

Ladies, here is your opportunity. A representative of one of the leading Eastern manufacturers of

# Ladies Suits and Skirts

will be at our store on Friday, March 11th, Where he will be pleased to show the ladies the very latest in Suits and Skirts. Here is an unequalled opportunity for you to make a selection and to get just what you want in this line of goods.

## S. C. HARTLEY.

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.



**STEVENS**  
You cannot use too much care in the selection of a FIREARM. Our 25 years' reputation speaks for us in this respect.  
STANDARD, ACCURATE, RELIABLE  
RIFLES, from \$3.00 to \$150.00  
PISTOLS, from 2.50 to 50.00  
SHOTGUNS, from 7.50 to 30.00  
Ask your dealer for our ARMS. If he cannot furnish them we will ship direct upon receipt of price. Our catalog will interest you. Mailed free upon request.  
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., P. O. BOX 3091, CHICAGO, ILL., MASS.

Salisbury Hack Line, SCHRAMM BROS., Proprietors.  
SCHEDULE—Hack No. 1 leaves Salisbury at 8 a. m., arriving at Meyersdale at 4:30 a. m. Returning leaves Meyersdale at 12 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.  
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 Honey and Tar** cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

## MODEL 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.**  
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 35 H.P. Every Engine Warranted.  
For Farmers, Printers, Millers, Manufacturers, Miners, Bakers, Threshers, 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 5/8 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.  
The Penn Chemical Works, Philadelphia

## CASTLE, WITH SECRET

Near the border of two Scottish counties, set in the middle of a broad and fertile strath, and protected from the northern blasts by a range of lofty mountains, there stands, and has stood for generations, an ancient feudal castle.  
Although the oldest wing dates from the thirteenth century, the greater part of it was built in Jacobean days, and with its numerous turrets, battlements, corbels, and pinnacles recalls the glories of Chantilly and other great French chateaux of the same period. It belongs, together with the surrounding estate, to a wealthy peer, whose grandfather married a dowry of over a million sterling. During the greater part of the year the castle is untenanted save by a few servants and caretakers; for the owner spends his winters abroad and his summers in the English seat brought into the family by the above-mentioned heiress. But during the autumn months it is full of life and gaiety; for its kindly lord and lady, who have many children and grandchildren, and a host of friends, keep open house then in their old Scottish home, and its halls and corridors, narrow passages, and winding staircases echo with the sound of merry voices and the tread of youthful feet from morning till night.  
Cheerful, however, as the invited guests find the old castle, and warm as is the welcome extended to him within its walls, he must be possessed of a little curiosity and less imagination if he does not feel his pulse somewhat quickened and his sleep somewhat broken during the period of his residence there. For he has probably heard already something of the weird associations which cling to the house and its owners, and of the mysterious secret said to be known only to the head of the family, to his heir, and to one other person—a secret so grim and terrible as to affect the whole lives of those who learn it, and make them different from other men.  
No clue to the mystery has ever been given by any one of the three depositaries of it; but popular belief has long connected it with a secret chamber in the castle, which rumor assigns as the habitation of a strange half-human creature of terrifying aspect and fabulous age, the incarnate embodiment of the curse which rests upon the house. In the gayest moments enjoyed by those who during the bright days of early autumn throng the guest chambers of the castle, there is always an indefinable feeling of some weird presence within its walls.  
"My dear young lady," were the words of the host to one who was paying him her first visit, as he bade her good night, "it is, I know, the custom of ladies to sit up late in one another's rooms, chatting, and so on. Now, that is not allowed here. When you go to your room to-night, remain in it, and lock the door."  
A young medical man was not long ago staying at the castle, by invitation of its owner, who had made his acquaintance abroad, and, being something of an invalid, had asked him to come and take a few weeks' holiday in Scotland, and at the same time to give him the benefit of his professional skill. A room was assigned to him in one of the towers, and he was in the full enjoyment of his visit, when it was suddenly brought to an end in strange fashion.  
Coming home unexpectedly early one afternoon from shooting (leaving most of his fellow guests still in the stables), and mounting to his turret chamber, he noticed a singular circumstance. A stain which he had often observed in the carpet under the window was now visible exactly at the opposite corner of the room, showing that during his few hours' absence the whole of the furniture must have been moved out of the apartment and the carpet taken up. The impulse came upon him to repeat the process. Out into the passage, accordingly, went bed, chairs, tables, wardrobe, and everything else; up came the carpet, and there, in the centre of the floor, was the inevitable trap door. Lifting it, he described a steep flight of steps, which he descended, lighted candle in hand, and found at the bottom a narrow winding passage, along which he cautiously made his way. Suddenly he was brought up short by a dead white plastered wall, barring his further advance; and putting out his hand to touch it, his finger went half an inch into the plaster, which was soft, wet, and evidently quite newly laid on. Smoothing it over as best he could (not an easy task without a proper implement), he quietly retraced his steps to his room, rearranged carpet and furniture exactly as he had found them, and went down to tea, keeping his own counsel, and saying nothing to any one of his adventuring.

Next morning, while he was still in bed, a note was brought him from his host's lawyer, who was staying in the castle. It inclosed a check, and briefly informed him that his services were no longer required, and that a carriage would be in readiness to take him to the railway station at the earliest hour convenient to himself.—London Mail.

**Increase in Sugar Trade.**  
One effect of the acquisition of the new insular possessions of the United States is shown in the enormous increase in the sugar trade. In the last fiscal year we imported more than 5,000,000,000 pounds of the commodity, of a valuation of over \$100,000,000.—American Exporter.

## NO HOPE FOR SUCH AS HE.

**Futile Attempt of a Wild-Eyed Man to Solve a Problem.**  
The next case on the docket was a small man with a nervous aspect and a rolling eye, who clutched convulsively in his hand a large bundle of papers and muttered to himself.  
"What's the case against this man?" asked the judge.  
"We have not decided, your Honor. He was found last night wandering around aimlessly in a side street, apparently in an irresponsible condition, talking in a strange tongue, intermingled with some familiar phrases."  
"Prisoner," said the judge, severely, "what were you saying?"  
"I was saying," remarked the prisoner, as he looked wildly about him, "that passamcenterie is all right with rennaissance, when it is cut bias, but what is the use of an organdie trimmed with accordion pleats? Is a straight front worth \$25 equal to a sheer fluted edged nun's veiling, and why should two dozen hemstitched handkerchiefs be made up with flounces down the side and pointed edges extending in a line to the hips? A flock of white duck skirts is all right, but I'll be hanged if I see the value in a pongee kimono with a corded back, and who would care to trim an acre of hats with only two crates of material, what?"  
The judge, examining the papers that the man had held, gazed at him pityingly.  
"Take him away to the asylum," he said to the officer. "Don't you see that this miserable wretch has been ass enough to try to solve the mystery of his wife's personal bills for the last month?"—Tom Mason, in Life.

## WILL IT COME TO THIS?

**A Motoring Father's Advice to His Spendthrift Son.**  
In a contemporary a motoring paternalist gives some imaginary advice to his son which will cause all lovers of their mother tongue to shudder in apprehension. "My son," said the father to the young man, who was spending too much money at college, "do not make the mistake of over-estimating the horse power of my income. I am an ordinary, well-to-do twelve-horse-power parent. I belong in the touring category. Evidently you think I am a ninety-horse racer. Judge from your bills. Get that idea out of your mind. Shut off the power a little. Go slower. Come off the top speed and burn less fuel. Stop in your garage a little more, and don't try to keep up with young men of greater horse-power than yourself. You cannot do it. Just remember that you are a twelve-horse-power person and keep in your class, and you'll be much happier and have fewer accidents."



Miss Flannigan—I will give you me answer in a month, Pat.  
He—That's right, me darlint; tek plenty av time to think it over. But tell me wan thing now—will it be yes or no?—Illustrated Bits.

**Her Old Sweetheart.**  
A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the party is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to let him depart. They swing on the gate, "and if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you."  
"I'll be true to you," she sobs, "I never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."  
They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.  
"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"  
"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

**Offending Nature.**  
There is an excellent old lady, who lives in Germantown and is a strong advocate of the enforcement of the blue laws. But she is very fond of the good things of the table, and for this reason she delights in doing her own marketing. The other Monday morning found her, bright and early, selecting some fine pears from her marketman.  
"Are you sure," she asked, "that these pears were not picked Sunday?"  
"I don't know about that," said the man with a grin, "but I do know they grewed Sunday." — Philadelphia Ledger.

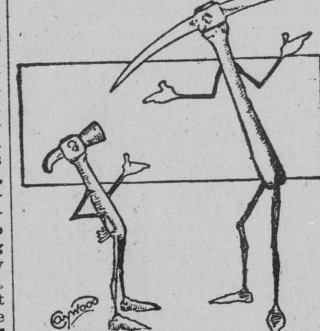
**Another Brute.**  
Mrs. Pretty—Isn't it strange? Mrs. Beauti has not put on mourning for her husband.  
Mr. Pretty—I understand that her late husband particularly requested that she should not.  
Mrs. Pretty—The brute! I suppose he knew how lovely she would look in it.—Pick-Me-Up.

**"I suppose you met an old friend you hadn't seen for years, as usual?"**  
"N't all, m'dear. Met 'nol frnd I nev'r met before." (hic).  
The "necessaries of life," as generally understood, consists chiefly of things we could do without.—Puck.

## A CASE OF HEREDITY.

**The Kind of Lingo She Had Been Used To.**  
The other day a benevolent old gentleman beheld a little six-year-old girl walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. Patting the chubby tot under the chin, he said:  
"And where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"Give thee good-day, graybeard," replied the midget. "My father bade me to the shambles hie for a fat haunch."  
"W-w-what?" ejaculated the old party.  
"Happy thou knowest him—the good man Skidmore?" inquired the tiny dame.  
"No-o-o," said the gentleman, very much puzzled. "You are a rather quaint little thing. Come with me and I'll buy you some chocolate."  
"Alack, I am forbid to tarry, gentle sir. I need be blythe. Their patience stays upon my coming."  
"Good-bye, then," said the old gentleman.  
"Rest you, merry master," and, dropping a little curtsy, the mite trotted off.  
"Bless me, what an extraordinary child!" said the gentleman to a bystander.  
"Oh, that's nothing," replied the other. "You see, she's the daughter of the heavy tragedian at Morosco's Theatre, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Don't hear anything else, you see."—Tit-Bits.

**A Pair of 'Em.**  
Pickaxe—I notice you are continually knocking, Mr. Hammer.



Hammer—Oh, well, you are always picking yourself.—New York Times.

**Why He Would Not Pay.**  
A few weeks ago a Scotchman came to consult a Wimpole street doctor and began relating the symptoms of his ailment. When he had concluded the physician said:  
"The first thing you must do is to stop smoking and the next is to cut off your liquor, and then there must be no more midnight suppers."  
"Humph!" ejaculated the Scot. "I dinna like that."  
"Well," said the physician, relenting, "if you must have something to eat at night take a few biscuits and a glass of warm milk about an hour before retiring; but no liquor, remember."  
"And is that all?" asked the Scotchman, as he arose gravely from his chair.  
"I think so," said the doctor. "Of course, I want you to come in to see me again in about a week."  
"Well, good-day to ye, doctor," said the patient, as he stepped toward the door.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon, my usual fee is £2 2s.," said the physician, as he picked up the note of introduction from his desk.  
"Two guineas, and fer what?" asked the Scotchman.  
"For my advice," replied the physician.  
"Then," replied the Highlander, "I'll naw pay ye a penny."  
"And why not, pray?" asked the doctor.  
"Because," replied the Scotchman, "I dinna intend to tak' your advice." —Tit-Bits.

**Then Gubbins Gaped for Air.**  
The scene was a hairdresser's shop, and when Theobald Gubbins (in whose Christian name his facetious friends usually eliminated the o) entered there was a gleam in his eye which seemed to portend trouble.  
"You remember selling me some hair restorer when I called at the other day to get shaved, you hoary-headed old thief?" he said. "You sold it under false pretenses, sir! You said it would restore my head to its original condition."  
"Well, didn't it work?" asked the barber.  
"Work? No! It's taken off what little hair I used to have, and I am as bald as the pavement now!"  
"That's quite right, sir. No false pretenses about that. I said it would restore our head to its original condition, and you know, sir, most of us are born bald!"

**How to Make Money.**  
Agents of either sex should today write Marsh Manufacturing Co., 538 Lake Street, Chicago, for cuts and particulars of their handsome Aluminum Card Case with your name engraved on it and filled with 100 Calling or Business Cards. Everybody orders them. Sample Case and 100 Cards, postpaid, 50c. This Case and 100 Cards retail at 75 cents. You have only to show sample to secure an order. Send 50c at once for case and 100 cards, or send 30c for 100 cards without case. \$10 prize for every agent.  
Mention this paper. 8-11

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

**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. If

**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.

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**Foley's Kidney Cure** makes kidneys and bladder right.

## 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. B. 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 50 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.

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