

# THE SOMERSET COUNTY STAR

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## Subscription Rates.

THE STAR is published every Thursday at Salisbury, (Elk Lick, P. O.) Somerset County, Pa., at the following rates: One year, if paid spot cash in advance, \$1.25; if not paid strictly in advance, \$1.50. Six months, .75. Three months, .50. Single copies, .10. To avoid multiplicity of small accounts, all subscriptions for three months or less must be paid in advance. These rates and terms will be rigidly adhered to.

## Advertising Rates.

Transient Reading Notices, 5 cents a line each insertion. To regular advertisers, 5 cents a line for first insertion and 3 cents a line for each succeeding insertion. No business locals will be mixed with local news items or editorial matter for less than 10 cents a line for each insertion, except on yearly contracts. Rates for Display Advertisements will be made known on application. Editorial advertising, invariably 10 cents a line. Legal Advertisements at legal rates. Marriage, Birth and Death Notices not exceeding fifteen lines, inserted free. All additional lines, 5 cents each. Cards of Thanks will be published free for patrons of the paper. Non-patrons will be charged 10 cents a line. Resolutions of Respect will be published for 5 cents a line. All advertisements will be run and charged for until ordered discontinued. No advertisement will be taken for less than 25 cents.

## LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

NEWSY ITEMS GATHERED HERE AND THERE, WITH AN OCCASIONAL JOKE ADDED FOR SPICE.

Levi Lichtner is suffering with an aggregation of boils.

Mrs. S. M. Baumgardner, of Gibbons Glade, Pa., is visiting Salisbury friends this week.

The report that Mayor Tom Shipley, of Meyersdale, fined the moon \$50 for being full, last night, lacks confirmation.

Ira Franklin Frye, child of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Frye, died Aug. 22nd, aged 9 months, 3 weeks and 8 days. Funeral yesterday, conducted by Rev. A. K. Travis.

Fred Wagner, we are sorry to say, had two or three of his fingers badly mangled, yesterday, by getting them caught in a machine in the Boynton planing mill.

The Bellevernon Enterprise announces that the large silver garter buckle is in style again, and the editor says he is glad to see it. Here too, old boy, he is glad to see it.

Kansas is loyal if nothing else. A Sunday school teacher at Wichita asked her class where Christ was born, and about half the children replied in chorus: "In Kansas."

Mrs. Maggie Spaulding and daughter, and Miss Norma Smith, of Gibson City, Ill., are this week visiting at Mrs. Spaulding's former home in Salisbury, the residence of Samuel Lowry.

There will be an ice cream and cake festival, next Saturday night, August 27th, at the Boynton M. E. church. Come and have a good time. The proceeds are for the benefit of the church.

A little forethought may save you no end of trouble. Anyone who makes it a rule to keep Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand knows this to be a fact. For sale by E. H. Miller.

How to sustain your local paper: Subscribe and pay for it. Send your printing and advertising to the office. Help to make the paper interesting by sending items of local interest to the editor. Lay aside your fears that the editor will grow rich.

THE STAR office will have a larger and more attractive line of calendars this year than ever before. Business men should hold their orders until a representative calls. We can save you agents' and jobbers' profits, as we buy direct from the makers and importers.

Elsewhere on this page is an item concerning some big potatoes raised by Rev. W. A. Reininger, who must at least yield the championship for the largest single potato to Silas A. Wagner, who has one on exhibition at THE STAR office that weighs one pound and 14 ounces.

The Grantsville Camp of Modern Woodmen of America will hold a mammoth picnic at Grantsville on Saturday, Aug. 27th. All who attend can rest assured of a good time, for the Grantsville Woodmen are a set of dandy good fellows, and they know just how to get up a good picnic. See large bills for further particulars.

Sherman Welfley, a former Salisbury boy, writes from Odessa, Mo., under date of Aug. 20th, as follows: "Please forward my STAR to this place. I have located here. We opened up ten days ago and have a nice trade, so far. This is a town of 2,000 population, and one of the best trading points in Missouri, for its size. We are 35 miles east of Kansas City. I have to have THE STAR to keep in touch with my old home." Mr. Welfley is a member of the firm of Welfley & Hall, dealers in general merchandise. We wish the firm success.

If Ann was 18 when Sam was 10, how is it that when Sam is 25 Ann is only 22? If Mary and Ann were both brunettes when Mary was Ann's age now and Ann is a blonde when she is as old as Mary was then, how much is it a bottle? If Ann goes to a theatre in a carriage, carries a bunch of roses and has supper afterward, what does Charley get a week?

The Salisbury band furnished music for a Lutheran Sunday school picnic at Pocahontas, Saturday last. The band is now composed principally of new players, who are only beginners, but for the time they have been at it they play exceedingly well. Our citizens greatly appreciated the few selections the boys played on the street just before starting for Pocahontas.

The oats crop in this vicinity is the heaviest we have had for some years. The hay crop was a record breaker, wheat was good, buckwheat will be immense, apples, plums and pears are very plentiful, and the potato crop is immense. The sauerkraut crop is also very promising, and upon the whole, so far as this locality is concerned, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Henry Loechel has erected a fine windmill over his never-failing well of pure, cold water in the lot he owns adjoining the First National Bank property. Mr. Loechel intends to equip his hotel with fine lavatories and a water system that will be hard to excel. The idea is a good one, and the proprietor of the well known Valley House deserves much credit for his enterprise.

On Union picnic day Alexander Davis, one of the progressive grangers of Hopewell township, handed us an apple that was picked off the tree in September, 1902. It is of the Willow Tree variety, and was in a splendid state of preservation. Mr. Davis had laid a number of the apples away in his cellar, and is now enjoying them nearly two years after they were picked.—Everett Republican.

Persons who have received statements of their indebtedness to THE STAR can do us a great favor by cashing their accounts. We are getting very tired of wasting postage on people who can and ought to pay their bills promptly. Some of our patrons are provokingly negligent and apparently destitute of business courtesy. We are getting all-fired tired of carrying accounts against people who are able to pay cash.

The boy who haunts the streets after nightfall without business or permission, is cultivating a very dangerous habit. Any place where a boy has no business is a dangerous place for him, whether it is in the street, in the store or elsewhere. A boy that is all right likes his home, friends, books or newspapers in preference to the class found on the streets without business. Business men of all kinds look upon the boy loafer as the deadbeat of the future.

John O. Johnston, the popular and well known printer who has been setting type for THE STAR at various times during the last six and a half years, is off on a vacation. He started for the St. Louis Fair, Saturday morning last, accompanied by relatives from Altoona. He will return about Sept. 1st, and we trust that he will have a very good time during his vacation. Wm. J. Baer, Jr., of Somerset, will fill Mr. Johnston's position in THE STAR office until he returns.

The other night the editor dreamed that he had died and gone to heaven. In the dream he saw pious (?) old Joe Hartline ask St. Peter for admittance, at the same time hearing all the conversation that passed between St. Peter and St. Joseph. It seemed so real that we can hardly believe that it was only a dream, and next week we propose to publish it. It will be well worth reading, and pious (?) old Joe should borrow a paper early, as there will be a great rush for STARS.

As a potato farmer we believe that Rev. W. A. Reininger is entitled to first premium. Last spring he obtained a potato from Ferner Bros., in Somerset, that weighed one pound and two ounces, and had 14 eyes. He planted the 14 eyes in 14 hills, and last week he harvested the crop, which consisted of 57 potatoes, the largest of which weighed one pound and eleven ounces. The total weight of the crop was 39 pounds. If anybody can beat that for big potatoes we'd like to know it.

Mrs. John Saylor, of Friedens, Pa., died of typhoid fever, Thursday last, aged about 61 years. Some time ago Mrs. Saylor went to Pittsburg to take care of one of her daughters, who had been down with fever, and while there she contracted the disease. She came home sick, grew worse and died. She is survived by her husband, three sons and four daughters. The children are all grown. The deceased was a very highly esteemed woman, a member of the Brethren church and a daughter of the late Rev. David Livengood, of Elk Lick township. She is also survived by one brother and one sister—S. D. Livengood, the well known banker, and Mrs. Jacob M. Lichty, of Summit township. The funeral was held at the Lisie Brethren church, conducted by the local pastor and Rev. J. H. Knepper, of Meyersdale, Saturday last.

It is probably true that enough ingenuity to run most any business in the world is expended every year by the women who get up new dodges to raise money for the churches. Away down in Argentine they have hit on this: A leader represents the year and appoints twelve women to represent the months, who appoint four ladies each to represent a week, who in turn name seven children each for the days. The days, weeks, months and year must then each earn a dollar. The scheme puts the endless chain out of business.

A farmer had a dream. He dreamed that he raised a thousand bushels of wheat and was happy over the fact. Then he dreamed he sold it for \$1 a bushel, and his happiness was complete. But he dreamed now that he sold it to a thousand different people, a bushel to each one, and that no one paid him, and he was at sea. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and leaping out of bed exclaimed to his wife: "Rebecca, I have had a solemn warning and know the meaning of it. I am going right off to town and pay the editor the money I owe him on the paper."

Thomas Rees, a well known citizen of Meyersdale, who formerly resided in Salisbury, died at his Meyersdale home on Monday last. The deceased was a native of Wales, but came to America when yet a young man. He worked in the hard coal regions of this state for a number of years, but came to this region about the year 1880. For a number of years he was a mine operator, and he is said to his credit, he was a good man to his employees. He was noted for his extreme generosity and good will toward his fellow men, and his funeral, which took place yesterday, was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. He was aged nearly 64 years, and is survived by his wife and several children.

Here's another big potato item: Since recording the weight of Silas Wagner's big potato, which weighs one pound and fourteen ounces, Rev. W. Reininger comes to the front again with two more tubers, each of which weighs the same as Mr. Wagner's big one. It has been mutually agreed that Mr. Wagner is to wear the championship belt one day of each week, and Rev. Reininger two days, until some one else bobs up with a bigger potato than either of them have. Rev. Reininger's largest two potatoes are of the same lot recorded elsewhere on this page. He didn't weigh the biggest one when he first dug them, as he thought he did when he reported the one weighing one pound and eleven ounces.

## NOTHING ON THE MARKET EQUAL TO CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.

This fact is well known to druggists everywhere, and nine out of ten will give their customers this preparation when the best is asked for. Mr. Obe Witmer, a prominent druggist of Joplin, Mo., in a circular to his customers, says: "There is nothing on the market in the way of patent medicine which equals Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. We sell and recommend this preparation." For sale by E. H. Miller.

## The Local Man's Troubles.

The man who handles the local department of a newspaper learns after due experience not to expect very many thanks for a column of pleasant things, but he knows as surely as come to seasons that a single line in which there are unintentional mistakes will cause someone to be heard. Also that when he has made pleasant mention 999 times of some person, place or thing, but on the thousandth time fails to do so, he must not expect to be forgiven. The omissions may have been from accident, inadvertence, or even an entire lack of knowledge, it matters not. The simple fact remains that he will be judged on that. He may say good things about some business man for weeks, but let him make some mistake, and the good things said are forgotten, and that man's business is denied him.—Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

A PERFECT PAINLESS PILL is the one that will cleanse the system, set the liver to action, remove the bile, clear the complexion, cure headache and leave a good taste in the mouth. The famous little pills for doing such word pleasantly and effectually are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Bob Moore, of Lafayette, Ind., says: "All other pills I have used gripe and sicken, while DeWitt's Little Early Risers are simply perfect." Sold by E. H. Miller.

## Good Joke on a Westernport Girl—Merchant Ate Chicken—Girls Had to Chew Shoes.

Last week a young man from Westernport went to John McGuigan's store to buy a pair of shoes. He took two pairs of patent leather shoes home, tried them on and selected a pair. He put the other pair back in box to be returned, and placed the box on a table.

A bevy of Westernport girls were going to Mt. Lake Park that day, and they had fried chicken, baked cakes,

etc. and packed them in shoe boxes. They, of course, started off in a hurry, and in mistake took the young man's shoe box instead of one of the lunch boxes. The man took his shoes back to McGuigan's and placed them on the counter. After a while Mr. McGuigan picked up the box to place it back upon the shelf, but opened it first to see which pair the young man kept, when to his surprise he saw "nappings," "chickings," and lots of other "ings" and things of which girls are fond. He was not slow to take in the situation and the fried chicken and appetizances thereunto belonging. When customers came in they were surprised to see the merchant looking so well. McG. had promised his stomach never to tell, but murder will out, and so will fried chicken when off its roost.

The girls went to Mt. Lake Park and all spread their good things out together. Just imagine how their mouths spread when they beheld Miss — spread out a pair of patent leather shoes. She came home and went to McGuigan's to exchange boxes, but she might as well have tried to get her heart back from a soldier lover in the Philippines than that chicken and cake from McGuigan.—Cumberland Courier.

## No Strike Here Now, Says the Lonaconing Star.

With some violence of temper and the use of considerable acrimonious language, the press in the Meyersdale coal region is discussing the question of whether the strike, which was ordered by the United Mine Workers as long ago as last December, is still on. Two of the papers nearest the seat of the difficulty—the Meyersdale Republican and the SALISBURY STAR—hold that the strike is broken, that it is all over, while the Commercial, also of Meyersdale, clings tenaciously to its contention that the strike continues with unabated energy and unflagging zeal. Here on Georges Creek we have a paper that semi-occasionally vouches for the strike end of the argument, but the authorities in the Meyersdale field agree that it is not posted on the situation, and, therefore, its deductions do not count.

Quite naturally this prolonged debate has involved all the officials of the United Mine Workers from Mark Smith up, and they declare with remarkable unanimity that the strike is still on. As we view the situation—and we have taken occasion to make close scrutiny and diligent inquiry into the matter—we have come to the conclusion that the advocates of both sides of the controversy are correct in their suspicions—under certain contingencies. If, for instance, those persons and papers who allege that the strike continues, mean by "strike" that there are numbers of idle miners in the Meyersdale region who still refuse to return to work at the 55 cent-a-ton rate; that there are numbers of able-bodied men who are "sponging" off the organization rather than work for the living they are sacredly bound to earn for themselves, their wives and their children; that there are miners who prefer to be dominated by the ukase of the organization rather than by their own inclinations and their consciences; that there are "men" to whose sense of right, justice and independence the mouthings of the organizers and the agitators appeal more strongly than do the tearful eyes, the sunken cheeks and the puny limbs of their own flesh and blood who are being deprived of the actual necessities, not to say some of the pleasures of life—if they mean that these conditions are to be termed as a "strike," then we grant them their abridged conception of the logic of the situation.

On the other hand, if we are to assume that when the employers are able to supply the demands of their trade; when they have employed and continue to employ men to do the work at the price refused by their former workmen; when they are attending strictly to their own business and making no overtures to the organization; when they are thoroughly satisfied with the quantity and quality of their output; when their works are moving along to their entire satisfaction—if we are to pass upon such a condition of affairs, we need not hesitate to declare that the strike is off, and that so far as the employers are concerned there is no longer such a thing as an organization to hamper them and their employes in the operation of their mines.

A dozen or two—a hundred or two, for the matter of that—idle men who may have been employes once upon a time do not continue a strike in the accepted sense of the term when their places are being filled and their work is being accomplished by in and day out. It may be true that a large number of miners continue to remain idle in the Meyersdale region, but when we know that the operators of the mines in which they formerly wrought are meeting all the requirements of their trade, then their is no strike.

In the case under discussion it will be conceded by the unprejudiced who know anything of the situation that the "strike" in the Meyersdale region has long since ceased to be.—Lonaconing Star.

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