

Y. \$100,000.00 980,000.00 1,129,000.00

casual at Valley.

cashier.

Anderson.

ANK LICK, PA.

s, \$8,000.

resident.

the accounts courteous

rest sits.

M. Lichty,

ch.

REI.

of Holiday t, for these

hey last, at

last, at 39c.

9c.

ty, now 1.53

9c.

25, 35 and

now 19c.

ced 10 per

cash prices. and prices

duced 20 per bargain.

on to another goods. This

PRICES.

ed the goods

ll, after Jan. always find ods from one

their liberal of the same prosperous

A. WILT, Proprietor,

O., PA.

RED TICKET!

S. C. HARTLEY'S

—TENTH ANNUAL—

RED LETTER SALE!

Commences February 4, continues until February 29. The people know what this means. Hundreds of special bargains.

Scene in Speer's Vineyards, AT PASSAIC, N. J.

Gathering the Oporto Grape for Port & Burgundy Wine. Weakly persons, invalids and the aged, find this is just what they want, a genuine old-fashioned, rich Blood-making Wine.



Speer's Port & Burgundy Wine.

The Finest Wine in the world from his 56 Acres of Vineyards, where the soil is rich in iron, imparting it to the Oporto grape and the grape to the Wine—causes the dark, deep rich color, and blood-making property of this life-giving Wine. The Iron in it. This is the Wine that beats the world in its valuable medicinal qualities, for family use and evening parties; it is especially beneficial for females, invalids and aged persons.

The Port Wine is nine years old and the Burgundy, a rich dry wine eight years old. The Claret equals the finest French product.

Druggists and Grocers Sell it.



Within the last three years we have introduced a number of models of DOUBLE BARREL SHOT-GUNS in both hammer and pump action, and today they are the most popular on the market. We also make a large line of RIFLES and PISTOLS and several models of Double Barrel SHOTGUNS.

Our Line
RIFLES, from \$3.00 to \$150.00
PISTOLS, from 2.50 to 50.00
SHOTGUNS, from 7.50 to 30.00

Insist upon the "STEVENS" and if you cannot secure them we will ship (express prepaid) on receipt of price. Send for catalogue.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.,
P. O. BOX 3091
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Salisbury Hack Line,
SCHRAMM BROS., Proprietors.
SCHEDULE:—Hack No. 1 leaves Salisbury at 8 a. m., arriving at Meyersdale at 9:30 a. m. Returning leaves Meyersdale at 11 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.

J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
FROSTBURG, MD.
Best place to buy
MONUMENTS
HEADSTONES AND
IRON FENCING

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

Foley's Honey and Tar
cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

Meat Market!

Take notice that I have opened a new and up-to-date meat market in Salisbury, one door south of Lichter's store. Everything is new, neat and clean, and it is a model in every respect. I deal in all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish, etc. I pay highest cash prices for Fat Cattle, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Poultry, Hides, etc.

I GUARANTEE TO PLEASE YOU and want you to call and be convinced that I can best supply your wants in the meat line.

CASPER WAHL,
The Old Reliable Butcher.

NOT MADE BY A TRUST

CRYSTAL BAKING POWDER

Pure and Sure.

FULL POUND CAN 10c.

CRYSTAL BAKING POWDER

The materials used in manufacturing this Baking Powder are guaranteed pure and wholesome. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back by your dealer.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
Insist on having

CRYSTAL BAKING POWDER

UTICA GAS and Gasoline Engines

Always ready for use.
Safe, Reliable, Economical, Noiseless.
Positively Safe.

Made in sizes from 3-4 to 30 H.P. Every Engine Warranted.

For Farmers, Printers, Millers, Manufacturers, Miners, Bakers, Threshermen, Carpenters, Hay Balers, Grain Elevators, Pumping, Saws, etc., etc.

Send for catalogue and price list.

UTICA GAS ENGINE WORKS,
Utica, N. Y.

THE Cyclone PULVERIZER and ROLLER Combined

Simple - Durable - Strong and Light-running.

Acknowledged to be the Best. Especially adapted for Crushing Lumps and pulverizing the soil. Rolling wheat ground after sowing. Rolling oats after coming up. Packing the soil in a solid bed. Rolling corn ground after planting. Rolling meadows in spring of year. Rolling between corn rows by removing one roll. Rolling of breaking large weeds before the plow. Breaking cornstalks in spring before plowing. Special price where we have no agents. Good hustling agents wanted.

Send for circular and price list.

THE FULTON MACHINE CO.,
Canal Fulton, Ohio.

Easy and Quick! Soap-Making with BANNER LYE

To make the very best soap, simply dissolve a can of Banner Lye in cold water, melt 5 1/2 lbs. of grease, pour the Lye water in the grease. Stir and put aside to set.

Full Directions on Every Package
Banner Lye is pulverized. The can may be opened and closed at will, permitting the use of a small quantity at a time. It is just the article needed in every household. It will clean paint, floors, marble and tile work, soften water, disinfect sinks, closets and waste pipes.

Write for booklet "Uses of Banner Lye"—free.

And, in all essentials, this is a true tale, in nothing exaggerated or overdrawn.—H. M. H., in Chicago Tribune.

The Penn Chemical Works, Philadelphia

THE QUIET LIFE

Forty years ago Ezekiel Anders, A. B. Yale, aged twenty, came out of the cultured East and settled in a little trans-Mississippi town as professor of mathematics in Blockit College.

"Mr. Anders," said President Orson, as he met the newcomer at the steamboat dock, "I shall be glad to have you make your home at our house. We are rough and crude here in the West, and perhaps you may feel more at home with us than elsewhere."

"Thank you, sir," said Prof. Anders, a tall, thin young man with small brown side whiskers and a serious face. "You offer a pleasant solution to a problem which has perplexed me greatly."

Prof. Anders moved his chest of books and his trunk into two rooms on the second floor of President Orson's cottage. There he settled down to a lifetime of teaching "trigonometry, solid geometry and the higher mathematics."

Before he was forty the irreverent students of Blockit College called him "Old Zeke," and loved him as the personification of all that was scholarly, gentle and unworldly.

When Prof. Anders first came to live in the home of President Orson the other occupants of the house were the president, his wife and their daughter and only child, Alice, then a happy little girl of eight. From the beginning the professor and Alice were friends and chums.

The professor read her little verses, told her wonderful tales of fairies, and on one occasion at least was detected down on all fours, with Miss Alice mounted in state upon his back.

"He's a lion," explained the little girl, as the professor scrambled up in embarrassment from the floor, "and I'm the lion tamer."

Which was, perhaps, nearer the truth than she imagined.

When Prof. Anders had lived in the house ten years Miss Alice was a beautiful, blooming girl of eighteen. As the professor saw her budding into womanhood he started to shrink back into his shell. But the girl would not allow it. She insisted on remaining in her old position of friendly intimacy, and even went so far as to discover an unexpected fondness for the problems of higher mathematics.

Twenty years went by without at all disturbing the relations of the four dwellers under the Orson roof. Miss Alice, a mature woman of twenty-eight, was looked upon as a maiden lady who had deliberately chosen that part in life. She was even more beautiful than in the heyday of her youth, and she took an active part in all the social life of the little college town.

Then suddenly, came the deluge. President Orson died suddenly, and his wife, stricken by the shock, survived him only a month. Leaving Miss Alice an orphan. Prof. Anders felt that his little world had been shaken to pieces by a convulsion of nature. For a week after the funeral of Mrs. Orson he was even more absent-minded than usual. Then one evening he sat down at his desk in the corner of his sitting room and wrote the following letter:

"Dear Miss Alice: We—or at least I—are confronted with a most serious and perplexing problem. I realize the impropriety of my remaining longer in your house now that you are without your natural protectors. At the same time I feel a strong, and, I believe, a natural reluctance to remove myself and my possessions from their accustomed surroundings. This feeling has taken a most compelling hold upon me and makes me bold enough to suggest that possibly you, to some extent, may also be reluctant to see old associations broken by removal. If I am right in this suggestion, may I venture to suggest further that if you could see your way clear to a matrimonial alliance, with myself as one of the parties, I should feel myself honored far beyond my deserts, and at the same time the problem which confronts us would be solved.

"Awaiting your reply with more than my usual impatience, I beg to remain your most obedient servant,
"EZEKIEL ANDERS."

Having folded this letter and inclosed it in a stamped envelope addressed to Miss Alice Orson, the professor slipped out of the house, and, with many a glance behind to see if he was observed, dropped it into the mail box two blocks away.

Next morning the professor left the house an hour before the mail-carrier arrived, and he sent home word during the afternoon that he would not return for dinner in the evening. When he finally let himself in the house he found the following note:

"Dear Professor: I am glad that your mathematical training has put you on the track of the only reasonable solution of the problem which 'confronts us.' I shall be glad to see you before your classes in the morning."

Well, three months later they were married. That was nearly twenty years ago. Prof. Anders and his wife, Alice, are still living, and if they are not the happiest married couple in the country there is at least no visible sign of the slightest ripple on the even tenor of their married life. The professor can still reach out in the dark and find his Horace in the same old place, and Mrs. Anders is still counted one of the prettiest women in her native State.

And, in all essentials, this is a true tale, in nothing exaggerated or overdrawn.—H. M. H., in Chicago Tribune.

A ROMANCE OF ACADIA

Evangeline West was riding on an errand of grave import, but stopped long enough at the foot of a steep declivity leading to a babbling brook to give her tired horse a long cool draught of the clear, swirling water before he forded the stream. He was a livery horse, hired at the railway station, no other means of rapid conveyance being available.

The young woman was home again after several years of absence during which she had improved her time and opportunities, and she was glad to return to her native heath, the land of Evangeline, the Acadia of her heart.

"Oh," cried the girl, longing to hear a human voice, "surely this is the forest primeval, in the Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas."

"Here, too, is Evangeline, but where is her Gabriel?"

"At your service," said a strong, masculine voice at her ear, startling her so that she dropped her bridle rein over her horse's head. She turned and saw a man in clerical garb, one of the traveling preachers of the province, and looked at him ungraciously, annoyed at his quick application of her impromptu question addressed solely to herself. Giving him a cool nod she attempted to secure her bridle, which was entirely beyond her reach. Her horse, feeling its freedom, sprang forward, fording the brook with a rapid bound and galloping up the further side at a pace that nearly unseated his rider.

It would have served her right if the new Gabriel had left her to her fate, but after a lapse of time enough for him to observe her plight, and as she thought angrily to emit, he rode up gently, not to hasten the speed of Evangeline's horse, caught the errant bridle and restored it to her hand.

"Peter Grant, at your service," he said, touching his hat stiffly. "I am on my way to visit a very sick woman. Pardon me," and with a leap his horse shot ahead and was gone.

"He knows how to ride a horse if he is a minister," thought Evangeline. "Peter Grant! Why, we were schoolmates, but he has forgotten me."

Then she urged her horse forward, for she, too, was going to see a sick woman, her dearest friend, Aunt Maggie, who had been ailing for some time, and she had been delayed and had heard no tidings for some days. A few more miles of hard riding and Miss West reached a farmhouse of the old Acadian type, with fifty-year mosses on its unpainted roof and a well sweep of antiquated pattern picturesquely adorning the yard. Another horse was picketed there, and it saluted her with a whinny—it was the animal Peter Grant so vigorously bestrode.

"Oh!" she cried out in sudden alarm, "can it be possible that Aunt Maggie is the very sick woman he was coming to visit? I pray that I may not be too late!"

Women with corrugated brows and nasal tones sang the words in a weird discord, to which the preacher added a robust and melodious bass.

Evangeline held a vigorous hand and bade them stop. "Don't you see that she is far too ill for this sort of thing? All leave the room please, and let her have air I will take care of her now."

"She should be permitted to make her peace with God," the Rev. Peter Grant spoke, partly from habit and partly from conviction. He knew who this young woman was now, and dared to combat her aggressive action.

"She never had any falling out with Him," Evangeline said reverently, "but now that you know who I am and why I am here, you will leave her to me. I am her nearest relative, but more than that I am a trained nurse and thoroughly familiar with a fever case. Where is the doctor—she surely has medical care?"

"He has given her up," said one of the retreating women, with a sly satisfaction.

"Given her up! How dared he? And why do you speak of such a possibility before her?"

"Oh, she doesn't sense anything that is said now," complained one of the cronies, taking a reluctant departure.

The preacher took himself off with the others, but he gained a reluctant consent to call the next day to learn how the sick woman was doing. He did not really expect to find her alive, and his slow, well-regulated faculties received a healthy shock when Vangie, ideal in her nurse's gown and white cap and apron, informed him that she had moved the sick woman from the south room to the north room, from which the stuffy carpet and obstructing furniture had been removed.

"I have telegraphed for ice and a modern doctor, and she is drinking cool spring water, and is better already. Have you never heard of Aunt Maggie's goodness and charity to all who need help and consolation—how she brought up a poor orphan child, gave her a home and the love of a mother, teaching her the value of right living and unselfishness? It was that child. And I am not going to let her die—not yet!"

"And may I not see her again?"

"Oh, yes. You may come and preach the gospel of cheerfulness to her when I think her strong enough," and Evangeline gave her a strong enough, and a wicked little smile, that the man—not the minister—understood perfectly. It certainly is wonderful how that rascally god Cupid delivers his darts regardless of time and place.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CRUCIAL POINT

BY W. D. NESBIT.

Henry K. Biggers was an inventor. Often had he burned the midnight oil, even when it was at a more than ordinarily high price per gallon, that he might turn his weighty brain upon some problem that was then, or might at some future time, be pestering humanity. For instance, his justly celebrated device for preventing cats from singing on the back fence of nights would have been an inestimable benefit to humanity were it not that it involved the catching of the cat. It was a neatly devised muzzle with a gauze tip that gave cats every advantage of breathing, but which so pressed upon her vocal cords that she could not lift her tuneful voice in odorous, arias and rousers of passion, wrath, melancholy or just plain, simple cat joy. That is, it did this theoretically. To make the invention work it was necessary to have a back fence and a cat singing thereon. Even the most obtuse person will concede that it is a plain proposition to get the fence, but to get the cat is another matter entirely.

Mr. Biggers had often taken his invention in his hand and, filled with grim determination and the essence of inspiration, had gone fenceward, only to find the melodious feline had gone thenceward synchronously, so to speak. He would always find the fence, but it was catless when he reached it. His wife was cruel enough to insinuate that he was a better cat-silencer than his invention. But woman is ever the curber of ambition and the throttler of high resolves.

But, then, that has nothing to do with Henry K. Biggers and his inventions. He would have tried to fix up a snake trap for Cleopatra had he lived in her day, and he would have been too deeply interested in the pursuit of his experiments to pay much attention to her, anyway. Henry was a man who placed his work before mere pleasure, he was.

To resume.

Mr. Biggers struck a new idea during the recent coal famine. It was not a briquette, nor an oil burner, nor a mechanical board of arbitration that should get its pictures in the papers and be interviewed merely by pressing a button or pulling a string. Biggers had the welfare of humanity at heart, and besides he had no time to read the papers, so did not know what were the demands of the hour in that direction. To him the great demand was for a smoke consumer. He figured that enough smoke was wasted every day to keep the population of the world hot for a whole year. So he collected all his springs and pipes and wheels and things, and built a little shed in the backyard. There, from the remains of two unsuccessful airships, a sinkless submarine boat, and a defective hydraulic pump, he constructed a smoke consumer that worked wonderfully on paper. He computed the thing by algebra and demonstrated it by geometry. There simply was no reason why, if so much smoke should be delivered over a given area of the firebox, a beautifully bright and even flame should not result. Figures don't lie, and Henry K. Biggers had figures that showed air pressure and foot pounds and caloric units till you couldn't rest. So practical did his invention seem that he had little trouble in assembling a small party of financiers, who promised to back the invention if it was a success.

The day for the test arrived, and Biggers had the back yard all cleaned up, with chairs neatly arranged for the accommodation of his moneyed guests. A six-inch pipe led from the smokestack of the sausage factory across the alley, to supply the necessary fuel for the smoke consumer. When the investigators were all ready, Henry turned the valve that admitted the smoke and lit the burner beneath the firebox. To the dismay of himself and the unconcealed amusement of the inspectors, a dense black volume of smoke came from all parts of the invention. With true confidence in his own work, Biggers had neglected to provide it with a flue, for, being intended to utterly consume the smoke, there was no reason why it should have a vent of any sort.

After half an hour of puttering and shifting of valves and pipes, the leader of the capitalists arose and said that he must be going, that he had some business to attend to. Before he left, however, he turned to the discomfited Biggers and said:

"It was my impression, Sir, that we were invited here to see a demonstration of some sort. May I inquire what you have demonstrated?"

"You may, Sir," replied Biggers, rubbing the smoke from his eyes. "You may. And I will tell you what I have demonstrated. I have clearly shown that this smoke is incombustible!"

Last week Biggers had remodeled the smoke consumer, and confided to his friends that he was on the verge of perfecting a machine that would make ice by extracting the natural heat from the water, and at the same time could be used as a milk condenser and cider press. But somehow the public faith in his inventions had been shaken.

The Voice of Wisdom.
"If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed."—Pascal.

Success Achieved.
All men are born equal, but some become walking delegates.

FARMS FOR SALE!

Two first class Farms in Elk Lick Township.

One containing 280 acres, with Brick House and large Barn, also Tenement House and Barn.

One containing 168 acres, with good House, Barn and Tenement House.

Also about 80 acres of Unimproved Land. For further information apply to

R. S. GARRETT,
Elk Lick, Pa.

GOTO WM. G. HILLER for fine tailoring and suits that fit perfectly. We guarantee satisfaction. That's why we are the leading tailors of Somerset county. Main street, Meyersdale, Pa.

FOR SALE!—A fine Bay Mare, quiet and gentle. A good family animal for buggy and light farm work. Apply to Mrs. M. E. Turner, Elk Lick, Pa. 3-10

A BARGAIN FOR FARMERS.

The New-York Tribune Farmer, national illustrated agricultural weekly of twenty large pages, has no superior as a thoroughly practical and helpful publication for the farmer and every member of his family, and the publishers are determined to give it a circulation unequalled by any paper of its class in the United States.

Knowing that every enterprising, up-to-date farmer always reads his own local weekly newspaper, The New-York Tribune Farmer has made an exceedingly liberal arrangement which enables us to offer the two papers at so low a price that no farmer can afford to lose the opportunity.

The price of The New-York Tribune Farmer is \$1.00 a year and THE SOMERSET COUNTY STAR is \$1.50 a year, but both papers will be sent for a full year if you forward \$1.50 to THE STAR, Elk Lick, Pa.

Send your name and address to The New-York Tribune Farmer, New York City, and a specimen copy of that paper will be mailed to you.

Our Calendars.

As per announcement of Jan. 28th THE STAR has issued an additional supply of handsome art calendars. They are in two designs, one showing a handsome street scene of our own town, the other a handsome picture of the old stone bridge one mile east of Grantsville, Md. We printed no calendars showing Tub Mill Run Falls, as we had intended, owing to the fact that the cut we intended to use did not give satisfaction.

Our calendars are fine works of art, and they are for distribution among STAR subscribers only. The conditions upon which they can be obtained were stated in our issue of Jan. 28th, but we have since decided to modify the conditions somewhat, as follows: Every subscriber whose subscription is paid to date is entitled to one calendar. Subscribers in arrears must pay at least \$1.00 on account in order to get one, and new subscribers must pay at least 50 cents for a three-month subscription. Subscribers who cannot call at our office for their calendars, must remit 5 cents to pay postage, or 10 cents if a copy of both calendars is wanted. Subscribers desiring more than one calendar, will be required to pay 10 cents for each extra copy, besides the postage, if calendars are to be sent by mail.

Acemisms.

How can a man be up against it when he gets turned down?
The man who is wise enough to profit by advice doesn't need any.

If silence is golden, there are a lot of free-silver advocates in existence.
A reputation is a good thing to get, but you've got to keep hustling to maintain it.

The man who has the courage to make mistakes is the man who makes good in the battle of life.—EX.

OLD PAPERS for sale at THE STAR office. They are just the thing for pantry shelves, wrapping paper and cartridge paper for the miners. Five cents buys a large roll of them.

A GOOD COMBINATION, DIRT CHEAP.

Until further notice we will give you THE STAR and the New York Tribune Farmer, both one year, for only \$1.50 cash. This offer is good to all new subscribers, also to all old ones who pay all arrears and a year in advance. The Tribune Farmer easily stands at the head of the list of agricultural papers. It is large, finely illustrated and published every week. Address all orders to THE STAR, Elk Lick, Pa.

CLOCK REPAIRING, Gunsmithing and many other kinds of repair work done neatly, promptly and substantially. All work left at the Theob. Wagner residence will be promptly attended to, at reasonable prices, by the undersigned.

BEN. WAGNER,
Salisbury, Pa.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.