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Druggists,
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LANGET, London,
Eng., 1891.

American Druggist and Pharmaceutical Record.
New York.

The Pharmaceutical Era.
New York.

The Medical Epitome.
Indianapolis.

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WHEN MARIA JANE IS MAYOR.

When Maria Jane's elected to the majority chair, There'll be many wrongs corrected that are now apparent there. The sidewalks will be carpeted, the streets swept twice a day. The alleys be as fragrant as fields of new mown hay.

What with parties and receptions and occasionally a ball, There will be a transformation around the city hall. And each ward in the city will be represented then By lovely alderwomen and not horrid aldermen.

When Maria Jane is mayor, none but ladies will, of course, Be appointed members of the city police force. And in their blומר uniforms they'll look so very sweet The gang to be arrested will consider it a treat. The stores will be compelled to have a bargain sale each day, And for chewing gum and soda you will not be asked to pay. Oh, great reforms will be projected, all the wrongs will be corrected When Maria Jane's elected to the majority chair.

—William West in Chicago Record.

WAYS OF BUSINESS.

THE MERCHANT WHO CORRECTS ONLY ONE KIND OF MISTAKE.

A Severe Criticism of the Ways of Shopkeepers and Cashiers—The Steamboat Clerk Who Said, "We Never Rectify Mistakes Here."

No one perceives the wisdom, and indeed the necessity, of accurate book-keeping more fully than your humble servant, who can't keep books to save her life and who finds herself approaching dementia every time she endeavors to balance a cash account. But why in all bookkeeping systems, from banks to the smallest retail shop, is it invariably the customer who gets cheated if anybody? Tell me, ye winged winds, which o'er my pathway roll! It is useless to contradict and say that it isn't. The one exception in a thousand years does not count against the millions of opposing instances. I have lately read the pathetic account by some recluse, who never goes shopping, of the bloodthirsty monsters who take more change than is due them and stalk out, leaving no address behind them, little recking the sufferings of the poorly paid employee who has to make good the deficit out of his or her own pocket. Fudge! No such mistakes occur, or, if they do, they are rarer than fresh vegetables on a country table. In all large establishments there is a hawk-headed Horus at the "desk" waiting to pounce on a mistake in the customer's favor of 1 cent, and many's the time every one of us can testify the little slips have been returned to be corrected of mistakes to our credit, while we fumed.

Thank goodness, there are instances in which the sharpshooters have wounded themselves. Once I was on a "sound" boat going from New York to Fall River, and the man at the desk gave me a \$5 bill too much in change when paying after supper. There was something of a crowd, but that mistake would have made itself evident to me in a mob. I dashed back and said, "You've made a mistake in my change."

"Can't help that," said the lordly clerk. "We never rectify mistakes here." "Oh, you don't!" retorted the head of the party. "Well, it will cost you something this time, for you have given us \$5 too much. But if you never rectify mistakes you are the loser for once."

It is foolish to dwell on the sequel, and I have forgotten it. I only remember that the young man, pale and agitated, danced in supplication around the unmoved figure of the stern administrator for some minutes. I suppose he got his money, and I dare say there was no law upholding one in keeping it, but I hope, at this distance of time, he didn't. One day, not long ago, I was at a furnishing shop in State street, Chicago, buying a tie. The price was \$1.50, and I presented the man with a \$3 bill. He swung over the little birdage on a telegraph line and it came swiftly back with a 50 cent piece. Seeing another tie for that price, I handed back the change and was about to leave, when a voice came from the elevated desk at the other end: "Hi! This half dollar is counterfeit!"

Although it was a public place and I am a retiring lady, I burst wildly forth into a clarion shout of joy. It is so seldom a modest customer has the chance of beholding a natural enemy caught with his own quicklime. The mortification of the salesman serving me was something to see. It did me good for a whole day. Sending a counterfeit half dollar cheerfully and with promptitude in change and repudiating it on its return the next minute! It was a sharp game and a little too sharp.

Everybody who shops much knows that it is next to impossible to get a "returned" article credited, or, indeed, called for. If you take two rugs on approval—I mention rugs because you can't very well return them by hand—and state clearly and plainly and over and over the price of the one you have kept and the one you wish returned, you are more likely than not to find both on your bill the next month, and you are likely to find the rug day after day littering your hall unless you telephone twice a day and end by flouncing down yourself in a rage and demanding its instant removal. Of course if it is kept long you are charged with it, anyway. The other night, when it was very hot, some friends of a lady in moderate circumstances dining with her suggest-

ed a drive in the park. One of the men telephoned for a landau, and at the end of the drive paid for it. The next week the bill came in—to the lady. Now of course this was an accident. But why doesn't the other accident ever happen? Why should thousands of bills come in to be paid twice, while by no oversight or bad management does a bill ever get forgotten or overlooked? Money getting, grasping, greedy generation of shopkeepers! Business is business, if you like, but business need not be a cut-throat, bloodthirsty system of demanding what is not due, need it? Must it be in this way that men grow rich?

It is because only one kind of mistakes occur that one is justified in thinking that only one kind is guarded against. The customer has to look out for himself and the shopkeeper too. The shopkeeper only looks out for himself. As for the breaking of promises, the calm delays and the superb independence of "purveyors," words fail me when I attempt to depict their aggravations. Success breeds contempt, it seems, and the only way to get a thing done promptly is to patronize a little up town place where they can't do it.—Mme. Longnette in Chicago Post.

Charles Lamb's Mot.

A hundred years ago in a quaint old English inn, located in the heart of London, at a table bare stained and aged, sat two very curious looking characters playing at cards.

One was rough, unclean, shabby and much the worse for wear—Martin by name.

The other, poor in appearance, was, however, neat, refined and attractive, one whose genius we admire, whose wit always refreshes us, and whose character we love for its unselfishness.

He was Charles Lamb.

The two men played and played and played long into the night, and while beer and something stronger found their willing course down their ever thirsty throats Lamb kept up his accustomed broadside of wit.

The night passed into the early morning, and yet they played.

Luck kept favoring Lamb, when toward the close of their game, faced with a bright idea and a sense of the dirt which the night had seemed to reveal more clearly, the appearance of his companion, he said, "Martin, if dirt was trump, what hand you would hold!"

A Baby Exchange.

The inexhaustible energy of Editor Stead of the London Review of Reviews appears to have found a new outlet. He has discovered that one of the wants of the modern world is a convenient baby exchange. There are families of too many children, and there are couples who have none. There are homes desolated by bereavement, and others that are rendered almost as unbearable by the influx of a superabundance of little ones. There are infants that have been deprived of their parents by death, and there are families or young ones that have succumbed to the grim destroyer. At present no medium of exchange exists that would tend to equalize the supply and demand or to establish the balance between those who have too many babies and those who have none. Mr. Stead is convinced that an exchange of this kind and the extension of the practice of adoption would have the effect of alleviating much misery.

They Tell a Different Story.

There are peculiarities of our English language which no other language exhibits. Did you ever notice how many English words are formed by simply dropping alternate letters? For example: Wheat, heat, eat, at; sham, ham, am; wheel, heel, eel; whale, hale, ale, and scores of others.

Again, we have in our mother tongue two words which, joined together, make a distinct word of an entirely different meaning, just as a single word disjointed does. Take the words since and rely, or the separate word sincerely. To illustrate:

Your letter came, in words that tempt me dearly, You wrote them, sweet, most truly and sincerely, For praise like that heroes might gladly die, But on another's love you since rely.

—Jacksonville Times-Union.

The Babblers' Stone.

On the side front of the Mulhouse town hall there is hung up a stone called the "Klapperstein" or "Babblers' Stone." It bears an inscription in German, of which the following is a translation:

I am called the stone of babblers, Well known to evil tongues, Any one who is of a quarrelsome or slanderous turn Will be compelled to carry me through the town.

This stone, which was brought into requisition for the last time in 1781, served as a penalty for excessive use of the tongue. Its services were often required, and never a week passed without some man or woman being condemned to carry it through the streets of Mulhouse.—Tribune de Geneve.

In the Dime Museum.

"And you are the 'Living Skeleton'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor fellow! And how did you manage to get so thin—you're nothing but skin and bones!"

"Sir," replied the living skeleton, "I was once an author, but I wrote for the magazines that pay on publication!"—Atlanta Constitution.

FIREMAKERS.

One of the Kaffirs had two sticks for making fire, and he showed us how he did it. One of the sticks was about 15 inches long and about half an inch in diameter. The other was flatter and had already in it several shallow round holes made by setting fire on former occasions. He took the latter piece, and having cut a smaller, irregular shaped hole in it he squatted on the ground, holding it firmly down at each end by his two feet. He then took the first piece of stick and held it upright between his two palms, with the point of the lower end resting in the hole he had just made in the horizontal stick.

He twirled the upright stick rapidly between his hands, and in less than a minute it had bored a round hole in the other, and the dust so produced began to smoke, and then ignited like tinder. A companion brought a handful of fine, dry grass, which caught a spark from this, and which he held half enclosed in the palms of his hands, gently blowing on it till it flamed up. It is perfectly marvelous how little the natives mind being burned by a fire. They will stand over one while the flames are licking up their bare legs and never move, and will keep their hands and feet in red-hot ashes with the utmost indifference for several seconds.—National Review.

The Conquests of Silence.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was, day after day, chairman, and he made but two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each, something like one of Grant's speeches. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the 30 words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the constitution would have been rejected by the people.

Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it.

Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander in chief of an army in Italy, he said, "By reserve." The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.—Chicago Times-Herald.

What He Liked.

Speaking of "A Milk White Flag" makes me think of another of Hoyt's plays, "A Texas Steer," which brings Tim Murphy to my mind, so that I am reminded of a story a newspaper man tells of Tim Murphy's father. The newspaper man—I have really no reason for concealing his name; it was Winfield S. Larner—met old Murphy one day, and the old gentleman volunteered to drive him to the capital. Now the Murphy horse is one of those animals in which you have instinctively implicit confidence. He jogged off down the avenue, as the result of constant and emphatic urging on the part of Mr. Murphy, and turned in to the Academy of Music. Here Mr. Murphy stopped, and a little boy dashed out to offer his services.

"Hold your horse, mister?" he asked.

"No, me boy," replied Mr. Murphy as he climbed down from the buggy and looked affectionately at the horse. "He'll stand. He'll like it."

And the horse stood.—Washington Post.

A White Cat's Eyes.

On Columbus avenue a white cat keeps the mice out of the store of its owner. There is nothing remarkable in a white cat per se, but the owner of this particular animal declares that it is a feline curiosity—a freak, in fact.

"Look at that cat's eyes," he said yesterday. "Ever see anything like them? Why, don't you see anything remarkable? Don't know much about white cats, though. Now, that cat, you see, has two blue eyes—I never saw or heard of the like before. Cats usually have gray eyes, but white cats, as a rule, have only one gray eye—the other is blue. Every white cat that I ever saw but this one had one blue eye and one gray eye. Both the eyes of my cat are blue. It is a wonderful freak of nature, I think. Go to any man who knows much about cats—white cats especially—and see if he doesn't tell you that I am right."—New York World.

A Question of Age.

"You wheelmen will have to pay a city tax on your bicycles now," said one Pittsburgher to another.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, the new ordinance says that all owners of bicycles and tricycles over the age of 14 years using the public highways shall pay 50 cents for each machine."

"That doesn't include me."

"What's the reason it doesn't, I'd like to know?"

"My bicycle isn't 14 years old. I only bought it last spring."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Arkansas.

Arkansas, the name of the state, is officially pronounced as spelled, but the official pronunciation of the river is Arkansasaw, although spelled in the same way as the state.

The earliest mention of oats in China is in A. D. 618.

A FAMOUS COUPLET.

The Familiar Lines Which Have Been Attributed to Martin Luther.

Nearly everybody is familiar in one language or another with the famous old German couplet attributed to Martin Luther, and which literally and properly translated into English is as follows:

Who loves not wine, wife and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

This supposed sentiment of the great reformer has been quoted thousands of times as his, and its authenticity was not questioned. But now comes a very competent authority—The Lutheran Observer—and stoutly insists that Luther never wrote the lines, and that, in fact, they made their first appearance more than 200 years after his death.

According to the Observer, in the year 1777 a well known German poet, John Henry Voss, published at Hamburg a small volume entitled "Museum Almanach" ("The Almanac of the Muses"). At the end of one of the poems in this book he placed the couplet in German:

Wer nicht lict Wein, Weib und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.

To this effusion Voss affixed the name of Luther. This caused a good deal of comment and excitement. Voss was a candidate for the position of teacher in the Hamburg gymnasium. The Lutheran pastors of the city protested against his appointment because Luther was not the author of "the couplet" which had been attributed to him, and because Voss had thus made Luther encourage intemperance. But in spite of all that could be done in the way of denial and explanation the lines literally clung to the great name and refused to be separated, and we venture to say that comparatively few down to the present day ever doubted that Luther was their real author.

As the couplet expresses the convivial sentiments of many Germans it is probable that it was a common piece of unwritten German folklore even before Luther's time. Some English writers have made the lines into a haecceum rhyme, with a sinister meaning, but the true version, coupling "wine, wife and song," expresses the prevailing sentiment and custom among Germans in taking their wives and children with them to the gardens and other social resorts for recreation and amusement.—Buffalo Commercial.

ELECTRICITY AT SEA.

Tests Prove That the White Light Is by Far the Most Easily Seen.

Some interesting experiments have been made on the visibility of the electric light at sea by the governments of the United States, Germany and the Netherlands. The word "visible" in the report on the tests means visible on a dark night with a clear atmosphere. The result of the experience of the German committee was that a white light of one candle power was visible 1.4 miles on a dark, clear night and one mile on a rainy night.

The American tests resulted as follows: In very clear weather a light of one candle power was plainly visible at one nautical mile; one of three candle power at two miles; one of ten candle power was seen by the aid of a binocular at four miles; one of 29 candle power faintly at five miles and one of 33 candle power plainly at five miles. On an exceptionally clear night a white light of 3.2 candle power was readily distinguished at three miles; one of 5.0 candle power at four miles and one of 17.2 candle power at five miles.

In the Dutch experiments the results were almost similar, but a 16 candle power light was plainly visible at five miles. For a green light the power required was two for one mile, 15 for two miles, 51 for three miles and 169 for four miles. The results of tests with a red light were almost identical with those with green, but it was conclusively proved that a white light was by far the most easily seen.—Chicago Record.

Freckle Cures.

Do the freckles prove stubborn? There is usually a clamor for "freckle cures" about this time of the year, and the very best thing that proves reliable year after year is simply common buttermilk. Secure it as fresh as possible. It will be found that nothing can equal this fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn or moth spots. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but makes it soft and white. Take a soft sponge and bathe the face, neck and arms before retiring for the night. Then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash it off thoroughly and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three such baths each week during the summer months will take off and keep off the tan and freckles and keep the skin soft and smooth.—Philadelphia Times.

The Canadian element forms two-thirds of the foreign population of Maine and New Hampshire, one-half of that of Vermont and one-third of that of Massachusetts.

Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both. And in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence.—Ellis Burritt.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25cts., 50cts., \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.