

The Somerset County Star.

VOL. XIV.

SALISBURY, ELK LICK POSTOFFICE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

NO. 19.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

President Judge—Francis J. Cooper.
Member of Congress—A. F. Cooper, Uniontown, Pa.
State Senator—William C. Miller, Bedford, Pa.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Endsley, Somerset; A. W. Knepper, Sheriff—William C. Begley.
Prothonotary—Charles C. Shafer.
Register—Charles F. Cook.
Recorder—John R. Boose.
Clerk of Courts—Milton H. Fike.
Treasurer—Peter Hoffman.
District Attorney—John S. Miller.
Coroner—Dr. C. L. Friedline, Stoystown.
Commissioners—Josiah Specht, Kantner; Charles F. Zimmerman, Stoystown; Robert Augustine, Somersfield.
Solicitors—Berkey & Shaver.
Jury Commissioners—George J. Schrock, Joseph B. Miller.
Directors of the Poor—J. F. Reiman, William Brant and William W. Baker.
Attorney for Directors, H. F. Yost; clerk, C. L. Shaver.
Superintendent of Schools—D. W. Seibert.
Chairmen Political Organizations—Jonas M. Cook, Republican; Alex B. Grof, Democratic; Fred Grof, Berlin, Prohibition.

WAS HE INSANE?

The following account of a horrible deed committed by a Methodist clergyman has been sent out in the form of a United Press telegram:

Fairmount, W. Va., May 18.—Following a series of revival meetings which he had been conducting at his church near Rossman, near this city, the Rev. C. S. Cossman, aged 50 years, a prominent Methodist minister, slashed his beautiful young wife's throat with a carving knife, early today, causing instant death. The minister declares he was suffering with a fit of temporary insanity, and that reason returned to him when he gazed upon his wife's lifeless body.

The revival has been an unusually successful one, and many new memberships have been added to the church. In discussing the revival with his wife, the Rev. Cossman suddenly seized a butcher knife from the table and made for Mrs. Cossman. She escaped into the yard, where she was overtaken by the minister. The woman battled desperately for her life, but Cossman cut her throat from ear to ear. He then surrendered himself to the police. Mrs. Cossman was 30 years old, and was a member of a prominent Fairmount family.

Now, the question arises, was Cossman's insanity real or feigned? It is as liable to have been one as the other. Many of us who live in the country have seen so-called religious revivals that resembled a lunatic asylum turned loose, more than anything else—preachers and laymen, self-styled saints and self-acknowledged sinners, all jumbled together in a confusion of shouts, groans and frenzied screams that would rival any Indian ghost dance ever indulged in by the savages of the Western plains.

When people allow their religious zeal, or rather their fanaticism and bigotry to get away with their brains, they are liable to commit any crime from fornication to murder, and many are the instances when such crimes are committed, and the perpetrators thereof set up the plea that they were laboring under the delusion that they were but doing the will of God.

Revolutions of the howling, roaring, jumping kind are not a part of the Methodist creed, neither does the Methodist church or any other denomination sanction them. Such carryings-on are indulged in only in certain localities, and misguided, frenzied, emotional people, and not the church, are responsible for them. Only preachers of the shallow-brained variety tolerate revivals of the Ghost Dance variety, and we are pleased to note that revivals of that kind are rapidly dying out.

Whether the Rev. (?) Cossman committed willful murder in order to get rid of his wife for another that he may have fallen in love with by coming in close contact at his revival, or whether he was really insane at the time he slew his wife, is an open question. Whether a dangerous criminal or a dangerous fool, his awful deed should be thoroughly investigated, and he should be dealt with in such way and manner as to make others safe from any further depredations on his part.

THE STANDARD'S POOR LOGIC.

On Friday afternoon, a large traction engine was run over the paved streets from the Somerset House to the depot, chipping the bricks in the course of its path. There should be an ordinance against such use of the paved streets, with a heavy fine penalty. Owners of traction engines do not contribute to the cost of paved streets, and they should not be permitted to use them, especially when destinations can be reached otherwise.—Somerset Standard.

The above from our esteemed contemporary, which appeared under the caption of "Improper Use of Paved Streets," strikes us as containing very poor logic. It would be a piece of rank injustice to the owners of steam threshers to be forbidden to use the streets of Somerset, simply because the streets are paved, and because the owners of the traction engines did not help to pay for the paving. If the paving is not sufficiently substantial to withstand the weight of traction engines, then it is not as substantial as it ought to be, and that is no fault of the men who own traction engines. The people residing in Somerset borough help to wear out the township roads without contributing a cent towards the building and repairing of the same, but the Standard would strenuously object to the town people being debarred from using them for reasons as flimsy as it seeks to debar the traction engines from the paved streets of Somerset.

Since the people of our county-seat are getting enough moss off of themselves to indulge in a few public improvements that they should have had a quarter of a century ago, they should see to it that the improvements are of a sufficiently substantial character for all needed and legitimate purposes. Furthermore, they should not be so fastidious with their improvements as to threaten the honest yeomanry of the county with heavy fines for using them. The average man with the traction engine is not as big a nuisance on the paved streets of a town, as is the average town automobilist with his machine on the country roads.

FINE SHOWING.

Such is the Last Statement of the First National Bank of Frostburg, Md.

The report of the condition of the First National Bank of Frostburg, Md., at the close of business on May 14th, 1908, is, as usual, highly creditable to that institution, as well as most satisfactory to its many depositors, many of whom reside in Somerset county, Pa.

The First National of Frostburg is a top-notch in every sense of the word, and ranks high among the many safe and conservative national banks in the United States. Few banks have enjoyed so phenomenal a growth in business, and none are managed by a more courteous, yet safe and conservative set of business men. They are good advisers, and have the most up-to-date banking equipments to be found anywhere. No element of safety is lacking, either in the equipment or the management of the bank, and with its resources of over a million and a quarter of dollars, the First National has a distinction seldom attained by banks located in towns the size of Frostburg.

The bank aforesaid is a United States depository, pays interest on time deposits, and welcomes accounts, whether large or small. It is one of the strongest banks in Maryland, and offers every accommodation consistent with good banking.

EVERYBODY HAPPY.

Everybody's happy as far as I kin see, Though when it comes to reasons we are bound to disagree. Folks that talk prosperity are happy for the cheer That comes when crops are loomin' up in plenty far an' near. Happy 'cause the country's got materials an' men To take whatever starts out wrong an' set it right again; Happy for the present, which is silent in regret, An' happy for the future which is lookin' better yet. Of course, we don't pretend that life is all a grand, sweet song; But folks can't sing forever; they are bound to tire 'fore long. But there's room for everybody in this big old world of ours, An' those that like the briars, they kin easy dodge the flowers. There is always some one comin' out stirrin' up a row That will bring a passin' wrinkle to the most contented brow— An' some of us is happy 'cause the blessin's fall so thick, An' some of us is happy 'cause we've got a chance to kick. —Exchange.

A Perplexing Alternative.

In Prince Georges county, Tuesday, prohibition of the liquor traffic was defeated by a big majority, a result achieved by "the almost solid voting strength of the negroes."

It is further stated that the liquor people won so largely by "promising to return the favor in a combined effort to defeat the disfranchising amendment, which will be voted on in the fall of 1909."

Which raises the question—what will the temperance voter of Allegheny—Republican, democrat, or prohibitionist, who believes disfranchisement as well as the liquor traffic is a crime—what will he do at next year's election? Will he vote against disfranchisement and save the liquor traffic? Or for disfranchisement and thus secure prohibition? In briefer terms, which "crime" will he vote for?

For nothing is surer than this—that a fusion between pro-liquor and anti-disfranchisement in Maryland will wipe out prohibition for years and years to come. And if fusion be necessary to mutual success, the saloon man and the darkey will fuse.—Frostburg Mining Journal.

Looked After He Leaped.

"Prof. Helbach, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir." "May I lock the door?" And he did so; then, having satisfied himself that no one was in, he placed a large bundle done up in a yellow handkerchief on the table and opened it. It contained a yellow mineral substance. "There, look at that." "Well," said the professor, "I see it." "What do you call that, professor?" "I call it iron pyrites." "What!" said the man; "isn't that gold?" "No," said the professor; "it's good for nothing—it's pyrites." And putting some in a shovel over the fire it soon evaporated up the chimney. "Well, said the visitor, with a woe-begone look, "there's a widow in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've married her."—Detroit News Tribune.

Unionized Henny Rules.

No hen shall lay more than one egg a day, unless by unanimous consent of the Amalgamated Federation of Barnyard Animals.

Pullets shall not lay more than one egg in two days, and only under the direction of a union hen.

Apprentice pullets shall only cackle, but shall not lay at all.

Fryers, broilers and roasters shall neither cackle nor lay, except by special dispensation.

Wherever possible, hens that have been admitted to full membership shall lay in out-of-the-way places, such as beneath old barns and cornercubs, in haystacks and other places as shall be difficult to find.

Cackling within fifty feet of a new-laid egg is positively prohibited.

Hens that lay storage eggs are exempted from the operation of all these rules, save Rule 5.—Ex.

Another Kieker.

Uncle Abraham was fishing in the mill pond. For the fifth time he had baited his hook, only to find that some wary denizen of the sluggish pond had gotten away with the worms.

"Land sake, Marcus," drawled the old man as he raked about in the cad, "I don't blame Marsy Roosevelt for doin' so much kiekin'."

"What about, pap?" asked his small son.

"Why, dis heah re-batin' system. It am a perfect nuisance."—Trade.

A Great Convenience.

"But don't you sell suits on instalments?" "Yes, but we charge more that way." "How much more?" "Twice as much, and you pay half down."—Boston Transcript.

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. —tf

BUY A TYPEWRITER!

See the Pittsburgh Visible, at THE STAR office. None better, no other quite so simple in construction. Holds world's record for speed. Very easy to operate. Price very reasonable. —tf

P. L. LIVENGOOD, Agent.

All kinds of Legal and Commercial Blanks, Judgment Notes, etc., for sale at THE STAR office. —tf

WINNING an oratorical contest in a university seldom helps a young woman to win a husband.

A Dr. Dodson has succeeded in getting into the limelight with the declaration that nations should not "turn the other cheek." It might also be a good idea for some nations not to display too much cheek.

The Omaha Bee says a society for the suppression of unnecessary noise is being organized in Denver. It will certainly have its hands full next July, when the Democratic National convention is held in that city.

Pistol carriers without a license are now to be severely punished in Chicago; but a man who is held up and robbed at the muzzle of a gun would hardly think to ask the man behind it whether he had a license.

"LITTLE can the native American know," says Andrew Carnegie, "what it means to the born Briton to read of a land where one man's privilege is every man's right, where there are no classes, no man born to rank or office, but every man born to what he can attain to, and where merit, not birth, not what your father was, but what you are, are the only tests. This is the prime prize every American is born to. This is the 'fair deal,' and it lies at the root of our sturdy independence, and makes the American boy more of a man than the British boy can possibly be, and the American less of a snob than the Briton. Matthew Arnold once said to the writer, explaining an incident, 'My dear Carnegie, we are all snobs. Eight hundred years of snobbery in our veins; we can't help it.'—The Outlook.

Some time ago the Sunday cranks, otherwise known as the Law and Order League, had 45 foreign laborers arrested for working on Sunday. The men had been engaged in putting in a switch for the B. & O. Railroad Company, at a place where the work could not well have been performed on any other day of the week, owing to heavy and important traffic that would have been impeded. Judge Van Swearingen, before whom the men were tried, very properly discharged them, holding that Sunday labor is often necessary. In his opinion Judge Van Swearingen holds that the testimony shows that Sunday was the only day that the work of putting in the switch at Dunbar could have been performed to safeguard life and property, and for that reason has ruled that the case be dismissed against the defendants. He also holds that one information should have been made instead of 45, and costs be collected in but one case. It never seems to dawn upon the Sunday cranks that this is no longer a one-horse commonwealth, as was the case in 1794, when the Blue Laws were passed, and that there is much labor actually necessary on Sunday. We do not believe in useless or senseless work on Sunday, or in Sabbath desecration in the generally accepted term; but of all brands of Sabbath desecration, none is more hideous in our estimation than that indulged in by the Sunday cranks who delight in sneaking about on that day and resorting to all manner of deception and playing the spy in order to have men arrested for committing harmless infractions against the Blue Laws of 1794.

Partly Wrong Again, as Usual.

Young America is progressive. Mr. "Jack" Beachy, of Elk Lick township, aged about 18, and Miss Hulda Imhoff, aged 16, went to Cumberland, Saturday, and procured a marriage license. They were married Sunday afternoon, at Grantsville. The bridegroom is one of the graduating class of the Salisbury High School.—Meyersdale Commercial.

The Commercial is partly wrong again, as usual. The bridegroom above mentioned is not a graduate of the Salisbury High School, or of any other school. Our high school seldom turns out a graduate from the ranks of the young men, as most of them prefer to neglect their education and bitterly regret it afterward. The youthful bridegroom in this case is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Beachy, and the bride is a Meyersdale girl. Of course, it was a marriage without the consent of the fathers and mothers, their best friends and safest advisors, and there isn't a particle of doubt that the young couple would have acted far more wisely by putting in at least a few more years at diligent study, in school, before being joined in wedlock.

Marriages of this kind sometimes turn out all right, but in most cases they do not. However, we hope that in this case everything will work together for good, and the young couple has THE STAR's best wishes.

Advice to a Young Man.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, dig ditches or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six p. m., and don't get home till two a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-So's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied the world will be with you.—Bob Burdette.

SERIOUS RESULTS FEARED.

You may well fear serious results from a cough or cold, as pneumonia and consumption start with a cold. Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs or colds and prevents serious results. Refuse substitutes. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. —6-1

A Delightful Musicales.

A very delightful and creditable musicale was given in Hay's opera house Tuesday evening, by the pupils of Miss Della Brown, Salisbury's able piano instructor.

The pupils who participated were Florede Lichtler, Ruth Shaw, Grace Brown, Helen Shaw and Florence Maust, all of Salisbury, and Irma Hay and Louise Seibert, of Berlin. Miss Ada Livengood was also on the program, but could not participate on account of sickness.

The audience was large, and all who were present agree that the young misses showed marked ability for amateurs. The skillful manner in which the various selections were rendered was very creditable to instructor and pupils alike, and will undoubtedly prove to be a good advertisement for Miss Brown, as it ought to.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED.

One who suffers from chronic constipation is in danger of many serious ailments. Foley's Orino Laxative cures chronic constipation, as it aids digestion and stimulates the liver and bowels, restoring the natural action of these organs. Commence taking it today, and you will feel better at once. Foley's Orino Laxative does not nauseate or gripe, and is pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. —6-1

Goods! M. J. invite you Goods, est! Only the our pat- to all. O. Below will be found the names of the various county and district officials. Unless otherwise indicated, their addresses are Somerset, Pa. ty. are. Car-sweepers Line, gifts ON, PA. LE y is guaran- cases of Dis- Difficulties, Eyes, Ulcers, o effects are a with poor l. Valuable Try it and ion without Tonal Tonic, ven the Tonic, ks and shily, e, so essen- ster, N. H. no acid; e. Maine. S. years of arials by ncludes of Hest of our Recog- compet- roduced. Send N. Y. E S hem in for our prising abouts. Built Jewel. ability. e new- at once e, Ohio. Durable THE WORLD. ID" Has three drilled, with Simmering ner, and one le. Swelled ornaments. handle the, Ohio. KE, mbalmer. attention. Both ones. and Resi-an building, Furniture NNA. BEST FOR D KIDNEYS.