

T. A. BERKEY
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
Coffroth & Ruppel Building.

ERNEST O. KOOSER,
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.

R. E. MEYERS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Court House.

W. H. KOONTZ, J. G. OGLE
Attorneys-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PENN'A
Office opposite Court House.

VIRGIL R. SAYLOR,
Attorney-at-Law,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block.

E. H. PERRY,
Physician and Surgeon,
(Successor to Dr. A. F. Spelcher.)
SALISBURY, PENN'A.
Office corner Grant and Union Streets

B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.
Winter Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1904.

Under the new schedule there will be 14 daily passenger trains on the Pittsburg Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:

East Bound.

No. 48—Accommodation.....11:02 A. M.
No. 6—Fast Line.....11:30 A. M.
No. 49—Through train.....4:41 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation.....5:18 P. M.
No. 12—Duquesne Limited.....9:35 P. M.
No. 10—Night Express.....12:57 A. M.
No. 38—Johnstown Accommo.....7:45 P. M.

West Bound.

*No. 9—Night Express.....3:23 A. M.
No. 11—Duquesne.....5:58 A. M.
No. 18—Accommodation.....8:42 A. M.
No. 47—Through train.....10:54 A. M.
No. 5—Fast Line.....4:28 P. M.
No. 46—Accommodation.....4:50 P. M.
No. 37—Johnstown Accommo.....8:29 A. M.

Ask telephone central for time of trains.
*Do not stop.
†Daily except Sunday.
W. D. STILWELL, Agent.


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Shipped direct to the Customer.



No. 42
White-Schram Convolute Spring Rocker. Golden Oak, Polished Genuine Leather Upholstered Spring Seat, Venetian Back. Our price \$5.00 each.
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"The Chair House." High Point, N. C.

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DeWitt is the name to look for when you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the original and only genuine. In fact DeWitt is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the unadulterated

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All others are counterfeit—base imitations, cheap and worthless—even dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a specific for Piles, Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Also Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Contusions, Bolls, Carbuncles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all other Skin Diseases.

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DINWIDDIE'S TRIP.

Dinwiddie went away seven months ago to Mexico. He left suddenly, without any chance at farewell banquets and stag suppers. He corresponded with no one but his business firm while he was away, for he, like most of his mortal brothers, was little given to letter writing as a fine art.

He managed to keep fairly busy during his months of exile, but that it was exile he owned to himself fairly and squarely. He did not know how dear Chicago's everlasting dirt was to him till he saw the ancient grime of the City of Mexico; nor how inspiring was the raucous hum of the varied industries that gives the city no rest night or day until he observed with homesick contempt the dolce far niente of the average Mexican town. He longed to be back in the whirling wind that nips the Chicagoan summer and winter alike, back under the dark shadow of the never-to-be-completed postoffice building.

So when he was ordered back two weeks ago he nearly wept tears of joy as he packed up dutiable wear in undutiable garments and carefully wiped the dust of Mexico from his feet.

He got into town late one night, with his heart thumping against his ribs. This was living once again. He waved away cabs, preferring to take his chances with the old familiar foot-pads who might be lurking in the shadow of the Adams street buildings. He wanted to see that dear old Chicago river.

It will be perceived that Dinwiddie had it bad.

He got up the next morning with his heart still thumping against his ribs. This was the day that he would meet all the boys. Never again would he depart from his Chicago charms. Life was too short—wasn't worth living away from home. The dear old boys! How he longed to see them!

He ran into Holden on the train. Holden was making his slow way through the aisle crush to the rear smoker. Dinwiddie laid firm hold of him.

"Well, Holden!" he cried, almost with tears. He had not been especially fond of Holden in those old days in Chicago, but Holden's was the first familiar face he had seen since his return.

"Hello, Dinwiddie," returned that young gentleman, calmly. "Fine day, eh? So long!"

Holden was many feet past before Dinwiddie's loose jaws came together again and he awoke from his trance.

Dinwiddie studied over the matter. He concluded that through some strange circumstance Holden had not heard that he had left town even, much less than he had come back. This was odd. Still, it explained the matter.

On the way to the office he ran against Selden and had seized his hand and was shaking it like a pump handle before Selden saw him. "Well, Selden," he said, enthusiastically.

"That you, Dinwiddie?" said Selden, in evident surprise. Dinwiddie later had to lay the surprise wholly to the enthusiasm of his greeting. "How's things? Fine, cool summer, eh? Getting out of town soon?"

Dinwiddie managed to mutter something that passed for a reply, and hurried on to the office, where he buckled fiercely down to work.

At noon he went out to luncheon, ready for the worst. It came swiftly in the person of Watkins, who dropped into a seat across from him, and nodded instead of speaking, for the waiter came swiftly and Watkins was evidently in a hurry. After he had given his order he looked up and spoke to Dinwiddie.

"Fine day, eh?" he said.

Dinwiddie nodded.

"Don't know when we've had a cooler summer," Watkins continued. "Thought I'd leave town some time this fall, but haven't felt the need of it so far. You been anywhere?"

"No," replied Dinwiddie, proudly.

"Going?"

"No."

"That's good," said Watkins pleasantly, beginning on his roast beef. "We'd miss you, Widdy, like the deuce. All the boys would and you know it."

"Umph!" observed the enraged and resentful Dinwiddie.

At the end of a week Dinwiddie sat down one night and took inventory of stock on hand, so to speak. In that week he had met almost all his acquaintances. They seemed to swarm about corners and on trains, waiting merely to nod to Dinwiddie in passing. In all that time he had met two persons who seemed to know he had been away or at least had missed him. One was his manager, the man who had sent him to Mexico in the first place, and had ordered his recall. The other person was his bootblack, who, if he had not known of Dinwiddie's important international mission, at least had missed his feet.

Dinwiddie then came deliberately to the conclusion that Chicago's great heart beats a bit too rapidly to take account of its stray corpuscles and that one citizen is of small account in the sum total of things.

He never mentioned Mexico in his conversation. Only yesterday he happened to be near when the vice-president of the firm was trying to remember which one of the men had handled that Halliday matter down in Mexico. He managed to grin over it, but he was a bit sore, notwithstanding.

Taffy is the principal ingredient in an epitaph.

ITS OWN REWARD.

"I was young—young for me, that is—when in an unfortunate hour I read an article on 'How to Be Popular.' I don't know who wrote it—I wish I did." The melancholy girl paused.

"What did the article recommend?" asked her friend.

"It said to find a special man, then find that special man's highest ideals of womanhood and strive to live up to them. Ridiculous, wasn't it? Well, I tried the plan.

"Mr. Vogart, you know, has many ideals for women. As I think of it now, all of his highest ideals seem to be for women. He had talked soulfully to me about the deteriorating effects that loose hooks and frayed edges have on a woman's character. He said he knew intuitively whether a woman was as well dressed as she appeared. I was greatly impressed.

"Naturally, therefore, when Estelle Shirkeley and I were invited to a church wedding, I regretfully laid aside my one reception gown, because the silk drop skirt was a little worn at the bottom, although it could not be seen. I knew that in that gown I could not dare to face Mr. Vogart and his ideals. Putting on my immaculate, but plain and dark, tailor-made suit, I went into Estelle's room to wait for her. She had just finished pressing the ruffle—only this and nothing more—a very wrinkled old organ. Slipping it on, she told me to fasten it up the back. But either it had shrunk or she had stretched, for I could only get one button at the neck fastened and one at the waist. She said it didn't matter, as her long coat would cover everything. The sleeves were so tight that she was obliged to hold



her elbows akimbo, but that gave her a stylish military gait. Then she put on her long coat, a lace collar and a picture hat and borrowed my second best gloves.

"She looked stunning. She knew nothing about the deteriorating effects of such dressing, though she did tell me that in case of accident I was not to reveal her real name. I told her I wouldn't, as I had some consideration for her family.

"Mr. Vogart was at the wedding. He spent the next evening telling me that Estelle Shirkeley was the best-dressed woman he knew.

"That isn't the worst. Last month ten of us went camping. The chaperon and her husband refused to do anything but chaperon. So the work was to be divided, the men getting provisions for certain days and the girls taking turns cooking. Sounds romantic, doesn't it?"

"All went well until Mr. Vogart and Estelle's joint day. Then he went fishing with the crowd and Estelle and I were left to guard the tent. I had to write and mail a lot of letters that day. About 2 o'clock Estelle came to me with a tale of woe. Mr. Vogart had not left anything to cook, and it would be all his fault, she said, if the crowd didn't have any dinner. For her part, she had a headache, and was going to bed. She proceeded to do so, taking with her a box of fudges and a novel.

"Then I thought of Mr. Vogart's praises for the woman who could uncomplainingly put her own interests by and step in and do another's work. I stepped—or rather walked—one mile to the nearest farmhouse, bringing back to camp, in a rickety hand-cart, a load of provisions. If you have ever cooked for a camping party you know that one may spend hours peeling potatoes in the hope of having enough for two meals. Then at meal No. 1 every one asks 'Is that all the potatoes you cooked?' That was my experience, exactly.

"As the crowd sat down to dinner there were no praises sung for my heroism. Mr. Vogart remarked that the biscuit and I looked alike, both of us being a little depressed.

"That was the last straw. The more I thought of the sacrifice I had made, the long, hot walk to the farm and the hard work I had done while he fished and Estelle rested, the more vexed I became. When we got up from dinner I sneaked down to the beach, intending to have a little cry to relieve my nerves.

"Mr. Vogart followed. To do the comforting act? Not exactly! He gave me a talk on hysterical women and said it was absolutely silly for me to cry because he teased me about the biscuit. Stupid man! He said further that although Estelle had been sick in bed all the afternoon she had just come out of her tent looking as fresh as a rose and I'd better get her recipe.

"Well, they say 'Virtue is its own reward,' but it strikes me that it is a pretty thin sort of a reward."

AT THE LACROSSE GAME.



Tom—Miss Holdtite is too reserved for me.
Dick—I know. She's reserved for me.

By the Court Jester.
Wolsey was saying: "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."
"I hope it's not a Patti farewell," added Henry VIII, with course humor.—Houston Chronicle.

In the Suburbs.



"Here's a copy of the new time table."
"What's new about it?"
"The way it's folded."

Too Opaque.
"Bah Joe!" drawled the dude boarder. "I certainly do admire the Newport set."
"Excuse me," said the buffoon boarder, but before going further would you please state whether you mean people hens, or teeth?"

CAUSE ASSIGNED.



Miss De Style—"Bess and Nell do not speak as they pass by."
Mr. De Swell—"Indeed! Who is the happy man?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Strong.
"Young man," whispered the old spellbinder, "there are some things about this campaign that will take your breath away."
"You don't say!" responded the young man. "Are you alluding to the campaign cigar?"

Where Money Talks.



"I am a poor man," he began, "but if the devotion of a true and loving heart goes for anything with you, I—"
"Oh, it goes with me, all right," interrupted the fair but practical maid, "but I'm afraid it won't go with the grocer and the butcher."

NEVER TOUCHED THE WATER.
First Bather—Does Mabel know how to swim?
Second Bather—"No, you can't learn to swim in sand."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Absent Present
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
Is an axiom most pleasant, but affection rather fickers, if it's absence of a present.
—Riftsburg Press.

Newspaper Interests in Combination.

A RECENT invention has revolutionized the art of making printing inks, and a substantial reduction in the cost of manufacture has given The Standard Ink Works such a strategical advantage over their competitors in the ink trade that the editors and publishers who control and largely own the business have decided to invite the financial co-operation of the general public in an immediate enlargement of the working plant.

The purpose of the corporation is to secure to American newspapers the absolute control of their ink supply independently of any industrial combination or other outside influence, and at the same time, to make money for its stockholders through the sale of printing inks to publishers and printers in all parts of the civilized world.

The corporation owns and operates, in New York City, a printing ink factory having a capacity of 10,000 pounds of printing ink a day. The factory is equipped with the latest and most highly improved machinery for the manufacture of all grades and colors of printing inks.

The corporation owns and operates, outside of New York, a modern and fully equipped factory for the preparation of the materials from which printing inks are made. This factory represents an outlay of between \$50,000 and \$100,000 in cash. It has a capacity at present of 100,000 pounds a day.

It is the intention of the corporation to bring the capacity of its New York City factory up to the full capacity of the works.

By reason of the recent improvement in the quality of the materials and the reduction in the cost of manufacture, the corporation is able to offer to investors this plain business proposition: It can manufacture better printing inks at a lower cost than any other maker of inks in existence. It can sell good inks for less than it costs other concerns to make poor inks, and still earn generous dividends on its outstanding investment. The profits of manufacture, under the new and more favorable conditions, will range from 100% to 300%.

The corporation has no debt, no preferred stock, no bonds. All stock is common stock, full-paid and non-assessable.

Only stock actually issued counts as capital. Dividends are paid only on issued stock.

The active management of the business is in the hands of practical and experienced men, all except two of whom have had many years' experience as editors and publishers. The Executive Board of Directors is made up as follows:

Major General Oliver Otis Howard, U. S. Army (retired), Burlington, Vermont; Robert Hunt Lyman, 53-63 Park Row, New York City; Henry W. B. Howard, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. Peele Willet, 142 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hiram C. Haydn, 178 Bellflower Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; Edward B. Smith, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City; William Willard Howard, 17 Broadway, New York City.

For the purpose of extending its business by the construction in New York City of a larger factory for the manufacture of an extensive scale of all grades and colors of printing inks, the parent corporation now offers for sale a limited allotment of its capital stock at the low price of fifty cents a share (par value, \$1.00, full-paid and non-assessable).

When this sale is closed (which may be at any time without notice), the price of stock will be advanced to \$1.00 a share.

Subscriptions to this allotment of stock should be sent to Mr. William Willard Howard, Treasurer, 17 Broadway, New York City.

Circulars describing the enterprise in detail will be sent free to any address on application.

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