

Marriage Licenses.

Edward H. Scurfield, of Somerset township, and Pearl S. Malsberry, of Hyndman.
 John F. Peck and Mary Elizabeth Yoder, both of Middlecreek.
 Charles Curtin Pullin, of Somerset borough, and Catharine Caroline Trent, of Somerset township.
 Norman Lee Kennedy, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Nina Tissue, of Confluence.
 Luther Orris, of Windber, and Elizabeth Grush, of Paint township.
 Ralph Bence and Lottie Loehr, both of Shade.
 Frederick Hare and Ella Machin, both of Meyersdale.
 Charles F. Dunn and Julia Tressler, both of Meyersdale.
 Harry Clyde Byers, of Pittsburg and Katharyn Naugle, of Meyersdale.
 Lloyd Baughman and Mary Mullen, both of Brothersvalley.
 Oliver Trauorow, of Holsopple, and Regina Olive Mock, of Ryot, Bedford county.
 Levi Stevens and Lottie Blough, both of Conemaugh.
 Ulysses Grant Samuel and Rowena Roberts, both of Shamrock.
 James P. Murphy, of Salisbury, and Annie McDonald, of Coal Run.
 Leo F. Smith, of Bedford county, and Mary A. Marlin, of Allegheny township.
 Albert Holiday, of Upper Turkeyfoot, and Emma Kemp, of Listonburg.
 Alexander B. Johnson and Eva E. Tremel, both of Berlin.
 Samuel S. Gindlesperger and Minnie V. Kauffman, both of Conemaugh.
 Norman L. Stern, of Somerset township, and Lucy M. Stern, of Lincoln.
 Valentine Nansa and Josephine Warner, both of Ralphton.
 Ira D. Yoder, of Elk Lick township, and Susan J. Breneman, of Garrett county, Md.
 Walter Floyd Snoddy, of Unamis, and Annie Elizabeth Stark, of Addison.
 Albert A. Schrock, Somerset township.
 Sallie M. Landis, Somerset borough.
 Alexander Paul, Meyersdale.
 Elizabeth Tremmell, Conneville.
 Earl H. Ankeny, Lincoln.
 Una D. Griffith, Fayette county.
 Wm. M. Lehman, Berlin.
 Gertrude M. Mense, Brothersvalley.
 Walter Woodson, Meyersdale.
 Sue Birdie Mosby, Meyersdale.
 Harry Hecker, Hites, Allegheny Co.
 Margaret S. Stuckey, Hites, Allegheny.
 Herbert Dalton Cook, Meyersdale.
 Stella Elizabeth Peck, Savage.

The Home Paper.

There is a little country paper that I love to read, a paper poorly printed and behind the times indeed, with pages small and narrow and ink inclined to spread, and here and there a letter gravely standing on its head, or caps a bit erratic, bodily popping into view at unexpected places and knocking things askew—a real old fashioned paper from my little native town. Each week I hail its coming and never put it down till I've read its every column and all the local news, you know, about the old country folks I lived with long ago. I note whose barn is painted, whose cattle took the prize, and how Trial Potts has raised a squash of wondrous size; how Farmer Martin's daughter takes the school another year. At this I pause and smile a bit, remembering how in bygone days this schoolma'am's mother was the sweetest girl on earth. And now perchance I read that one I know is dead, or find again some boyhood chum the second time has wed. And so it goes, and none can know what memories, sad and sweet, come back to me whenever I read this homely little sheet.—Newhope (Ark.) Traveler.

"THE DEAR OLD DAYS."

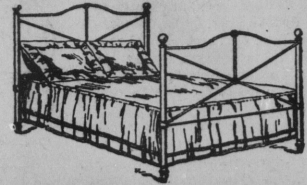
Gimme back the dear old days—all the boys in line—
 "Boy stood on the burnin' deck," and
 "Bingen on the Rhine."
 'Twas midnight; in his guarded tent
 —we spoke it high and low,
 While Mary trotted out that lamb
 "whose fleece was white as snow."
 Gimme back the dear old days that mem'ry loves to keep.
 With "Pilot, tis a fearful night—there's danger on the deep!"
 The old-time awkward gestures—the jerk, meant for a bow;
 We said that "Curfew should not ring," but, Lord! it's ringin' now!
 Gimme back the dear old days—the pathway through the dells.
 To the school house in the blossoms; the sound of far-off bells
 Tinklin' crost the meadows; the song of the bird and brook;
 The old-time dictionary an' the blue-back spellin' book!
 Gone, like a dream, forever—A city's bid the place
 Where stood the old log school house; an' no familiar face
 Is smilin' there in welcome beneath a mornin' sky—
 There's a bridge across the river, an' we've crossed an' said "Good-by!"

Bow low the head, do reverence to the old man, once like you. The vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair and changed the round merry face to the worn visage before you. Once the heart beat with aspirations, crushed by disappointment as yours, perhaps, is destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flower of yesterday, has bent that figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a nook in fame; and now, in a dream that the sooner he awakes from it the better. But he has lived the dream very near through, the time to awaken is very near at hand; his eye never kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered.

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



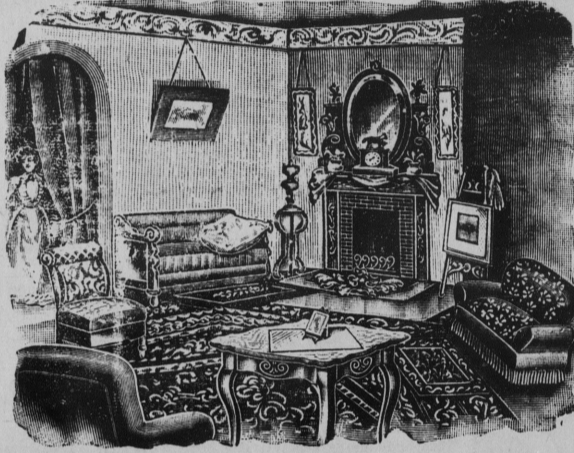
A BIG NEW



FURNITURE STORE!

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that we expect to handle a full line of up-to-date furniture, consisting of

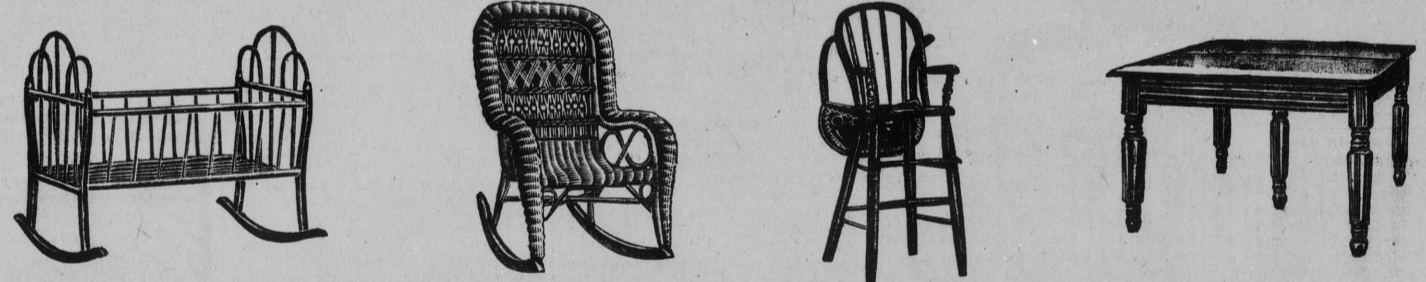
- Wood and Iron Beds,
- Parlor Suits, Mattresses,
- Springs, Sofas, Couches,
- Divans, Chiffoniers,
- Bookcases, Cupboards,
- China Closets,
- Reed and Wood Rockers,
- Go-Carts, Sinks, Tables,



- Dining and Kitchen Chairs,
- Curtain Poles, Blinds,
- Mirrors, Sewing Machines,
- and, in fact, everything that goes to make up a complete furniture store.

We expect to be able to sell

Goods As Low As They Can Be Sold Anywhere!



We have no rent to pay, and will carry furniture as a side line with our hardware, thus being at very little expense to conduct this business, and we earnestly solicit your patronage.

We will conduct the Furniture business in the old stand of W. R. Haselbarth, located near our hardware store. Respectfully yours,

C. R. Haselbarth & Son.

New Store! New Goods!

We have opened a fine new general store in the M. J. Glotfelty building, Ord St., Salisbury, Pa., and invite you to come and inspect our nice, new line of Dry Goods, Shoes, Groceries, etc.

Prices As Low As The Lowest!

We start with an entire new stock, and we handle only the best and purest brands of goods. We solicit a share of your patronage, and we guarantee a square deal and satisfaction to all.

Howard Meager & Co.

Little's 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.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Cures all Coughs and assists in expelling Colds from the System by gently moving the bowels. A certain cure for croup and whooping-cough. (Trade Mark Registered.)

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR

PREPARED AT THE LABORATORY OF E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A. SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

THAT BOY OF YOURS

will be far less expensive to you, and at the same time always look his best, if you buy his clothes, shoes, hats, caps, etc., at our mammoth store. We are also leaders in men's, women's and misses' shoes, hosiery, gloves, underwear, etc.

Come And See Our Fine Line Of Suit Cases.

New goods arriving right along, and they who buy without seeing our immense stock are making an expensive mistake.

HAY'S DEPARTMENT STORE, C. T. HAY, Manager.

Little's Early Risers
The famous little pills.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.