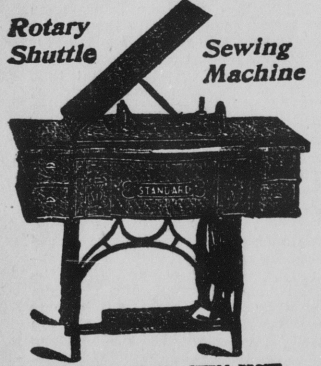


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An improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies. Cures Coughs, Strengthens the Lungs, gently moves the Bowels. Pleasant to the taste and good alike for Young and Old.
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Little Early Risers
The famous little pills.
Kidol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar
Cures all Coughs, and expels Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Thrilling Description of the Great Quake and Fire that Wiped out San Francisco.

Personal Experience of W. S. Liven-good and Family During the Trying Days of the Great Calamity.

OAKLAND, CAL., May 1, 1906.

EDITOR STAR:—Your telegram of April 18, addressed to the San Francisco Chronicle, inquiring whether my family and I escaped the earthquake, reached me on the 28th, having been forwarded by mail from Chicago. I presume you received my postal card of April 20th, apprising you of our safety, ere I got your telegram. I did not try to get a telegram to you, because it was impossible to communicate with the outside world by wire for some days after the quake, and even at this late date, when order has been somewhat evolved from chaos, private telegrams are accepted only subject to delay.

Yes, we escaped injury from the quake all right, but the fire caught us and left us some hundred dollars poorer than we were before. Still we escaped so much more fortunately than thousands of others did that we have no complaint to utter. Indeed we count ourselves among the lucky ones, as we suffered no bodily injury whatever, and were not left entirely destitute as so many thousands were.

NOT SCARED OUT.

Doubtless many exaggerated reports of the disaster have reached the East. It was bad enough as it was, but the people here are filled with hope and courage and have already set earnestly to work to rebuild the great metropolis by the Golden Gate. It is to be expected that for years to come the earthquake bugaboo will be used to frighten timid folk out of the notion of coming to California. But as for me and my house, after having experienced the great quake in all its intensity, and witnessed most of the attendant horrors, we would rather remain in the Golden State and take chances with the quakes, than to return east of the Rockies to dally with the tornadoes and blizzards of the Cyclone Belt, or the thunder and lightning of the Alleghanies.

We are leaving California a month earlier than we had intended, on account of the quake, but not because we are afraid to stay here. I am due in Seattle, Wash., by the first of June, according to a contract made before the earthquake came. The quake, however, put a premature stop to my engagement in San Francisco. I have another job awaiting me in Portland, Or., however, and will leave for that city May 3, to remain until June 1, when I will proceed to Seattle to remain there until fall. After that my plans are unformed, but we will probably return to California for the winter.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

The earthquake and fire which devastated San Francisco seem like ancient history to us who have been through it. I will jot down here, however, some of our personal experiences during the first few distressful days of the catastrophe.

My wife, daughter and I were asleep in our beds on the top floor of a six-story brick apartment house, the Alcaide, at 725 O'Farrell street, near the business center of San Francisco, when the shock that shattered and sundered many of the city's proudest structures, as well as thousands of humbler habitations, was felt. The upheaval was of such violence as to bid the soundest slumberer awake. As we awoke our ears were assailed with the crash and din of toppling chimneys, falling walls and breaking glass and china. The top of the house where we were, rocked and swayed like a treetop whipped by a gale. Our beds pitched, tossed and heaved like a bucking bronco until we thought we would be precipitated into space, but we managed to hold on. We expected momentarily that the walls of the room would cave in on us and the whole building collapse as a house of cards.

Thousands jumped from their beds and rushed frantically into the streets. Being so high up, the thought of flight never entered our minds. We thought if we had to die, we might as well face the inevitable in our beds as elsewhere, so we hugged our pillows and resigned ourselves to our fate, our one consolation being that there was not so much brick and mortar to fall on us up there where we were, than if we were quartered on one of the lower floors. I heard no screaming. I guess we were all too frightened to "holler" or say much. We were even too bewildered to do much thinking, but I can truthfully say that I have often been frightened a great deal worse from far less cause.

AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK.

In the first lull of the awful convulsion and noise, I called to our daughter who was sleeping in the next room: "Frances, are you all right?" to which she responded "yes." I then got up and helped her across the quaking floor to our bed, and crawled in after her, all three of us huddling together there until the worst of the quakes were over.

There was a series of shocks, covering a period of some minutes, I don't

know how many, the first, as usual, being the heaviest and the one that did practically all of the damage.

When I finally ventured to get up, our rooms were a sight. Broken china, glass, books and everything that was not securely fastened to the wall or shelves, littered the floor. From the front window, in the gray dawn, I could see the streets strewn with bricks and other debris, with here and there a house in partial collapse, while hundreds of people were prancing frantically about in their night clothes, some crying and others looking too scared to know where they were or what doing.

As far as I could see from my elevated position I could see scarcely a chimney or smokestack standing. What surprised me most was to see that the building we were in was so slightly damaged. I could not observe that a single brick had been displaced, and the walls were not very seriously cracked or sprung. It was a new building and well constructed, the brick work being reinforced with steel.

VIEWING THE RUINS.

Within half an hour we had made our toilets and started out to investigate the extent of the damage to the city. When we reached the first cross street, we came in view of the City Hall, half a dozen blocks distant, and were horrified to see this magnificent structure, which covered several acres and cost over \$6,000,000, in ruins. Only the skeleton of the great dome, 335 feet high, and surmounted by a figure of Progress 27 feet high, was standing. We walked down Hyde street to get a closer view of the wreck of this colossal magnificence. En route we saw other buildings in jumbled heaps and police and firemen digging among the ruins for dead or injured people. By this time, also, we noticed huge columns of smoke ascending from more than a dozen different places, most of them in the manufacturing district south of Market street, the great business thoroughfare of the city. It became apparent to us then that the ruins of buildings had taken fire and that flames would complete the havoc the earthquake had begun. The nearest fire was within a quarter of a mile of our apartments, and it behooved us to get away from that section of the city before the conflagration became general.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home Circle Department.
A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers As They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.
Crude Thoughts As They Fall From the Editorial Pen:— Pleasant Evening Reveries.

See the bright things, pass the somber things and do the right things.

The radiant face, the noble form, the lady-like courtesy, the helping hand are jewels of rarer worth than diamonds.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Each recurring May is a reminder of the dark days of the sixties. The living today, who were on the stage of action forty-five years ago, can well recall those stirring momentous times that thrilled the American people, both the north and the south. The music of fife and drum reverberated from every valley and hillside in our land. It was then our homes were tested to the utmost, sending forth husbands, fathers and sons, and leaving wives and daughters to care for farm and shop, while they should be braving the storms of battle. Those heart-rending times when grief ran so deep no utterance could be given, endearing embraces without a word, partings with a signal only of farewell. Truly those were stirring times that seemed then that memory must ever dwell on the sad and hallowed scenes. But with the fast fleeting years, how we have outgrown them all! With most, today the Civil war is hardly a memory. A few, whose wounds were keenest, may yet have the indelible impression, and often recall the trying days of the 60's, but the larger remnant so seldom revert to them that they are quite forgotten. But may we never so far forget that in each bright May of coming years we will go forth with the blossoms of spring and strew the lowly, grassy tents where sleep our fallen brave.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, with dewey jewels beset; Scatter them freely, lest we forget: And for centuries to come may we hal-low the day
By bringing our flowers on the 30th of May.

A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c. box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest anti-septic healer of Piles, Wounds, and Sores. 25c. at E. H. Miller's Drug store.

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"Twentieth Century" Graphophone

16 TIMES LOUDER THAN ALL OTHER TALKING MACHINES



STYLE PREMIER \$100.

OUR GUARANTEE Absolutely New Principles The Latest Invention
"It reproduces the human voice with all the volume of the original"
Patented in all Civilized Countries
REPRODUCES COLUMBIA AND ALL OTHER CYLINDER RECORDS

NEW Twentieth Century Cylinder Records HALF FOOT LONG
SPLENDID FOR DANCING PARTIES

A Perfect Substitute for the Orchestra. Astonishing Results. Must be heard to be appreciated

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere and at all the Stores of the
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Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Owners of the Fundamental Patents.
Largest Manufacturers in the World.
GRAND PRIZE, PARIS 1900 **DOUBLE GRAND PRIZE, ST. LOUIS 1904**
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Great Cut Price Sale!

Having made all the money I care to make at merchandising, I have decided to close out my entire stock of desirable general merchandise at cut prices, regardless of cost.

You Get The Benefit

Stock consists of a large quantity of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Notions, etc., and now is your time to buy.

A Few Quotations of Interest!

Calicoes at 5c. per yard. Lancaster Gingham at 6c. Shoes at 40c. per pair and up. Sandals at 25c. and up. Vienna Flour at \$1.15 per sack. Sugar at 5c. per pound. Bananas at 15c. per dozen. Cloverseed at \$8.75 per bushel. Timothy seed at \$1.75.

These are only a few of the many bargains. Come while the opportunity lasts, inspect the goods and save money. The cut-price sale is now on, and will last until all goods are sold.

H. C. SHAW, Salisbury, Pa.

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We will send you, FREIGHT PREPAID, upon receipt of your request, one of our FAULTLESS
SPRUNG WASHING MACHINES
for thirty days' practical test FREE. If you are not satisfied that it is the best washer made, and at the most reasonable price, return it at our expense.
This is the only washer with the SUCTION and SQUEEZING principle, and does not grind the clothes to pieces, like most of the other methods.
It washes anything from the daintiest fabric to the coarsest clothing, one piece or a whole tub full, with the same ease and satisfaction; it's truly a wonder washer and there's no doubt about it. We'll take all the risk, in trying to prove its merits to you. Write to-day for further information.
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