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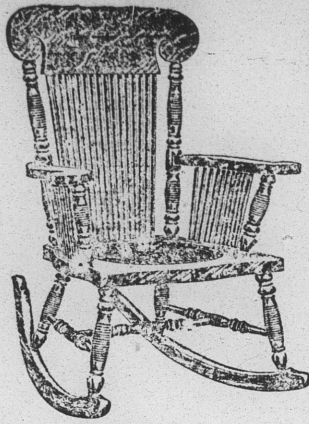
We wish to avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded to thank our patrons for their past favors and tell them that we are better prepared than ever to accommodate them with

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THE RODDY EXECUTION.

The Murderers of David Berkey Pay the Penalty of Their Crime.—Incidents of the Execution. Last Hours of the Condemned Men, Etc.

John and James Roddy, as per previous announcement, were hanged in the Somerset jail on Tuesday, April 26th, 1898. The crime for which they were executed was the murder of David Berkey, a farmer of Paint township. The details of the crime are so well known to our readers as to require no review at this time.

We believe, however, that our readers are all anxious to know the particulars of the execution and matters pertaining thereto, and the editor having been an eye-witness to the closing scenes, will give the readers of THE STAR a full account of such things pertaining to the execution as he believes to be of public interest, and also such other matter pertaining to the Roddys as our space will permit.

Long before the hour of execution arrived, Somerset was thronged with people from all sections of the county; and although the great majority of these people knew that they could not gain admittance to the jail, yet they crowded about the building in a great multitude, anxious to get such information concerning the progress of affairs within as they could learn from those passing in and out of the doors.

Sheriff Hartzell had all of his arrangements completed in advance, and they were carried out to the letter, without a single hitch.

The doomed men were launched into eternity a few minutes before one o'clock. At about 11:30 a. m. their last meal was brought to them in their cell, of which they partook with apparent relish. Mrs. Hartzell had placed two button-hole bouquets on the tray, and the boys placed them on the lapels of their coats. They conversed freely while partaking of their last meal and spoke feelingly of Mrs. Hartzell's kindness to them.

Shortly before partaking of their last meal, and also a short time before being led to the death trap, the boys spoke freely to some of the spectators and took advantage of the limited time to bid a last farewell to all who desired to have a few parting words with them. Both were thoroughly self-possessed, but James was slightly nervous. When the editor of THE STAR took them by the hands to say "good-bye," John, in a cheerful voice, said: "Good-bye, sir," then added with a smile, "we are about to go on a long tramp." James was not so cheerful, but shook hands fervently and said: "Good-bye; I hope to meet you in heaven."

Just before the lunch was served, Valentine Berkey, of Goshen, Ind., a brother of the murdered man, entered the cell. The boys greeted him cordially. John expressed his satisfaction at having an opportunity to tell a member of the Berkey family that he was innocent of the murder. He said that he felt very sorry for the Berkeys, especially for Mrs. Berkey, whom he declared had been influenced by the detectives. "Tell her that I forgive her and hope to meet her in heaven," he added.

Mr. Berkey replied that he knew nothing about the case, but his disappointment was apparent, as he believed the boys would break down at the last minute and confess.

At 12:15 o'clock Revs. Mullendore, Cameron and Vogel were closeted with the condemned men and remained with them until the drop fell.

Revs. Mullendore, Cameron and Vogel arrived at the jail at 9 a. m., and were with the doomed men until the last, giving them such spiritual consolation as was in their power.

men Elder Mullendore reduced the following statement to writing, which the Roddy brothers have requested to be published as their dying declaration:

SOMERSET, PA., Apr. 25th, 1898.

John and James Roddy desire to leave this, their dying statement: "That we are innocent of the Berkey robbery, and we, neither of us, know anything about it. We are sorry that the Berkey people allowed the detectives to influence them into the belief that we were the parties that tortured and robbed them. We believe they were honest, but they were mistaken. We hope to meet them at the bar of God, where the truth will be known and where they will find us innocent. We will forgive them all and wish them well. We leave this world for other people's crimes. We are glad that if we must die we will die innocent of the crime for which we stand convicted. Some of the witnesses were honest, but were mistaken. Others swore falsely. We are not blaming the honest ones. The dishonest ones we forgive as we hope to be forgiven."

The above statement was dictated by John Roddy in the presence of James. Both, however, have repeatedly made substantially the same statements to me alone, under the most solemn exhortation to speak the truth as they would speak it before God, said Rev. Wm. Mullendore to the editor of THE STAR.

CONVERSION AND BAPTISM.

After making the foregoing declaration, both of the condemned men then confessed their faith in Christ and were baptized into the Christian church, by Rev. Mullendore, of Somerset, on Monday evening. The services were conducted by Elder Mullendore of the Christian church, the Rev. H. N. Cameron of the Somerset Methodist church, and the Rev. Peter Vogel of the Christian church. During the opening song, in which the attorneys of the Roddys, the jail officers, a number of the Roddys' friends and others participated, John Roddy, at the beginning of the second stanza of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," joined in the singing. At the conclusion of the second stanza he bowed his head in grief. James Roddy wept throughout the singing.

John was the first to be baptized, the bath tub in the jail being the vessel used in the service. He passed through the ceremony according to the proper form of the sacrament. James, while undergoing the baptism, appeared to be greatly frightened and struggled in the water.

THEIR LAST NIGHT.

Just before Sheriff Hartzell locked the condemned brothers in their cells, John asked him to walk out to the death trap with him. With his feet resting on the trap, John said: "Sheriff, I hope everything will go off all right to-morrow; I don't want any accident to occur. About a half-hour before the time comes I want you to come to my cell, and I will tell you something. Then I want you to take me out to the trap and while the deputies are putting the straps on our legs I want you to put the rope around our necks, and then I want to say something that will surprise a few people, and then down will go my meat-plate."

The condemned brothers retired at 11:45 o'clock and a few minutes afterwards both were sound asleep. They awoke about the same hour, 5 o'clock, the morning of the execution, declaring that they never felt better in their lives. At 7 o'clock they were served with a substantial breakfast, which they ate with apparent relish.

PUBLIC OPINION.

There seems to be quite a division of public opinion as to the guilt of the Roddys. The lawyers who defended them declare that the men were innocent, and there is no denying the fact that there are many who share their opinion. Sheriff Hartzell, however, and a great majority of Somerset county and Johnstown people, especially those who were best acquainted with the Roddys, seem to think otherwise. But whether they were guilty or innocent, they certainly had two fair trials. The evidence was against them, the jurors acted conscientiously and the law had to be complied with.

Industrious Birdlings.

Cincinnati Inquirer.

Sparrows mate in the early spring, as early, if not earlier than any other bird. They build their nests, a huge, bulky concern, in any favorable place, sometimes in window shutters, sometimes in cornices, and in the country they generally find it desirable to build in hay or straw stacks. The nest is built of straws, rags, feathers, and straw. They do not use sticks or anything rough or hard. The female lays from four to eight eggs, and hatches the first brood herself excepting, of course, the time when she is out getting food, when the male temporarily takes her place. But this does not often occur. At the expiration of fourteen days, or the period of incubation, the young birds are hatched. Four or five days later the female commences laying again, but she does not make another nest. She lays her eggs right in the same nest with the young birds. This time it isn't the mother that does the hatching. She lays the

eggs, but her young ones do the rest. This process is kept up through the entire summer, so that by the end of the season there are from forty to eighty birds as the offspring of the original pair.

PREACHER DIED A PAUPER.

Checked Career of the Author of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee."

Topeka Capital. The Rev. Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday-School song—"There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother"—sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kan., where he died a tramp in the town jail two years ago. His name became a byword in the places where he was known, and from a prison cell he went forth a vagabond upon the face of the earth. In 1867 Dunbar was arrested at Leavenworth, while engaged in holding a series of revival meetings, and taken to Minneapolis, Minn., where he was tried for bigamy, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for three years and eight months.

One night in the spring of 1866 Dunbar applied at the Coffeyville jail for lodging. He was ill and the authorities took him in. He died the next. Papers in his pockets revealed his identity, and showed that he had tramped all over the country. Some church people have erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words are inscribed: "Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'"

When Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located, and as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward. One day the boy took a notion to go to sea, and off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill, and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy, and every night she asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come, she said: "Tell Edward that I will set a light in the window of heaven for him." These were her last words.

The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect upon him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote the "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar married a young lady of New Bedford and several children were the result of the union. The young divine soon made a reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator, and the public was, therefore, greatly surprised when one Sunday morning he skipped the country, leaving his wife and children behind. He came to Kansas, and, after snatching brands from the burning in different parts of the State, he swooped down upon the city of Minneapolis, Minn., and began to show the people the error of their way.

A great revival followed and hundreds were converted. Miss Eunice Been Lewis, a handsome young heiress of Minneapolis, was one of the converts. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends.

Shortly after the wedding Dunbar returned to Kansas to fill an engagement at Leavenworth. While he was away the friends of the bride, who had mistrusted the evangelist all along, laid their suspicions before W. D. Webb, lately Judge of the Second Judicial District of Kansas, and Judge Austin H. Young, who were law partners in Minneapolis, and they took the case. The result was that they soon found evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest, and Dunbar's ministerial career was brought to a sudden close.

After Dunbar's incarceration, Judge Young secured a divorce for Mrs. Dunbar and married her himself. They now live happily together in Minneapolis.

A Song of Liberty.

Across the land, from strand to strand, Loud ring the bugle notes, And freedom's smile, from sea to sea, Like freedom's banner floats. The velvet vales sing "Liberty!" To answering skies serene; The mountains, sloping to the sea, Wave all their flags of green. The rivers, rushing to the deep, The joyful notes prolong, And all their waves in glory leap To that immortal song! One song of liberty and life That was and is to be Till tyrant flags are trampled rags And all the world is free! It rises, and an echo comes From chained and troubled isles And pours like ocean's thunder drums Where glad Columbia smiles. Where, thronged and great, she sits in state Beneath her flag of stars, Her heroes' blood the sacred flood That crimsoned all its bars! Hail to our country! Strong she stands, Nor fears the war drum's beat, The sword of freedom in her hands, The tyrant at her feet! —Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Mercantile Appraisal OF Dealers in Merchandise

In Somerset County, Pa., for 1898.

Take notice that in pursuance of several acts of assembly of the Commonwealth to provide revenue to meet the demands upon the Treasury and other purposes, the undersigned appraiser of mercantile taxes for said county has prepared a list of the trades of said county and has placed each in that class which to him appears right and proper, to-wit:

Table with columns: Name, Class, Amt., and Shade. Lists various merchants and their appraised amounts across different towns like ADDISON, BERLIN, BENSON, etc.

Classification of Venders in Merchandise.

Sales \$ 1,000, Class 14, Tax \$ 7.00

Sales 5,000, Class 13, Tax 10.00

Sales 10,000, Class 12, Tax 12.50

Sales 15,000, Class 11, Tax 15.00

Sales 20,000, Class 10, Tax 20.00

Sales 30,000, Class 9, Tax 25.00

Sales 40,000, Class 8, Tax 30.00

Sales 50,000, Class 7, Tax 40.00

Classification of Eating Houses.

Sales of \$500 to \$1,000, Class 8, Tax \$5.00

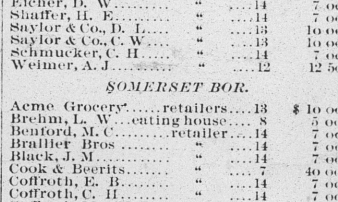
BILLIARD AND TEN PIN ALLEYS.

One table or alley, \$30.00. Each additional alley or table, \$10.00.

TAKE NOTICE.—All persons concerned in this appraisal, that an appeal will be held at the Treasurer's Office in Somerset, on Wednesday, May 25th, 1898, where you can attend if you think proper.

J. E. GOOD, Mercantile Appraiser.

GREATEST LIGHT ON WHEELS!



Twentieth Century Bicycle Headlight

Driving Lamp.

Can be attached to any bicycle or other vehicle and is far ahead of most other lamps as electric light is ahead of a kerosene lamp.

It is made of brass, finely nickel plated and polished. No solder; no smoke; no soot; burns kerosene; never jars out; no leak; simple to understand; easy to handle; hinged front door; finest crystal glass; removal aluminum parabol reflector; outside oil filler; a beauty; a marvel; a wonder.

This famous lamp is greatly improved for 1898 and no wheelman or driver can afford to be without one. Dirt cheap at \$5.00, but

PRICE ONLY \$2.50.

20 Century Mfg. Co., 17 Warren St., NEW YORK.