

MAKING LACE PAPER.

MINNEAPOLIS HAS THE ONLY FACTORY OF THE KIND HERE.

How a New Industry in Which Germany Excels Came to Be Established in This Country—As Yet It Is in Its Infancy. Nice Work For Women.

Minneapolis can claim a monopoly in at least one industry. There is none like it in the country. Germany is the nearest competitor. The lace paper factory here is the only one in the country. How the industry came to be established here and the development of certain possibilities in regard to it make quite an original story.

A certain business man tolerably well known in Minneapolis once upon a time loaned some money and material to a Russian immigrant who was trying to start a greenhouse in St. Paul. The florist was very grateful for the help, but at the end of six months had not repaid any of the loan. The business man hunted him up and inquired wherefore this negligence. The florist explained his difficulties at some length, and sorrowfully averred that in addition to other burdens he had to support his brother.

"Why doesn't your brother go to work?"

"Pardon, sir. He is honest and industrious, but can find no work at his trade."

"What trade can that be?"

"He is a lace paper maker and there are no factories of that sort here, and he has not much chance at other trades where he has no skill."

An interview with the paper maker revealed some interesting facts, and after some investigation several Minneapolis capitalists concluded to start a factory to evolve the dainty confections that modern ingenuity says may be made from paper. The industry is still so new that its present condition may be regarded as only an earnest of the future.

The fad for fancy lamp shades makes a special department which was not at first contemplated. Crape paper develops in all the soft, dainty sheen of silk. Women are especially good at this branch of the industry, as it requires patience and that peculiar "knack" which no man ever had, and the woman who possesses it is luckier than if she had beauty, though she never thinks so herself.

Now, this business of making lamp shades and flower pots and paper flowers and dolls is light, clean work and pays well if a woman has the bent for that kind of work.

The prettiest lamp shades I ever saw were being made at the factory. The tobacco leaf forms the latest model. Two contrasting shades of crape paper form the leaf. It is cut in the proper shape, and a delicate wire forms the midrib of the leaf and makes the shade substantial enough to stand wear. Four long leaves and four shorter ones droop from a common center and make the daintiest shade imaginable. I saw a tiny one of this same pattern for an incandescent light. The red leaves were lined with pale yellow, and how the electric light did glow through the blended colors! A skillful workman can only construct four or five of these shades a day. Their price consequently doesn't exactly bring them within the reach of all, but they promise to largely take the place of silk and illusion. The operative earns from \$8 to \$10 a week in the shade department.

Lace paper for lining the edges of boxes really forms the important part of this industry. Look at a bit of this dainty paper and see how faithfully it reproduces every thread of the lace from which it is copied. When people are told that these delicate patterns are stamped from engraved metal plates, they are apt to look incredulous. Still that is the process.

For many years Germany has controlled this industry. The consul at Berlin in his last annual report states that 7,000,000 pounds of lace paper are exported annually to the United States. One fine day good fortune befell the industry. A man came in and asked for employment. He was a designer and engraver of plates from Germany. He declined to give any information as to how he knew the factory was in Minneapolis or why he came. He simply said they could try his work, and if they were satisfied he would stay. He has remained ever since. I saw him several times and didn't wonder that there was some hesitancy about engaging him. He weighs about 325 pounds. The face is intelligent and refined, but the bushy beard and long hair, combined with the muscular frame, give the man the appearance of one used to vigorous manual labor. Appearances are deceptive in this case, for he is an artist as well as an engraver, and knows every detail of the business.

He first sketches the design on paper, then takes a block of lead composition, similar to that used for newspaper cuts, and draws the exact pattern with a sharp steel point. Then, with finely graded chisels, he hammers out every little detail so exact that the tiniest thread of the finest lace pattern is visible.

To see the workman hammering out an intricate pattern one would think it an endless task. It is not, however, nearly so tedious as it looks. This engraver will make a plate 20 inches long by 2 inches wide in four days. All the edges of the pattern have to be made in sharp relief instead of being cut into the plate, as in ordinary engraving. This has to be done so that the sharp edges will perforate the paper when the cylinder passes over the plate.

Lace paper has its styles just the same as the real article. The young lady who gets her dainty box of bonbons from the confectioner wants the lace-edged holder to be in the latest mode. She can also select torchon, valencienne, spanish, guipure, breton or any other style in the paper just as she can in the thread.

Among the pretty imported notions is that of a corneaque with a deep lace edge and closed with dainty bows of satin ribbons. This is to hold mittens or theater allowance of candy and will probably be very popular.—Eva McDonald-Valest in Minneapolis Tribune.

Impudence in Real Life.

Here is a story of impudence from real life. It was told by my late friend, the Rev. Greville Chester, who made a little novel out of it, but I do not think the book "caught on" or had any success. The thing happened almost exactly as follows: There was a lady living in the country; she was advanced in years, either unmarried or a widow; she was wealthy, and she lived alone.

One winter evening she heard the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel. The door was opened, and then followed the bumping of trunks in the hall. Then a lady's name was announced, and her visitor entered. She came in running; she came in holding out both her hands; she came in with a laugh of welcome and of joy. "You dearest Jenny," she cried, kissing her with brimming eyes. "It is 40 years since we parted at dear old Miss —'s school. How are you? How are you? Oh, my dear, I am so glad to see you! And I've come to stay!"

She sat down, threw off her bonnet and began to rattle on about the school. When they separated for the night, the hostess reflected that she had not even asked her visitor's name and that she remembered nothing at all about her. In the morning she did ask her name, but yet she remembered nothing at all about her. That visitor came to stay. In fact, she never went away again. The two ladies lived together in the greatest amity till the end. And to the very end the hostess never knew who her friend was and could not associate her name or her face with her old school.—Walter Besant, in London Queen.

A Tame Mountain Lion.

In Colorado I visited a hunter's store and saw a mountain lion—the only one, as its owner asserted, which had been tamed. It was in a little back room chained to an iron staple in the floor, round which it was pacing, uttering low growls.

It appeared very much like a small panther and seemed anything but tame, snarling at us as if it longed to spring. It was in awe of its master, however, and cowed down every time he cracked his whip. He made it do several tricks with a retriever dog, which did not seem to like the task very well.

"Come and kiss Miss Pussy," said the man, and the dog went up to it, laid a paw upon its neck and licked its face. The master then put a piece of meat on her nose and told the dog to fetch it away.

"He doesn't care for this part," was his comment. "She has had him by the throat once or twice. Just look at her iron paws! One blow would lay you dead as mutton. What, you brute, you would, would you?"

Miss Pussy had tried to gnaw his boot and needed to be lashed off.

"Do you ever take her out?"

"Oh, yes, she goes walking with me in the mountains sometimes. I take her chain off when we're out of town, but I'm precious careful to follow her and never let her step behind me!"—"A Ride Through Wonderland."

New Zealand Mutton.

The sheep farmer, it seems, finds that he can deliver his sheep, with a fair profit, for 2 pence a pound at the nearest port or freezing point. The killing and freezing process is undertaken chiefly by companies, which have established freezing stations at various convenient points along the coast, and which ship the carcasses, consigned to agents in London or elsewhere. One of the sights of the day at the Albert docks is the arrival of one of the New Zealand Shipping company's fine steamers, perhaps the Tongariro or the Rimutaka, or some other of the fleet with the sonorous Maori names, and to see the subsequent discharge of some 27,000 carcasses, each neatly wrapped in its winding sheet of white calico.

The whole year's exportation now figures to about 2,000,000 frozen carcasses and is rapidly increasing. Yet with all this depletion the number of sheep in the colony is rapidly increasing. The flocks have largely increased in number, and the export of wool has risen from about 64,000,000 pounds in 1882 to 108,000,000 in 1891.—All the Year Round.

Lucky Strikes.

Stories of unexpected fortunes are as common as blackberries. Somebody is always making or finding or inheriting a heap of money which seems to himself almost to have come from the clouds. Worthless shares become valuable, as happened to more than one man in the history of Devon great consols. A workman discovers a rich mine, as Mr. Graham did in South Australia; or a relative from whom nothing was expected suddenly heaps everything on the kinsman who bored him least, as occurred last year within our own knowledge in a southern country. Only last week a pauper in a poorhouse was declared heir to £300,000, a sum which he probably could not have put down accurately on a slate, but which had been earned in Australia by a relative who died intestate.—London Spectator.

She Could Not Appreciate It.

In the drawing room of one of California's bonanza men, now living in New York, there hangs a painting of a very common country scene—a girl feeding a flock of turkeys. The money king's daughter says that her father cares more for this picture than for any of the other furnishings of his palatial home and often stands before it for long moments at a time. His boyhood was spent in a tiny hamlet tucked away in the Catskills, and when the pretty girl says, pettishly, "I don't see what you find in that tea chrome thing to admire," he sighs and answers, "No, for you never had such a home."—New York Times.

Man Outdone by Woman.

"You may talk all you like about women being the weaker sex," said Mrs. Snipps, "but the women of this country did something last year that men could never do."

"And that was?" inquired Mr. Snipps.

"Lost 50,000,000 hairpins and wore the wings of 3,000,000 birds on their hats."—Buffalo Express.

SHE WORE THE SHOES TO BED.

A New England Girl's Unique Way of Stretching Tight Footgear.

When Mr. Simpson returned from Boston, he brought a beautiful pair of shoes—laced shoes, with neat heels and pretty toes—for his daughter Ethel, and a unanimous sigh of disappointment swept over the Simpson family when it appeared that these shoes were too small. No one was more sincerely grieved about it than Ethel's youngest sister, Evelyn, who liked pretty shoes as much as Ethel did, and who had been wearing a pair that could not have been described as anything but "serviceable, though plain."

Evelyn was filled with conflicting emotions when her father said: "Perhaps you can wear a No. 3, my dear. If so, you may have these."

Evelyn knew that though her sister was six years older than herself, yet they wore the same sized shoe—No. 4; but she did not say so. She set her pretty shoe beside her own stout, roomy one. The prospect was discouraging.

A little later Ethel came in.

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "you can almost get it on? Try it sometime when your foot is not warm and swollen as it is now, though I suppose papa would never let you wear them if they went on at all hard."

The shoes stood on Evelyn's dressing case all day and suggested to her what must have been the feelings of Cinderella's sisters when they tried to cut down their feet to fit the magic slipper. That evening when she was going to bed she tried them again, and they actually went on. They squeezed the poor little feet as if in a vise, but there they were, on.

About midnight Ethel Simpson was awakened by a soft knock on her door, and sitting in the hall outside she discovered her little sister Evelyn.

"Oh, Ethel—don't make a noise—my feet!" she gasped.

"Why, you have your shoes and stockings on, Evelyn. The new shoes! Oh, you poor child!" and in a moment the elder sister was bending over the sufferer, who had fainted away, with smelling salts and a pair of scissors.

"You see," sobbed Evelyn, reviving and watching the cutting of the shoe lacing with interest, "I thought if I wore them to bed they would be on in the morning and I could show them to papa and he would let me keep them. I went to sleep, and a little while ago I woke up, and I thought I was dying."

"Almost screamed, but I didn't. I felt numb all over, and then it seemed as if arms and legs and head were turning into balloons. When I tried to crawl out of bed, I knew what was the matter. It was my feet and those awful shoes."

"I expect every one will laugh at me. Why, Ethel, you are crying! Don't. My feet don't hurt me any more, and papa will say when you tell him about it, will be a lesson to her."

It was a lesson to her. She never wore tight shoes again, but if her father thought so he did not say it when Ethel told the story, and no one of the family laughed or said a word about it. A day or two later a package came from Boston for Evelyn, which contained a beautiful pair of shoes, laced, with neat heels and pretty toes and marked "fours."—Youth's Companion.

The Anthem.

The rustic choir's greatest show was always made in the anthem, in which some bumpkin had generally a solo to exhibit his "lusty voice." It was a splendid musical display—of its kind. People came from a long distance to hear it and felt so satiated that they left without the sermon. No wonder Shakespeare made Sir John Falstaff lose his voice with "hallooing and singing of anthems." To be sure he was guilty of an anachronism, for there were no anthems in the fat knight's time, but it may reasonably be supposed that he had become so impressed with this part of the service in his own day that he dropped into the nod which even Homer is privileged occasionally to enjoy.

The Jack Tar who explained a "hantem" to his mate on the simple principles of verbal elongation was not so far out after all. "If I was to say to you," he began, "'Ere, Bill, give me that handspike,' that wouldn't be a hantem; but if I was to say to you, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me, that, that, that handspike, spike, spike, spike,' why, that would be a hantem." Just after this fashion did the old village choirs tear and toss their anthem texts.—Cornhill Magazine.

But She Didn't Get the Boots.

I was trying on a pair of shoes, not many days ago, in one of the "sample" shoe stores. Finding a pair which particularly pleased me, the clerk laced up one, and looked for the other to do likewise, but it could not be found. After a vain search I was about to give it up and select another pair which did not please me half as well, when I saw the edge of the woman's skirt, who sat next me, bulging out, and, calling the attention of the salesman to the fact, he extracted the boot from under her dress.

It seems she liked the boots as well as I did, and if she did not get them, it was not because she did not possess unbounded assurance.

Some women get through this world on their nerve, and this woman was one of them.—New York Herald.

The Color Question.

Little boy Sterling, 5 years old, was recently having his hair done up for the night. He was restless under the operation, and his nurse tried to interest him by speaking of the colored waiter who had come that day.

"He looks as neat as a new pin, in his white jacket and apron," said she.

"Yes," responded Sterling, "neat as a new black pin."—Kate Field's Washington.

American Architecture.

The distinctive form of American architecture may be seen in the modern office building, now so popular in most of our large cities. It combines in the highest degree utility with excellence and is at once a model of convenience and of beauty.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

Report of the Rock Creek school for the month ending Feb. 24. Number of pupils enrolled 40, average attendance 27. Names of pupils neither absent or tardy: Burt Young, Harry Tigner, Claud Tigner, Jessie Tigner, Jimmy Furlong, Anthony Silvrants. Names of pupils not tardy but absent: Lena Young, Viola Young, Arthur Young, Roy Young, Willie Hesser, Inez Hesser, Arthur Holmes, Troy Holmes, Charley Tigner, Albert Furlong, Marcus Furlong. Role of honor: Inez Hesser, Ana Young, Viola Young, Eddie McCulloch, Maud McCulloch, Albert Furlong, Gussie Holmes, Grace Marshall, Claud Tigner, Roy Young, Tommy, Nix, Arthur, Holmes, Joanna Graham, teacher.

John M. Mackay, the famous bonanza mining man of California was shot last Friday by M. C. Rippi an old timer. Mr. Mackay's wound is not fatal. It is thought that Rippi was insane, for after shooting his victim he turned the revolver and shot himself through the left breast, the following letter addressed to the examiner was found on his person which reads as follows: "Food for reflection. Paid \$150 for a sapphire to place on jaded person of his wife. A sufficient amount to have saved 500 of his paupers from a suicidal grave. Just think of it! Inscribe it on his tomb."

Jim McNeely met with a painful accident Saturday morning. He was pulling one of the small brick factory cars, loaded with about a ton of green brick, when his feet slipped and the car ran against him, smashing his legs quite badly. No bones were broken.—Courier Journal.

County Attorney Travis last Monday dismissed the following cases in district court for want of evidence to convict: State vs. Randolph Weaver, State vs. John Stakes State vs. Myron Avery, State vs. Quinn. Also the case of the State vs. Dovey's was dismissed, this case is one that grew out of the garnishee cases. George Tressler the complaining witness failed to put in an appearance and the cases were taxed up to him.

SECRETARY RUSK TALKS.

Secretary Rusk of the department of agriculture says that farmers in all parts of the country are inquiring as to the probable profit of

feeding corn to hogs at present. He desires to state that the prospect of large returns from judicious hog feeding has never been so bright as now. In average years it takes about nine pounds of hogs, live weight to bring the price of a bushel of corn. This year five pounds of hogs bring as much as a bushel of corn. If ten pounds of pork are made from a bushel of corn, which may be taken as a fair return, then the present prices hogs would make corn bring 85c a bushel if fed to these animals, which is about twice as much as it is now quoted on the Chicago market.

Instead of sending pigs and half fat hogs to market, as thousands have done only to find that such animals were unfit for packing and would bring but a comparatively small price, these animals should be kept on the farm and fattened on the corn which is now so cheap in the market.

The high price of hogs is said to be largely due to the meat inspection carried on by the department of agriculture, which opened the market to Europe and enabled shippers to send the surplus hog products out of the country. Following this same shortage in the hog product. The number of hogs packed this winter is not less than it has been previously, but the hogs were lighter in weight, so that there has been a much smaller quantity of hog products prepared. When the advance in price came the farmers sold their breeding stock, which cannot be replaced for at least two years.

He therefore thinks that it is perfectly safe to feed hogs under present conditions until they are fully matured, as the shortage of hogs products and the unrestricted foreign markets for inspected meats offer the best possible guaranty for good prices.

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