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SOMERSET. PA Office in Court House.

W. H. KOONTZ. J. G. OGLI

> KOONTZ & OGLE Attorneys-At-Law.

SOMERSET. PENN' Office opposite Court House.

VIRGIL R. SAYLOR, Attorney-at-Law.

SOMERSET, PA. Office in Mammoth Block.

Physician and Surgeon, 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 l daily passenger trains on the Pittsburg Di vision, due at Meyersdale as follows: East Bound.

No. 48-Accommodation11:02 A. M.
No. 6-Fast Line11:30 A. M
No. 48-Through train 4:41 P. M
+No. 16-Accommodation 5:16 P. M
*No.13-Duquesne Limited9:35 P. M
No. 10-Night Express 12:57 A. 3
No.208-Johnstown Accommo7:45 P M
West Bound.
*No. 9-Night Express 3:23 A. M
No. 11-Duquense 5:58 A. M
+No. 13-Accommodation 8:42 A. M
No. 47-Through train 10:54 A. M
No. 5-Fast Line 4:28 P. M
No. 49-Accommodation 4:50 P. M
No.207-Johnstown Accommo6:20 A. M
Ask telephone central for time of trains
*Do not stop.

†Daily except Sunday. W. D. STILWELL, Agent.



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SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

PAYING UP.

Three evenings ago Baron and his wife attended a meeting of their summer whist club. It was held at the Whittakers' home in Kenwood, and was within a few blocks of the Baron home. The Barons were strolling peacefully home about 12 o'clock, peacetrally nome about 12 o'clock, when an idea came to Baron. They were passing a drug store in the neighborhood and Baron, who has a weakness for lemon phosphate, decided to indulge it and treat his wife at the same time

The druggist, who had about giver up hope for any more night trade drew off the lemon phosphates with a flourish and set down on the small table before the Barons. Baron flipped



back the check that accompanied

"No good!" he said, cheerfully. "! always take two. Wait till I'm done

The druggist smiled and waited. By and by Baron called for another phosphate and got it. He finished the second glass as his wife sipped the last drops of her first one.

His hand went into his pocket for the 15 cents due, and fished up a few pennies. He drew out his pocket book and found one lonely \$50 bill. He put it back and hunted through his pockets again. The druggist's smile had it back and must be druggist's smile had died. His eyes had a baleful glitter. Baron felt that he was suspected of being the lowest of sneak thieves instead of the honest, honorable insurance man that he was. He tried another pocket and asked his wife in a ance man that he was. He tried another pocket and asked his wife in a low tone if she had her pocket book with her, and then he asked her why not. Then he pulled his \$50 bill and tendered it awkwardly enough.

"I've only got 4 cents besides," said Baron, uncomfortable under the basi-

Baron, uncomfortable under the basi-lisk eye of the druggist.

"It's queer about these fellows with big bills," said the druggist pensively.

"They usually travel with 2 or 4 cents change. What drug store in this part of town could change a \$50 bill at midnight? It's a cinch you know the neighborhood."

"I live four blocks from here," said Baron with heat. "I could pass here every morning on my way to the sta-

on—"
"Only you don't said the druggist as acid as his lemon phosphate.
"Well," said Baron, with a noble effort to appear at his ease. "I'll drop in to-morrow morning and pay you. I'm Harris W. Baron."

"I never heard the name," remarked the druggist with resignation in his

"Well, confound it, maybe you'd like "Well, confound it, maybe you'd like to see it printed," said Baron testily, and he drew out the pocket book again. He went through its several compartments, and Mrs. Baron and the druggist gazed with various feelings as Baron's search revealed no card.

"Well," said Baron furiously, "we don't seem to be able to settle things up to-night, but I'll be on hand in the morning

druggist, practically rather than cynically.

They were half through dinner the next evening when Mrs. Baron sud-denly giggled. Baron moved uneasily and frowned slightly. "Did you pay the man the 15 cents,

dearest?" she asked. "Naturally I wouldn't let the matter

alip," said Baron.

That evening, contrary to his custhat evening, contrary to his cus-tom, he went out for a walk. He was gone perhaps an hour. When he came back he sat down on the porch and wrestled with his masculine sense of pride and dignity. Then he spoke, and Mrs. Baron shrieked with lausthas.

"No," she said at last. "I don't now the druggist's name, nor where he store is, but"—she grew serious—"I'll bet you \$10 for a new out-glass bowl that I can lead you to it in the

chrally. "I'll mop up the floor with that measily little pirate for daring to doubt my word, but I'll pay him first."

When the Barons returned twenty minutes later Mrs. Baron was bolding a crisp new \$10 bill. Once more had woman's intuition and sense of local ity worsted man's ""."

soon of mild interest, was disconcerting, to say the least of it, "0h," he said when it was all explained to him. "I guess my wife for got to tell you I'd be home a couple of days while she was gone. But I'm much obliged."

The occupants of the coupling of woman's intuition and sense of local-ity worsted man's alleged accuracy bert'

and attention to detail.

and attention to detail. — Chicago

In the United States the sparrow has 6 broods a year; in Britain cuty

DEFEATED HEROES.

There was no denying that Mrs. Hulbert had "nerves" in an aggra-vated form. When there was absolutely nothing to worry about it worried her most of all—and when a woman gets to that stage she is hope-

Therefore the state she was in when she decided to join some friends at a summer resort and to shut up her flat can readily be imagined. I would be alone, at the mercy of kers and thieves. To be breakers and thieves. To be sure, there was Mr. Hulbert, but as he was a traveling man and home only at brief intervals he did not count in

Mrs. Hulbert's imagination being saw her flat in various forms topsy-turviness immediately after her departure, rifled of brica-brac and rugs and completely despoiled of valuables. She had no doubt the eager burglars were even then hovering around near corners feverishly waiting for her to get out of sight before pushing in to seize the spoils. She bent all her energies to foil them. silver she took down to the bank, hiring a cab at the cost of

Her furs were stored and she descended on two friends in the building with a petition that they would take charge of her oriental rugs during her absence. Several choice pieces of pottery also she distributed about the habited part of the building and when she had faished if many. and when she had finished if maray ders had succeeded in getting in they would have been confronted by a choice between the gas range and heavy furniture.

With her temperament, however, this was not the slightest comfort to Mrs. Hulbert. She thought of all sorts of schemes which she confided to every one as each struck her. The back windows had burglar catches and could not be raised. Of course, the glass might be cut out, but she must chance that. After bolting the back door she moved the refrigerator against that. No one but a human fly could scale the front wall and enter by the parlor windows, but the front door bothered her. It could not be bolted, as in that case she herself would be reduced to departing by a rope ladder, which was out of the question. She concluded to leave the window chades up and made every one promise if he or she saw the hin of a light in her flat to investigate at once. And ten days after she left the woman across the hall saw a light in the Hulbert flat. She rang up the janitor and flew to tell the woman on the floor above. In the hall the three reconnoitered and agreed it was indeed the light from a gas jet in the inner bedroom which was reflected through the ground glass of the front door.

It took about three seconds for the news to spread through the building that burglars were in the Hulbert flat. Every one surged down to the second half landing. The men coming home from downtown added themselves one by one to the crowd. Somebody suggested to the janitor that he use his key and go in. The look of inignation which greeted this was a work of art.

"An wot would I do w'en I got in "An wot would I do wen I got in there?" he inquired majestically. I'll go and telephone the police," he added, and departed hastily. Then a small man appointed himself captain of the flat dwellers and put them where they would do the most good. Three men were sent around to the back porch to intercept the thieves should they attempt to escape that The women were ordered away and forthwith crowded into the flat across the hall, where they took turns peeping through the crack in the door. One man was sent down to the side ing and departed amid the envious glares of those who had to stand watch over the door of the Hulbert flat.

In fifteen minutes a squad of blue-cats advanced on the building. Af-er deep consultation it was decided ter deep consultation it was decided to carefully unlock the front door to carefully unlock the front door with the janitor's key, make a rush and surround the desperado. Excitement among the flatters approached hysteria at this. The scheme was heartily approved of by the men on guard, who withdrey in haste on the arrival of the policemen. With trembling hands the janitor produced the key, the cleverest minton of the law worked it and the door skuns. law worked it and the door skung. There was an intense instant and then a tremendous rush on the part of the

The only drawback to its trium phant conclusion was that the rush was checked in the middle of the Hulberts' parlor by the appearance in the bedroom door of no less a person that Mr. Hulbert himself. He had one side of his face still lathered and this, together with his expression of mild interest, was disconcert-

The occupants of the other flats have quit worrying over Mrs. Hulbert's possessions. The latest cure of nervous diseases,

according to a Swiss doctor, is tea made with melted snow. Walnut is only employed in Franc

WOMAN'S LITTLE WAY.

Serventor settled back comfortably

Serventor settled back comfortably in his chair and lit the after-dinner cigar to which he had limited himself in deference to his wife's fears that he was injuring his health by excessive smoking

"Oh!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What do you think? Willington has backed out of that little stag party at Renford's. His wife wouldn't lethin go. Wouldn't that give you a at Renford's. His wife wouldn't let him go. Wouldn't that give you a nervous chill? Adeline, if I had a wife like that I'd be tempted to take a club to her. I don't suppose he dares open up his mouth around the house without raising his hand to ask permission.

"How would you like to have it said your husband stood in terror of little woman?" he asked jocuthat

"I wouldn't like it at all," replied Mrs. Serventor, promptly. "I believe in a man doing what he pleases as long as he doesn't misconduct himself. I'm not an advanced woman like Mrs. Willington, you know."
"No, you're not, by George!" said her husband, admiringly.

her husband, admiringly.

"Besides, I know you wouldn't stand dictation," laughed the lady.

"Well, I guess not," said Sarventor.

"What kind of a party is this, Edward?" asked Mrs. Sarventor presently as the threadel a second research. ently, as she threaded a needle.

"Oh, just men, you know."
"Are they nice?"
"It depends on what you call nice.
It isn't like a pink tea."

It isn't like a pink iea."
"I suppose you will all smoke like
chimneys and play cards. Well, of
course, you will go if you want to."
"Why, certainly,"
"You needn't be cross about it, Ed.

ward. I'm not cross "I don't see any reason why you should be

"I might not like it, though.
wouldn't wonder a bit if they player



cards for money—and that's gambling You don't blame me for not wanting my husband to be a gambler. wouldn't be reasonable, would

'Why, Adeline! a penny ante-enough to give an i terest to the game?"

"The principle is the same. But, of course, my narrow views needn't stand in the way of your having a good time. "Oh, thunder!"

"Now you are losing your temper Well, we won't say anything more about it You've made up your mind that you'll go whether I like it or not or whether it's right or wrong. I wouldn't say a word for the world to displease you. You know I wouldn't, Edward. I don't like to have you

"But, my dear!" "No, we won't say anything more about it. And then you'll be tempted to smoke more than is good for you. know you won't break your promisto me, but-

"What promise?"

"About smoking more than one cigar in an evening." gar in an evening.
"Adeline, I just said I'd try it for

while and see how it went."

"Then you intend to. Oh, Edward!"

"Nonsense. You aren't talking reasonably, my dear. You just don't

g-g-glad.'

"Why, Adeline, my dear!"
"No, I'm not. You know I'm not.
You dud-dud-don't love me." "Of course, I do.

fectly well I do."

Mrs. Sarventor put aside her husband's caressing hand and dried her eyes. Then she said: "This is very foolish of me, Edward. I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am, too. Of course, you must go, dear. You know I would never oppose you in anything. We've been married over a year now and, of course, I ought not to expect that you wouldn't get just a little tired of a silly girl in all that time." "Dearest," said Sarventor, "how can fectly well I do."

"And of course you miss all your bachelor habits." "Miss nothing I know when I'm well off." "Then why," demanded Mrs. Sar-

BROWN'S HAIR CUT!

"What was it?"
"Why, you see, Brown was up there at the same time I was and we usually went out together. There was a channel on one side of the lake not far from the hotel, where we could walk along on good ground and fish whenever the boats all happened to be out.
"One morning after we had been "One morning, after we had been there about two weeks, Brown's hair got to looking rather shaggy, and he

got to looking rather shaggy, and he thought of going to town to have it trimmed. But the day turned out fine for fishing, so he gave it up. We then started in on the channel.

"We fished for awhile without much success. Then Brown made a cast well into the weeds and got hung up.

success. Then Brown made a cast well into the weeds and got hung up on a lily-pad. He had a small line, which had been used considerably, and when he jerked it parted about five feet from the end.

"The first thing I learn he had."

five feet from the end.

"The first thing I knew he had slipped off his clothes and plunged in. He swam across till he found a footing and disengaged the hook. It was too far to throw the hook to me and he required both hands open to swim—he never was much of a swimmer—and he couldn't be sure of holding his teeth together if he held it in his mouth on account of his habit of mouth on account of his habit of

spitting out water at every stroke."
"What'd he do?"
"He tied it around his neck and let it hang down behind. About half-way over the spoon began to turn and he got a strike from a whopping big pickerel.

"Must have choked him, didn't it?"
"I should say it did. But the fish
gave a dart, and I thought we should
lose him and Brown, too, but they
finally came to the surface—Brown
Spluttering at a great rate.
"Soon the fish began to strike at
Brown's hair. At the time Jeruklett

"Soon the fish began to strike at Brown's hair. At the time I couldn't see the reason for it, but later I came to understand. Instead of trying to drown poor Brown it was trying to save his life. I never knew a pickerel to act that way before. Now, you take a bass or a muskellunge and it might take the place of a Newfoundland dog as a life-saver. I know old Hodgkins used to keen a tame mus-

land dog as a life-saver. I know old Hodgkins used to keep a tame muskellunge to take care of the children when they were in bathing; but I never knew a pickerel to—never. "Pretty soon I noticed him towing Brown by his wet hair out into the channel. Then he began racing up and striking again. Every time he nipped a mouthful of hair his lower lip scraped the neck below it. You can imagine Brown's dilemma, with an imagine Brown's dilemma, with his efforts to swim and fighting off that fish at the same time."

"I should say so."

"Well, when he landed he had as

pretty a round out on his hair as you ever saw—sort of a football cut, you understand, with his neck nicely shaved."

'That was all, was it? No shampo "No, just the hair cut and neck shave. I noticed the pickerel eying Brown's beard rather suspiciously, but so far as I observed he had not made a beginning upon it."—Chicago News.

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"No, I want you to go. If you prefer the society of a set or horrid card-playing men to your wife's I ought not to complain. I ought to be The quick relief from pain

Former Salisbury Young Man Died in California. Alexander Cohen, who was a brother

You know per- of the Somerset merchants of that not pay to advertise, he ne, died of pulmonary trouble, last Friday, at Los Angeles, California, where he had gone in the hope of benefitting his health.

The young man had been ill for a long time. About a year ago he co ducted a clothing store at Scottdale but was forced to quit the business or account of his health. Since then, un til recently, he represented an insurance company in order to get as much out-door exercise as possible. Upon "Dearest," said Sarventor, "how can out-door exercise as possible. U you say such absurd things? Tired of the advice of his physician he left S. erset about a month ago for Denver, "I suppose if I had made our little Colorado, where it was believed he Colorado, where it was believed he would find relief. The high altitude did not agree with him, and from there orders to The Star, Elk Lick, Pa. tf home attractive—" would find relief. The high altitude "You've made it a little paradise." he went to Los Angeles. At the latter place he was attended by Dr. A. F. Speicher, who is a native of Salisbury.

Deceased was buried on Sunday in a ventor, "are you so crazy to go to this Jewish cemetery at Los Angeles, the wentor, "are you so crazy to go to this horrid stag party?"

"I'm not crazy about it. I don't know that I'd go if I hadn't promised—at least I half promised."

"Then you won't go? Oh, good!"

"Not if you don't want me to, degreet."

When you don't want me to, degreet."

We want of the surviving members of Mr. Cohen's family at Somerset are Morris, Louis and Fred.—Somerset Standard.

"Not it you dearest."

"Oh, but I don't want you to stay at home just because you know I'd be hurt if you went. I want you to do exactly as your please. You'd hetter go, perhaps, dear."

THE BLAYRS

THE BLAYRS

THE BLAYRS

The following blanks can be obtained at all times at The STAR office: Lenses, Mortgages, Deeds, Judgment Bonds, Common Bonds, Judgment Notes, Respired by the property of the p better go, perhaps, dear."

"Well, I don't want to," said Sarventor. "I want to stay and spend the evening with you, and that settles it."—Chicago News.

"Ommon Bonds, Judgment Notes, Receipt Books, Landlord's Notice to Tenants, Constable Sale Blanks, Summons Execution for Debt. Notice of Claims for Collection, Commitments, Subpose. for Collection, Commitments, Subpoor nas, Criminal Warrants, etc. tf

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oney back if it fails. Trial Bottles free

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State of Pennsylvania, County of Somerset, ss.: In the Court of Common Pleas of said county. No. 94, February Term, 1966, Wesley Waybright, Italy Individual County of the Court of Common Pleas of State Case to take the testimony and return the same to the court, together with a report of the proceedings before him, and his opinion of the case, and he will attend fice in Somerset, Pa., on Saturday, April 29, at I o'clock P. M., when and where you may attend if you see fit. Ross R. Scott, 4-20

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The Sunny South is reciding beautiful to the sound in the south story and the sunny story papers.

and paragraphs, give it a life and genuine interest not found in ordinary story papers.

The Sunny South is rapidly becoming the family story paper for all American firesides. It is not sectional in any sense, and yet it is truly Southern in its literary excellence. A subtle charm steals out from its columns, suggesting balmy breezes, sunny skies and sweet-scented, delightful landscapes. It is dolent of a life and civilization that is peculiar to the South, or we might say that is more intensely American. A sample copy will be sent free to all who will send a postal card request, which shall contain also the names and addresses of six of your neighbors, to the Sunny South Atlanta, Ga.

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