

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

Keeping Out the Germs Is Better Than Doctoring For Them.

In looking over the history of the search for a means of cure one is struck by the great value of the ounce of prevention. Keeping the germs out is in every way preferable to dealing with the matter after they have once entered the body. This fact scientific medicine is impressing more and more deeply on the minds of public authorities and the people, and their response in the form of provisions for improved public and private sanitation is one of the striking features of the social progress of the present time. All the more enlightened nations, states and cities of the world possess organized departments of health, which, with varying degrees of thoroughness, deal with the problems presented by the infectious diseases in the light of the latest discoveries.

Fifty years ago the term preventive medicine was unknown. Today it represents a great body of well attested and accepted principles. It has cleaned our streets, it has helped build our model tenements, it has purified our food and our drinking water, it has entered our homes and kept away disease, it has prolonged our lives and it has made the world a sweeter place in which to live.—Medical News.

Australian Tea.

In the interior of Australia all the men drink tea. They drink it all day long and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous. On Sunday morning the tea maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process; on Tuesday *da capo* and on Wednesday *da capo*, and so on through the week. Toward the close of it the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquor is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup.

By this time the tea is of the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. The native calls it "real good old post and rails," the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump, and regards it as having been brought to perfection.

Story of a Top Hat.

A lady who lives in a fashionable suburb is of a saving turn of mind and manages to combine her love of economy with a due regard for her husband's appearance by turning his old top hats into waste paper baskets. The other day she saw on the hall table a prehistoric hat, venerable with age. She seized it in triumph and had just removed the brim, covered the body with light blue silk and was finishing it off with a tasteful arrangement of lace and bows when she was interrupted by the servant: "Please, mum, the piano tuner says he can't find his top hat nowhere. He left it in the hall, he says." Ten minutes later that tuner left the house with a cap on his head and a sovereign in his pocket. Waste paper baskets are now scarce in the house.—London Answers.

Queer English Custom.

Persons aspiring to become bullfinch at Alnwick, England, have to go through a curious and somewhat unpleasant ordeal. Before the election the various candidates ride up in a body to a horse pond and, there dismounting from their steeds, plunge into the water and struggle as best they may to the other side. The music of a brass band cheers them during their struggles in the dirty water. This ancient custom dates from the reign of King John, who once paid a visit to the town in 1210 and found no fitting welcome prepared for him. The blame of this state of unpreparedness was fastened on the luckless bullfinches, who were promptly thrown into the horse pond by royal command.

Japanese Natural Varnish.

The *Rhus coriaria*, or varnish tree, grows in many parts of what may be termed the Mediterranean district, and its juice is known for its deleterious or injurious properties and has consequently been let alone. The Japanese, however, seem to understand it, and it is certain they make a beautiful lacquer or varnish from the juice of their trees, but they keep the processes secret.

Cramp in the Leg.

To those who suffer from cramp in the leg at night the following hint may be useful: When the cramp comes on, take a good strong string—a long garter will do—wind it round the leg over the place that is affected and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will depart, and the sufferer can return to bed assured it will not come on again that night.

His Own Orbits.

Son—But accidents will happen, father, in the best regulated families. Father (angrily)—That may be, sir, but I would have you to understand that mine is not one of the best regulated families.

WILD ANIMAL FIGHTS.

Enormous Physical Force Expended in These Fierce Combats.

In the pitched battles which sometimes take place between the great carnivora and the largest and most powerful of the ox tribe the forces of animal courage, desperation and bodily strength must be exhibited on a scale never elsewhere seen, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Such combats do occur, but have seldom been witnessed and still less frequently described. Two or three lions sometimes combine in such an attack, but from the marks seen on buffalo it is probable that sometimes there is a single combat, for it can hardly be supposed that the buffalo could escape from more than one lion.

The number of foot pounds of energy put into such a struggle must be something extraordinary. The efforts of a lion, which can strike a man's arm from the shoulder and leave it hanging by a strip of skin or which can carry a cow over a high stockade, endeavoring unsuccessfully in close grips to drag down or disable a buffalo bull, must be on a gigantic scale, and the strength which can shake him off and, it is believed, occasionally crush the lion afterward must be even more amazing. A buffalo bull has been credited with engaging three lions in mortal combat and making a good fight before he was disabled by one of the lions hamstringing him by biting his legs from behind.

Errors of Diet.

An insurance man of my acquaintance ate hearty breakfasts, with meat and coffee, a hurried lunch at noon, but also with meat, and a heavy dinner at night. He took no exercise, always rode between house and office, became fat and bloated, and his blood became so overloaded that he readily succumbed to disease at forty-five. The wonder was that he lived so long. He was a type of the average well to do citizen. Like him, most of us eat too much, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Diet should depend upon temperament and vocation. At hard work out of doors one requires more nutriment than at sedentary labor indoors. A gradual reduction in diet, even an occasional fast, will cure many ordinary ills. Add deep breathing, fresh air, body building exercises, plenty of sunshine, water inside and out, and it is astonishing how much better one feels.

Prices For Sermons.

Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons, a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Toplady was about to be ordained Osborne, the book-seller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy secondhand clothes," was the tart reply. "Don't be offended," said Osborne. "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a bishop of Llandaff received from the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for a sermon on the annunciation a pike, price 2s. 4d.; a gallon of wine, eightpence, and boat hire—in all 3s. 4d. In the seventeenth century sermons seem to have been valued at about 5 shillings each.

Making It Clear.

Religious examination papers are an ancient and unchanging source of joy. The latest one to be put in evidence comes from an English church training college. Candidates for admission are required to give in writing some account of the religious instruction they have received, and a recent answer to the first two formal questions ran as follows:

Question: What instruction have you had in religious knowledge?

Answer: None.

Question: By whom was it given?

Answer: By the vicar.

The thing might have been expressed more logically, but not much more clearly.

A Guest's Mot.

Greville does not tell the following story in his famous "Memoirs," but it is a fitting return for his own rather malicious wit: On one occasion, when Lord Alvanley was his guest, the dining room had been newly and showily furnished, whereas the dinner was but a very meager one. While many of the guests were complimenting their host on his taste and magnificence Lord Alvanley interrupted them with, "For my part, I should prefer more carving and less gliding."

Changing the Diet.

Cannibal Chief—Wasn't that last missionary you sent us a writer of books?

Agent—Yes.

Cannibal Chief—And the one before was formerly an editor?

Agent—That is correct.

Cannibal Chief—Well, I wish you'd send us a football player next. The medicine man says we're having too much brain food.—Judge.

A Genuine One.

A man dropped his wig in the street, and a boy who was following close behind the loser picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."

NO SPORT IN IT.

How Northern Indians Secure Venison For Their Larders.

A New Yorker who lives a small fraction of the time in the city, being usually long distances away in pursuit of game, tells of the method pursued by the Indians of British Columbia in taking deer. They have evolved a system, this huntsman says, that shows practical skill and sympathy and knowledge of natural conditions. He says:

"The Indians, to begin with, do not hunt deer for the pleasure of hunting. They go for deer as a housekeeper goes to market for beef, and, what's more—in British Columbia, at any rate—they don't go often. Salmon is plentiful in the rivers and is easily caught, so why chase animals when they can secure fish? It is something as it is in Newfoundland, where I went a couple of seasons ago. There the prevailing fish, as you might say, is cod, and, though there is no end to the variety of edible fish that can be taken, the natives never think of eating anything else. Cod is plentiful, and they form the habit, I suppose. This is so ingrained that they call codfish 'fish' simply. The genus is divided into cod and the rest of fish."

"Well, when the British Columbia Indian makes up his mind for venison, he goes at it systematically and without sentiment. A group of half a dozen or ten men split and take either end of a valley. Then they proceed along the mountain slope from the two ends to the center. They choose the sheltered side of the valley on which the deer seek to escape the wind. Each party covers the mountain side, some near the foot and some at the top and others between the lines, keeping abreast by an imitated owl hoot. The deer, on 'wind-ing' pursuit, have the trick of leaping away down the slope, unlike the goats, which go up, and thus between the two approaching parties they are swept together at the middle of the valley. A good sized herd will thus be killed off and the Indians supplied for many weeks by two or three days' exertion."—New York Tribune.

HE WOULDN'T BE SNUBBED

Colonel Ochiltree Bided His Time and Carried Off the Honors.

General Grant was a great admirer of Colonel Thomas Ochiltree and made many of the men of Galveston a bit jealous. As a result they once planned an incident whereby they would humiliate Ochiltree. Grant was to stop at Galveston after his trip to South America, and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him.

Ochiltree bided his time, as he was never known to complain, and did not go to the ship to welcome General Grant. He took a vantage point in the crowd that filled the streets in front of the Tremont House. He was behind two rows of celebrities who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel steps to the curb. The reception committee, or part of it, was standing in the hotel door, waiting to give the general the gladstone hand.

Ochiltree watched until the general and Mrs. Grant had stepped from the carriage, and then he bulged through the line. He rushed down the crimson carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, marched proudly through the rank and file of the leading citizens into the hotel. The mob outside demanded a speech from the general, and, constituting himself a committee of one, Colonel Ochiltree appeared with him in the hotel balcony and introduced Grant as one of his best, truest and bravest friends. This was the last time the men in Galveston tried to snub him at a social function.

It Made History.

Such a slight circumstance as a glass of wine changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, king of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage, he stumbled, frightened the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of \$20,000,000 and sent the whole family into exile.

Adam and the Tailor.

"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam."

Historic spot: With reverential awe—nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness—the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.

Medicine For Him.

"His wife has treasured all the letters he wrote her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."

"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"

"No, but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."

ONE TRAIT OF AN OUTLAW.

Always Willing to Stand by a Comrade in Trouble.

While Monrow was low minded, ignorant and brutal, he had one big quality that in some measure redeemed him in the eyes of the men who followed the rough life of the range. He would not desert a comrade in time of trouble, says the World's Work. Down in El Paso in the early part of his career before he had become bold enough to allow evidence of his misdeeds to become apparent he was ostensibly running a ranch and struggling along with the rest of the pioneer cattlemen. A man in his employ was caught driving off a bunch of cattle from a neighbor's herd. By some mischance the fellow fell into the hands of a newly elected sheriff and was not hanged. He was duly arraigned and held under bond of \$3,000. Monrow was present at the time and offered to go on his bond. The justice would not accept Monrow.

"Nothing but cash goes in this here court," he said.

Monrow rode away. Five days later he appeared, deposited the cash bond for his friend, furnished him with a horse, and together they headed toward the south. Within an hour a band of cattlemen picked up the trail and followed it to Rio Grande. Monrow had stolen an entire herd, rushed it across to friends in Mexico and in that manner raised the security the court demanded for his friend. Of course, the man never returned for trial, and Monrow began open operations shortly afterward.

No Opposition.

They were holding a county convention when I reached Davidsburg, and after dinner I went over to the hall to hear the speaking, says a writer in an exchange. It didn't amount to much until Sam Walker rose up and said:

"I hain't bin sayin' much around yere today, but the time has cum for me to shoot off my voice. The ole woman is ag'in me, and my son Bill is ag'in me, but I want to go to the legislature from this district. The ole woman is ag'in me 'cause I can't write. What do I want to write for? That'll be nuff who kin without me. My son Bill is ag'in me 'cause I can't read. What do I want to read for? Can't I sot thar and h'ar others read?"

"Yes, I want to go to the legislature, and I hereby nominate myself. That nomination, feller citizens, is carried in my favor as slick as coon grease, and I've got jist a word mo'. I shall be right yere on 'leckshun day, and the varmint who pols a vote ag'in Sam Walker won't be residin' in this yere cold world five minits later."

A Hat Tragedy.

Not long ago a lady was choosing a hat, with the usual uncertainty of mind as to the kind of hat she wanted or whether, indeed, she wanted a hat at all. After trying on nearly every model in the shop she pounced with glee on one she had overlooked. "Here's something pretty!" she said. "Why did you not show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?"

The friend distinctly sniffed. "It makes you look a hundred, and it's very dowdy," she said.

The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted at this juncture. "Perhaps I won't risk it after all."

A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you've quite done with my hat," it said very bitterly, "I should rather like to put it on!"

The Western Reserve.

In the early days of the Hayes administration, when Mr. Everts was secretary of state, the members of the cabinet were discussing matters in an informal way one morning when the president mentioned that he had made a few appointments without consulting his official family, the appointees being personal friends. All the places filled happened to fall within the state department. Secretary Everts turned to John Sherman and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have often heard and read about the western reserve of Ohio, but I must confess that I have never seen any of it."

Sterilizing Butter.

In times of cholera, typhoid and other infectious diseases butter is a dangerous thing to eat. A medical man in Egypt gives this recipe for making it harmless: Sterilize the local article by standing it in a covered jar surrounded by boiling water, which should be allowed to simmer for two hours. The jar should then be put on ice and the butter beaten with an egg whisk until it becomes solid again.

A Cold.

There are some things in the world that one can't understand. One is that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run it stays with you, and if you stop it it goes away.

Proved!

"Your son is a philosophical student, I hear."

"Yes, I believe he is. I can't understand what he's talking about."—Detroit Free Press.

SMILE AS YOU GO.

Everybody Loves the Man With a Shining Countenance.

Brighter than the most brilliant of gems, electrifying with a radiance that does not dazzle so much as it calls forth a reflection of brightness, is the shining countenance.

The soul of each man is a sun of infinite energy and glorious light. But how few allow themselves to shine! How few faces are lit up with their possible divine life!

Take your thoughts away from the swamps of fear and evil, center them on the ideals of faith and love, on good intentions for others, and your countenance is at once illuminated.

Look in a mirror, and you shall see that my words are true. Absolve yourself of all troubles, be peaceful, be still, cease all your repining; then your countenance will shine.

That such an instantaneous physical change can take place by a change of thought suggests what power there is in a renewed habit of thought, a habit created by repeated conscious reposing efforts of calm, concentrated thinking in line with the ideal.

Not only is the countenance changed by a bright thought, but the whole body. The atoms are so many vortices of ether, and the central force of each is the mind.

A shining countenance is a smiling countenance. Look on life rightly, and you cannot but be pleased. Then you will smile, you will laugh with joy, because of life's possibilities.

You have perhaps desired to reach greater heights of power. You will reach them easier if you will but smile as you go.

There is every reason why the heart should be glad, and your love for others will show this so. This is the sunshine that expresses itself in your countenance. The mere fact of loving drives away fear and darkness. All false conceptions of duty, the conclusions of a biased reasoning, vanish at the appearance of love.

Every one loves the sunny days, and every one loves the man whose soul or individual sun shines through his face.

Such a man will be trusted wherever he is. He is an interpreter of life; he will intuitively grasp the meaning of things; he will be welcomed everywhere; he will recognize all and he will be recognized by all; he will be received as the Son of Man, a true exemplar of his race, a leader in the evolution of humanity; he will be an encouragement and an incentive to all.

A shining countenance is first of all an immediate phenomenon expressive of the proof of right thinking, and the same source of this illustration contains the potency of completely changing character, body, surroundings, of influencing the person, the community, the race, of issuing forth from its infinite, solar center great stream of life, giving out more vigor, raising the whole realm of existence to the higher plane.—Fred Burry.

Too Generous.

"What was the trouble between Arabella and her young man that they gave up the idea of marrying?" asked a former resident of Bushby.

"Arabella was always tecky," said the young lady's aunt, with impersonal calmness, "and that was the trouble—that and her being so literal. It's a terrible risky combination of qualities."

"They kept having hitches all along, but come Christmas time Albert asked her right up and down what she wanted, for fear of making the wrong choice, and she said, 'You can give me enough candy to fill my slipper,' looking at him real coy."

"Well, her feet aren't as small as some, but that wasn't his idea. 'Twas because he's generous and not literal. He sent her a five pound box, poor, deluded critter, and she up and broke the engagement, and his little sister ate the candy and enjoyed it, by what I hear."—Youth's Companion.

In a Critical Attitude.

Some people seem to be born in an unhappy frame of mind. They cannot admire excellency without making some comment on deficiencies. With them the "times are always out of joint." They are simply in a critical attitude, and nothing except grumbling will satisfy their morbid condition, says the Pittsburg Press. They remind one very strikingly of the old lady who, when she was asked how she felt, replied that she felt better, but that when she felt better she always felt worse, as she knew if she felt better she was going to have a worse spell again.

The Curate's Compliment.

In a west end church on a recent Sunday the junior curate was preaching on reasons for coming to church. "Some people," he remarked, "come to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes." Then he paused and glanced thoughtfully over his audience. "I am thankful to see, dear friends," he added, "that none of you has come here for that reason."—London Telegraph.

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duly initialed by my own clerks! Oh, dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Fliegende Blätter.

His Maxim.

"It's always well to be on the safe side," mused the burglar, with a glow of satisfaction, as he crawled into the bank through the opening in the wall.—New York Times.

Any person attending a spiritualistic seance in Bohemia is liable to a fine of \$10.

The Brute's Retort.

Mrs. Prissims—Oh, but I got taken in when I married you, you wretch! Mr. Prissims—Yes—out of the cold.—Newark News.



Can't Swallow

HE HAS A VERY BAD SORE THROAT

THIS RAW AND INFLAMED—SORE ALL OVER THE UNWOLE WAY DOWN

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