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We have engaged the services of C. E. LIVENGOOD, Piano and Organ Tuner and Repairer, and orders for work in that line, left at the music store will receive prompt attention.

Somerset County Agents for Estey Pipe Organs. Cecilian Piano Players.

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A present duty: Subscribe for THE STAR.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

NATIONAL.

For President, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of New York.

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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 Somerfield Borough.

For District Attorney,

RUFUS E. MEYERS, of Somerset Borough.

For Poor Director,

AARON F. SWANK, of Conemaugh Township.

The Walls of Jackass McCullough.

Last week Ed. S. McCullough, the imported Mormon jackass from Michigan, contributed over a column of hog language and murdered English to the columns of the old anarchist sheet known as the Meyersdale Commercial. It was a tirade aimed at Editor Bishop, of the Meyersdale Republican, also a fling or two at this paper and its editor.

McCullough is only a cheap, worthless blackguard, and sensible people only laugh at his puny and imbecile efforts to "sling ink" with newspaper men. His article is a very weak affair, and while he accuses THE STAR of being vulgar and unfit to enter respectable families, he, the faking ex-Mormon elder, uses such beautiful (?) expressions as the following, in his tirade in the Commercial: "Liar," "coward," "cur," "natural-born liar," "educated liar," "d-d liar," "rotten as the devil," etc.

Now, isn't he consistent when he accuses others of being vulgar? Is a newspaper that will publish his rot and vulgarity fit to go into a respectable family? Consistency, thou art a jewel, but Jackass McCullough does not possess thee.

THE STAR will admit that it has used some vigorous and vulgar language in paying its respects to Ed. McCullough, but then we were dealing with a dirty and vulgar subject and had to use language to correspond. The ex-Mormon elder appears to us as a wart on the face of decency, a syphilitic sore to society and a putrid spot on the carcass of organized labor in this region.

THE STAR goes into nearly all the decent families of this locality, where it is a welcome and valued guest, and they are families, too, that rank very high above those families that get along without their home paper, not only in morality, but in intelligence and refinement. The families whose heads are obscene, ignorant and only half civilized, are usually the ones that read not the local paper, but always have faith in worthless skunks of the Ed. McCullough stripe, who wax fat and saucy at the expense of their poor dupes.

Listen to the Old Fogey.

It is to be hoped the Berlin Water Company will win their case before the Supreme Court. The turning off of the water supplied to a large and important borough is an outrage. It goes to show the sort of people they are, who have come into our county to dispossess us of our most valuable possession—coal. They come here to make the most of the property they acquire by purchase, and in so doing they are prepared to trample under foot the dearest rights of the people in their mad scramble for wealth. Yet there are people who apologize for their acts and stand pat with them in their heartless doings.—Meyersdale Commercial.

"Lucifer's" wall is nothing but the wall of an old fogey. It is disgusting to hear him howl about being dispossessed of "our most valuable possession—coal." The old idiot seems to think that the coal companies should pay thousands upon thousands of dollars for coal, and then let it remain in the ground. "They come here to make the most of the property they acquire by purchase," he says. Of course they do. They would be fools to do anything else.

What a whole lot of fools and old fogies in Somerset county ought to get into their heads is this: The coal companies that have dumped their wealth into Somerset county and developed

our coal are chiefly responsible for the fact that Somerset county has emerged from obscurity and taken her place among the foremost counties of the state. The W. K. Niver Coal Company has caused Berlin to come forth out of obscurity and take a prominent place among the towns of Western Pennsylvania, and Berlin owes more to the Niver Company than the Niver Company will ever owe Berlin.

The water case was decided on its merits, and Berlin lost, for which the Niver Company deserves neither censure nor blame.

Somerset county without the coal companies wouldn't amount to much, but people who can't stand the splendid progress they are helping the county to make, ought to take to the woods and die or sell themselves to the nearest phosphate factory. True, all our coal might be needed in hades to roast the greenness out of old Lou Smith when he lands there, but let hell take care of itself and its own, such as Lou Smith and his anarchistic sheet.

CAN YOU EAT?

J. B. Taylor, a prominent merchant of Chriesman, Tex., says: "I could not eat because of a weak stomach. I lost all strength and ran down in weight. All that money could do was done, but all hope of recovery vanished. Hearing of some wonderful cures effected by use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, I concluded to try it. The first bottle benefited me, and after taking four bottles, I am fully restored to my usual strength, weight and health." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and cures. Sold by E. H. Miller. 11-1

WHO'S BEEN ROBBED?

The Democratic platform says: "We denounce protectionism as a robbery." This is certainly startling if true. But who has been robbed?

Not the farmer, who is getting a billion dollars more a year for his products than under free trade; whose animals are worth a billion dollars more than under free trade; who has paid off his mortgages, who has improved his lands, who has increased his stock and implements, and who has money to burn instead of corn, as was the case under free trade.

No, the farmer has not been robbed, and the farmers and their families constitute 40 per cent. of all our people.

Not the wage earners in manufacturing industries, who have lived so well and added a billion dollars to their savings since 1897, who have increased their insurance, who have paid for their homes, who have worked less hours and earned more money than ever before. No, the wage earner has not been robbed.

Not the railroad employees, who are getting a quarter of a billion dollars more wages a year now than under free trade.

Not the railroad owners, who are getting twice the dividends and whose stock is worth about double what it was under free trade.

Not the professional man, who is earning twice as much, and getting it. He did not get it even though he earned it under free trade.

Not the wives and daughters, who live well and dress well when the husbands and fathers are fully employed at high wages.

Not the boys, who are getting a good education.

Not the general public laborers, who are working less hours and getting higher wages than ever before.

Not the old soldiers, nor the present army, nor the men who man the ships. No, there is no one being robbed except the pawnbroker and the Democrats who want a job. There is where the robbery comes in, and there is where it hurts. The would-be cabinet officers and heads of departments, the would-be postmasters and clerks, the would-be ambassadors and ministers and consuls, the would-be office holder of any and every description, he thinks he is being robbed, and yet he can make more money in his business and get more wages for his work than he could under free trade. He is robbed, not of work and income, but of a position he cannot be trusted to fill. That is all the robbery there is to protection.

A JUDICIOUS INQUIRY.

A well known traveling man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or an adult, and if for a child they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it, and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by E. H. Miller. 11-1

"PARTIES," says Senator Fairbanks, "should be judged by deeds, not words. This is unkind. The Democratic party hasn't done anything to be judged by."

THE voice of the rank and file of the Democratic party has yet to be heard. There was a time when a donkey spoke more wisely than his master, but he had to wait a good while for his chance.

We were told at the beginning of this campaign that the Democratic party would return to sanity, but recent developments lead one to suspect that it has forgotten just where sanity is.

HENRY C. PAYNE, Postmaster General of the United States, died in Washington, D. C., on the 4th inst. He was an able officer and a highly esteemed man. It is said that he will be succeeded by George B. Cortleyou.

MANY of the epigrammatic sentences of the President's letter of acceptance will be preserved for many decades to come, and none longer than the following: "Within the limits defined by the National Constitution the National Administration has sought to secure to each man the full enjoyment of his right to live his life and dispose of his property and his labor as he deems best, so long as he wrongs no one else."

SOME SEASONABLE ADVICE.

It may be a piece of superfluous advice to urge people at this season of the year to lay in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is almost sure to be needed before winter is over, and much more prompt and satisfactory results are obtained when taken as soon as a cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system, which can only be done by keeping the remedy at hand. This remedy is so widely known and so altogether good that no one should hesitate about buying it in preference to any other. It is for sale by E. H. Miller. 11-1

THE CURSE OF FREE TRADE.

The Irish World, one of the chief Irish-American organs published in New York, is an enthusiastic supporter of President Roosevelt in this campaign. A leading editorial of a recent issue is devoted to a discussion of the tariff question. It says:

"The Irish World is non-partisan in American politics. But although non-partisan as to organizations, the Irish World is not indifferent as to principles and policies. It is the patriotic duty of every American citizen to consider what is for the best interest of the republic, and, having reasoned on the questions at issue in the light of his best judgment, to cast his vote as his conscience dictates.

"A national election now confronts us. There are several questions at issue. But the question that towers up above all other questions is this: Shall English free trade or protection to American industries dominate the policy of the land.

"We tried the free trade policy in the presidential elections of 1856 and 1860, and every time with disastrous effects. Suspension of business, factories closed, soup-houses opened, armies of tramps, financial failures, almshouses besieged—these were the things that followed the election to the presidency of men who stood on a free trade platform and denounced protection to American labor as robbery.

"If our fundamental principle in political economy ought to be mere 'cheapness,' then it must logically follow that protection to home industries is 'robbery,' as the Democratic platform says it is. It is then in order for us to purchase what we need in the English and other foreign markets, regardless of the ruin that such policy would bring upon our own country. To bring about such a condition of things again in the United States is within the power of the American workman. Will the American workman vote for such a change? We don't think he will."

Thropp is off the Prohibition Ticket.

A news dispatch from Harrisburg says: Because the Prohibition party polled less than two per cent. of the total vote cast at the last general election in the Nineteenth Congressional district and Thirty-fifth Senatorial district, the State Department has refused to file the certificates of nomination of the Prohibition nominees in these districts. These candidates are Joseph E. Thropp, of Bedford, for Congress, and H. D. Border, of Altoona, for Senator. Joseph Thropp's political coat has as many colors as had the coat of Joseph who was sold to the Egyptians. Mr. Thropp should come in out of the wet, for there's an awful storm threatening him.

A WET BLANKET.

Harper's Weekly, which, while professing to be impartial, is really in favor of Parker's election, is forced in a late issue to admit that Parker made a mess of it in his speech of acceptance. It says that "Judge Parker's speech fell upon his party like a wet blanket," adding: "No experienced observer can fail to recognize the fact that the Judge failed to rise to the occasion, not only refusing to avail himself of the advantage already his, but even going so far in pronouncing the Democratic platform admirable as to weaken the position he already held."

The Weekly goes on to say that: "Some Democratic newspapers insist that their candidate is only hiding his time and later will sound the inspiring note," but it expresses doubt about this, since it is difficult to escape the conclusion that first impressions, especially of an unknown candidate, are apt to be lasting. Its conclusion is: "We unhesitatingly record the belief, therefore, that the effect of the two speeches of acceptance has been a material improvement in Republican prospects."

That is the unhesitating belief of all impartial and competent observers. The Judge had his chance, and he failed to rise to it. "Right dar," as Uncle Remus would say, "right dar whar he drap de watermill!" He will never have the opportunity again. The "watermill" is a ruin, a hopeless mess, and all that he and his party can do will not suffice to make it whole again.

ONE OF MANY.

H. A. Tisdale, of Summerton, S. C., suffered for twenty years with the Piles. Specialists were employed and many remedies used, but relief and permanent good was found only in the use of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. This is only one of the many, many cures that have been effected by this wonderful remedy. In buying Witch Hazel Salve it is only necessary to see that you get the genuine DeWitt's made by E. G. DeWitt & Co. in Chicago, and a cure is certain. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures all kinds of piles, cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, tetter, ringworm, skin diseases, etc. Sold by E. H. Miller. 11-1

WAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Methods Adopted by the Foolish Public.

If you have goods to sell, advertise. Hire a man with a lampblack kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before they leave town, and they need some inspiring literary food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent. more than it is worth and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing or he is puffing and "phewing" at the heat is the time above all others when he reads an advertisement.

A boy with a big placard on a pole is an interesting object on the street and lends a dignified air to your establishment. Hire about two.

But don't think of advertising in a well established, legitimate newspaper, not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and it would be read and pondered over, and people would come down to your store and patronize you and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a large block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.—Detroit Free Press.

BROKE INTO HIS HOUSE.

S. Le Quinn, of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of Chronic Constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and now he's entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure. 25c at E. H. Miller's Drug Store. 11-1