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favorable."

LANGET, London,
Eng., 1891.

"The Silver Truss, from its adaptability,
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of the body without displacement,
and is worn with comfort."—From Clinical
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gist and Phar-
maceutical
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Silver Truss, and subsequent sale
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company. They are, unquestionably,
the neatest, lightest, cleanest and most
easily adjusted truss of any on the mar-
ket, and almost every druggist who has
stocked this truss pronounces it to be
the truss of the future."

The Pharmaceuti-
cal Era.
New York.

"The wearer of a truss is always looking for something
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brought to the notice of a prospective buyer. It is
light and simple, made of one continuous piece of
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formed by the hand to the exact shape of the body,
and when placed in position does not move."

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omist.

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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."

Perfect Adjustment and Satisfaction Guaranteed by

H. Alex Stoke.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S EXPERI-
ENCE WITH INDIANS.

He Was the Sole Passenger In a Stage
That Was Attacked—The Driver
Killed, and the Preacher Attempted to
Take His Place—A Lucky Tumble.

The Cheyennes and Kiowas were on
the warpath in 1867. Stage stations
were attacked and burned, telegraph
wires were torn down and thrown into
wells, and all regular communication
on the overland trail was abandoned. It
was the duty of Captain Powell to estab-
lish the stations, leaving a guard of
two or three men at each, and to push
on toward Fort Lupton. The country
was swarming with Indians, and small
parties of white men moved only under
great peril. At one point along the river
the command met a stage, which pre-
sented an amusing sight. On the top sat
five men, armed with long guns and re-
volvers, while from the inside peered a
woman and three children. The captain
persuaded the party to place itself under
his protection, as a coach had been at-
tacked the day before and the driver
killed. At the Wisconsin ranch the
coach and the dead body of the driver
were brought in. The lining had been
cut out and the woodwork was riddled
with bullets. The savages had torn open
the mail sack and distributed the let-
ters over the plains, after tearing them
open as if in search of money.

The next day at a spot called Living
Springs, 40 miles north of Denver, a
long, lank individual walked into camp.
The stranger called for the officer in
command and was conducted to Cap-
tain Powell.

"The man introduced himself as a
Methodist minister from Denver," said
Colonel Powell. "I asked him how he
happened to be so far from home. He
replied by saying that he wanted to bor-
row a gun. 'If a coach comes through,'
said he, 'I want to go along and kill
some of these red devils that were after
me yesterday.' I asked the man to sit
down and tell his story. He did so, say-
ing that he was in the coach whose
driver was killed the day before. I
looked at him in astonishment, but he
told his story in such a straightforward
way that I believed it. He explained
that the day before was quite warm,
and after dinner he had pulled off his
coat and boots, and being the only pas-
senger in the coach had stretched him-
self across the seats inside and gone to
sleep. His story went as follows:

"I had not been napping very long
when I was awakened by the most infer-
nal yelling I ever heard in my life. I
looked out the window and found that
30 or 40 Indians had attacked the coach
and were pouring volley after volley
into it. The driver had turned the
horses, and we were making remarkable
speed toward Godfrey's ranch. A shot
struck the driver, and he fell off the
box seat.

"Then I thought my only chance of
safety lay in reaching the boat and get-
ting hold of the lines. I climbed out of
the door, crawled into the seat left vac-
ant and discovered to my dismay that
the lines had fallen between the horses
and were dragging on the ground."

Continuing his narrative, Colonel
Powell related the story as it came from
the lips of the minister. The Indians
continued their frightful shouts, and the
terrified horses plunged forward at a
pace that threatened to wreck the coach.
The minister climbed down to the
tongue of the coach and made a wild
grab for the lines. At the same moment
the coach lurched across a gully in the
sand which had been formed by a storm
the day before. The minister lost his
hold and fell headlong into the wash-
out. The coach passed over him, and a
moment later the pursuing Indians
dashed by on horseback after the coach
and horses.

The minister lay perfectly still for
several minutes. Then he peered over
the plain to see that the coach had been
stopped a short distance away and was
being robbed. The minister saw only
one means of escape. The Indians
would certainly return for his scalp,
and his only safety was in a bold dash
for the Platte river, several hundred
yards away. The river was wide and
swift, and he might succeed in crossing
to the opposite bank. The project was
carried into execution. In his stocking
feet the white man made a dash through
300 yards of cactus. Two red devils
attempted to head him off, but he
thoroughly aroused minister of the gospel
far outlasted the natives of the plains
as a sprinter. With a prayer
upon his lips he plunged into the muddi-
water and reached a small island in the
center of the river.

Looking back to the shore, what was
the astonishment of the man to see two
strangers, apparently white men, stand-
ing and beckoning him to return. The
Indians had retired, and the two new-
comers were officers of Fort Lupton,
who were returning to the fort after a
hunting trip along the river. The min-
ister swam to shore and was escorted
to a place of safety.

Colonel Powell remained at Fort
Lupton for several months until the In-
dians quieted down and danger had
passed away. Then he hauled down the
flag and abandoned the post, marching
to Denver in order to cross the Platte
river, on his way to Fort Laramie. At
that time the only bridge on the Platte
river between the Missouri river and
the mountains was at Sixteenth street
in Denver.—Denver News.

A WAITER WHO LOST MONEY.

He Intruded Upon a Conversation and
Didn't Get a Tip.

From their conversation they were
evidently uncle and niece, and the lat-
ter was from the country. Her gown
was trimmed with many ribbons, and
it bore the unmistakable stamp of the
rural dressmaker.

Notwithstanding that fact, she was
good to look upon, and her interest in
everything around her was vigorous and
broad. They found a table in a restau-
rant in the Tenderloin not far from the
intersection of Broadway and Sixth ave-
nue at the dinner hour.

"Yes," said the uncle, "I have been
here long enough to become a pretty
thorough New Yorker," and then he
ordered a modest dinner. "This is one
of the bang up restaurants, and you'll
always find first rate people here. My
boarding house is bang up, but this
beats it all hollow."

The niece straightened out a ribbon
and then looked around in an embar-
rassed way. She was struggling with
a question. As if the suggestion were al-
together improbable she asked:

"Did you ever see Jay Gould?"

"Sure I have," he answered; "lots
and lots of times."

"Did you ever see Mr. Vanderbilt?"

"Cornelio?" said the niece inquir-
ingly. "Yes, indeed. When I boarded up
town, I used to see Cornelio nearly every
day."

"What did he look like?" asked the
niece, beginning to feel the importance
of dining with a New York uncle who
had seen millionaires.

"Why, Cornelio Vanderbilt is one man
in a thousand," said the uncle, puffing
up with pride. "He is a tall, fine look-
ing man with a heavy black beard. You
would know him in any crowd for a
man of importance. He wears his hair
long and—"

"Pardon, m'sieur," interrupted the
waiter, who had begun to serve the soup,
and who had stopped in surprise as the
city uncle began to describe Cornelio
Vanderbilt. "Pardon, m'sieur, but I
had had no honor to serf Meester Corne-
lius Vanderbilt, and you make some-
mistake. He is not bog, and he has not
so black whiskers, full beard, so. He is
one!"

"Just bring me a large spoon, wait-
er," interrupted the uncle. As the wait-
er got out of earshot he said: "You see,
I haven't seen Cornelio Vanderbilt
since I moved down town. He's changed
a good deal since then, and I have heard
that his whiskers had been trimmed."

The waiter didn't have another op-
portunity to intrude in the conversation,
and he received no tip.—New York Sun.

The Influence of Persia.

To understand the relation of Mussul-
man rule to religious and intellectual
freedom we must note the influence of
the conquest of Persia on the Arab
mind. When the invaders took the cap-
ital city of Khosro, they did not know
the value of booty. Some offered to ex-
change gold for silver, and others mis-
took camphor for sulphur. They came
like swarms of half starved locusts to
devour the land. They were banditti of
the desert, with no culture but the in-
spiration of the clans. The only idea of
government in these tribes was the
leadership of age and valor, as repre-
sented in the sheik, with a natural mix-
ture of hereditary respect. On the death
of Mohammed they broke into rebellion.
Islam really came on the world like a
fiery comet of desert clans on their foes.

Mohammed's ideal of government
was just to send his governors through
Arabia to establish Islam and then to
collect tribute from the poor in camels
and sheep; also to plunder to meet the
expense of his campaign. Under these
circumstances it was an absolute neces-
sity for the founders of the Mussulman
empire in the east to adopt in the main
the financial and administrative experi-
ence of their more cultured subjects.
Arabic names, customs, language, rites,
penetrated the empire, but under their
external forms appeared the native
ideas and methods. Persians were the
leaders and shapers of Islamic culture.
The simple Arabs learned of these
larger brains and more sensuous imagi-
nations, music, architecture, sculpture,
philosophy, wine and fine apparel. Per-
sians were the real founders and teach-
ers of the great academic clubs and
schools.—Johnson's "Oriental Reli-
gions."

Forms of Incredulity.

Consider the great multitude of Chris-
tians who are constitutionally incapable
of believing that there can be good in
any other religious system than their
own. How many Protestants are there
who hold it incredible that any good
thing can come out of Rome? Can you
number the Romanists who are without
faith in anything the Protestants ever
did?

A similar peculiarity is seen in races.
There are many Irishmen who can be-
lieve in nothing but Saxon "perfidy,"
many Poles who can believe in nothing
but Russian "wickedness," many Bo-
hemians who can believe in nothing but
the German "brute," and many Eng-
lishmen who can believe in nothing but
the "unspeakable" Turk.—All the Year
Round.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby.
A man is opposed to it on general prin-
ciples until he has one of his own.—Ex-
change.

The strength of the average horse is
estimated to be equal to that of 7½
average men.

Animals Understand Hygiene.

Enough is now known of the nature
of animal materia medica to excite in-
terest and curiosity. There is abundant
evidence that many species know and
constantly make use of simple remedies
for definite disorders, and at the same
time observe rules of health to which
only the highest civilization or the sanc-
tion of religious prescription compels
man to conform.

It has been noted that the general
condition of animal health, especially
in the case of the herbivorous creatures,
corresponds not inexactly with that of
such tribes as the Somalis, men feeding
almost solely on grain, milk, dates and
water, living constantly in the open air,
moderate in all things and cleanly, be-
cause their religion enjoins constant
ablutions. Like them, wild animals
have no induced diseases. The greater
number do not eat to excess. They take
regular exercise in seeking their food
and drink only at fixed hours. Many
of them secure change of climate, one of
the greatest factors in health, by migra-
tion.

This is not confined to birds and
beasts, for the salmon enters the soft
water partly to get rid of sea parasites
and returns to the sea to recruit after
spawning. With change of climate,
change of diet and perfectly healthy
habits their list of disorders is short,
though they readily fall victims to con-
tagious disease just as recently numbers
of the Hamran Arabs of the Sudan, as
healthy livers and good Mussulmans as
the Somalis themselves, friends and fel-
low hunters with Sir Samuel Baker,
perished of contagious fever on the
banks of the Nile tributaries.—London
Spectator.

A Bible Courtship.

A young gentleman at church con-
ceived a most sudden and violent pas-
sion for a young lady in the next pew,
and felt desirous of entering into a
courtship on the spot, but the place not
suits a formal declaration the exigency
suggested the following plan: He polit-
ely handed his fair neighbor a Bible,
open, with a pin stuck in the fol-
lowing text—second epistle of John,
verse 5: "And now I beseech thee,
lady, not as though I wrote a new com-
mandment unto thee, but that which we
had from the beginning, that we love
one another." She returned it with
the following—second chapter of Ruth,
verse 10: "Then she fell on her face
and bowed herself to the ground, and
said unto him, why have I found grace
in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take
notice of me, seeing I am a stranger?"
He returned the book, pointing to
verse 12 of the third epistle of John.
"Having many things to write unto
you, I would not write with paper and
ink, but I trust to come unto you and
speak face to face." From the above in-
terview the marriage took place the
coming week.—Scottish American.

Who Can Answer This Conundrum?

In the memoirs of Baron Stockmar is
a note by his son, the editor of the
work, in these words:
"There were not wanting instances
of shamelessness against which he had
to defend himself. A rich Englishman,
an author and member of parliament,
called upon him one day and promised
to give him £10,000 if he would further
his petition to the queen for a peerage.
Stockmar replied: 'I will now go into
the next room in order to give you time.
If upon my return I still find you here
I shall have you turned out by the serv-
ants.'"

Very creditable, of course, to Stock-
mar, considering his circumstances and
position. The incident occurred in the
early forties apparently, and there were
not many rich Englishmen at that pe-
riod who were both "authors and mem-
bers of parliament." But I am not
aware that anybody has as yet identi-
fied the would be corrupter of the im-
maculate baron. Who could he have
been? And 'd he get his peerage in the
end?—London World.

A Kentucky War Story.

An old Confederate soldier said re-
cently: "I remember an occasion where
a colored man, a body servant to Gen-
eral Forrest, saved his life. The gener-
al had broken two swords, and the serv-
ant rushed forward and handed him
another to defend himself with. This
occurred at Sacramento, a little village
in McLean county, and the combat was
with John Williams, the grandfather
of John McIntire, the artist, who lived
in Owensboro for some time. Mr. Wil-
liams was a gallant Federal soldier,
who had served in the Mexican war and
made a good fight. He fought so well
that General Forrest paroled him and
accompanied him to his home in the
neighborhood and asked his wife to
bind up his wound and care for him,
saying that so brave a man deserved the
best of care and attention."—Owens-
boro (Ky.) Inquirer.

Fishermen's Queer Ways.

Fishermen have queer customs. A
few years ago the fishermen of Preston,
Lancashire, used actually to go fishing
on Sunday. It seems incredible, but
they did. A clergyman of the town used
to preach against this Sabbath desecra-
tion and pray that they might catch no
fish. And they did not! But they found
out how to make his prayers of no avail.
The fishermen used to make a little
effigy of the parson in rags and put this
small "guy" up their chimneys. While
his reverence was slowly smoked and
consumed, the fish bit—like anything!—
London Fishing Gazette.

"Gloriously False."

"That man's object is to serve his
country with a sword if necessary," said
Lord Brougham, speaking of the Duke
of Wellington, "but he would do it with
a pickax." The duke's sense of duty
to his country not infrequently made
him deal with George IV in a blunt,
straightforward way and even to evade
obedience to the king's orders. An in-
teresting anecdote, told in "Gossip of
the Century," exhibits the duke dis-
obeying the king that he might serve
the nation.

The command of a regiment having
fallen vacant, King George said to Wel-
lington, then prime minister: "Arthur,
there is a regiment vacant. Gazette Lord
—to the vacancy."

"It is impossible, please your majesty.
There are generals who have more
service, more advanced in life, whose
turn should first be served."

"Never mind that, Arthur. Gazette
Lord —," replied the king.

The duke bowed, went straight from
Windsor to London and gazetted Sir
Ronald Ferguson, whose service entitled
him to the vacancy. The king had the
discretion to wink at Wellington's dis-
obedience, whose conduct illustrated the
meaning of the Latin poet Horace's
splendid mendax, which may be trans-
lated, "Gloriously false" or "False in a
good cause."

Declined Becoming a Saint.

A good story is told of Sir Richard
Burton, who, when traveling in Af-
ghanistan, had adopted the disguise of
a Mohammedan fakir. At one village
where he stopped he played his part so
well that the people formed a high idea
of their visitor's sanctity. He was con-
gratulating himself indeed on the im-
pression he had produced, when one
night, to his immense surprise, the eld-
ers of the village came to him in private
and earnestly advised him to go away
at once. Burton asked in astonishment
whether the people did not like him
and was answered, oh, yes; that was
just the trouble. They were all unhan-
ded with his remarkable holiness, and
considering what a splendid thing it
would be to possess the relics of so good
a man, whose tomb would draw whole
crowds of pilgrims, they were debating
with themselves whether or not it would
be wise to kill him.

That is the true spirit of relic hunt-
ing all the world over. The mere phys-
ical possession of the great man's re-
mains seems to bring him nearer, and
to give you, as it were, some magical
power over him. The question whether
you acquired them by fair means or
foul is usually considered of quite sec-
ondary importance.—Cornhill Maga-
zine.

A Musician's Face.

The average musician's face shows
but little trace of muscular activity, but
evidences of trophic changes due to
sympathetic disturbance are abundant.
The skin, especially beneath the eyes
and about the throat, tends to be full
and baggy and is often filled out with
local accumulations of fat. As a rule,
the eyes are prominent and dreamy, the
cornea is bright, and the conjunctiva
glistening, but the naturally blue white
of the sclerotic has given place to a
duller tint.

The nose is characterless, so far as
acquired qualities are concerned, and
differs essentially from the clear out-
nose of the man of active will or intel-
lect. The mouth is the least constant
feature, but it generally is characterized
by a lax and flabby set of the lips. It
is the sensuous mouth belonging to the
artistic temperament, with certain
specific characters superadded, which
result from the same causes as are re-
sponsible for the fullness beneath the
eye and chin.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Scotch Humor.

An artist is busy at his easel by the
wayside. A rustic is looking over his
shoulder in the free manner of the in-
dependent Scot. A brother rustic is in a
field near by with his hands in his pockets.
He is uncertain whether it is worth
while to take the trouble to mount the
dike for the uncertain pleasure of look-
ing at the picture. "What is he doing,
Jock?" asks he in the field of his better
situated mate. "Drawin' wi' pent!" re-
turns Jock over his shoulder. "Is 't
bonny?" again asks the son of toil in
the field. "Ocht but bonny!" comes
back the prompt and decided answer of
the critic. Of considerations for the art-
ist's feelings there is not a trace. Yet
both of these rustics will appreciatively
relate the incident on coming in from
the field and washing themselves, with
this rider: "An he didna look over
weel pleased, I can tell ye! Did he,
Jock?"—Contemporary Review.

A Story of Thackeray.

There is a story of Thackeray, short-
ly after the publication of "Vanity
Fair," dining with a friend and receiv-
ing an introduction to his next neigh-
bor, "Captain Crawley of the Life
Guards." Thackeray looked greatly an-
noyed, scarcely opened his lips to this
gentleman and afterward told his host
an aggrieved tale that "he liked a
joke as well as any man, but there was
a time and a place for all things."

No joking allusion to a character of
his novel had, however, been designed
or perpetrated. The fellow guest actual-
ly was a Captain Crawley and held a
commission in the Life Guards.

Shiloh's cure, the great cough and
croup cure, is in great demand. Pocket
size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c.
Children love it. Sold by J. C. King
& Co.