



# NEW CLOTHING!

Just received a fine line of Men's Suits in Blue and Black Serge, Fancy Worsted, \$8 to 15.00.

Youths' Suits, 14 to 19 years, in handsome Gray, Brown and Green, Blue and Black Serge and Worsted. They are beauties, \$5 to \$10.00.

Boys' Suits in the Norfolk Jacket, Roman Blouse and Vest Suits, also the 2 and 3-piece Knee Pant Suits, at from \$2 to \$6.00.

A full line of Men's and Boys' extra pants. We invite your inspection.

## Elk Lick Supply Co.

### THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL, \$50,000. No. 6106.

Modern fire and burglar proof safe and vault, affording absolute security. Offers every accommodation consistent with safe and prudent banking.

.....We Solicit Your Business.....

OFFICERS:—J. L. Barchus, President; H. H. Maust, Vice President; Albert Reitz, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—J. L. Barchus, L. L. Beachy, H. H. Maust, A. F. Speicher, A. M. Lichty, A. E. Livengood, F. A. Maust.

## IT MAY BE!

It may be, Mr. Farmer, that you will need some new Harvesting Machinery, this year. It may be that you want the very best Mower or Reaper on the market. It may be that you don't know where you can make the best purchase in that line.

## Look Around And See!

If you will look to your own best interests, you will invest in the Light Running, Correctly Built and Perfectly Working Osborne Machinery. There is none better. I think there is none quite as good. I would like to sell to you, feeling sure that if you buy from me you will think as I do.

Give me a call when you are ready for that new Mower or Reaper that you are thinking of buying. It will be to your advantage to see me before buying.

DENNIS WAGNER, AGENT, ELK LICK, PA.

A present duty: Subscribe for THE STAR.

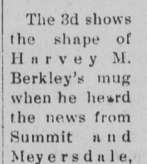
### THE SCULL MUG.

A Study of Facial Expression, or How the Expression of the Average Scull Mug Changed at Various Stages of the Campaign.

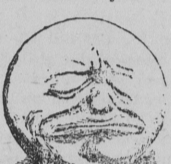
The first illustration shows the serene and confident smile of the average Scull mug on the evening preceding the election.



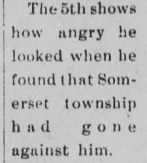
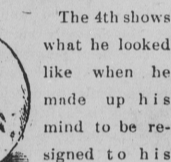
The second shows it when Garrett and Salisbury were heard from, where the Scull ions expected to have things about all their own way.



The 3d shows the shape of Harvey M. Berkley's mug when he heard the news from Summit and Meyersdale, where he was born, reared and married.



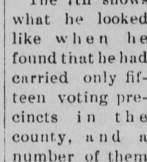
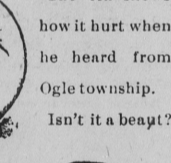
The 4th shows what he looked like when he made up his mind to be resigned to his fate.



The 5th shows how angry he looked when he found that Somerset township had gone against him.



The 6th shows how hurt when he heard from Ogle township. Isn't it a beauty?



The 7th shows what he looked like when he found that he had carried only fifteen voting precincts in the county, and a number of them by only one vote. Poor old Berkley! Poor old Scull bolters!



### Saved From an Awful Fate.

"Everybody said I had consumption," writes Mrs. A. M. Shields, of Chambersburg, Pa., "I was so low after six months of severe sickness, caused by Hay Fever and Asthma, that few thought I could get well, but I learned of the marvelous merit of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, used it, and was completely cured." For desperate Throat and Lung Diseases it is the safest cure in the world, and is infallible for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections. Guaranteed bottles 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at E. H. Miller's drug store.

### Pennypacker Nominated.

At the Republican State convention, Wednesday afternoon, Judge Pennypacker was nominated for Governor, on the first ballot, by a majority of 38 votes. W. M. Brown was nominated for Lieutenant Governor and I. B. Brown for Secretary of Internal Affairs. M. S. Quay will be State Chairman.

### The County Treasurer Will Sell no More Unseated Lands.

The County Treasurer's sale of unseated lands was held at the door of the Court House, Monday last, and it will be the last sale of the kind to be held in this by a county treasurer, the legislation under which these sales have been conducted in the past having been suspended by the Act of Assembly of 1901. Under the law as it now stands, where the owner of the land fails to pay his taxes, the County Commissioners simply file a claim in the Prothotary's office, which thereupon becomes a lien on the land. An execution may then be issued, and the land levied upon and sold by the Sheriff. Owners of real estate will save considerable money in costs by paying their taxes promptly in the future.

### An After-Campaign Lie Nailed.

Since last Saturday's election, certain malicious persons who are sore over their defeat, have been circulating the report that the "Scullwart" ticket would have gotten a bigger vote in this borough if it hadn't been for Pete Livengood going to the election house and liquoring up the election board.

Well, that's a good one; but it happens that one of the election board tried to liquor up Pete. It happened in this way: John Morton and Benjie Wagner, two very good Republican citizens, went to the polls to cast their ballots. Their votes were challenged (we believe by Dr. Whangdoodle DeLozier and "Daddy" John Ringler), and immediately there was music in the air. The committeeman was willing to issue ballots to both, but old "Daddy" John just stood there and swore by the great horn spoon and sundry and divers other things that Morton and Wagner had no right to vote and that the committeeman, who was his son, did not dare to let them vote. The chief objection seemed to be the fact that Morton and Wagner wanted to vote the Republican ticket instead of the bolters' ticket. As the affair soon waxed very hot, others soon took a hand in the "cussing" match. Even Stewart Simpkins and Pete Livengood, both of whom were never known to swear, lost their tempers and swore for the first time in their lives. Stewart called Pete a G. D. old leatherhead, and Pete replied with something just as complimentary, and DeLozier laughed and swore by turns. The people down in West Salisbury heard it and thought a terrific cyclone was approaching. But in the meantime "Daddy" Ringler went after legal advice, and it wasn't long until he returned as meek as a lamb. With a sweet smile playing all over his face, he announced that he was wrong and that Berkey Republicans could vote at the Republican primary as well as Ruppel Democrats. Then, after quiet was restored, Inspector Simpkins, like a true patriot should do after he has to yield, took a bottle of whisky from his coat pocket, and after first taking a drink himself, handed the bottle over to Pete; not necessarily to drink, but to show his willingness to effect a reconciliation. But Pete, fearing that the election board might get drunk and cheat his old friend and chum, "Congressman" Harvey M. Berkley, out of some votes, took the bottle and smashed it over the guard rail, thus doing an act that ought to entitle him to the next Prohibition nomination for Governor. And thus was the election board saved from the corrupting influence of its own whisky, and Pete, poor fellow, was cheated out of his drink, for the breaking of the bottle was purely accidental.

Afflictions do not come singly, for lo! when a man is deprived of a drink tendered to him by an election officer, then the slanderer riseth up and smiteth him yet with his venomous tongue. Alas! 'twas ever thus!

### Was Wasting Away.

The following letter from Robert R. Watts, of Salem, Mo., is instructive. "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years. I lost flesh and never felt well and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggested without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am now sound and well." E. H. Miller.

### AFTER ELECTION NOTES.

Wasn't it a landslide, though? 'Rah for the J. A. Berkey ticket! E. L. Swank returns not a thank. J. B. Mosholder did run like a soldier. David L. Witt wasn't frightened a bit. To Norman E. Berkey the skies are not murky. And the night owl cries out: "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-er?" Dunnerwetter nochamol, meer hen se over gadrus! Se worra net amol common amusement, de fadulta narra. It's the best thing that's happened since "Thibert's" elected. Der Barickly "hut's net iver der shose griekt." Froke der Simon Livagot. Editor Akin, of the Windber guttersnipe, is achin' all over since the primary. Everett C. Welch is the fellow to squelch such a frisky "feller" as Daniel E. Keller. By the way, has anyone yet been able to find little lucifer smith among the wreckage? Daniel E. Keller isn't a very swift "feller," and one nearly as slow is John C. Weller. The Dunkards didn't do a thing to Harvey M., who bolted his church and also his party.

Josiah Good would have gotten there if he coul'd, but the people didn't think that he should.

Charles Weimer isn't much of a climber, but that man Coleman is a regular old-timer.

James M. Cover is a poor, homeless rover, while Endsley's the man who's now in the clover.

The Republicans of Somerset county have given a strong verdict against bolting party nominees.

J. A. Berkey never was intended to be snowed under through the efforts of banks and bank cashiers.

It is now in order for the Windber guttersnipe to publish a column of Harvey M. Berkley punctures.

It is now in order for Editor Akin to write another batch of rot concerning "the much abused liquor dealers."

Didn't old Pritts give Hoover the fits. We guess that's the proper word, but there are others that would do.

Charles Weimer may be a very swift horse-shoer, but as a runner for Sheriff, he is as slow as the seven-year itch.

The Indiana copperhead doubtless knows by this time that he can't run the politics of Somerset county. Poor thing!

Harvey M. Berkley couldn't cheat us out of a primary as he did in 1897. And there's no Barker's Liniment" in sight, either.

Poor Fred Rowe is under the snow, and to Harrisburg he's not going to go. Not this year, Freddie; some other year—perhaps.

Did anybody see Adam Fogle or Dr. DeLozier since the primary? It's somewhat strange that the doctor wasn't around to laugh this time.

To Harvey M. Berkley: You cannot keep a good man down; 'tis truth beyond assaill; 'twas proven many years ago by Jonah and the whale.

"The Berkey ticket is a dead one," said the Windber guttersnipe before the primary. Well, for a corpse it proved to be an exceedingly lively one.

Little Jimmie Coveoyer should have remained in his shell. The people don't want a clam or a coveoyer for "Senatuh." Do you hear, Jimmie, dear?

Jolly Joe Horner sits in a corner, winking his other eye. The returns he does sum, and he's landed the plum, and it's "Hurrah for Poorbaugh and I."

It may have given Chas. Weimer and Daniel E. Keller an enormous lift when they subscribed for Mr. Akin's Windber guttersnipe, but the returns fail to show it.

Angel Harvey M. Berkley had a nice pair of wings sprouted before the election, but they have been properly clipped. Angels of the "Timmie" Scull variety never soar very high.

It's a good thing that Charles Weimer can now go back to his shop and resume horse-shoeing. There are a lot of Scull jackasses that should go to him and be rough shod, for the road up Salt River is very slippery.

The names on the Berkey ticket are good ones to scratch," said the Windber guttersnipe. Sure thing, and it seems that a very large majority of Somerset county Republicans scratched an "X" immediately after them.

It was a real mean trick to give a poor cripple and a good fellow like Charles C. Shaffer only a little over 1,800 majority. When his opponent, Robert W. Lohr, heard the news, he exclaimed: "Oh, Lor!" And then the poor thing died.

Good morning, "Jakey" Koontz. The people don't want you at \$600 a year or any other price. As a Commissioner you haven't been worth 6 cents, and mighty well you know it. The people seem to know it too, judging from the election returns.

Bob Scull was never in Salisbury until Thursday evening of last week, and even then he didn't see much of the town. The drinking water here didn't seem to agree with Red Jersey Bob, and when last seen he was in a comatose state of innocuous desuetude. Virgil Saylor was with him, but Virgil was used to the water and our other drinkables, and aside from being slightly "hornswoggled," he at least knew "where he was at."

When the Democrats held their primary in this town, the Republicans attended to their own business and let them run it. But when the Republican primary was held, last Saturday, several well known Democrats took a very prominent part, not only on the day of election, but for a week or more in advance. They worked hard for Harvey M. Berkley, but their impudence made more votes for the other man than for the one of their choice. The chin music of Democratic meddlers isn't at all popular with Republicans.

If fraud could have won, the whole Scull ticket would have been nominated; but the secret ballot blocked that game.

The people took Lucifer Smith at his word and voted the straight Republican ticket. Weller was the only bolter nominated, and it was a very close call for him.

There are a few Democratic ward politicians in this borough who will get their bumps in due time. The Republicans used to elect them to office, but that error will not be committed again.

Abraham Lincoln Lowry rode all over Elk Lick township in the interest of the Scullwart bolters. Abe carried a good deal of "swag" with him and looked exceedingly wise, but the township went against him, as usual.

Even the "aleck" who presides over the Somerset Democrat sets up a howl at the downfall of Scull bolters. But Alex. admits that the loudest cry of fraud always comes from the defeated faction, because they are defeated.

The Meyersdale Commercial last week announced that Jacob Koontz's title for a second term in the Commissioners' office was clear. No doubt it was, before the election; but since the election he has a clear title to remain at home.

Isn't it amusing to hear the Scull bolters crying "hoodle and fraud?" For every dollar of Republican money that came into this borough, the Scull bolters put in three. Anyone that doesn't know it, is either very innocent or very ignorant.

Lucifer Smith's several columns of appeal to the miners and mechanics to vote against J. A. Berkey, fell very flat. The working men are onto old Lucifer, and his influence among them amounts to no more than these cat tails that grow in swamps.

It is a noticeable fact that in the localities where the dirty Meyersdale Commercial and the dirty Windber Era were circulated the thickest, the anti-Scull majorities were the largest. It never pays to circulate campaign canards for a hoodle.

The Somerset Herald prophesied that Windber would skin Berkey alive and hang his hide on the fence to dry. Well, he was defeated in that borough by only 7 votes. That was only knocking off a little of his cuticle, and Berkey will soon get that back.

Before the primary, the Scull organs all praised Chairman Ogle for his fairness in conducting the campaign. But now, since the bolters are knocked clean out, the blame is all on the chairman. Gentlemen, it was the Republicans who fixed your clock.

If there was so much fraud at the primary, it's a wonder some one does not try to scoop in those big rewards offered by the Herald and the Commercial. Talk is cheap when a fellow gets licked at the polls, but to produce evidence is quite another thing.

Recorder John Shaffer discharged his brother Charles, who was his clerk, because he refused to vote the Democratic ticket, last fall. Well, Johnny has heard from the people, and he has been soundly rebuked for his rascally treatment toward his crippled brother.

At any rate Harvey M. Berkley never turned his office into a speakeasy, said Lucifer. It is reported, however, that they are speaking very low and easy around Harvey M.'s office ever since the primary. There is craze on the door and an old cadaver on the inside.

The night that Bob Scull and Virgil Saylor were in town before the election, some men were aroused from their slumbers at the midnight hour and given from \$10 to \$15 to vote for Harvey M. Berkley. Some that got Berkley money voted for the other man.

Last fall John Weller bolted Judge Kooser's nomination. What would become of his chances of election if Judge Kooser and all his friends would vote against Weller, next fall? Good Republicans never bolt, Mr. Weller, and it's mighty good for you, too, that they don't.

Wonder why Lucifer Smith's "judge up a tree" didn't hand something down this week. Guess he didn't like to hand down what he has been seeing and hearing since last Saturday. He is no longer a judge up a tree, but he is a jackass in a hole, same as Timmie and Lucifer.

Sam Saylor will poll a tremendous vote in Meyersdale and Summit, said the Commercial, but how about it? In Summit he was beaten by more than two to one, while Meyersdale did very little more for him. That's how the people of his old home esteem him, and that's how they esteem the influence of the Meyersdale Commercial.