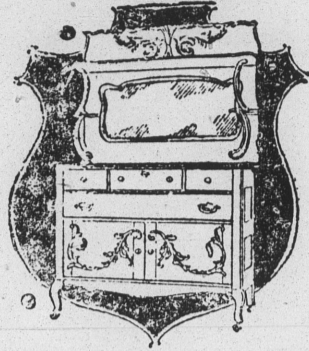




Business Methods Differ

As Widely as Do the Grades of Furniture.



We can tell you in plain English of low prices which are real, but the language is also open to the advertiser of shams.

WE SIMPLY PRESENT FACTS,

both in our advertisements and in our store, because your interests as well as our own demand the truth.

THE ABOVE SIDBOARD

We consider one of our best values. It is 4 feet long, made of highly polished oak, with 18x40 in. shaped glass of bevel French plate, and the price is only

\$22.50.

We have plenty of other styles cheaper than this, but we consider this the best value. Visit our store and you will find IT PAYS TO DEAL WITH US.

UNDERTAKING

This department will be in charge of Mr. Harry McCulloh, a practical Funeral Director and Embalmer, who, when called upon, takes full charge of the funeral, furnishing a Fine Hearse, and relieving the friends of all unnecessary annoyances. Charges will be very moderate, consistent with first-class goods and proper attention.

Johnson & McCulloh,
SALISBURY, PA.

Get It At Jeffery's!

When in need of anything in the line of Pure Fresh Groceries, Fancy Confectionery, Marvin's Fresh Bread, Books, Stationery, notions, etc.

CALL AT

THE LEADING GROCERY.

Space is too limited to enumerate all my bargains here, call and be convinced that I sell the best of goods at the lowest living prices. My business has grown wonderfully in the past few years, for which I heartily thank the good people of Salisbury and vicinity and shall try harder than ever to merit your future patronage. Respectfully,

J. T. JEFFERY,

Opposite Postoffice. Grant Street.

Cash Prices Talk!

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Arbuckle's Coffee, per lb., .10 | Best Calico, per yard, .05 |
| 18 lbs. Granulated Sugar, \$1.00 | Lancaster Ginghams, per yd. .05 |
| 4 " Rice, .25 | Men's Suits from \$4.00 up. |
| 15 " White Hominy, .25 | Children's Suits from .75 up. |
| 10 " Navy Beans, .25 | Special Bed-rock cash prices on |
| 6 " Lima Beans, .25 | Overcoats and all lines of cloth- |
| 7 Cakes Coke Soap, .25 | ing. |
| 6 Water Lilly Soap, .25 | Bargains in Ladies' Shoes at |
| | \$1.00 and \$1.25. |

For the CASH, we defy all competition and guarantee to give you substantial value for your money.

Respectfully,
BARCHUS & LIVENGOOD,
SALISBURY, PA.

Sugar-Making Utensils!

Supply your wants in this line where you can get the goods for the least money.

Sap Keelers, Buckets, Spouts, Sugar Pans, Syrup Cans, Etc.

We also carry at all times a large line of up-to-date

HARDWARE,

Stoves, Tinware, Harness, Collars, Paints, Oils, Glass, Etc., Etc.

Our motto is, "LARGE SALES and SMALL MARGINS."

C. R. Haselbarth & Son, Salisbury, Penna.

Where Does the Lie Come In.

According to the Salisbury Star, the Commercial received \$73 for public printing last year—the least paid to any paper in the county; and according to the Salisbury Star the Commercial is getting the most official printing. Where does the lie come in?—Meyersdale Commercial.

The lie comes in right in "Lucifer" Smith's own little item. Although there are but six lines in the item, it contains a couple of lies. In fact it is next to impossible for Smith to write six lines on a topic without uttering a lie or two. But every man has his trade and "Lucifer" is no exception to the rule. THE STAR at no time said that the Commercial is getting most of the official printing, but it did say that there was a time when most of this printing went to the Herald and the Meyersdale Scull organette. We are aware that the Commercial received less of the official printing, last year, than any of the other county papers, except the Confluence Press, and that was right and proper, because the Commercial amounts to less than any of the other county papers. It is just as we heard Bob Scull remark in the Vannear hotel, in Somerset, on June 22nd, 1895, when he said, "The Meyersdale Commercial has less in it that is worth reading than any other paper on the Herald's exchange list." This remark was not very complimentary, coming as it did from one of Smith's masters, but it was true, nevertheless. "Lucifer" should have added in his little item that the reason he is setting up such a howl is because he can no longer get a lion's share of the public printing at rates of his own liking. Then he would have uttered a truth that would have partly offset the lies he told in said item. But this will do for this topic. We will now look back into the past.

It is well known that in 1882 and for a number of years thereafter, the Commercial took great pleasure in scandalizing Edward Scull. Line after line, paragraph after paragraph, column after column, page after page of the Commercial were used in hurling vile epithets at Mr. Scull. He was called a scawlg, rascal, boodler and in fact everything but a gentleman and an honest man. After spending weeks, months and years at this pastime, all of a sudden Editor Smith experienced a change of heart and began to speak of Mr. Scull as a man of "rugged honesty," a clean man, a patriot and in fact all things the opposite of the names Smith had formerly applied to him. Now, it is evident that "Lucifer" had been lying at one time or another. "Lucifer," stand up and tell the public where and when your lies came in. It will be an unpleasant job, of course, but you owe it to the public.

Here is another conundrum for you: In a recent issue of your paper you say that Dr. H. Clay McKinley, your candidate for the Legislature, never was a candidate for public office until now, or words to that effect. Let us see. Wasn't it in 1882 that the doctor was an independent candidate for Congress? Did his name not appear thus at the head of your editorial columns? Did you not boom him for that office, on that ticket, at that time? Will you attempt to deny this? Stand up, "Lucifer," and tell us where the lie comes in. Still another: Did you not openly through your paper support Samuel Philson for Poor House Director, on the Democratic ticket, back in the eighties? Are you not the only editor in Somerset county claiming to edit a Republican paper that has from time to time advocated the election of Independent and Democratic candidates for County, State and National offices? And in spite of your crooked record, do you not have the gall and brazen-faced effrontery to still claim to be a "Simon pure" Republican? Stand up, "Lucifer," and tell us where the lie comes in.

You accuse the editor of THE STAR of being bought, but you give no evidence in the case, because there is none. THE STAR pursues the same political policy it always has pursued—strictly anti-Scull Republican. It has never bolted any County, State or National Republican nominations, no matter what faction won at the primaries. Can you say as much for yourself? "Nit!" THE STAR does not sell its political birthright, but can you say that the Scull machine has not purchased you? What else but boodle would cause you or any other man to change his political sentiments as suddenly as you changed yours? Do you think the people of Somerset county are so all-fired dumb that they can't see through your flimsy disguise?

You want to pose as a reformer and show up the records of men who are much better than you ever were. Show up your own record, old man, and you will have a job large enough to keep you busy the rest of your natural life,

with a few centuries in hades thrown in. But you do not need to go to this trouble, for the majority of the people of Somerset county are onto your record, both here and in Eastern Pennsylvania.

You are an old broken-down political hack. You have espoused every ism and cism beneath the heavens, and like the Wandering Jew, you are not at home anywhere. Like the traitor Benedict Arnold, you are despised even by the gang that bought you for a price, because they realize what a bad investment they made.

All that is left for you to do is to flounder about in the filthy wallows you have made for yourself. Your condition is pitiful, but you deserve nothing better and have placed yourself where you justly belong—beneath the respect of all honest men.

You talk of county economy and raise a big howl about the salaries of the Commissioners; but you have not yet explained why it is that you should have \$567 of the county's funds for printing a single election proclamation. Think of it, \$567 for a job of printing than any publisher could do for \$200 and make over 100 per cent. profit even at that figure. We repeat it, \$567, which is more than half of a Commissioner's salary for a whole year. "Lucifer," stand up and tell us where the steal was to come in. Also tell us who but the Commissioners averted this outrageous burden for the tax-payers. But maybe you will get your price yet, for you have brought suit to compel its payment.

You talk of pursuing a conservative, middle-of-the-road policy; but talk is cheap. Why, you are entirely out of the road and would no longer know a road, even if you were to see one with finger boards in every fence-corner pointing to it. And you brag about having your fighting clothes on. You could have also added, and very truthfully, too, that you have a crazy spell on. Well, if you insist upon it, you will get more fight than you are looking for. We "will walk with you, talk with you," and even journalistically spank you, if in the course of human events nothing else will do you; but we will not eat crow with you, drink peruna with you nor sell out with you.

The National Tribune says Pennsylvania, single-handed and alone, could whip Spain if the job were let out to her. The Tribune is right.

A PARTY has no more need of a boss than a railway system has of a thief at its head, says the Troy (N. Y.) Press. The New York paper is right.

LOU SMITH has now gone so far as to admit that to remain with the Scull gang is to remain in the frying pan; but he insists that forsaking the Sculls and their methods is jumping into the fire. The former assertion is correct, but the latter fits only Lou Smith's case.

PRESIDENT DOLE, of Hawaii, has sent this government \$500 for the benefit of the survivors of the Maine and the families of those who were killed in the blowing up of that vessel. Perhaps Mr. Dole thought some of the Hawaiian annexation question when he sent this gift.

WHILE people are discussing as to whether the explosion of the Maine was of internal or external origin, the Frostburg Mining Journal wants to know if anybody can say whether the force that "busted" the old Democratic ship of Zion was located inside or outside. We are inclined to think it was inside, outside, above, below and all around.

LAST week the Meyersdale Scull organette contained scarcely anything but he following: "George Foolhardy Kimmel," "Blatherskite Pete," "Samuel Usufrucht Shober," "Edwie," etc. It didn't even say a word about Mans Baugman, the Peabontas railway, Pit Schwefelbrenner and the other interesting and favorite topics of its editor.

THE basement of the Parliament House in London is filed with American machinery. The public buildings of London are lighted with American electric plants and ninety per cent. of the electric street cars in Great Britain are run by American motors. An American firm recently received the contracts for supplying the motors and rolling stock of the new underground Central Railway in London, in competition with all the manufacturers of the United Kingdom, and the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, has recently filled one contract and received another for supplying locomotives for the British railways in Egypt and the Soudan.

In Cameron county they evidently have some politics of the "Timmie"

Scull and "Lucifer" Smith stripe, judging from the following, which was recently uttered by the Driftwood Gazette: "We believe there is not another county in the State that can equal little Cameron in the way of political rottenness and treachery. It is said (and we believe there is considerable truth in the statement) that there is honor among thieves, but no such statement can be made, in sincerity, about Cameron county politicians. The spirit of selfishness and duplicity seems to reign supreme, and with very few exceptions, the word of the average politician cannot be relied upon even for the brief period of 24 hours.

THE Johnstown Tribune from time to time denounces the doings of the last Pennsylvania Legislature in very strong terms, and justly, too. At the same time, however, the Tribune, is a staunch Quay organ and is well aware of the fact that Quay is almost wholly to blame for the rottenness that existed in that body. Wasn't our last legislature almost entirely made up of Quay politicians, Quay boodlers and Quay tools? Of course it was, and the Tribune knows it. Things will be different when Quay is unhorsed and an end put to his corrupt reign. Some papers uphold Quay because they fear the power vested in him and his henchmen, while others uphold him because they are in the market for Quay boodle. We do not know whether the Tribune adheres to Quay for the first, second or both of these reasons, but there is evidently an African in the wood pile somewhere.

THE Everett Republican relates the following, which seems to indicate that the teacher spoken of is a stayer by nature as well as by name: "Last fall Maurice Stayer was employed by the directors of Woodbury township, this county, to teach the Paradise school. For some reason or other Mr. Stayer has incurred the displeasure of the patrons and pupils and for the past three or four weeks no scholars have attended school. But the teacher has been on hand each day. He has been asked to resign, but refuses to do so. Recently some of the citizens nailed the door shut and took the stovepipe down and broke it. The directors opened the door and fixed the stovepipe, and young Stayer is still holding the fort. The directors are in a quandary as to the proper course to pursue to end the matter. The department of public instruction has been asked for advice."

NO MAN ever uttered more truth in a few words than did Congressman Clark, of Missouri, when in speaking of the country editor he uttered the following words: "He is the pack horse of every community, the promoter of every laudable enterprise, the worst underpaid laborer in the vineyard. Counting his space as his capital, he gives more to charity, his means considered, than any other member of society. He is a power in politics, a pillar of the church, a leader in the crusade for better morals. He is pre-eminently the friend of humanity. Line upon line, paragraph upon paragraph, day by day, he is embalming in cold type the facts from which the Herodotus, the Tacitus, the Sismondi, or the Macaulay of the future will write the history of our times. He joyously announces our advent into this world, briefly records our uprising and our downittings, and sorrowfully chronicles our exit from this vale of tears."

NEW JERSEY for the past three or four years has been making an experiment in road building which has met with abundant success, as all persons who have driven or bicycled over the stone roads of the State can testify. She encourages the construction of these stone roads by offering to pay one-third of the cost out of the State funds, the county and local property-holders to pay the other two-thirds. If poorer roads are built the State pays nothing toward them. The response has been so great that the \$100,000 annually appropriated by the State for that purpose will not in several years cover the number of applications now on file, and a bill has been introduced in the New Jersey Legislature to raise the amount to \$300,000 annually, the argument being made that it will be better to pay interest on part of the money if necessary, good roads being thus assured, than to continue paying out large sums of money for the repair of roads which are only poor after all, and never will be good until made permanent by the use of stone. The argument is not bad, and would appear to apply with equal force outside of New Jersey. Indeed, if there is nothing better brought out, Pennsylvania might copy with profit the whole of New Jersey's plan. And it does not seem likely our legislators will produce anything better soon, since the best they could do last term

was to enact a law which is apparently never to go into effect and would be of doubtful efficiency even if in operation.—Johnstown Tribune.

A Correction.

The article in THE STAR, last week, which showed what outrageous highway-robbery prices "Timmie" Scull and "Lucifer" Smith want to compel the county to pay them for printing election proclamations, contained an error, which was made in setting up the article. Some figures were quoted as giving the number of inches used by the Cambria Herald, Johnstown Tribune, Connellsville Courier, Altoona News and Monongahela Republican in publishing the 1896 election proclamation. These figures were not intended to show the number of inches used for said proclamation by the papers in our neighboring counties, as they appeared in the said article, but were to show the number of inches less than the Herald and Commercial utilized for the same purpose when they undertook to make that big grab out of the county treasury, which the Commissioners very wisely refused to tolerate, for which they should have the thanks of every voter and tax-payer in this county.

It will be remembered that because the Commissioners refused to pay \$1,701.00 to the Herald, Democrat and Commercial for the same proclamation that cost Bedford county only \$600 to be published in four newspapers, is why the Herald and Commercial are now so bitter against our Commissioners.

A Sweeping Correction.

We can't have all the luxuries at once. We are now enjoying our Dingley tariff, and have piled up a deficit of \$51,000,000.—Philadelphia Record.

Yes, and we had the Wilson tariff, and added to the national debt \$262,000,000.—Baltimore Herald.

The esteemed Herald forgets or neglects to say that \$262,000,000 added to the national debt added over \$282,000,000 to the nation's immediate resources. We are paying the Dingley deficits with that money.—Philadelphia Record.

The Record leaves nothing to be added. Its answer is complete and places the esteemed Herald hors de combat.—Oakland Democrat.

The esteemed Democrat is mistaken. The estimable Record neglected to inform "the esteemed Herald" that there has never been a "Wilson tariff."

The christian name of the tariff referred to is "Gorman"—after a gentleman whose 666 mutilations of the Wilson bill placed the esteemed Democratic party, including the estimable Democrat, "hors de combat."

After a betrayal of principle so monstrous, the party could not again consistently pretend "tariff reform," but, leaving Cleveland and Wilson, it went to Altgeld and Tillman, the two wild-horse antipodes of the northwest and southeast.

Ahd now, like the Israelites in the wilderness, it is, in spite of daily blessings, wandering and sinning, and sinning and wandering—with only one blessed thing intervening between it and destruction—the ark of the covenant, borne by those true exponents of Jeffersonian immortality—the sound money democracy.—Frostburg Journal.

Wealth of the Forest.

One of the most startling, as well as most interesting, illustrated articles in any of the periodicals for March is "The Wealth of the American Forests" in the National Magazine. The amazing fact is quoted from official sources that the value of the lumber product in the United States far exceeds all the metallic output of products every year—that is, all the value of the products of the gold, silver, coal, tin and lead mines do not equal the logging harvest in one year. The pine lumber harvests exceed the value of the wheat and cotton products combined every year. Cotton is no longer king in point of value, and the value of logs cut each year is 10 times that of all silver mined. The vastness of the industry is truly astonishing when comparison is made. The writer, Mitchell Maner, also gives some charming descriptions of winter scenes in the pine forests, together with the picturesque aspects of life in a lumber camp. Taken as a whole, it is one of the best descriptions of the logging industry that has ever been published.

Centonarian's Big Undertaking.

Captain G. E. D. Dimond, who will be one hundred and two years old on May 1st, is about to start on a pedestrian trip from San Francisco to New York. He helped to build the Erie canal, and was formerly United States Quartermaster at St. Louis. He has never married, because his intended bride died in his arms at a ball given in honor of President Polk.