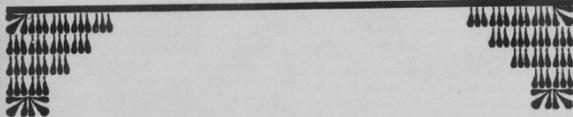


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Summer Dress Goods, Shirtwaistings, Notions, Hats, Shoes, Carpets, Linoleums, Hardware, Groceries.

ELK LICK SUPPLY CO., LTD.



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THE NEW REICH BLOCK, MEYERSDALE, PA.

A present duty: Subscribe for THE STAR.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

STATE.

Judge of the Supreme Court, Hon. JOHN P. ELKIN, of Indiana County.

COUNTY.

For Congress, ALLEN F. COOPER, of Uniontown, Pa.

For Assemblymen, L. C. LAMBERT, of Stonycreek Township.

J. W. ENDSLEY, of Somerset Borough.

For District Attorney, RUFUS E. MEYERS, of Somerset Borough.

For Poor Director, AARON F. SWANK, of Conemaugh Township.

The effervescing and irrepressible Prohibition leader, Dr. Silas C. Swallow, is advising the Democratic leaders whom to nominate for President. This is a case where one swallow does not make a runner.—Connellsville Courier.

"The Star of Bethlehem" still continues to twinkle, and all the wind that can possibly emanate from the spacious mouth of Windbag McCullough cannot dim a single twinkle of the grand old luminary.

Let the McCullough jackass bray. Let him saw the air each day, But in good homes both near and far You'll always find the neway STAR.

SURELY no one can blame "Doc" DeLozier for "scabbing," as the strikers call it. The United Mine Workers kept him out of a job for several years in this region, for which they had no valid reason. Once when he secured a job at 65 cents per ton, the pit committee refused to let him work, and by threatening to strike, forced the mine foreman to send him away. Now, DeLozier feels that it is his turn to get even with the United Mine Workers, and no sensible man can blame him. Old "Doc" has his faults, as all men have, but he is a mighty decent man when compared with some of the people that are railing at him.

MR. STRIKER, there is no sense in your slopping over and railing at Judge Kooser's injunctions. If you are a law-abiding citizen the injunctions will in no way interfere with you. All the injunctions are intended for you to protect people in their rights and in their property, and the man that minds his own business need not fear the orders of the Court. The injunctions were issued on good and sufficient grounds, and only for the injunctions there would have been bloodshed in this region long before this. Judge Kooser's head was level when he granted injunctions restraining trespassing, intimidation and other forms of lawlessness.

Among the strikers there are many church members, and some of them refuse to speak to their poor fellow mortals who would rather dig coal than to strike. But you all know the parable of the sower. When the seeds of Christianity fall upon stony ground, the shallowness of the Christian soil in which some men were nurtured becomes evident at once. A look of long-faced piety, mingled with scorn and hatred, does not harmonize with bibles, hymn and prayer books carried under the arms of men on their way to the sanctuary. Hell is pretty well populated with ancient and modern Pharisees, but the place is still yawning for more, and a very hot corner is being reserved for the Salisbury delegation.

This past week has seen a return to this region of all the national organizers of the U. M. of A. who had been previously located here. Their coming does not change the aspect of the strike in the least, and this past week the Somerset Coal Company has had two score of their old men apply for positions, but the company has no vacancies, and but few of those applying were given work. The company has in hopes that trade may look up, so that they can start some of the smaller mines to give employment to those that are applying. There are a few of the old men who will never get back, of course, no matter what may arise. Among those who went to work this past week was a vice president of one of the local unions.—Meyersdale Republican.

"They're taking the bread out of my children's mouths," is an expression one often hears during a strike. We have noticed that those who are in

the habit of using that expression are usually fellows that loaf about the saloons and grocery stores, where they fill themselves with booze and lunch and make little or no honest effort to put any bread into their children's mouths. Some of them will put plenty of bread into their children's mouths if they can get it from some merchant on time, at the same time calculating never to pay for it. But when it comes to spending for bread that which they squander for booze, they get the booze, starve their children and then accuse others of taking the bread out of their children's mouths. Another thought has often occurred to us, and it is this: If the children of some of the class aforesaid have mouths as big as their "dads," a vast quantity of bread could be stored therein, and a good deal of it could be taken out by others without ever being missed.

It is said that men are but children of a larger growth, but it is a sad commentary on full grown men when they act the little child more than the little "tots" do. During the miners' strike we have heard men declare that they would not buy at stores that sold goods to strike-breakers, that they would not get shaved at shops where strike-breakers get shaved, that they would not go to church where strike-breakers attend, etc. Such fools never spite anybody, and all they accomplish by such fool talk is to bring contempt and ridicule upon themselves. If they don't want to go to church and other places for the fool reasons they give, let them go to the lunatic asylums or to hades, the only places especially constructed for fools. They never will be missed here. But just the same they prefer to stay here, where they view the same sun, drink at the same places, walk the same streets, patronize the same doctors and actually breathe the same air that strike-breakers breathe. And it doesn't kill them, either.

"It's not the scale price we're after now, it's recognition of the union that we demand," say the leaders of the United Mine Workers. They are willing to go to work at the price offered, they say, but the union must be recognized before they can accept the reduction. What nonsense! Of what use is recognition if it does not bring the scale price with it? Any union that is willing to work for recognition only, at any price the operators name, is not worth three hurrahs in hades. The fact of the matter is, the miners' union in this region is rotten to the core, and it has broken completely down under the weight of its own rottenness and abuse of power. It can't get recognition any more than a pig can fly, and the ones to blame for the present state of affairs are a lot of big-mouthed numskulls in the organization. The decent men in the union all admit this. It is useless for the union in this region to be harping on what it is willing to do. The operators do not care at this stage of the game what the union is willing to do, for they will not deal with the strikers as an organization, and some of them cannot even get recognition as individuals.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children and is undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of a great many children each year. For sale by E. H. Miller. 7-1

"Undersized" Americans.

Phillips Brooks and two other Americans crossed the ocean on the same steamer, and booked their names at the same hotel for their first night in Liverpool. Each was some inches more than six feet in height. Opposite their hotel they saw a placard announcing a lecture on America. "Let's go and see what they say about us," said one, and it was agreed. They separated at the door of the hall.

After some very absurd statements about the American people, the lecturer went on to say that they were quite undersized. At once Bishop Brooks arose and said: "I am an American, and when at home my height occasions no remark."

Then the second man in a remote corner arose, and said, "I, too, am an American, and at home my height is not alluded to as being uncommon."

Then off in an opposite corner arose the tallest of the three, and began to say, "I also am an American—" but by this time the audience was in a roar of laughter, and the little man who was lecturing beat a hasty retreat from the platform.—C. E. World.

OUTLAWRY MOST FOUL.

Attempt to Blow Up Tipple With Dynamite—Bullets Fired at Guards.

Last Sunday night a dastardly attempt was made to blow up the tipple at the Meager mine. A great deal of dynamite was used for the purpose, but it was not properly placed, and but little damage was done. However, the report was terrific, and the explosion shook buildings several miles away. There is not the least doubt that the dynamiting was done by striking miners who belong to the union, as some of them have been getting very violent of late, as a result of the socialistic-anarchistic speeches that have recently been made in this region by organizers from abroad.

On Monday Blatherskite McCullough delivered another socialistic harrangue at Coal Run, and the very night following a lot of murderous thugs ambushed themselves and fired a large number of shots at the guards in charge of the property of the coal companies. The fire was several times returned, but no one was hurt. However, one of the guards has a bullet hole through his hat, and the weigh shanty at Meager's mine has a number of bullet holes in it.

McCullough's speeches have no other effect than to incite riot, murder, incendiarism and general outlawry. When the walking delegates and socialistic spouters out of this region, there would soon be peace and prosperity; but the longer they are tolerated and permitted to poison and pervert the minds of the ignorant, the more outlawry and crime we may expect. These labor grafters from abroad are moral lepers, a menace to law and order, and they appear as warts on the face of decency and syphilitic sores on the body politic. The decent, law-abiding people of our community are getting very tired of them, and our business men are very much opposed to their street meetings, seeing the bad effect they have on the peace and quiet of the community. People who show too much of a disposition to cater to the organizers and their dupes are going to be made very sorry for it in due time.

Organization conducted on decent principles is all right, and we believe in it; but the kind of organization we have in this region is rapidly getting to be of the cut-throat brand, and the decent men in the local unions owe it to themselves, their families, their God and their country to withdraw from the organization in this region, for the reason that it is dominated by the lawless and illiterate elements. The men who are at work are making more than \$100 per month, and one more mine (Merchants No. 2) resumed operations on Monday last. The strike is lost, and all who are able to get work had better do so. To stand out now and demand that which is absolutely impossible to get, is showing no better judgment than the bull did when he tried to butt the locomotive off the track.

Blatherskite McCullough and his associates may rail at THE STAR and its editor all they please, but they can rest assured that this paper is backed by a very solid constituency—the decent, law-abiding, sensible people of the community, and with their support, influence and backing our business is secure. We do not cater nor truckle to the lawless element, and if we have any such on our subscription list that do not like our course, they have a standing invitation to call, square up their breast, take out their tools and quit. We have new men applying for places on our list right along, and we can easily spare all who are dissatisfied with the paper.

Some of the strikers that are cursing THE STAR now will wish before this time next year that they had taken more of its advice and paid less attention to wind from McCullough and others, for wind will neither fill empty bellies, clothe naked backs nor keep fuel in the stoves when the wintry blasts are howling. It is immaterial to us, gentlemen, if you want to squander what you have saved and allow debt to accumulate upon yourselves—debt that it will take years to wipe out. Take your choice—work, wages and prosperity, or dirt, rags, idleness, empty pockets, cheerless firesides and the permanent loss of your jobs in this region. But if you choose the latter, you cannot say that you have not been warned of the results of your folly. Don't allow yourselves to be swayed by the shiftless, worthless fellows who know they can't get work in this region at any price, and who are not fit to live among honest men. Some of the very fellows that urge you to keep on striking would begin work at once if the operators would only give them a job. We do not blame some men in this region

for striking, for it's all they will ever have to do so long as they remain here. But those of you who can get work will show your wisdom by taking it while you still have the opportunity. Time will prove this assertion, and in the meantime we will continue to show Mr. McCullough what it is to monkey with a buzz saw.

MCCULLOUGH'S SOLILOQUY.

I am E. S. McCullough, And I make a h—l of a Hulla-Baloo. Yes, I do, And I shoot off my mouth, East, west, north and south, Making the miners believe that I Would be willing to die For them. Ahem! Oh, my! They don't know a lie, When I tell one straight, But they swallow my bait, And cheer all I say Whenever I bray. Some say I'm an ass, But I just let that pass, And continue to bray At four dollars a day. Oh, say, Isn't it fine To wine and to dine At the best hotels in the land? It's grand! I just gess yes, And I don't care what a mess Is in store Evermore For the men who dig coal. Bless my soul, To see them strike Is just what I like, And I say to myself, It's only the pelf That I'm working for. Without labor troubles, My plans would be bubbles, So what care I, If strikes come high? I live by strikes, While miners die. Oh, yes, I'm IT, And don't you forget That I'm the big man From old Michigan. I may be an ass, But I live on rich grass, And when I wiggle my ears I hear my dupes' cheers. Oh, say, But can't I just bray A little bit louder Than good giant-powder? I'm a rip snorter, An all-round caworter, An atmosphere pounder, A spouting old rouser, A ring-tailed roarer, An audience borer, But yet I am IT. And don't you forget That I'm the big-mouthed man From old Michigan. Anyhow, I'm a smart old cow. What do you 'low?

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

A Good Vaccine Scar.

"American Medicine" complains bitterly of a fake vaccination scar that is being used in Ohio. "Medical Talk for the Home" first mentioned this scar, which is produced by means of nitric acid. A correspondent of the latter publication said: "My own children have been treated in this way, and have been examined a great many times in school for vaccination, and the scars have always been regarded as genuine vaccination scars. Other children have been vaccinated in the same way." When "American Medicine" read this it just arose and pawed the air. Yet one of the crying needs of the age is a good, warranted, non-tetanus vaccination scar that will pass medical examination. The Ohio discovery deserves looking into.—Minneapolis Journal.

E. H. MILLER

asks the readers of this paper to test the value of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Those persons who have used it and who have been cured by it, do not hesitate to recommend it to their friends. Kodol digests what you eat, cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Increases strength by enabling the stomach and digestive organs to contribute to the blood all of the nutriment contained in the food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is pleasant and palatable. 7-1