

WONDERS OF COAL.

"Buried Sunshine" Has Become a Plaything of Science.

Has it ever occurred to you that the vanilla with which many a favorite dish of yours is flavored is made from coal? Will you believe that most of the dyes which have stained the fabrics of your clothes, that the naphtha and benzine which your tailor uses in removing stains and that even the sweetest perfumes are all of them derivatives of coal.

It was once said by a scientist, cleverer and more imaginative than most of his kind, that coal is "buried sunshine." Something of the enormous extent of ancient coal forming jungles may be conceived when it is said that our present forests would produce only two or three inches of coal if they, too, were subjected to a carbonizing process.

The magicians who have wrought wonders with coal are the gasmaker and the chemist. If coal is burned in the open air, heat is produced and nothing left but a little ash. Burn it in a closed vessel, however, and the marvelous change occurs. In the first place, coal gas is produced and, chemically treated, is supplied to every city home. Furthermore, ammonia is obtained, important in modern agriculture because by its means plants can be artificially supplied with the nitrogen they need. Then, again, asphalt is produced, much used in roadmaking, although the retort is not the chief source of its supply. Lastly, a black, noisome ooze is collected which goes by the name of "coal tar." It is this which at the touch of the modern chemist's wand is transformed into the most widely different substances imaginable.

The wonders of coal tar do not cease here. It is a palette of gorgeous colors, a medicine chest of potent drugs, a whole arsenal of terrible explosives, a vital of delicious flavors and a garden of perfumes—the most protean, variegated substance in the world.—London Pall Mall Magazine.

THE HAT HABIT.

A Custom That is Neither Becoming Nor Health Giving.

Why do both men and women persist in wearing hats? asks Pearson's Magazine. There are three reasons why we should wear clothes. We may wear them for the sake of decency, for the sake of warmth and for the sake of display. None of these reasons applies to the wearing of hats. Of course there are head coverings that are warm, such as the Icelanders' seal skin hood and the fisherman's toque; but, as a rule, there is no real warmth in the hat of either sex. When a woman pins a slight structure of straw and artificial flowers on the top of her hair she never for an instant imagines that the thing will keep her from taking cold. The masculine top hat is certainly warm on a hot day, but it is very far from warm in cold weather.

Neither are hats worn for the purpose of display. Doubtless there are times when women make the hat the occasion of displaying their fondness for dead birds, muslin flowers and other beautiful objects, but this is only when fashion has decreed that big hats shall be worn. At other times the female hat is so microscopically small that it could not be successfully used for displaying anything. As for men's hats, they never display anything except the atrocious taste which makes them fashionable. Why, then, in the name of all that is sensible, do men and women wear hats?

As a rule, every man and every woman looks better without a hat than with one. This is why we all take off our hats at the opera or at an evening party, and yet we cling to a custom that has not a word to be said in its behalf. We persist in wearing the ugly, useless and injurious hat. Why do we do it? I should like to find a good Irish echo that would answer the question at length and in a satisfactory way.

Just Breaking In.

Up to the age of sixteen Dick had retained the proper scorn for things feminine; then he went to dancing school and fell smitten by the charms of several youthful Eves. Accordingly Dick approached his father and requested theater tickets for two.

Father complied and merely asked as he turned over the seats, "Which girl is it?"

"I'm going to take Mabel," responded Dick.

"Then she's the one you like best?" father continued.

Dick turned a superior and pitying eye upon his parent. "Oh, no; I don't like her best! You don't understand the situation, father. It isn't the girl I care about. It's the experience I want."—New York Times.

Poor William!

"William, my son," said an economical mother to her boy, "for mercy's sake, don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner. You'll wear out your new boots." (He sits down.) "There you go sitting down! Now you'll wear out your new trousers. I declare, I never saw such a boy!"—London Tit-Bits.

His Bright Idea.

Not many years ago a well known dealer was visited by a would be seller who had in his hand an envelope containing seventeen signatures of Samuel Pepys, which, he said, he had just cut off the original letters to save trouble! By so doing he had diminished the value of his property by nearly \$200.—London Opinion.

It is hard to get women to admire a man for his genius if he neglects to help his wife on with her wrap.—Chicago Record-Herald.

VALUE OF PUBLICITY.

Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper, as a Self Advertiser.

Curiously enough, the man who, in my opinion, had the keenest intuition of the value of publicity and used it to the greatest personal advantage, when we consider his humble beginnings and the limited sphere of his endeavor, never really knew how to read and write. I knew him first as a young street urchin, making his living by selling newspapers, blacking boots, running errands and doing such odd jobs as fell in his way, and it was chiefly through selling newspapers, whose headlines alone he was barely able to decipher, that he gained that knowledge of what Park row calls "news values," which one finds in every trained and efficient city editor.

It was on the strength of this knowledge that this bootblack went one day to a well known wholesale liquor dealer on the east side and proposed that he should establish him in a saloon on lower Bowery. The liquor dealer was aghast at his presumption until he learned his scheme; then he capitulated at once, and within a few days the papers had been signed and twenty-four hours' option secured on rickety and, from nearly every imaginable point of view, undesirable premises near Canal street and directly under the noisiest and dustiest and oddest part of the elevated railroad. This done, the bootblack made his way to the very center of the Brooklyn bridge, climbed hastily to the top of the parapet and, heedless of the warning shouts of the horrified onlookers and the swift rush of a panting cop, dropped into the seething waters below.

It was an unknown youth with an earning capacity of a few dollars a week who disappeared beneath the surface of the East river, but it was an enterprising young man, an east side celebrity, in fact, all ready for the divine oil of publicity and with an assured income and possible fortune in his grasp, whose nose reappeared very shortly above the muddy surface of the water and who was helped by willing and officious hands into a rowboat, where dry clothing awaited him, together with hearty congratulations on the fact that he alone, of all those who had attempted to jump the bridge, had escaped with his life. The next day the name of Steve Brodie was flashed from one end of the country to the other, and within a very few hours after his discharge from custody—he was arrested on the charge of trying to take his own life—he was standing behind his own bar, serving drinks to the crowds who came to gaze at Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, and to pour their money into his coffers.—James L. Ford in Success Magazine.

UNFINISHED BOOKS.

Authors Who Died Leaving Stories Partly Written.

Many writers, including the famous Ouida, have died leaving behind them unfinished books. One of the best known is, of course, Dickens' "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a remarkably clever story, and one showing no signs of diminishing vitality, although he was actually at work upon it up to within a few hours of his death.

Dickens' great rival, Thackeray, again, left behind him not one only, but two unfinished stories. One of these, "Denis Duval," promised to rank with his best work. Unfortunately, however, he had completed only seven chapters when he was stricken down.

Scott, too, left a tale unended—"The Siege of Malta"—written while he was on his last futile journey in search of health. This work has never been published, although more than two-thirds of it was completed at the time of his death.

Then there was "St. Ives," left unfinished by R. L. Stevenson, as was "Zeph," by Helen Jackson, and "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. Buckle never completed his "History of Civilization," although he toiled at it for twenty years.

Among famous poems that were never completed mention may be made of Byron's "Don Juan," Keats' "Hyperion," Coleridge's "Christabel" and Gray's "Agrippina." Spenser's "Faerie Queene," too, is no more than a fragment, although a colossal one.

Lastly, there ought to be included Ben Jonson's beautiful unfinished pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd," found by his literary executors among his papers after his death and published in its incompleteness.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Use For It.

Uncle Zebulon was on a visit to his nephew in the big city, and the two had gone to a restaurant for dinner.

They had given their order and were waiting for it to be filled when the younger man, who had been glancing at a paper that lay on the table, said: "By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebro-spinal meningitis?" "No," replied Uncle Zebulon after a few moments' mental struggle with the question, "and I don't want any. I'd rather have fried liver and bacon any day."

A Big Screw Driver.

"I saw a screw driver the other day that weighed 2,000 pounds."

"Nonsense."

"But I did, though."

"Where was it?"

"In the engine room of an ocean liner."—London Tit-Bits.

The Hustler.

"Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?" "They may start for him, but usually some man who hustles overtakes them before they get to the man who waits."—Houston Post.

CURES FOR LOVE.

Pages and Writers With Widely Differing Prescriptions.

Absence is one of the means of curing love. Two thousand years ago Ovid advised his readers who wished to cure themselves of an unlucky attachment to see the capital, to travel, hunt or till the soil.

"Love," said Coleridge, "is a local anguish. I am fifty miles away and not half so miserable."

But other men have found that absence increases love. La Rochefoucauld probably hit upon the truth when he said that "absence destroys weak passions, but increases strong ones, as the wind extinguishes a candle, but blows up a fire." If the love is all fancy and has little strength it may be cured by personal contact with the object. But the safer plan perhaps is to keep out of the way; hence travel is a good expedient. Business perhaps is a better one. Ovid said, "If you desire to end your love employ yourself and you will conquer, for love flees business."

Still another expedient is reflection upon the unhappiness of married life. A man in search of this view can find it everywhere. Addison said that "beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, fades in his eye and palls upon the sense," and Hazlitt that, "though familiarity may not breed contempt, it takes the edge off admiration."

Goethe said, "With most marriage it does not take long for things to assume a very pitious look." But none of these men married happily. Goldsmith said, "Many of the English marry in order to have one happy month in their lives," and Colley Cibber, "Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring!"

But undoubtedly the best way to get rid of one love is to have another. "All love may be expelled by love as poisons are by other poisons," says Dryden. Helne says: "The most effective antidote to woman is woman. In such a case the medicine is often more noxious than the malady, but it is at any rate a change, and in a disconsolate love affair a change in the inamorate is unquestionably the best policy."

CAPPING THE WIGS.

Official Visit of London's Lord Mayor to the Law Courts.

A curious survival of mediæval custom is witnessed in London on every lord mayor's day. This is an official visit of the lord mayor to the law courts. In old times the sovereign himself awaited at Westminster the coming of the lord mayor in a chariot of state with sword bearer, mace holder, chaplain and gorgeously liveried coachmen and footmen. The forms have been changed, and the visit is now paid to the high court, but the spirit of the act remains, for the lord mayor opens his term in the Mansion House with a ceremonial involving recognition of the supreme authority of the crown.

The instrument used for expressing this traditional idea is an old fashioned cocked hat. When the lord mayor in his splendid robes of office enters the high court with his retinue in costume he solemnly lifts his cocked hat three times from his head and salutes the lord chief justice and the justices.

The judges always wear robes and wigs when in court. For lord mayor's day they have also a flat black cap, which can be slipped over the top of the wig. The lord chief justice and his associates return the lord mayor's salute gravely, but do not take off their black caps. If they were to do this, they would place the crown on a level of equality with the municipality.

The lord mayor, with his retinue, then visits the judges in other courts to invite them to the Guildhall banquet. When the rustling noise of the procession is heard each judge fumbles in a drawer, pulls out a little square of black cloth and crowns his wig with it. The lord mayor takes off his three cornered hat three times, and the justice on the bench bows, but remains covered.—New York Tribune.

More Oratory Wanted.

The remark made on a prolix Scotch counsel when some one observed that he was "surely wasting a great deal of time" is among the wittiest of bar anecdotes: "Time! He has long exhausted time and has encroached upon eternity!"

It is seldom, to do the judges justice, that they encourage this falling in counsel. But in Cockburn's memoirs we are told how a dull and commonplace advocate was almost frightened out of his wits by an observation of Lord Meadowbank, who thought his style undignified: "Decline, sir. Why don't you declaim? Speak to me as if I were a popular assembly."—St. James' Gazette.

Why the Band Left.

First Actor—I hear that the orchestra in your theater was sacked in a body the other night. What was the matter?

Second Actor—Why, they spooled the best situation in the play. You know the court scene, where the hero is sentenced to death?

"Yes."

"Well, they were told to play something appropriate, and the judge had no sooner put on the black cap than the idiots struck up 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'"—London Scraps.

A Sharp Thrust.

"You're trying very hard to be a man, it seems," said the disgusted husband the other day to his wife.

"Well," she replied coldly, "don't you think we need one in the family?"—New York Tribune.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.—Danish Proverb.

Time Reminders Unpopular.

A wistful woman who wished to entertain a great deal one day wondered why her guests always seemed so uncomfortable.

"It is because of your clocks," said a candid friend. "There are three within hearing distance of your drawing room that strike. I don't know of anything that makes company feel quite so uncomfortable as to hear a clock strike. Somehow it is bound to give the impression that we have outstayed our welcome and the hostess is anxious to get rid of us. Of course that is purely a matter of fancy, yet somehow a striking clock always seems to say, 'You'd better be going.' The wise hostess knows that, and if she wants her callers to be thoroughly comfortable she stuns a clock that strikes."—New York Times.

Transmitted Snake Bite.

An extraordinary case of snake poisoning is reported from a country hospital in Victoria. An old man was brought in in a comatose state and showing all the symptoms of having been bitten by a venomous snake. But on investigation it was found he had been bitten by a dog, which died almost immediately afterward from snake bite. Medical treatment was successful, and the man gradually recovered from the snake poison which the reptile had indirectly transmitted to him.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Heiress Abroad.

"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."—Harper's Weekly.

Golf and Brains.

The radical type of golf enthusiast is exemplified in the retort of a St. Andrew's caddy to the university professor, "O'nobody can teach a wheen loons Latin and Greek, but gowf, ye see, gowf requires a held."

Pale, Sickly Girls HAVE ANAEMIA.

Your mirror will tell you if you are anaemic, for the unnatural pallor of the gums and inside of the lips and eyelids indicate thin, watery blood.

You may also have indigestion, dizziness, fainting spells, severe headaches, and feelings of irritability and extreme lassitude. The blood is lacking in the very elements that are contained in condensed and easily assimilated form in

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"Last summer I was all run down in health—no appetite, poor digestion, could not sleep, felt tired and languid, was pale and weak. Doctor could not help me but Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills thoroughly cured me and restored strength and color."

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When Children Smoked.

Every one has read that Hawkins introduced tobacco into England and that King James inveighed against it. Elizabeth liked to sit on a low stool and watch Sir Walter Raleigh puffing away. In Anne's reign almost every one smoked. In Charles II's reign "children were sent to school with their pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies while they smoked."

In 1702 Jorevln spent an evening with his brother at Garraway's coffee house, Leeds, and writes: "I was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill his pipe of tobacco and smoke it as audaciously as a man of threescore. After that a second and third pipe without the least concern, as it is said to have done above a year ago."

Women Smokers in Ireland.

The comparison between women smoking in England and in Ireland, says a correspondent, is hardly on all fours. In Ireland many of the older women whose lives are spent in hard toil smoke in the country districts, but they would utterly disdain a cigarette. They smoke a short "cutty" pipe and the very strongest and most pungent tobacco—Limerick roll. It is no uncommon thing for a man to hand his lighted "cutty" pipe, black with long seasoned smoking, over to a woman for a "draw," as it is called. In Ireland the pipe has long been the solace of the poor, aged, hardworking woman, and the habit has its origin in the use of tobacco for allaying the pangs of hunger in famine days.—London Chronicle.

His Spasm of Economy.

"Speaking of misdirected economy," said the lecturer, "reminds me of an old man who lived in my town. The old man had lost four wives and desired to erect for each a headstone with an inscription commemorative of her wifely virtues. But inscriptions, he found, were very expensive. He economized in this way: He had the Christian name of each wife cut on a small stone above her grave—'Emma,' 'Mary,' 'Hester,' 'Edith.' Under each name a hand pointed to a large stone in the center of the lot, and under each hand were the words: "For Epitaph See Large Stone."

Novelty in Cement Wall.

There is a wall of cement in Los Angeles which shores up one side of a building lot that has an artistic value never intended by the builder. He had moved his bags of cement on to the ground to be ready for work and was then called away on some other job for a day or two. In the meantime one of the very infrequent rains came on, and each sack turned into stone under the action of the water, and the fabric of the sacks themselves was absorbed into the cement so that it was impossible to remove it. Consequently each sack was wrought into the wall as if it had been a boulder on the line of an old stone wall. They were then chinked and bound together with worked cement, and after a time the weather disposed of the gunny sacking, but left the blocks marked with the impress of the weave. The result is a highly ornamental cement wall, resembling at a little distance a wall of some woven material.

A Human Failing.

"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.

"Inconsistency, my son," explained pa, "means a man who grows all day and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."—Harper's Weekly.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath, for occasions do not make a man frail, but show what he is.

The Heart Can't Stand Rheumatic Acid Poisoning

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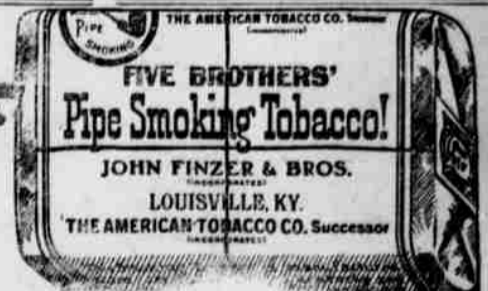
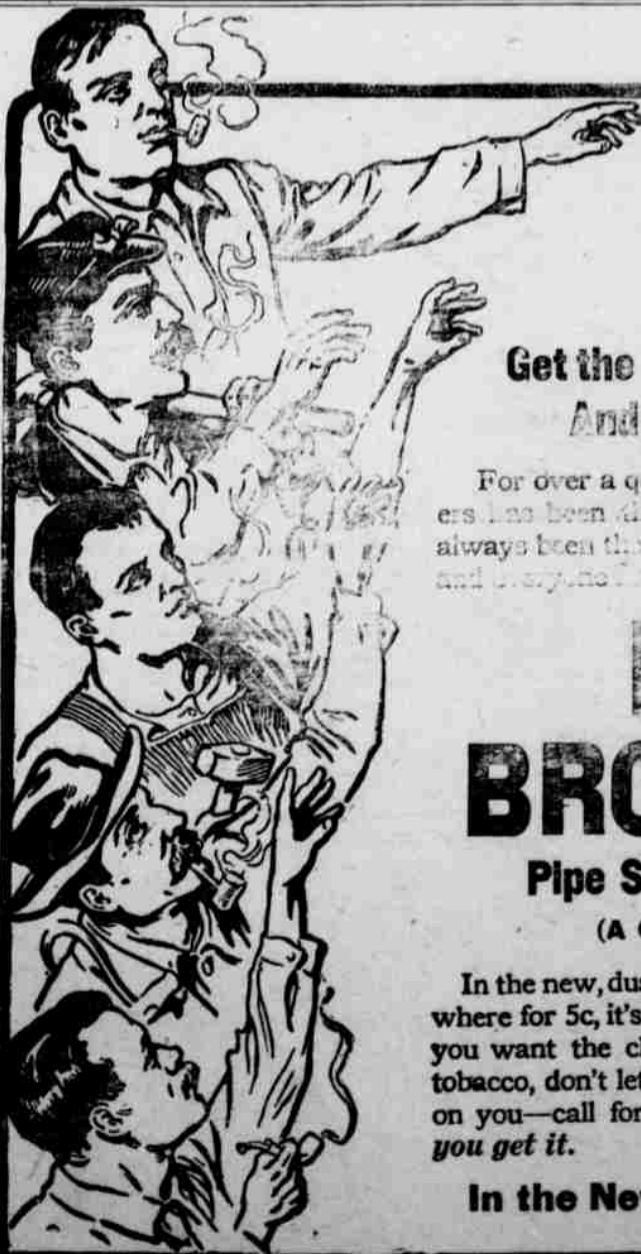
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