

GIGANTIC

House Cleaning

SALE

Still Going On!

Hundreds of people have visited our store during this great sale, and have carried away large quantities of merchandise at low prices. There is still room for hundreds more. **DON'T DELAY, DON'T DELAY!** Come with the first crowd and get the best selections. This is the greatest opportunity offered to get first-class and seasonable clothing for men, women and children at sacrifice prices.

We will pay Railroad Fare to all Out-of-Town Purchasers who buy \$10.00 worth or more.



Next Door to Postoffice, MEYERSDALE, PA.

C. R. HASELBARTH & SON.

Farmers' Favorite Grain Drills, Corn Drills, 1900 Wash Machines, Syracuse, Perfection, Imperial and Oliver Chill Plows, Garden Tools, Farm Tools, etc., and still offer

Special Bargains in Buggies, Spring Wagons, Etc.

Also headquarters for Nutriton-Ashland Stock Food, and all kinds of Horse and Cattle Powders. Our prices are the lowest.

Carpet And Rug Weaving!

I still have my loom in operation and do all kinds of Carpet and Rug Weaving, also fancy weaving on Shawls, Mufflers, etc.

RUGS, CARPET AND CARPET CHAIN IN STOCK.

Our weaving is its own best recommendation. Call and examine the goods for yourself. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Our prices are very reasonable. Mail orders given prompt attention.

Mrs. J. D. Miller, - Salisbury, Pa.

Reaping Big Benefits!

That's what all are doing who are buying at the Big Clearance Sale now in progress

AT HAY'S DEPARTMENT STORE LASTING ONLY TILL FEB. 1.

You can't afford to miss all the big bargains in seasonable articles at the cut prices now prevailing at our store.

C. T. HAY, Manager.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. FRANCIS J. KOOSER, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Somerset, being the Sixteenth Judicial district, and Justice of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said district, and Hon. A. F. DICKKY, Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and Justice of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Somerset, have issued their precepts, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer at Somerset, on

MONDAY, FEB. 26, 1906.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said county of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their office and in that behalf appertain to be done, and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset County, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

WILLIAM C. BEGLEY, Sheriff.

Why Early Risers The famous little pills.

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

Why Early Risers The famous little pills.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

A Present Need.

Frost Cream for Chapped Hands, Face and Lips; 15 and 25c. bottles at the Elk Lick Drug Store. **tf**

PIANO LESSONS!—Pupils taken by Miss Linna M. Perry, graduate in music. Theory and harmony taught. Grant street, Salisbury, Pa. **tf**

Ask for Free Calendars and Almanacs at the Elk Lick Drug Store. **tf**

This year we have added new interest to the Annual White Sale. The new Spring Waists at the same low prices that prevail at the White Sale.

MILLER & COLLINS.

Hot Water Bottles of all kinds, from \$1.00 up, at the Elk Lick Drug Store. **tf**

The White Sale of Undermuslins is of special interest to economical buyers. Remember the dates—Jan. 23d to 27th.

MILLER & COLLINS.

Chest Protectors from 25c. up to \$2.00, at the Elk Lick Drug Store. **tf**

WANTED AT ONCE!—Two good girls, either white or colored, for kitchen work, at Hay's Hotel. Address D. I. Hay, Elk Lick, Pa. **tf**

Headley's Choice Chocolates and Bon Bons in 1/2, 3/4 and 1-lb. boxes, always on hand, and fresh, at the Elk Lick Drug Store. **tf**

Jan. 23d to 27th we have the annual sale of White Undermuslins, Bedding and White Waists. Better values, better styles than ever before.

MILLER & COLLINS.

College of Music.

For instruction in Music, and well cared for, go to THE COLLEGE of Music at Freeburg, Snyder County, Pa. Pupils from the beginner to the advanced are admitted. Terms begin May 7, June 12 and July 24. For catalogue, address: HENRY B. MOYER, 2-8

FOR SALE!—A very desirable Residence Property near Salisbury, together with 7 1/2 acres of land. Ideal place for Truck and Poultry. For terms and particulars, address

HENRY SOMERVILLE, Boynton, Pa.

White Goods can be bought for less money than you can buy the material for, at Miller & Collins' annual White Sale, Jan. 23d to 27th.

SALESMEN WANTED to look after our interest in Somerset and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Address THE HARVEY OIL CO., Cleveland, O.

WHEN A MAN TELLS YOU it does not pay to advertise, he is simply admitting that he is conducting a business that is not worth advertising, a business conducted by a man unfit to do business, and a business which should be advertised for sale. **tf**

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. J. F. Perry and family take this means of returning thanks to the many kind friends and neighbors who rendered assistance and sympathy to them during the sickness and death of the late Rev. J. F. Perry.

Mrs. J. F. PERRY. Dr. E. H. PERRY.

THE DECEIT OF DAVID SORWOOD

Laurestina Villas represented the last word of that building syndicate which had of late devoted so much of its attention to the development of that thriving suburb, Claydon.

The row stood in the midst of a flat expanse of doomed field land. It was for this reason, perhaps, that the gardens back and front exceeded in length those of similar villas in Claydon itself. This advantage, a compensation doubtless for the pathless loam and rubble that served for a road was largely neutralized by the absence of any indication of barrier between the respective garden plots beyond that which a few score of dying and dead privet bushes afforded.

One of the more recently arrived families, possessed of a discontented spirit, had with the utmost hardihood applied to the syndicate for the protection of a fence. The arrival of the secretary of the syndicate himself formed the sequel to the petition. When he had dilated upon the abnormal length of the and had gazed reproachfully from the dying twigs of privet to the countenances of the newcomers it was generally conceded by the remaining inhabitants of Laurestina Villas that an uncalculated attempt at "bluff" on the part of the Pagleys had met with well deserved failure.

Besides, the secretary enjoyed the unattested support of Mrs. Hodden. The question—off repeated, never answered—became the acknowledged elegy of the Pagleys' reputation.

It was shortly after the committal of this dubious act of theirs that the last board in the terrace fell. The sole remaining unlet villa became tenanted by a bachelor of middle age. For neighbors he had the Pagleys on his right hand Mrs. Hodden on his left.

As David Sorwood remained at home when others hurried stationwards and his rare saunterings to the place occurred at an hour at which no other male of the vicinity had ever set eyes upon the building, except perhaps on a Sabbath, it was category of "retired." But from what had he retired wondered Mrs. Hodden?

The lady's disposition did not long permit her to postpone an attempt



"I thought I'd better tell you." at discovery. She was hanging some linen upon a line stretched between two posts when she caught sight of the doubtful personality of her new neighbor. He was smoking a pipe hard by his back door.

"You must find this life a bit different from what you've been accustomed to?" suggested Mrs. Hodden as she attached a garment by means of a peg to the line.

"That is so" admitted David Sorwood.

Mrs. Hodden, in the act of sorting the bundle she held, drew a little nearer.

"When my deceased would be in the mood for discussin' such matters he used to say, 'There's a time comin', you mark my word, when I'll say goodby to greengroceries and take my bitter and my pipe like a gentleman.'" Mrs. Hodden paused. "He died first," she continued impressively; "you was more lucky."

David Sorwood was gazing at the clothes prop nearest him.

"Perhaps you haven't noticed as that prop's on my side of the ground," he remarked.

Mrs. Hodden gazed in evident annoyance from the speaker to the pole.

"Bless the man," she exclaimed, "well—so it is."

"Will you have it moved now or later?" asked David Sorwood.

"I'll let you know in good time," said Mrs. Hodden as she retreated in a huff.

Her feelings were not the less ruffled by an unpleasant discovery. Her neighbor was becoming on friendly terms with the Pagleys.

"Them Pagleys im't thought a remarkable deal of" the widow conked to him, walking to where he was standing and to his intense surprise taking his hand.

"I thought, being a neighbor, I'd better tell you in case they took upon themselves to be too familiar and pushing. Some folk know their place; others don't. You catch my meaning?"

It was after this that the widow kept an eagle eye upon the doings of the Pagleys.

"I saw that Mrs. Pagley looking in at your window this morning," she told her neighbor a week later. "Of course, she might just have been keeping a look out to see what was going on, same as I might. I'd lock up that drawer where them two crutts is if I were you though," she advised darkly.

"Ah," said David Sorwood, "I'm looking into the matter of the fence. It's going to be a high one," he added after a pause.

"You'll find nails on top tears almost as well as glass," she replied with an encouraging nod.

"Talking of hot weather," remarked Sorwood as they parted, "how did you come to find out about those crutts?"

"That was one day that I looked in to see the place was all right, you being out," explained Mrs. Hodden. The next morning, summoned by a knock, he found David Sorwood upon her doorstep.

"Seeing that I've got the loan of a horse and trap," he said with diffidence, "I thought that if you've got no other engagements you might enjoy a bit of a drive."

The widow's heart fluttered wildly as she bustled upstairs in order to dress for the occasion. A little later she was seated in the trap by his side. Her black, jet laden mantle was relieved by a verdant green bonnet.

"First bit of real color as I've worn since I was left lonesome," she confided to her companion.

"I hope it won't be the last," retorted David Sorwood.

A thrill passed through the widow as she heard the words.

They drove Londonwards. On arrival at a haven in the neighborhood of the borough they partook of meat pies and beer.

"I'm getting that fence put up to-day," her companion confided in the midst of the repast.

Mrs. Hodden was feeling dreamily comfortable.

"And a good job too," she said. As they drove homeward the dusk had already fallen.

"It's been a lovely day," sighed Mrs. Hodden. "It's these sorts of experiments that bring up pore women nearer to heaven."

For an hour after her return Mrs. Hodden sat buried in thought, her hand pressing—as lightly as a member of its weight could—upon her bosom.

Then she rose. She took some wax flowers from a vase, and, entering the kitchen, arranged them within the whitest hued cabbage leaf she could find.

"I'll make the day seem sacred like to him," she murmured, as she stepped from the back door into darkness of the night.

As she came to the spot where she knew the privet twigs to be she raised her skirts. It was at that very moment she collided severely with an unseen barrier. As her eyes grew more accustomed to the light she could see that it was a lofty fence that rose before her. In amazement she placed her hand upon its top, then withdrew it with a cry of pain. She had pricked her hand upon a nail.

"Mr. Sorwood," she called. "Mr. Sorwood."

From the other side came no response.

"Mr. Sorwood!" she screamed this time.

She heard first the opening of a door, then footsteps that approached.

"Mr. Sorwood!" she cried in despair. "Do you see what they have done? They've put it in the wrong place."

"Ah," came David Sorwood's voice, "the carelessness of some of these workpeople is downright funny."

As she heard the equable tones she wondered if Dillah had in truth been a woman.—London Tatler.

Quebec's Enormous Birth Rate.

Dr. Osler says you can't diminish the birth rate of Quebec. In the year 1890 the late Hon. H. Mercier, then Prime Minister of the province, had a law passed by the Provincial Legislature granting one hundred acres of the public lands to each father and mother of twelve living children, and last year a return was made to the House of those who had "taken advantage of this act. This return shows that there were more than 3,400 families of twelve living children in the province, while some were boasted of 17, 18, 19, and one even ran up to 23.

According to the last report of the Provincial compiler of vital statistics, that is to say, for 1903, 60,419 births were registered, which give a birth rate of 36.75 per 1,000 of the population.

Cuba's Shells and Sponges.

The value of shells, tortoise and others, gathered in Cuba during the past year amounted to about \$75,000, and of sponges, \$500,000. Of the latter the States received about 35 per cent, and Europe the remainder, France being the principal buyer.

England and the Dentist.

So many people have had bad teeth. In due course England will lose her proud position as the greatest nation in the world, simply because England would not go to the dentist, which is a curious neglect for a people whose morning tub is much less likely to be neglected than their morning prayers.