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LANCET, London,
Eng., 1891.

"The Silver Truss, from its adaptability, peculiarity of shape, and mode of application, adjusts itself to every posture of the body without displacement, and is worn with comfort."—From Clinical Lecture by Richard Davy, F. R. S. E., Surgeon to Westminster Hospital.

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"The rapid introduction of the American Silver Truss, and subsequent sale of them with gratifying success by the druggists, have demonstrated the fulfillment of all claims made for them by the company. They are, unquestionably, the neatest, lightest, cleanest and most easily adjusted truss of any on the market, and almost every druggist who has stocked this truss pronounces it to be the truss of the future."

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The Medical Epit-
omist.

"Dr. J. A. Cominger, Indianapolis, Ind., formerly Dean of the Medical College of Indiana, and Surgeon-General of the State of Indiana, who has used this truss for two years in fully ninety per cent. of his cases, recommends and endorses it as entirely satisfactory in more cases than any other appliance he has ever tested."

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FOSSILIZED TREES.

IMMENSE FORESTS THAT HAVE TURNED TO STONE.

An Insight Into the Mighty Operations of Nature—One of the Many Wonders of the Great Yellowstone National Park Fossil Forest Ridge.

The Yellowstone National park is called the wonderland of America, and since the destruction of the New Zealand geyser area it is perhaps entitled to be called the wonderland of the world, for within its limits the most varied of nature's workings may be observed. Its hundreds of hot springs and geysers, its precipitous canyons and rushing cataracts, its snow-capped mountain peaks and mirrored lakes make it of surpassing interest. The lover of natural scenery may linger long over its beauties and its wonders.

From the geological point of view it is also of great interest, for here may be found rocks that range in age from the most ancient of which we have any knowledge to those in process of formation at the present moment. The superheated waters of the hot springs and geysers hold a large amount of rock-making material in solution, which is deposited about the openings of the springs on the cooling of the waters, and in this way building up a mass of great magnitude. These springs and geysers are constantly breaking out in new places, often on the borders or in the forests of living trees. The trees are killed at once by the hot water, and on becoming withered and dry begin soon to take up the rock-making solution by which they are bathed, and thus to pass into the fossil state.

Conditions similar to these, or at least favorable to the preservation of fossil forests, appear to have existed from a remote time, for there is evidence to show that the fossil forests were preserved before the most active of the hot spring phenomena were inaugurated. These fossil forests are located in the northeastern corner of the Yellowstone National park, at a place known locally as Ancestral mountain, or Fossil Forest ridge. This is really a mountain some ten miles long and rising nearly or quite 2,000 feet above the general level of the valley. If it were possible to cut a section down through this mountain, as a slice is cut from a loaf of bread, there would be found a succession of at least 15 fossil forests, one above another—that is to say, at some remote day, geologically speaking, there grew a great forest, which was covered up by the ejected material from a great volcano, rivaling in size Mount Etna, that is known to have existed some miles to the north. The trees were entombed in an upright position, and under the action of siliceous charged waters were fossilized. The action of the volcano ceased, and quiet was restored for a sufficient length of time for a second forest to be developed above the first. Then came a second outburst from the volcano, and this forest was buried and fossilized like the first, and so, in turn, have the dozen or more forests flourished and been engulfed.

Then came the final quiet, the rumbling of the volcano ceased, and its fires were extinguished. But immediately the action of the elements began, and the wearing forces of rain and frost, acting through long ages, have carved out this mountain, in the heart of which may be read the story of its origin. This denudation appears to have been unaccompanied by any of the violent movements so often characteristic of mountain building, and consequently when the softer material is worn away from around the trunks they stand upright in the exact positions in which they grew originally.

The first forest to be visited is in the vicinity of Yancey's, a stage station on the mail route from the Mammoth Hot Springs to Cooke City, Mon. It is about a mile west of the junction of the Lamar river and the Yellowstone, and on the middle slope of a low hill. As one approaches the locality, several trunks are observed standing on the hillside, which at a distance seem quite like the stumps of living trees, and even a nearer approach barely suffices to reveal their true nature, as they are covered with lichens and blackened and discolored by frost and rain. They are, however, veritable fossil trunks, standing upright on the steep hillside, in the same positions in which they grew. The largest trunk is 13 1/4 feet in circumference and about 15 feet in height. It is considerably weathered and must have been much larger when living, for the bark is in no place preserved. The others—and there are dozens of them—are slightly smaller, and have been weathered down until, in most cases, only a few inches can be seen above the surface. So perfectly are they preserved that each stump shows the annual rings as distinctly visible as in a freshly cut living tree, and even each tiny cell, with its fine and delicate markings, is absolutely perfect.

The next forest is some 10 or 12 miles distant, along the Lamar river, on the south side of which faces the Fossil Forest ridge. In some places perpendicular cliffs many feet in height may be seen. These cliffs have worn away, leaving exposed huge trees, which may be observed from a distance of a mile or more from the valley, standing out in bold relief, as it has been aptly said, "like the pillars of some ancient temple." A closer view shows these trees to be from 4 to 6 feet in diameter, and often 20 or 30

feet high, with their great roots running off into the solid rock. A great niche in the face of the wall marks the place from which one of these trunks has fallen. Some of the remaining ones appear just ready to fall, while others project but little beyond the face—showing that the mountain is filled with the remains of these trees.—Epoch.

On Catching Cold in Bed.

Mark Twain once wrote a paper pointing out the appalling danger of going to bed as exemplified in bills of mortality. For one person who died out of his bed several hundred succumbed in bed, and now we have Mr. Ashby-Sterry drawing attention to the same thing. Hitherto he has hymned in graceful verse pantaloons, and now, quantum mutatus ab illo Hecatore, he lauds the pyjama. In a recent number of The Graphic he says: "I have a theory that most people catch cold at night after they are in bed, and it is to this fact that I attribute a great deal of the violent colds, the bronchial catarrhs and influenza which have recently been so prevalent. The temperature goes down suddenly in the night, and people catch cold when they are asleep without knowing it. This evil is to be counteracted, not by piling on a lot of heavy blankets, but by wearing thick, close fitting garments of a pyjama-like nature and warm socks on the feet. If this system were adopted, I am quite certain that it would be found beneficial."

There is common sense in this. People unquestionably may catch cold in bed, especially if there are at all restless and so kick the bedclothes off. In that event if only clad in a thin cotton nightgown they are sure to catch cold, whereas if clad in pyjamas, not necessarily thick, but made of some woolen material, the chance of a chill is much lessened.—London Lancet.

Steam Attachment to Telephone.

Manager Fowler of the Telephone exchange, Ashland, Ky., has devised an ingenious attachment for telephones, to be used in factories and shops where the amount of noise makes it almost impossible to hear the call bell of the instrument. It consists of a steam whistle, which is turned on by means of a lever operated by magnetism. When the instrument is called from the exchange the bell rings as usual, and by the electrical current passing through a magnet, a weight is released which pulls the lever to the whistle. Once started, the whistle keeps up its shrill note until some one answers the call and turns off the steam, which is done by simply replacing the weight. One of these attachments is being placed at the local steel plant, another at the tannery and several more will probably be installed in sawmills and similar establishments.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Climbing Mont Blanc.

It is an expensive as well as a very tiresome undertaking to ascend Mont Blanc. It costs at least \$50 per person, for by the law of the commune of Chamouni each stranger is obliged to have two guides and a porter. So far as the danger is concerned, it is now reduced to a minimum, but almost every year the mountain claims a victim. Bad weather is the chief thing feared by the guides, and so swiftly does it come that a cloudless sky may in 15 minutes turn to a blinding snowstorm, which beats you to the ground. Thus it was that some years ago a party of 11 persons perished. Five were found frozen stiff in the snow. The other six still lie buried in the Glacier des Boissons. Forty years is the time allowed for the glacier to yield them up in the valley below.—Boston Transcript.

Frightened the Boy.

An amusing story is told of the meeting of the Epworth League at Chattanooga. One of the visiting members was entertained by a hospitable family and at dinner was asked to carve the chicken. For his own convenience he transferred the bird from the platter to his own plate, whereupon the young hopeful of the family, who had heard of the Methodist fondness for chicken and had been anxiously watching the proceedings, cried out to his mother, with tears in his voice, "He's going to take it all!" Explanations were made, and tranquility reigned again.—Exchange.

Not to Be Mentioned the Same Day.

"Well, Mrs. Jingle, it must be some satisfaction to you to have had your European trip at last, and from what you say you must have had fully as nice a time as your neighbor, Mrs. Rox."

"As nice? Why, my good woman, I'd have you to know that we spent \$1,500 more in two months than they spent in six."—Richmond Dispatch.

His Last Resource.

Doctor—I really don't understand. There is no reason why you should go in for a reduction of corpulence.

Patient—Still, I want you to put me through a course of antifat treatment. My Enlalia shall see with her own eyes how I pine away for love of her.—Gartenlaub.

Some men make gain a fortune whence proceeds a stream of liberal and heroic deeds. The swell of pity not to be confined within the scanty limits of the mind disdains the bank and throws the golden sands, a rich deposit on the bordering lands.—Cowper.

There are over 25 foreigners to the square mile in the state of New York

MUST KNOW THE STREAM.

The Information a Western River Pilot Must Carry in His Head.

At the season of the year when the river excursion business is at its height and hundreds of boats are carrying thousands of people to and fro along the entire length of the Ohio river from Pittsburg to Cairo many persons who ordinarily never give the subject a thought are impressed with the wonderful way in which navigation on our beautiful stream is carried on. The first thing noticed generally is the accuracy with which the pilot handles the boat, avoiding the bars, which are near the surface of the water in the summer, going from one side of the river to the other, and finally, without a jar, landing them all safely at their destination. When the excursion business is over, these same men assume similar positions on packets and towboats, carrying hundreds of tons of freight and thousands of bushels of coal on every trip with the same accuracy with which they handled the excursion steamers during the summer.

A large number of the pilots running out of Cincinnati know the river from here to New Orleans, others from here to Memphis, and others still to points up the river as far as Pittsburg. "Know the river." This phrase means much. For instance, a man running from here to New Orleans must be able to take charge of the wheel of his boat at any hour of the day or night at any point on the river and on any stage of water. He must be able to tell at a glance exactly where the boat is at any point on this long stretch of 1,513 miles. He must know every bend and chute, and by day the different points by which to steer, such as houses, barns, trees, fences and even haystacks; by night every light placed by the government in conspicuous places as well as the hills and their shape. He must know exactly how long to hold the boat to one light or object before changing to another. When the Mississippi river is reached, a new feature presents itself in the shape of the constantly changing channel. To work here requires more skill and greater judgment probably than all the rest of the difficulties combined. Going down a boat may go on one side of the river. Coming back it doesn't go with in two miles of that place. When these things are appreciated—and they are only a few of the things a pilot must know—then it is that the pilot gets credit for what he does.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Kipling's Mulvaney.

The statement published in various newspapers to the effect that the original of Mr. Kipling's imitable Mulvaney is now living and talking in San Francisco under the name of McMannus, has called out a pleasant letter from the author. It is addressed to the editor of The Book Buyer.

"In reply to your letter," Mr. Kipling writes, "I can only say that I know nothing of the Private McMannus mentioned in the cutting you forward."

"At the same time, I should be loath to interfere with a fellow romancer's trade, and if there be such a person as Private McMannus, and if he believes himself to be the original of Terence Mulvaney, and can tell tales to back his claim, we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific slope and wait developments."

"At the same time I confess he seems to me rather a daring game to play, for Terence alone of living men knows the answer to the question, 'How did Dearsley come by the palanquin?' It is not one of the questions that agitate the civilized world, but for my own satisfaction I would give a good deal to have it answered. If Private McMannus can answer it without evasions or reservations, he will prove that he has some small right to be regarded as Mulvaney's successor. Mulvaney he cannot be. There is but one Terence, and he has never set foot in America and never will."

Died With His Chum.

In the reminiscences of General Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a brave English soldier, a touching instance of courage and self sacrifice is given. One June day in 1885 a detachment of English marines was crossing the Woronzow road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled:

"Look out! It is Whistling Dick!"

But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of iron on the knees and thrown to the ground. He called to his special chum:

"Oh, Welch, save me!"

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell tried to roll it off of his comrade.

It exploded with such terrific force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

A substitute shines lightly as a king until a king be by, and then his state empties itself, as doth an inland brook into the main of waters.—Shakespeare.

TO DIVA, WHO WOULD MARRY HIM?

How shall I think thee for the sportive grace,
The loving kindness that would I am free
To gaze forever on my Diva's face,
A citizen of heaven eternally,
In that clear paradise of time to know
Things I but dimly surmise here below?

But surely, Diva, greatly as I long
To drink the deep delights of that abode—
Surely I have not sung my latest song,
Drained my last cup and trod the altitudinal road?

Why in so fierce a hurry to translate
Me from the mundanes to the immortal state?

Divs, 'tis fair indeed, 'tis passing fair,
This brief, unblest, probationary time;
I know the purer joys that wait elsewhere,
Above, beyond this planet's grief and prime,
But grant me one sweet respite ere I try
Those other blisses, lest they be too high.
—Fall Mall Gazette.

Nearly Killed by a Deer.

The literature of hunting is full of anecdotes which show the danger of a too hasty assumption that a wounded animal is dead or past the power of defending himself. A new illustration is furnished by Mr. Roosevelt in his "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail."

Not only will a big, black tail buck beat off a dog or a wolf coming at him in front, but he is an awkward foe for a man. One of them nearly killed a cowboy in my employ.

The buck, mortally wounded, had fallen to the shot, and the man rushed up to kill him. Then the buck revolved for a moment, struck down the man and endeavored to gore him, but could not, because of the despairing grip with which the man held on to his horns.

Nevertheless the man, brained and cut by the sharp hoofs, was fast limping too weak to keep his hold, when in the struggle the two came to the edge of a washout and fell into it some 12 or 15 feet. This separated them. The dying buck was too weak to renew the attack, and the man crawled off, but it was months before he got over the effects of the encounter.

A Disinfecting Perfume.

M. Villon of Paris has devised a method for disinfecting the sickroom by perfumes. He prepares special sachets capable of diffusing the perfume with which they are charged in any kind of a receptacle. All that is needed is to place two of these sachets in a receptacle containing a little water.

The perfume (essence of violet, rose, jasmine, etc.) is mixed with oxalacetic acid and enclosed in a sachet that is colored white. A second, colored blue, contains dry bicarbonate of soda. These substances mix when the sachets are soaked in water, liberating carbonic acid gas, which diffuses the perfume around the room. Sachets with oxycyan as a basin can be prepared by placing powdered permanganate of potash in one and biniodide of baryum in the other.

The medical writer says: "The process can be applied either in therapeutics or hygiene. The sachet has merely to be treated with medical essences or any volatile substance to set free a constant supply to saturate the atmosphere in which the patient lives."

The Smallest Land Grant.

What is beyond doubt the smallest body of land ever granted by the United States as a homestead is in Dade, the extreme southeastern county of the state of Florida, consisting of a small island in the north end of Lake Worth. This island is two rods less than one-fourth of an acre in extent, yet the claim for it was entered in the United States Land office at Gainesville. Final proof was duly made, and the owner took possession. He is J. J. Haley of Rhode Island, and the island cost him \$3.37—\$5 for the entry fee and 27 cents for the land. The homestead is but a small sand pit, situated about one mile from the ocean, whose tide flows into the lake from an inlet about that distance from the lake. Mr. Haley makes about \$80 per month from his investment, as the island is just in the path of green and loggerhead turtles coming into the lake from the ocean to feed, and there he catches them.

Ants as Biting.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after all their legs have been bitten off by other ants.

Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death hold to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, and with a leg gone and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains.—Exchange.

A Good Imitation.

Dick—I played a great joke on a blind man a little while ago. You know they say that in compensation for one's loss of vision the remaining senses are abnormally acute?

Bob—So I've always heard.

Dick—Well, I handed him an article, and after feeling it over for 10 or 15 minutes he had to give it up. He couldn't tell whether it was a collar just from the laundry or only a buzz-saw.—Boston Transcript.

Karl's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your head clear as a bell. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.