

The Somerset County Star.

P. L. LIVENGOOD, Editor and Publisher.
Mrs. F. L. LIVENGOOD, Associate Editor.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Numerous agents for the Life of Blaine.

Horace G. Walker, a Somerset inventor, died last week.

David Fuller has been on the sick list for some time. Hope he will soon be able to be out again.

Geo. K. Walker went to Glencoe, Tuesday, to visit his old friend and business partner, I. D. Leydig.

Why is "e" the most unfortunate of letters? Because it is never in cash, is always in debt, and never out of danger.

Genial Sol Yoder, of Garrett county, Md., was one of THE STAR's callers, last week. He called to renew his subscription.

Lije Livengood, as usual, will make more maple sugar than any other man in Pennsylvania. He already has his trees tapped.

Southampton items received too late for publication, this week. Correspondents will please send in items no later than Tuesday.

Milt Hartline has returned from Akron, Ohio, whither he went some time ago in search of employment. His father, who went with him to the Buckeye state, is still out there.

Geo. H. Tayman's personal property has been levied on by the Sheriff and will be sold on Saturday, this week. Mr. Tayman's finances are said to be in very bad condition.

Lon Brown got more valentines than any other man in town, but they were about all from his best friends, who wanted to have some sport at a good-natured man's expense.

An exchange says: "The fool-killer doesn't have to worry about the people who throw coal oil on the fire or put dynamite in a stove to thaw out. They kill themselves without his aid."

Some insulted fellow went to the Frostburg Ledger office, last week, and tried to whip the editor. He failed to whip him, however, which is invariably the case with fellows that want to whip editors.

K. W. Simpkins is selling what is called the World's Fair Combination Toilet, Pin and Needle Case. It is an excellent thing, something every woman wants, and it sells like "hot cakes." To see it is to buy it.

We have noticed that when a girl learns to skate she has to have a boy pull her along by the arm, but when a boy learns, he just sails out and cuts a few butter bows in the ice and soon becomes an expert.—Ex.

Every column of a newspaper contains from five to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, according to the size of the paper and type. The displacement of one of them means an error. Is it any wonder that errors sometimes occur?—Ex.

Owing to a defective brake, a box car got away from the car shifter at Tab Mill mines, yesterday morning. It never stopped until it got down to Will Moser's meadow. Chris Lichliter started after it, taking about six ties at a step, and we presume he found it.

Three of Meyersdale's citizens show up 56 children. The oldest one of them, Wm. Cook, who died last year, had 22 sons and daughters; Mr. Ed. Deal acknowledges 16 and D. Carns, 18. And yet Somerset is bothered at our very satisfactory census figures.—Commercial.

Jeremiah Zorn, who at one time resided in Salisbury, but later on moved to Berlin, died last week at the age of 67 years. The Berlin Record states that Mr. Zorn had been drawing a pension of \$73 per month. That's the largest pension we ever heard of a private soldier drawing.

The big fire in West Salisbury ought to teach our citizens a valuable lesson. We are getting some good buildings in this town now, but what would become of our town if a fire should break out in the business portion of it? We ought to have water works and a fire company, by all means.

The Oakland Republican is a good newspaper, but the town in which it is published is evidently overgrown with moss, judging from the home advertising patronage the Republican has. But perhaps the would-be business men of Oakland do not know that they are living in the 19th century.

Along the line of the abandoned Panama canal, where hats are flitting and owls are hooting, there is at least \$25,000,000 worth of dredging and other machinery. It is under shelter and can be easily put in good repair. Here is a chance for the builders of the Nicaragua canal, which will not be abandoned.

Our exchanges are passing around the following for the benefit of young men who are contemplating marriage. If a woman's thumb has a long first joint, she is as stubborn as a mule; if it has a long second joint, she is as stubborn as two mules; but if the first and second joints are short, she is no more stubborn than any other woman.

It is believed that Nelson Bittner, the distiller, and Mrs. Geo. Martz, a handsome young married woman of Glencoe, have eloped. At any rate both are missing. It is reported that Bittner recently turned much of his property into ready cash, and also that he borrowed all the

money he could. The Somerset Democrat is authority for this.

A Dauphin county representative has introduced a bill providing for compensation of members of town councils of all boroughs. The compensation is one dollar for each meeting attended. From the amount of abuse heaped upon councilmen, they would be illly compensated if they should be allowed fifty times that amount.—Somerset Herald.

The Berlin Record has reduced its size from a 6-column quarto to a 5-column quarto. It has also treated itself to a new dress of type. The Record is a credit to Berlin, but the citizens of that town should not allow it to grow smaller. It doesn't speak well for a town when its local paper grows smaller instead of larger. We wish the Record much prosperity.

Samuel Compton, one of the Democrat's oldest subscribers and a worthy and prosperous citizen of Elk Lick township, visited Somerset on Friday and paid the Democrat office a welcome call. Mr. Compton carried on his trade of tinner, at Salisbury, when that town was in its infancy. He takes much pride in the present prosperous condition of that borough.—Somerset Democrat.

Some scoundrel set fire to Dennis Wagner's coal mine, some time during last week, and when it was discovered it had already made great headway. Some folks have since been working hard to extinguish it, but at last reports had not yet succeeded. Mr. Anspach, of Philadelphia, one of the owners of the coal, was summoned here by telegram to look after the matter and see to putting the fire out.

Grandpa Baumgardner, father of Rev. S. M. Baumgardner, died on Monday morning. Mr. Baumgardner was Salisbury's oldest citizen, and from the fact that he was a helpless invalid for the past few years, death was no doubt a welcome guest to him. His remains were taken to Fayette county, yesterday, for burial. Mr. Baumgardner was a highly respected citizen, and the bereaved relatives have the sympathy of the community. The deceased was 88 years old.

A meeting of the Somerset County Agricultural Society was held in one of the jury rooms, on Wednesday afternoon, during the sessions of the Farmers' Institute. The following officers were elected: Hon. N. B. Critchfield, President; H. J. Hoffman, Secretary, and George C. Lichty, Treasurer. Valentine Hay, P. K. Moore, M. J. Beachy, A. G. Kimmel, and O. P. Shaver, Executive Committee. A Vice President will be selected from each township, and an effort made to resume the holding of fairs.—Vedette.

The Prohibition Era, a little sheet published in Meyersdale, is on deck, as usual, with a full list of the applicants for liquor license in this county, together with a list of their signers and bondsmen. We notice that Ed Nicklow, of Addison, has the most signers, while Thomas Williams comes in second. We also notice that Walter Easton and Norman Weimer are listed as bondsmen for Henry Loechel, which is not true of them. The Era is like the average license petition and remonstrance—not always confined to facts.

An exchange editor kills time by the following sage reflections: "No wonder time is represented as haggard and worn out; the watch keeps time, the sprinter beats time, the music master beats time, the clock strikes time, trains run on time (not all, but some of them), the foreman lays out time, horses run against time, people threaten awful things if they get time, at a fight they always call time, soldiers mark time, only criminals serve time, few save or spare time, everybody now and then kills time and perhaps your subscription is behind time."

A sleighing party, composed of the following Frostburg people, were guests at Hay's hotel, Tuesday evening: Wm. O. McLane and wife, Prof. H. S. Keller and wife, Dr. I. L. Bitter and wife, Chas. L. Gross and wife, Randolph Hartly and wife, Sadie Shearer, Geo. C. Shearer, Annie Willison, Pearl Benson, Birdie Shearer, Rose Porter, Mamie Hocking and F. G. Hay. The snow was thawing when they arrived here, and before they were ready to return, a heavy rain set in, which completely destroyed the sleighing. Landlord Hay had to take some of them home in a wheeled conveyance.

The following persons have filed applications for tavern license: Charles A. Mitchell and Edward Nicklow, Addison; Andrew McQuade and J. S. Zimmerman, Berlin; August Koehler, Conemaugh; Scott Sterner, J. M. Dodds and Thos. Smith, Confluence; Thos. Williams, Elk Lick; John H. Slicer, Nathaniel Slicer, J. C. Reed and Robert Guthrie, Meyersdale; John K. Kessler, Northampton; Wm. Wirth, Quemahoning; S. A. Haines and Mary Buckman, Rockwood; C. T. Hay and Henry Loechel, Salisbury; Keiser Kimmel, Summit; John H. Bittner and Samuel Custer, Stoystown; W. H. Tayman, Somerset township; Edgar Kyle, Jay G. Lawson and L. W. Vanneer, Somerset borough; Isaac Jenkins, Ursina.

James Lindsey, whom many of our old citizens will remember as the man who built the house now occupied by David Enis, met a sad death on the 16th of last September. He had been living in Minnesota for some years, where his house burned down, and he was suffocated in the smoke. His son Stewart, who is now located at Casselton, North Dakota, communicated the sad news to Stewart Smith, of this place, a few days ago. The editor's father used to live in the Lindsey house, some years ago, and we remember a visit from Mr. Lindsey, who

was here at that time on a visit and called to see the old home that he had built and occupied when he was yet a resident of Salisbury. We remember him as a very pleasant gentleman and a welcome guest, and we are very sorry to hear of his sad death.

Card of Thanks.

We hereby tender our thanks to the kind friends and neighbors who extended their sympathy and kindness to us during the sickness and death of our father, S. M. BAUMGARDNER. V. E. BAUMGARDNER.

A Minneapolis Doctor After THE STAR.
Dr. A. F. Hinz, for whom we used to do lots of printing, at Carleton, Neb., but who is now one of the most prominent physicians and surgeons in Minneapolis, Minn., wants us to do some more printing for him. He writes to us in this wise: "It seems strange to send away from a city of 225,000 inhabitants for letter heads, but I have seen none that I like so well as yours. I want you to print some headings on unruled paper for my type writer, and some on ruled paper for pen and ink. I was sorry when you left Carleton, but I presume you have never regretted your move."

Nothing strange about it, doctor, for we have customers all over this broad land. Our work always fills the bill. Thanks for your order. Come again. No, we never regretted moving away from Carleton. Guess you can say the same of your move from that place.

BIG FIRE IN WEST SALISBURY.

H. A. Reitz's large steam grist mill, in West Salisbury, was totally consumed by fire, this morning. How the fire originated is not known. Mr. Reitz informs THE STAR that it was about 7 o'clock this morning when A. H. Shumaker, his apprentice, went into the building to look after the fire in the engine house. A few minutes later, and both discovered that the fire under the boiler was nearly out, so it is absolutely certain that the building did not take fire from that source. Mr. Reitz then went to do his chores about his stable and Mr. Shumaker proceeded to get up steam in the mill. It was but a few minutes, however, until Shumaker discovered that the mill was afire in the southeast corner of the main building, near the ground, and he at once gave the alarm. The flames spread very rapidly and fire was soon discovered as far up as the second and third floors. It was soon apparent that the building could not be saved, and the crowd that had gathered in the meantime began to carry out flour and prepare to protect the other buildings near by. The mill was soon in ashes and only a very small quantity of its contents saved. The total loss is estimated at \$10,000. Insurance, \$5,000.

While the fire raged, J. B. Martin's store building, occupied by H. C. Shaw, also took fire, but by heroic efforts the building was saved, the only damage to it being several holes burned in the roof. The covered bridge near the mill was also afire several times, but each time the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. Had it not been a very calm morning, the store, the bridge and perhaps the Williams hotel would also have been consumed. But the loss is great enough as it is; not only to Mr. Reitz, but to the whole community. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Reitz, as he is one of our most honored and useful citizens, and his mill was of inestimable value to the community.

As the fire originated in the southeast corner of the main building, it is truly a mystery how it started, as there was no stove nor anything else in that part of the building that could have caused it.

The Dunkards and the Amish Sized up by the Somerset Vedette.—Some Corrections.

The Dunkards are such a peculiar people, and are so little known outside of their settlements, that I thought it worth while to say something about their religion, manners, dress and business habits. Like the Pilgrims, the Quakers and other sects that have suffered for conscience sake, they possess strongly marked individuality. For years, and a century, they have maintained their organization intact, although surrounded by a distinct and aggressive civilization. The religion of these people is very singular, both in its tenets and its outward forms. Their creed teaches trine immersion, and the public washing of feet, as an ordinance. It prohibits the wearing of hair-colored clothing, white, black, and neutral tints, only are permitted. The Dunkards eschew the use of jewelry, and all mere adornments in dress. The men wear Quaker-cut coats, broad-brimmed hats, full beards, (except the mustache) and long hair. The dress of the women is a short-skirted gown, until lately, generally of home-spun; a white kerchief folded across the bosom and shoulders, and a black sun-bonnet. The Dunkards are opposed to Sunday schools, a paid ministry, revivals, prayer-meetings and missions. They are forbidden to send their sons to college. They allow no newspaper reporters at their yearly meetings, nor any printed copies of proceedings. In their intercourse with each other they use only the first, or Christian name. They never appear as litigants in the courts; all disputes being settled within the church. Accepting, literally, the command, "swear not at all," they refuse to take judicial oaths. They are essentially an agricultural people, rarely engaging in trade, manufacture, or the so-called professional pursuits. They are proverbially honest. The Dunkard's word is as good as his bond, and both are considered first-class security.

As a religious society, the Dunkards are fast dying out. Their language long ago degenerated from German into Pennsylvania Dutch; and the newspaper, the public school, and modern modes of travel, are surely supplanting the letter with English. The last generation or two have largely done away with the dress and customs of their fathers, and the integrity of the whole church structure is now menaced by the "Progressive Dunkards," an offshoot of the old society, who believe in education, and the claims of an advanced civilization. On public days an occasional specimen of the old-time Dunkard, in his peculiar garb, may be seen in the crowd at the County-seat, but his presence is rare enough to make him a curiosity.

Another German sect, known as the Amish, composed a smaller part of the settlers of Somerset county. They resemble the Dunkards somewhat in their creed and customs, but are more ignorant and narrow-minded. Their rigid ideas of dress include even the prohibition of buttons, and substitutes books and eyes. They possess in a high degree the German thrift that results in the accumulation of money and lands. One of their number, in the northern part of the county, was said to be worth a half-million of dollars. Those of them who have not been absorbed by the more numerous and powerful sect of the Dunkards, are fast losing their distinctive characteristics. They cannot endure the friction of latter-day civilization.—Somerset Vedette.

COMMENT BY THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.
The Senior editor of the Vedette (Major Tredwell) is the author of the above article, and as the worthy gentleman has written on a subject upon which it is very evident that he is densely ignorant, the editor of THE STAR must call him down and point out to him where he is wrong.

The editor of THE STAR was born of and brought up by Dunkard parents. He joined the Dunkard church in his early youth (at the age of 14) but as the fellow remarked who said he had learned the Methodist trade, "I haven't worked at it for some years." However, I wish to state that I know all about the Dunkards and also a great deal concerning the Amish, having lived the greater portion of my life in communities where both of these churches have a strong membership. At any rate I can tell the editor of the Vedette wherein he errs in his write-up of these two churches, and I believe I can prove all I say, by the Dunkards and the Amish themselves.

1st. It is not true that only white, black and neutral tints in clothing are permitted by the Dunkards. They can wear any colors or tints they choose.

2nd. It is not true that the Dunkard eschews the use of jewelry and all mere adornments in dress. It is true to a great extent of the old members, but not of the young.

3d. Very few of the men wear Quaker-cut coats, that style of garment being almost entirely confined to the ministry. The same can be said of the broad-brimmed hats. The young men in the church dress about as fashionably as those of any other church.

4th. Very few of the Dunkards of today wear long hair or any prescribed style of beard. That used to be the case, but not for many years. Dunkards are as good patrons of barber shops as any other class of people, and they wear their whiskers in as many styles as other people do.

5th. It is not true that the dress of the women is a short-skirted gown and a black sun-bonnet. Dunkard women, 'tis true, nearly all wear sun-bonnets, but black is not the only color. You see them in other colors as well as black. Their dresses are about the same as those worn by other women, except that they are usually more plain. Some Dunkard women also wear hats and very fashionable dresses.

6th. The Dunkards are not opposed to Sunday schools, revivals, missions and prayer-meetings. On the contrary, they have many flourishing Sunday schools and prayer-meetings and have had them for many years. They also have numerous revival meetings, although they may not know them by that name.

7th. It is not true that their sons are forbidden to be sent to college. The church has three colleges of its own, and while they are not up to Yale, Harvard, Lafayette and others of that class, they are fully up to the standard of church colleges. College graduates are quite numerous in the Dunkard church, and they are not all church college graduates, either. Some of them are graduates of other colleges as well.

8th. Neither is it true that they allow no newspaper reporters at their yearly meetings. Whenever their yearly meetings occur, full reports of their proceedings can always be seen in many of the daily newspapers. But perhaps the editor of the Vedette never reads the daily papers.

9th. It is also untrue that they never appear as litigants in the courts and that all disputes are settled in the church.

10th. It is also untrue that they rarely engage in trade, manufacture and professional pursuits. In fact nothing could be farther from the truth.

11th. That the Dunkard's word is as good as his bond, and that both are first-class security, is rather far fetched. In fact the exceptions are numerous enough to compel us to brand that as a false statement also. However, in general, the Dunkards are noted for being a very honest and upright people.

12th. It is not true that the Dunkard's, as a religious society, are fast dying out. While they are not increasing very rapidly, yet they hold their own fully as well as most of the weaker denominations. The Dunkard church is not a corpse, by any means. Neither is the old church in the least menaced by the "Progressive Dunkards," the offshoot of the old church. Both branches are growing in about the same ratio.

I am not quite as well posted concerning the Amish as concerning the Dunkards, but I know this: That they resemble the Dunkards very little, if any, in their creed. However, in their customs and dealings, there is quite a similarity between the Amish farmer and the Dunkard farmer. The Amish are not as much opposed to education as some people imagine. While they do not believe in a college education, yet they are firm supporters of the public schools, and nearly all of them aim to give their children a common school education. Their are very few dishonest Amish people, and so far as we know, none of them ever had to go to a county poor house.



Vick's Floral Guide.

For 1893 we have combined a most novel and charming feature in the way of hundreds of beautiful and appropriate poetical quotations from the best authors, making **The Poets' Number of Vick's Floral Guide** a source of interest and pleasure the whole year. The practical part contains Colored Plates of Alpine Aster, Begonia, Dahlias, Dutchman's Pipe, Clematis, Pansies, Cannas, Corn and Potatoes, hundreds of Engravings; descriptions of the sweetest and most prolific Tea-Tree, The Golden Nugget Corn, which was such a favorite last summer, new Roses, new Chrysanthemums, and scores of other grand and good things. Names and prices of everything one could desire in way of Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Bulbs, etc.

Sent for only 10 cents, which can be deducted from the first order, thus it costs nothing. Cash prizes.

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Copland's 10-cent Condition Powder is equally adopted for Horses, Cows, Hogs and Poultry. A teaspoonful night and morning to a Horse will give him an appetite and a smooth coat. A teaspoonful in soft food, to each ten Fowls, will prevent sickness and produce eggs. This excellent powder is composed only of Flaxseed Meal, Capsicum, Folmgreek, Soda, Gentian Root, Copperas, Saltpetre, Antimony, Sulphur, Epsom Salt, Licorice and Alum. Prepared fresh, every week, by
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Carry The News To M-A-R-I-A-R!



You will be happy, if you subscribe for The Somerset County Star. Try it and be convinced.

They are beyond a doubt the most industrious and honest people we know of. They are also very hospitable, as a rule.

If we have made any erroneous statements in our remarks, we will consider it a favor to be enlightened by any member of either sect spoken of.

A Popular Competition.
The Publishers of the Ladies' Home Magazine presents its great Winter Competition to the public of America. This Competition closes on April 30th, 1888.

QUESTIONS.—1. Which is the longest book in the New Testament? **2.** Which is shortest? **3.** The longest verse? **4.** The shortest?

HOW TO COMPETE.—Write the questions down, and follow with the answers. Mail this to us, together with \$1 to pay for six months subscription to the Ladies' Home Magazine—one of the best Home Magazines of the day, and if your answers are correct you will receive one of the following prizes: \$1000 in gold; \$500 in gold; \$200 in gold; \$100 in gold; 2500 Elegant Silver Tea Sets; Organs; Pianos, &c. Everything fair and square. Send postal card for list of former prize winners. Over \$10,000 distributed during the past two years. Address: THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

An Editor Aims His Words.
An exchange tells in the following language what editing a paper is:
Editing a paper is a pleasant business—if you like it.

If it contains much political matter, people won't have it.
If the type is large, it doesn't contain much reading matter.
If the type is small, it hurts folks' eyes.
If we publish telegraphic reports, folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them, we have no enterprise or suppress them for political effect.
If we write many editorials, they say we are conceited and want to air our opinions.

If we give way to other writers and news items, we are ignorant and can't run a paper.
If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattleheads.
If we omit jokes, folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving selections.
If we give selections, people say we are lazy for not writing more and giving

them what they have not read in some other paper.
If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial.
If we don't, both hands say we are a great hog.
If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous, and vice versa.
If we attend church, they say it is for effect.
If we remain in our office attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.
If we go out, they say we don't attend to our business.
If we ask for dues they get mad and say stop my paper.

A Point Agreement.
Four zealous patriots were discussing the temperance question at a down-town street corner, the other day.
"I tell you," said one, "the only way to stamp out the infamous traffic in whiskey is to go to the fountain head, make it a crime to manufacture whiskey! If there isn't any made there won't be any sold. That's my doctrine."
"It wouldn't do," said the second man. "There has got to be some liquor manufactured for chemical, artistic and other necessary purposes. The right way to crush the monster is to punish the man who retails it for drinking purposes. Make it a crime to be a saloon-keeper."
"That won't do either," observed the third. "The saloon-keeper is the necessary outgrowth of a demand for whiskey. If there were no drinkers there would be no dram-shops. Punish the man who drinks! That's the only way to settle the business."
"It will never do it," spoke up the fourth. "My idea," he added, emphatically, "is to punish the vile stuff itself. Will you assist me, gentlemen, in inflicting the punishment?"
About two minutes later they were seen assisting him with much fervor at a convenient place around the corner.—Chicago Tribune.