



FACTS!

We are now better prepared to meet the wants of our customers than at any time before, as we have on hand a complete stock of everything belonging to a first-class Furniture Store.

REMEMBER,

No old shop-worn or second-hand goods. Everything new and up-to-date.

SPECIALTIES!

Couches, \$5.75; Sideboards, \$10.00; Parlor Suites, \$18.00; Chairs sold at prices that always please our customers.

TRY US and be your own judge, and let us C U B A customer of ours.

Johnson & McCulloh,
ELK LICK, PENNA.

IN THE KOONTZ BUILDING!

Having some time ago purchased the Koontz property, all those interested in Monumental work will find me in what was once known as

THE KOONTZ MARBLE WORKS.

I am prepared as never before to offer to all those in need of Monumental work, from small Headstones to Granite Monuments.

PRICES HERETOFORE UNHEARD OF.

None but the best of Marble and Granite, and workmanship the finest. I make Granite work a specialty. You will be surprised at my prices. Call and see me.

ALBERT J. HILLEGASS, Berlin, Pa.

A Big Lot of Watches.

AT VERY SMALL PRICES!

I have sold over 75 of my watches at cut prices and still have a big lot left.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

If not, do so at once. Get prices elsewhere and then get my prices and see the difference. I will save you from \$4.00 to \$10.00 on all watches.



MY JEWELRY LINE

is very complete. OPAL RINGS, \$1.00; GOLD BRACELETS, 75 cents; SCARF PINS, 50 cents; all other lines at corresponding prices.

My China Line and Novelties

at less than cost, and don't forget that I carry the finest line of Books and Stationery in town.

The Leading Jeweler, **T. W. GURLEY,**

MEYERSDALE, PA.

WATCHES!

Another new lot just added to our already large line, comprising many new designs. A nice lot of

BOYS' WATCHES VERY CHEAP.

No stated number in stock, as we are selling and receiving them every day.

We just received our fine and complete line of CHINA. In the last week we have received a new line of

RINGS,

BRACELETS, LOCKETS, CHAINS and full line of STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES, SILVERWARE, etc.

I also have a complete line of KODAKS and supplies, all sizes. All are invited to call and examine our stock.

Diamonds at a Big Discount.

H. M. Cook,

Jeweler and Graduate Optician,

Center St., MEYERSDALE, PA.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBER.

It is now almost one year since THE STAR has resumed publication, and it will be but a few weeks until many of our patrons will be in debt to us for a full year's subscription, while many others have paid in advance. Those in arrears are kindly requested to pay up at the earliest possible moment, as we need the money badly, owing to many improvements that we have been adding to our printing plant at great expense. To all those in arrears we would say: If you receive a statement by mail, do not take it as a reflection upon your character or integrity, for nothing of that kind is meant. We have been kind enough to trust you all these months, and we trust that in no case has our confidence been misplaced. If you receive a statement it will simply mean that we need our money and expect prompt settlements.

We also wish to call your attention to the fact that after Jan. 1st, 1899, all subscriptions not paid spot cash will be \$1.50 per year, but if paid spot cash in advance, \$1.25 will pay for a year's subscription. In other words, the 30-day offer will be withdrawn.

We thank our numerous subscribers for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. Our subscription list has had a phenomenal growth throughout the entire year, every week adding a goodly number of new subscribers, and the increase shows no abatement. In the meantime we are contemplating many additional improvements, and while we already have a printing plant that is a credit to the town, we expect to add many other improvements to it during the coming year. And it shall also be our aim to greatly improve the paper during the next year.

Kindly help the good work by paying what you owe and a year's subscription in advance.

Wishing all our patrons a prosperous New Year, I am yours for the best interests of Salisbury and Somerset county.

P. L. LIVENGOOD.

THE ROBBER BARONS.

Interesting Proof Which Shows That "The Way of the Transgressor Is Hard."

BY T. F. LIVENGOOD, M. D.

Nearly a century has elapsed since a few of the then wealthy agrarians, the real barons of Salisbury, conceived and executed the most gigantic and successful case of grand larceny to be found in the annals of Western Pennsylvania.

"The swift spirit of the scythe and glass" has removed not only all the conspirators and their progeny, but has obliterated to a great extent and even permitted the green mosses to grow over their memories.

At one time the Markleys owned by preemption most of the land bounded by the west bank of the Casselman and by the mountains on the eastern and western sides, and by Mason and Dixon's line on the south, while on the north the tract extended quite to Summit township. Most of the territory on which Salisbury borough stands, and all of the Beachy Grove farm were Markley possessions.

Another land owner was a man named Keagy. He held in legal title all the ground lying between the road leading to West Salisbury and Meadow run, as far as the Casselman river, and he built the stone "castle" now owned and occupied by C. R. Haselbarth. Keagy also began the erection of a large grist mill near the West Salisbury bridge, which he never completed. The ruins of this structure were still plainly visible as late as 1881.

When the Markleys and Keagys were at the zenith of their prosperity, railroads had little more than been thought of, and none were in operation. All trade was carried on by means of wagons. The great avenue of commerce at that time was the historic National Road, commonly known as "The Pike," which was the great thoroughfare of the nation and extended from Baltimore to Wheeling. Over this great highway moved the entire commerce of most of the state of Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania. It was customary for merchants of the territory mentioned to go to Baltimore—then perhaps the greatest commercial city in the states—to sell the produce of their localities and lay in a stock of goods. These journeys occurred at least annually, but more frequently semi-annually.

The Salisbury barons, Markley and Keagy, owned and operated a store, and had for their book-keeper and salesman a shrewd, tricky and rather un-

scrupulous fellow by the name of Crider.

Once while this trio were in Baltimore buying goods and having "a hot time in the old town," they met a man by the name of Bohren, who was on the same mission. Being of one ilk, they visited the wholesale houses together and made such purchases as their several cases demanded. Great was the astonishment of the Salisbury barons while they were buying calicos, gingham and muslins, to see their Ohio acquaintance purchasing what seemed to them vast quantities of silks, velvets and "seventeen hundred (bonnie) linsens." While they were investing in common crockery and stoneware, he laid in a large stock of elegant China and beautiful glassware. At every store they were made to feel that they were but pigmies, compared with the capitalist from the Buckeye state, and their souls were filled with envy.

That night in talking the matter over at their hotel, their greed drove conscience out of the question and they concocted a scheme to steal a six-horse wagonload of Mr. Bohren's goods.

During their sojourn in the Monumental city Crider had made the acquaintance of a teamster who was a person most likely to undertake anything that held out a fair prospect of netting "big money" in a brief time. This fellow they tried to get as a tool. A few words made him understand the drift of the game, and after he was sworn to secrecy he entered into the work, as the sequel will show, with heart and soul. He went at once to Bohren and solicited and procured the job of transporting his goods to Ohio.

Having finished his business, Bohren took passage in one of the scores of stages that were running on the National Road and started for his home. The Salisbury merchants had completed their diabolical scheme, and after giving minute instructions to the teamster, were also homeward bound.

"A shrewd beggar," was the teamster, and if he had never engaged in such nefarious business before, as a tyro, he showed skill that would give him high rank as a pupil of Dick Perpin or even Schinder Hans. He avoided the National Road and took the Philadelphia pike that runs through Bedford. Most of his journey was made at night. On the trip he traded horses several times and had his wagon repainted a number of times, always changing the color.

At Bedford he was met by a confederate, who piloted him on the country roads across the mountains to Salisbury, where he received a royal welcome at the hands of the other thieves.

Some of the booty was stored in a barn on the farm now owned by Mr. C. Rodamer, but most of it was lodged in Keagy's and Markley's stables and houses.

Imagine the astonishment of the citizens, next day, when they entered the store! Silks, satins, Chinaware, silk hats, ladies' hats and bonnets trimmed a la mode, Havana cigars, tropical fruits, French confections and candies—many things they had never seen, nor perhaps even heard of, were seen on shelves and counters, and at prices no higher than "rough and ready" goods at the other store. The news soon spread and the store was crowded with people from four townships. "Where did you get these goods, and how can you sell them at such prices?" the merchants were asked scores of times, and they always had a stereotyped lie in answer. Not a day passed that some new goods did not appear in the store. The merchant in the other store could scarcely give his wares away, had plenty of leisure time on his hands and was a picture of despair.

Meantime a month had passed and the rightful owner of the merchandise was anxiously waiting for the wagon "that never came." Teams from Baltimore laden with goods for other merchants in the town arrived, but brought no tidings of the lost wagon. Letters of inquiry were written, to the wholesale merchants, and replies received after some weeks. (It took longer in those days for a letter from Baltimore to reach Ohio than it now does for one to reach Europe.) This caused Mr. Bohren to start on a search after his lost property. Scores of ways his goods might have been lost suggested themselves to his mind.

Arriving at Baltimore he was convinced that the teamster did not take the direct route. But where had he gone? Many roads lead out of a great city. Out of the difficulty, since no clue could be secured, was only one plan, to have patience and inquire on the roads.

Not many miles had Mr. B. traveled on the Philadelphia pike ere he knew he was on the right trail, which he followed to Bedford. There it vanished

as if touched by the magician's wand, and no amount of patient search seemed to give light on the matter.

Fortunately for Mr. B. when he purchased his dry goods, he, with his merchant's scissors, cut pieces out of a number of bundles and still had them in his possession, and these would enable him to identify his property. He visited all the stores in Bedford, which was an easy matter, as they were few at that time. Then he came to Somerset county and instituted the same process. No sooner had he entered Keagy's store in Salisbury than he recognized his goods.

As soon as he could swear out warrants for the arrest of the guilty parties—(whether he did any other swearing is a matter on which tradition is silent, although in those times "Billingsgate" was much in vogue and the occasion was exasperating)—accompanied by the Sheriff he proved his property, and Keagy, Crider, et al. were arrested. A pal gave Markley notice and he fled ere the Sheriff could reach him. Keagy and Crider were released on bail pending a "hearing." Crider forfeited the bail and fled to the Western wilderness, where he perished in poverty and obscurity.

Keagy, who previously bore the reputation of an honest man, and who probably in an unguarded moment, through greed, had been lured into the plot, was so filled with remorse that he committed suicide by drinking laudanum. He passed away in the house where Mr. Haselbarth now resides. If they of cloth and gown refused the body interment in the old cemetery, it was never so stated by people who should have remembered it. Certain, however, it is that Keagy's remains were buried in Haselbarth's meadow, near the woods, and no masses were said for the repose of his soul. Thirty years ago the tottering fragments of an old worm-eaten, weather-stained board fence made a poor effort to enclose his last resting place, but the last vestige of even this has long since disappeared. Many times has the plow passed over the spot, and waving grain has flourished on and been garnered off the grave of a man who but for this one blighting error might have left his name and his grave green in his native town. Now neither track nor trace of either are to be seen.

"He has gone down to the vile dust from which he sprung, Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

But what of Markley, the man of land and of wealth? A renegade from justice, despised by the poorest citizen, with not a friend save his faithful wife, he made his home in the forest. For many long, lonely weary months the sounds that fell on his ear were those uttered by wild animals and the sighing of the wind as it swayed the branches of the trees. His couch was mother earth and his roof the blue, ethereal vault of Heaven.

The only person he ever saw during his exile was his wife, who, when opportunity offered, carried him provisions. Their signals and trysting places were known only to each other. But "the best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft a-glee." A hunter was one night stalking deer and suddenly came upon Markley. Under the circumstances he was afraid to run lest the hunter would shoot him. So he meekly inquired what the hunter wanted. The huntsman said: "I did not expect to find you here, Markley, and I bear you no ill will, but have you forgotten that you owe me ten dollars?" The reply was that if he paper and ink he would write a note which his wife would pay. Paper was procured, but where could they get pen and ink? Hardby was a large oak stump, in the center of which was a hollow like a cup. Into this the rainwater and forest refuse had gathered. This, with the oak sap, made a murky looking infusion regarded by old woodsmen as a specific for warts. Markley made a pen of wood and wrote the note on the stump, using the aforesaid fluid for ink. The hunter made a solemn promise to Markley that he would not reveal his hiding place; but after the note had been paid, he thought "a bad promise is better broken than kept," and so he notified the officers of the law.

Very soon afterwards Markley was captured and brought to Salisbury. His wife at that time kept tavern in the house owned by William Smith, opposite the stone house before mentioned.

A great rabble followed the posse to the bar room. Markley declared "free house," but asked permission of his custodians to make his much-needed toilet while they were enjoying his hospitality. This was readily granted, and he went into an adjoining room, where his wife was ready to receive him. She was told to go to the stables, saddle and bridle the fleet gray mare and bring her to the window at the

western side of the house, as soon as possible.

From that window the prisoner mounted and was off like an arrow. As he darted by the bar room some one recognized him through the window and gave the alarm. Though constables and posse fell over each other as the rushed pellmell for their horses, their prisoner was out of sight ere they were mounted. Half an hour afterward the jaded mare was found on the Beachy hill, grazing quietly where her master had left her when he took to the woods.

The pursuers, smarting with disappointment, returned to the hotel and tried to drown their grief in the flowing bowl. The prisoner was never recaptured. The wife managed to dispose of their property, and they probably met on the borders of unsettled territories and there passed their remaining days in silence, in sadness and alone. "The way of the transgressor is hard," sayeth the wise man, and thus endeth the chapter.

On the 18th instant Lieut. Hobson, the famous hero of the Merrimac, lectured at the Chicago Auditorium, and after the lecture he was kissed by 163 pretty girls. The brave hero stood the smacking bombardment bravely, and he really seemed to enjoy it. Well, who wouldn't?

The situation among the striking miners remains unchanged. The miners held several mass meetings during the past week, but we have not learned what the deliberations of these meetings were. In an interview with Supt. Garrett, of the Merchants Coal Company, yesterday, Mr. Garrett informed THE STAR that he is waiting for instructions from his employers, and added that whatever instructions may be sent to him will be carried out. This is certainly all that can be expected from the Superintendent, for he is but an employe of the company, the same as the men who wield the pick and shovel, the only difference being that he is employed in a different capacity. Those of us who are not directly concerned in the matter all hope for a speedy adjustment that will be satisfactory to the employers and the employes. We do not want to see any rioting, but we want to see a fair and just settlement of the matters at issue.

BRYAN says he resigned because "our country is in greater danger just now than Cuba." The "common people" will rush and fall over themselves in a heap at Mr. Bryan's feet, in recognition of the unparalleled patriotism and unselfish devotion which he shows in once more forging to the front to rescue them from the fearful impending danger that threatens their destruction. The promptness with which he raised the "silver regiment" and rushed to the rescue of the Cuban patriots was a dazzling military exploit that the future biographer of the "boy orator" will not fail to mention as the starting point of a new era. The equal promptness with which he resigns from his glorious military career, just as his "silver regiment" is preparing to embark for Cuba, and turns back to the rescue of his own beloved country, caps the climax of his meteoric syzygy with an eclat that fairly dazes the regular line of military and political luminaries. Let us have a day set for national thanksgiving to Bryan to show our gratitude to him for turning back from Cuba to save the United States.—Wathena (Kan.) Star.

Good Excuses.

A Joplin, Mo., paper says that a woman preacher at that place recently stopped in the middle of a discourse, and picking up a Bible, said she was going to throw it at a man who was unfaithful to his wife. As she drew her arm forward, every man in the house but one, ducked under the seat. After giving the man who stood the threat without flinching, a good puff, as the newspapers term it, the preacher learned that he was a deaf mute. The revelation was a little discouraging until the dodgers explained that they had seen a woman throw a brick at a hen and knew mighty well she wouldn't hit the fellow she was throwing at, and dodged as a matter of necessity, not of conscience.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by MUTZEL HULSTEND, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Soely, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.