

Marvels of Brussels.

The finest of all lace is Brussels. Belgium is the lacemakers' chosen home. One-fortieth of the whole population is engaged in it. The government supports 900 lace schools, to which children are sent as young as five years. By the time they are ten they are self supporting. Brussels is a pillow lace. Indeed, Barbara Lattman, the inventor of pillow lace, lived and died there.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is fixed firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outlines, and to them the lace is woven by crossing and twisting the threads, each of which ends in a bobbin. Lace two inches wide requires 200 or 300 bobbins. A piece six inches has sometimes as many as a thousand. The thread is hand spun from the best Brabant flax, in damp, dark cellars, whose one ray of light falls on the spinner's hand.

Naturally spinning is very unhealthy, and experts get high wages. The best yarn from a single pound of flax fetches over \$3,000. For filling flowers and leaves fine soft cotton is used. Grounds, too, are often made of it. Elaborate patterns are made in sections, and joined together by the most skillful workers of all. As the lace is never washed before it is sold, the most exquisite neatness is requisite in everything connected with it.

Still, as months are consumed in making very handsome pieces, the work turns dingy in spite of the lace worker's best efforts. To remedy that it is sometimes dusted with white lead in powder, and turns dark at contact with gas or sulphur in a way to exasperate the wearer.—New York Herald.

Why the Mafia Exists in Italy.

The origin of the Camorra and Mafia murder leagues ceases to puzzle travelers who have visited the rural districts of southern Sicily. Nearly all the real estate of the coast plain from Syracuse to Cape Bianco is in the hands of a few aristocrats, who have deprived their tenants of their panes as well as of their circuses, of the right to hunt, to fish, to train fighting cocks, without a special license, as well as of the more urgent necessities of life. The streets of the inland villages generally resemble the gulches of a parched out mountain river, and the houses are mere mud piles, roofed with flat stones and wattles of broomcorn, and surrounded by rubbish heaps, where many cubs and sore eyed children compete for scraps of animal refuse.

Laborers, returning from a day's hard work, sit down to a meal of maize paste and salad, washed down with the water of the slimy village cistern. The profits of little truck farms barely satisfy the demands of the tithe collector, and indignation meetings are promptly suppressed, but midnight conventicles are less easy to prevent, and the starving villager would soon defile the statue of Garibaldi as to betray a Capo Masone who has befriended him at the expense of an oppressive landlord.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

A New Use for Matches.

I watched a train hand stagger through the coach with eyes closed and a tearful face—a case of cinder. He met a companion, who instantly felt in his vest pocket, poised himself, made one motion, and the suffering brakeman at once went back to his post relieved. "How did you remove that cinder?" I asked. "With a match," he replied. Producing one, he split it to a point with his thumb nail. "This looks like a harsh way to treat so tender an organ," said he, "but it is entirely safe. Turning back the eyelid, the speak only needs to be touched by some dry substance—in this case the match—to adhere to it. We have to help one another so a dozen times a day." "But why not wait until stopping?" I inquired. "Too busy then. Besides, there is no need. It is as easy on a train in motion as on the ground when one is accustomed to it. After raising the arm for the operation, one needs to get the swing of the train. This car runs smoothly, so I did quick work."—Springfield Homestead.

Parisian Bonquets.

Please to heed what an anticrat direct from the salons of Paris has to say on the subject of bonquets. No more "composed bunches of flowers" are carried by the fashionable women in that dizzy capital. A ribboned bouquet is regarded as "bad form," only the Parisian has another phrase for bad form, and a dame of the haut monde now enters a salon carrying a spray or branch of some flowers in season, such as lilac or mimosa. In this land of extravagance, where all the flowers are always in bloom, she might hold a spray of orchids or a bunch of roses, but the arranged bouquet, jamaica! The idea is to resemble the young martyrs in the pictures, these said martyrs generally holding in one hand a palm branch. Perhaps our florists will catch on to this new wrinkle and have some extraordinarily lovely blooms prepared for their fair customers.—Boston Herald.

Pleasantly Expressed.

A humorous writer thus describes how he got out of a bad scrape at the police court: The next morning the magistrate sent for me. I went to him, and he received me cordially, said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me, for I was a promising young man. Then he offered a toast, "Guiltily or not guilty?" I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the city forty shillings.

A Speculation.

"Chollie is in great glee today."
"Why?"
"He owed his tailor \$565 for five years, and the tailor got mad and put the account up at public auction."
"I should think that would make Chollie mad."
"Oh, no. He went to the sale and bought it for eighty-five cents."—Harper's Bazar.

CHINESE URBANITY.

CIRCUMLOCUTION THEY DISPLAY IN LETTER WRITING.

The Educated Chinaman Can Give the American Points on Politeness and Refinements in the Conduct of Epistolary Correspondence.

It has probably fallen to the lot of most of us to have met people who, without the excuse of an unconscious habit, have the knack of asserting unpleasant truths, and who value the ungracious practice as a sign of honesty. There are others, such as the Quakers of bygone days, who regard every expression which may not be in strict accordance with absolute truth as a sin against their consciences. To such people the idea of subscribing themselves "Yours truly," or of beginning a letter to a casual acquaintance, "Dear So and So," is abhorrent. But public opinion has been too strong for them, and we continue, and shall continue so long as society holds together, to address one another in terms of endearment and respect which are not required to correspond with our sentiments.

Oriental has surpassed us in this regard as much as the brilliant sunshine to which they are accustomed excels the murky atmosphere of Europe. The descriptions of ourselves and of our correspondents pale before the glowing expressions of objective admiration and subjective self abasement which adorn eastern epistles. We are content to confine our wishes and compliments to the present life; but such a limit is far too narrow for an Asiatic, who delights in wishing that his friends may live forever and ever, and that the ancestors of his enemies may be condemned to everlasting disgrace.

We are satisfied to speak of "I" and "You," but an oriental loves to heap adjectives of contempt upon himself and of glorification upon his correspondents. ELEVATING AND DEMEANING SIMILES.

In all cases he avoids the use of the personal pronouns. By a system of circumlocution necessitated by this omission, he describes himself as "Your younger brother," the character representing his expression being written small, and partly at the side of the columns of words, and he designates himself and others conjointly as "We ants." But the person he is addressing figures as "Your excellency," "My benevolent elder brother," or "Your honor," literally, "You who are at the steps of the council chamber." His own house is "a mean dwelling," or, as the parts of the character signify, "a stricken and broken dwelling," but he is unable to think of his correspondent's habitation as anything but "an honorable," literally "basket-of-pearls palace." In the same spirit of self abasement he feels obliged to wind up his epistle with the phrase, "Your stupid younger brother, So-and-So, bows his head to the ground." The character for "stupid" is drawn for us by two hieroglyphics, meaning "monkey hearted." To bow to his friends is also pictorially expressed by a collocation of "a head" and "turf," suggesting the act of bowing the head to the earth.

If his correspondent proposes to call upon him he hastens to assure him that "at the appointed hour, with bowing hands, he will await the time when his excellency shall abase himself by driving his chariot to his office." His friend's letter is "the revelation of his hand," and he takes pains to make him aware that holding it "with washed hands he had chanted" its contents.

On expressions of thanks particular emphasis is laid by the Chinese, and with true Oriental instinct, in their effort after hyperbole, they are accustomed to give a physical interpretation to their mental feelings.

POWERFUL HYPERBOLE.

For instance, a correspondent who wishes to say that he is profoundly grateful, writes, "Your kindness is very deeply engraved and enveined in my heart." If he hears of the illness of a friend "he cannot help being hung up in suspense," and the symbol he uses shows to the eyes the heart of the writer tied up, while at the same time he urges him "to take care of his person as a pearl." And on the receipt of better news he breaks out, "How shall I bear the joy and pleasure!" Having finished expressing the object of his letter, he winds up by "availing himself of the opportunity to wish his correspondent all the blessings of the season, and," if he is on the road to honor, "all the promotion he deserves."

But, if not ferocious, a sufficient latitude still remains to a Chinaman for the development of much plain speaking. It is as possible to "silt the thin spun life" with a stiletto as with a broadsword, and in the most finished periods a Chinaman finds himself quite able to express either withering contempt or remorseless hate. But he has other ways also of giving vent to his ill humors. The very punctilious rules of letter writing enable him to convey his dislike by omission as well as by commission.

Chinese is, it may be explained, written in vertical columns, beginning on the top right hand corner of the page. In ordinary circumstances each column is completed to the bottom of the page; but long usage has established the custom that, if the name or attributes of the person addressed occurs, the column is cut short, and the characters representing these subjects of honor begin the next column at an elevation of the space of one or two characters, as the case may be, above the general level of the text. It will now be seen what a ready weapon lies to the hand of a Chinese letter writer. To write "Your Excellency" or the name of the correspondent's country or sovereign in the body of the column is to inflict a dire insult upon him, and is equivalent to the expression of the bitterest contempt in European epistolary style.—London Saturday Review.

He is Dead.

Mrs. Scriblets—I see that the Aristotle manuscript has been published.
Mr. Scriblets—I fear that the payment for it will be too late to do Mr. Aristotle any good.—Puck.

An Appropriate Costume.

"What was the idea of dressing the little page at the Revere wedding like a desperado?"
"Oh, he was to hold up the train, you know!"—Puck.

What an "Inch" of Rain Means.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 2.27 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.—St. Louis Republic.

In the Minority.

An African traveler was recounting to a company his hairbreadth escapes in the jungles and savannas about the great equatorial lake region. He had encountered there, he said, the most savage and bloodthirsty men in the world.

"As we were marching," the traveler related, "from Nimgosji to Gohangbo, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a most terrible and desperate combat. And what odds! Ten to one!"

"Were you one of the ten?" asked a bystander.

"Sir," said the explorer, grandiloquently, "I wish you to understand that I was one of the one."—Youth's Companion.

Short Skirt.

One of the leading banking firms in Paris, on the recommendation of a London correspondent, engaged an English clerk of the name of Stephenson. For about three years the man's punctuality was altogether unprecedented. He came to his work at 9 in the morning and did not leave the office before the last stroke of 5. He was not a man, he was a clock. Besides, during the whole time he never asked for a holiday. One fine morning, however, to the great surprise of his superior, Stephenson blushingly craved permission to absent himself for an hour on the following day.

Next day at 12 he left the office. It was observed that a carriage stood waiting for him at the door. At 1 o'clock he drove up again in the same carriage and resumed his calculations as cool and self possessed as if nothing had happened. This short absence puzzled the brains of all the employes in the bank. The principal himself, eager to obtain the solution of the enigma, invited this paragon of clerks to dinner. Between two glasses of Chamberlain the banker said, "You will not think me indiscreet if I ask you what you did with yourself in that hour's leave of absence you applied for last Tuesday?"

"Oh! dear no!" replied Stephenson, "I went and got married!"—Messenger Boiteux.

Inauited by a Woman.

"Oh, yes, I'll remember Detroit; no fear about that," said sweet voiced Dora Wiley as she rocked to and fro in an easy chair in the Russell House. "I shall remember it as the first place in which I was really insulted, and by a woman too."

"How and when did all this happen?" asked the reporter.

"One night this week," continued Miss Wiley in reply. "A woman sat in one of the boxes with her back to the stage. One could bear that sort of thing for a little while, but when an auditor turns his or her back squarely on you for a whole evening you cannot drive from your mind the impression that an insult is intended. Well, that was the feeling that came to mind as scene after scene of the play went by, and still that woman sat there."

"I became so annoyed—exasperated, I might say—that I could hardly sing at all. It affected others on the stage the same, but perhaps to a less extent. The legitimate result, of course, was to take our minds off our work to a certain extent, and to a measure the audience suffered by the acts of that one woman, although, perhaps, they may not have noticed it."—Detroit Journal.

Cheap Funerals in New York.

A Hester street undertaker says: "Funerals don't come very high in this neighborhood, but such as they are the poor people seem to have trouble paying the bills. I furnish what is considered a respectable funeral for \$5.50, but that does not include any carriages. The coffin and the hearse attendance is all that I can give for the money. The people in this neighborhood are mostly Polish Jews and Greeks, who are nearly all very poor, and \$5.50 represents a small fortune. Only a few of them, in my experience, have ever expressed any objection to having their dead buried in Potter's field, but they all are sensitive and superstitious about the funeral, and will sacrifice almost anything to obtain a coffin and hearse."

"They seem to have no idea of the value of our money. A woman, whose husband died the other day, came to me with a brass ring, which she thought I would take in exchange for a coffin. She was very much surprised when I refused her, and offered to work for me for a year if I would only give her husband a decent funeral. He was finally buried at the expense of the city."—New York Letter.

Diamond Smugglers' Devices.

"Diamonds are smuggled into this country by a good many strange devices," remarked a voluble customs official the other day. "Not long ago I examined the baggage of a newly arrived tourist and found in it a beautiful set of silver mounted brushes. Curiosity prompted me to lift one. I heard something rattle and investigated, with the result that I found over \$2,000 worth of stones concealed in the backs of these brushes. Another individual had the heels of his boots hollowed out and fitted with a drawer which he filled with diamonds. One day one of the heels came off and disclosed the hiding place of a number of valuable jewels."—New York Telegram.

Repairing of fine watches a specialty at C. H. Jaquette, Neville block, Sixth street.

Baby is Sick.—The woeful expression of a Des Moines teamster's countenance showed his deep anxiety was not entirely without cause, when he inquired of a druggist of the same city what was the best to give to a baby for a cold? It was not necessary for him to say more, his countenance showed that the pet of the family, if not the idol of his life was in distress. "We give our baby Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," was the druggist's answer. "I don't like to give the baby such strong medicine," said the teamster. "You know John Olsson, of the Watters-Talbot Printing Co., don't you? Inquired the druggist. His baby, when eighteen months old, got hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and drank the whole of it. Of course it the baby vomit very freely but did not hurt it the least and what is more it cured the baby's cold. The teamster already knew the value of the Remedy, having used it himself, and was now satisfied that there was no danger in giving it even to a baby. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co Druggists.

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Sour Grapes.

The Journal man roars about the board of trade job, performed by THE HERALD office. By comparison with their own work of last fall, there is no merit in the roar. The whole trouble may be found in the one point that "there was nothing in it for Sherman." That is the sole and only test that is ever applied by the Journal crowd to anything done in the city, either public or private. If there is nothing in it for Sherman it is bad, otherwise it is good.

Supreme Court.

The following syllabi of two Cass county cases appears in late decisions:

Shafer vs. Stull, sr. Appeal from Cass county. Affirmed. Opinion by Justice Norval.

Where a party cuts down a fence on the lands of another, and afterwards attempts to justify the act on the ground that the fence is within a public road, he must prove by a preponderance of the evidence that the fence at that point was within the limits of a legally established public highway.

2. The existence of a legal public road over the premises of a private person may be shown by user alone, but in that case the user must have been with the knowledge of the owner, and have continued the length of time necessary to bar an action to recover the title to land. This rule, however, does not apply when the user is of wild uncultivated prairie land. Graham vs. Hartwell, 10 Neb. 517.

3. The defendants have repeatedly torn down plaintiff's fence in order to pass over his lands, and have threatened to continue to do so. Held that the plaintiff is entitled to relief in equity by injunction, in order to prevent a multiplicity of suits.

Lehnhoff & Soennichen vs. Fisher et al. Error from Cass county. Affirmed. Opinion by Justice Norval.

A rule of the district court which provides that an action in which the statutory time for filing a reply has expired or will expire one week before the first day of the next succeeding term, whether issue has been joined or not, may be noticed for trial at such term by either party by filing with the clerk one week before the commencement of the term, and no action, not so noticed, will be docketed for trial or tried upon an issue of fact, except by consent of both parties held, not to apply to cases which are for hearing on error.

2. Under the provisions of section 531 A of the code the wages of sixty days service of laborers, mechanics or clerks, who are heads of families, in the hands of their employers, are absolutely exempt from execution, attachment or garnishment.

3. The provisions of section 531 of the code, which reads * * * "Nor shall anything in this chapte

be construed to exempt from execution or attachment, property of the value of five hundred dollars (\$500) for any debt contracted by any person in purchase of the actual necessities of life, for himself and family," do not apply to debts contracted by the head of a family for groceries and furnished him as supplies for a boarding house.

The base ball boys are going right ahead with their work, fixing up their new ball grounds which are now surrounded by a neat fence about completed. A St. Joe pitcher has been sent for and Walker a first class player from Mt. Pleasant will also be a member of the nine. These two additions with our talent will make a nine that can white wash neighbors with neatness and dispatch.

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