

ENGLISH RED TAPE.

Censure For an Officer Who Saved Money For the War Office.

A zealous young officer in South Africa who had a knowledge and love of farming made his men collect oats which fell lavishly by the wayside as a column after column carrying out hay passed up country. He plowed some land, sowed his oats and eventually reaped his harvest. This harvest, which was a heavy one, saved the country at least £2,000. But when his accounts were sent home the officials at the war office could not understand how they had come by something for nothing. Such a thing had never happened before. They impugned his motives and accounts, and the least of the charges brought against him in a long correspondence was that he had looted the oats. Months passed, and still the young officer had not been able to convince the war office that he was honest. Then a well known general intervened and testified that he himself had watched the experiment in farming by which the country had been saved a considerable sum of money. At last the war office ended the correspondence. Nothing that had been insinuated was withdrawn, although nothing was pressed further. The officer is left with the correspondence on his hands, and any one reading it could not hesitate to pronounce it as being in effect a severe censure.—Manchester Guardian.

THE QUEER MOROS.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Left Handed People.

To judge Moros by inflexible occidental standards of motives and morals is to lose at once the key to the situation. The very structure of their language differentiates them from ourselves. Verbs are in the passive voice. The man who was slashed and killed provoked the trouble. The under dog in the fight is always the aggressor. The thief is not blamed for "finding" things lying about at loose ends; the man who lost the property is the real criminal—besides, he is a fool. If he were a sensible man he would have exercised vigilance against the approach of the thief. Moros reverse everything. Like all orientals, they venerate the past and their folklore; myths and legends abound in tales not unlike those of the "Arabian Nights" Entertainment.

They turn to the left of the road, extend the left hand naturally in greeting, and the scribes write from right to left, turning the paper sideways, as any left handed man would do.

A witty officer explained that the preference for the left was due to the desire to keep the right hand free in the event a stranger should need something done to him. The "explanation" may not be far from the truth.—Chaplain C. C. Bateman in Journal of the Military Service Institution.

Butter as Medicine.

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hands in the pats of dainty yellow cream fat. But this delicate fat is as valuable as the dearest cod liver oil for the weakly, thin people, and doctors have frequently recommended the eating of many thin slices of bread thickly spread with butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the bodily tissues one of the purest forms of fat it is possible to get. Butter is a carbon, and all excess of it is stored up as fat in the body. It gives energy and power to work to those who eat heartily of it; so it is not economy at table to spare the butter even to the healthy folk.

Finger Nails and Disease.

It is interesting to watch the history of a case of disease as recorded upon the finger nails. When we look at the patient's nails, we see on each of them a distinct ridge, showing that the portion of the nail which has grown since the acute attack is much thinned out. If a person has broken his arm within eighteen months, the ridges on the nails of the hand of the affected arm may be seen, while they will be absent on the other hand. The more acute the illness the sharper will be the ridge. Extreme anxiety and mental depression have the same effect on the nails as physical disease.

The Friendship of Youth.

Two boys brought up together sometimes remain fast friends for life, but not so commonly as one might suppose. "I thought you had a little friend with you today, Tommy," said a lady to a child who was walking about alone and disconsolate. "I have a little friend, but I hate him!" was the reply. And the words contain a whole essayful of comment upon the value of friendship founded solely upon propinquity.—London Spectator.

His Excuse.

"How dare you, sir!" exclaimed the indignant girl. "I couldn't help it, Maud," pleaded the now penitent young man. "You were so maddeningly kissable!" Still, it was fully ten seconds before she quite forgave him.—Chicago Tribune.

Connubial Bliss.

Brother—I trust that you are happy with your husband, Maud? Maud—Oh, yes, as happy as one can expect to be with a man who is talking of himself half the time and of his first wife the other half.

His Impression.

"Of course you believe that polygamy is wrong," said the man who was discussing the Mormon question. "My dear sir," answered Mr. Meekton. "It is not only wrong. It's foolhardy."—Washington Star.

ANCIENT CHAIRS.

The Seats Used by the Egyptians in Early Historic Times.

Seats more or less resembling stools—that is, seats without backs—were in general use among nations possessing a certain degree of civilization in prehistoric times. What those were like in the early historic period we know from an examination of Egyptian monuments, from a study of Greek vases or from Etruscan or Roman antiquities that are stored in European museums. The Egyptian dethies are seated generally on granite blocks, the backs of which are raised a few inches only, giving a distant resemblance to a chair. That the Egyptians had seats more comfortable for domestic use is possible, but we have every reason to suppose, although they possessed a high degree of civilization, that their idea of home comforts was not that of modern times.

The common people probably sat on blocks of stone or wood or sprawled about on the ground with some sort of carpet that also served for a bed. The Etruscans, ancient inhabitants of Italy before the arrival of the Romans, appear to have preferred the reclining posture, in which they are usually represented on the sarcophagi in the museums.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

Just Pretend You Don't Want to and You'll Soon Drop Off.

When we are kept awake from our fatigue the first thing to do is to say over and over to ourselves that we do not care whether we go to sleep or not, in order to imbue ourselves with a healthy indifference about it. It will help toward gaining this wholesome indifference to say: "I am too tired to sleep, and therefore the first thing for me to do is to get rested in order to prepare for sleep. When my brain is well rested it will go to sleep; it cannot help it. When it is well rested it will sleep just as naturally as my lungs breathe or as my heart beats."

Another thing to remember—and it is very important—is that an overworked brain needs more than the usual nourishment. If you have been awake for an hour and it is three hours after your last meal take half a cup or a cup of hot milk. If you are awake for another two hours take half a cup more, and so, at intervals of about two hours, so long as you are awake throughout the night. Hot milk is nourishing and a sedative. It is not inconvenient to have milk by the side of one's bed, and a little saucerpan and a spirit lamp.—Leslie's Weekly.

WOODEN BREAD.

It Is Possible to Make a Palatable Loaf From Sawdust.

As long ago as 1834 Professor Auerth of Tubingen succeeded in making a tolerably good quarter loaf out of a deal board. Everything soluble was removed by maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to fibers, dried in an oven and ground, when it had the taste and smell of corn flour. A sponge was then made by the addition of water and the sour leaven of corn flour, and it was baked and found to be better than a compound of bran and corn husks.

Wood flour boiled in water forms also a nutritious jelly, which the professor found both palatable and wholesome in the form of gruel, dumplings and pancakes.

Professor Brande has also recorded the making of bread from woody fiber. He says: "Before me is a specimen imported from Sweden. Seeing the close relation between the composition of starch and lignine, the conversion of the latter into bread does not seem so remarkable." He also cannot praise the quality of such bread.

Spots on the Fur of Animals.

Although we are told that the leopard cannot change his spots, it is certain that the markings on the fur of some animals do change. Especially is this true where the animal has a distinctive winter coat. This change has been studied by Barrett Hamilton, a British naturalist, who is of opinion that the whitening of the fur generally accompanies development of fatty tissue, which is manifestation of insufficient oxidation and hence of atrophy, which shows itself in a whitening of the hair. In some animals—man for instance—this atrophy is manifested by baldness. That fat men are often bald is thus something more than a coincidence.—Success.

The Tick of a Clock.

The "tick tick" that is universally regarded as the sound of both pendulum and spring clocks has been investigated by Dr. Rosenbach, a Berlin psychologist. He finds that the "tick" results when the right arm of the escapement anchor strikes a cog of the wheel moving upward, while the "tock" is produced when the other arm strikes a cog moving downward. The different conditions give different acoustic effects.

Unreasonable.

"What are you kicking about?" asked the lawyer. "Why, we won the case," replied the client, "but I can't see what I get out of it." "You get enough to pay your lawyer's fees, don't you? What more do you want?"—Chicago Post.

Nothing Like the "Old School."

"I wish I could send my boy to the old school," said Hawkins. "These gentlemen of the old school always seem to know everything."

I consider time as a treasure, decreasing every night, and that which every day diminishes soon perishes forever.—Sir William Jones.

THE PARACHUTE MAN.

His Feelings as He Soared Skyward and Plunged to Earth.

"Come on! The band's all ready!" I was met with a roar of applause as I ran down the hotel steps. The band blared in salute and the crowd opened up for me as I hastened. The parachute was stretched out from the straining balloon. As the man with me snatched the hooks on the ring he showed me where the rope hung and told me how to pull it when cutting loose. He was the excited one. I was in a semistupor. A bitter indifference filled me as I looked at the ugly swaying monster which was to bear me to affluence or death.

"Let her go!" With a cleaving of the air and a rush of sound like the coming of a cyclone the balloon shot upward. I ran for the bar, grasped it and soared.

I tried to swing up on the bar, but the rush of the ascent straightened me like an iron rod. I thought my arms would be pulled out. A sickness came over me, comparable to the effect of the start made by a high speed elevator. Then the motion became more easy and I swung up on the bar. I was accustomed to gazing down from heights and I felt no fear as I stared at the falling crowd. I could see them waving hats and hands; could hear the band playing; and was conscious of a pleasant dreamy sensation and of a steady, easy rising from the ground. I ventured to bend a "crab" and make a few "ankle drops." It was as easy as when I was only a few feet from the ground. I glanced down again. The crowd appeared smaller and seemed to be walking away from me. I had commenced to drift. Now was the time to cut loose. I wished that I might stay where I was—taking chances with that limp bag of a parachute did not look safe. But it had to be done.

I caught hold of the rope, braced myself on the bar and gave a short, hard pull. Whish—my breath left me! For the first time fear—deadly fear—entered my heart. A jerk that nearly unseated me, and I was again sailing pleasantly through space. I ventured to essay a few additional feats, as the ground seemed to more closely approach me, and then I commenced to calculate as to the manner in which to strike the ground. Like many other problems, it settled itself. I struck it feet first in a cornfield, was dragged along and scratched up and came to consciousness in the arms of my new manager, who was alternately cursing me for getting killed and blessing me for having saved his skin and the \$450.—Outing.

Economy.

"You've cut down my allowance," she said.

"Yes," he admitted. "I've been spending most of my time at the club recently, and I can't pay board in two places."

"Then you'd better stay home," she said, and he did. But presently there was the old complaint.

"You've cut down my allowance again," she said.

"Yes," he admitted. "I'm spending my time at home now, and my company ought to count for something."

Then she didn't know whether to advise him to go back to the club or not.—Chicago Post.

Fortune Through Failure.

"I owe my success in life to politics," "Why, I didn't know that you had ever held office."

"I never have, but I ran for office once and got so badly beaten that I turned from politics in disgust and took up the line that has brought me a fortune."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Drew the Line.

Magistrate—Will you take this man to be your lawful husband, to love, honor and obey him? Miranda—Look byar, judge, I'll gree to wash an' iron fer dis nigger, but I ain't gwine ter 'low him ter boss me!—Butte Inter Mountain.

Worth Striving For.

She—And you don't think there is a chance in the world of our living through our lives without a quarrel? He—There is always a fighting chance, dear.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Insubordination has ruined many a man's chances in life.—Schoolmaster.

Coffee Tipplers.

Brazilians are great coffee drinkers. Numerous cups are drunk each day by the average man and woman. The beverage is made very strong and very sweet. It produces an exhilaration of a more intense and lasting kind than beer. Those addicted to this habit become very restless and scarcely able to sit still or stand still even for a moment.

He Found Out.

"How was Goggles hurt?" "He was curious to find out whether his new horse was a kicker."—Exchange.

Some Persian beauties decorate their faces by painting figures of animals and insects upon them.

Time never drags nor does life ever seem monotonous to those who are always working, thinking, learning and growing.—Maxwell's Tallman.

When a man tells you that all women are delusions and snares, it's doughnuts to fudge he has been snared by a delusion.—Cooking Club.

Pleased at Last.

"Was your last mistress satisfied with you?" Servant—Well, mum, she said she was very well pleased when I left.—Stray Stories.

The Deaf Drummer.

"It was right funny," said Uncle Hosen, telling of the orchestral concert. "A smart Aleck lookin' feller set in the middle, an' all ter once the little man at the end o' the line hit the big drum a sassy rap. Well, the smart Aleck feller shakes a little stick at the drummer, an' what does he do but hit her up ag'in jest ter show he was as good as the next man. An', by Jinks, he didn't take no back talk—or, rather, no orders—from the smart Aleck man, because he just kept a-whackin' that big drum in spite o' the boss' a-shakin' that stick, as if ter say he'd catch it if he didn't quit. Yes, sir; I gloried in his spunk, if he was whipped. An' at the end o' the tune he whooped it up on that drum harder than ever. A little man for nerve every time."

Right and Left Handed.

It is curious to notice the vagaries of humanity in cases where no hard and fast line has been already drawn. Although most right handed persons put on their coats left arm first, a considerable percentage thrust in the right first. Soldiers fire from the right shoulder, but sportsmen are found who prefer the left. In working with a spade a proportion of right handed men grasp the spade with the left hand and push with the left foot and right hand, though when using an ax the same individuals would grasp farthest down with the right.—Chambers' Journal.

A Korean Custom.

In some parts of Korea, and among some Korean families, it is the custom for bridegrooms to dwell under the roofs of their fathers-in-law until the first son has been born and attained to years of manhood. Should any Korean, however, stay in the house of his bride's people for more than three days after his wedding, he is compelled to remain for an entire year.



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