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Will positively prevent Contagious Disease Positive Death to

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Price 25 Cents. TORNADO MFG. CO.,

Columbus, Ohio.

# 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 Pittsburg Division, due at Meyersdale as follows: East Bound.

*No. 48-Accommodation11:08 A. h
*No. 6-Fast Line11:30 A. 3
*No. 14—Through train 4:54 P. N
+No. 16-Accommodation 5:31 P. M
*No.12-Duquesne Limited9:85 P. M
*No.208-Johnstown Accommo7:45 P. M
West Bound.
*No. 11-Duquense. 5:58 A. M.  †No. 13-Accommodation 8:18 A. M.  *No. 15-Through train 11:20 A. M.  *No. 5-Fast Line. 4:25 P. M.  *No. 49-Accommodation 4:50 P. M.  *No.207-Johnstown Accommo. 6:20 A. M.  Ask telephone central for time of trains.
*Daily.

Daily except Sunday

rom the

Home Circle Department.

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers Mothers
As They
Join the
Home
Circle at
Evening
Tide.

The chilly winds will cease to blow, And all the wintry weather go, By and by.

And all the violets will bloom And fill the woods with sweet perfume By and by.

The little birds flit and wing, And warble as they greet the spring,
By and by.

That tired feeling, too, will come, When everyone will say, "Oh, hum!" By and by.

The hens will all begin to lay, And eggs grow cheaper every day, By and by.

The coal will then decrease in price, But we will have to pay for ice, By and by.

And though we will not shovel snow, There'll be a grassy lawn to mow, By and by.

We cannot all have talent, we cannot all have great powers, we cannot all do great work; but we can all, by slow and patient endeavor, build up character, which may do good work, even though it may be small and humble. We do not improve the character of anybody else in any way so well as by improving our own character, and that is in the power of each one of us; we can begin at once, and we can always go on with this work, wherever our lot is

SYMBOL OF THE EASTER EGG. When the nations of Europe were converted to Christianity, the sentiment of the egg was universally accepted as a suggestive symbol of their faith in the risen Savior, and it has ever since remained the most favored figure of the Easter festivities all over the continent. The children, who rule the heart and home of mankind, and doubtless responsible for the keeping alive of this old custom, for they love and demand the visit of the rabbit, with his nest of beautiful eggs, on the glad Easter morn, just as they love and long for the coming of dear Santa on

#### THE PASCHAL EGG.

The resurrection took place just after the Jewish feast of the Passover, which was held on the 14th day of the moon, being approximately the time of the full moon, or what is termed the Paschal full moon. The word Easter -old English, Eastre; German, Ostern -means the festival named from the Teuton goddess of spring, Austro.

The custom of distributing the

"pasche egg" has been almost always universal among Christians, and for centuries children have enjoyed hardboiled, dyed eggs, which they roll about or throw, and finally eat. Among the Tyrolese, bands of musicians traverse every valley singing beautiful Protects every valley, singing beautiful Easter hymns to their guitars, calling out the people to their doors, who join them in choruses, and together rejoice on this glad anniversary. The Paschal eggs, which have formed a necessary part of all Easter offerings for centuries past, are not forgotten. The good wife has these ready prepared, dyed, inscribed with mottoes made ineffaceable by a rustic process of chemistry, and when the children bring their baskets they are freely given in return for their Easter carols. Unless the egg and the rabbit are symbols of spring as being the genesis of development and the plentiful prey of the early huntsman, it is not clear why these emblems should typify the present festival.

IS OF HOME.

Home—A world of strife shut out nd a world of love shut in. Home—A place where the small are reat and the great are small. Home-The father's kingdom, the mother's world and the child's para-

Home-The place where we grumble

the most and are treated the best.

Home—The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine. Home-The place where the stomach

gets three meals a day and our hearts a thousand. Home—The only place on earth where the faults and failings of human-ity are hidden under the sweet mantle

of charity.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER. The cures that stand to its credit make Bucklen's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. It cured E. R. Mulford, lecturer for the Patrons of Husbandry, Naynesboro, Pa, of a distressing case of Piles. It heals the worst Burns, Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Chilbiains and Salt Rheum. Only 25c. at E. H. Miller's drug store.

The Pittsburg Daily Times and THE STAR, both one year for only \$3.75 cash in advance. Send all orders to W. D. STILWELL, Agent. THE STAR, Elk Lick. P

STEADY SHAVING.

Following His Physician's Orders the Te Her Deughter Contained More Good Work Continued.

water the lamily may suspect solitor thing."

"You shave, don't you?" suggested the physician. "Send your shaving I mug down stairs. The hot water may be sent to you in that."

A short time after the physician called to see how his patient was getting on. Every one in the house appeared to be greatly perturbed. In response to the doctor's surprised query, the family chorused:

"Oh, he's all right physically, doctor, but we really think he's quite out of his mind. Why, he's been shaving himself every hour or so for a week."

—Harper's Weekly.

Very Awkward Situation.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?" ask-

ed Mr. Norton.

"I have been calling on Mrs. Paverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just learned today, to my horror, that 'Major' isn't a title at all. "Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly. I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

that. What is there so morniyms about it?"
"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan, "only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last six months!"

Rather Severe Punishment. "And did you have your maid incar-cerated for stealing your jewels?" ask-ed Mrs. Oldcastle.

'Oh, my, no! Josiah was reading to on, my, no: Josiah was reading to me the other night about the way a man's body was incarcerated at one of the crematory places, because he made them promise to do it before he died, but I'd never think of treating a person that way for just stealing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Meaning of Words. The Meaning of Words.

"It's wonderful," said the meditative man, "how one small word, insignificant in itself, may induce an endless train of thought, speaking volumes in fact."

"Yes," replied the caustic man.
"Take the word 'but,' for instance, when a woman says: 'Of course, R's none of my business, but." ""Philadelphia Press.

As to Old Maids

As to Old Maids.

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding.

"Why, Grandma?" asked the son.

"Well, gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder over-rulin' and upsettin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please!"—Modern Society.

Did He Get Them? "Why don't you go to work?" said a charitable lady to a tramp, before whom she placed a nicely cooked

"I would," replied the vagrant, "if I had the tools." "What sort of tools do you want?"

Tatler

Relative. Old Gentleman-How old are you my

little man? Newshoy—Nearly ten, sir.
Old Gentleman—And how long have
you been in the newspaper business?
Newshoy—Oh! ever since I was a
kid.—Punch.

Dear Friends.

Dear Friends.

Miss Pert—Such a goose! He told me he had stolen a lock of your hair.

Miss Passay (coyly)—Oh!—tee, hee!
Did he tell you that?

Miss Pert—Yes; but I explained to him that it wasn't necessarily your hair simply because you happened to be wearing it at the time!—Puck.

No Need of That.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—"I hope you washed the fish thoroughly before you put it on the broiler, Della."

Della—"Shure, what would be the use of thot, ma'am? Hasn't it been fly-in' in the water all its loffe?"—Paffiadelphia Press.

MAMMY'S ADVICE

Good Work Continued.

The following is told of a politician in a Pennsylvania town well known for his ardent support of the principles of the Probibition party. According to the physician who was consulted by this man, who fancied himself quite ill, he was told that there was really nothing the matter with him "What you need," said the doctor, "is a stimulant—a little whiskey now and then will make you all right in no time."

"Whiskey!" gasped the politician, "Why, doctor, my folks wouldn't stand such a thing for a minute! Don't you know that I am a Prohibitionist?"

"I think," replied the physician, "that the difficulty may be overcome. I'll send you a jug of excellent liquor. You'll take it in hot water from three to four times a day."

"But, doctor," persisted the Prohibitionist, "when I send for the hot water the family may suspect something."

"You shave, don't you?" suggested the physician. "Send your shaving the physician."

Truth Than Fiction.

"So, chile, yo' wants mab consent to let yo' git married, huh," began to let yo Souf Dakoty to 'stablish a residence. Dat's yo' mammy's advice, chile, an' I know yo' is gwine to git married anyhow, 'coze curiosity makes us want to eat de persimmon, an' dough folkses tells us it's puckerish, we all got to bite to fin' out fo' ourselves."

Pickaninny Bluffers.

Pickaninny Biuffers.

Occassionally one meets an illiterate man, but the chances are he will never learn that the man cannot read. They are always ashamed of their failing and will sit scanning a newspaper an hour rather than give evidence of their filliteracy. But it is doubtful whether the cleverest man alive could have put up a better bluff at doing something he could not do than three small negro boys of Kansas City handed out the other day.

The three boys were climbing up a bank to cross a vacant lot when they encountered a sign:

"Look yere," said the first boy. "This sign says: Private Property, Keep Out."

The next boy pretended to study it a moment, and sald: "That's right, only it says "Keep off," stead of 'out."

It was the third boy's turn. "Yo'-ail can't none o' you read," he said "That sign dop't say nothin' bout property. It jes' says 'Private; Keep Out."

The sign was:

Dirt Free. Inquire of John Jones.

-Kansas City Times.

He Did the Talking.

A lively looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping car in the Pennsylvania station, when a fussy old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the young man in uniform.

uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St.
Ludis to the fair. I pay for it. Do you
understand?"

"Yes, Sir, but—"

"Never mind any buts. You listen
to what I say. Keep the trainboys
away from me. Just me off whemever
I want you to. Give me an extra
blanket, and if there is any one in the
berth over me slide him into another.
I want you to—"

I want you to—"
"But say, boss, I—"
"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a \$2 bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, Sir."

Not a word, Sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, bose!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you, but I ain't going out on that train."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Story From the Royal Academy. paring a large canvass for this year's show at Burlington House should remember the story told of a certain president of the Royal Academy—some say of the present P. P. say of the present P. R. A., says a London exchange. The young and pretty wife of an unsuccessful painter who for years had sent large land-scapes to the summer exhibition withscapes to the summer exhibition without avail, called at last in despair on
the president, and pleaded her husband's cause with eloquence. Still,
he remembered the large canvases, and
hesitated. Finally he spoke: "Madam,"
he said, "go back and tell your nusband that when he sends in a picture
as small and as charming and as pretty and as well painted as you—!"
The end of the story has never been
told.

How to Cure Him.

In the schools of a Connecticut town In the schools of a Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect. One box brought home to his How to Surprise.

Dauber-Look here, old fellow; I'm painting a picture and want to study the expression of surprise—utter, entire, unbounded surprise. How am I to achieve it?

Friend-Oh, I know; go and pay some of the people you are owing money to.—Tid-Bits.

Often So.
Jack and Mildred, before they were
married, were always quarreling as to
whether they would get a motor car
or a horse and trap."

"I suppose, of course, Mildred finally had her way?"

"No; they compromised on a boy,
carriage!"—Puck.

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