



The latest auto races in the east broke six records, five legs and one neck.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON is a descendant of a sea-faring people, and ought to know better than to keep rocking Mr. Bryan's boat.

It appears to be a case of "too late" Johnson instead of "too much" Johnson, so far as the governor of Minnesota is concerned.

SENATOR JEFF DAVIS was defeated for delegate-at-large to the Denver convention, but he will be "at large," just the same.

"How close has Peary ever been to the North Pole?" asks a correspondent. Don't know, but he claims to be within \$60,000 of it now.

Russian reformers declare that they are going to the bottom of their naval affairs. In other words, they are going to follow the navy.

WHY not name Hoke Smith, of Georgia, for second place on the ticket at Denver? He's getting so used to being whipped at the polls it would seem natural.

The census bureau is preparing to find out the reasons for the 1,800,000 divorces that have been granted in this country. Well, there are at least 1,800,000 reasons.

COL. WATSON says Mr. Bryan cannot win without the Louisville Courier-Journal's support. It also seems to be definitely settled that he cannot win without more votes.

MR. BRYAN has made nearly 100 speeches in Nebraska, this year. It will be noticed, perhaps, just as a coincidence, that the state has had more tornadoes than usual, lately.

ACCORDING to the London Lancet, many men die in middle life of stupidity. We notice, though, that a good many contribute to the English magazines until they reach old age.

The Postoffice department has negotiated a parcels post agreement with Uruguay. The department seems to be able to make postal agreements with everybody except Congress.

MARYLAND has decided to send an uninvited delegation to Denver, but Mr. Bryan will have a gentlemanly usher at the convention hall door to hand the Marylanders their instructions.

SOME peevish person now complains that the Filipino assembly wastes too much time in oratory. And yet the Filipinos are expected to regard the Americans as an example to be followed.

NEBRASKA will harvest the biggest wheat crop in the state's history, this year, and it isn't a running mate for or on a parity with silver, either, as Mr. Bryan may notice by glancing at the market reports.

"Who will write the Denver platform?" asks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Not certain, but it is suspected that careful inspection would reveal some ink stains between the first two fingers of Mr. Bryan's right hand.

CARRIE NATION was in Punxsutawney, Pa., the other day, and told the residents of that town that they were the worst ever, but as her hatchets and other bric-a-brac sold later on like hot cakes, she must have changed her mind.

"AS SOON as the Democratic party sincerely thinks it ought to win," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "it may look around for a candidate who has not been twice defeated." At present, however, it looks as if it will wait till Mr. Bryan thinks it ought to win.

MAKE UP your mind that whatever you may have done in the past, you will in the future wear your clouds "inside out, and show the lining." We all have clouds, but that is no reason why we should draw the attention of the world to them. It is the brave, cheerful soldiers who inspire the others. So if you can't get what you like, determine to like what you have, or at all events to make the best of it and go on your way bravely, without complaining.

THAT young man who thinks he is poor because he has no bank account, little understands the value of health and strength, little appreciates the fact that the brightest and best of the country are self-made, and come to the notice of the world from just such beginnings. Not by idly moaning that

they are poor, but by going carefully to work, perfecting themselves in their chosen pursuits, and becoming so useful to those about them that their services are always in demand, whether it be on the platform, in the shop or in the kitchen, for all are honorable alike.

The purpose of store advertising is not merely to sell goods, but to sell more goods—to make friends, build up a patronage that will not only stick, but grow. Newspapers reach the greatest number of people in the immediate vicinity, in the most natural way, at the least expense, and they are therefore the best of all mediums for stores. In a newspaper you follow the lines of least resistance—you follow with the stream—you talk to an audience already assembled, to the people who want to read—they are on your wire, and they won't ring off if you hold their interest. Attraction is the basis of all advertising—the store is the sun, the customers the planets that revolve around it.

We have among us a few "fast" young men who are always spoken of as "good fellows," and in some respects they are; but it is well to remember that they are not "good fellows" who indulge in pleasure at the expense of what their duty demands of them. There is no lack of time for pleasure, and there are ways of enjoyment for everyone; but in the long run the young man will find it neither pleasure nor profitable to win admiration for companionable qualities from the idle, the dissolute and the vicious. There is nothing new in all this—it is an old, old story—yet every day young men are seen going to the bad through the allurements of so-called good-fellowship, and the public teacher cannot too often or too strongly admonish the youth of the folly of such a course.

In no activity has there been more progress during the last twenty years than that of the country newspaper. There are now hundreds of country papers which in editorial ability, mechanical appearance and all that contributes to inspire respect and command attention are fully abreast of their metropolitan contemporaries. In moral tone, and often in editorials they surpass most of the great dailies. In times past the country editor was quite generally regarded with a half pitying contempt as a good-natured, but chicken-hearted chronicler of inconsequential localities. All of this has changed. Country newspapers, as a class, wield the mightiest influence in the nation. The editors are men of character and enterprise, doing more for the community for less money than any other body of workers.

COUNTRY life has its drawbacks, but it has its great advantages which overcome them. True, those who live in the country are "Rubes" and "farmers" and "hayseeds" to the cigarette smokers in town, but the boast of the business men in the world today is that they were born on a farm. Take away the surrounding evils that beset the young men or women on the threshold of life's journey in the city, and substitute the helpful influence of nature, and you fortify them for the sterner walks in life. The few things which they do not know about table etiquette and when it is proper to leave two visiting cards and when but one, they will catch onto much quicker than city boys and girls will learn to properly stoke the furnace or make good bread. No boy or girl need be ashamed of living on the farm, for if they have taken advantage of what it has offered, they are well fortified for after life.

DOES IT PAY?

Does it pay to have fifty workmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush of money?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one may get a living selling rum?

Does it pay to have a hundred homes blasted, ruined, defiled, turned into a hell of misery, strife and want, that some liquor seller may build up a large fortune?

Does it pay to have hundreds of thousands of men and women in the alms-houses, penitentiaries and hospitals, and thousands more in asylums for the insane and idiotic, that a few capitalists of the whiskey ring may profit?

YOU SHOULD KNOW THIS.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 7-1

OLD-HOME WEEK.

Dr. Americus Enfield Heard from—A Rip-ROAROUSLY Good Letter in Favor of a Grand Home-Coming.

Now is the Time to Act—An Event that Would be Participated in by Many Former Citizens—An Affair Highly Beneficial to Salisbury and All Concerned.

BEDFORD, PA., June 21, 1908.

EDITOR STAR:—I have just read the eloquent, interesting and reminiscent letter of W. S. Livengood in the last issue of THE STAR. He is quite a traveler, observer and thinker. How many of the names he mentions in his letter remind me of boyhood and early associations!

As I was the first person to suggest Old-Home Week for Salisbury and Elk Lick, through THE STAR, and not seeing any mention from others for quite a while, I had lost hope, and feared it would be a failure. The letter of W. S. Livengood has inspired my faith, and now I realize it will be a success. I am therefore reminded of what some poet wrote about the old home where he spent his boyhood days. I will give the substance, but perhaps not the exact words:

"Unchanging man in every varying clime, Decears the land of his birth, the land of his pride, His home, the spot of earth supremely blest, A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

With the sentiment of the poet, my heart goes out in sweet converse this beautiful Sabbath morning, the longest day of the year.

I can see the old town of Salisbury as of 50 years ago, on the hill beside the Casselein river. We can hear the crickets chirp and see the old pine fagots in the chimney corners. Near by were the wild mountains that roared like the hills of Jericho. Long months and years some of us spent in the solitude that seemed to surround the old village. We see the red and white "Sweet Williams," but not a rose in all the country. The honeysuckle and laurel of the mountain streams supplied the sweetness of the fragrant rose, and again we call to mind words of Samuel Wadsworth:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view— The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

How can we forget home and the friends of early youth? Some of us have turned silvery by the flight of time, and grown old in years, but the flight of time has not chilled our hearts when we call up the cottages of our first home.

How well I remember the old blacksmith shop of Samuel Glatfely, where I first saw the sparks of steel! Many times has he let me blow the old bellows. How it comes back to me in memory when I cradled oats and wheat on the old Jonas Keim farm! I can see the waving wheat, the shocks of golden corn, the big red cherries and the harvest apples. Those were the happiest days of all my life. How blest the boys have been who have remained on the old farms in Elk Lick! In memory I recall Casper Loebe's and Emrich's shoemaker shops, where we boys did our loafing. They always promised our new boots on Saturday night, and we never got them until six weeks afterwards, when our best girls had gone back on us, and the dances over. Where shall we find the many bright boys of our youth? Alas! many have crossed the river for final review. Let me enumerate a few of the noble spirits.

Doctors—Carr, Welfey, Stutzman, Merchants—Hay, Wagner, Glatfely, Livengood, Smiths, Shoemakers—Loeche, Emrich and others. Potters and brick-makers—Peter Welfey and sons. Blacksmiths—The Glatfelys and Livengoods. Hotel-keepers—DeHavens, Wagners, Findlay. Carpenters—The Breigs and DeHavens. Coopers—The Smiths and Hartline. Farmers—The Beachys, Keims, Livengoods, Lichtys, Mausts, Newmans, Dursts, Folks, Hershbergers, Kretchmans, Millers, Engles, Boyds, Lowrys and others. It is sad to call the roll, for we are reminded that

"There is a reaper whose name is death, And with his sickle keen, For the soul is dead that slumbers, And the flowers that grow between."

But they shall all bloom again in the fields of light, transplanted above. So,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, 'Life is but an empty dream,' For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem."

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,' Was not spoken of the soul? How well on this bright morn'g I can

hear the bell on the old church on the hill of more than 50 years ago! Yes, I hear it now. The echo of that bell reaches me across the waves of more than 2000 Sabbaths. The solemn sound is the same. We see the quiet, deserted fields, and the good folks on their way to church. Again the old bell peals more loud and deep. Years have come and years have gone, and in that old churchyard sleeps many a saint, for God tells us true that wrong shall fail, and Christ repeats that right shall prevail, and we shall have again peace on earth and good will to men.

Yes, we hear the whisper mild and low, "Come back and be a child once more." But enough of this! Let us be up and doing. May our hands and hearts all unite to make Old-Home Week in Salisbury a grand success. Call a town meeting and talk the matter over. Elect your officers and appoint your committees. Select a king and queen of the carnival. Write to all the boys and girls who have gone out from your midst to return once more. If old Salisbury was a good place to go away from, it is now a good place to return to and see the changes and improvements.

God bless the homes and places that sheltered us and helped us on our way. Let us hear from others.

DR. A. ENFIELD.

A GRAND FAMILY MEDICINE.

"It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters," writes Mr. Frank Conlan, of No. 436 Houston St. New York. "It's a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications; while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be too highly recommended." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality to the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 50c. 7-1

A Pattern for Salisbury.

Berlin has always been the best town in the county in the matter of getting up various kinds of celebrations really worth attending. The people over there are not afraid to put up the necessary cash and efforts to make public gatherings a success, and their town affairs are arranging for an Old-Home Week celebration to be pulled off in August, and the way the business men are contributing towards it is a sufficient guarantee that the affair will be a huge success.

As the Old-Home Week idea is now being agitated somewhat in Salisbury, we publish the following list of contributions for the Berlin affair, so that Salisbury will have a good financial example to follow:

- A. B. Falknor.....\$200.00
Kirk Hendrickson.....200.00
Berlin Mercantile Co.....100.00
Fred Groff.....100.00
John O. Ream.....100.00
Hon. Ira A. Milliron.....100.00
C. H. McIntyre.....50.00
P. J. McGrath.....50.00
Brant Bros.....50.00
W. F. Philson.....35.00
A. C. Floto.....25.00
H. Vincent.....25.00
J. J. Brallier.....25.00
Norman Landis.....25.00
R. C. Heffley.....25.00
Berlin Sporting Palace.....25.00
Cable & Suder.....20.00
Dr. W. P. Shaw.....10.00
A. K. Johnson & Son.....10.00
Berlin Bottling Works.....10.00
W. H. Diveley.....5.00

To the above list much will be added by other citizens, and it's now up to Salisbury to get a move on. We can get up a fine Old-Home Week celebration here if we go at it in earnest, and as a community it will pay us to do so.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The following list contains the more important deeds entered of record since our last report:

- Josephine Dunshee to J. C. Trees, \$1100, in Elk Lick; dated May 28, 1908.
John Altfather to J. Calvin Altfather, \$6000, in Brothersvalley; dated June 5, 1908.
John Gahring to Austin Yutz, \$1800, in Milford; dated May 1, 1908.
F. F. Koontz et ux. to Lucy M. Stuff, \$2000, in Somerset borough; dated June 6, 1908.
Charlotte Senser et al. to C. E. Sharpless, \$1800, in Windber; dated May 26, 1908.

THE BEST PILLS EVER SOLD.

"After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion, and spending over two hundred dollars, nothing had done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I consider them the best pills ever sold." writes B. F. Ayscue, of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 25c. 7-1

IT'S TAFT AND SHERMAN.

Republican National Convention Nominates Good Men for President and Vice President.

At the Republican National Convention, which assembled in Chicago, last week, the two men were nominated who will more than likely be the next President and Vice President of the United States. The nominees are William Howard Taft, of Ohio, for President, and James S. Sherman, of New York, for Vice President. Mr. Taft was nominated on the first ballot, last Thursday, receiving 702 votes out of 980 cast for all the contestants. Following is the vote as cast:

Senator Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, 68; Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, 67; Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, 58; Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, 40; Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, 25; Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, 16.

Mr. Sherman was nominated on Friday morning, also on first ballot. The nominees need no introduction to the public, as they have been in public life long enough to be well known by all people who read. They are men of great ability, and their personal and political records are above reproach. They are generally regarded as sure winners. Hurray for "Big Bill" and "Sunny Jim!"

CONSUMPTIVES MADE COMFORTABLE.

Foley's Honey and Tar has cured many cases of incipient consumption and even in the advanced stages affords comfort and relief. Refuse any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 7-1

HOW MEN DRINK FARMS.

My homeless friend with a chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that 10-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for the free, independent life of a farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of 100 feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience sake, the land at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that brings the land to just 1 mill per square foot; 1 cent for ten square feet. Now, pour the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help gulp down that 500-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin, there's dirt in it—100 square feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE WINS.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half of a 25 cent box won the day for me by affecting a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 7-1

Seesaw Saloon Ended.

Ed Nicklow, a well-known resident of Addison township and former hotel keeper at Petersburg, who is alleged to have conducted a saloon on the Pennsylvania-Maryland line for two years past, and who was wanted by officers in both states for selling liquor without license, pleaded guilty, last Tuesday, at Oakland, Md. He was fined \$200.

Nicklow evaded arrest by going on the Pennsylvania side whenever the Maryland authorities wanted him, and to the Maryland side when the Pennsylvania officers arrived. In February officers of both states went to his place, and when the Pennsylvania man stepped inside, Nicklow went over to the other side, only to be arrested by a Maryland officer.—Somerset Herald.

THINKS IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Maine, says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery many years, for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would no more be without a bottle than I would be without food." For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies. As a preventive of pneumonia, and healer of weak lungs it has no equal. Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. 7-1

THE CIGARETTE SMOKER.

Elbert Hubbard isn't the best authority in the world on all subjects, but he is unquestionably correct in pronouncing against the use of cigarettes, especially by the young. In a number of the Philistine he says:

"As a close observer and employer of labor for over twenty-five years, I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker; never promote him; never trust him to carry a roll to Garcia, unless you do not care for Garcia and are willing to lose the roll. Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart. It soon becomes a pleasure, a satisfaction, and serves to bridge over a moment of nervousness or embarrassment. Next it becomes a necessity of life, a fixed habit. This last stage soon evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrestful, wandering mind, accompanied by loss of moral and mental control."

Inevitably cigarette smoking impairs health, lessens usefulness and jeopardizes happiness, and all without compensation worthy of the name. All smokers are not affected to the same degree, but there is none who would not be better off without the habit.

NO HUMBAG.

No humbug claims have to be made for Foley's Honey and Tar, the well known remedy for coughs, colds and lung troubles. The fact that more bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar are used than of any other cough remedy is the best testimonial of its great merit. Why then risk taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar costs you no more and is safe and sure. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 7-1

THE GAMBLER'S CHANCE.

Richard A. Canfield, the big New York gambler, puts the gaming proposition in unique form: "If you play with a gambler long enough," says Canfield, "he is bound to win your money. He can't help but get it. When you play with me in round numbers, you put up \$100, and against that I put up \$80. Now figure how long you can keep doing this. You may win my money now and then, you may break me temporarily, but as long as you play against me at the odds of 100 to 80, in the end I'll have your money."

Canfield ought to know. He is reputed to have made \$5,000,000 in the gambling business. It is said he has not personally touched a card in twenty years. He trusts the business of his establishment to subordinates and relies with mathematical certainty upon the returns. Canfield puts it very plainly. If you go into the gambler's game, he has 100 chances to your 80, ten chances to your nine. If you stay in the game long enough—and the majority of the players do—he will get your pile. It is simply science, skill and luck pitted against absolute certainty. The end is known from the beginning.

That is where the average man who gambles makes his fundamental mistake. He imagines that good fortune will beat the law of mathematics. He bets on the theory that good playing and luck will enable him to overcome the stubborn fact that 10 is one more than 9. Canfield says what everyone ought to know: "When you go up against the gambler's game you go up against a dead sure thing. The gambler's game is not game of chance at all. Chance has nothing to do with it. It is financial robbery done scientifically." Gambler Canfield's frank statement will have little effect, however. There will always be the man who fancies he can change 9 into a bigger figure than 10.

The Doctor Was Hard Hit.

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney Smith and an ex-advocate general, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," retorted Smith, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

Marriage Licenses.

Since our last report: Lewis Younker and Irene Dell Berkebile, of Ogle twp. Charles Long, of Larimer, and Clara E. Hayman, of Summit twp. Lutherman M. Shaffer, of Windber, and Bertha M. Dugan, of Wells Creek. Lloyd Durre, of Upper Turkeyfoot, and Etta J. Knopsider, of Black twp. Wm. George and Bessie Orris, of Windber. Edwin Schultz and Effie Isreal, of Kendall, Md. Toni Boone and Marytie Rouse, of Ashola, Pa. Bertin J. Blough, of Elk Lick, and Mary E. Baldwin, of near Stoyestown.