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Now is the time to get your floor coverings for spring, and we have a large stock to select from. Velvet, Axminster, Body Brussels and many more grades.

# Dress Gingham, Shirtwaistings, Mohair Goods!

All the latest plaids and shadow stripes.

# Oxfords, Shoes, Oxfords!

Tan Pumps and Oxfords in Childs', Misses', Ladies' and Men's Pat. Leather. Shoes and Oxfords in all grades.

Come and examine our goods. The prices, you will find, are right.

# Elk Lick Supply Co.

# THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SALISBURY.

Capital paid in, \$50,000. Surplus & undivided profits, \$15,000.  
Assets over \$300,000.

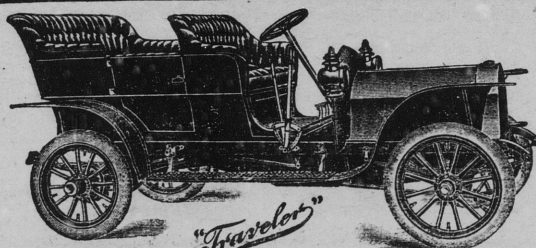
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DIRECTORS:—J. L. Barchus, H. H. Maust, Norman D. Hay, A. M. Lichty, F. A. Maust, A. E. Livengood, L. L. Beachy.

# Our store is chucked full of Everything Good to eat, and our prices are always fair.

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Very Respectfully,

S. A. Lichliter, Salisbury, Pa.



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Five passenger Touring Car, 4 cylinder 4 3/8 x 4 3/4, 32 Horse Power. Transmission—Selective Type, three speeds, forward and reverse. 34 inch wheels, 4 inch pneumatic tires, 112 inch wheel base.

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"Your machine is a complete success. I learned more about washing out of your little booklet than I ever would have from all the women you could stand in a row. I have been paying \$1.25 a week for washing when I can do the same in two hours with the 'EASY'."

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Make the washing easy for one-twelfth of the year at our expense. Wash everything washable in the house. If you cannot make the 'EASY' earn its price during the house-cleaning season return it at our expense.

Pages 26-27 of our free book on Washing Formulas give you valuable information on washing flannels.

**DODGE & ZUILL, 26 Dillaye Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.**

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**FIRE INSURANCE!**

Can you afford to have your dwelling or household goods go up in smoke without a cent of insurance with which to cover your loss?

# Do It Now!

Call on E. H. Miller, at the Elk Lick drug store, and have him show you how small the cost would be to have a policy written insuring you against such losses.

E. H. Miller, Salisbury,  
Agent for  
W. B. Cook & Son.

# BOUNCING BIG BARGAINS!

To close them out, I am selling \$1.00 Fountain Pens at 85c., and Paul E. Wert \$2.00 Fountain Pens at \$1.50.

All kinds of  
**STATIONERY, FRESH  
GROCERIES, ETC.,**  
at reasonable prices.

Headquarters for Garden Seeds, Breakfast Foods, Chocolates, Candies, etc.

E. J. EGAN.

# WINDSOR HOTEL!

"A SQUARE FROM EVERYWHERE."

An excellent restaurant where good service combines with low prices. ROOMS \$1.00 PER DAY AND UP. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA.

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All work given the best of attention. Night calls answered promptly. Both Somerset and Economy Phones.

Our Undertaking Rooms and Residence are in the Zimmerman building, next door to Will & Sailer's Furniture Store.

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Crop-destroying furred and feathered pests are made short shrift of with a reliable, unerring STEVENS.

For Sport or Service STEVENS RIFLES—SHOTGUNS—PISTOLS are unsurpassed.

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The Pittsburg Visible is practically fool-proof, and just a little better than necessary.

For sale at THE STAR office. Also typewriter paper and carbon paper. Prices fair.

# FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU

of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.  
SOLD BY ELK LICK PHARMACY.

Summer Normal School.

The Salisbury Normal School will open Monday, May 4, 1908, and close with Teachers' Examination.

Provision will be made for the accommodation of all grades. For particulars address

5-7 JENET O. MCKINLEY.

DENTAL NOTICE.

I wish to announce that after May 4th I will have Dr. J. J. Kenney, of New York, associated with me in the practice of dentistry.

We will devote the first 10 days to extracting teeth, positively without pain or any bad effects.

I have my office furnished with all the very latest improved appliances for making bridge and crown work, also for making metal plates that cannot be broken. Same can be made to fit any mouth.

We are also prepared to do all kinds of gold filling, porcelain filling and gold inlay work.

We would be pleased to have you call at our office and see for yourself, and let us explain all of the new methods. It will be done cheerfully, and this involves no obligation on your part. We want the people to see how easy teeth can be extracted without pain. We make no charge when the patient claims to feel the least pain.

In order to introduce this new work, I will allow car fare on all bills amounting to \$5.00 or more. Yours respectfully,

P. P. RITTER,  
Office, Center St., Meyersdale, Pa.  
5-7

FOR RENT!—The H. G. Wilhelm property. Apply to Wm. H. Engle, Elk Lick, Pa. tf

A Slight Difference.



Miss Maria—I've got a new machine and I'm learning to run it. Miss Motor-mad—Oh, what kind is it?  
Miss Maria—Sewing machine!

Fully Explained.



Stakes—That plug I bet on fell down and crossed the line tail first! Otherwise I had won a million!  
Touts—Well, you see, you bet on the wrong end of the horse!

Not Wasted.



"I hear you kissed the wrong girl in the dark last night."  
"Nonsense! No girl can be wrong to kiss. It merely happened that I didn't kiss the girl I had intended to kiss, that's all."

Inadequate to the Occasion.



The Golf Girl—Dear me! How annoying!  
The Caddy—If that's all she's got to say when she breaks a club, it's hardly worth talking about it.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Kind He Needed.



"I think I shall have to grow a beard, Molly. How would you like me with a beard?"  
"Would one be enough, uncle?"—Munch.

# IN THE GLOOM OF THE GALLERY

By Edith Minter.

A theatre is like an Italian apartment house. The first floor of the hotel may be occupied by a prince, the next by a respected merchant. Above them come the newly wedded bookkeeper and the struggling professional man; under the roof is the half-starved family of the begging letter writer. In the orchestra chairs of the theatre on this cold January evening were gathered the fashionables. Back of them sat those on the fringe of society. Above stairs came the middle-aged folk from the suburbs, and still above, in the gallery, one saw poor students with heads full of artistic dreams and pockets insufficiently supplied with money.

Happiness, though, was there beside them. Happiness especially lingered near a boy and a woman, whom mere chance had placed side by side, where they could lean over the brass rail and gaze down on the stage, as if into a well. The boy was charming—a curly haired student with earnest eyes, and the long nervous fingers of the pianist. The woman was perhaps two years older than he in years, but wrinkles had already gathered about her eyes, and her mouth twitched when she was not aware of it, as do those mouths that have tasted the bitter draft of supreme wretchedness. Her attire evidenced a desire to make the most of things, one saw such desire in her many times washed white bodice, bedecked with carefully mended lace; in her white gloves, so obviously home-cleaned; in her hair, adroitly arranged to hide the premature sprinkling of gray.

"It is odd that we should meet here," she was saying. "I have longed to see this play above all else, but somehow I did not seem able to manage it until tonight, when kind fate sent a lithograph pass in my way. So many of my pupils have gone to Florida, you have no idea how a cold winter interferes with the work of the music teacher for beginners. If it be mild, families remain in town; let but the thermometer sink and presto! they're off to a warmer clime, little ones and all."

The play began. The leading woman, a woman with a vibrant voice, exhibited in a simple role an emotional quality long appreciated by her loyal admirers, and lately acknowledged by the world. As the play progressed it developed that sort of pathos that presently brings a sympathetic audience to tears. Down stairs there was deft wiping of eyes, in the galleries people wept openly and unashamed. The curly haired pianist gave himself up unreservedly to the luxury of an over-powering emotion. With the artist's nature he forgot his material woes in the mental woes of the woman in the play.

Occasionally he turned, his beautiful eyes swimming in tears, and whispered to the woman. Broken sentences, these were, or even detached words, interspersed with sighs of that supreme content which accompanies self-abandonment to absolute misery.

With the woman it was different. She did not weep. She was conscious only of a tugging at her heartstrings while before her vision unrolled incidents of a sordid and miserable past. She had been always despised, grinding poverty had ever been her portion, disappointed ambition her only surety, and a poor little ambition at that. For a little while youth had been hers, but she had thrown it away in unappreciated self-sacrifice. Talent had been hers, also, but it was early lost in application to unworthy work. A body forced to bear heavy burdens before the age of strength will shrink; this woman's mind had been unduly strained before development, to result in decay. All this, ever shading the background, came into full view while the stage picture was to be seen. It was too pitiful for weeping. When the heart bleeds the eyes are dry.

As the play went on happiness seemed within the grasp of the woman in the play. She had money at command; she would buy happiness she would have nothing that she could not buy—but this, it appeared, was to be purchased. The woman in the gallery sat up and breathed quickly. Was happiness indeed to be had for the buying? She had never before known this. And if so, what had she to give in payment?

"Can I buy happiness?" she asked. "A hand met hers in the hot gloom of the theatre. The long, slender fingers of the pianist crushed her tiny hand within their grasp. His fingers crept to her wrist. He seemed to be taking possession of her. She could not move, she could not turn her head. Fascinated, she gazed on the stage, she heard the words of the play uttered in vibrant tones, and all the time that relentless hand was on her throbbing pulse.

"Into the moonlight—over the snow—out of my life—into the moonlight—over the snow."

Thus spoke the woman on the stage, and the woman in the gallery felt all the pity of it. Had not she, too, seen the fair promises of life obliterated by the snow—faded into nothing when moonlight drove away the deceptive twilight? This time, though, it should not be. Happiness—of a sort—was in her grasp. It should not go out of her life.

The curtain fell. After their emotional orgy people came back to the earth, and noted each other's red noses, and eyes like balled lobster.