

Wahl's Meat Market!

This place continues to be headquarters for Tender Steak, Juicy Roasts, Choice Dressed Poultry, Sausage, Pudding and

Fresh Fish in Season.

I aim to serve my patrons with the best in my line that the market affords.

Thanking the public for a liberal patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am

Respectfully yours,

C. WAHL, Salisbury, Pa.

SAVE MONEY!

I have gone to the trouble to add to Salisbury's business interests a well selected and complete stock of

FURNITURE.

When in need of anything in this line call and examine my goods and get my prices. See if I can't save you some money.

PRICES LOW

Thanking the public for a generous patronage and asking a continuance of the same, I am yours for bargains.

WM. R. HASELBARTH, Salisbury, Pa. Store over Haselbarth's Hardware.

C. E. STATLER & BRO.,

DEALERS IN—

General Merchandise, Salisbury, Pa.

We carry in stock at all times a complete line of everything usually found in a large general store.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT!

For Fine Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Country Produce, Miners' Supplies, etc., our place is HEADQUARTERS. Call and be convinced.

C. E. STATLER & BRO.

HAY'S HOTEL,

Salisbury, Penn'a.

This elegant NEW THREE-STORY HOTEL is one of the best equipped hostleries in Somerset county.

Modern Equipments

of all kinds, such as Steam Heat, Warm and Cold Baths, Telephone, Fine Bar, etc.

Centrally located with fine surroundings. Tables supplied with the best markets afford. Rates reasonable.

C. T. HAY, Proprietor.

Established 1853.

P. S. HAY,

DEALER IN—

Dry Goods

Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE, TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.

SALISBURY, PA.

B. KRAUSSE,

BOOT & SHOEMAKER.

I use the best of material and my prices are the lowest consistent with good workmanship.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

I respectfully solicit a continuance of your valued patronage.

Bernhard Krausse,

Salisbury, Pa.

C. M. MAY,

THE—

Leading Barber.

Hair-dressing, Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in the finest style of the art.

Razor Repairing A Specialty.

Soaps, Tonics and other Barbers' Supplies for sale at all times.

SHOP OPPOSITE HAY'S HOTEL, Salisbury, Pa.

WHERE DID HE GET IT?

The Plain People Want to Know Where Mr. Quay Got His Millions of Money.

ANOTHER QUAY DEAL A FAILURE

He Goes to Philadelphia in Hopes of Getting Martin's Help, But He Returns Empty Handed—A Conference With His Stated Candidate Stone. The Wanamaker Boom is Steadily Growing All Over the State.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Harrisburg, Feb. 22.—Senator Quay hurried up from Washington to Philadelphia on Saturday last. He remained in the latter city only two hours and then left as mysteriously as he had come. He saw during his visit nobody but Hon. Asparagus Andrews, the manager of William A. Stone's boom, General Frank Reeder, until recently secretary of commonwealth, and the Quay slated candidate for governor, W. A. Stone. Senator Quay went away a disappointed man. He went to Philadelphia for the purpose of attempting to make another deal. But he failed. Secretary of the Commonwealth David Martin, with whom he thought to make a treaty of peace, declined to become a willing victim to any such arrangement. Thereupon Senator Quay left for Washington again.

The growth of the Wanamaker boom is worrying Senator Quay mightily. The tremendous growth of public sentiment in favor of the ex-postmaster general for governor is not the only thing that Quay has to worry him. Some of his political chickens are coming home to roost in a very unpleasant manner. If it was his intention to attract no attention when he came to Philadelphia on Saturday he succeeded admirably, for there was not a soul to meet him or shake him by the hand. And yet, Senator Quay is a leader of a faction, but so strangled is that leadership that it is in a dangerous position.

QUAY DESERTED BY HIS FRIENDS

It is now a notorious fact that Quay deserted what is known as the "Anti-Combine" in the late Philadelphia fight. This is the faction controlled by Senator Durham, which put in nomination, or tried to put in nomination through a bolting convention, a candidate in the person of Harvey K. Newitt. Quay tried to make a deal with Secretary Martin while the fight was on, and when the "Anti-Combine" heard of it they flew up in arms and swore that they would get even with Quay for attempting to desert them in their hour of distress.

Senators Durham and Penrose have been bitter against Quay ever since for his attempt to sell them out while they were making a fight for him against Martin. As a result of this feeling, Quay knows that unless he can make a deal with Martin and Magee and the independent leaders of Pennsylvania he will be compelled to make a hard and fast bargain with Andrews, Penrose and Durham. On Saturday last he made his latest attempt to patch up a truce with Martin, and failed. As he stands today Quay, has Durham and the old "Anti-Combine" bothering him on one side, Secretary Martin and his following on another, while moving down upon him in solid array is the Business Men's League, with ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker in the van.

HE IS RATTLED.

No wonder that Quay is flustered. He has dropped all idea of making a crucial fight on the governorship. He wants to see Stone elected, but at present he is leaving everything in connection with the gubernatorial contest to the celebrated senator, ex-chairman of the Lexow committee, Hon. Asparagus Andrews. This makes William A. Stone, of Allegheny, all the more conspicuous as the candidate of Andrews and the representative of every ugly interest in the Republican party.

Quay wants to be senator. He is subordinating everything to his ambition to succeed himself in the United States senate. If it comes to a pinch he is willing to sacrifice Stone, Andrews and Reeder and everybody else if he can but secure his return to the United States senate. His chief concern is the control of the members of the next legislature, who elect his successor, and in the meantime everything is in a muddle to him, and the end is not in view, nor will it be for some time to come.

Quay has had the fight of his life on hand several times, but all other fights pale into insignificance when compared with this one. And Mr. Quay shows it. He does not look well. He has an anxious, strained appearance. There is no exaggeration about the enmity of the men that Quay used to call his friends. There is not one faction today that Quay can call his own. Penrose, Durham and the rest are suspicious of him; Martin refuses to make deals, while the Wanamaker men—everybody knows what their opinion of Senator Quay is.

WANAMAKER'S GROWING BOOM.

In the meantime ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker is being flooded with letters offering him support. Not a day passes that delegations do not call upon him to tender their assistance and pledge the solid support of whole counties. The mention of Mr. Wanamaker's name has fired the whole state, and all the best elements of the Republican party are hastening to his standard. It is now a recognized fact that no man in the state possesses the power to draw men toward him, and the confidence of the people, as does John Wanamaker.

Immediately after the Bourne meeting, at which Mr. Wanamaker was invited to become a candidate for governor, Manager Andrews, who is running the Stone boom from his palatial offices in Pittsburg, sent out letters over the state to every Quay r-wapper announcing that the Bourne meeting was composed of millionaires, importers and disgruntled ex-officers. This charge was ably disproved by giving to the world the names of the men, or the principal ones, who composed that memorable conference. There was not a millionaire in all the 400. But the inevitable result of this sort of a campaign has

reacted upon Senator Quay. The question is now being asked all over the state: "Where did Quay get his millions?"

WHERE DID HE GET IT?

Where did Quay get his millions? Where did he obtain the vast sums with which to purchase a residence in Beaver, a \$75,000 mansion in Allegheny county, a mansion in Washington, a farm in Lancaster county, another 300 acre farm in Chester county and a plantation in Florida. And it must be remembered that Senator Quay's salary as United States senator is but \$5,000 a year, and that a few years ago Senator Quay was a poor man.

Where did Senator William H. Andrews acquire his wealth? Andrews, of Crawford county, who has acquired the sobriquet of "Asparagus," is a professional politician, purely and simply. Where did he get the wealth with which he is endowed today? These are questions which the people of the state are asking. No ordinary explanation will satisfy them. It would require the most extraordinary luck in speculation in stocks or bonds to pile up the wealth of Quay or Andrews, and so out of it all there comes the query for which the plain people expect an answer—where did they get it?

Before my next letter is read the gubernatorial boom will have been started with a rush. This year will witness no ordinary campaign. It will be a fight to a finish, with Quay and his minor bosses on the one hand and the people on the other. The people are ready and waiting! The time of their delivery from boss rule is almost at hand!!

The National Song.

"Politics, politics, politics!" that's what my mare's feet say
When I'm spurrin' across the country and she's gallopin' long the way;
An' even the curlews sing it, when the train is skeetin' erlong;
"Politics, politics, politics!" Nuthin' but that ol' song!

"Politics, politics, politics!" thar whar the rabbits jump;
A feller on every fence rail, a speaker on every stump!
Thousan' 'sav'n' the country—rightin' the ol' world's wrong;
"Politics, politics, politics!" Nuthin' but that ol' song!

"Politics, politics, politics!" They're with you airly an' late—
Candidates on the housetops, an' hailin' folks at the gate;
What is the office you're wantin' the voters air couln' erlong;
"Politics, politics, politics!" That is the national song!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Bad Facts for Bachelors.

Some curious figures have lately been made public by a celebrated Berlin physician which seem to point to the fact that if a man wants to live long and preserve his health and strength he ought to marry. Among unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45 the death rate is 27 per cent. Among married men between the same ages it is only 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who live to 40 years of age, 78 married men triumphantly arrive at the same period. The difference gets all the more marked as time goes on. At 60 years of age there are only 22 bachelors to 48 married men, at 70 there are 11 bachelors to 27 who are married, and by the time they reach 90 the married men are three to one, for there are nine of them to every three bachelors.

His First Chance.

"Is there a man in all the audience," demanded the female speaker on woman's rights freely, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work? Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, wornout wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly down stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen and done all this, if necessary, day after day uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience let him stand up. I should like to see him."

And far back in the hall a mild looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first chance he had to assert himself.

A Progressive Newspaper.

The Times has a larger circulation by many thousands than any other daily newspaper published in Pittsburg. This is admitted even by its competitors. The reasons for it are not hard to find. The Times is a tireless newsgatherer, is edited with extreme care, spares no expense to entertain and inform its readers. It prints all the news in compact shape, caring always more for quality than quantity. It keeps its columns clean, but at the same time bright. Nothing that is of human interest is overlooked by it. It aims to be reliable rather than sensational. It believes in the gospel of get there, but it gets there with due respect for the facts. Test any department of it you choose—political, religious, markets, sporting, editorial, society, near town news—and you'll find the Times may be depended upon. \$3 a year, 6 cents a week.

Believes in Phrenology.

Irwin Standard.
We have always been a believer in phrenology. We believe that a man's character is determined by the bumps on his cranium. There has been a great

deal said pro and con about phrenology. Phrenology is a science which shows man's character by the crags and chasms, the depressions and the crevices, the crevasses and the fissures in his head. It is claimed that by this means it can be ascertained if your father was ever in jail for stealing sheep, or if any of your ancestors were hanged, and what for, and if you would be a murderer if not too much of a coward, and if you pay your debts, and if you patronize home trade or send to the city for your groceries, and if you pay for your whiskey or sponge it off your friends.

We went to a phrenologist once. It was when we were young and innocent, before our heart had been hardened by coming in contact with newspaper men and learning to lie and dodge our creditors. Well, he ran his fingers (which were none of the cleanest) through our flowing locks and fingered our bumps. The bumps are there yet, but the flowing locks have departed. Before he began we asked him his price for examination. He said it depended on the size of a man's brain. If it was a good, big, healthy brain the charge was \$1, but where the brain was prominent by its absence it would be only 25 cents. He told us some things that were very true. He said we were fond of work. Now that was correct. We always liked work so well that we allowed it to pile up around us just for the pleasure of its company. We never did any for fear we would be without it. He also said we were generous. True again. We never gave our wife a dime and then flung it up to her, and we never took a penny out of the contribution basket at church when it was taken up for the benefit of the needy.

He said he could tell us all about our ancestry and would do so for an extra quarter, but we refused, as the least said about our ancestry the better for all concerned. True, some of our ancestry had a family tree, but it was not the kind of a tree that a man would be proud of or, with tears, ask the woodman to spare. We know a good many people whose ancestors had that kind of a tree, and if they had their deserts they would be up the same tree. There is not the least doubt in our mind that the phrenologist is a benefactor to his race and fills a niche in life as well as the bearded woman, the living skeleton, the fat man or the tattooed man.

The New Warships.

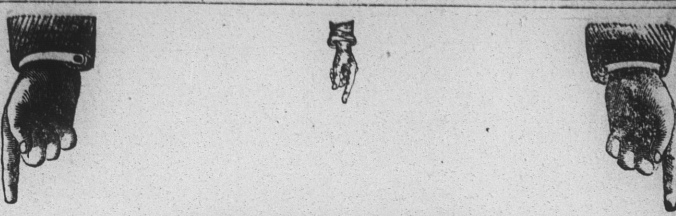
Philadelphia Star.
It ought to be interesting just now to know what progress is being made in war vessels that are building. The big twin battleships, the Kentucky and Kearsarge, are more than half complete, the exact figure being 25 per cent. The same company which is building them at Newport News, Va., has the battleship Illinois 41 per cent. advanced toward the end. The Cramps have done 39 per cent. on the battleship Alabama, and the Union Iron works of San Francisco has a record of 34 per cent. work accomplished on the last of the battleships, Wisconsin. The gunboat Princeton, at Dialogue & Son's in Camden, has not advanced greatly during the past month, although she stands 93 per cent. finished. The submarine boat Plunger also remains in about the same condition, namely, 66 per cent. near the finish. Of the small fry, the torpedo boats, some are very nearly ready for trial. On the Pacific coast Moran Bros., at Seattle, place the condition of the 26-knot Rowan at 90 per cent.; Herreshoff has the 20-knot Talbot 99 per cent. advanced, the 20-knot Gwin, 85 per cent. and the Rodgers at the Columbian Iron Works, Baltimore, is set down at 85 per cent. The others range all the way down to nothing, which is the official record of work accomplished on two 30-knot boats, one in the hands of Wolf & Swicker and the other with the Gas Engine and Power company.

The Irrepressible If.

Chicago News.
If a base drum doesn't make good music it drowns a lot of bad.
If a man is wise he never jars a hornet's nest to find out what's in it.
If a man is able to keep his mouth shut he will never have to eat any crow.
If you want to know the defects of a railway, consult the man who travels on a pass.
If you take care of the pennies the dollars will probably be blown in by your heirs.
If you would know what the wild waves are saying, study the handkerchief flirtation code.
If the sun had nothing to do but shine on the truly good it wouldn't have to get up so early.
If a young man is convinced that he will never amount to anything in the world, it doesn't matter how soon he begins to part his hair in the middle and smoke cigarettes.

A Heavy Damage Suit.

The Alexander Lumber Co., formerly the Lochiel Lumber Co., operating at Bloomington, this county, and now located near Buckhannon, W. Va., has brought suit against R. G. Dunn & Co., the mercantile agency, for \$150,000 damages, growing out of a report made by Dunn concerning the condition of the Lumber company.



THE SOMERSET COUNTY STAR.

A Live, Progressive, Newsy Newspaper, containing a large and varied assortment of news from far and near. Aply edited and in all respects a Good, Clean Family Newspaper.

Read It! Subscribe For It! Advertise In It!

If you want to see a thoroughly up-to-date newspaper permanently established in Salisbury, give it a liberal patronage.

LOOK OVER THE CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE.

Editorial, Local News, Correspondence, Historical Matter, Poetry, Humorous Matter, Agricultural and Horticultural Notes, Poultry Notes, Cycling Notes, Industrial and Labor News, Market Reports, Doings of Congress, State, National and Foreign News, Short Stories, Fashion and Scientific Notes, Special Reading for Women, Sermons by Eminent Divines, Soldiers' Column and in fact news pertaining to almost everything.

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

Do you want this locality to boom? Then patronize THE STAR. Do you want all the latest news? You will find it in THE STAR. Nothing is of more benefit to a town than a good newsy local paper. THE STAR is that kind of a paper and you can't deny it. Compare with it any other paper in Somerset county. We are not afraid of a comparison.

ONLY \$1.25 A YEAR.

Cheap, isn't it? Less than 2½ cents a week. That is all it will cost you if you pay in advance, and if you pay in advance the paper will always prosper. Anybody can afford the home paper at that price.

P. L. LIVENGOOD, Editor and Publisher, Elk Lick, Pa.