



SUMMER DRESS GOODS And Shirt-waistings!

Just received a fresh assortment of Lawns, Dimities, Silk, Gingham, Organadies and Imitation Mohair. The prices of the above assortment are 10, 12 1/2, 15, 18, 25 and 30 cents.

ELK LICK SUPPLY CO., LTD., Cor. Grant And Ord Sts., Salisbury, Pa.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SALISBURY.

Capital paid in, \$50,000. Surplus & undivided profits, \$9,000. 3 PER CENT. INTEREST On Time Deposits. J. L. BARCHUS, President. H. H. MAUST, Vice President. ALBERT REITZ, Cashier. DIRECTORS:—J. L. Barchus, H. H. Maust, Norman D. Hay, A. M. Lichty, F. A. Maust, A. E. Livengood, L. L. Beachy.



Greatly Pleased

are all people who call to inspect our immense stock of new goods in all departments. We have just added to our store A Nice Line of Dry Goods. Call and see if we can't save you some money. Our prices are very low and our goods the very best. Elk Lick Variety Store.

Is your Hair Falling Out? STOP IT, no more Baldness.

Disease prevents the hair being nourished, hence it falls out. BROWNELL'S Maiden Hair Fern Hair Tonic kills germ life, cures the disease, nourishes the hair, Not a stimulant, but a cure. It dries on the head quickly. Is not sticky. It is not a dye, but a food to restore vigor and natural color to the hair, that is it brings the hair from a sticky condition to a healthy living growth. Is purely vegetable. Is positively free from all injurious substances. Send for Testimonials. For sale by Druggists. THE SEVERANCE & STEWART COMPANY, 2590 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. 72 No. Willard St., Burlington, Vt.



Will remove more Real Estate in less time than any soap ever placed on the market. We care not what your work is, with MAPLE CITY MECHANIC'S SOAP it is possible to have clean, soft odorless hands. A trial will convince you. Is a pure, vegetable, oil and mineral product. Use any kind of water. A very small quantity of soap and a little water will do the work. Also used for cleaning kitchen utensils; it has no equal. The most wonderful product of modern science. For sale everywhere, 5 Cents. Don't let your grocer substitute. Made only by the MAPLE CITY SOAP WORKS, Monmouth, Ill.

Important Announcement!

To the people of Salisbury and vicinity I wish to announce that I have purchased the undertaking business of Rutter & Will, in Meyersdale, and have moved to that town. However, I have not sold out in that line in Salisbury, and I have a representative to look after my interests in Salisbury, where I shall keep constantly on hand a fine stock of

Undertaking Goods, Coffins, Caskets, Etc.

L. C. Boyer is my Salisbury salesman, and can sell you anything you may need in my line. I will continue to do embalming and funeral directing, both in Salisbury and Meyersdale. Thanking the public for a generous patronage in the past, and soliciting a liberal future patronage, I remain your servant,

H. McCULLOH, Meyersdale, Pa.

E. E. CODER, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, SALISBURY, PA. Repairing neatly, promptly and substantially done. Prices very reasonable.



STEVENS SPELLS STANDARD SAFETY AND SHOOT STRAIGHT OUR RIFLES, PISTOLS AND SHOTGUNS are generations past the experimental stage, and are HARD HITTING AND ACCURATE ALWAYS! Ask your dealer and insist! Send for 40-page catalog on our popular make. If interested, we can obtain, we shall send in SHOTGUN, you direct, carriage charges ought to have it. Mailed prepaid, upon receipt of four cents in stamps to catalog price. Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hangers will be sent anywhere for ten cents in stamps. J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO., P. O. Box 202, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U.S.A.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN PITTSBURG, FINLEYVILLE, WASHINGTON, CHARYVILLE, WHEELING AND POINTS ON THE OHIO RIVER DIVISION.

ALL THROUGH TRAINS TO AND FROM POINTS ON OHIO RIVER DIVISION RUN VIA BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R. BETWEEN PITTSBURG AND WHEELING ARRIVING AT AND DEPARTING FROM BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R. STATIONS PITTSBURG: Smithfield & Water Sts. WHEELING: South & Main Sts. For Time Tables, Tickets, Pullman Reservations, call on or address Ticket Agents BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD. C. W. BASSETT, B. N. AUSTIN, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, D. B. MARTIN, Mgr. Passenger Traffic. 8-14

Notice! To the Residents on East Side of Grant Street.

You are hereby notified that the Town Council of Salisbury, Borough, Pa., will sit in Hay's Opera House, on the 10th of August, 1905, between the hours of 7:30 P. M. and 9:00 P. M., for the purpose of establishing a grade on the East side of Grant street, extending from Broad lane south to Mechanic street. Those interested can appear, if they see fit, to show cause why said grade should not be established, etc. BY ORDER OF TOWN COUNCIL. Fall Term Opening. THE TRI-STATE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cumberland, Maryland, September 4, 5, 6. 8-31

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- STATE. For State Treasurer, J. LEE PLUMMER, of Hollidaysburg. For Judge of the Supreme Court, JOHN STEWART, of Chambersburg. For Judges of the Superior Court, GEORGE B. ORLADY, of Huntingdon. CHARLES E. RICE, of Wilkes-Barre. JAMES A. BEAVER, of Bellefonte. COUNTY. For Sheriff, WILLIAM BEGHLEY, of Somerset Borough. For Prothonotary, CHAS. C. SHAFER, of Somerset Borough. For Recorder of Deeds, JOHN R. BOOSE, of Somerset Borough. For Clerk of Courts, MILTON H. FIFE, of Meyersdale Borough. For Clerk of Orphans' Court and Register of Wills, CHAS. F. COOK, of Berlin Borough. For Commissioners, JOSIAH SPECHT, of Quemahoning Township. ROBERT AUGUSTINE, of Somerfield Borough. For Treasurer, PETER HOFFMAN, of Paint Township. For Auditor, W. H. H. BAKER, of Rockwood Borough. J. S. MILLER, of Somerset Township. For Poor Director, WILLIAM BRANT, of Brothersvalley Township. JOHN MOSHOLDER, of Somerset Borough. For County Surveyor, ALBERT E. RAYMAN, of Stonycreek Township.

TYPHOID STILL RAGES. Regular Epidemic in Salisbury—More New Cases—Additional Case in Editor's Family.

Since early in the spring there have been between 25 and 30 cases of typhoid fever in Salisbury and vicinity, and the disease seems to be on the increase. Since our issue of last week the following named persons have been stricken down, some of them having well developed cases of typhoid, others believed to be taking it: Mrs. Howard Warnick, Harrison Fair and Minnie Livengood, Grant street; Mrs. Albert Lowry and three children of Randolph Inks, Gay street; Miss Ethel Schramm, Ord street, and a son of Matthew Fair in West Salisbury. Minnie Livengood is a 7-year-old daughter of the editor, and as she is both deaf and speechless, she is a hard patient to wait upon. Her sickness is extremely unfortunate at this time, as it comes at the close of her vacation, and will prevent her return to school at Edgewood Park, Pittsburg, when the next term begins, a few weeks hence.

This makes the fifth serious case of sickness we have had in our family during the past few months, and in addition to that we have had to send one of our little daughters away, this week, for special treatment for a pair of very sore eyes, made so by being vaccinated a couple of years ago, which she had to submit to or be barred out of school. Thus are children made to suffer and parents put to outrageous expense that medical graft may flourish and feed fat upon the most damnable and hideous outrage ever fostered by law. Of course, the wise (?) doctor who did the vaccinating will deny that the vaccination caused our child's sore eyes, but deep down in his own heart he knows that it did. The child never had sore eyes before, but has had them constantly ever since the vaccination, and the scar on her arm still looks raw and is very tender to the touch.

If all vaccinators were required to give a heavy bond and pay for the bad results of their damnable, hideous, blood-poisoning game of law-protected graft, as should be required of them, not one mother's son of them could be induced to vaccinate anybody. Hell may or may not be paved with good intentions, but we believe it will be well decorated with those who stand for compulsory vaccination.

"LUCIFER'S" CALL TO ARMS.

"Ripe for Revolt," Says the Commercial—What the "Old War Horse" Will Really do.

Last week "Lucifer Ananias" Smith, the old donkey skin that presides over the columns of the Meyersdale Commercial, gave notice that it is about to organize a new mongrel party to defeat the regularly nominated Republican ticket at the coming November election. "The time for revolt is here," says "Lucifer," and to prove it he reprints from the Johnstown Democrat nearly two columns of "tommyrot" in closely set Nonpareil. For some strange reason "Lucifer" nearly always draws on Democratic papers for his campaign thunder, especially when the stuff is contributed by "Edwie" Werner and other political outcasts whom he proclaims as grafters, tricksters and political thieves one year and sages, martyrs and patriots the next. And yet, in spite of it all, he claims to be an unflinching, stalwart Republican.

But a short time ago "Lucifer" delighted to prate of the greatness and honor of Quay, Penrose, Durham and other state Republican leaders, and his masters, the Scull brothers, did the same. Now they sing a different tune, and why? Simply because S. & S. became too greedy and full of rascality and had to be driven away from the "pie counter." Now they flop their ears, and bellow and bray like demented demons; but they may bellow and bawl until the cows come home, for it will avail them nothing. The following, which appeared in a recent issue of the Johnstown Democrat, has tickled "Lucifer's" vanity exceedingly and started him to bray in a and b and c and q, and several other letters, too: "There is impending revolution in Somerset county politics. The lowering clouds of protest are gathering ominously over the devoted heads of the county bosses. The venerable editor of the Meyersdale Commercial—the old war horse of the campaign of 1882—is impatiently champing his bit for the inevitable fray. Editor Smith is calling in clarion tones for a convention to place a Citizens'-Republican ticket in the field for the fall election, and there is every reason to believe Editor Smith will have his way."

Of course he will have his way, but, as usual, his way will lead directly back to the political scrap heap from whence he came. Neither "Lucifer's" way nor his say nor his bray ever amount to anything, by jing! "The old war horse," or rather the old war ass (and pretty badly wore, too), may champ at his bit until the smoke of battle has cleared away—and then what? He will have a badly soiled crupper, that's all. The old war horse of Eighty-two, it's nothing much that he can do. So just let the old war horse go. For soon he'll be eating his crow—Crow for his dinner and supper, A diet hard on his crupper.

A LAY ON THE HEN.

Or Missouri's Greatest Institution Done in Verse.

Centralla (Mo.) paper. "Long before Maud raked the hay, the Missouri hen began to lay, and before the milkmaid had stirred a peg, the Missouri hen had laid an egg. The corn must rustle, the flowers must spring, if they hold their own with the barnyard ring. If Maud is in need of a Sunday gown, she doesn't hustle the hay to town, but goes to the store and buys her suit with a basketful of fresh hen fruit. If the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday call, she doesn't feed him on the milk at all, but works up eggs in custard pie, and stuffs him on that and chicken fry. And when the old man robs a nest and goes to town in his speckled vest to gape and stare at the circus rings or stand around talking of crops and things, his poor wife stays at home and scowls, but is saved from want by those selfsame fowls. For while her husband lingers there, she follows the cackling hen with care. Then hail, all hail, the Missouri hen! Acclaim her, poet, with your pen! Throw up your hat, emit a howl for the persevering, useful fowl. Cotton may be king, I ween, but the cackling hen is Missouri's queen.

PUBLIC IS AROUSED.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months, I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep, and my stomach was so weak from useless doctors' drugs, that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief, and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed at E. H. Miller's drug store; price 50c. 8-1

It Makes a Difference Whose Ox is Gored.

If a farmer were to sell an editor several bushels of wheat, wait several years for his money and spend the interest on the account sending statements to the purchaser, to which the purchaser would pay no attention whatever, what would that farmer think of his customer? If a miner would load five or six tons of coal and wait years for his pay, what would he have to say about the person or firm owing him for his labor? Or suppose that an editor would owe several dollars to a merchant, mechanic or laborer, and keep on owing it for years, paying no attention to statements, and allowing his creditor to spend the interest and a portion of the principal each year for postage stamps, envelopes and paper, what would the creditor think or say of such an editor?

The answer is easy. The farmer, miner, merchant, mechanic, laborer, or whoever the creditor might be would proclaim that editor as a deadbeat and warn others not to trust him. But it makes a great difference whose ox is gored, and there isn't a country editor in the United States who doesn't waste many dollars sending out statements to at least some of the classes named, who pay no attention to statements, but who strenuously hold onto the money that they owe the editor, who has worked hard for it and in many cases needs it far worse than the one owing it. But the editor is patient and long-suffering, and he doesn't cry down his debtors as they would cry him down if the money was owed to them. He is more charitable, hence tries to console himself with the soothing (?) thought that his debtors are not dishonest, only negligent, and he goes right on speaking well of them, furnishing them the news without money, helping their interests whenever and wherever he can, sympathizing with them during sickness and death, writing nice obituaries, etc., and looking to the world beyond for his reward.

Of course the editor's reward is in Heaven, or at least a whole lot of his patrons seem to think that is the only place he has a right to look for it. Well, he may find it there, but we are sore afraid that those who treat him so badly will be found among the goats of Gehenna, grazing on the hard, hideous hills of Hades. And, really, most editors would like to have the benefit of their earnings while still in the flesh. Not that they need the money, of course, but because they have worked hard for it and then earned it a time or two more in trying to collect it. They would like to have it because it belongs to them, and not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Evidently Acted too Smart.

It is quite evident that some of the Meyersdale young men acted a little too smart, recently, while witnessing a ball game at Rockwood, judging from an item in last week's Meyersdale Republican. The Meyersdale "smarty" is usually very much in evidence at all public places. Of course there are other "smarties," and even Salisbury has her full quota of them; but of all the odoriferous, pestilential, outrageously disgusting, simple, silly and give-you-a-pain brand of "smarties" the Meyersdale smart article has all others skinned a mile. The Meyersdale "smarty" is usually an expert in slinging last year's slang, and the way he tries to "throw it on" is enough to make the average monkey and parrot turn green with envy. That's why so many parrots are green, but for a brilliant shade of green, no parrot is "in it" with the average Meyersdale "smarty." Following is what the Republican had to say, last week: "Yutzzy and Miller, of the Rockwood team, got sore over the 'rooting' of some of the boys from this town, and without any other provocation started a free-for-all fight, which was disgraceful in the extreme, and as a consequence they used up Irven Deal and Harlan Hoover, of this place, very badly, and for a time it was thought that Deal's injuries might prove serious, Yutzzy having kicked him in the ribs after knocking him down. Manager Custer, of the Rockwood club, that same evening disbanded his team, which was certainly a wise move. Joseph Snyder, of Rockwood, officiated as umpire, and gave very good satisfaction."

SOOTHING AND COOLING.

The salve that heals without a scar is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. No remedy effects such speedy relief. It draws out inflammation, soothes, cools and heals all cuts, burns and bruises. A sure cure for Piles and skin diseases. DeWitt's is the only genuine Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of counterfeits. They are dangerous. Sold by E. H. Miller. 9-1