

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Below will be found the names of the various county and district officials. Unless otherwise indicated, their addresses are, Somerset, Pa.

SHOE BARGAINS!—We have the biggest and best stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in town, and we are offering special bargains in Shoes at this time. Call and save money.

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

H. G. Wilhelm is ready right now to serve you well in the line of Plumbing, Tinning and Steamfitting. New shop in Statler building.

Marriage Licenses.

Wm. E. Maul, Bakersville; Nancy Cramer, Indian Head; Louis Livengood, Addison; Myrtle McClintock, Addison; Harry Gindesperger, Brothersvalley; Emma Keefer, Allegheny; Harry S. McClelland, Boswell; Mollie M. Baker, Somerset; Ross R. Coleman, Rockwood; Mary Critchfield, Rockwood; Alvin F. Pritts, Somerset; Cora Belle Dunmeyer, Somerset; Semuel Blough, Paint; Lydia Eash, Paint; Wm. K. Heiple, Lincoln; Ida H. Miller, Lincoln; Clarence Yoder, Hooversville; Carrie E. Lohr, Conemaugh; Geo. E. Beatty, Connessville; V. Grace Coughlin, Rockwood; Douglass R. Stiles, Somerset; Carrie Uhl Heffley, Somerset; George Eash, Conemaugh; Cora Ella Keater, Conemaugh; Reuben Wirick, Quemahoning; Nettie M. Kaltenbaugh, Quemahoning; Joseph Toth, Paint; Barbara Bene, Paint; David P. Fisher, Stonycreek; Lottie B. Weigle, Somerset.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John M. Ansell to Wm. R. Gray, in Middlecreek, \$86. H. A. Countryman to Samantha Hartzell, Somerset, \$2300. Wilmore Coal Co. to A. B. Petticoord, in Windber, \$875. V. M. Black to Catherine Bird, in Confluence, \$1150. Elias Fike to Annie Fike, in Summit, \$2300. John W. Ross to O. P. Shaver, in Summit, \$1800. Donaldson Land Co. to Flora J. Laurbery, in Brothersvalley, \$100. Jacob Sarver to Jacob Fornwald, in Berlin, \$200. John Gohn to Gertrude Daniels, in Jenner, \$232. J. E. Williams to same, in Jenner, \$214. Henry Keister to C. B. Keister, in Somerset, \$4210. Albert Koeppe to Wm. P. Cochrane, in Meyersdale, \$12,000. N. V. Bretz to Edward Miles, in Windber, \$350. Boswell Imp. Co. to Martin Blencas, in Boswell, \$350. Wilmore Coal Co. to Wesley McCormick, in Windber, \$575. R. Watkins to Lucinda Brant, in Stonycreek, \$1100. F. L. Jeffreys to Charles Jeffreys, in Addison, \$500. Chas. Pebley to Catherine Pebley, in Shade, \$300. H. C. Matthias to P. H. Garletts, in Rockwood, \$800. John D. Seihl to R. Bill, in Summit, \$400. D. M. Fulton to Roman Slovak Church, in Windber, \$575. D. P. McAlister to Meyersdale Coal Co., in Somerset, \$900. Jacob Frankenstein to same, in Somerset, \$200. J. H. Bird to Mary E. Glass, in Addison, \$3750. Catherine Herrington to Henry Swarner, in Black, \$200. Wm. Baker, Trustee to E. M. Baker, in Milford, \$2000. Jacob P. Pritts to Mahlon Christner, in Summit, \$1200.

Magnificent Gibson Drawing Free. A series of ten articles on pen and ink drawing, illustrated with pictures by Charles Dana Gibson, is the next announced feature of the Sunday North American. The articles, prepared by experts will be published in the body of the paper.

The Gibson drawings which illustrate them will be issued in the form of special supplements. Each picture will be printed on fine, heavy paper, in half-tone black on a delicate buff background. Each drawing is 10 by 15 inches in size, and is ready for mounting and framing.

There will be ten articles, each carrying a Gibson supplement to illustrate it. The first subject is "The Weaker Sex Under the Microscope." This picture shows Gibson at his best, and contains four heads of typical "Gibson girls."

The demand for the Gibson pictures is certain to be unusually strong, and the reader who wants all the picture supplements and articles should subscribe for ten weeks and secure them. The publishers report an advance demand unequalled by that created by the announcement of any special feature.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

The Atonement

Remington tossed his cigar stub into the grate, and lighted a cigarette.

"I don't know why I am telling you all this," he observed—"I was always one to contend against confidences."

He looked at me in a half-quizzical, half-tentative way, as though unconsciously pleading for encouragement.

I waited a second before I spoke. "And I am at a loss to understand why you haven't told me before, considering what good friends we've always been."

I regarded him almost hopelessly. I had never seen a fellow change so. Up to the time of his marriage, five or six years before, he was the jolliest, most open-hearted, ingenious boy I had ever known.

The wedding took place in Ireland, and to an Irish girl. She was reputed to be beautiful, and as good as she was beautiful. They lived together just three months. After the separation Remington was never the same.

No one ever knew the real cause of the rupture. Neither vouchsafed any explanation, and the public was too wise, for once, to invent one.

When he came back home everything he said to me was: "Don't ask me any questions, Tom, I loved her—and I'm a broken-hearted man."

To-day for the first time he had given me his confidence. "She was young—very young. I didn't give her a chance—not even half a chance. I don't believe she was guilty, after all!" he broke out suddenly.

I looked at him closely. The expression on his face showed me that he had suffered, and would continue to suffer as few men do.

"I can almost believe that you are still in love with the woman," I reflected, after a silence.

Remington, too, was silent for a time.

"At least," he remarked finally, "I shall never care for any other."

"Yet you divorced her," I observed, curiously.

"My entire course was marked out by impulse—fierce, passionate. Had I loved her less, things might have been different."

As he spoke, he pulled out his watch, and started with a little gesture of surprise.

"You mustn't think of leaving without seeing my wife," I objected, laying a protesting hand on his arm.

"I want you to meet her; I want you to see what admirable taste I have in selecting a companion. We've been married just one year, and I think I can truthfully say that she has proven my ideal of a perfect woman."

Remington smiled and passed a reflective hand across his forehead. We smoked away in silence for several minutes, and presently the door opened and my wife softly entered the room.

She wore a dinner gown of pretty pale yellow stuff that fell about her in graceful scallops and made a faint musical swish as she moved.

As she came further into the light toward us, Remington stood up and



"I DID NOT GIVE HER A CHANCE," acknowledged my introduction with a low bow. When he lifted his face it was the color of ashes, and the man seemed to have aged ten years, in the ghostly glare of the fire.

My wife had left the room to give some order about the dinner, and Remington turned to me with an abrupt excuse for leaving.

"You will make my apologies to your wife, old man? I'm positively ill—too ill to keep up much longer. Fact is, I've been feeling knocked out all day, and wouldn't give in. When I feel better, I shall be glad to drop in on you both at some future time."

Several months after leaving London, Remington wrote the following letter:

"Dear Old Tom—I do not need to remind you of the conversation we had on that last night at your house. Do you remember all I told you about her? You will recall that I was more than half inclined to condemn my own action all the way through. Well, since then certain facts have come to my knowledge establishing her complete innocence beyond the question of a doubt."

"God! how I've suffered! But it is too late now for me to make any reparation. She is married again—married to one of the finest fellows I know."

"If you should ever chance to run across her, I want you to remember that she is innocent."

"Sincerely yours, 'Remington.'"

"And my wife, with her pretty Irish brogue, says she pities my friend, Remington.—N. C. R., in Illustrated Bits."

The Tantalus of the Fire

I must confess I stood at the door with some trepidation. I had not seen Muriel for a year; she had been abroad. Once, indeed, I had heard from her when there came a gift: a week after Christmas with her card: "Please accept—even though I am a little late"—if Muriel had only been speaking of—ah! Muriel—Muriel!

I a scribbler, she—ah! who would give the girl he loves economy for luxury, but perhaps I hoped. Perhaps I should write a novel, the great phantasmic novel—and perhaps platonic would prove the entrance way to love.

Perhaps—perhaps! And that was why I stood there in trepidation—a year is a long time.

In the library I sat by the fire. The snapping flames builded a palace of dreams—the Riviera with blue skies, the green of the grass, the gold of the sunshine, the song of the birds, the soft strings of a mandolin, our villa!

And Muriel, dainty, fragile, innocent, brilliant, a rose, soft perfumed, splendid, God's handiwork, leaning over my shoulder reading the great novel; surely, a palace of dreams—Tantalus of the Fire.

She put her slim hand in mine. "Jarvis it's good to see you."

"I am still the same Jarvis—dear, I hope! And are you still the same Muriel?"

"Yes," she said, very softly, "except that I am the happiest girl in the world. Oh! Jarvis, you shall know first of all—I'm engaged!"

"Engaged?" I asked, quietly, so quietly that I wonder now.

The Tantalus of the Fire smiled as I leaned forward grasping the vanishing Muriel. A log snapped, the blaze died away. Something in me snapped, too—the fire of my life went out.

"Oh! Jarvis, wish me happiness," she begged almost sadly.

"Happiness!" I said. "I wish you the greatest happiness in the world. We have been such friends, such comrades, that gladly I pray you may have entrance to the land of the Heart's Desire, to keep you, to guard you, to save you from sadness and sorrow."

"Jack's a dear. I have told him about you; he wants to know you; he's upstairs; shall I bring him down?"

"No," I said, "if you don't mind we'll postpone that. I'm just in town for an hour, and I must rush in a moment to catch my train; it goes at 5."

"Oh! I'm sorry; can't you stay with us for a time at least; you can chum with Jack."

"I fear not."

"I'm sure you'll like him," she concluded.

"When I'm married," she said, timidly almost, "you must come and spend a month with us."

How could I? How could I not? Then suddenly the clock began to chime—one-two-three-four-five.

"Oh! you've missed your train," she said.

"There was no train," I said—Heaven forgive me.

"Then you don't want to meet him?" she asked, all sad.

"I could not yet. Good-by!" I said quickly, and I took her hand and kissed it, gently, very, very gently. She drew back half frightened.

"Oh! Jarvis, how could you?"

"How could I not?" I said, brokenly; "but, Muriel, dear, I shall be your friend always—always. I pledge you Godspeed for your future. Forget me, forget that I loved you, because it is my sorrow deep down in my heart that I was not strong enough to be strong."

"Forget you!" she said, and there were tears in her eyes. "Forget my Jarvis, my best friend, the best friend a woman ever had, faithful, honest, strong, true, always unselfish—forget my Jarvis!" and she leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead.

As I walked away I looked back and saw the tears sparkling in her eyes. And the memory of her was so strong upon me that I bowed my head and sobbed and sobbed.

The great novel is still unwritten, Muriel is still dainty, fragile, innocent and Jack is a splendid man. I see them both a good deal, and Muriel still calls me dear Jarvis.

I have given up smoking and I have not been to the theater for many a day, but at least little Muriel and little Jarvis have all manner of wonderful toys and love their Uncle Jarvis.

They climb on my knee and ask me to tell them of my wonderful palace across the sea. And I tell them of the Riviera with blue skies, blue seas, the green grass, the gold of the sunshine, the song of the birds, the soft tremolo of a mandolin, my villa with a lady—dainty, fragile, innocent, brilliant, a rose, soft perfumed, splendid, leaning over my shoulder reading Uncle Jarvis's great novel. Ah! the Tantalus of the Fire.—N. C. M., in Illustrated Bits.

Thinnest Breastplate. Probably the thinnest and lightest breastplate ever invented has just been brought to the attention of the Italian military authorities by Dr. Guerrazzi of Pisa, where tests have been made by army experts. It protects the whole front against hand weapons or bullets, and is less than one-eighth of an inch thick. It can be worn under ordinary clothing without causing any observation.

Only two and three-fifths children now to every American family—and the American family still figuring to cancel the fraction.

SAILING OF THE LEDA

By Victor Lauriston.

In an hour more the Leda would sail. Walter Dumont, puffing at his cigar, mused on all that this meant to him. Six weeks had passed by since he first met Estelle. Six weeks! And what had she not become to him in those six weeks and now, this morning, their farewell. Estelle would go with Mrs. Lascelles, the stately, freezing chaperone. This morning the Leda was to sail; and they sailed on the Leda.

Then he must go back to the broad West, to his business, and she to England, to play the lady on the estates of her tyrannous old stepfather, the baronet. In time she would inevitably forget him. Could he inevitably forget her? But what a distance there was between the daughter—even the step-daughter—of the English baronet, and the young colonial merchant!

He threw away his cigar, and strolled down toward the wharf. There he was to meet her once more, at the last moment, to say good by.

He stood with his hat in his hand, and his hands behind his back, looking about.

Huge, black, imposing, the ocean liner lay at her moorings. The wharf was crowded with people, passengers, stewards, porters. His keen eye took it all in at a glance; and in a distant, deserted corner, amid innumerable parcels, a gray traveling dress that meant—Estelle.

"Mrs. Lascelles is terribly nervous," she said. "I have her quite worked up with the fear of being left

behind, and she has gone on board, and doesn't set foot again on the wharf. I promised to stay here and see that John didn't forget any of the hundred and one souvenirs of Quebec and the Thousand Islands. He will be back soon for the parcels—and for me!"

"We have a good while yet," he said. "Let us walk up to the park."

"What would you do if you were to miss the Leda?" She shuddered.

"Mrs. Lascelles is on board, and she has all the money—and doesn't set foot on the wharf to save her life—and I am alone here, where I know no one, where no one knows me! What could I do?" She laughed nervously.

"You would have to marry me!" he said boldly.

"What would papa say?" she whispered, in a frightened voice.

"Would he care?" Walton rejoined sharply. "You are of age, free to choose. Do so! I am here! There is the Leda. Choose. If you love me you will miss the Leda."

She drew back, frightened. He released her hand.

"Oh, see how far we have gone!" she cried, glancing away down the long path to the wharf. "I can't get there in time. No, no! Don't come with me. I'll run. Good by—"

She ran down the walk toward where the liner lay waiting. Dumont crushed his hat over his eyes, clasped his hands behind him, and gazed moodily after her. She had been free to choose. She had chosen She was going with the Leda.

He paced slowly across the park, down toward the busy street. A little summerhouse lay close by his path. It was in a quiet corner, usually little frequented; yet he, returning from where he had stood, could not have missed it. He glanced through the veil of green foliage, and caught a glimpse of something gray. He heard a soft sound of sobbing. He stepped across the threshold. Blue eyes looked up at him from a tear-stained face.

"Estelle!" he cried.

"I ran as fast I could, but I missed it. I couldn't help it. I'm so sorry—"

"I'm glad!" and he laughed. "You know what it means. Old Mrs. Lascelles—"

"John was waiting and I sent her a note by him," she replied innocently, then caught her breath.

He stared at her, dumbly amazed at this revelation of feminine logic and feminine duplicity. But he said nothing. It was enough for him to know that she was willing to pay the penalty prescribed for missing the Leda.

"A man," said the young widow, "usually marries a woman because he loves her."

"And a woman," rejoined the old bachelor, "usually marries a man because he asks her."

ROUGH ON THE ARTIST

Chances are He May Still Be Waiting on the Farmer.

"Well," said Farmer Briggs to the artist, "how much will 'ee paint my barn with me standing at the door for?"

"Oh, five guineas," said the artist. "Done," said the farmer. "Come tomorrow."

In due course the painting was finished. But, alas! the careless artist quite forgot to paint in the worthy farmer on the picture of his barn.

"Yes; I like it," said the farmer; "but where's me, lad—where's me?" The error he had made flashed across the artist, but he tried to pass it off with a joke.

"Oh," he said "you've gone inside to get my five guineas."

"Oh, have I?" said the nettled old fellow; "p'raps I'll be comin' out soon, and if I dew I'll pay you; in the meantime we'll hang it up and wait."

The Bystander.

A Disclaimer. Rat-a-tat-tat! The old soldier stood on the doorstep and listened.

"Washing-day," he muttered; "no luck here, that's pretty sure."

"I expect it's only another bothering beggar—dat' om!" muttered the sharp-faced woman within, as she hastily snatched her hands from the steaming washtub and marched grimly forward to meet the base disturber of washing-day's ancient rites and ceremonies.

"If ye please, mum," muttered the ancient hero, "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it!" snapped the woman fiercely.

And the door closed with an awful bang.—Answers.

UP TO HIM.

He—What can be worse than taking a kiss without asking for it? She (absently)—Asking for a kiss without taking it.

Knew the Answer. A class was reciting in school the other day.

"Who can give me," said the teacher, "a sentence in which the words 'bitter end' are used?"

Up jumped a little girl excitedly. "I can, teacher. 'The cat ran under the bureau, and the dog ran after her and bit her end.'"—Tit-Bits.

But She Didn't Know. "Really—er"—stammered the gossip, who had been caught red handed, "I'm afraid you overheard what I said about you. Perhaps—er—I was a bit too severe—"

"Oh, no," replied the other woman, "you weren't so severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you!"—Jugend.

Not What He Thought. A gentleman riding with an Irishman came within sight of an old galloos, and, to display his wit, said: "Pat, do you see that?"

"To be sure Oi do," replied Pat. "And where would you be today if the galloos had its due?"

"O'd be riding alone," replied Pat.

The Difference. The famous Dr. Johnson was discovered one day by Mrs. Johnson, kissing one of her serving maids.

"Why, Dr. Johnson," said the wife, "I am surprised."

"No," said the recreant husband, "that is not exactly right, dear. I am surprised; you are astonished!"

A Reasonable Query. "Papa! A little Johnny began. "Now what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."

"Will my hair fall off when it's ripe like yours?"—Tit-Bits.

Limited Opportunities. First Tramp—One-third of a man's life is spent in sleep. Second Tramp—And another third in jail, and what time does that leave a feller for the practice of his profession?—Exchange.

Genevieve Guessed It. Algernon—You must not think, dearest, that because you are rich and I am poor I am trying to marry you on account of your money. Genevieve—Whose are you after- pa's?

The New Organ. "How many stops has that organ you bought your daughter?" "Five—breakfast, dinner, tea, supper and bed!"—Judy.

Used to Trouble. Proud Parent—if you call in the evening you will probably hear my daughter singing. Friend—Oh, I shan't mind that. You ought to hear the fellow down our way practicing on the cornet. It is simply awful.—Answers.

MODEL Meat Market!

Take notice that I have opened a new and up-to-date meat market in Salisbury, one door south of Lichter's store. Everything is new, neat and clean, and it is a model in every respect.

I deal in all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish, etc. I pay highest cash prices for Fat Cattle, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Poultry, Hides, etc.

I GUARANTEE TO PLEASE YOU and want you to call and be convinced that I can best supply your wants in the meat line.

CASPER WAHL, The Old Reliable Butcher.

THE "HOME RULE" Oil and Gasoline Can. SAFE-CLEAN-NEAT-CONVENIENT.



EVERY HOUSEWIFE SHOULD READ "The Joy of Home Making." Send to us for a free copy at once. THE WINFIELD MANFG. CO., WARREN, O. DO NOT ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES.

Sour Stomach. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour flatulency, and catarrh of the stomach, 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 Digests What You Eat. Bottles only \$1.00. Six holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents. Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO. SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

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

FOR SALE!—Two nice Building Lots in Beachy Addition No. 2 to Salisbury borough, together with about 2000 feet of lumber and a small one-story building erected on one of the lots. For terms apply to Harvey Tedrow, Elk Lick, Pa.

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

DRESS SHIRTS!—The finest line that ever came to town, at Hay's Department Store. Prices, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

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

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

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