

J. A. BERKEY
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
Coffroth & Ruppel Building.

ERNEST O. KOOSER,
Attorney-At-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
District Attorney.

R. E. MEYERS,
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Court House.

W. H. KOONTZ,
Attorneys-At-Law,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.
Office opposite Court House.

VIRGIL R. SAYLOR,
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block.

E. H. PERRY,
Physician and Surgeon,
(Successor to Dr. A. F. Spelcher.)
SALISBURY, PENN'A.
Office corner Grant and Union Streets

B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.
Summer Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, May 15, 1904.

Under the new schedule there will be 14 daily passenger trains on the Pittsburg Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:

East Bound.	
No. 46—Accommodation	11:02 A. M.
No. 6—Fast Line	11:30 A. M.
No. 46—Through train	4:41 P. M.
No. 18—Accommodation	5:16 P. M.
No. 12—Duquesne Limited	9:35 P. M.
No. 10—Night Express	12:57 A. M.
No. 208—Johnstown Accom.	8:35 P. M.

West Bound.	
No. 8—Night Express	5:58 A. M.
No. 11—Duquesne	8:42 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation	10:46 A. M.
No. 5—Fast Line	4:28 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation	4:30 P. M.
No. 27—Johnstown Accom.	6:30 A. M.

Ask telephone central for time of trains.
Do not stop.
W. D. STILLWELL, Agent.

Wines are nature's best remedies and so pleasant. But be sure they are Pure, for safety always buy

SEVERNE WINES

For Medicinal and Family use.

Our 240 acre vineyard produces every year several hundred tons of the choicest grapes that ever grew, and every grape goes into Severne Wines.

Champagne, Brandy, Perl, Sherry, Claret, Whiskey, Unfermented Grape Juice, &c., &c.

If your dealer doesn't have them write us direct.

SEVERNE WINE CO.,
Himrod, N. Y.



Run Down.
When coffee "goes back on" people, their endurance snaps like a dead twig.

Mocon

CEREA COFFEE!
The Food Drink

enriches health's store—builds up splendid powers of endurance. "Go back on coffee" before it fails you. Mocon is the perfect substitute. 100 Rich—fragrant—delicious.

"I have tried all the substitutes on the market and I am satisfied that Mocon will win the day to highest favor. It is certainly a very pleasant and satisfying food drink." Name on request. Men's best drink. At the grocer.

Central City Cereal Co., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membrane lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., writes: "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.
Bottles only \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.
Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

THE GOVERNOR'S DILEMMA.

A Proof that One Woman Could do a Thing Good.
Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, arrived one day in New York and went to a hotel. Shortly after, a former resident of that state called and was shown up to his room. He found the governor sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance, a trunk which stood against the wall. "What's the matter, Governor?" asked the caller.
"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.
"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"
"No, I have the key all right," said the governor, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it, the things will boil up all over the room and I could never get half of them back. Now, what I'm wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks.—Saturday Evening Post.

Those Dreadful Noises.



"I want to see you about my husband, Doctor."
"Yes, madam."
"He says he hears such awful noises at night."
"After he retires, I suppose?"
"Exactly. Now Doctor—"
"Yes, madam."
"Do you suppose it is possible for a man to hear himself snore?"

Cause for Howling.
The brave Saint Bernard dog had found the traveler who was lost in the Alps. Lifting his head, the dog howled long and dismally. Nor did he stop with one howl, but continued to howl, each yelp being more agonized than its predecessor.
The monks came on a dead run through the snow.
"You seem to be all right," they said to the traveller. "We wonder why the dog howled in such a distressed tone."
"Well," explained the wanderer, "I didn't know whether or not he could make you hear his ordinary howls, so I just whistled 'Hawwaww' to keep him buckled down to business."—Judge.

Minister Got the Prize.
A good one is told on a well-known minister who was walking along the street the other day and saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring, with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said, "Who ever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand up the dog."—Mt. Olivet Democrat.

An Exploded Theory.
The stranger had such a haggard expression that we attempted to cheer him up a bit.
"Laugh and the world laughs with you," we gently admonished him.
"Weep and—" he interrupted us with such a fierce look that we quailed before him.
"Is that so?" he wildly cried. "Did you ever try to sell a joke?"
But then again from his manner we gathered that it wasn't a joke.

Smart Child.
"Do the boys tease you?" asked her mother.
"They used to," answered the wise little girl, "but they don't do it any more."
"Why not?"
"O, I chose for my beau a boy who can whip all the rest of them."—Chicago Evening Post.

Strange Happenings.
A Michigan woman was scanning over the marriage columns of a newspaper and remarked to her husband: "Here's a strange coincidence—a William Strange married to a Martha Strange."
"Strange, indeed," replied her husband, "but I expect the next news will be a little stranger."—The Lyre.

Clever Indeed.
La Montt—He certainly has a keen appreciation of singing.
La Moyné—Can he understand grand opera songs?
La Montt—I should say so. Why, he can even understand college songs.
—Chicago News.

A Yonkers Philosopher.
Teacher—And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?
Boy—'Cause there's no telling when the alarm clock goes wrong.—Yonkers Herald.

TWO OLD MEN.

How a Clergyman Aged 80, Was Taken for 108.
Edmund J. James, the president of the Northwestern University, was traveling some months ago with a clergyman. The clergyman, a man of about sixty, looks older than he really is; a fact of which he hates to be reminded.
At a small rural station an aged and bent farmer, panting violently, boarded the train.
"I have had to run," he said, "nearly half a mile to catch these cars."
Then, addressing himself to Prof. James's companion, he went on: "It's a bad job, sir, when old folks like you and me has to run."
The clergyman, frowning, asked the farmer how old he was.
"I'm eighty-six," was the reply.
"Oh," said the clergyman, "there is twenty years' difference between you and me."
"Goodness, sir," exclaimed the old man, "you don't mean to tell me you're 106?"—Boston Post.

No Trade.
Two Rockland men were negotiating to swap horses the other day when suddenly the younger man paused, scratched his head as if to recall something, and said, quizzically: "Didn't I go to your place once when I was a boy to buy a horse, and didn't you try to induce me to buy one whose knees were so badly sprung that each foreleg almost made a right angle?"
"Believe you did," replied the other.
"Yes, I now recall it distinctly," said the younger man. "You told me that the knee springing was caused by feeding the horse from too high a manger, didn't you—and that if I took the horse home and fed him from the floor that the knees would spring back?"
"Believe I did," answered the other.
"Then I guess I won't swap horses with you. G'lang."—Lewiston Journal.

Not the Same.
A fat woman moved down the aisle of the sleeping car just as the porter gave the "First call for breakfast in the dining car," and poked with her umbrella at upper berth 10.
"Kitty!" she shouted. "Where are you? Is that you up there?"
There was no response.
The fat woman beat a tattoo on the brass curtain rod and shouted again, "Kitty, Kitty! Why don't you answer me? Kitty, breakfast is ready! Kitty, I say, Kitty! are you there?"
A large red face, with long, flowing whiskers on the lower half appeared at the opening between the curtains of upper 10, and a deep husky voice, said:
"My name is George."
The fat woman fled.—Baltimore Sun.

"Buffalo Bill's" Story.
Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) has always a story to tell, and he told this one yesterday of an Irishman whom he employed on his ranch in Wyoming: "Pat has been only a few months in this country, and, of course, is as green as Kentucky grass to our ways. Strolling through the streets of Wyoming City one day recently with a fellow workman on the ranch, he noticed in the window of a store a sign with the words, 'Shoes blackened inside.' Pat stared at the notice and exclaimed: 'That the devil do people want with the inside of their boots blackened.'"
—Out of the Ordinary.

"The pies my mother used to make," began the young husband, "were—"
"That will do, sir," interrupted the fair bride, who had manufactured a pie all by herself. "Comparisons are odious."
"Were mud pies," calmly continued the y. h. "Our folks always boarded, and they were the only kind she ever tried to make."
—Will He Do This Later?

Will He Do This Later?
She—When we have the wireless telegraphy, what will those poor birds do who stand out there on the wire?
He—"They'll do as I do now, dear."
She—How is that?
He—Hang on your words, dear.

A Bad Combination.
"I'm a lightning calculator," said the applicant for the bookkeeping position.
"Then you'll not do here," replied the proprietor of the powder works, "you'd blow up the institution."—Detroit Free Press.

OUR GREATEST BARGAIN!
—We will send you this paper and the Philadelphia Daily North American, both papers for a whole year, for only \$3.75. Subscribe now, and address all orders to THE STAR, Elk Lick, Pa. tf

All kinds of Legal and Commercial Blanks, Judgment Notes, etc., for sale at THE STAR office. tf

The Pittsburgh Daily Times and THE STAR, both one year for only \$3.75 cash in advance. Send all orders to THE STAR, Elk Lick, Pa. tf

The Smart Set magazine will entertain you.

FOUR GREATEST BARGAIN!
—We will send you this paper and the Philadelphia Daily North American, both papers for a whole year, for only \$3.75. Subscribe now, and address all orders to THE STAR, Elk Lick, Pa. tf

All kinds of Legal and Commercial Blanks, Judgment Notes, etc., for sale at THE STAR office. tf

Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name often times secures publication to worthless articles.
Thou should not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.
Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down the type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.
Thou should never read the copy on the printer's case, or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.
Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time, without asking for it.
It is not right that thou should ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.
When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.
Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayst understand.
Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.
Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

This Is June, Be Careful.
A bad month for consumptives. 'This is the time by all means to use Speer's Port Grape Wine freely. Thousands of lives have been prolonged by its use, especially weakly persons and the aged, more especially consumptives.

The Visiting Aunt and the "Dough."
Wenn ower ant vizzets us pop sez I hope
U wont foarget sheez rick ann i sez nope.
Ann thenn he sez uwanto rekoiekt
Shee may leev sumthin ween shee dize, i speekt.
Shee aint so much too look at butt un
Ure looks dont mater wenn uve gott the doe.
So wenn shee kum i kawld her ante deer
Butt mi wot cless shee hadd. shee lookt so kwear
I almos lafft rite in her fase. pop took
Her things an sez wu ant how yung u look.
Pop took her kote ann maw took her hatt
Ann awl they sehd wuz ante thisanthat.
Thenn asturwile shee held me on her nee
Ann sez wot a deer boy heez grone too bee.
Maw sez the deer boy koodunt hardly wate
Too see u wenn he hurd his deer ant kait
Wuz kummin on a vizzet too u. mi
Never hurd maw tell so bigg a li.
Thenn ante sez wu do u luv me so
Ann i sez we bezuc uve gott the doe.
O mi shee gott up in ann offul huf
Ann sez shee gee sheed stade thair long enuf.
Maw tride to argew butt shee sez no ruth
Uno awl fools ann chidurn tel thee treoth.
Pop wuz redhedded wenn maw tolled him wot
I sehd ann he sez thair umita gott
Her munny wenn shee dide butt now uve went
Ann dun it ann uve never git a sent.
Its awlrite to luv peepul for thair doe
Butt goodnessakesalve dont tel um so.
—Life.

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.
Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c. at E. H. Miller's Drug Store. 7-1

Reward Offered for Talker.
A special dispatch from Somerset to the Johnstown Tribune, dated Saturday, June 4th, says: The good people of Somerset were considerably astonished when they awoke this morning to find all fences, store windows, blank walls, trees, etc., decorated with posters proclaiming, in blazing letters, the following remarkable notice to the public:

"\$400 reward for the arrest and conviction of Dirty Roads for talking to death several people, while relating his funny jokes and stories at the Merry Minstrels on June 9th next."
Over 1,500 of the bills were posted about the town, and a good many local merchants are pretty much wrought up over the affair. It is evidently the work of some practical joker who was trying to ridicule the proposed minstrel show to be given on June 9th by some thirty young ladies from the local high school and the Somerset College of Music. So riled were some prominent local citizens this morning that they threatened to make it extremely uncomfortable for the joker—if he is ever caught.—Somerset Democrat.

Wonders Never Cease.
Editor Livengood, of the SOMERSET COUNTY STAR, with a companion went fishing on Decoration day and failed to land any trout, but the strange part of his exploit is the fact that he returned home, and like the "Father of His Country" told the naked truth in his paper the following week.—Oakland Journal.

Any man that will tell the truth about his fishing can be safely believed on any other occasion. But many otherwise truthful men will lie like sin about their fishing.

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.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates. Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough. Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

A Russian Superstition.

There is much talk in St. Petersburg and in other Russian cities of the probability that the Czar will go to the seat of war. A newly discovered prophecy of St. Serafin, it is said, will induce him to take supreme command of the Russian forces in the East.
Last July, it will be remembered, the remains of St. Serafin were carried into a church specially built for their reception. Father Serafin, as he was commonly called, died about 70 years ago in the desert of Sarof and was buried near his hermit hut. Some little time after his death a well not far from his grave was discovered, whose waters had curative qualities. The church, after due investigation, concluded that the well was holy, and the saint was canonized. Last year the Emperor and all the imperial family were present at the removal of the saint's remains. The Czar himself and three grand dukes carried the precious burden to the place prepared for it; and it was the Czarina Feodorovna—who, by the way, of late has become very pious—who designed the drapery and the decorations which mark the new place where the bones of the saint lie.

Here is one of the predictions said to have been made by St. Serafin: "During the year following the removal of my ashes hence to a church a terrible war will be let loose upon Russia, and it will cause much suffering. The Czar will go to that war. I will go with him, and we will tear to pieces the apron of England."

This prediction first came to light last July. It was discussed in several court circles, and great importance was attached to the promise of the saint to accompany the Czar to the front. As to the "apron of England" which is to be torn to tatters, that does not necessarily mean war with England. In all probability the "apron" means Japan, by which England is shielded in her war against Russia.

It is also contended that St. Serafin was in reality Alexander I., who retired to a convent after his involuntary participation in the murder of his father, Paul I. Later on he became the hermit of the desert of Sarof. This, it is said, is the real reason why the Czar and the imperial family were present at the second funeral of the prophet.—Paris Temps.

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.

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 after coming up. Rolling oats after coming up. Packing the soil in a solid bed. Rolling corn ground after planting. 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.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates. Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough. Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

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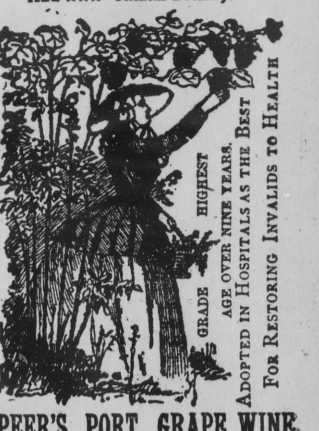
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SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE.



SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE
—NINE YEARS OLD.
THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyard, and left hanging until they shrink and partly remain before gathering. It is invaluable as a tonic and strength giving Properties are unsurpassed by any other wine in the world, being produced under Mr. Speer's personal supervision, at his own vineyard in the past forty years. Its purity and genuineness are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. It is particularly beneficial to the aged, debilitated and the weaker sex. In every respect it is A WINE TO BE RELIED ON.
(See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Pottsville, Pa., is over the cork of each bottle.)

Speer's (Socialite) Claret
Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry
Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's ★★ Climax Brandy
IS A PURE distillation of the grape, and stands unrivaled in this country for medicinal purposes and equal in every respect to the high priced Old Cognac Brandy of France, from which it cannot be distinguished.

Don't be so Thin
OX-BLOOD TABLETS
For Thin Blooded People
WILL PRODUCE FLESH
Equal Pure Blood of Bullcok.
Thin People gain 10 lbs. a month

Pleasant to take, harmless to the system. They cure Nervousness, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Blood Purifier and Tonic.
If you have pure blood and good circulation you will gain in flesh, if you gain in flesh you will be strong and healthy. Ox-Blood Tablets are doing wonders. Thousands are being cured every day.
C. A. BEAUMER of Casey, Iowa, says:
"My complexion was sallow and my face was not a vein to be seen on any part of my body. I was troubled with stiffness and soreness of joints and pain in my back. To-day, after the three weeks treatment, I have gained wonderfully in flesh. The veins in my foot stand out in full view, even showing through my finger nails. My complexion has improved, and the stiffness and soreness in my joints and pain in my back have been removed. I feel younger and in better health than I have for years."
Ox-Blood Tablets are certainly a flesh producer. I have gained nine pounds in less than four weeks. Send me six boxes more. Enclosed find \$3.00 for \$2.50. Respectfully, A. E. DOWERS, Wata, Ohio.

It costs you nothing to try them. To procure one week's treatment inclose stamp and address.
W. A. HENDERSON DRUG CO.,
Clarinda, Iowa.

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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.
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