

The Somerset County Star.



VOL. VIII.

SALISBURY, ELK LICK POSTOFFICE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1902.

NO. 39.

Elk Lick Supply Company.

Call and see our new line of Hats and Caps, also a fine line of Collars, Cuffs and Ties of all styles and varieties. Our Ribbon selections are all that can be desired, having all colors of the rainbow and in all widths—Silk Satin and Velvet.

We Are Offering Bargains

in Ladies Underwear, Jacket Suits, Top and Underskirts, and many articles of ladies' wearing apparel—much cheaper than the goods could be bought for, not to mention the making of the garment.

An elegant lot of Shoes on our Bargain Counter. Keep your eye on them, and make your purchase before they are all gone.

A new assortment of Calicos, Gingham, Percales, Cheviots and Outings just arrived.

Fancy Hose—sure, we have them in Laces and stripes to suit everyone.

Talk About Groceries!

We have a full line, all choice and fresh. In fact we have everything usually kept in a first class department store. Call and see us, give us your patronage, and you will go away happy.

Elk Lick Supply Company.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SALISBURY.
No. 6106.
CAPITAL, \$50,000.

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.

Lichtliter's. Lichtliter's.

We have the largest and best assortment of Groceries, Grain, Flour and Feed that we have ever had.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST

to call, examine our stock and get prices before making your purchases.

SPOT CASH PAID for Country Produce. Put your produce in nice, clean, neat shape and get the highest price.

S. A. Lichtliter, : : : Salisbury, Pa.

FOR FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

GO TO

HOTEL JOHNSON!

The following brands will be sold at \$1.00 per quart:
SAM HENDERSON, TOPPER, SHULTZ, SILVERSPRING, DILLINGER, HUGHES, OVERHOLT, PITTSBURG PRESS CLUB, YOUGHIOGHENY CLUB AND BLOOMSBURG.

These brands, 7 years old are bottled in bonded ware house, with gov't stamp over cork: TOM MOORE, OLD PEPPER, SAM HENDERSON, DILLINGER, SCHEENLY, OVERHOLT, GIBSON, GUCKEHEIMER, HUGHES, AND YOUGHIOGHENY CLUB.

The above excellent brands will be sold at reduced prices: Quarts, \$1.25. Pints, 55 cts. Half-pints, 35 cts.

Overholt Export, Spring 1890, at \$1.50 per Quart.

A. M. JOHNSON, Prop. Formerly the Jones House. Meyersdale, Pa.

E. E. & L. CODER, Jewelers. Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing. We guarantee good work and prompt attention. SALISBURY, PA.

J. B. WILLIAMS CO. FROSTBURG, MD. Cheapest place to buy MONUMENTS HEADSTONES AND IRON FENCING. Send for prices.

Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

FOR GOVERNOR, SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, WM. M. BROWN.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS, ISAAC B. BROWN.

DISTRICT.

FOR CONGRESS, A. F. COOPER.
FOR STATE SENATOR, WILLIAM C. MILLER.

COUNTY.

FOR ASSEMBLY, LOU C. LAMBERT, JOHN C. WELLER.
FOR PROTHONOTARY, NORMAN E. BERKEY.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS, JOHN G. EMERT.
FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS, EVERETT C. WELCH.
FOR REGISTER OF WILLS, CHAS. C. SHAFER.
FOR TREASURER, W. S. MATTHEWS.
FOR SHERIFF, A. J. COLEMAN.
FOR COMMISSIONER, SAMUEL W. POOLBAUGH, JOSEPH HORNER.
FOR AUDITOR, JOHN A. BRANT, GEORGE STEINBAUGH.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR, JOHN B. MOSHOLDER.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR, CHAS. H. SCHMUCKER.
FOR CORONER, DR. S. J. H. LOUTHER.

REPUBLICAN RALLIES.

Meetings will be held at the following places and times, viz:
Somerset—Wednesday, October 15th, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Jenners—Friday, October 17th, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Berlin—Saturday, October 18th, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Windber—Friday, October 24th, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Shanksville—Wednesday, October 29th, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Hooversville—Thursday, October 30th, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Confluence—Friday, October 31st, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.
Meyersdale—Saturday, November 1st, 1902, at 7.30 p. m.

The meeting at Somerset will be addressed by Judge Pennypacker, candidate for Governor, Attorney General John P. Elkin and Senator Boies Penrose.

Able speakers will be present at all other meetings. The Somerset Concert Orchestra will furnish instrumental and vocal music at all meetings. This musical organization has gained a reputation for the excellence of its music wherever heard. The ladies are invited. They will appreciate the music as well as the addresses. Other meetings will be announced later. E. E. PATRICK, Chairman Rep. County Committee.

He Learned a Great Truth. It is said of John Wesley that he once said to Mistress Wesley: "Why do you tell that child the same thing over and over again?" "John Wesley, because once telling is not enough." It is for this same reason that you are told again and again that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds and grip; that it counteracts any tendency of these diseases to result in pneumonia, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by E. H. Miller.

Looks Like the End of the Coal Strike.

The anthracite coal barons have at last agreed to arbitration, according to a late Washington dispatch. This is said to be the result of a conference between President Roosevelt, J. P. Morgan and Secretary Root. A commission of five men is to take the matter in hand. The commission is to consist of an army and navy engineer, an expert mining engineer, a Judge of the United States Court for Eastern Pennsylvania, a prominent sociologist and a business man familiar with the coal trade. The commission is to be appointed by President Roosevelt. Operators agree to obey their decision, which must be binding for three years. Meanwhile the strikers are to return to work and permit non-union men to labor in the mines. It is believed that this arrangement will end the strike.

Bronchitis for Twenty Years. Mrs. Minerva Smith, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and never got relief until I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is a sure cure." E. H. Miller.

THE SCULLELICKS ARE NOW IN THE SOUP. Death Blow To Plot Against Republican Ticket.

THE BOLTERS AND THE DEMOCRATS IN A DEAL.

They Turn Out a Mongrel Ticket that Won't Fool Anybody.

From the Somerset Standard.

The two weeks just passed have been weeks of ups and downs for the aggregation that has been plotting to defeat the Republican ticket in this county. The aggregation referred to is composed of the Scull gang, and the few Democrats who assume the power to throw the Democratic party into any deal whose maw may be open.

The ignominious failure of the bolt led by this same Scull gang last fall is a matter of history. In that bolt these Sculloerats abandoned every right to membership in the Republican party, and turned their combined influence to the support of the Democratic party.

Last spring these Sculloerats pretended to be Republicans again long enough to put up a ticket at the Republican primary and see it overwhelmingly defeated. From that day to this they have been plotting to defeat the ticket then nominated. Their organ, the Bolters' Bazzoo, sometimes called "Herald," has persistently refused to recognize the ticket nominated at the Republican primary, and its gang have as persistently, "as a matter of business," conspired to overthrow that ticket or force it into a "business deal." They have not done and cannot do either.

When the time came to gather up the threads of the weeks of plotting these Sculloerats had indulged in, and crystallized them in a ticket of opposition to the Republican ticket, they felt the necessity of a candidate of unquestioned character upon whom to build their bolters' ticket, and in their dire extremity they were driven to seek such in the person of one who had with entire consistency opposed their tricky methods through a score of years, and in one whom they had maligned with their every political breath and pen throughout that period.

The Sculloerats didn't dare to approach General Koontz with such a monstrous proposition, but they dared to send their emissaries. With the stealth of a cunningly conceived plan they first inspired certain bolters and Democrats of Bedford county with their plot in order that the initial solicitation might come from abroad. These Bedford emissaries of the Sculloerats played their part well, and then the Scull heelsers at home began their approaches, and for days and weeks they and certain Democrats were frequent callers at General Koontz's office. They persistently importuned him to become an independent candidate for the State Senate. They did not intimate to him that their plot included the building of an entire bolters' county ticket upon his candidacy. They knew that such an intimation would thwart their plans. But they assured him that he was to run alone, and that not only they, but the Bolters' Bazzoo, would efface the venomous past with a coat of loyalty and roll up support for him in great bundles. Finally, when this sort of importunity had become almost unbearable, General Koontz agreed to become a candidate, with the understanding that he was to run alone.

The next morning the gang was hilarious. In order that the editor of the Bolters' Bazzoo might shirk responsibility, as he always does, the office of John R. Scott was made headquarters. There nomination papers under the name "Citizens' Party" were drawn up, and the heelsers sent out to bring in signers. J. Calvin Lowry, who "didn't approve of the bolt," obeyed orders and took papers to Elk Lick for signatures; Harvey M. Berkley, who has cut about as many political didos in his brief career as one man could cut, was sent to Meyersdale with papers, and others were sent elsewhere.

The Bolters, the trading Democrats and the single individual who composes the Union party of this county were in high feather. They had been successful in the first point in their conspiracy and they chuckled with broad faces. Their visions of a split in the ranks of organization Republicans and of the Standard's guns spiked, lifted them to a state of joy that seldom comes to such tricksters. They did not know how unreal the visions were, but they drank deeply of the joy while the

illusion lasted. They secured the required number of signatures, in one way or other, and hustled their papers off to Harrisburg.

Then they took up the task of forming a county ticket, but it was up hill work. It was hard to find men who were willing to lend themselves to the schemers to the extent of becoming candidates on a bolters' ticket.

Then came the Bolters' Bazzoo, with its tale of a "Political Bomb Exploded," but the gay old deceiver was hiding behind a "leader of the Citizens' party" with whom the Bazzoo reporter talked yesterday morning. Although the Bolters' Bazzoo crowd were the originators of this bolters' movement they didn't have the courage to father the thing in the Bazzoo. Fearing that the thing might yet spring a leak, the Bazzoo wanted to keep within reach of a life preserver, regardless of what might happen to its emissaries. It was a piece of cowardly journalism that must have revealed to the heelsers not the explosion of political bomb, but the explosion of a knavish trick, in which the chief knives were taking pretty good care of their own hides.

The turn of the tide came soon enough, and showed that the man at the bellows of the Bazzoo, though a shirker, is yet shrewder than his servants. The Standard came out with its guns not spiked, and Republicans came up with a solid front to fight for their ticket against any assault the bolters might make upon it. Then came the depressing news from Harrisburg that the Scull emissaries in Bedford had made a fizzle of their nomination paper. This, took the wind from the sails of the gang and the extension of their faces promptly changed from a horizontal to perpendicular. Each member of the gang looked as if he had swallowed a political bomb that was likely to explode at any moment. The Bazzoo's boast that the gang would get up a bolters' county ticket, and the efforts of the gang to do so, brought to General Koontz the truth of the deception that had been practiced upon him, and he promptly notified the gang of the withdrawal of his name as a candidate.

Thus was the bubble of the gang burst. Their brief joy had fled, and a more lantern-jawed set of political plotters never sauntered about the streets of, Somerset. They were the weary possessors of a scheme loose at both ends and threatening to rip in the middle at any minute. They didn't know whether they were going or coming, and didn't seem to care. The heelsers, not wanting to wait till the reporter of the Bolters' Bazzoo again interviewed a leader of the Citizens' party in the morning, sought "Scottie's" office, where they hoped "Scottie" and "Your Uncle Aleck" would be able to tell them where they "were at." They were the most bilious-looking set of Scullelicks one could see in a month's travel.

"Scottie" and "Your Uncle Aleck," who are experts in the manufacture of inspiration, assured the depressed heelsers that all was not lost; that they would have the chief bolter (though he must be kept under cover), appeal to Boss Flinn, of Pittsburg, to send his man Weller up to patch up the rents in the "busted" plot. The appeal was made, Weller came, and the gang held its breath. After the arrival of the evening train, Monday, members of the gang and Democrats who are in the plot hurried to the hotel to give the Pittsburg emissary the glad hand. With this inspiration he hid himself to the office of the Bolters' Bazzoo for final instructions, and then to the office of General Koontz, where his pleadings ran far into the night. But the General was firm in his determination to withdraw from the scheme into which the gang had deceived him. He declared that he would not be a party to any scheme that would oppose the regular Republican county ticket; that he would only agree to be a candidate under his original agreement, which was that he should run alone; or that the remainder of the ticket should be the entire Republican ticket—State, district and county. This, of course, robbed the Scullelicks of their entire plot, and their wind was again gone; and after the passing of the morning train Weller was gone, too.

The very meat of the Scullelick plot was the formation of a county ticket upon which the Scull gang and the Aleck Democrats could unite. Although the Democrats of the county, through their representatives in county convention last spring, nominated a full county ticket, the bosses who have been in the plot with the Scull gang, in order to complete their part of the deal, retired several of the candidates nominated in convention to make room for the bolters set up by the Scull gang, thus forming a ticket that ought to, and probably will, disgust both Demo-

crats and Republicans, for the Democratic ticket and the so-called "Citizens'" ticket are now identical.

There are some glaring incongruities in this mongrel ticket. For instance, on the ticket dished up for the Democrats there are two alleged Republicans for the State Assembly. Just how Democrats will get these Aleck-coated pills down remains to be seen. "Your Uncle Aleck" must think the Democrats of the county in a high state of biliousness to prescribe such a dose. On the other hand the Scull ticket dishes up Democrats for the offices of Prothonotary, Register of Wills, Clerk of Courts, Treasurer, Commissioner, Auditor, County Surveyor and Coroner. Voters who have delighted in calling themselves "Stalwart Republicans" will hardly be able to get this concoction down without a generous accompaniment of Tammie sauce.

Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, Uncle Aleck jumped over the moon. Little Aleck laughed to see such sport. And Tammie ran away with the spoon.

Goes Like Hot Cakes.

"The fastest selling article I have in my store," writes druggist C. T. Smith, of Davis, Ky., "is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, because it always cures. In my six years of sales it has never failed. I have known it to save sufferers from throat and lung diseases, who could get no help from doctors or any other remedy." Mothers rely on it, best physicians prescribe it, and E. H. Miller will guarantee satisfaction or refund price. Trial bottles free. Reg. sizes, 50c. and \$1. 10-30

The latest is that one J. Calvin Lowry is to run for State Senator on the mongrel ticket, since General Koontz has refused to accept the empty dishonor. Well, it won't hurt J. Calvin much to get another good licking. He's used to it, you know.

That old deflated bladder, Lou Smith, has again served notice on the Republican organization of Somerset county that he once more has a good licking in reserve for the Republican ticket. "Lucifer" has been serving notice to that effect for several years, but the licking has never materialized. The lash always descends upon his own back, where it does the most good, and that's where it will land this year. Poor old "Lucifer!" "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Last week the Meyersdale Commercial was supporting General Koontz for State Senate, although the General had withdrawn from the mongrel ticket nearly a week before the Commercial was issued. Just who the Commercial will support this week, we have not learned at this writing. Perhaps it will be "Mans" Baughman, H. Clay McKinley or "Lobster-nosed Gabe" Lichty. The Commercial was first for Miller, then for Koontz, and next it will be for any old thing, if "Timmie" Scull does not keep "Lucifer" posted better. If "Lucifer" can't keep on sucking the hind teat he will suck the old Scull-Coffroth cow's tail. This will be hard on the old political cow, for she needs her tail to keep the flies off of her poor old carcass.

The Cambria county Unionists have withdrawn their ticket and the leaders of the movement have instructed their followers to vote the Republican ticket. This insures the re-election of Congressman Evans. As old Somerset is no longer in the old 20th congressional district with Cambria, Blair and Bedford, we are naturally not as much interested in the politics of that district as we used to be. Nevertheless, we are glad to know that Congressman Evans has such excellent prospects for re-election. His official record thus far has been excellent, and we do not think his district could well afford to turn him down. We used to have great confidence in the republicanism of his opponent, Joseph E. Tropp, but since Mr. Tropp has decided to run on a fusion ticket, he has shown that he is any old thing for Mr. Tropp and an office for himself. No Republican can afford to go outside of his party to vote for Mr. Tropp or any other fusionist. The sly Joseph has adopted the tactics of Geo. R. Scull, Harvey M. Berkley and other soreheads in our own county, who are also in the fusion business this year. They are all in the same dirty business—trying to ruin the Republican party because they cannot rule it. All of the fusionists named owe the Republican party a great deal, but the grand old party owes them nothing but a most severe and blistering rebuke. Here's hoping that Mr. Evans will be elected by an overwhelming majority, and we are glad to know that the fusion movement in Cambria has been abandoned.