

# LADIES



**DR. LAFRANÇO'S COMPOUND**  
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator  
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices.  
Cure guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents, drug stores or by mail. Testimonials & booklet free.

**Franklin Breadmaker**  
FREE  
A family that eats Wheatless, Franklin Mills Flour or Franklin's Universal Breadmaker free of charge. Particulars in every package or mailed upon request by FRANKLIN MILLS CO., Lockport, N. Y.

## B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.

Winter Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, Nov. 19, 1905.

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

**East Bound.**  
\*No. 45—Accommodation.....11:08 A. M.  
\*No. 6—Fast Line.....11:30 A. M.  
\*No. 14—Through train.....4:54 P. M.  
\*No. 16—Accommodation.....5:31 P. M.  
\*No. 12—Duquesne Limited.....5:35 P. M.  
\*No. 208—Johnstown Accommo.....7:45 P. M.

**West Bound.**  
\*No. 11—Duquesne.....5:58 A. M.  
\*No. 15—Accommodation.....8:18 A. M.  
\*No. 18—Through train.....11:20 A. M.  
\*No. 5—Fast Line.....4:25 P. M.  
\*No. 48—Accommodation.....4:50 P. M.  
\*No. 207—Johnstown Accommo.....6:20 A. M.

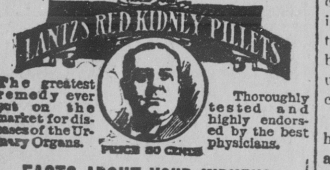
Ask telephone central for time of trains.  
\*Daily.  
\*Daily except Sunday.  
W. D. STILWELL, Agent.



When you take a drink for pleasure's sake, take one also for health's sake.

**DR. G. BOUVIER'S BUCHU GIN**  
combines these purposes. It is just as beneficial to the kidneys and bladder, as it is exhilarating and delightful in its immediate effects. Better for you than any medicine.

BE. S. BOUVIER'S SPECIALTY CO., INC.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
On All Bars—Take No Other



**DR. COLE'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
The greatest remedy ever put on the market for diseases of the Urinary Organs.

Thoroughly tested and highly endorsed by the best physicians.

**FACTS ABOUT YOUR KIDNEYS.**  
The kidneys are the most important organs of the body. Nine-tenths of the sickness is caused by impure blood. Impure blood is caused by diseased kidneys.

Dr. Cole, Ohio. "Kindly send me 1,000 Kidney Pills. Give this your earliest attention. Am entirely out and cannot do my patients justice without them. They are the best for any and all kidney and bladder troubles that I ever used."  
Druggist L. G. Kramer, Michigan City, Ind., states: "I am getting good reports from them. One box sells another."

If your druggist does not keep them send direct to us, same will be sent prepaid on receipt of price.

**THE ANTISEPTIC REMEDY CO.**  
South Bend, Ind.

## Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and startch of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—  
"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

**Kodol Digests What You Eat.**  
Bottles only, \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

Prepared by E. O. DeWitt & Co., CHICAGO.

**SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.**

**Wynn's Early Risers**  
The famous little pills.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Daniel J. Brubaker's heirs to G. P. Brubaker, in Berlin, \$1000.  
Daniel J. Brubaker's heirs to same, in Brothersvalley, \$300.  
Daniel J. Brubaker's heirs to same, in Brothersvalley, \$2550.  
S. J. Bowser to J. J. Foust, in Somerset twp., \$200.  
D. B. Koontz to Jacob Koontz, in Stoyestown, \$1800.  
Jane Spangler to same in Stoyestown, \$500.  
John H. Snyder to same, in Quemahoning, \$500.  
A. L. G. Hay, Att'y to A. B. Uphouse, in Casselman, \$200.  
C. W. Truxal to Rose C. Bishop, in Meyersdale, \$2400.  
Catherine Miller to Besse M. Caton, in Brothersvalley, \$100.  
F. A. Aultz to Laura E. Hunter, in Somerset twp., \$650.  
Zach Walter to W. A. Merrill, in Garrett, \$2000.  
Ed. J. Rock to S. K. Hunter, in Somerset twp., \$1800.  
M. H. Fike to Elias Fike, in Meyersdale, \$3800.  
Samuel Rean to D. B. Zimmerman, in Shade, \$4700.  
Daniel E. Long to Andrew Woolley, in Stoneycreek, \$3000.  
H. H. Baker to J. H. Gardner, in Paint twp., \$1933.

**A DISASTROUS CALAMITY.**  
It is a disastrous calamity, when you lose your health, because indigestion and constipation have sapped it away. Prompt relief can be had in Dr. King's New Life Pills. They build up your digestive organs, and cure headache, dizziness, colic, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at E. H. Miller's drug store; 25c. 12-1

**Marriage Licenses.**  
Elias Fike.....Summit  
Phoebe Lint.....Meyersdale  
Alexander Ober.....Humbert  
Nora Christner.....Meyersdale  
Alfred J. Beal.....Garrett  
Viola K. Borden.....Garrett  
James Mangel.....Listie  
Anna Bischoff.....Listie  
G. R. Hartle.....Meyersdale  
Agnes Hipp.....Meyersdale  
Stany Kannuski.....Black twp  
Julia Bweski.....Black twp  
Guy H. Smith.....Berlin  
Bertha L. Blough.....Boynton  
John Kravczik.....Paint bor  
Katharina Balut.....Paint bor  
Francis Toth.....Paint bor  
Stefan J. Koptjar.....Windber  
Zophia Kupesof.....Windber

**NATURE NEEDS BUT LITTLE.**  
Nature needs only a Little Early Riser now and then to keep the bowels clean, the liver active, and the system free from bile, headaches, constipation, etc. The famous little pills "Early Risers" are pleasant in effect and perfect in action. They never gripe or sicken, but tone and strengthen the liver and kidneys. Sold by E. H. Miller. 12-1

**Smashed His Theories.**  
Mr. Dunkridge, who ordinarily left the management of the household affairs to his wife, his own time devoted chiefly to the work of saving a blundering and ungrateful country from going to destruction, heels over head, had been compelled by some sudden and unexpected emergency to go to a grocery store for a gallon of coal oil.  
Having ordered it sent to his house, he took a \$2 bill from his pocketbook and laid it on the counter.  
"I haven't bought any coal oil since I was a boy," he said. "It was 25 cents a gallon then, I remember. I suppose the infamous monopoly that's running the oil business now has raised the price to 75, anyhow."  
"I don't know anything about that," said the boy behind the counter.  
"We're selling it for 10 cents."  
"What?"  
"I said 10 cents."  
Mr. Dunkridge took the \$2 bill back, fished in his pockets, and found a dime, which he handed over.  
"Another purchase like that," he said to himself, as he turned to go, "will upset my whole durned system of political economy!"—Chicago Tribune.

**The Life Was In Him.**  
Daniel O'Connell once unraveled a queer plot in a will case. Witness after witness swore that they saw the document duly executed. At last a constantly reiterated expression caught the lawyer's attention, "The life was in him," over and over repeated. "By the virtue of your oath, was he alive?" he asked one witness. "By the virtue of my oath, the life was in him," he was answered. Then O'Connell turned to the man and very slowly and very solemnly said, "Now I call upon you, in the presence of your Maker, who will some day pass sentence upon you for this evidence, I solemnly ask you—and you answer to your peril—was not there a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the will?" Cornered and pale with fear, the witness confessed that this had actually happened.

**WEDDING Invitations at THE STAR office.** A nice new stock just received. tf.

**Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar** cures all Coughs, and expels Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels.

## A CORNET PLAYER.

"Oh, Don Basilio, do play us a tune upon the cornet, so that we can have a dance."  
"Yes, yes, Don Basilio! Do play the cornet!"  
The old man shook his head.  
"I really cannot," he said gravely. Then, noticing the disappointed faces about him, he added: "I will tell you why I cannot play any longer, if you like."  
There was an appreciative murmur of assent, and the old man, pausing only to light a fresh cigarette, began his story:  
"It is some years now since the civil war broke out in Spain. I had a friend, formerly a lieutenant in the same battalion as myself. We had fought many a fierce battle side by side, but at the time I speak of Ramon, the innocent victim of an act of bitter injustice, had determined to separate from the party with which I fought and join the enemy. He was a high-spirited lad and vowed he would kill the colonel, who had insulted him.  
"It was about midnight when Ramon entered the tent and aroused me. 'Basilio,' he whispered, 'Listen, he continued, as I half rose from the bed where I was lying, 'should we meet on the field tomorrow, for I am certain there will be a fight—'  
"Yes, yes," I cried, 'I understand. We will salute one another and pass on.'  
"If we both survive, let us meet at the St. Nicholas Asylum at 1 o'clock tomorrow night. If either does not come the other will know he has fallen."  
"Agreed," I answered. "Farewell."  
Ramon vanished in the darkness of the night.  
"As we expected, the insurgents attacked us on the following day. The fighting was fierce. I saw Ramon once; he was wearing the Carlist cap and was already a combatant.  
"Toward the end of the fight I was taken prisoner. At 1 o'clock, the hour of my appointment with Ramon, I was confined in a cell of the prison of a small town occupied by the Carlists.  
"I asked after my friends, and, to my horror, was told that he had undoubtedly been killed, as he had not been seen since the battle. I leave you to guess how I suffered that night. Only one gleam of hope remained—that Ramon was waiting for me in the asylum of St. Nicholas and this was the reason that he had not returned to the insurgent camp.  
"In the early morning an army chaplain entered my cell.  
"Ah, death!" I exclaimed.  
"Yes," he answered, gently.  
"At once?"  
"No, but within three hours."  
"And you were a musician, Don Basilio, were you not?" asked one of his auditors. "Is that how you were saved?"  
"No," answered the old veteran. "I was not a musician. I scarcely understood a note of music.  
"At the end of three hours I was marched with my companions to the place of execution. The square was formed and we were placed in the middle. My number was 10; that is, I was the tenth to die.  
"Those volleys! I shall never forget them. Now they seemed a thousand miles away, now so close they seemed to have been fired at me.  
"It must be my turn now," I thought.  
"I felt something clutch me by the shoulders. There was a roar in my ears and I fell forward, imagining I was shot dead.  
"The next thing I knew I seemed to be lying on my bed in the prison, and Ramon, the friend whom I believed dead, was bending over me.  
"Listen," said Ramon. "I waited for you at St. Nicholas. One o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock—still you did not come. Surely, I thought, you must be dead."  
"At last I left the asylum and returned to the camp. They told me I was in time to see a batch of prisoners shot.  
"Suddenly the thought came to me, suppose Basilio was among them? I hurried to the plaza, where the firing had already begun.  
"At first I could see nothing. I was so distressed. Then I recognized you. Two more and then it would be your turn. I ran to the general:  
"Not that man!" I cried, pointing to you.  
"Why?" asked the general kindly, for he knew how I had fought during the battle. "Is he a musician?"  
"Yes," I replied, a fine ray of hope springing up. "He is a fine musician and he plays a cornet wonderfully."  
"So you are safe, Basilio; but can you play the cornet?"  
"Not in the least," I replied; "I don't know one note from another."  
"Gracious! and the band in which you are to play must be ready in two weeks," groaned Ramon.  
"For two weeks my solé thought was to learn music. I spoke and thought of nothing else. And I learned to play. Indeed, I did, but it affected my brain and I became almost music mad.  
"I could not be separated a moment from my cornet. But two years later, when my friend Ramon died the grief I felt for him restored my reason. I was sane again. All my knowledge was gone and it never came back.  
"So now you understand why I cannot play for you."—From the Spanish, in the Boston Post.

## WAS WORTH WHILE

The girl in the sable fur was in the graciously attractive mood a feminine being always adopts when in the presence of a woman relative of a man she chances to have her eye on.  
"Do you know," she said as she leaned across the little table "I think your brother is one of the finest men!"  
"He is so—so thoughtful and considerate, so different from the general run of—"  
"Do you think so?" politely inquired the young woman who wore the chinchilla, as though it were a new view of the case. "How curious! I suppose you mean Jack—the girls always do when they speak of my brother, though why they should ignore old Harry I never could see. Harry is lots more comfortable to have around."  
"Is he?" asked the girl in sable with lukewarm interest. "But Jack—"  
"Just let me enlighten you about Jack," said his sister with emphasis. "I haven't forgiven him for his last trick and I don't think I shall. Jack is eternally bringing men home to dinner who are business acquaintances from out of town and they've been the worst lot of impossibles you ever could imagine. Jack did have the grace to apologize after the fifth one for whom I had put on my freshest dress and achieved a wonderful new style of hairdressing and wasted a whole afternoon preparing for. He turned out to have a scrubby beard and wore a celluloid collar and talked—what do you suppose? The market price of hogs! And with me sitting there for him to look at,



too, and he never blinked an eyelash in my direction all evening! Jack said he knew it was pretty tough, but that the man was one of their best customers, and he took me to the theatre to soothe me.  
"But you can see why I lost interest in Jack's men. So when he said last week that he'd have a man home to dinner I didn't hear him. He came over and pulled down my book. 'I'm going to bring Fulwark home with me tonight,' he repeated.  
"I recalled that I certainly could hear a voice like a megaphone and went back to my story. I had learned better by experience than to waste a minute over my beloved brother's business friends from out of town. We all have a pretty good dinner, so I didn't bother. Mother is away and I'm running the house. I told Della to set an extra place and promptly forgot the impending catastrophe. It was a snowy afternoon and I read and forgot to dress till late, so I just slipped into a hatefully homely old shirt waist I'm trying to wear out and didn't bother to do my hair over. I looked—well, I looked seedy. I remembered about Fulwark when I was trying my neck ribbon, but I only paused a second. What was the use of climbing into pretty clothes for another celluloid collar and scrubby beard? It was a nuisance anyhow. Jack might have taken him to the club. I didn't bother to inspect the dining room, for Della always presents a pretty good looking table and what was good enough for us was good enough for the man with the collar.  
"Well, Jack and Fulwark appeared on time. My dear, at the first glance I felt just as though some kind person had batted me with a 500-pound dumb-bell and some other philanthropic individual had emptied a tank of icewater down my neck. It was just as though I was being drowned—every wisp of my disordered hair, each misfit place in my waist flashed before my agonized eyes, together with the awful possibilities out in the dining room, for from the way Della slammed around I could tell it was one of her off days. Fulwark was—well at first glance he looked like a combination of one of the delightfully impossible, polished, cultured cowboy heroes of the new plays nowadays and a prince of some equally impossible kingdom. He was the sort of a man you meet about once in five years and—well, I had met him.  
"Fulwark regaled us with tales of Paris while Jack sawed away carving tough beef; he mentioned his winter down the Nile when the salad came on with the lettuce forgotten and was just explaining how Turks prepared their delicious coffee when Della slammed down beside him a cup of lukewarm tasteless stuff, spilling part of it. I just twisted my feet around my chair and grinned hysterically. It was beyond words. A bed of needles and pins would have been comfort to what I was undergoing. And after dinner I pleaded a raging headache and escaped. And maybe I didn't take it out on Jack afterwards!"

## THE NOMINATION LOST.

"It puts me in mind of the time they wanted to run Slade Perkins for sheriff," said the stock tender. "That was along in the early days, too. We wasn't so rich them times accordin' to statistics o' production o' wealth in the gov'ment reports, but more of us had money in our jeans, I notice. We wasn't so cultured, maybe, but we was more sociable.  
"Well, the old sheriff, Col. Cabe, resigned on account o' bein' shot up in a mess by Gold Tooth Wilson, who was killed at Borax in the fall o' '94. We had to have a sheriff an' the courthouse crowd decided they'd nominate Jim Calhoun. Jim was a pretty good man, but he was sort o' slow an' easy goin' an' was suspected o' leanin' to sheep. Besides which, Al Cortwright, who was backin' him, was gittin' unpopular an' we didn't want to have the Republicans put up a sheriff who'd beat us. So when we met in convention assembled Lou Barker gits up an' nom'nates Slade.  
"Well, the convention got on its hind legs an' howled for five minutes. Slade was one o' the best men ever come into this section. He was a little man, but oh, my! Tough as rawhide, quick as a cat an' stout as a bull. There never was a more cheerful loser or a harder drinker—when he did drink. An' he was lightnin' on the shoot. Tended to his own business, but took no bluffs.  
"Well, Slade got up an' thanked us for the honor, but respectfully declined. Al Cortwright, who'd been lookin' pretty flabbergasted, chirped up. He was too previous, though. The convention wouldn't hear to any declin'g.  
"I move we nominate Jim Calhoun," says Cortwright, when he'd finished.  
"You set down, Al," says Grant Livingston, who was chairman, poundin' on the table with the butt of his gun.  
"There's no mo—"  
"Set down!" says Grant. "Slade," he continues, addressin' Perkins, "we all would hate to see your privit intrust suffer, but public duty is public duty. If your feller citizens call on you it ain't your part as a public-spirited citizen to flunk. An' I know yer ain't goin' ter do it."  
The convention howled agin. Slade was the pop'lar choice, all right. No gittin' around that. They stamped an' yelled an' yelled until finly Slade gits up.  
"Feller citizens," he says. "I thank you fer this flat'rin' token o' your appreciation. If you insist on nomernatin' me, o' course I can't prevent it, an' as Grant says, it will become my public duty to accept an' to serve if I'm elected."  
"They cheered him agin.  
"Before the nominations is closed, however," he says, "an' before you git to ballotin' I want you study a little on one thing. If I'm elected your sheriff I'm goin' to do my duty without fear or favor."  
"That's what we want," shouts the convention.  
"Then that's what you'll get," says Slade. "You understand my duty will require me to enforce the laws upon the statoot books o' the territory of Wyoming. That's all right, then. I sorter expected this an' I posted myself. I sot up all last night with them statoots an' I find, to begin with, that there's a law agin' the use o' profane swearin' an' cussin', with penalties in such cases provided. That's one o' the laws I'm a-goin' to do my level best to enforce. There's another law agin' gamblin', whether craps, faro, roulette, poker, chuck-a-luck euchre or any other whatsoever, to wit, I'm a-goin' to bust up gamblin' in this here sovernign country or have a heap o' fun tryin' it."  
"There's several other laws that will make me hurt the feelin's of my friends when I start to enforce 'em. But—just—bet—I'll enforce 'em. Ever know me to crawfish on a proposition? No, nor you won't now. An' I've heard some criticism o' my friend Jim Calhoun in regard's to sheep men. I want to tell you that a sheep man will get just as square a deal from me as if he was a decent human being. I won't show no favors. Finly if it becomes my painful task to shoot you up in the discharge of my duty I'll shoot as straight as I know how. An' if I have to hang you I'll hang every mother's son of you. That's all!"  
"He sat down an' there was a thick silence for a while. Presently Grant Livingston looked around an' says: "Do I hear a second to Mr. Perkins' nomination?"  
"The silence was thicker yet.  
"Then I declare the nomination lost," says Grant.

**The Crested Flycatcher.**  
There is nothing very remarkable about this bird as far as appearance goes. He wears a crest coquettishly upon his pretty head and from under it his eyes look particularly large and bright. His name is crested flycatcher, and what has made him especially noted is his little peculiarity in arranging his nest. When he has completed the building of this nest he hunts about until he finds the cast-off skin of a snake. This he carries to his nest and fastens there as a sort of decoration. It has been surmised that his chief object in doing this is to frighten away any intruders.  
Fully nine-tenths of the Wall street pointers prove to be disappointments.



**VIRGINIA FARMS**  
As low as \$5 per Acre  
with improvements. Much land now being worked has paid a profit greater than the purchase price the first year. Long summers, mild winters. Best shipping facilities to great eastern markets at lowest rates. Best church, school and social advantages. For list of farms, excursion rates and what others have accomplished, write to-day to  
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THE TONIC ATMOSPHERE  
of the woods and fields acts like magic on the tired, overworked man. Get the STEVENS and shoot straight! make means bringing down the bird or beast and making record target shots. Our line:  
RIFLES & PISTOLS & SHOTGUNS  
Mile Telescopes, Etc.  
Ask your dealer and mail for a descriptive catalogue. Send a stamp for top page catalog describing the entire STEVENS line. Profusely illustrated and contains points on Shooting, Ammunition, Trapper Care of Firearms, etc. Beautiful three-color Albumen. Hangers will be forwarded for cents in stamps.  
**J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.**  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

## 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.**

**CO-OPERATIVE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.,**  
Berlin, Pa.  
Affords reasonable insurance. No advance in rates. Write for information.  
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