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Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports by irresponsible parties to the effect that

**THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.** had entered a trust or combination; we wish to assure the public that there is **no truth** in such reports. We have been manufacturing sewing machines for over a quarter of a century, and have established a reputation for ourselves and our machines that is the envy of all others. Our "New Home" machines have never been rivaled as a family machine—it stands at the head of all High Grade sewing machines, and stands on its own merits.

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ORANGE, MASS.

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**The Devil Is Going About**

like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. But don't let the devil put it into your head that you can buy better MEAT than is sold at my shop. I kill good cattle and always sell as low as current prices will allow. For the best MEAT and the lowest living prices, always call on your servant.

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**SCHEDULE**—Hack No. 1 leaves Salisbury at 8 a. m., arriving at Meyersdale at 9:30 a. m. Returning leaves Meyersdale at 1 p. m., arriving at Salisbury at 2:30 p. m.

Hack No. 2 leaves Salisbury at 1 p. m., arriving at Meyersdale at 2:30 p. m. Returning leaves Meyersdale at 6 p. m., arriving at Salisbury at 7:30 p. m.

**B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.**

Winter Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, Nov. 23, 1902.

Under the new schedule there will be 8 daily passenger trains on the Pittsburg Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:

**East Bound.**

No. 10x—Night Express..... 12:57 A. M.  
No. 14—Accommodation..... 10:54 A. M.  
No. 6—Through Mail..... 11:24 P. M.  
No. 46—Through Train..... 4:48 P. M.

**West Bound.**

No. 9—Night Express..... 3:49 A. M.  
No. 47—Through Train..... 10:59 A. M.  
No. 5—Through Mail..... 4:31 P. M.  
No. 49—Accommodation..... 4:56 P. M.

\*Regular stop. xFlag stop.

W. D. STILLWELL, Agent.

**WEDDING** Invitations at THE STAR office. A nice new stock just received.

**EXIT THE CHAPERON**

.... By JANE MEREDITH

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Every one at the Beaconsfield Inn had begun to talk about it. This did not make Jim Paxton feel any more cheerful. To be outwitted at every turn by a lynx eyed and indefatigable chaperon was bad enough, but to realize that all the boarders at the summer hotel were enjoying the game was adding insult to injury.

Up to the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson had been an ideal chaperon. She averaged three headaches a week, and these demanded seclusion in her darkened room. During the lops she chatted contentedly with other dowagers in supreme indifference to the fact that her charge, Eleanor Montgomery, was sitting out every other "extra" on the dim and shadowy porch. She declared that one chaperon on a sailing party was sufficient; so, as young Mrs. Baldwin never got seasick, while Mrs. Davidson invariably succumbed to the uncomfortable sensation, the gay little bride went with the young people on the Bonnie Belle, and Mrs. Davidson read the latest problem novel on the hotel of the third Saturday in July.

Mrs. Davidson underwent a curious change. Vigilance was stamped upon her usually placid features, and she watched Eleanor as if she expected the girl to be kidnaped and held for a ransom. Simultaneously with the appearance of these symptoms Jim Paxton, joyfully anticipating three weeks of Eleanor's society, arrived at the inlet.

Eleanor, clad in a fetching frock of white mohair, with a spreading collar of deep blue that opened to show her graceful throat, was on the porch when the wagonette drove up from the station. The other girls, whose elaborate but diaphanous gowns had yielded to the inexorable sea air, looked limp and colorless beside Eleanor. Jim Paxton recalled with a certain pride of possession that he had never seen her when she was not well dressed. He could imagine her in lustrous velvet presiding over his dinner table, with the old Paxton plate and the damask that the Paxtons had for years imported from a certain Dublin firm.

After he had greeted her, and incidentally performed a number of other people of no consequence whatever from his point of view, he retired to his room. The first thing he did was to take from his grip a small package wrapped in heavy white paper. Next came a tissue paper of faintest blue, then a deep blue case, just the color of Eleanor's eyes, and last a stone that blazed against its nest of satin like a comet in a starless heaven.

"It's nervy, sure enough, to bring this down," he said, turning the ring to the light. "But I don't believe she's been blind all winter, and she's not the sort to lead a fellow on." He laid the jewel case on the dressing table and beside it seven photographs of Eleanor and a thick bunch of letters. They seemed to justify the purchase of the ring. Then he dressed for the evening, slipping the ring into his pocket, with the thought, "I'll have this on her finger before forty-eight hours have passed."



HE WAS SITTING ON THE PIER TALKING WITH JEAN BROWN.

For how could he know that years before his rich old bachelor uncle had trifled with the heart of Winnie Blakeley, now Mrs. Prescott Davidson? How could he know the bitterness with which the sensitive girl had watched the illusions of her first love affair fall like a mist at her feet? She had known so little and he so much.

Mrs. Davidson had been abroad during the winter and knew nothing of the growing attachment between her niece and young Paxton, but from the moment of his arrival she devoted herself to flogging his every effort to be alone with Eleanor. Her headaches mysteriously disappeared. She assumed an interest in sailing that was diligently supported by a newfangled cure for seasickness. At the lops she no longer chattered in the dowagers' corner, but her eyes watched Eleanor's every movement. Clambers became a source of delight, and her capacity for long walks discouraged the resourceful Jimmy.

Two weeks were almost gone, and the ring still lay in his pocket. He was sitting on the pier, talking with Jean Brown, Eleanor's most intimate friend. There was a twinkle in Jean's eyes, and, taking courage, he poured his trouble in her sympathetic ears, finally working himself up into a fine fury. "Diplomacy, diplomacy," urged Jean when he stopped at last, only, however, from lack of breath. "You're going on the wheeling trip to the Point tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Davidson even rides a wheel."

"Well, I'm going down to the village now. I believe I can find a cure for her wheeling fad. Personally I think it's bad form for a woman of her age to ride, even to protect her niece. Goodby."

Jean went away smiling, and Jim felt strangely comforted. That night when they met in the dim corridor Jean slipped something into his hand. It was a gray cube and it felt like pasteboard. He glanced at her curiously.

"The antidote for an overdose of chaperon. I'll leave the rest to you."

When the bicyclers started out the next morning, something was wrong with Eleanor's wheel. With commendable patience Jim tinkered at it, while Mrs. Davidson, looking remarkably natty in her English made suit, watched the rest of the party steadily growing dimmer down the firm beach road.

**WHY INDIANS PAINT.**

A Legend of the Red Men Explains the Strange Custom.

Once an old Apache Indian when asked the question why his people painted their faces told this little legend:

"Long ago when men were weak and animals were big and strong a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry.

"After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow, he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life.

"He was almost exhausted, and when he felt his strength giving way he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him.

"The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you must know that no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the blood smeared face.

"When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off.

"Where the claws of the lion scraped off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. Now all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

**THE CARIBS OF DOMINICA.**

Fierce Savages Who Have Dropped Their Man Eating Ways.

A recent colonial report on the Caribs of Dominica is interesting. Very mysterious is the origin of the fierce savages, now almost extinct, who were in possession of the smaller West Indian islands when the first white man burst "into that silent sea." They showed a distinct Mongolian character, and it would be hard to distinguish a Carib infant from a Chinese child. Some twenty years ago a Chinaman who had drifted to Dominica declared the Caribs to be his own people and married a pure bred Carib woman. The resultant child showed no deviation from the native type.

Today they have dropped their man eating ways, but in the sixteenth century they scoured the Spanish main in search of human food, and from Porto Rico alone are said to have taken more than 5,000 men to be eaten. Though Spaniards, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, negroes, or Arrows, were all meat to them, yet these Caribs seem to have shown preference for certain nationalities. Davis, for instance, in his "History of the Caribby Islands," tells us that the Caribbians have tested of all the nations that frequented them and affirm that the French are the most delicate and the Spaniards are the hardest of digestion." Laborde also, in one of his jaunts in St. Vincent, appears to have overtaken on the road a communicative Carib who was beguiling the tedium of his journey by gnawing at the remains of a boiled human foot. This gentleman only ate Arrowsaks. "Christians," he said, "give me the bellyache."

**Queer Qualification.**

The enthusiasm of the thoroughgoing lover of Browning takes some surprising turns. The author of "In a Tuscan Garden" tells a story concerning Dr. Furnival, one of the founders of the Browning society.

A young relative of the Englishwoman in London was looking out at one time for bachelor chambers in a block of flats. The secretary of the company to whom they belonged intimated that the testimony of two householders as to his rent paying capacity would be required. The applicant gave the Englishwoman's name as one and Dr. Furnival for the other.

Dr. Furnival's reply, after a glowing panegyric on the merits of the applicant, wound up by congratulating the company on getting as a tenant a man who "was not only a gentleman and a good fellow, but a member of the Browning society."

**It Grows Feeble.**

The attraction of a man's character is apt to be outlived, like the attraction of his body, and the power of love grows feeble in its turn, as well as the power to inspire love in others. It is only with a few rare natures that friendship is added to friendship, love to love and the man keeps growing richer in affection—richer, I mean, as a bank may be said to grow rich, both giving and receiving more—after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

**Gorki's Early Struggles.**

Maxim Gorki, the Russian novelist, had an early career that in many ways recalls the early struggles of Jacob A. Riis. He ran away from home when a lad and for years found life mighty hard grubbing. He worked as a day laborer, a sawyer, a cook and a lighterman. Then he heard that free instruction could be obtained at Kazan, and, having no money to pay for his journey, he walked there, a distance of over 600 miles. Then he found he had a head.

**Unappreciative.**

"I think, my dear," said the proud mother as the daughter sat at the piano and let a few thrilling thrills escape, "we should send Mabel abroad to have her voice cultivated."

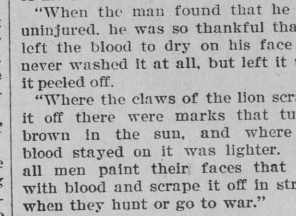
"All right," replied the husband and father, "and the farther abroad she cultivates it the better."—Chicago News.

**Considerate.**

She—Why did you ask Belle to go with us?  
He—I saw she was going anyhow, and I didn't wish her to feel mean over it.—Smart Set.

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