



# 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.

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.

## Lie h iter's. Lichliter'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. Lichliter, :: : Salisbury, Pa.

FOR FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

GO TO

## HOTEL JOHNSON!

The following brands will be sold at \$1.50 per quart: SAM HENDERSON, TOPFER, SHULTZ, SILVERSPRING, DILLINGER, HUGHES, OVERHOLT, PITTSBURG PRESS CLUB, YOUGHIOGHEN 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, SCHENELY, OVERHOLT, GIBSON, GUCKEER, EIMER, HUGHES, AND YOUGHIOGHEN CLUB. The above excellent brands will be sold at reduced prices: Quarts, \$1.25. Pints, 85 cts. Half-pints, 55 cents.

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. WELLS. FOR PROTHONOTARY, NORMAN E. BERKEY. FOR CLERK OF COURTS, JOHN G. EMERT. FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS, EVERETT C. WELCH. FOR REGISTER OF WILLIS, CHAS. C. SHAFER. FOR TREASURER, W. S. MATTHEWS. FOR SHERIFF, A. J. COLEMAN. FOR COMMISSIONER, SAMUEL W. POORBAUGH, JOSEPH HORNBER. FOR AUDITOR, JOHN A. BRANI, 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. PRITTS, Chairman Rep. County Committee.

Miller Will be Elected. Everett Republican.

There is no doubt in the mind of any one at all familiar with political conditions in this senatorial district as to the election of Hon. Wm. C. Miller as State Senator on the 4th day of November. The voters in the district know him. They know he is an unflinching Republican. They know he is an experienced legislator. They know he is a safe man. They know he is a man who understands their interests and will devote his time to serving them. No man who ever served in the Legislature from this section has a better record for careful and persistent attention to the personal and general interest of the constituencies they were chosen to represent. He is systematic and indefatigable. When he says he will do anything he does it, and he has the ability of knowing how to do things for the people he represents. He can be depended upon—absolutely. He has been tried and never failed. The more the voters learn of him the more they admire him. The people of Bedford county know him and believe in him and vote for him, as the flattering majorities he has always received when a candidate for any public office will show. The Republicans of the district will know more of him before election day and their votes will elect him.

Look Out For Fever. Billiousness and liver disorders at this season may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills do not gripe. They move the bowels gently, but copiously, and by reason of the tonic properties, give tone and strength to the glands. E. H. Miller.

## A Political Fable. The Old Scull Mare and the Three Asses, or the Result of Fusion.

Once upon a time there was a mare of the Scull breed that had been well fed for many years at a crib filled by the general public. The mare for many years was well groomed and had free access to the crib, to the exclusion of all other horses 'mongst the hills of Somerset. For a number of years the equine lady behaved herself fairly well and during all that time she had enough to eat and a great deal to spare. But there were other faithful old work horses that had worked far harder than this particular mare and had done much more effective work for the public good than the one that was growing fatter and fatter each year at the public crib; but they had to hustle for their provender and get it the best way they could. In the meantime the Scull mare was not only waxing fatter, but also began to develop a very insolent and lazy disposition. She would kick at those who for years had been feeding her, and frequently she would lay back her ears and bite them in the back.

This state of affairs lasted until the Scull mare's conduct became intolerable, and on several occasions the other horses turned in and gave her a complete wallop. In fact they chased her away from the public crib and took possession of it themselves. They, however, were more kind to the old Scull mare than she deserved, and they made all sorts of reasonable overtures to her, telling her that there was enough in the public crib for all, and that if she would only do what was right, peace and harmony would prevail and all her past sins would be forgiven. But the old Scull mare nourished her wrath to keep it warm, and she vowed that she would either have exclusive access to the crib or kick it to pieces and destroy the contents.

Seeing that nothing else would do, the other horses ran her out of the public pasture and a considerable distance from the crib. Then seeing that nothing else could be done, and that the old "critter" was up against the real thing, the old Scull mare walked up and down the public highway, feeding on thistles and plotting revenge. However, no one came to her assistance until one day two worthless asses came down the turnpike doing a good deal of braying and laying all sorts of jack-assical plans to get at the public crib themselves. One of these asses was a large grizzled old fellow named Aleck Sr., while the other was a degenerate donkey bearing the name of Aleck Jr. They made all sorts of foolish assertions, and talked very glibly and lovingly with the old Scull mare.

A wise mare, of course would have laughed to scorn the overtures made to her by the two asses, but the old Scull mare felt a good deal like thirty cents herself and was just as foolish as the two Aleck asses, and she readily agreed to form family relations with the asses, with the understanding that as soon as they could rear a family strong enough, they would marshal their forces, attack the faithful horses at the public crib, drive them away and take possession of it themselves. In due course of time a new offspring was born to the unnatural union, and that offspring was indeed a spectacle for gods and men. Its ears were as extensive as the gill of John R. Scott, while its brain was as small as that of Lou A. Smith. It was a horrible looking creature, and even the old Scull mare was ashamed of it.

Now it happened that another ass named Lucifer had been admitted to the family before the new offspring had been born, but he generally had to stand back and simply obey orders. But the ass named Lucifer was present at the bornin', and he was standing there watching the old Scull mare as she was sizing up her new-born offspring. Well, there they all stood, looking at the mongrel creature that had just been born, and as the old mare watched the young thing floundering about trying to get on its feet, she expressed her disgust at the appearance of the offspring.

Then the little Lucifer ass pricked his long ears, saucily shook his little tail and said: "Well, you can't hold me responsible for the mongrel 'critter', for you know I am only a little;

old, shriveled-up gelding. You must scold yourself and the two Aleck asses." Hearing what the Lucifer ass had said, the two Aleck asses began to quarrel, and each tried to shirk all responsibility. The old grizzled fellow said: "I am too old to father anything, and it's real mean to attempt to hold me responsible." Then Aleck Jr. began to bray and declare that he was entirely innocent, whereupon the old Scull mare said: "Well, I don't know which of you asses to blame the most for this disgusting freak, but it is evident that the mongrel and silly looking thing is the result of fusion and I am disgraced for life. We'll never get back to the public crib and we do not deserve to. Fusion has created that stupid, worthless creature, and I should have known better than to have anything to do with any of you. Look at the weak, staggering thing! It will never be able to walk, much less make a run for the public crib, and we haven't a drop of Barker's liniment to apply to its unsteady legs."

So saying, the old Scull mare grabbed the Lucifer ass by the ear with her teeth and flung him high into a treetop, where he was held fast by an ear that caught fast in the fork of two limbs. And it was a case where the cat never came back. Then, after the old Scull mare had kicked all the wind out of Aleck Sr., she kicked Aleck Jr. through a rail fence, knocked down six rods of the same, pawed up the dust and expired, leaving the mongrel offspring to die for want of succor.

The thoroughbred horses viewed the scene from the other side of the fence, laughed a horse laugh and are still keeping it up. After Nov. 4th they will laugh all the more.

### MORAL:

Mongrel politics can never win, because arrayed in a Jackass skin.

P. S.—THE STAR is nothing if not original. Keep your eye on THE STAR. It is better to borrow your neighbor's STAR than to be without it, but it is better still to subscribe for yourself. Now is the time to subscribe.

### Endorsement of Speer's Wines by the Faculty of N. Y.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York Board of Health, says there is no better wine in the world. Speer's Fort is especially valuable in many cases of weakness, debility, etc.

THE Commercial says: "Clean politics and decent political methods are bound to win." "Betcher" life, old man, that's why the whole Republican ticket is bound to be elected by sweeping majorities.

"LUCIFER" SMITH said last week that bouquets are coming his way. Yes, we know they are, but most of them smell like Limberger cheese or decaying Sculls. That's the way old "Lucifer" and his politics smell.

Oh, yes, "Lucifer," we'll elect Cooper Don't fret about that. We will also elect all the rest of the Republican ticket. "The Frosty Sons of Thunder" are built that way, but as to the old Scull mare—well, we'll coop'er for all time to come, and you'll be shut up in the coop with her. You are fit only to dwell in a mare's nest, anyway.

In his speech at Clearfield the other night State Treasurer Harris said: "During the next 60 days every dollar of debt in the way of appropriations to schools, hospitals and every dollar of debt with the exception of the bonded debt will be paid by the State Treasurer, and even after that is done Pennsylvania will have more money in her treasury than any other state in the Union."

LOU SMITH says he has seen and talked with many, and he declares that the bolters and soreheads are growing in numbers right along. You have seen, have you? What nonsense! What rot! What bosh! Why, you poor old jade, at best you never could see after four o'clock, and politically you have always been stone blind. Growing in numbers? Yes, to be sure, but the numbers are growing smaller, the same as you are doing with your cooing and boo-hooing.

Isn't it about time for J. Calvin Lowry to write another letter to "Billy" Daugherty, telling what his influence and power did when he was yet an obscure law student, and threaten what he will do since he is a full-fledged lawyer, if "Billy" refuses to support him? Just ask Mr. Daugherty about the letter he once received from J. Calvin. It was the softest piece of brow-beating that ever came down the political pike and turned many people against J. Calvin for all time to come.

That selfish interests are at the bottom of the opposition to the county ticket is proved by the fact that those who would see it defeated have turned front completely in their attitude toward Senator Quay and the state Republican organization. It's the county printing some of the newspapers seek, and that's the whole of it. It would seem strange if the voters of this county can be led from the paths of rectitude by the mercenary motive of county organs.—Rockwood Gazette.

GENERAL KOONTZ has never appeared to better advantage than in declining to stand as a candidate for State Senator on a ticket that had for its single purpose the defeat of the regularly-nominated Republican ticket of our county. General Koontz having become convinced that the promoters of his candidacy wished to make use of him to encompass the defeat of the county ticket, with characteristic bravery and sturdy honesty, the General declined to stand against his friends, his party and his conscience. The buncombe that comes from the opposition press this week to the effect that General Koontz has been bulldozed off the ticket by the regular organization, and that he is either a knave or a fool, will be resented by all true Republicans of the county as a cruel wrong and a wanton insult to a man whose intelligence, integrity and popularity have made him a commanding figure in State and National affairs.—Rockwood Gazette.

THE GAZETTE, under its present management will not get down to the acrimonious discussions that appear to be the stock in trade of many Somerset county politicians and newspapers, and all effort to drag the editor into the slime will fail. We are a Republican. We voted at the Republican primaries last June and thereby pledged support of the ticket nominated, and we shall abide by the consequences. Why should not all other Republicans do likewise? Is there a candidate on the ticket who is not worthy and well qualified to fill the position he seeks? Was not the June primary as honestly conducted as other primaries have been? Admitting corruption unknown to us in any previous political experience, was not there as much corruption with the defeated faction as with the victorious? And have not these deplorable methods been forced upon the dominant faction by that once-victorious organization whose corruption has brought its reward? This is all to be deplored, and it will never be righted by "the pot calling the kettle black," when both need scouring. Republicans should vote their ticket, and do the scouring at leisure. Surely, they can hope for nothing better in following a bolt into the ranks of the common enemy, and the Gazette does not believe any considerable number will do it.—Rockwood Gazette.

### 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.

### Isn't He an Innocent Guy, Though?

As a matter of fact, the editor of the Herald had nothing whatever to do with either Mr. Koontz's proposed candidacy or withdrawal. Personally it was a matter of supreme indifference to him whether Mr. Koontz went to the State Senate or to oblivion; but when it comes to making him responsible for the wobbling political actions of Mr. Koontz the Herald begs leave to enter a disclaimer.—Somerset Herald.

"Timmie" Scull is very innocent of fusion since his attempted deception of General Koontz came to grief. Since the General refused to serve as a dupe for Mr. Scull, the arch party traitor, "Timmie," would now see him in oblivion. Like Uriah Heep, "Timmie" is now so "umble," and back of his sneaking countenance his modest blush casts a reflection like one of these old-fashioned fat lamps that our grandmothers used to have. As some of Mr. Scull's most faithful henchmen are following the Fusion Will o' the Whip, are we to believe that "Timmie" has lost his influence with them? "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be; But when the devil was well, the devil a saint was he."

### 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.