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OBITUARY.

The Prestige and Influence of the "Meyersdale Commercial" Dead and Politically Damned.

The *Meyersdale Commercial*, a double-dealing mongrel sheet published in this county for a number of years; has at last been shown up in its true light, and the result of last Saturday's primary election shows how much stock the people of Somerset county took in its insane vaporings that were belched forth all through the campaign.

The prestige and influence of the *Commercial*, if it ever had any prestige and influence, are politically damned and "as dead as a door nail." This is just as *THE STAR* predicted, and it could not have been otherwise, for the *Commercial* dugged its own political grave, and its editor, who seems to have lost all regard for the rights and will of the people, has no one to blame for the sorry plight the *Commercial* is in but himself.

Let us review the career of the *Commercial* and its editor. We mean politically only, as we have no desire to berate "Lucifer" for his other sins, which are many, and which God will hold him accountable for. As to his personal career, all who have known him for years know what that is, and nobody will envy him on that score, nor any other score, for that matter.

All who have been reading the *Commercial* for the last seventeen years will remember the following things:

In 1882 there was a mighty upheaval against the Cameron dynasty, which ruled the Republican party in Pennsylvania with an iron hand. The Cameron machine tyrannized over the people and used the Republican party for the personal profit of the Camerons and their political henchmen. It debauched the body politic and made the Republican party a reproach to all honest men who understood its methods and its objects. At that time the *Commercial* was on the side of the people and against the bosses, while the *Somerset Herald* and the Scull ring constituted a branch of the Cameron dynasty and upheld political bossism and party debauchery.

Public sentiment was rampant, and an open revolt against the party was the result. An independent County and State ticket was put in the field, and Lou A. Smith, as well as some much better men in this county, took a very active part in the revolt. The editor of this paper was then, and still is of the opinion that it was a mistake to thus openly rebel against the Republican party, as it is our opinion that the fight should have been made within the party lines, instead of putting an independent ticket in the field. But be that as it may, the rebellion against the party seemed to be productive of some good, and although a Democratic Governor was elected, it brought the Republican bosses to their senses, the political atmosphere became purer, and the bolters returned to the party ranks. But it was not long until the Quay dynasty succeeded the Cameron dynasty, and indications pointed to the fact that the Republican party was forsaking the principles of the grand and good men who founded it, and that it was again rapidly drifting back into the clutches of bossism and the rule or ruin policy established by the Camerons and perpetuated to a ten-fold greater degree by Quay and his political tools. This suited the *Somerset Herald* and its editors, the Sculls, for they stood in with the Quay machine and were coming in for much of the party spoils.

Things went on from bad to worse, and in the meantime the Sculls effected a truce with the *Meyersdale Commercial*, and from that time on Lou A. Smith

has been one of the most subservient tools of the Scull ring. Just how much money it took to subsidize the *Commercial*, the Lord only knows; but it is well known throughout the county that the dirty Meyersdale Scull sheet came in for a large share of county and party printing as a part of the reward for its treachery and disloyalty to the people. *THE STAR* has shown in former issues what outrageous prices the *Herald* and *Commercial* charged and received for this printing. We have shown how the tax-payers were bled by these leeches and how they wronged money from candidates that was unnecessary for party expenses. And this was not all.

No sooner had the deal been made between the Sculls and Lou Smith than the *Commercial* began to be even more insolent, abusive and dirtier than the *Somerset Herald*. Good, honest men, true Republicans, even men who had never supported an independent ticket, as Lou Smith had done in 1882, were denounced by "Lucifer" as "soreheads," "halfbreeds," "fakers," "liars," "rascals," and all manner of vile names, if they dared to raise their voices against the highway robbery methods of the Scull-Quay ring. The two ring organs, of which the renegade *Commercial* was the most insolent and abusive, dubbed every Republican a "half-breed" who voted for other Republicans than those slated for office by the Scull ring, and the ring set their seal of approval only upon such candidates as they knew would be their bidding if elected.

But Judas Iscariot Smith could not stand prosperity, and through prodigality and riotous living he finally lost his entire printing plant and was reduced to the ranks of poverty and was almost lost in oblivion.

He pleaded and begged for help, and through promises of doing better, etc., etc., a stock company was at last formed and old Judas was again put on his feet. He was disposed to act decently for a while, but just as soon as a political campaign was on again the hog in him returned to its wallow and the dog in him to its vomit. Many of the stock-holders of the *Commercial*, in fact a majority of them, we are informed, are anti-Scull men, and they remonstrated with him against his dirty and contemptible methods of serving the Sculls; but it did no good, and the Benedict Arnold capers in him became only the more pronounced and the more disgusting to all decent people. His old dirty sheet sanctioned everything the Sculls did, and he continued to add insult to the injury he had already heaped upon the righteous cause of the people.

Now then "Lucifer" would show a disposition to go against the Sculls, but it invariably turned out that he was only playing possum. This was amply demonstrated when Hicks and Thropp were both candidates for Congress, both having been placed on the ticket by nomination papers, neither one having secured the regular Republican nomination. Lou Smith, on more than one occasion, in our own hearing, denounced Hicks in the most bitter terms. We were therefore not surprised when he came out in a strong editorial for Thropp, just two weeks before the general election in the fall of 1896. But before his last issue in that campaign made its appearance, "Lucifer" heard from his masters, the Sculls, and lo! in his next issue he swallowed his own vomit and came out for Hicks, as Hicks had in the meantime made a deal with the Sculls, and "Lucifer," who has no mind of his own, had to obey his masters. And this is not all.

The readers of the *Meyersdale Scull* sheet will remember that "Lucifer" placed himself on record, early in the primary campaign just ended, as a middle-of-the-road man. He denounced both the Scull and the anti-Scull factions of the party and said they were both doing the Republican party lots of harm. He claimed to occupy a middle ground between the two, and it also made it known at the time that Dr. McKinley was a middle-of-the-road man like himself. *THE STAR* saw the trick at once and prophesied that it was only a ruse to deliver votes to the Scull ring. And didn't *THE STAR*'s prophecy come true? You all know that it did.

"Lucifer," who is seldom smart and never brilliant, made the mistake to publish a tabulated form of the names of the various candidates, showing where each one properly belonged. This he did just before the election, and you who have read "Lucifer's" paper know where he placed Dr. McKinley's name. The trick was pretty well planned, but Lou didn't have sense and discretion enough to keep the scheme quiet, and it proved to be a case like this:

"The wicked man he digged a pit;
He digged it for his brother;
But for his sin he tumbled in
The pit he digged for foother."

And there is more yet of "Lucifer's" double dealing. Those who have read the *Meyersdale Scull* sheet will remember that early in the campaign "Lucifer" announced through his paper that under no circumstances would he support anyone but a Bedford county man for Congress, arguing that it was Bedford's turn, and that it would not be right for us to beat Bedford out of her rights. But here again the Scull ring stepped in, and this same old Judas Iscariot Smith did the ring's bidding by coming out boldly for Hicks's, the

Blair county man, in his last issue before the primary.

THE STAR could go on and show up a legion of other cases wherein Lou A. Smith belied the people and tried to becloud the true situation and the people's interests, but it is no use to speculate further, for the people have seen him weighed in the balance and found wanting in principle, in honor, in true manhood and in true Republicanism. They have learned that the cry set up by "Lucifer" and the Sculls—"you are wrecking the party"—is a myth, a humbug, a delusion and a snare to entrap the unwary. The people have found out that the Scull family and its henchmen have fed themselves fat at the hands of the Republican party, and that they have not been giving value received in return. They have learned that the ring is unclean and a menace to the party, instead of being the party itself.

For these reasons, and many more that space will not permit us to give at this time, we feel safe in saying that the influence of the *Meyersdale Scull* sheet is dead, rotten, stinking and politically damned. The ring's entrails are trailed in the dust and its political carcass is buried deep under the avalanche of votes registered against it last Saturday. May it ever remain in oblivion and never again rear its ugly head in the wish and prayer of all who understand its foul deeds and past sins. Amen!

S. C. P. Jones, Milesburg, Pa., writes: "I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers ever since they were introduced here and must say I have never used any pills in my family during the forty years of my housekeeping that gave such satisfactory results as a laxative or cathartic." P. S. Hay, Elk Lick. C. A. Bender & Bro., Grantsville.

Chestnut Spring.

May 31st.—As war news is rather scarce and the primary a thing of the past, we again find time to write a few notes for *THE STAR*.

J. W. Folk, C. M. Beachy and W. D. Miller are making improvements by erecting picket fences around their lots.

Chestnut Spring again comes to the front with another new industry. This time it is one of the latest improved cider presses, with apple-butter boiling arrangement in connection. The operators, Messrs Livengood and Blauch, are erecting a suitable building and mean to be fully prepared for work when the season opens.

Jack P. Kinsinger has commenced work on his house and barn, which is to be completed some time in September, on the farm he recently purchased of W. C. Livengood. He builds a six-room house and a 40x84 foot barn. Contractor, Noah B. Gnagey, of near Summit Mills.

Jer. Stevanus reports the outlook for strawberries very favorable. He says if the report that the Scull ring is broken is correct, he feels confident they will command a good price.

John J. Folk, Sr., of Chestnut Spring, died at his home on Thursday, 26th inst., becoming unconscious and remaining so until death ensued. He was past 75 years of age. Mr. Folk enjoyed unusual good health, until a short time ago, when an abscess formed in his head, causing great suffering. But he had about recovered when he was stricken. He was married to Miss Matilda Shoemaker, who preceded him into that mysterious beyond about two years ago. To this union was born 15 children, of whom 10 are living; 54 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. Mr. Folk was a frank, outspoken man, a good neighbor and a firm, loyal and unswerving friend. He was highly respected and esteemed by all and will be greatly missed by his neighbors. He was a life-long member of the Amish Menonite church, being appointed deacon of his church in 1856, a position he held to the time of his death. Peace to his ashes. Interment, Friday, in Chestnut Spring cemetery, Revs. D. H. Bender and G. D. Miller officiating, assisted by Rev. Henry Blauch, of this place, and Rev. Idle man, of the M. E. church, Grantsville, Md.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Val Bender, a daughter; mother and child doing well.

Henry Bittinger, of Bittinger, Md., is in our community stacking lumber and making preparations to commence work on his new house. BLACKSTONE.

The Cuban question and political issues sink into insignificance with the man who suffers from piles. What he most desires, is relief. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles. P. S. Hay, Elk Lick. C. A. Bender & Bro., Grantsville.

Boynton.

May 30th—Mr. L. Faulkner, who had been very ill with typhoid fever, is slowly improving.

Mr. Harry Eicher has moved into his new house on Union street.

Mrs. Chas. Strameir and daughters, Gertrude and Catharine, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. R. F. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Blough and daughter, Leon, spent Saturday and Sunday at M. J. Blauch's.

Mr. James May and family spent Sunday with Silas May's. Tom Boy.

The human machine starts but once and stops but once. You can keep it going longest and most regularly by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. P. S. Hay, Elk Lick. C. A. Bender & Bro., Grantsville.

The Scientific American Navy Supplement.

The *Scientific American*, which has always been identified itself very closely with the interests of the Navy, is to be congratulated on the extremely handsome and valuable "Navy Supplement" which it has lately put before the public. We think that, if the average reader had been asked beforehand what kind of a work he would prefer upon the Navy, he would have asked for just such an issue as this.

Both the illustrations and the reading matter are of the straightforward explanatory kind which is necessary to put a technical subject clearly before the lay mind. It was a happy thought to preface the work with a chapter upon the classification of warships and insert a few diagrams by way of explanation of the subtle differences between cruisers, monitors and battleships; for after digesting this chapter one is prepared to follow intelligently the detailed descriptions of the various ships which make up the bulk of the issue. One of the best things about this number is that it does not merely give an external illustration of each ship, but it takes the reader down below decks, and initiates him into the mysteries of the magazines, handling rooms, ammunition hoists and motive machinery. The sectional views of the interior of the turrets of the monitors are exceptionally fine, as are the large wood engravings of the engines of the "Massachusettses." The last page of the number contains complete tables of the new Navy, the auxiliary fleet and the various naval guns. A handsome colored map of Cuba and the West Indies is furnished with this issue. We extend our congratulations to our contemporary on the production of a work which is well conceived and admirably carried out. This work is published by Munn & Co., of 361 Broadway, New York, for 25 cents.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

Atlanta Constitution. When a man sows de seed er happiness, he don't bother 'bout de weather, kase, de Lawd takes keer er de crap.

Lots er dese candidates tell you dey gwine ter save de country, but I mos' ingin'rully notices dat when dey gits through wid it dey ain't much er left.

We don't want no war ef we kin git out er it, en it's safe ter say dat dem what hollers loudest fer it is quickest in gittin' out when de time come.

De worl' ain't half ez bad ez some folks make it out ter be. Left ter itself it's about de very best worl' I ever had any experience with—take it comin en gwine!

Bibles and Rum Sold.

At the foot of Washington street in New York can be found a little low-ceilinged shop, where bibles and rum are sold side by side. The place is fitted up with a bar, behind which a woman serves drinks part of the day. The bibles and prayer-books are in a case at the end of the bar. The customers of this place, who are not averse to mixing their piety with drinks, are of all nations, including Russians, Turks, Armenians, Irishmen and Syrians.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

The *Times* has a larger circulation by many thousands than any other daily newspaper published in Pittsburgh. 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.

CARTRIDGE PAPER!—The miners can get enough Cartridge Paper for a few cents, at *THE STAR* office, to last them for several months.

Induce your friends to subscribe for *THE STAR*. Only \$1.25 a year, a little less than 2½ cents per week. The best paper in the county.

THE STAR, the *Nickell Magazine* and the *New York Weekly Tribune*, all one year for only \$2.00, cash with order. By this arrangement you get a good county paper, a good city paper and a first-class illustrated magazine, all at a trifling expense. Address all orders to *THE STAR*, Elk Lick, Pa.

Just received, at *THE STAR* office, a nice line of Visiting Cards.

Order *THE STAR* sent to your friends abroad. It will be like a letter from the old home to them and they will appreciate your kindness.

Fresh Pies, Cakes and Bread from Thompson's new Meyersdale bakery, at J. T. Jeffery's.