

Boats Carried on Men's Heads.

The achievement has often been referred to of the carrying of steamboats on the backs of men. The expression is not accurate, for the Congo natives are trained from infancy to carry burdens on their heads. When a European on the lower Congo sent his black boy to a store to buy some cigarettes, he was surprised to see the servant return with the tiny package on his head. When a Congo woman has smoked her much loved pipe, the treasure is likely to repose on her head until she again requires it, and if her husband, unfortunately, has been able to procure a bottle of rum, he walks home with it nicely balanced on his head, throwing stones at the stray dogs and cats in his way, without the slightest idea that he is really an expert equilibrist. Most of the many thousands of pieces of steamboats were carried on the heads and not on the backs of men.

The 50,000 natives of the lower Congo who have been carrying these steamboats and all other freight around the cataracts are the very men who could not be induced, 18 years ago, to give a helping hand to Mr. Stanley. He wished to carry 1,830 man loads and he had only 190 Zanzibar and Loungo porters for the work. Some of the natives would sell him a little of their time, but they would not carry his goods more than two or three miles beyond their homes. Stanley's failure to secure the carriers he needed along the river delayed his work on the upper Congo for more than a year, and the labor question was the most perplexing problem with which he had to deal. He brought his carriers thousands of miles, from Zanzibar and other coasts of Africa.—Harper's Round Table.

Ancient Pueblo Builders.

The ancient Pueblo builder, like his modern descendant, was so completely under the dominating influence of his geographic environment that from similar conditions he almost automatically worked out similar results. In the matter of a site for his home, however, he had some latitude, and the choice he made reflected something of the social conditions under which he lived. Thus it is probable that in the earliest times the people lived in small villages located on the edges of valleys or near the mouths of fertile flat-bottomed canyons. They lived a quiet, peaceful existence, depending principally on the soil for the means of subsistence, but not despising the harvest of grass seeds and wild nuts which were at hand and glad to break the even, placid course of existence by periodical hunting expeditions to the neighboring mountains for deer and out onto the great plains for buffalo.

In the course of time, however, other and more savage tribes came to the region, and these preyed upon the prior occupants of the country, who were industrious and provident and accumulated stores against possible bad seasons. It is doubtful whether there were any pitched battles or prolonged sieges, but the robbers made periodical forays through the fields when the crops were ready for the harvest or perhaps assaulted and looted some small village when the men were away.—Cosmos Mindeeff in Bulletin of American Geographical Society.

A Woman Matadors at Cordova.

Now comes the denouement, for upon a final flourish of trumpets the matadors, who in this particular performance was a woman, steps forth with a brighter red flag or cloak on a staff in her left hand and a good Toledo blade in her right, hidden beneath the right edge of the red flag. The bull makes a dash for the woman. Our ladies turn their heads and ask me what I see, and I report a calm, deliberate and skillful step to the left by the female matador, a quick flash of the sword, a bend of the body to the right and over the bull's neck a spurting of blood, not very copious, and the sword has pierced the animal's neck close to the shoulder. The jugular is severed, the beast trembles, his knees give way, and he falls amid the applause of the audience at the skill of the swordswoman. Before the matador proceeded to the slaughter she formally asked permission of the presiding alcalde to do the killing, and, upon his formal consent, proceeded with sword in hand to the front of the bull.—Baltimore Sun.

Two Queens.

"I was much struck," says Max Miller in Cosmopolitan, "by the extraordinary power of observation of a French friend of mine, who, when in 1855 the queen and the Empress Eugenie entered the Grand Opera at Paris together and were received with immense applause, turned to his neighbor, an Englishman, and said, 'Look at the difference between your queen and our empress.' They had both bowed graciously and then sat down. 'Did you not observe,' he continued, 'how the empress looked round to see if there was a chair for her before she sat down? But your queen—a born queen—sat down without looking. She knew a chair must be there, as surely as she is queen of England.'"

No Bargains.

"Eternal vigilance," shouted the orator, "is the price of liberty!" The women electors exchanged glances. "That is the same price as last year," they remarked, and shrugged their shoulders. There were no bargains to be had, and they lost interest in the proceeding.—Odds and Ends.

Our Educational Column.

"Uncle William," Editor. Address all communications relative to this department to Editor Educational Column, care of THE STAR.

Boys and girls, after a long vacation we again sharpen our pencil and resume our weekly talks to you through the columns of THE STAR, sincerely hoping that you may heed and act upon the advice given from time to time by your "Uncle William," as it is his earnest desire to see all of his numerous nephews and nieces develop into noble men and women, an honor to their town, parents, teachers and the schools wherein they were instructed from day to day. You have had a long rest and have again taken up the daily routine of school work. One month of the present term has gone by. Stop and think for a moment, and ask yourselves the question, "What have I done during the past month in the way of improving myself? Could I have done better had I tried?" Think over this, boys and girls. Many of you have advanced a grade higher than you were last year, and as you were advanced you found the studies more difficult, did you not? Now a word of advice just here: Remember that the harder you work in the grade you are now in, the less difficult will be your labor in the grade above. Guard well your interests; allow nothing to interfere with your school work, nor pass any subject by until you thoroughly understand it, and you will find the next one that follows can be handled much more easily. Ladies and gentlemen at all times; don't act rudely or boisterously at any time, and be ambitious to make your room the model one of the building. If the pupils in each room do this we shall soon have the model school of the county, and you will receive the commendation of your teachers. Your teachers do not like to scold you. They are interested in your welfare and would rather commend you at all times. Then do your duty nobly and merit the approval of teachers and parents. By this time you have received your little report books, with your standing and department for the past month entered therein. Look them over carefully and note the marks and see wherein you can improve during the present month. Your report books are a correct record of your work each month and in your hands lies the power to make the record better or worse. A word to the parents just here: Kindly read carefully the second and third pages of cover in the "Report books;" also note carefully the marks of each branch, especially those in the "attendance" and "summary" departments, and these will give causes for deficiency in the examination department.

Boys and girls, yourselves, parents and friends are to be regaled during the winter with an oratorical feast in the shape of a first-class lecture course. Prof. Lookard has selected first-class talent which will appear as follows, provided that a guarantee of three hundred season tickets, at one dollar each, is secured: October 29th, Hon. H. W. J. Ham; Nov. 19th, Fred Emerson Brooks; Dec. 10th, John Dewitt Miller; Jan. 21st, Eli Perkins; Feb. 11th, Col. Geo. W. Bain. Think of it. The above array of talent and five first-class lectures for one dollar, or twenty cents each to season ticket holders. Single admissions will be placed at fifty cents each lecture, therefore everybody should avail themselves of the season rate when the solicitors come around, which will be this week. Think of the feast: Fresh Georgia Ham for an entrée, washed down with the sparkling waters from the Brooks. The flour of oratory ground fine by the brain of Miller. Boeton Baked "Bain's" served up by the Colonel, with the inimitable Eli Perkins as a dessert.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Through the kindness of Mr. S. B. Elliott the several rooms are being decorated with potted plants, which gives them a cheerful appearance.

The new catalogues are expected soon, and will be distributed.

Mr. Woodward, teacher of No. 12, is nursing a fractured "nasal tuberosity," the result of a foot ball game on Saturday last.

Boys, play ball and enjoy yourselves all you can, but don't indulge in profanity. It isn't manly and it grates harshly on the ears of listeners. Don't do it.

The three literary societies are fairly under way now.

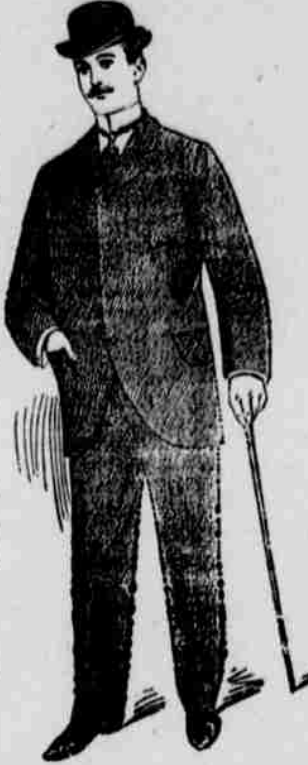
The orchestra will hereafter practice two evenings per week.

The Public School Orchestra organized permanently on Monday evening last and elected the following officers: Musical Directress, Miss Belle Arnold; Secretary and Business Manager, W. J. Weaver; Leader, D. H. Young; Treasurer, F. P. Alexander. Laws will be drafted for its government and it will meet regularly twice a week for rehearsals.

SAY!

Colder weather is here, Fall and Winter Garments are needed. Here's the place to get them. The fact that our goods wear twice as long as those sold by other dealers is in itself conclusive evidence of the matchless inducements we offer.

See the Men's Suits we sell at \$5.00 Strictly all wool and cut in the very latest Fall styles. We couldn't sell them for less than \$8.00 if we had bought them as other houses bought theirs. But we didn't. We bought ours when woollens were away down in price. To-day the manufacturers ask more at wholesale for these goods than we sell them at retail.



Then we have some better ones at \$6.00, 7.00 and \$8.00. These suits are made of stylish, all-wool Cassimeres, Cheviots and Meltons, cut in popular sack styles, lined, trimmed and finished in a splendid manner. Each suit perfect fitting, each button hole done with care.

See our big line of Men's Working and Dress Golves. Also our big line of Men's Heavy and Dress Shirts. Also over 3,000 pairs of Boys' Knee Pants, Iron-clad and All-wool.

Overcoats
That Excel in Style and Quality. That's the kind we have, the kind we built our reputation on. We have them from \$3.50 to \$15.00
They are made of medium and heavy-weight Meltons, Cheviots, Kerseys, Cassimeres, Mixtures, Etc., all well trimmed and made throughout; in fact, any other store in this town will ask you from \$2.00 to \$4.00 more for these same overcoats than we sell them at.

- - PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH - -

Protect yourself against sudden changes in the weather, so common this time of the year, by wearing the proper weight Underwear. We have it. Over 300 cases, all bought by us direct from the manufacturers before the recent rise in prices. These all go on sale this week at prices lower than present wholesale figures.

25¢ for men's serviceable natural wool Underwear, value 50c. 50¢ for men's extra fine pure camel's hair or natural wool Underwear, value 75c. \$1.00 for men's fancy, heavy-weight Underwear, nice and soft as velvet, 6 different colors, pearl button finish, value \$1.50.

Millirens.

WHAT HE MADE.

The Man Told, and Yet the Professor Was Not Satisfied.

Professor B—, who conducts the clinic of nervous diseases at — Medical college of Chicago, is himself a very nervous and easily irritated man. Recently at the close of a long clinic, when teacher and students were well tired out, the assistant rushed in and asked to have exhibited a very interesting case which had just arrived.

"Well, be quick about it," said the doctor, and he proceeded to emphasize some previous remarks concerning the influence of occupation upon nervous conditions, which point he proposed to illustrate in the case to be presented.

The patient, an awkward Swede, having been hustled into a chair, was now confronted by Professor B—, with the admonition to be brief and accurate in his replies, as time was limited.

STUBBS WAS TOUCHED.

And He Gave Up His Fare to the Man Who Touched Him.

arm he mechanically passed out his nickel and went on with his reading. Later the conductor stood beside him and murmured, "Fare, please," but received no attention. Stubbs had paid his fare. Then the abominable nuisance of a conductor seized him by the shoulder and held out his hand, saying sternly, "Fare, please."

"I paid you before," said Stubbs as slyly as he could.

"No, you did not. Come, pass out car fare."

"Man, I paid my fare when you were around before." And Stubbs thought for an adjective he might use when there were ladies about. "You—you—infernal—idiot, you are drunk or asleep, for when you touched me on the arm I passed out a nickel, and you must have taken it, for it was the only one I had," fumbling in his change pocket.

With a red face the conductor rang the bell to stop the car, roaring, "You will have to pay your fare or get off the car," in a tone that startled every one.

"Here are a few letters I wish you would mail for me, dear," said Mrs. Tenspot to her husband, who was preparing to go out.

His Little Mistake.

"John," she said, and she looked at him rather sharply as she said it, "I have an idea that you didn't behave yourself very well while you were away."

A Queer Queen.

A captain in a regiment stationed in Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears "the image and superscription" of President Kruger.

The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain, "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half crown."

The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it, rang it on the table and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?"

"You look at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man. It will pass in the canteen."

This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark, "If you say it's a right, sir, it is a right, but it's the first time I've seen the queen wi' whiskers on."—London Answers.

Victoria's Chief Butler.

The salary of Queen Victoria's chief butler, who looks after the beer, wines, and spirits, is £500 a year. This functionary must have a palate of exquisite delicacy, as in him is vested the purchase of the wines drunk by royalty.

Grant and Ochiltree.

President Grant made Colonel Ochiltree a marshal for a certain district in Texas. The colonel, however, did not spend much of his time at home, but went skylarking about the country wherever his fancy led him.

While waiting in the White House reception room for his turn to see the president, Ochiltree began reading a report of the preceding day's races at Saratoga and was surprised to see that a horse bearing his own name, Tom Ochiltree, had carried off second money.

"The fact is, Tom, I can hardly pick up a paper that I don't run across your name," said he, "and you seem to be about everywhere except in Texas, where you ought to be."

"General," said the Texan, with a smile as radiant as a California sunset, "if you'll read the papers today you'll find that I carried off second money at Saratoga yesterday and, as said to be 'in fine form and faster than ever.' See here."

And he showed the sporting page of the paper in his pocket.

"Am I to blame," he said, "if, while I am faithfully attending to my duties at home, some confounded race horse is disgracing my name about the country?"

The president thought not, and Tom hurried back home and stuck to business—quite awhile.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It is said that an American went into a London bookseller's and asked for Hare's "Walks in London." In the United States it is printed in one volume, in England in two.

The oldest building in Chicago is the Green Tree tavern, in Milwaukee avenue, and it is only 63 years old.