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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 Pittsburgh Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:

East Bound.	
No. 48—Accommodation	11:02 A. M.
No. 6—Fast Line	11:30 A. M.
No. 46—Through train	4:41 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation	5:16 P. M.
No. 12—Duquesne Limited	9:35 P. M.
No. 10—Night Express	12:57 A. M.
No. 206—Johnstown Accommodation	8:35 P. M.
West Bound.	
No. 9—Night Express	5:58 A. M.
No. 11—Duquesne	5:58 A. M.
No. 18—Accommodation	8:42 A. M.
No. 47—Through train	10:46 A. M.
No. 5—Fast Line	4:28 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation	4:50 P. M.
No. 37—Johnstown Accommodation	8:30 A. M.

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

Ours, Yours and Uncle Sam's Favorite.
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Approved by the P. O. Dept. The carriers speak of it in the highest terms. The best, largest, most accessible and safest Mail Box on the market. The best is always the cheapest. Send for Circulars. MADE BY THE CENTURY POST CO., Tecumseh, Mich. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. We also manufacture the Tecumseh Rural Mail Box.



Run Down. When coffee "goes back on" people, their endurance snaps like a dead twig. **MOCON** "REAL COFFEES" THE Food Drink enriches health's store—builds up splendid power of existence. "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 its way to highest favor. It is certainly a very pleasant and satisfying food drink. Name on request. Man's best drink. At the grocer. Central City Grocer Co., Fort, W. Va."

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 membranes lining the stomach. Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says: "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, ILL. SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

BORN "BUSINESS MAN."

If this Boy Doesn't Make a "Hit" then Something's Wrong
"I had an amusing experience on the smoking car coming through Ohio last week," said the traveling man who had just come from the West.
"A little ragamuffin with a shoe-blackening kit tried to get a free ride by hiding beneath two seats that were turned back to back. His clothes were in a deplorable state, and it was easy to understand that he did not have the price of a railroad ticket. All of us in the car watched him hide, and we waited for further developments as the conductor came walking through.
"But the old boy spied three inches of leg sticking out in the aisle, and it didn't take him long to pull the lad out of his retreat.
"I haven't got any money," whined the youngster, wiping away a tear that had already left its path on his besmeared cheek.
"Then you'll get off at the next station," answered the irate official, who had evidently dealt with many similar cases in the past.
"I felt sorry for the chap, and didn't want to see him put off the car, so I went up to him and told him to shine my shoes, after which I handed him a quarter. In a short time he was shining the shoes of other men in the car until he had made seventy-five cents more than the price of his fare.
"We saw it that he straightened out matters with the conductor and forgot all about the incident, until half an hour later, when the man next to me poked my arm and pointed over to the corner of the car. The little shoeblack was sitting back as big as a lord, his feet stretched across the opposite seat. He was slowly puffing away at a cigarette, blowing the smoke lazily toward the roof of the car with a look of supreme satisfaction on his face."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No Fault Of His



She—Did you ever stop at my uncle's hotel in New York?
He—Yes, I stopped there once, but I didn't intend to.
She—How was that?
He—Oh, I was passing with my automobile.

As It Might Have Been.

George," said the Father of His Country's father, "George, what about this cherry tree?"
"Father," replied the immortal George, "I cannot tell a lie. With my little hatchet I did it."
Whereupon his father promptly turned him over his knee and gave him the chastisement he deserved.
"This will teach you," said he, when it was finished, "that you ought to never acknowledge that anything is impossible. You cannot tell what you can do till you try."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Consolatory.

Sir Arthur Jelf was a formidable opponent at the bar, and on the bench has proved no less of a success. "I was has a pretty wit, too. Once at Quarter Sessions, as Recorder of Shrewsbury, he was sentencing a hypocritical prisoner who, hopeful of softening the judge's heart, shed copious tears, and in reply to his lordship's inquiry, "Have you ever been in prison before?" sobbed tearfully, "Never, my lord, never!" "Well, don't cry," was the Recorder's reply, "I am going to send you there now."—Westminster Review.

Meaningless.

"Here's a poem we accepted some time ago that nobody can possibly make any sense out of at all," said the editor's assistant. "It hasn't any title, either."
"O!" replied the editor, "just call it 'The Sighing Soul' and run it in."—Philadelphia Press.

Natural History.

Eva—Mother says I'm descended from Mary Queen of Scots.
Tommy (her brother)—So am I then.
Eva—Don't be silly, Tom. You can't be—you're a boy!—Punch.

Picks Its Company.

"Old Hunks boasts that he never has a cold."
"It's nothing to boast of. He's so mean that even a cold won't have anything to do with him."—Chicago Tribune.

The Old Thing Won't Go.

Hewitt—First be sure you're right, then go ahead.
Jewett—You may be sure you're right and not be able to go ahead, if you are in an automobile.—Brooklyn Life.

Described.

"How would you describe a college boy?"
"I'd call him a chap who might be a fine student if he had time to study."—Detroit Free Press.

THE GROCERYMAN.

Gets a Gentle Knock at His Rival, the Milkman.

"I don't want to knock anybody," said the groceryman to the pretty cook, "but if I was a girl an' wanted to pick out a feller for steady company it wouldn't be a milkman—partic'larly a milkman with bandy legs an' sandy hair."
"Oh, you think you're smart, don't you?" said the pretty cook.
"I never thought much about it, but come to think of it, I guess I am pretty fussy. I'm dead wise on the milkman, anyway. Do you think his legs is straight? Well, maybe you're right. What can I have the extreme pleasure of bringin' you this mornin'? J'ever try any of this condensed milk? It beats what these sandy-haired roosters bring around in quart bottles."
"You can keep it," said the pretty cook.
"I knew a girl married a sandy-haired man once, an'—"
"Put down a pound of prunes," said the pretty cook, coldly.
"One extra-fine prunes."
"I didn't say extra-fine."
"All the prunes we've got is extra-fine. This girl was a second cousin of mine. The man wasn't a milkman, though. That's the reason they got on so well together. A milkman wouldn't want to get up in the mornin' an' build fires. His wife 'ud say to him: 'William, it's 8 o'clock an' the house is as cold as a barn an' the children is crying for their breakfasts.' I can't help it, he'd say. 'I'm a union man an' the union positively forbids any member in good standin' to get up afore 11. Build the fire yourself, an' while you're about it bring me up some buttered toast an' coffee an' some eggs; an' bacon an' I'll eat it sated.' That's what a woman 'ud git for marryin' a milkman."
"She'd get worse for marryin' a groceryman," said the pretty cook, "partic'larly a groceryman with a snub nose. Have you got any codfish?"
"Not with me," said the groceryman. "I quit carryin' it. I can get you some though, at the store. Do you want 'em in bulk or on the half-shell? See here, Evalina, you don't want to get mad at me because I joshed you about the milkman. He's all right. I haven't got nothin' against him except that he's out me out with the girl at 67. I don't blame him for that, either. If I got a chance to hit a feller out with a good-lookin' girl like that I'd do it, too."
"A pound of codfish, a peck of codfish, five pounds of cut-leaf sugar and the prunes," said the cook, loftily. "That's all this mornin', an' if you'll get out of this kitchen an' write it down on the porch I'll be obliged."

Agreed With Him.



He—I think I'm a fool!"
She—Well, dear, you told me it was a wife's duty to agree with her husband.

Facing the Future.

"What is the baby's name?" asked the graciously condescending young woman.
"His name is Flyin' Machine Jackson," was the colored mother's reply.
"How did you come to give him such an extraordinary name?"
"Well, you see, dat chile takes after his father, an' I wanted to give him a name dat were gwine to be appropriate. An' every time anybody mentions 'flyin' machine' dey say it's sumpin dat positively refuses to work."—Washington Star.

Making a Wild Guess.

"On the one hand," said the teacher at the night school, pointing a long finger at the map on the blackboard, "in the present complication is Russia. On the other hand—"
Here he paused and looked sternly at the shock headed boy. "On the other hand—"
"Warts!" hazarded the shock headed boy, helpless with terror.—Chicago Tribune.

Dissembling.

"That man in there is a hypocrite," said Jackson as he left the drug store.
"You mean the druggist?"
"Yes. When I went in I interrupted him in the midst of compounding a prescription; I told him I wanted a two-cent stamp, and he smiled as sweetly as if he was glad to see me."—Philadelphia Press.

What She Did.

"And what did you do when your doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?"
"I sent for another doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRISCILLA'S CURE.

Priscilla enters the room, looking unpeppably weary and disheveled. Sighing like a porpoise she sinks into the first chair that offers itself. "I've been resting," she announces. Resting? From Priscilla's appearance you would have supposed her fresh from the fists of a champion prize-fighter. You say something to that effect.

"No, my dear," she replies, shaking her head in a melancholy way. "No, Mary, I've just been resting after the latest and most approved methods, according to 'Health and Beauty Rules.'"

This is the news! Is Priscilla the sensible, Priscilla the scornful, Priscilla the supremely defiant of all people's frivolous—Priscilla, of all people! going in for beauty fads?

Priscilla's white tressed face twitches and her big brown eyes look at you reproachfully in response to that question.

"No, Mary," she asserts with aggrieved solemnity, "you know I should never lose any sleep trying to be more beautiful than nature intended me to be. But, you see, I have been feeling rather tired for several days, and so I tried the rest cure the book suggested. I guess I won't try that way again." She rubs her left arm and groans as she leans back in the chair. "What way, Priscilla?"

"Well," she explains, "it's this way. First you go into a dark room. If it isn't dark, you have to darken it, and if you pinch your fingers bolting the shutter and jab your ankle into a rockingchair afterward, you must suppress all impatience, for it's all part of the cure." Priscilla speaks grimly and as one having reminiscences.

"Having got your room into a state of prehistoric darkness, you remove your clothing and put on a long garment before closing the shutter, or else light the gas. Otherwise you're likely to stab your fingers with pins and think unmentionable thoughts over the knots in your shoe laces.

"Then you lie flat on the floor for half an hour with your arms folded across your chest. The floor is hard and draughty, and you can hear the children quarreling downstairs and crying 'Mamma,' and by and bye one of them comes up and pounds on the door. But you keep right on lying there, for it's all a part of the cure.

"Then," says Priscilla, warming up to her subject, "you rise up and take fifty long breaths, holding the air in your lungs as long as possible. This is difficult at first, but presently you can manage it without strangling. The front doorbell is meanwhile ringing like mad, and you wonder where Martha can be, and you think you ought to dress and hurry down to answer it, but you must keep right on drawing deep breaths, for it's all a part of the cure.

"After this you begin to whirl your arms around. You raise them on a level with your chest, pass them over the head and down at the sides again, being extremely careful to press the hands backward—"

"Why backward, Priscilla?"
"I'm sure I don't know," says Priscilla, wearily, "but it's what the book says. You keep this up long and violently, till you look like a howling dervish, and feel like a merry-go-round that's got a headache. Your arms ache and there's an awful racket downstairs, but you can't stop. It's all a part of the cure, you see.

"After this you begin to wiggle your shoulders violently back and forth. First one and then the other. Then you lift your right foot and swing it, then your left foot. The all together, arms, shoulders, right foot, left foot—" Priscilla looks wild-eyed and begins to talk somewhat incoherently.

"Priscilla!" you expostulate. "You can't possibly wiggle both feet at the same time!"

"I guess you can if you jump up in the air, Mary, can't you?" she retorts. "Well, that's what you do. Arms, shoulders, head, right foot, left foot, all working in separate and diverse ways like—" Priscilla giggles hysterically—"like that jointed tin mankin the fakirs sell on Market street.

"Well, Mary, you keep on at that rate until you fall in a faint, or are led away, a gibbering, or someone of your family breaks down the door and rescues you. Sounds attractive, doesn't it?"

"Very," you concede. "So restful and soothing!"
"Yes," says Priscilla, rubbing the other arm for a change. "But, just the same, if I were you I wouldn't try it."

And looking at the bruised and wild-eyed Priscilla you feel you can safely promise that you will not.

A Story of Ivan the Terrible

Sir Jerome Bowers, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to Ivan the Terrible, czar of Russia, in 1583, had an exciting time. Ivan had killed his own son a few years earlier in a fit of passion, and was no easy character to deal with. The czar saw fit to displease the English queen, whom he declared, "he did not reckon to be his fellow," there being those who were her better. Bowers could not stand this sort of thing, and pluckily asserted that his princess was as great as any in Christendom. "What! As great as the emperor of Germany?" demanded Ivan. "Why," answered Bowers, with a fine assumption of scorn, "such is the greatness of the queen, my mistress, that the king, her father, had not long since the emperor in his pay in his wars against France." The czar was at first more furious than ever, but in time he took Bowers into his favor.

WAS IT COLUMBUS?

Suppose, after all that Columbus wasn't really the original discoverer, nor Lief Ericsson, either. Suppose that, as a long list of eminently respectable people have believed, Columbus and his Spaniards and Ericsson and his Norsemen were forestalled by Prince Madoc of Wales.

Suppose that the prince, away back in 1170, really did discover and colonize America, but didn't go back to tell it; and suppose that they are to-day among the Indians of North Dakota—shouldn't Madoc have a monument?

After the revolution had succeeded, it was declared that the Welsh Indians had moved into the Spanish territory beyond the Mississippi. George Catlin, the Indian authority and painter of Indian subjects, was sure he had discovered them there in the Mandans, in whom he identified the descendants of the lost Welshman, to his own satisfaction, at least.

Other investigators might have followed in his footsteps and proved him either wrong or right, but in the winter of 1838-39 an epidemic of small-pox swept through the tribe, and of the 1,600 or more persons in it, left only about thirty-one, most of them women who fled from the pestilence and were captured by the Sioux and other tribes with whom they intermarried. Between 200 and 300 of their descendants now live on the Fort Berthold reservation in North Dakota.

This legend of Prince Madoc and the Welsh Indians has had a hard struggle, but has thriven surprisingly in spite of the wiping out of the Mandans, and the fact that, as the story goes, the Welsh records proving its truth were burned long ago. What remains of it is this effect:

Madoc was the son of Owen Gwynedd, one of the greatest of the Welsh kings. Owen reigned from 1137 to 1169, and his capital was Abergraw. He had sixteen sons besides Madoc, and the eldest Huell, succeeded him on the throne.

But while Huell was visiting Ireland, David, another son seized the throne and began to seize and imprison his brothers. Madoc, though, was in charge of the fleet and couldn't be got at.

Madoc took advantage of the opportunity to start on a voyage of discovery westward. He sailed on for many days over the broad Atlantic and at last landed on a broad continent of great fertility. The general supposition is that he reached Florida, later the Spaniards heard there of previous landing by an expedition of white men.

Months later Madoc returned to Wales and told of his great discovery. He organized a new expedition of ten ships and about 300 men, and these sailed away in the year 1170 from the Isle of Anglesea, in search of the Ooroonha, the beautiful land that Madoc and his followers told about.

The Welsh story is that they never returned, though one Welsh bard, Gwyllon Owen, did say of the return of an explorer Cynaf ap Rhys, and this story was preserved in what purported to be a manuscript of his found in a Welsh monastery. Some investigators have declared this manuscript to be a forgery. One of the tales it told was that the Welshmen taught the Indians to build and use the coracle, the skin covered basket boat of the Celtic race, described, among others, by Caesar.

Now Catlin, who lived among the Mandans and studied their language and characteristics with the result that he firmly believed them to be the descendants of the lost Madoc and his fellow travelers, found among other things that they used the coracle. No other tribe of Indians did. They were fair complexioned and had the reddish, wavy hair of the Welsh. The men were bearded.

They made glass beads and many other articles of civilized ornament and dress and the words in their language corresponding to I, he, she, it, we, no, head, Great Spirit and other things almost identical with the Welsh equivalents.

The Rev. Benjamin F. Bowen was another investigator of the legend who believed it. He told all about his investigation and the reasons for his belief in an interesting volume entitled "America Discovered by the Welsh," and published here in 1876.

The Llangollen Glastedfod, held in September, 1858, discussed it and patriotically decided that the Welsh were the real discoverers of America, and as late as 1893 Thomas Stephens carefully investigated the evidence and declared that the legend was undoubtedly based on truth.

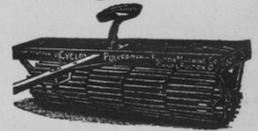
So maybe Columbus wasn't the first discoverer, after all, and Prince Madoc ought to have one at least of the many monuments dedicated to Columbus all over the land. If not, the patriotic Welshmen would like to know why not.

Koreans' Mourning Costume.

When Koreans do mourning the first stage demands a hat as large as a diminutive open clothes basket. It is four feet in circumference, and completely conceals the face, which is hidden further by a piece of coarse lawn, stretched upon two sticks, and held just below the eyes. In this stage nothing whatever of the face may be seen. The second stage is denoted by the removal of the screen. The third period is manifested through the replacement of the inverted basket by the customary head-gear, made in straw color. The ordinary head covering takes the shape of the high-crowned hat worn by Welsh women, with a broad brim, made in black gauze upon a bamboo frame.

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Send for circular and price list. THE FULTON MACHINE CO., Canal Fulton, Ohio.

20 YEARS WITH QUAY, BY HIS EX-SECRETARY.

The most remarkable newspaper article of the year, one in which every Pennsylvanian will be interested, will take up two pages of the Sunday North American of Sunday, July 3. It's a study of Senator Quay, his methods and his deeds, by Frank Willing Leach, who for twenty years followed the fortunes of the dead Senator through good and evil times, except on two occasions, when his judgment regarding his duty to his party led him to oppose his chief.

In the tale of great events Mr. Leach has reserved nothing. He has written his story from the viewpoint of an intimate friend and sincere admirer of Senator Quay. He has "set down naught in malice." His admiration for his chief is shown in every paragraph. He has, however, told Pennsylvania history with the assurance and verity of a capable chronicler, who observes from behind the scenes the manipulation of Senator Quay's political chessmen. One incident after another is cited to clear up the cloud of doubt that has surrounded many political events in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Leach explains how Senator Quay's system of political rewards and punishments turned upside down the plans of his lieutenants, how and why the "insurgent" of one year became the "stalwart" favorite of the next, and how the cherished ambitions of men were trodden down with the relentlessness of a juggernaut, all because expediency and the smooth running of the machine demanded it. This is told by one who suffered, but who believed the chief reasoned not unkindly when fate removed him from the chessboard of politics.

This article is a chapter of the unwritten political history in Pennsylvania. It will be cited when the political mysteries of the past again come up for solution, and will stand as authority when discussions arise. No Pennsylvanian should fail to read it. It will be instructive and useful alike to the boy and the old man, and to the woman as well, for there is a great human side to the story.

The Most Original Novel of the Year.

The most competent judges have pronounced "In the Bishop's Carriage" the most original novel of the year. It is a tale about flesh and blood people; a story for men and women. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, is most enthusiastic in his praise of Miss Miriam Michelson's book. This is what he has to say about it:

"I am in receipt of a copy of 'In the Bishop's Carriage,' by Miriam Michelson. I read the same with great pleasure. It seems to me it ought to be a popular publication and one that will exert a good influence. Perhaps I can best describe it by saying that I commenced reading it early in the morning and finished it that night and the coming morning, and when finished I drew a long breath and felt that I had forgotten everything else but the book and regretted that there was not more of it. With respect, etc., "J. C. CANNON."

Could anything be stronger or could praise come from a better source?

The story is something absolutely new in the literary line—a theatrical romance that abounds in thrilling situations interwoven with genuine humor and human heart-burnings. In fact, the tale is so remarkably good that the Sunday North American of Philadelphia has secured the exclusive right to publish it in this territory, and printed the first instalment on Sunday, June 26, with illustration worthy of the story.

Miss Michelson, the author, has been for several years a successful and much admired writer of newspaper and magazine articles.

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