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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	11:42 A. M.
No. 6—Fast Line	11:30 A. M.
No. 46—Through train	10:44 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	8:53 P. M.
West Bound.	
No. 9—Night Express	5:58 A. M.
No. 11—Duquesne	8:42 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation	10:44 A. M.
No. 47—Through train	10:44 A. M.
No. 5—Fast Line	4:28 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation	4:50 P. M.
No. 37—Johnstown Accommodation	6:30 A. M.
Ask telephone central for time of trains.	
Do not stop.	

W. D. STILLWELL, Agent.

Ours, Yours and Uncle Sam's Favorite.

THE CENTURY Rural Mail Box



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

CEREAL COFFEE The Food Drink enriches health's store—builds up splendid powers 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 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 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 was now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat. Bottles only. \$1.00 Size holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 5 cents. Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO. SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

SOLMONS' JUDGEMENT

"It must all be beautiful old furniture," said Jane. "Of course," said I. We had been walking for at least a mile and a half without quarrelling once, and I felt at peace with all the world.

"Old furniture," Jane observed, "is always so beautiful in its deep mellow coloring." "Yes, quite; and it makes the pupil look a deep violet." "And then it has an interest apart from its mere appearance," she said. "Quite right, Jane," I assented. "And with your head on one side it looks just sweet."

"I do not see what difference it makes whether your head is on one side or not. But certainly nothing looks so well in a dining room as old oak or chippendale. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, not a doubt of it—very quite—"

"You evidently were not paying attention to what I was saying," said Jane, in a voice that lowered the temperature several degrees. "I asked," she went on with dignity, "whether you did not think chippendale looked well?"

"Of course, splendid. And—its jumping up and down!"

"Whatever is the matter with you?" she demanded.

"My dear Jane, I profoundly regret having failed to give to your illuminating remarks the attention they so eminently deserve. But it's your own fault; you shouldn't have high lights." She gazed at me with round eyes; her eyebrows had a question in them. "I am happy to assure you, Jane," said I, "that I am still in full possession of my mental resources. The high light I was alluding to was your eye. Now your eye at any time repays the closest study, but with an orange high light in it—well, distracting is the only word that occurs to me!"

It is my belief that Jane was not displeased, though she immediately reverted to the subject of furniture. "I think I prefer chippendale," she remarked reflectively.

"A great deal of it is singularly ugly in design."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Jane, to my surprise. I decided to retaliate. "Any chair that happens to be brown and curly you call chippendale, Jane," said I, continuing in an admonitory tone. "It's a bad habit, my dear. You must really try to understand things a little more clearly."

"You did not know those chairs up at Solomons' were chippendale," said Jane.

Solomons is an antique furniture dealer whom we sometimes patronize. "They are not," said I. "If ever chairs have in every distinct part the sign manual of Sheraton it is those at Solomons'."

"Sheraton never used the wheat-ear ornamentation, said Jane. 'Everybody knows that. And the lines of all his furniture were more severe than in those chairs we saw.'"

I was considerably nettled. As a matter of fact I am by way of being an expert in old furniture.

"I am afraid, Jane," I said, rather regretfully than irritably, as Jane averts, "that you know just enough about old furniture to prevent your looking at it with an unprejudiced eye. The old story, my dear—a little knowledge—ah!"

"A little knowledge is never likely to trouble you, Mammy," said Jane, with acid sweetness.

"Instead of the cabriole legs so commonly used by chippendale, Sheraton adopted square, tapering legs. I beg you to remember, Jane, that the chairs at Solomons' had square, tapering legs."

"The freedom with which the wheat-ear design is treated, and the flowing constructional lines," she objected, "prove that the chairs at Solomons' could not have been the work of Sheraton, whose designs were invariably marked by a restraint amounting to austerity detail. On the other hand every characteristic of chippendale may be observed in those chairs—"

"What about the legs?" I asked. "Oh, bother the legs!" said Jane. I reflected.

"I think," I said at last, "you might admit they are Sheraton's."

"Not unless you agree that they are chippendale," said Jane.

The second half of our walk was not a success.

Next day I went to Solomons. "Are those chairs chippendale or Sheraton?" I demanded. "The ones with the shield-shaped backs and a wheat-ear design."

"They're Hepplewhite, sir," said Solomons. "Well-known design!" I shall not tell Jane.

But she will probably find out—Black and White.

He Wanted to Trade. Gen. Longstreet was telling once how strict his orders were during the civil war regarding the good treatment by his men of union soldiers, and added that he was proud of the record of his men. A union veteran who was among his listeners remarked that the general's orders were not always obeyed. He was among those captured once by Longstreet's men. "One day," said he, "a good-natured fellow in gray, with no shoes to speak of, walked along our lines looking intently at the shoes of the captured unionists. He put his foot by the side of mine, and remarking that I was just his size, added, 'Old Pete (Longstreet) says he will have every man shot who steals anything from a prisoner. To save my life I won't you trade shoes with me, for I must have them shoes.'" Of course, I traded, as did other prisoners.

HOW WESTON OBEYED

Gen. Weston, commissary general of subsistence, probably has more friends than any other in the army. There are few officers that do not like Jack Weston, and do not call him friends if they barely know him. A story is told of Weston when he was before Santiago, with headquarters at Siboney. A number of artists of first-class weeklies became very fond of him, and shortly after they landed showed their appreciation by taking a fine pair of white linen trousers belonging to the colonel and decorating them. These decorations consisted of painted battleships, cock fights, race horses, and kindred subjects, in color. Those trousers were the most ornamental things seen in Siboney, not excepting Gen. Miles in full dress. Weston was game, and wore them after they had received all the decorations, and stood the good-natured chaffing which resulted from his appearance. One day he went aboard a vessel which had brought troops and supplies to Siboney. He was superintending the unloading of commissary stores. This was quite a task in itself. While he stood upon the deck giving orders and directing the men, a brigadier general approached him.

"Is this Col. Weston?" asked the general.

"It is," replied Weston.

"Well," said the general, "there are thirty-five trunks belonging to the officers of my command, some of my horses, and a number of chests and other things belonging to the soldiers, and I wish you would unload them right away."

"Well, general," replied the jovial Weston, "there is no man in the world that likes to accommodate another man any better than I, but what you require is utterly impossible. I am here getting off commissary stores, and I can't attend to those matters of yours, however much I would like to."

"But I order you to," said the brigadier general, who had been appointed as a result of a fine pull, and thought he had considerable authority.

"Oh, well," said Col. Weston, "when it comes down to that, I might as well say 'fudge,' and let it go, for that is all your orders amount to." And the colonel turned and gave further directions to his men. The first thing he knew he was slapped on the back by an officer in a naval uniform that showed he was a captain.

"Give me your hand," said this officer; and Jack Weston, with all your cock-fights and your ships and other pictures, you are all right, and I want you to come down and take breakfast with me right now."

While still at breakfast the brigadier general returned with a paper in his hand and said to Weston as he handed it to him.

"Read that!"

"I have just mislaid my glasses somewhere, and it is impossible for me to read it," said Col. Weston.

"Well," responded the general, "this is a written order for you to carry out the instructions I gave you verbally a few moments ago."

"You may keep it, and let's talk about something else, for it is absolutely impossible for me to do as you wish."

The general became very indignant and said:

"I am going up to Gen. Shafter's headquarters, and I shall report your conduct to him."

"When you get there," retorted Weston, jovially, "just give him my compliments, and say that his chief commissary is doing first rate."

This ended the conversation, and Col. Weston never heard any more of it.—Washington Post.

Japan's Native Bathing Resort.

A lady traveling in Japan thus writes of a native bathing resort: "Our coolies trotted off gayly with us through a bamboo jungle till we arrived at the Garden of Eden. It is called Ubago in the guide books, but, nevertheless, I am sure it was the Garden of Eden. Anyway, the costumes, if so they may be called, were of that period. Our coolies dumped us down and refused to proceed in spite of our embarrassed motion of the hands to wave them on. For we had reached one of the famous bath villages, a sight supposed to be of great interest to the unsophisticated globe-trotter. In this village the inhabitants spend most of their lives bathing in the hot springs which abound in the neighborhood. All the village receptions and afternoon tea parties take place in the public bath, and it was to one of these tea parties that we bashfully followed our guide. He removed a sliding panel in the wall of a certain house and disclosed two large tanks of steaming water, filled with many bathers, who received us with much pleasure and many smiles. Some of them were placidly drinking tea and others were smoking their pipes. Over that scene I would have drawn a curtain, but there was no curtain to draw."

A Curious Accident. When a train composed of about twenty-five cars of fast perishable freight was approaching the yard limit near Georgia, Va., the train came suddenly to a stop. The conductor went forward to ascertain what was wrong, and found that one car had left the train and went down a forty-foot embankment. The car did no damage to the rest of the train, and the front and rear portions of the train came together and coupled itself, and the train proceeded to Georgia.

IS WOMAN ALWAYS BOSS?

So it Would Seem According to this Man's Experiment. In Buffalo recently Owen Wister swapped stories with a party of friends till early in the morning. The conversation at last touched upon a woman's influence in domestic circles, and one of the group reminded Mr. Wister of his declaration that the east is the head of the country and the west the heart.

"And in the heart of the country how does woman rank as the head of the house?" asked one. "Does she boss her husband as she does here in the east?"

"Well," drawled Mr. Wister, "I've heard it said that wherever Americans live the woman is the boss of the ranch. As to the west, I'll tell you a little story that may illustrate her status. Up in the Wind river country there lives an old man who is considered well-to-do in worldly goods and has an only son, Hank. Hank wanted to get married, but his father opposed him.

"My boy," said the old man, "all women are natural bosses. If you get hitched you will no longer be free. Your mother has bossed me and your wife will boss you. Keep single and enjoy life."

"But the young man pook-pooked the idea and said that no woman would ever henpeck him, and that he knew lots of married men who led happy, untrammelled lives.

"Tell you what I'll do," at last said his father. "You take a span of my best horses, hitch them to the buckboard, take a crate of fresh eggs and drive round and see your friends. Whenever you find a woman who runs the ranch give her an egg. If you find a man who is boss give him a hoss and the buckboard and ride the other critter home. If you come back hossback I won't say a word about your getting hitched."

"Hank smiled, it seemed so easy. Next morning he got off bright and early and commenced going the rounds.

"Who's boss?" he would ask, as he drove up to each ranch or dug-out.

"I be," the woman would reply. "At last Hank began to smile and began to get anxious. At first it seemed play to him, but now he realized that he must earn a wife. All day long he canvassed the Wind river country, and at every step was met with the feminine declaration, 'I be.'"

"Toward nightfall he thought of one place where he couldn't help winning. He had refrained from going there as he thought it was hardly fair to the old man. It was Bill Williams' place, up under the mountains. Bill had a bad name and was said to be hard and over-bearing in his own humble home. Other unsavory stories were told about Bill, and it was even hinted that he was a rustler. So Hank felt that his father would have barred the bad man from the contest. But Hank had determined not to ride home in the buck board, and so he turned his horses towards Bill's home.

"He arrived at nightfall. 'Hello, Bill,' he cried. 'I want to know who's boss of this ranch?'"

"Blankety-blank-blank," cried Bill, coming to the door, unkempt and disheveled. "Who in blankety-blank-blank do you s'pose is boss? I be, of course."

"Unhitch a horse," said Hank, with a sigh of relief. "Take your pick." "Bill had unhitched horses in the past with less formal invitations than this, and he at once stepped out to the wagon and said: 'I'll take the off one.'"

"No, ye won't, Bill Williams," cried a shrill voice from the door, and a little thin, faded looking woman came in view. "No, ye won't. Ye'll take the nigh one."

"I'll take the off one," growled Bill, with an oath.

"Do it if ye dare," challenged the woman.

"Bill stood silent for a moment, and then said, 'Wal, blank it all, I'll take the nigh one, then.'"

"Here, give her an egg, and picking up his reins, drove off on the jump, just as Bill procured his rifle and took three shots at him through the dusk.

"Hank is still single,"—Philadelphia Press.

They Generally Do. Yeast—You say that wait... at the big dinner the other... held you up?"

Crimsonbeak—Yes, he went home with me."

Undoubtedly. She—What silly things they do print in the papers sometimes. He—What's the matter now? She—Here's an article stating that any woman may be beautiful in her old age if she will only practice amiability. Now, I wonder who could have said a thing as that? He—Oh, some married man, I suppose.

Many Tongues in One Country. The diversity of tongues to be found in one country is often a matter of surprise. Last year the Bible Society's agents sold the Scriptures in fifty-three different languages in the Russian empire, in twenty-eight in Persia, in thirty languages in South Malaysia, and fifty-three in the Egyptian agency.

LITTLE BLUE CAPES.

Those little capes did make a difference. As long as Stella wore the black jacket everything went on just the same. Then she happened to get the blue coat with capes. It was a velvet affair with long, affectionate streamers of soft silk that had a way of floating on the breeze when they were walking and then curling round Phil's neck with a sudden swish. Before he could defend himself a gust of wind would leap around a corner, seize the capes—there were three—and slap them against Stella's face. Platonic conversation had to be suspended, then, while, with one arm through Stella's to steady her, Phil used his free hand to put those capes where they belonged.

First, the deepest one—and her eyes smiled over the next; down that went, and now only her laughing lips were hidden; then the impertinent, tiniest cape of all—and there was an azure sparkle in her eyes and a new pluck in her cheeks that nothing could account for except the peculiar shade of blue of that new coat. Then they went back to their discussion of questions of the universe.

But it was different—and it kept on being different. For the wind blew every day and they were very old friends by the time Phil made up his mind to accept a good business offer in Pittsburgh last fall. They had philosophized over outgrown love affairs and had told each other why they were never going to have any more, with the frankness of good comrades, but not a shadow of sentimentality had ever fallen across their path until the very last minute of the night when Phil said good-by.

Even then, it wasn't much. Phil finished his farewell in a businesslike manner and went down the steps; then suddenly came back to where she stood and caught her hands in his. "Good-by, little blue capes," he whispered. That was all—and as for their letters since then, anybody might read them.

Oh, it was platonic, no doubt! Perhaps the surest sign was the fact that, after Phil was gone, Stella actually took a little adventure they had had together and wove it into a love story, which she had the luck to sell in an obscure quarter for a small sum of filthy lucre. When it came back to her in print she wished she hadn't been so lucky, for the possibility of Phil's ever reading the words she had made him say in that story gave her a sudden shock. She shuddered as she remembered the copied wanderings of certain foolish stories she had read, but as the weeks went by and Phil's matter-of-fact letters kept coming she forgot to worry about it.

Then, last week, Phil came back. The first evening he called he inquired for the little blue capes.

"That coat's in the hall," laughed Stella. "Want to see it?"

He did—and in a spirit of mischief she slipped into it and stood smiling up into his face. She knew in a minute what was coming. It was all in his eyes—poor fellow! For there was not a shadow of a chance for him—not one. She was trying to think how she could say it in the gentlest, kindest way when he began to speak.

Suddenly her complacent face turned scarlet and she sat weakly down on the couch. The awful love story! Phil was declaring himself in the language of its hero! Down went her head into a pillow and up went the little blue capes over the flaming cheeks.

That was exactly what the girl in the story had done—only she had been in a hammock! Stella remembered it too late, Phil had taken his cue. "Dearest," he murmured, folding his hand over the little, nervous one that was clasping and unclasping itself against the skirt. There was a silence—then a stirring under the capes, and, in spite of his daring, Phil trembled before the wrath that might be coming. Then another little hand, all wet with tears, stole from beneath the capes and went to find its mate.

It had been the only way Stella could think of to end the story when she wrote it, and, to her overwhelming surprise, it was the only ending she could think of now!

Rev. Dr. Hale's Mistake. The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, recently appointed chaplain of the Senate, is famed for his absent-mindedness. Not long ago he visited the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, where he was asked to occupy the pulpit of the chapel and address the convicts. When he arose he found every seat occupied. Beaming with pleasure, he astonished his hearers by saying:

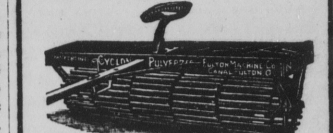
"I am pleased and gratified to see so many here to-day."

On Engine 50 Years—No Accident. Probably the most remarkable engine driver in this country is Mr. Robert Maybank, who has just retired, and is living at Twickenham. During more than half a century's service on the London and South Western Railway he has traveled quite 2,000,000 miles; not once has he been late for duty, and no accident of the slightest character has happened to a train in his charge.—London Express.

Second-hand Some Sec... C. I. and guarant... STAR.

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.

Russia's Specious Plea.

Philadelphia Inquirer. In declaring that the Russians did not seek the war with Japan, Count Cassini asserts what no one will think of disputing. Of course, they didn't. They are above—or below—the suspicion of such a thing. They didn't seek the war, and if they had really believed that it was impending they would have gone a long distance out of their way to avoid it. They were never more unpleasantly surprised in their lives than when they discovered that the Japanese, whom they imagined to be as big bluffers as themselves, actually meant business. All the same, they are responsible for the conflict which is proceeding, because by their arrogance, their insolence, their ignorance and their rapacity they provoked and rendered it imperative, and no inquiry of disclaimer from Count Cassini or any one else can gloss over or dissimulate that patent and generally recognized circumstance.

THE MAKING OF A SKEPTIC.

When father had his picture took he had a winnin' smile. He—'like an angel whispered to him every little while; He wore a stand-up collar and a button-hole bouquet. An' looked the family over in a kind an' patient way. Like nothin' ever riled him. None who saw him would have said He'd have the heart to take a strap to me out in the shed. The photograph can never do full justice to the look That father's face had on the day he got his picture took. But when we got back home it wasn't any time at all. Till father smoked his pipe an' left his coat out in the hall, An' looked as fierce as anything, an' started in to scold. Because the streak was tough an' everything was gettin' cold. I tell you it was somethin' most discouragin' an' strange To see his disposition undergo so great a change. I wish we could arrange it every day, by hook or crook. To have him take a trip to town an' get his picture took. So when I see a portrait of a statesman, lookin' grave, Or of some military man a-standin' up so brave, Or of some actress lady, with a sweet an' tender smile, Or of some financier, with an expression free from guile, Or of some scientific man, a-lookin' calmly wise, Or of a violinist, with his hair down in his eyes, Or of some literary chap a-bendin' o'er a book, I think about the day that father got his picture took.—Washington Star.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Agents of either sex should to-day 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

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