



Dry Goods and Notions!

We have just placed on our counters a full line of White Shirtwaistings and Shirtwaist Suitings, Spring and Summer Dress Gingham, Mercerized Silk Zephyrs, Light and Dark Percalés, also a new line of Calicoes, Apron Gingham, Muslins and Sheetings.

Carpets, Mattings, Linoleums!

As you know we always have been in the lead in these goods, come and look over the carpet samples and the rolls of Mattings. You will find the prices low and the patterns good.

ELK LICK SUPPLY CO., LTD.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SALISBURY.
 Capital paid in, \$50,000. Surplus & undivided profits, \$9,000.
3 PER CENT. INTEREST On Time Deposits.
 J. L. BARCHUS, President. H. H. MAUST, Vice President.
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96

Satisfied :- Customers.

The above number of customers used our

Peptonized Beef, Iron and Wine

during the Spring and Summer of 1903, and any one of them will tell you they were satisfied for the following reasons:
 1st. It tones up the system and makes you strong.
 2nd. It creates an appetite and aids digestion.
 3rd. The cost is but 50c. per pint, or half the cost of any other spring tonic on the market.

Get it at the Elk Lick Drug Store.

Your money back if you are not satisfied.

R. REICH & SON, Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

We have opened a branch undertaking room on

Grant Street, Salisbury, Pa., and have it stocked with the latest and best Caskets, Robes, Lining, etc. Wagner Bros., Agts., Telephone No. 9.

WHY NOT BUY THE BEST?

Surries, Buggies, Road Wagons, &c.

all hung on W. S. Shuler's Improved Patent Spring. Easy, Noiseless, Elastic, Non-breakable. Guaranteed for the life of the vehicle. We are continually adding new features that make our vehicles attractive. Highest possible value for the price. Send for folder No. 27, showing our 1904 styles and prices. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.
CHUCTANUNDA CARRIAGE CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

Another Version of the Bolters' Doom, by the Same Old Coon.

Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, Bob S., Tim and you have made a mess, There's due to you another guess, Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, Bob S.

Your court house saucer failed to win, Although backed up by Johnstown "tin"—

Your little scheme was much too thin, And that is why you're liked like sin.

Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, old Lou, How the people laugh at you!

In your old pate there's loose a screw, Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, old Lou.

Your nasty howl on grab and graft Shows that you have gone clean daft, In fact your head is very "saft," And down goes your old leaky craft.

Ta-ra-ra-ra doom de-aye, The old Scull gang has had its day, The Berkey crowd made all the hay, Ta-ra-ra-ra doom de-aye.

The Berkey crowd is in the clover, The old Scull gang is licked all over, And that's the way it ought to be, As honest men will all agree.

Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, Scull organ, You can't defeat old Benny Morgan— You can't defeat one in our gang, Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, de-bang.

The organ and the organette, They are in an awful sweat, And still keep squeaking out of tune Like sheep dogs baying at the moon.

Ta-ra-ra-ra doom, Scull ring, You're up against the real, real thing, You're doomed, you're doomed, your doom to stay, Ta-ra-ra-ra doom de-aye.

[Dear brethren, before singing the last two stanzas, observe that the word "boom" instead of "doom" is used, then take a fresh chaw of tobacco and proceed.]

Ta-ra-ra-ra BOOM, J. A., A valiant leader every day, You're just all right, the people say, Ta-ra-ra-ra boom, J. A.

A prudent leader, just and true, You always know just what to do— That's why the voters stick to you, And soak it to the old Scull crew.

CHORUS:
 Ta-ra-ra-ra boom de-aye, The people they have had their say, The old Scull gang has had its day, Ta-ra-ra-ra boom de-aye.

THE BEST FAMILY SALVE.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel gives instant relief from Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Eczema, Tetter and all abrasions of the skin. In buying Witch Hazel Salve it is only necessary to see that you get the genuine DeWitt's and a cure is certain. There are many cheap counterfeits on the market, all of which are worthless, and quite a few are dangerous, while DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is perfectly harmless and cures. Sold by E. H. Miller. 5-1

AFTER ELECTION NOTES.

Mr. Weller got it in the sneller. John R. Scott got an awful swat. Shaffer, I. D. came off of his tree. Berkley, H. M. is a disgraced jem. Fred Rowe has been laid very low. A very poor driller is Wm. H. Miller. James M. Cover is still a poor roover. Lowry, J. Cal, what a poor sissy gal! Oh, mamma, but weren't they easy? Poor old Lucifer Lou is crying, boo-hoo!

The Scull Ring dogs have had their day. Cover them over, poor Weller and Cover.

Poor Jimmy Cover is still hungry for clover.

The old pair of pants is now in a trance.

Miller, poor John, has been sunk in the pond. Fred Biesecker couldn't defeat a woodpecker.

Says poor Mr. Housel: "It was a fatal carousal."

Wonder if Lobster-nosed Gabe and Lucifer heard anything drop.

Ex-Associate Judge Dickey should be admitted to the Somerset bar at once. Dear Timothy Titmouse, can you tell us what the Dickey birds are singing now?

"Dice" Hay ought to be fined for converting "whipporwills" into gutter-snipes.

Lucifer Smith's pretended friendship for the miners didn't cut a very wide swathe. Jailbirds in Allegany county, Md., can't cut much ice in Pennsylvania politics.

Stop calling "Billy" Cochran "Whipper." His name has been changed to "Whipped."

The "Little Giant" managed the campaign for the victorious hosts. Don't forget that.

After the votes were counted out in this borough, last Saturday evening, the Scullwarts were conspicuous for their absence.

Purple-faced Shine and windy, noisy Roy caused a loss of at least a dozen Scull votes by turning themselves loose to work for the Scull slate.

Yes, the people gave to Rufus Meyers what they refused to General Grant—a third term. But then General Grant wasn't striving against nothing, and Meyers was.

For some reason that little Scull "whipporwill" that was billed to chirp in the Committeeman's chair after the votes in this borough were counted, failed to warble.

Prof. F. B. Shaffer admits that the Scull organization is without a competent head. Well, that is usually the case with a mongrel and motley crew of bolters and fusionists.

Soldier "Billy" Lichty, our popular oyster and ice cream dealer, says he's glad to know that the Scull bolters are buried good and deep. That's the sentiment of all true Republicans.

Squire Sam Lowry says old Colonel Ed Scull was a great politician and a model party leader, but he declares his degenerated sons to be utter nonentities in that line. The Squire is right.

Judging from the returns in the districts where the Meyersdale Commercial has its best circulation, the people wait to see what Lucifer wants, and then, very properly, do the other thing.

The Sculls can never win. Let them try till the sun grows cold, the stars grow old and the leaves of the Judgment book unfold, for it will do them no good. They are dead mackerel, and oh how they stink!

Chris Lichter made a few votes for the anti-Scull side by shooting off his bazoo in favor of the other gang. Christie should have profited by the defeat Lester Boucher got through being backed by him.

With a few yards of court plaster, some splints and a dose of spirits of turpentine properly applied to liven him up at the right time, we believe poor old Harvey M. could be patched up and entered in the race once more.

Lucifer, how do the returns from old Salisbury strike you? Do you think anybody was trying to swat Pete, this time? But we guess you're kept busy enough weeping over the returns of your own borough, so you needn't answer our questions unless you want to.

The so-called Stalwarts who joined issues with the Democrats to defeat the Republican ticket at the last election in this borough, made a nice block of anti-Scull votes for the last primary. True Stalwart Republicans always get even with the bogus, bolting kind when the proper time comes.

That was a smooth dodge Lester Boucher tried to work on Geo. Huston to keep him from the polls by telling him his vote was challenged, and declaring falsely that he would have to swear to a whole lot of stuff in order to obtain a vote. Lester knew he wasn't telling the truth, but then George knew it, too, and hence wasn't faked.

Lester Boucher, who was the only Scull worker in this borough that could accomplish anything last Saturday, says, since it is all over, that he was working for a cheap gang that hasn't got sense enough to be in politics. Dr. DeLozier expresses himself about the same way. As Lou Smith would say, probably Lester and Doc have recently seen a great light.

As soon as the general result in the county was known, the Hon. Shine Shotgun Fogle promptly changed his room from Hay's hotel office and bar to Clay Statler's haymow. The horses seemed to think there was something dead in the hay, and refused to eat, but Shine crawled out and returned to his old roost just in time to prevent an equine strike at the livery stable. His brother, who tends the bar, was delighted to have Shine return, for he is such a handsome and appreciated ornament to have about the place.

Now that the Scullions got the good licking they deserved, they set up the howl that they were defeated by booze and boodle. But they don't say a word about the bonded warehouse that Abraham Lincoln Lowry, chief henchman for the Scull gang in Elk Lick, had in West Salisbury to corrupt votes with.

The said Abraham Lincoln had enough Scull booze on tap to stock a saloon, and we know just where he kept it, what it cost, how much he had and

who was his bar-keeper. But the said Abraham Lincoln looks as innocent as though he had been in no dirty business whatever, and the next time his church has communion you will see him walk up to the altar, looking as sanctimonious as a sick monkey.

GOOD FOR CHILDREN.

The pleasant to take and harmless One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief in all cases of Cough, Croup and LaGrippe because it does not pass immediately into the stomach, but takes effect right at the seat of the trouble. It draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes and cures permanently by enabling the lungs to contribute pure life-giving and life-sustaining oxygen to the blood and tissues. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take and it is good alike for young and old. Sold by E. H. Miller. 5-1

The Scull faction in Somerset county thought the burden of the new court house would crush their opponents at the primaries, but the court house seems to have fallen on the Scull party and crushed them. It's a poor wood-chopper that lets the tree fall upon himself.—Connellsville Courier.

The contest at the Republican primaries in Somerset county has resulted in a decided victory for the Berkey faction, and with the probable interruption caused by a few mandamus and injunctions, Somerset will get its new court house. The interjection of the New County issue into the campaign by a Johnstown newspaper was exceedingly unfortunate for the interests of this city, and that newspaper and the political ring which dominates it, in this respect, have attained the very object it strove for—the deep, implacable, and powerful opposition of the now securely dominant faction of the Republican party in Somerset.—Johnstown Tribune.

LAST Saturday's Republican primary is now a matter of history. The whole anti-Scull or straight Republican slate went through with a whoop, and once more the bolters or self-styled Stalwarts have been given a crushing defeat. The successful candidates have been nominated by majorities ranging from 891 to 1538, and the Scull slate won out in only a few of the 49 voting precincts. The Scullions waged a vigorous campaign on false issues, making use of all the trickery, deception, boodle and booze that they could muster, but they had no case to go before the people with, hence defeat was certain for them from the start. Now they threaten to take matters to the Dauphin county court, but whether they do or not, it will be the last unavailing baby play they will make in a lost cause. With this issue we are sending out a supplement containing the tabulated vote of the various precincts, and the candidates nominated will all be triumphantly elected next November, no matter what the Scull gang may do.

THE nomination of John P. Elkin instead of Governor Pennypacker as Republican candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, is a most happy surprise to the rank and file, as well as to the leaders of the Republican party. The indications were strongly that Senator Quay had Governor Pennypacker slated for the Supreme Court bench, and we believe he had; but public sentiment was so strongly against such an arrangement as to make it almost certain that Mr. Quay feared defeat for Pennypacker if nominated. The springing of Elkin's candidacy at the proper time was a most happy surprise, and his nomination is well received. At the same time Mr. Quay is given credit for sacrificing his personal choice for the sake of party harmony. Elkin will be elected by an overwhelming majority, and Pennypacker, who is a sorry misfit in the gubernatorial chair, will remain in that office until his term expires, when he will sink into the gloomy oblivion he so richly deserves for his tyrannical stand against free speech and a free press.

A GREAT SENSATION.

There was a big sensation in Leesville, Ind., when W. H. Brown of that place, who was expected to die, had his life saved by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. He writes: "I endured insufferable agonies from Asthma, but your New Discovery gave me immediate relief and soon thereafter effected a complete cure." Similar cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Grip are numerous. It's the peerless remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Guaranteed by E. H. Miller, Druggist. Trial bottles free.

WAR NEWS.

General Scullovitch and Smithski Receive Discouraging News from Their Lieutenants.

The following late messages have been received by Generals Scullovitch and Smithski:

Biff Bang, April 2.—I have engaged General Shafer in battle, and it looksky as though I am hisn.

LIEUT. SCOTTSKY.

Bing Bung, Apr. 2.—Lieutenants Wellesky and Coverovitch are up against Lambert and Endsley, getting licked like thunderski.

Ching Chong, Apr. 2.—I have met Carver in battle, and it's plainski that he is carving me deepski. Beats ellski.

LIEUT. ROWESKI.

Yen Tung, April 2.—Lieut. Berkleyvitch is hotly engaged with Gen. Dickey, but late advices say that the Dickeybirdski is a sure winner.

Whing Whang, Apr. 2.—Lieutenants Bieseckerski and Lowryvitch are hotly engaged with Generals Good and Meyers, who are giving it to them in the necksky. The lieutenants can't fight worth a durnsky.

Sing Sung, Apr. 3d.—Our united armies are almost completely wiped off the earthsky, and we may as wellski surrender unconditionally. We're all licked like hellski.

LIEUT. J. R. SCOTTSKY.

HE ANSWERED THE QUESTION.

General Sheridan Explains What Is the Matter With the Democratic Party.

Some years ago, while General Geo. A. Sheridan was addressing a great audience in Cleveland, a man yelled out to him, "What is the matter with the Democratic party anyhow?" Sheridan dropped the line of argument he was pursuing, turned toward the man and replied as follows: "What is the matter with the Democratic party? I will tell you, my friend. The Democratic party was born under planets that were in opposition. It lives in the objective case. Like a mule, it has no pride of ancestry, no hope of posterity. It never originates anything. It always shines by borrowed light. Democracy has never been joined in honest wedlock to a principle, but lived for years in open adultery with a harlot called slavery, lived with her till she died of corruption and was buried amid the sobs and groans of her paramour.

"The atmosphere that surrounds Democracy is full of noxious vapors that breed moral pestilence and death. The sun never shines through it, vice seeks its shadow, and corruption grows luscious under its unwholy influence. Springs of purity are never found in Democracy. Its waters are torpid, lifeless, covered with the filth and scum with which stagnant pools and waveless waters always offend the eyes of men. The soil which Democracy has cultivated has failed to yield harvests of value to the nation, but has given crops of worthless weeds and briars.

"Democracy has no love of country, believes in states instead of nation, drives loyalty from its doors and welcomes treason to its habitation, holds the deeds of our soldiers and sailors as naught, strives to blacken the names of our heroes, weeps over the lost cause, hates the blue and loves the gray, stabs loyalty in the back, binds up the wounds of treason and speaks words of hope and comfort to its devotees, applauds when helpless blacks are stricken down in the south and caresses the hands red with their innocent blood, denies the right of American citizens to make homes for themselves in the south, justifies the man who shoots them down or drives them out.

"Democracy is a curse to the land, the source of our bitterest woes, the heaven where vice finds friends and crime its apologists and defenders. Democracy is original sin let loose to rend and destroy, is the spirit of evil filling the swine of the land, the incarnation of unholiness, the child of the devil. Its home should be in that outer darkness where there are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Such, faintly pictured, my friend, is what is the matter with the Democratic party."

Sheridan picked up the thread of his speech at the point where he had been interrupted. He was asked no more questions during the evening.

A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c. at E. H. Miller's Drug Store. 5-1