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—E. W. PIERCE.

Iron Manufacture in this County.

In any record relating to the growth of the iron industry in this state, Somerset county is not to be left out of the account. Some of the first efforts in manufacture of the metal from the raw material lying immediately underneath the surface, were made in this county. Circumstances of one character and another intervened to prevent the industry from getting itself established on a growing or even lasting basis, but enough was done to prove that the resources are here and that we are not at a loss for one of the most important means of industrial development. The account following, clipped from the *Johnstown Tribune*, is from the pen of James M. Swank, editor of the *Iron Age*, Philadelphia, Secretary of the American Steel Association, and a high authority on the iron and steel industry: "Shade Furnace was built in 1807 or 1808, and was the first iron establishment in Somerset county. It was built on the banks of Shade creek, about forty rods below the junction of Clear Shade and Dark Shade creeks. David Rodger, an old resident of Shade Furnace, informed me many years ago that it was built by Gerhart & Reynolds upon land leased from Thomas Vickroy. Being in debt, their furnace and lease were sold by the sheriff to Ogle & Kimmel, of Somerset, who were succeeded by Thomas Gahegan, who gave way to one Dunlop, when the property reverted to Thomas Vickroy. In November, 1813, Vickroy advertised Shade Furnace for sale at a great bargain. A sale was effected in 1810 to Mark Richards, Anthony S. Earl and Benjamin Johns, of New Jersey, constituting the firm of Richards, Earl & Co., who operated the furnace down to about 1830. In 1820 they built a forge, called Shade, three-fourths of a mile below the furnace, which was carried on by William Earl for four or five years, and afterward by John Hammer and others. In 1849 it made thirty tons of bars. The furnace was continued, at intervals, by various proprietors to the close of 1858. Daniel Wyand, Somerset, at his death in September, 1877, was the last owner of the property.

About 1811 Joseph Vickroy and Conrad Piper built Mary Ann Forge, on Stonycreek, about five miles below Shade Furnace, and a half a mile below the mouth of Shade creek. The forge was named after Mr. Piper's wife, who was a daughter of Thomas Vickroy and sister of Joseph Vickroy. David Livingston was subsequently the owner of the forge, and operated it for several years. Richard Geary, father of Gov. John W. Geary, was at one time employed at the forge in a clerical capacity. Pig iron was sometimes packed on horseback to this forge from Bedford county, the horses taking salt from the Conemaugh Salt Works and bar iron as a return load.

In 1809 or 1810 Peter Kimmel and Matthias Scott built a forge for the manufacture of bar iron on Laurel Hill creek, in Jefferson township, in the western part of Somerset county. Mr. Kimmel shortly after withdrew, and the establishment was run by Mr. Scott. Subsequently it passed into the hands of Henry Benford and Jacob Ankeny, and ceased operations about 1815. Supplies of pig metal were obtained from Bedford and Fayette counties. About the year 1810 Robert Philson erected a Catalan forge on Casselman river, in Turkeyfoot township. The ore was mined in the immediate vicinity or hauled from Laurel Hill. The enterprise was a bad investment, operations ceasing about 1823. The next furnace in the county was Jackson Furnace, near the Pittsburg turnpike, on Laurel Hill, built by Irvin Horrel, Philip Murphy, and Charles Ogle, about 1825. It was unsuccessful in their hands. About 1833 Joseph and William Graham again put it in blast, only to be overcome by speedy disaster. In 1832 there were three furnaces and three forges in the county.

Rockingham Furnace, 2 miles above Shade Furnace, on Shade creek, was built in 1844 by John Foust, and subsequently operated by Custer & Little; Somerset Furnace, at Forwardstown, was built by Huber, Linton & Meyers, in 1846, and afterwards owned by G. Ross Forward, and Wellersburg Furnace was built by the Union Coal & Iron Company, in 1856, under the management of G. Ross Forward. All the furnaces and forges in Somerset county have been abandoned.

Philson's Forge made blooms and bar iron directly from the ore—a most tedious and expensive as well as a most primitive method. It was the only forge of the kind in the county. Samuel Philson, a son of Robert Philson, who built the forge, is now living in Berlin, Somerset county, in his eighty-sixth year. Some remains of the forge may still be seen.

HE FIT WITH GRANT.

At Least He Said He Did, but Soon Changed His Mind.

New York World.

"Yer, sir, gentlemen, I fit with Grant an' with Sherman," said old Sam Blow, the most gaseous, the most conscienceless and the brassiest of all the shiftless, set of daily loungers around H. J. Pegram's store at the crossroads.

"Yer, sir," reiterated old Sam, "me an' Grant we fit side by side at Har-

per's Ferry an' at Bull Run, an' at Stone River. Why, gentlemen, at Bull Run we had our hosses shot out from under us, me an' Grant did, but we grabbed our guns and tore along on foot, an' Grant says to me, says he: 'Give it to 'em, Sam! Give 'em jesso!' An it was the same way at Harper's Ferry, me an' Grant we fit side by side."

"Aw, give us a rest," interrupted old Joe Todd. "Grant never fit at none o' them battles. He fit at Chickamauga an'—"

"I meant Chickamauga."

"An' at Appomattox."

"Didn't I say Appomattox?"

"No, you never. You said Bull Run."

"Well, I meant Appomattox. I reckon my tongue slipped."

"An' Grant fit at Shiloh."

"Didn't I say Shiloh?"

"No, you didn't. You said Stone River."

"Did I? Well, Shiloh an' Stone both begin with an 'S', an' that's how I made that mistake. I meant Shiloh, an' it was here that me an' Grant routed a hull regiment by our two selves, an' Grant he says to me, says he—"

"Looker here, Sam Blow," broke in Joe Todd again. "do you know when the battle of Shiloh was fit?"

"I ain't very good on dates, but I think it was in the fall of 1864."

"Like thunder it was! It was on the 6th day of February, 1862."

"So it was, come to think of it, so it was."

"Yes, an I was married to my second wife 600 miles from Shiloh that very day, an you an' Jane Linnus, she that is now Jane Hawkins, stood up with us, an it was the year after that that you got drafted, and they could-a-heard you bawl a mile because you had to go. What you got to say to that?"

"Well, of course my memory ain't what it was once, an I—anyhow I—great Scott! If it ain't after 2 o'clock, an they was a man coming to my house to see me at 2. I got to be off, gentlemen."

The Horse in Battle.

Buffalo Horse World.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fear of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it as soon as possible.

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six when struck with a bullet are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg, or foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but bobbles out of the fight to right or left and stands with drooping head until loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them if possible, and in any case leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds they fall in and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" on the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.

An Editor's Hard Lot.

A melancholy picture of an editor's life in the State of Washington is drawn by the *Roslyn (Mich.) Sentinel*:

"There are always those who will kick. For instance, if you publish jokes with whiskers on them, some will say you ought to be in a lunatic joint. If you don't print something to smile at, they say you are a pessimistic fossil. If you spread yourself and write a good, original article, they will say it is stolen. If you reprint an article, they say you can't write. If you say a deserving word for a man, you are partial; if you compliment the ladies, the men are jealous; and if you don't the verdict of the ladies is to the effect that your paper is not fit to use in the construction of a bustle. If you stay in your office, you are afraid to remain on the streets; if you do, you are lazy. If you look seedy, you are squandering your money; if you wear good clothes, you are a dude and don't pay for them. If you play a social game of any kind and get stuck, you are a fish; if you win, you are a tin horn, and so it goes through one continual round of pleasant complications."

A Georgia Giant.

Cathou (Ga.) Dispatch.

John Ferguson, a remarkable physical specimen of manhood, who has won the title of the "Mountain Giant," lives in this county, and ekes out a bare living at farming, although it is certain he could earn his bread in much greater ease if a dime museum manager should make a trip here for the purpose of inspecting him. Ferguson is 50 years old, and is over eight feet in height. He weighs 316 pounds, but so evenly distributed is his weight that it would be impossible to call him a fat man.

The development of his strength has a very peculiar history. Up to the age of 20 years he was an invalid, but after that time he increased in brawn and muscle with miraculous rapidity, until at the age of 30 he was, as he is now, a veritable giant.

One of his favorite amusements is to take a 500-pound bale of cotton on his shoulders and carry it any distance on a waver or for the amusement of his friends. At the age of 30 he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and whenever an unruly mule was brought in to be shod, Ferguson was sent for, and he would hold the hind legs of the infuriated beast while his employer placed the shoes in position. Ferguson is 48 inches around the breast and 44 around the waist. He wears No. 13 shoes and a No. 8 hat.

The Local Paper.

The local newspaper goes into nearly every family and becomes a member thereof. If it is edited with intelligence and care, as most newspapers are, it is as good as a school teacher in the home.

A newspaper edited by an enlightened and conscientious man, is worth more to a town than a factory, a store and a bank, with their combined good influences. By an enlightened man is meant a person who strives to be fair in his own judgment, and tolerant of the opinions, theories and feelings of others.

Intolerance, whether over religious or political matters, is an unmistakable evidence of ignorance and meanness. It begins in blindness and self-conceit and ends in an ignoble reliance upon prejudices rather than upon facts and opinions.—Ex.

For Farmers.

An exchange says farmers are constantly finding a way to get the best of their soil. Not long since a farmer said that he thought in a short time wheat would be cultivated, for he says that the experiment has been tried with good success by one man and he thinks others will soon learn that it pays. This farmer took out every other fluke from his drill, thus sowing the wheat sixteen inches apart, but to make up for the distance he planted double the quantity of wheat. He then cultivated it after the spring rains and at harvest time he was rewarded with forty bushels to the acre, while the rest of the field sown in the old way produced only twenty.

George Got His Wheel.

New York World.

George had wanted a bicycle for a long time. Last year his birthday was embittered by the fact that he did not get the much coveted wheel, and so he awaited the day this time with much anxiety.

During the week before he regularly and earnestly resorted to prayer that he might have his desire granted. His parents really feared for his faith, should he again be disappointed. Therefore on the morning of his birthday he found awaiting him by his bedside a beautiful new wheel.

When his mother entered the room, she found him delightedly gazing upon it.

"Well," he called out cheerfully, "I thought the Lord wouldn't have the nerve to refuse this time."

How President Lincoln Stopped a Man Swearing.

Here's another story about President Lincoln, the truth of which was vouched for by the late Col. Jesse W. Jackson. One afternoon Mr. Lincoln was walking leisurely through Lafayette Square when he noticed a young man who was using sulphurous language in a manner calculated to alarm the natives. Mr. Lincoln stopped the young man and asked what the trouble was. Not knowing Mr. Lincoln, the young fellow said that a blankety-blank clerk in the Treasury Department had had him trotting there for months to collect a small note and he couldn't get a blankety-blank cent out of him.

"That is pretty bad," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will promise me to give up using profane words, I will guarantee to collect the note for you."

After a little further talk the proposition was agreed to. The young man produced the note and handed it to Mr. Lincoln, who wrote on the back, "A. Lincoln." When it was handed back to the collector and his eyes fell on the name, he unconsciously mumbled, "Well, I'll be damned," then quickly apologized to the President, who shook

his hand, cautioned him to remember his compact and then resumed his afternoon stroll.

It is needless to say that the note was promptly liquidated when next presented.

Called For It.

Chicago Tribune.

On the wall hung the sign in gilt letters and elaborately framed, "If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It."

The stranger who had entered the building looked at the sign and walked up to the man with the pen behind his ear.

"Are you the proprietor?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want the keys of this establishment."

"The keys?"

"Yes, sir. I don't see them, and I am compelled to ask for them. I'm the sheriff."

The Conqueror.

The barkeeper's wife has a sensless coat, But mine has an old plaid shawl; She has jewels for fingers and ear and throat, But mine has none at all.

Her only ring I stole one night! And I pawned for a poisoned drink! Oh, mother of mine! Bring back the light Of youth and the strength to think!

The barkeeper's child has books and toys— My children have want and woe; They never have dwelt in the world of joys The barkeeper's child may know. At a tiny doll my baby's eyes Would dance and her heart would swell, But I've always taken the price to buy A cup of the liquid hell.

Oh, the girl I wooed in the good, glad years, Whose pure lips touched with mine,— I swear to banish her bitter tears In the strength of a love divine! And hearts so broken and sad, to-day, With new-found bliss shall thrill, For the devil of rum I'll cast away,— God helping me, I will.

Persuasion.

They used to say that Ira Webb was strong around the chin; They claimed he'd got the kind of jaw you see on men that win; Had lots of perseverance, or should have, so they said, And yet, somehow, his crops were poor, and his weeds come up instead; Tried raisin' sheep and cattle, and huck-stored things away; But always give 'em up about the time they'd start to pay.

Still they was one respect in which he never would give in; He stuck right to it, rain or shine, like wise through thick and thin! Before he'd got to middle age his hair commenced to go, And laws! the stuff he used to git to try to make it grow!

Every solitary night before he went to bed He'd get his bottle down and go to rubbin' of his head.

I know 'im fully thirty years, and all that time, I'll swear, He never give up hopin' that he'd still git back his hair; Farm run down and debts increased; tried this and that, and then He'd give it up and switch around to some-thing else again— Went from bad to worse, and so they took the farm away, But Ira kept on tryin' hair restorer every day.

We buried 'im not long ago; I looked down at 'im there, But all his rubbin' hadn't brought a solitary hair, And I couldn't help a-thinkin', as I studied that 'ere chin— The kind they say you're apt to see upon the men that win— That perseverance, after all, may cost a fellow dear Unless he's got the sense to know jist how to persevere. —Cleveland Lender.

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.

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.

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.

Notice to Exchanges.

Some of THE STAR'S exchanges will please take notice that our post-office address is Elk Lick. Some of our exchanges are not being received regularly, on account of being addressed "Salisbury."

A new style pocket containing THE STAR'S TABLETS printed in a single column (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores. This pocket is intended for the poor and the economical. One copy of the present edition (30 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Star's Chemical Company, No. 15 Spruce Street, New York—a single copy (10 tablets) will be sent for five cents. THE STAR'S TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and some hardware stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.