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THE FIGHT WILL GO ON.

Quay and His Machine Must Be Driven Completely from Power.

THE PEOPLE ARE FULLY AROUSED

Quay's Creature Named at the Harrisburg Convention by the Bosses—Delegates Driven Under Whip and Spur. Hon. C. W. Stone Declares Against Quay—He Was Defeated Directly by the Work of the Big Boss.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
Harrisburg, June 7.—The state convention which met here on Thursday of last week completed the work Senator Quay and his machine started out to accomplish. It nominated William A. Stone, of Allegheny, the Quay candidate, the man whose campaign was conducted by William H. (Lexow) Andrews; the man whom Andrews selected so that he might know what it would be like to "own a governor." Both Senators Quay and Penrose conducted the affairs of the convention in person. Senator Quay came on from Washington, and by the use of all the power of the machine, forced enough delegates into line to accomplish his purpose. Senator Penrose was the temporary chairman of the convention.

The convention itself was a counterpart of the notorious Delamater convention of eight years ago. There was no enthusiasm, no genuine rejoicing. The Quay delegates were sullen and discontented. William A. Stone had his speech of acceptance ready and in the hands of the newspaper correspondents the night before the convention. But the delegates did not even appoint a committee to wait on him and notify him that the convention had nominated him. As a result his speech of acceptance was never delivered.

WANAMAKER WITHDREW.
Hon. John Wanamaker did not permit his name to go before the convention to be voted upon. The notorious manner in which the state committee had been used to drive delegates into line, the brazen spectacle of two United States senators leaving their seats in Washington to come here and "stand up" delegates for the machine was carrying the matter too far.

Early on the morning of Thursday 50 representatives of the Bourse meeting met in Harrisburg and asked Mr. Wanamaker, in view of the above facts, to withdraw his name from before the convention. Mr. Wanamaker did as requested.

As a result the Wanamaker delegates voted solidly for Hon. Charles W. Stone, of Warren county, as the most available man with which to defeat the Quay machine. The delegates of Hon. C. W. Stone were anti-Quay men with few exceptions. Mr. Stone was the choice of the people in a large number of counties, and it was on the advice of the best posted anti-Quay leaders that Mr. Wanamaker requested his delegates to vote for Mr. Stone, of Warren.

But Congressman Stone, of Warren, was defeated. He was defeated by the ring of Quay politicians. Senator Quay himself forced, under threat and promise, over 20 delegates away from Charles W. Stone and into the columns of William A. Stone, the machine candidate.

But though the convention is over, the fight against Quay and the bosses and the machine will still go on. It is what shape it is not known; but at least one man will, it is believed, carry on the fight against the machine, and that is John Wanamaker. As for Hon. Charles W. Stone, the man who had 199 votes to begin with, and who, when the voting was ended had but 164 to William A. Stone's 198, will also still fight Quay within the party. The following is what he said in an interview within two hours after the convention had adjourned on Thursday last:

STONE AGAINST QUAY.
"Up to 6 o'clock last night we had our fight won and won honorably. There were 199 delegates ready to cast their votes for me, but Senator Quay came down here and put on all the force and pressure that he could exert, with the result that before morning he succeeded in drawing away 23 delegates who were favorable to our cause. My statement that was given out for publication last night predicting my success, was fully justified by the number of delegates who had promised to give me their support, and if Senator Quay's influence had not been exerted as it was I would have been the nominee. Not only did we have the personal influence and presence of Senator Quay against us, but the entire force of the party organization as represented in the state committee was also opposed to us.

"I want to express my heartfelt thanks to the Wanamaker delegation for their support. Their attitude showed that Mr. Wanamaker sincerely tried to nominate the man in whom he believed the people had confidence. Indeed my thanks are due to all the men who, without regard to partisan feeling, gave me their support. The attitude of the Lancaster delegation merits my warmest thanks, while the support of the two delegations from Senator Quay's own county of Beaver was particularly gratifying.

"The success of Senator Quay in alienating delegates pledged to me was shown in the loss of the Lawrence county delegation, a delegate from Butler, one from Washington, two from Fayette and others that it is not necessary to mention here. I made my fight single handed. I had no machine at my back. Indeed, Mr. A. M. Myers, the county chairman of Warren county, conducted my campaign entirely alone, but for the assistance of the people, as my duties compelled me to remain in Washington. My campaign was conducted fairly, openly and honorably before the people. I am a Republican. I am in this fight to stay, and from now on my friends will be found in opposition to the machine which has arbitrarily prevented my nomination. I am for the ticket nominated yesterday, but from this time forward the persons who deliberately interfered to prevent a free expression of the will of the peo-

ple can expect no favors from me or my friends."

JOHN WANAMAKER'S VIEWS.

Hon. John Wanamaker has not uttered a word as to his future intentions. His views of the result can best be obtained from the following extract taken from his speech the day after the convention at an immense mass meeting held at Oxford, Chester county, where a thousand people gathered to hear him speak:

It was as a Republican I cast my first vote in 1862. I never voted any other ticket since. I voted Republican when I accepted the call of 400 Republicans at the Bourse conference of Feb. 2. I was not a volunteer in their service because I never wanted to be governor, but as a drafted man I loyally took up the flag.

I went to the convention yesterday as a straightout Republican, and I came home from the convention a better and more hopeful Republican because of the 164 representatives of the people who stood up in convention and voted against the machine. There are two developments of Republicanism in existence today; the small, but strong body of Republicanism of the Lincoln, Grant, Blaine and Harrison stripe, and the other the latter day saints of Republicanism that has grown up in Pennsylvania under the Cameron-Quay-Andrews dynasty; it is a body composed mainly of officeholding politicians and their secret and open beneficiaries. It is not of the people and for the people, or with the people, but dead against the people. It is an oathbound, banded and belted machine, pledged to the machine, wholly for the machine, and steadily against every idea and every man not with the machine.

NOT WITH THE MACHINE.

In the presence of these 700 witnesses, in this midday meeting of the cultured, intelligent and important people of Chester county, I record myself anew as not in or for or with the Republican machine limited, limited to Quay, Andrews and officeholders and office-seekers only.

That such a political machine should exist today, chartered by the blindness and indifference of the people, is in itself evidence this morning throughout the state, from the full accounts given by the newspapers and living witnesses of yesterday's perfidious proceedings of the convention at Harrisburg. It is a slick and sly machine, coyly in hiding behind state committees, bought candidates to trick counties to nominate favored sons for timely transfer a la Cornell, Reeder and Cooper, to machine newspapers, manufactured scarecrows, farcical primary elections, legislative steering committees, piled up promissory political notes, like those in state banks, and printed dynamite planted with fiendish, Turkish and Spanish malice by adroit political engineers out of sight, like the treacherous mines in Cuban waters, to destroy human life.

It is an ingenious machine; it discourses music in the air, postoffices, collectorship sales, state manufactures, county ticket choruses; it plays on states, on Sundays by the sea, gubernatorial anthems, and culminates in the grand spectacular performances of red fire and brass bands at Harrisburg, with the brass bands of politics sufficient, perhaps, to hold fast the gouty footbald people, but cannot make the rank and file of the younger and coming party dance either obedience or votes to its old worn out airs.

It is an automatic machine; you set it for a stone; it plays the stone you set it for, and there is certainly a great difference in stones.

It is also at times a nickel-in-the-slot machine, receiving assessments or fees, and holding them until the day of accounting without registering your weight or will, and refusing to return the paid in charges. You put in your substance, your service, or your vote, and the machine receives it, but is deaf, dumb and blind, especially after the service is done of the vote given. One of the nickel-in-the-slot machines recently opened in one of the cities was found to contain nickels, wire, tacks, hair pins, buttons, buckles, bones, nails, sticks, postage stamps, strings, poker checks, railroad tickets and stones.

When the June 2d Republican nickel-in-the-slot nominating convention machine is opened in November next it may be found to contain a stone that has been a millstone for us.

IS NOT DISAPPOINTED.

I suppose that there will be some people ready to say Wanamaker is talking like a disappointed candidate; kindly save your free criticisms, and unnecessary sympathy, most willing but kindly, to my cousin. I wish you could have slept the dreamless, luxurious sleep I tumbled into last night with that convention behind me. One wants to knit up the tattered sleeves of care with refreshing sleep to be strong for the next duty.

I would like to have the whole of this gorgeous June day to roll in the grass and revel with the daisies and buttercups. Where is the man that says to me, "Wanamaker, you are out of convention to vote for me for governor? There are two men I was hard against for governor; one was W. A. Stone, and the other was John Wanamaker; one of them wanted it too much; the other didn't want it at all."

In the fray preceding the convention I simply did what I wanted to do—represent honest Republicans diametrically opposed to the machine. At the convention I did exactly what I always wanted to do, and had agreed to do, which was withdraw whenever the interest of the Republican party could be furthered thereby. I came into the activities of the campaign by request of the Bourse meeting; I retired of my own option and upon my own judgment after conference with conferees.

It was a public question, you can see when the enemy were in battle line, and intended to spike their guns. You are entitled to know that it was asserted on the streets and in the convention at Harrisburg that Wanamaker could not be persuaded to unite on any candidate, but was holding out for himself. The fact was that no one ever asked me to unite upon either of the old or any of the new candidates; they could have asked me or any one, for the orders had gone out, better be defeated utterly than surrender the one and only candidate—W. A. Stone.

THE LETTER OF WITHDRAWAL.
By the letter hastily written while the convention was listening to the "Star

Spangled Banner," the land of the free water, and the home of the brave Republican, I wrote my hasty letter, unfinished when the speech nominating me was going on, and hurriedly dispatched to throw down a challenge to unite in the nomination of Charles W. Stone, who up to almost the assembling of the convention had not enough votes to nominate him.

Why they did not nominate Charles W. Stone, and why his votes are said to have been bought away from the plucky hero of Warren, is no mystery; let me also say that even at the convention hour Charles W. Stone could have been nominated if he had bought back his then missing votes, and I add further that all through the two days preceding the convention I held in my pocket a signed letter offering to deliver to me for cash a certain number of votes to give me a majority in the convention for any candidate I wanted. I must not fail to add that the Republican political machine is an all powerful machine; it commands national and state leverage; it includes in its running gear steam railroad corporations, electric corporations, gas and armor corporations, contractors, jury fixers, council lobbyists and employees of city departments who go to conventions and vote and make speeches against greenhorn adventurist citizens who think it worth while to attend Bourse citizens' meetings.

It was indeed rather a sorry sight and sound to see and hear a Philadelphia boss as old as the Leeds-Distington-Towan combine, indeed, the oldest of them, slapping in the face 400 business men whose candidate was in order in carrying out their instructions; pity a resolution had not been offered there excluding the boss from absent candidates and uncertain voters generally.

This political machine with all its newest patents and attachments is best operated by its inventors. The senators of the United States must do without two of them when the war revenue bill is up in the senate, hurry away to Harrisburg to see that the machine does not get out of order until the tune is finished, and to play the "Punch and Judy" of politics to the farmers of Pennsylvania.

SITUATION IS SERIOUS.

My friends, it would be delightfully ridiculous if it was not also serious. We might be quite willing to be amused, to be taken for light headed, half witted, unsophisticated clods, persons of city and country, were it not that the consequences are all tremendously fraught with evil.

What do you and I care who is governor if he be a man that owns himself and can be certified as honest, intelligent and guaranteed for fidelity to the people and not to any one man or a dozen men of the political machine now built or to be built hereafter? What was the deliverance at the Bourse conference but a hearty Republican appeal, and notice of determined and continued protest against the Quay-Andrews machine?

What was the three months' long, earnest, laborious, enthusiastic, fruitful crusade in a dozen counties of this state but an unfolding of the reasons why the political machine no longer command support for long slated, boss marked, machine riveted candidates? What was the meaning of the great assemblages of people, like this, day and night, throughout the Commonwealth; the earnest, forceful executive work of the old and true, but not new style, Republican press in our own and other states, counseling Pennsylvania Republicans to caution, and pointing out dangers if state and machine methods were this year persisted in?

The convention has come and gone. What did it do? Exactly what it was ed to do and all the time decidedly meant to do, exactly what public sentiment, never before more crystallized, asked and urged it not to do. Who has it served? The bosses, and the bosses only, and their retainers. Who are its candidates? Their chief is the long back chosen manager who shall operate the machine for four years, with the power of the governor's office, and his appointees assisting him. Who are the beneficiaries of the people in relieving them by license fees, saying nothing the close to a million dollar appropriation to penitentiary and workhouses, known to be largely filled by the curse of intoxicating liquors, and saying nothing of the larger blight on families broken up by the business padded in that platform, by small two-penny statesmanship as reducing and relieving state taxation. Bear in mind I am not discussing a brewer's or liquor selling business; I am speaking of the infantile statesmanship that mistakes the condition of taxation and makes the farmers and all who live inside the state of Pennsylvania to pay their taxes, a class of charity patients at the door of the brewer and barkeeper.

THE STATE PLATFORM.

What is the platform? A confused compound of mixtures not up to its credit author's, General Bingham's, right standard; perhaps it was afterward edited or unedited. As it stands it is a reminder of one man's way of telling the time of day who said when the hands of my clock point to 2 and it strikes 11, I know it is half-past 7.

The most pitiful part of that platform is the congratulations to the brewers as supporters of the state and beneficiaries of the people in relieving them by license fees, saying nothing the close to a million dollar appropriation to penitentiary and workhouses, known to be largely filled by the curse of intoxicating liquors, and saying nothing of the larger blight on families broken up by the business padded in that platform, by small two-penny statesmanship as reducing and relieving state taxation. Bear in mind I am not discussing a brewer's or liquor selling business; I am speaking of the infantile statesmanship that mistakes the condition of taxation and makes the farmers and all who live inside the state of Pennsylvania to pay their taxes, a class of charity patients at the door of the brewer and barkeeper.

I am also a Republican unwilling to surrender the Republican party to help any Populist, Liberty, Prohibition, Independent or Democrat in relieving the tax payer with being dependent on the distillers and brewers.

Honestly, where is the man that is thinking all around large thoughts over all the situation and not a small patch of the war, or the present situation of politics? I believe I only know one in the country, and his name is William McKinley; in Pennsylvania I cannot find another, not even by looking into my own looking glass.

SUMMARY OF THE SITUATION.

Let me shorten today's speech by a brief summary of the present situation: the forced nomination of William A. Stone for governor stands for all that Quay wants and for all that Quayism means. The credit or the obloquy of the nomination is clearly defined in the specialy-selected candidate who is absolutely dependent on the power of the machine

for his preferment. The history of this state is barren of a single instance in which a candidate, named and elected by Quay, was strong enough to assert official manhood in opposition to the corrupt demand of his exacting master. This boss makes no mistake in the selection of the agents to execute his will, and after months of scheming and deceit, of plotting and scheming, he comes into the open and avows himself for William A. Stone in confirmation of the cabal of mercenaries who met at Avalon on that fateful Sunday in May. Whatever may be the individual merit of William A. Stone, it is wholly lost by reason of the corrupt advocacy of his nomination by such infamous managers.

From almost every election precinct in the state is heard an earnest protest against such machine methods, and the deep regret that the arbitrary power exercised at the convention must surely bring inevitable danger to its nominee.

PEOPLE WILL SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

The outraged people are determined to save this magnificent Commonwealth from infamy and shame by rescuing the party from such disgraceful management. The repeated charges, unanswered and undented, that this clique has systematically robbed the treasury of the state, thwarted and president in maintaining the national honor, speculated in the public funds, federal appointments and corrupt legislation, and defied public sentiment, furnish grave reasons of warning when these bosses now seek to extend their power so that the vicious legislation which was defeated by the valorous 75 in 1896, shall be revived and confirmed by their governor and their legislature in 1899.

Honest men everywhere are called upon by imperative necessity as this lawless band in control of the Republican party leads another march toward the treasury and its power against the real welfare of the people.

My argument is not ended, but must close today by saying your only bulwark against what I doubt not will be worse than the legislature of '97. I mean thereby the legislature of '99.

I came here today expressly to ask you to give your votes to W. M. Dowdell and for the three true men, your neighbors and trusted friends, Jeffreys, Phillips and Moore, who were tried in the fire of the last legislature and came out unburnt by fraud and dishonor.

Keep your county right in the next legislature by sending these men back again. To wait for some other time to strike a blow at the machine is hazardous in the extreme, to strike now at the first election at the primaries is the duty of the hour; strike while the iron is hot, and make it hotter by striking.

THE STATE AFLAME.

The state is aflame over the outrage at Harrisburg, and the fight will never end until Quay is driven from power.

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.

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.

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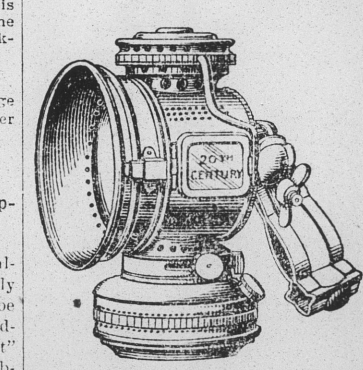
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