary out of the shadowy waters, there to offer up your simple prayer for her recovery.

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Immediately on knowing of a death in the family of a friend one should show formal recognition of the fact, even though the acquaintance be slight. Only if one is really an old friend does one send a note or go to the house, but unless some attention is paid to the affliction those who are undergoing it have no way of knowing whether the others from whom they have not heard are aware of it.

To post one's visiting card, or, better still, to leave it at the house in person is the most formal way one may do. Something may be written on the card or not, as one chooses; but, generally speaking, if one writes at all the form should take that of a note and not a line on a card, which may always be considered casual, saving the bother of a note.

It is a very pretty thought to show such an attention a week or so after a funeral, for those in affliction are more than apt to feel that their grief is quickly forgotten by their friends, who are all sympathy at first. It is not necessary that any note shall accompany the box, but the recipient is required to send a note of thanks, written either by herself or another member of the family or a friend for her.

COMING OF A SUDDEN GUEST

Not Feared by the Woman Who Can Seize the Every-day Larder's Possibilities.

The housekeeper who is quick to seize the possibilities of the every-day larder, with its collections of odds and ends and its plainer viands, need fear no sudden guest, however imposing.

For instance, that half cup of boiled rice that was left over can be converted into a very dainty accompaniment to the meat or fish by stirring it in a cream sauce until heated through, and then grating a little good dairy cheese over the top. Serve with toast fingers.

Or try this plan. Have the rice rather wet, and smooth it out in a baking dish with layers of cheese sliced very, very thin at intervals and a dusting of salt and pepper. Some think a few drops of onion juice dropped on each layer an improvement.

When other things fail at the crucial moment the chances are that there will be fresh eggs in the house, and these can be transformed into a very acceptable luncheon dainty as egg croustades.

To prepare them cut a square loaf of bread into slices two inches thick, and scoop out the center of each square, after trimming away any thick crust, of course, so as to form a little box. Fry a nice brown in deep fat, put a raw egg in the middle of each season and put in a hot oven till set, add a little cheese or a spoonful of white sauce to each. This may figure as the entree.

One housekeeper who recently received a guest of epicurean habits rather unexpectedly found herself with nothing more special than a broiled beefsteak as the main course of her meal.

As it proved, however, no elaborate compound could better have met the taste of the distinguished visitor than the steak as served to him.

It was, of course, delicately broiled and just before serving was sprinkled, after seasoning with salt and pepper, with a tablespoonful each of chopped chives and parsley, and was then rubbed over quickly with a tablespoonful of butter creamed with the same quantity of lemon juice. The unusual, piquant flavor was immediately detected and commented upon.

The psychic moment for serving is when the butter in the sauce has melted over the meat.

BEEF PIE A L'ITALIENNE

Elaborate and Tempting Recipe for Making This Palatable and Widely Popular Dish.

One pound of cooked beef, six ounces of boiled macaroni, one pound of peeled tomatoes, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one chopped shallot, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of stock, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of Worcester shire sauce, salt and pepper. The macaroni must be boiled till quite tender in boiling salted water, having been broken in inch lengths before being put into the water.

And Adelle herself may still be found there, only two years older, and still, one may hope, wreathing her flowers, tending her old folk and her little friend, working busily at her lace, and affording, in her gracious being, recompense for many a disillusionment of travel.

A NOTE OF SYMPATHY

Split Biscuit.

These are made for supper when bread has been baked in the morning: Use one pint of dough, risen overnight, of the bread; take one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter four of sugar, one teaspoonful salt and two well beaten eggs.

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Flowers which may be sent are addressed to the head of the house and visiting cards are placed in the box. It is not good form to send them when funeral notices request that flowers shall be omitted.

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Dainty Napkin Rings.

A white linen napkin ring is a dainty affair, and makes an unusual gift. To make it, cut a narrow piece of linen the required length, and scallop and buttonhole the edge, finishing the end in a point. Any design may be embroidered on it with the owner's monogram or initials. Fasten by means of a tiny button and button-holed loop at the end opposite the button.



