FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
And cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen in the sweet-smelling hay."

—[Margaret E. Sangster.

BRIGHT SPOTS.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, two sailors were shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, and wandered around for many hours without finding any trace of human habitation. Finally, when upon the verge of despair, one of them caught sight of a gallows erected by the roadside.

"Thank goodness, Jim," he cried, in rapture, "here is a gallows! We are in a civilized country!"

The melancholy point to this story is the fact that a gallows, like a jail, does mark civilization. Savages have no use for either; they visit condign punishment on their enemies and malefactors or they do not punish them at all.

It is a mournful subject for reflection that a portion of the community must be imprisoned like wild beasts to protect honest people, but there is a bright side, after all.

"There are many Americans," says Edward Everett Hale, "who forget, or perhaps never knew, that there are in this country towns and villages where, practically speaking, there is no criminal class, and no class of paupers. The house of correction in many a county in America is empty half the time. There is many a poorhouse in New England where they take summer boarders because they have no one else to take."

A BOY ON THE FARM.

It is quite likely that no country boy needs to be told about the life of a boy on a farm, but he may more truly realize his own importance by reading what Charles Dudley Warner says about him.

"It is my impression," says Mr. Warner, "that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterward.

"Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the postoffice, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centiped they would tire before night.

"He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of the house there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths; and in the summer he turns the grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but schools and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks: and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores."

HOW WOLVES HUNT IN INDIA.

One strongly-marked characteristic common to dogs and wolves is their skill in trailing and running down game, in couples or packs. Such a wolf hunt in India is described by an English traveler, who, while with his telescope watching a herd of antelope feeding in a large field, observed six wolves evidently concerting how best to secure their own breakfast.

Having decided on their plan of campaign, they separated, leaving one stationary. Four crept stealthily round the outer edge of the field, and one lay in ambush in each corner, while the sixth crept through a furrow to the middle of the field and there lay down unobserved.

When all were thus posted, the first wolf suddenly showed himself, and, charging the antelopes, drove them right across the great field, when they were headed by another wolf, who chased them in a fresh direction, while the first hunter lay down to rest.

No sooner had the frightened herd reached the further corner of the plain than up sprang a fresh wolf, who again turned them and took up the pursuit, leaving his panting accomplice to take breath, preparatory to another chase.

Thus the luckless, terrified antelopes were driven from corner to corner of the great plain, till, stupefied and exhausted, they crowded together, galloping in ever lessening circles round the center of the field, where the sixth wolf lay hidden, evidently waiting till they should be so effectually tired out as to fall an easy prey.

His calculations, however, were at fault, not having reckoned on the human presence, and just as he was preparing for the final spring, a well-directed shot proved fatal to the nearest wolf, whereupon all the confederates took the hint and scurried off with all possible speed.

A LITTLE PRINCESS.

The exiled King of France, Charles X, was then resident in Holyrood Palace with his two grandchildren—the Duc de Bordeaux, afterward known as the Comte de Chambord; and his sister, Louise, who was never designated otherwise than as Mademoiselle. Their governess, the Duchesse de Gontaut, was a friend of my mother's, and, as it was thought desirable that the royal children should have some young companions, we were selected to associate with them, and frequently went to them at Holyrood, while they were often also invited to our house. Mademoiselle especially enjoyed coming to us, away from all the stiffness of court etiquette, and also because she had a quite romantic attachment to one of my sisters, Sir Walter's Curlinda.

On one occasion, when she came to us without her brother, we got leave to make our escape from the solemnity of the drawing-room, where Mme. de Gontaut was seated with my mother, and we all ran off together to amuse ourselves in some other room. We chose my father's study as the scene of our exploits, knowing that he had gone out. Arriving there, my sister suggested that as Mademoiselle was sure to be a queen some day we had better erect a throne for her on the top of the writing-table and duly install her in it. The young princess was a very clever, thoughtful child, and her words were characteristic: "Ah, friend! who can say whether in the future I shall be a poor little queen or a magnificent beggar!" As a matter of fact, she became Duchess of Parma. But we carried out our design of treating her as a future monarch; by means of a pile of cushions on the study table, we raised a very satisfactory throne and placed her upon it. Then I believe one of us acted as principal lady-in-waiting, and formally presented the others, who made profound courtesies, and were received by the princess with becoming dignity. In the midst of this little court drama the door opened, and my father walked in, not being even aware that there were any visitors in the house, and he stopped in some surprise to contemplate the scene.

TALE OF BURIED TREASURE

French Swindlers Who Found Many Dupes Among Tradesmen.

It is a well established fact that many people who would not be swindled by any other confidence game will allow themselves to be beguiled of their savings by a tale of buried treasure. The latest example of this came to the attention of one of the criminal courts of Paris the other day. The accused swindlers were Pedro Baquet, olive of skin and black of hair, and Edouard Antoine, who was pale and red-headed.

Their modus operandi was beautiful in its simplicity and results. They would carefully select some Paris tradesman and send him from some town in Spain a cleverely worded letter about a mysterious box containing 860,000 francs buried for political reasons in the environs of Paris. The swindler, usually a prisoner of State in Spain, professed to know the tradesman slightly, and pretended that his daughter, then in a school in Spain, must be present at the discovery of the box. He would then invite the tradesman to pay the expenses to Paris of the daughter and a servant. The daughter would bring with her the plans and explanations necessary to recover the treasure. For his reward the tradesman would be promised a third of the treasure.

The tradesman in most cases would reply that he did not know the writer, which brought forth a second letter, saying that the "Spanish prisoner of State" lived for some time in the same street with him at Paris and was a regular customer. He would further explain that he had been commissioned to invest the money in munitions of war in France, and, hearing of his intended arrest, had hidden the treasure. The second letter would say: "Take the Bastille-Charenton tramway and get off a little before you reach Charenton. Follow the right hand sidewalk and you will see six benches. It is between the fifth and sixth benches that the money is hidden. There are trees and stones by which I can indicate more exactly the spot. Twelve hundred francs is the sum which will be necessary to take my daughter from her pension."

If the 1,200 francs was sent the dupe would receive a third letter, demanding 2,000 or 3,000 francs more under various pretexts, a favorite one being an additional bill of the directress of the boarding school, written on a finely lithographed letter head and signed "La Directrice Dolores de les Navas." The game would keep on until the victim's funds were exhausted.

The swindlers were caught because they had chosen Perpignan as the postoffie when Barcelona grew too warm for them. There were half a score of witnesses against the swindlers, who had lost all the way from 700 to 6,400 francs. One of them, a Mme. Bouglet, after having sent all her money, received a letter saying that the tale of buried treasure was an invention, and that she had better say nothing if she did not wish to be laughed at. Others had spent hours waiting for trains which should bring them the orphaned Henriette, who would wear a black dress and carry a white handkerchief.

The swindlers were fined 3,000 francs and sentenced to five years in prison, and the judgment was ordered printed in ten Parisian and twenty provincial journals, the Judge adding that he hoped there would be fewer fools in consequence.

A Market for Girls' Hair.

At Morlaas, in Lower Pyrenees, a hair market is held every Friday. The village has but one street, up and down which the traders walk, with long shears hanging from their leather belts. The girls who wish to sell their hair stand on the doorsteps of the houses; they let down their braids for inspection, a bargain is struck, the money paid, and the braids snipped off on the spot. The price varies from 3 to 20 francs.

Ceylon has 2,760,000 population and does an annual trade with Great Britain of $40,000,000.

BED VALUED AT $25,000.

It Belonged to the Emperor in the Sung Dynasty and Has a History.

The lover of rare and antique furniture and cabinet art work would go into ecstacies could he but see a bed that is now owned by James L. Hudson, of Washington, D. C., which was built seven hundred years ago for one of the Chinese emperors of the Sung dynasty, and which for thirty years was the imperial throne by day and couch by night. It is valued at $25,000.

This mammoth piece of furniture, weighing over a ton and constructed of rosewood, ebony, teak, mahogany, boxwood, sandal wood and bamboo, and inlaid with boxwood and ivory figures cut in cameo, tells the history of the famed Sung dynasty from the founder, Tai-tsu, 960 B. C., until the overthrow by the Tartars and death of The-Sing, in 1279. On the upper portion of the bed is told the corresponding mythological history, and all is worked out in the most clearly defined tracings and inlaid carved work. It was constructed by Chung-Ye, one of the most profound and learned historians of the period, who who was also an artist.

When the Tartars and Mongolians overran the empire and made Pekin the capital, in 1279, A. D., they sacked the city and looted the palaces of The-Sing, and among the valuable treasures hypothecated was this piece of furniture. The emperor, who was the last of the dynasty, escaped capture and drowned himself and family in the river, near Canton.

The bed was next heard of in Ning Po, at the time of the opium war, in 1840, when the city was taken by the British. It fell into the hands of Robert Haywood, an English naval officer, who shipped it on a sailing vessel that was to make Liverpool, but which two years later sailed into Golden Gate harbor, San Francisco. At that time there were only two of the present six Chinese companies on the coast, yet they at once made an effort to get the bed, and appealed to the United States officials for an order restraining its removal from the city with the intention of sending it back to the orient, claiming that it was one of those rare and valuable works of art that their laws forbade leaving the empire. John Hudson, uncle of the present owner who was then in San Francisco, obtained possession of the bed and shipped it to New York by a sailing vessel, and in 1844 presented it to his sister, the mother of the present owner, who on her death gave it to his wife.

The bed weighs 2,400 pounds, is 7 feet 6 inches long, 4 feet 10 inches wide, with a 16 inch projecture on the front, and 7 feet 3 inches in height. It is composed of forty-three separate pieces, that go together like a curious Chinese puzzle, not a nail or screw being used in its construction. It has seventy elaborately carved panels of different sizes that depict the history of the reign of the Sung dynasty. The panels are of carved teak, with inlaid figures of sandal wood and ivory in curiously wrought designs, over seventy full length figures being used. Of the 1,100 different figures being used no two are alike in carving or in their positions, and the features of the faces of the persons represented are as expressive as they could be in a painting. The figures are carved and then inserted into the panels in some kind of adhesive preparation, the panels being dowelled out in the most perfect and artistic manner to admit of it.

The history of the period as told by the carving is being translated by Mr. Hing Chong, a wealthy dealer in Chinese curios in the capital city.

Despite the great age of the bed it is in a wonderful state of preservation. Mr. Hudson has used it continually for the past forty years, with the exception of three years, when all trace of it was lost. He removed with his family to Richmond, Va., and left the bed in care of a furniture dealer in Washington until he should send for it. About three months later on a visit to that city he found the store closed and learned that the dealer in antiques had left the city and no trace of the property could be found. Two years later he heard that the bed was in the possession of a wealty tea dealer of Philadelphia, and he was compelled to resort to litigation to recover it.

Many people have seen the bed and Mr. Hudson has been offered $10,000 for it many times, but places a much higher valuation upon it. P. Z. Leiter, the millionaire Chicago drygoods man, who has the finest collection of Chinese and Japanese art treasure in this country has made overtures to purchase the bed. Mrs. Hearst, wife of the California senator, desired to secure it, but Mr. Hudson did not wish to part with it.

The members of the Chinese legation say there is not in existence such a work of art and such a genealogical record, and that another such could not be produced in this age. It is like a picture of Raphael—impossible of duplication.

The top of the bed is composed of lattice scroll work, upon which a canopy is placed and Chinese tapestry of the finest workmanship and texture hung. The sixteen-inch projection, which extends at the head and foot, makes alcove seats.

Remarkable Lake On An Arctic Island.

One of the most interesting of the results achieved by the Russian naturalists who spent some time on the Island of Solowetzh in the North sea laboratory has been the discovery of a remarkable lake on the Island of Kildine, in the Arctic Ocean. This lake, which is completely separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land, was discovered by the Russian naturalist, M. Herbenstein, who was struck by finding in the lake a fish which is exclusively marine in habit, namely the common cod. On the surface the water is fresh, and inhabited by fresh water animals, such as daphnids, etc.; this water is brought to the lake by streams from a neighboring marsh. Under the superficial layer of fresh water is found salt water, supporting a marine fauna—sponges, sea anemones, nemertines, polychaetes, marine molluscs (chiton aeolis, astarte), starfish and pantopods. The salt water is believed to reach the lake by an underground communication with the ocean.

THE KANGAROO.

A Success in Many Ways, But not in Running Down Hill.

Leather made from the skin of the kangaroo is one of the new products in the leather line. It is soft, strong, and the light grades are particularly well adapted for light shoes and for shoe tops, while the heavier grades will bear more usage than any other leather finished on the grain side. The light skins are made into the finest brilliant glazed kid and in dull finish for ladies' fine shoes, and the heavy ones are finished for men's fine work. Much of it is crimped and sold for tongue boots. Shoe laces of good quality are also made of it.

The skin of the kangaroo has a wonderfully muscular fibre, which contributes largely to the strength of the animal, enabling the females to carry their young in their pouch until old enough to take care of themselves, and aiding the kangaroo in his long leaps when in motion.

The animal is a native of Australia and adjacent islands. It is a distinct species, and has no counterpart in other countries. There are a great number of families, some scarcely larger than a rat, others of almost gigantic size. The giant kangaroo (Macropus major), the family which furnishes the most valuable skins, was discovered by Capt. Cook about a century ago, at which time it attracted much attention among naturalists.

The natives of Australia call the old males "booma," and are slow to attack them. The "booma" has paws as large as those of a mastiff, though of different shape. His feet are his weapons, and when attacked he is a dangerous antagonist. When raised to his full height his hind legs and tail form a tripod, upon which his body rests, carrying his head as high as that of a man on horseback.

The kangaroo lives upon vegetable food, and roams over the plains of Australia in large flocks. Its teeth are so constructed that it can feed upon roots and live upon barren plains where other animals would starve, and to its destruction of roots is attributed the sterile plains so common in Australia.

When feeding a large male stands at his full height and acts as sentinel, while the balance of the flock lie on their sides and browse. At the slightest approach of danger the sentinel sounds the alarm, and in an instant all are erect upon their hind feet. They leap with their forepaws clasped close to their body, the tail stretched backward, while the powerful thigh musles are caused suddenly to straighten to the joints, by which act the body flies through the air on a low curve. The ordinary jump is about nine feet, but thirty feet is often made at a leap. When pursued by hunters, and on level ground, or on an up-grade, they can outrun the fleetest dog, but down grade they lose their balance and roll over. The flesh of the kangaroo furnishes excellent food, kangaroo venison being considered a dainty dish, while the tail furnishes an excellent and nutritious soup.

The Best Country Road.

The reports of several investigations conducted by experts of the agricultural department have been submitted to Secretary Morton. The inquiry as to the best roads for farming and farmers was conducted by General Roy Stone, who pictures the road that best meets the farmers' needs as a solid, well bedded stone road, so narrow as to be only a single track, but having an earth track alongside. "A fine, dry, smooth dirt track," the report says, "is the perfection of roads, easy on the horses' feet and legs and free from noise and jar. The stone roads, on the other hand, wear more in warm weather than in wet. Practical experience shows that the junction of the stones and earth sections of the roads can be kept even, and there is no difficulty in the meeting and passing of loaded teams, two points which have been raised in the discussion of construction methods. No rutting of the earth roads results."

Hanged for Cannibalism

Three scientific gentlemen of Sierra Leone, one of them a Sunday school teacher, were hanged recently by the British authorities for cannibalism. They belonged to a "Human Leopard Society," the members of which hid in the bush in the neighborhood of villages, clad in leopard skins, and killed the villagers who came in their way; these the society subsequently ate. In their defense they explained that the murders were committed in order to obtain certain parts of the booty, the hand, leg and heart, with which to make medicine called "ju ju." They were taken from Freetown to the Imperi country, the scene of their crimes, where in a public street a scaffold was set up, on which they were allowed to hang for 48 hours, the scaffold being left in place as a warning to other "leopards."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Calls for an Old-Fashioned Meeting.

"My friends," said Brother Gardner as the notes of the triangle calling the meeting to order ceased to echo through Paradise hall, "de present meetin' of dis club will be held in de old-fashioned way, an' sich members as am alive at de close will repa'r to de aunty room an' be regaled on seberal large and voluptus late water-millyons which hev jist arrive from de Stait of Gawgy. In answer to sartin letters of inquiry received doorin' de week I should like to say:

"Dis club am pledged to no pertickler sort of religion.

"We has no pollyticks as a club, but as individuals we cast ouh votes in favor of honest and respectable men. It am so seldom dat we find honest, respectable men runnin' for office, howeber, dat moas' of us stay home on 'leckshun day to clean out de cistern or repair de pig-pen.

"Our aim am to elevate de cu'ld race. If de race ain't fo' pegs higher in matters of science, philosophy, economy an' art dan it was five y'ars ago it ain't our fault.

"We has no partnership wid congreshunal or legislative bodies, an' we enter into no alliance wid odder clubs or societies.

"We believe in a hereafter, charge seventy-five cents fur whitewashin' an ordinary ceilin', an' any pusson desirin' stoves blacked in de moas' conducive manner should give de job to a member of de Lime-Kiln Club. Let us now purceed."

Sir Isaac Walpole brought out a brand new bean box and a pint of fresh beans, and in ten minutes the following candidates were neatly and legally elected: Paradox Jones, Col. Carr, Shakspeare Smith, Rev. Job Pulser, Lord William O'Flynn, Hon. Asteroid Greene and Endeavor Williams.

The secretary announced an official communication from the secretary of the Akron Dead Beat Society, of Akron, O., asking to be admitted in a body to the Lime-Kiln Club. Their creed was: "Trust to-day, pay to-morrow." Their party platform: "Two dollars a day and no work." Their object in life: "To beat the human race."

Brother Gardner read the communication over slowly and then dropped it out of the window into the alley.

A communication from Halifax contained this inquiry: "In case a member of the club joins the Good Templars and finds he can't let whisky alone, what would be good advice to him?"

"My advice would be fur him to go off an' drown hisself," replied the president. "When I h'ar tell of a man who can't let whisky alone I sot him down as an idiot who had better take hisself out of de world. A man who can't spit on his hands an' lick his appetite in a stan' up fight should hev bin bo'n a cow."

Giveadam Jones offered a resolution that the fine imposed on Elder Toots for disturbing a meeting a few weeks ago be remitted. The disturbance was created by falling down stairs and breaking a door, and Elder Toots never fell down stairs when he could avoid it. He might have made less noise, but he paid for the door and was anxious to be reinstated.

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and the president declared the fine remitted.

Some time since Samuel Shin let an old tinpan full of ashes fall upon Whyfore Davis as the latter was entering the hall by way of Legislative Alley. There has been a coldness between them ever since, and Brother Davis has several times asserted that he would pulverize Brother Shin to a lifeless mass in case he could catch him out on a rabbit hunt. At the present meeting, and a few minutes before the triangle sounded, Brother Davis received word that his mother, residing in West Virginia, was dead. This softened his feelings and prepared his heart for a reconciliation, and he walked up to Brother Shin and extended his hand and bridged the awful chasm. He afterwards ascertained that his mother had been dead eleven years, but he had made up the coldness and he did not back out, as a less honorable man would have done.

The secretary then announced an official communication from the secretary of the Anti-Buttermilk Society, of Dupont Banks, Del., asking to be admitted to the Lime Kiln Club as a body, with authority to work on the third degree. The letter of application announced the fact that the society was of the opinion that buttermilk was the bane of the present age. Investigation had revealed the fact that the greatest consumers of the fluid were those most obstinately arrayed against the society and the law. Out of twenty-two murderers questioned by the society, nineteen admitted their fondness for buttermilk. Train robbers, burglars, cowboys and all the prominent embezzlers were buttermilk drinkers, and the society had started on a crusade which would not end until the churn was forbidden by law.

The secretary was instructed to reply that the Lime Kiln Club did not care for such an alliance, having used buttermilk for the last seven years with the most gratifying results.

The librarian reported that he had lately received several historical works, two volumes of poetry, three pamphlets on free trade and a hymn-book. The library was now open six evenings per week, from 7 to 10 o'clock, and the average attendance for the past month was sixty-eight.

The janitor reported that he had paid out twenty-seven cents for tin to nail over rat-holes.

The committee on judiciary reported a petition from Syracuse asking the club to use its influence to secure national legislation to make it a penal offense for any person to deliver a Fourth of July oration within two miles of any crowd of people.

The Keeper of the Sacred Relics reported the mysterious disappearance of the hat worn by De Soto when he discovered the Mississippi river, and for three or four minutes consternation was depicted on every countenance. It was then learned that Pickles Smith had taken the hat to carry home some carrots from the market. He was given such a raking down as few men ever live through, and was then allowed thirteen minutes in which to gallop a mile and a half and return with the sacred relic.

Waydown Beebe then offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, Dat while dis club am constitutionally opposed to lynch law, de members stan' ready to pull on de rope if dar' am any lack of help."

Trustee Pullback demanded the yeas and nays, and the resolution was adopted by a majority of 64.

The lamps being on the point of going out, the meeting sang a poem and adjourned to the banquet hall.

America a Century Ago.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his feet on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in New York.

Pork, beef, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow-prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

"Fad."

A recently published article on the derivation of the word "fad" speaks of it as being of Welsh origin giving "ffedd" as the root word. A New York Tribune correspondent writes on the subject: "The word 'fad' is a manufactured word, not given by Worcester. It has been in use only a short time, comparatively, and, while it may be derived from the Welsh, it is more probable that it is made from the initial words 'for a day.' The word 'tip' originated, it is said, in that way. The story goes that in an old-time English tavern a receptacle for small coin was placed in a conspicuous place over which appeared the legend, 'To insure promptness.' Whatever was placed in the box was given to the servants. Other taverns followed the example, and soon the three words were written 'T. I. P.,' everybody knowing what they indicated. Then the punctuation marks were dropped, and the word 'tip' was born. 'Fad' and 'tip' are of the same class and kind."

How to Clean Lace.

Here in an old Italian recipe for cleaning lace. It is similar to the way in which our grandmothers washed their thread lace borders for caps and kerchiefs, for in those days all matrons, young or old, wore caps, and I am assured that this is the veritable way all French gentlewomen clean their laces, no matter how fine or how old. Fill a large sized glass bottle with cold water, draw closely over it a stocking leg or a piece of white flannel, if preferred, place the lace smoothly over and tack closely; put the bottle in a kettle of cold water, with a few shavings of cold soap, and put over the fire to boil; boil an hour or more; rinse in several waters; then drain and dry. When thoroughly dry remove the lace very carefully from the bottle, taking care not to break or pull harshly, then pick out the edge gently with the fingers, fold it in quarter of a yard lengths and place it smoothly in a large book with a weight on top. Very nice lace can be made to look new by this process.

Not Cheap.

Major Moses P. Handy relates in the New York Mail and Express the following anecdote, which may well be pondered over by persons with a predilection for poker playing: A Chinese gentleman, staying at one of our big hotels, and finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, asked an American acquaintance to initiate him into the mysteries of the game of poker. Some other men were invited in and the game was played with a $2 limit. The Chinaman was greatly interested, playing boldly and losing philosophically to the extent of about $100. Then he called a halt. When they were settling up the game one of the party, being desirous of breaking the solemn silence, said: "Well, Mr. ——, poker, how do you like him?" The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders and said, with a far away look in his eyes, "Good game," and then added quickly and emphatically, "Not cheap." The general opinion was that he had stated the case in a nutshell.

Survival of a Strange Custom.

A strange custom, dating back to the dark ages, has survived in some of the mountain districts in Austria—the painting of skulls. The small size of most cemeteries in those regions makes it necessary to regularly remove the skeletons of the buried who have lain there eight or ten years, to make room for newcomers. The relatives of the dead thus to be exhumed are generally notified before the removal so that they can attend to the cleaning of the skeleton and be present at its deposit in the so-called "bone-house" or "charnel-house." On such occasions the skull is often ornamented with paintings, representing rosaries, wreaths, snakes, &c., or it is marked with the name of the dead person.