

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.

Minnesota 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. Crap paper develops in all the soft, dainty shades of silk. Women are specially 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 workwoman 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 daily box of bonbons from the confectioner wants the lace edged holder to be in the latest mode. She can also select torchon, valenciennes, spanish, gipure, breton or any other style in the paper just as she can in the thread.

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

CRUEL FRIENDS.

How a Dear and Loving Woman Tried a Mother's Patience.

In no respect are the friends outside the sanctuary of home crueler than in acting upon the conviction that what Mrs. Stowe defines as "terms of undress intimacy" with us justifies them in parceling out our time to suit their convenience and pleasure. Women are most unconscionable in this species of torture. Men have been slaves to business for so many centuries that the masculine guest or neighbor, albeit a favorite crony, has a glimmering appreciation of the fact that his associates must have time in which to earn a living. The cruellest of friends is the woman who does nothing in particular and at no particular time and is so fond of you, who have a specific occupation and set hours for carrying it on, that she cannot be happy away from you and finds the day sorrowful which has not been salted by a comfortable talk between you and herself.

A very fiend of affectionate barbarity was a rich and idle woman who chose as her bosom friend the busy wife of a city clergyman and the mother of five children. Of these children she was also the governess until the boys were ready for the college preparatory school and sent her three girls from the family schoolroom to Smith and Vassar. She judged rightly that she would lay the foundation rudiments of thorough scholarship more conscientiously than hired instructors and enjoyed the noble task.

Her husband's parishioners were cognizant of her expressed desire that that part of the day lying between 9 and 1 o'clock should be devoted to her pupils, and, to the credit of those who did not aspire to the honor of such intimacy at the rectory as might warrant reversal of household arrangements, it may be stated that her eccentricity in this regard was generally respected.

The wealthiest vestryman's wife, by virtue of her peculiar attachment to the industrious housewife, spurred regulations not of her own making and declared her independence by word and deed. The rector's wife loved her for her many excellent qualities and valued her answering esteem. I think, nevertheless, that Mephistopheles would have been a more welcome apparition than the smiling visage that presented itself twice or thrice each week at the study door with the coaxing apology:

"I know you can't bear morning calls, but I was actually famishing for a glimpse of you. I'll just sit over here in the corner with my fancy work and never slip a syllable—just feast my eyes and ears. The children don't mind the presence of mamma's dearest friend."

The children did mind, and mamma more than they, an intruder who distracted eyes and thoughts and embarrassed recitations none the less for the frequency of the visitation. A gravel stone in the shoe is one of the minor ills of the daily walk to which the flesh is slow to become reconciled. A common acquaintance could have been denied at the outer entrance, or had she reached the penetralia could have been bowed out into the drawing room. An uncommon friend grappled with the sufferer at a fatally short distance.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

Prior as a Diplomat.

Prior had several qualifications for diplomatic work. Though he must sometimes have been hampered by his humble origin, he never failed to maintain the dignity of his official position. His special knowledge of commerce, his readiness, his humor, his fluency in French, his familiarity with Horace (a useful accomplishment in the Augustan age) and even "ce visage de bois," as Bolingbroke called it, must often have been of service to him. But Prior's life when he had the honor of representing Queen Anne at the French court was not happy. His letters during that period show that he was uneasy about the prospects of his party and felt his own position to be insecure.

In those days, moreover, the British government was not a good paymaster; generals had sometimes to find money from their own pockets to pay their soldiers, and ambassadors' salaries were often in arrear. When the crash came Prior found himself in an unfortunate plight. He was looked coldly on both by the new administration and by his own party. It was stated that he had made revelations, and it was even supposed that his indiscretion was the cause of Bolingbroke's ill-fated flight. For this malicious report there is, so far as we know, no trustworthy foundation.—London Athenaeum.

One Form of City Charity.

A grocer complains bitterly because wealthy patrons of his establishment send tramps and paupers there with notes saying, "Mr. B—, give this man a pound of crackers and a box of sardines," or "the bearer would like four bundles of kindling and a pound of coffee." The applicants get the stuff because the grocer wants to retain the custom of those who send them and who have not the slightest intention of paying for goods thus given away. "It's pretty cheap charity for these rich people to engage in," says he, "but my experience is that it hurts a rich man worse to give up a dollar than it does a poor man."—New York Sun.

Waiting to Be Called.

The solicitor of a mountain district of North Carolina a few years back was J. M. Gudger. On one occasion five colored men of unusual blackness of tint were on trial. When the case was called the judge, noticing the group, inquired, "What have you now, Mr. Solicitor?" Instantly came the reply, "A flush of spades, your honor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Many Entertainments.

Little Daughter—Say, mamma, won't you take me to Cousin Jane's funeral? Mamma—No, pettie. You went to the matinee yesterday and a party last night. You mustn't have too many entertainments at a time. You don't want to give yourself up entirely to mirth and frivolity.—Texas Sittings.

Jeffrey and Wilson.

The two chief intellectual stars, Jeffrey and Professor Wilson—the one nearly 70, the other not far from 60, when I first knew them—both worthy and wise, were curious contrasts in every possible way. The little lord was small and delicate and dainty in build. Wilson—or Christopher the North, as he was often called—was a splendid athlete, tall and broad, who walked faster, ran faster and leaped higher than any one of his time; not knowing how to spend his health, strength and spirits; fair and blooming, too, as a girl, with hair which had been yellow, and when I knew him laid plentifully on his shoulders in gray locks.

Jeffrey prided himself on speaking "English"; Christopher's tremulous burr would have betrayed him anywhere; Jeffrey was fastidiously neat and tidy; Christopher a notorious slob, sometimes seen in easy deshabille, or what his lively daughter Mrs. Gordon called "a state of nature," till late in the day, if not all day long. The judge hated early rising; the professor was often up and out before sunrise. Jeffrey had seldom taken part in the convivial excesses which were going on when we came; Christopher had become, and from all accounts not a day too soon, a rigid abstainer from every kind of stimulant. Both had lived their student years at Oxford. Jeffrey hated college life; Christopher adored it.—Longman's Magazine.

A Long Run.

Every actor likes to boast of a long run. He doesn't care whether it is a financially successful "run" or not. If it is not successful financially, it always is artistically, and so on a long run the success is bound to come in one way or the other.

"You had quite a long run, didn't you?" asked one actor of another up in the billiard room of the Five A's club recently.

The actor of whom this question had been asked had done the "leads" in a melodrama on one night stand route for several weeks. Everybody in the club had said that the show would only stay out for a week. They were mistaken, for it did stay out nearly four weeks. The name of the attraction might have been "The Bucket of Blood." That would have fitted the play anyway better than the name under which it was billed.

"Oh, yes," replied the "lead," "it was a pretty long run, about a mile and a half. We would have done the turn easily cross lots, as we intended, but the sheriff was on to that game and had a deputy in the field, and so we had to stick to the road and sprint. We caught the last car of the train, and I hope that sheriff caught pneumonia. There is no reason why he should not have done so. We gave him violent exercise on a cold night."—New York Herald.

The Loving Act of a Dog.

During mother's long and severe illness, Carlo took great interest in all that pertained to her, watching the doctor very closely and sitting by the half hour with his chin on the bed by her side. We bought our bread, and knowing Carlo's fondness for warm biscuit the baker often gave him one which he quickly dispatched. Once, during a very severe attack of mother's, when we were doing our utmost to tempt her appetite, Carlo came in early one morning, bringing his warm biscuit untouched, and laid it on the floor by mother's side.

Too sick to notice this act of his, but not to be disappointed in his own part he came forward and lifted the biscuit to her pillow and retired again to his corner to wait some look of thanks from her. It came, and such a happy dog! He had brought his choicest offering—a warm biscuit—and it had been recognized. Was there a loving plan and careful observation in this act?—Mary E. Holmes in Science.

Whittier on Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold went to see Whittier on his arrival, and it is needless to say that Whittier derived sincere pleasure from the visit, but Arnold's delightful recognition of Whittier's "In School Days" as one of the perfect poems which must live gave him fresh assurance of fulfilled purpose in existence. He had followed Arnold with appreciation from his earliest appearance in the field of letters and knew him, as it were, "by heart" long before a personal interview was possible. In a letter written after Arnold's return to England he says: "I share thy indignation at the way our people have spoken of him, one of the foremost men of our time, a true poet, a wise critic and a brave, upright man, to whom all English speaking people owe a debt of gratitude. I am sorry I could not see him again."—Annie Fields in Harper's.

Farce Comedies and Theaters.

A manager in New York—not the man one would have expected to say it, either—declares that farce comedies are working a general injury to theatrical interests: "To the legitimate theaters, because they are taking people away from them; to the public, because they are lowering standards of taste; to the variety shows, because they are being constantly recruited from them, and to the actors, as a class, because they induce a man to give up honest work and play at the gallery."—New York Sun.

Encouraging Salmon.

The salmon syndicate of the northwest are all busied in encouraging the increase of the Pacific coast salmon. Fifty thousand million salmon are turned loose into the rivers of Oregon by the syndicate alone every year, and as the industrious female salmon lays 900 eggs to every pound of her weight, the prospect of the fish seems encouraging.

The Napoleonic Arch.

The grand triumphal arch begun by Napoleon is 147 by 75 feet at its base, and rises to a height of 162 feet. The central archway is 95 feet high and 42 feet wide. The inner walls are inscribed with the names of 384 generals and 96 victories.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Portable Pianos.

An invention, which would be a fortune to the inventor and manufacturer, is a portable piano—that is, a keyboard of six octaves, enclosed in a plain case 41 inches long, 18 inches broad and 8 inches deep; each note to be very faint, but pure, distinct and as correct in tone as the best pianoforte manufactured; part of the top of the case to open and show the keyboard, with a small folded easel for the music to rest upon, the other part of the top to open to allow of the instrument being tuned.

Such an article would be invaluable, as it could be placed on a writing table or dressing table in a bedroom, and the tone being faint its use could not annoy other people when the amateur was practicing. It could be carried about in a leather case as ordinary luggage, and when not in use could stand in a corner of a sitting or bedroom. The price should be moderate, as such an instrument would be sure to become very popular.—Philadelphia Record.

Our Lessening Trade With Spain.

An old export house with European connections, doing a large business in Great Britain and on the continent, has called our attention to the large falling off in trade between the United States and Spain. About a year ago the Spanish customs authorities issued an order demanding that a certificate of origin should accompany all goods entering that country, which practically has resulted in discriminations against goods from the United States. Heretofore orders taken by European travelers for German or other houses could be executed from here, and the fact that they were rebilled by German merchants, for instance, was sufficient to enable them to enter Spanish territory under conditions covered by the favored nation clause. Now that has been changed, to the detriment of American shippers.—Iron Age.

A Lover's Clever Trick.

John Kleunman has been working for John Miller in West Lincoln, Ill. Kleunman became enamored of a daughter of his employer, and the maiden reciprocated the affection, but Farmer Miller resolutely forbade the marriage. The lover then went to town and had a warrant sworn out for the arrest of his intended father-in-law. The daughter was then summoned as a witness, and while the father was waiting, for the trial the couple quietly slipped around the corner to a justice and were married. The suit against the old man was dismissed.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Sunday Services by Wire.

For many years past, it is said, a Sunday school has been held every Sunday on a certain railroad. The superintendent propounds questions to the class over the wire at different places, prayers are said and a chapter in the Bible read—all by wire.—New York Tribune.

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