



REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET.

For President, WILLIAM H. TAFT, Of Ohio.

For Vice President, JAMES S. SHERMAN, Of New York.

STATE.

Judge of Superior Court, WILLIAM D. PORTER.

DISTRICT.

Congress, 23rd District, ALLEN F. COOPER.

COUNTY.

Legislature, WM. H. FLOTO, A. W. KNEPPER.

Sheriff, CHARLES H. WEIMER.

Auditor, W. H. H. BAKER, JACOB S. MILLER.

Recorder of Deeds, NORMAN E. BERKEY.

Clerk of Courts, F. A. HARA.

Register of Wills, BERT F. LANDIS.

Treasurer, RUSSELL G. WALKER.

Prothonotary, JACOB B. GERHARD.

Poor Director, JACOB C. DEITZ.

County Commissioner, R. S. McMILLEN, JOSIAH SPECHT.

County Surveyor, IRENIS S. PYLE.

"BIG MUSTERINGS" AND THEIR CONCOMITANTS.

BY T. F. LIVENGOOD.

Memory is a function largely of association, better termed correlative. That its exercise is exhibited to greater advantage in the concrete than in the abstract, was again demonstrated to the writer a fortnight ago while making his annual pilgrimage to the scenes of his childhood.

Though commercialism with Herulean blows has destroyed some, and marred others of the landmarks of that once picturesque locality, many of them

"Rock-ribbed," and ancient as the sun," still defy the hand of that sordid multiplier; and as the great Alpine range recalls the crossing of Napoleon and his army to the sunny plains of Italy, so do these self-same landmarks fill the writer's mind with innumerable reminiscences.

When in 1861 the blast of war blew in our ears, Salisbury was stirred to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm, and sent to the front many of her stalwart sons. Now, another generation living in the lap of luxury, basking in the sunshine of peace, and ignorant of the most part of the terrible ordeal their fathers endured more than forty years ago, are occupying the land. Over forty years ago! Why, men, are you mad? Surely, it seems not more than ten since Captain Welfley's company of sturdy volunteers were firing their flintlocks in "The Long Field."

And what about that company of grenadiers or fusiliers? Perhaps a dozen grizzled, battle-scarred veterans are still living and ready to testify to the accuracy of what follows, much of which would otherwise appear as nothing but fairy tales.

Leaving the origin of this doughty company of boys in blue to be told by the survivors, lest some of the details of its achievements should be curtailed, let us say, presto!—and we see one hundred men in uniform and all the martial accoutrements then in vogue, thick upon them, standing on Grant street, where First Sergeant P. S. Hay is calling the roll.

The uniforms of the privates were navy blue color, roundabout coats with brass buttons as plenty as blackberries, and the regulation stripe on the trousers. But what of the head gear? This abomination of all comfort and utility was introduced to the U. S. Army at the beginning, or thereabouts, of the Mexican War, by no less a person than Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the C. S. A.

Going most minutely into details—for history without details is like a tree without foliage—in the valley of the Casselman, poetry has always been more conspicuously absent than pine trees. Though every weird crag, every nodding hemlock and every bubbling eddy contained a sonnet; though the silver moon shining through beech and birch on the rippling waters was speaking a lyric, and the crabapple blossoms were exhaling the sweetest songs in the deep solitude of Pine Run, a solitude just as profound as

"Where rolls the Oregon," so crammed were the brains of the men and the maids in their teens with exports and barter that there was no room or time at all for

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" to utilize poetic materials and to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." One thing, however, must have appealed to one man, and that man possessed the primitive elements of poetry to the extent of writing or reciting a couplet on the white cockade. Thanks to the leniency of time, reputed to be the destroyer of all things, and the memory of some of the patriarchs, this martial couplet is preserved. As it would suffer in translation (as might also the readers) we quote it verbatim:

"Hell schware note und de wice cockade, Finger in der naus un room gedrayed."

Weapons for the troops were furnished by the government. Evolution at this period had brought the U. S. A. gun as far as the percussion cap lock; but those sent to the Salisbury volunteers, in appearance at least, might have done service at Bunker Hill or at the Cowpens. They were perfect gems of antiquity, with rust and flint-locks galore. Bayonets gave these relics, a warlike appearance totally different from squirrel rifles, and at sight of them most of the young men fairly roared with enthusiasm. The belligerent frenzy of the schoolboy was upon them:

"O, were you never a schoolboy, And did you never train, And feel that swelling of the heart You never can feel again?"

Not many days elapsed till those guns were made to look like mirrors. The enthusiastic soldiers were not satisfied till the polish would reflect their own faces.

All preparations having been made, mustering day was proclaimed. Not by gaily caparisoned trumpeters, nor by flaring placards, but by messengers, those messengers being then the people themselves, without telephones, and with a mail service "slower than molasses in cold weather"—so slow that "The Dumb Corner" would rise in rebellion, were such conditions now thrust upon them.

In two days the news had reached three townships, and the people as far off as Keyser's Ridge were rejoicing with the thought of smelling powder, eating ginger-bread and seeing the bullies breaking each others' heads. Asperically dawned the day; and scarcely had the streakings of the morning light tinted the treetops on the crest of the Alleghenies, scarcely had the shrill, plaintive, pibroch wail of the whippoorwill been replaced by the joyful notes of the silver-tongued robin, when from all points of the compass people began pouring into town.

"There was Smith from the mountain, And Smith from the mart, And Smith from the fountain, And Smith from the cart."

Also the Browns, the Joneses, many Hutzells and several Gindlespergers. Men clad in hunting shirts and shilly-shallies; women in hoop-skirts. Garibaldi and skyscraper bonnets; plowboys wearing *camuses* and coonskin turbans; the octogenarian, and the babe three days old in its mother's arms, all were there to swell the chorus and to eat, drink and be merry.

Peanuts and bananas were unknown, and lemonade was something rare, but pop, *sassafrilla*, spruce-beer, and a drink deep to the heart and soothing to the palate of every lime-burner, vinegar-punch, were abundant. Rye whisky and applejack were served without stint to all comers. Ginger cakes, *lepucka* and minstick were then as assiduously munches as are now popcorn, lollypops and hokeypokey.

Filling the air with "Charley Over the Water," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Samuel Smith's Drum Corps were more compelling sirens, luring the boys from the woodpiles and the churns, yea, even the breakfast tables, than Homer ever dreamed would try to undo his hero Ulysses.

Promptly at ten o'clock, "Hail to the Chief" was played, and Capt. Balzhazar Welfley, six feet some inches tall, erect as an Indian, glittering with gold braid, brass buttons and huge epaulets, drew his sword and gave command. "Attention, company! Form in single file! Music and pioneers in front. Forward,

march!" Off they started for the parade ground, followed by two thousand, more or less of men, women, children, horses, and, may we add, some scores of—asses?

Just a word here concerning the uniforms of the officers and the pioneers. In all other respects the caps of the officers were the same as those already described, except instead of the white cockade they had gorgeous flowing plumes of red, white and blue feathers, and their coats were Prince Alberts with plenty of brass buttons on the tails. Pioneers in the army at that time were men who would out roads through the forests, or clear them when the enemy had blocked them; build corduroy roads and bridges, and in other ways prepare roads for the passage of the army. The Salisbury company had two pioneers uniformed with caps similar to those now used by the Russian police force, and some of our most ostentatious auto chauffeurs. Their trousers were of white duck, and they carried tin axes large enough to hew down the Pillars of Hercules or the Cedars of Lebanon.

At the parade grounds the company performed some of the most complex and difficult evolutions then to be found in that military classic, Hardee's Tactics, much to the delight of the spectators and the joy of the officers.

Guns to the number of five had been discharged on New Year's eve; blasting and anvil firing had been heard, but when one hundred muskets were to be volleyed at once, and the Captain in stentorian tones gave the command, "Make ready!" "Take aim!" women and children crawled behind trees, and men stopped their ears, while not a few of the cowards thought that the next minute somebody would be blown off the earth. "Fire!" the fatal word was pronounced—Zip! *biff-biff-biff*, bang! *trrrrrrrrr*, *biff-o-bang!* and when "Present arms!" was ordered, another fulmination from a private who had been trying to discharge his piece for five minutes. Flint locks are tricky, and these had tantrums. Afterwards, at their own expense, the soldiers had them changed for percussion locks, that work being done by the "Hon. Squire Mier, Esquire."

As the sun was then on the meridian, orders were given to stack arms and deploy for rations. This was the signal for a billioco team, Haas and Schramm by name, to take the scalp of a Negro Mountain giant yelet "Yony" Mull. Had "Yony" been born in America previous to the landing of Columbus, he probably might have won the title of birth of Big Foot, as his pedal extremities (when he went to a musterin' or meetin') were covered with number fourteen tanyards, perhaps as a trophy of his victory, dangled for many moons from the gable of that very popular club house, Loehel's shoe shop. Goliath, i. e. "Yony," was docile as a daffodil, and as void of malice as Mary's little lamb. Though all manner of epithets were hurled upon him, and horny fists rubbed under his nose, it required all the urging and threats of his friends to rouse him to a state of defense. "Beware of the fury of a patient man," saith the proverb, and it applied in this case. "Yony" slowly began rising, and kept on getting up till he towered above his antagonist like Pike's Peak above Kettle Hill.

Raising his fist, which in both size and general appearance might have been taken for a "nigger-maul," he said, "vell, I guess I petter gif him one," and brought it down with the dull thud of a trip hammer. When the smoke of the battle had cleared, it was seen that all of the scalp on one side of Haas' head, including his ear, had been torn clean from the skull, and was dangling like a havelock on his shoulder. Appalled at the sight, the swagging Schramm, shrieking his slogan, "Ich fa. ich nicht nicht for der tufel," incontinently fled to a cellar, and was no more visible that day.

Shortly after this, "Wildcat" Bittinger was knocked down and his chest tattooed with the heels of his antagonist. "Shad" Hutzell and one of the Larew brothers had a stormy mouth battle. However, their friends were strong enough to hold them in leash. That afternoon another drill was given on the same grounds, but the other roustabout who had come there to settle old grudges were by that time under the thumb of old "John Barley-corn" dreaming, "Fou and unco happy."

Under the discipline of its officers, who all were men of intelligence and good character, a number of them being among the leading citizens, the volunteers attained such proficiency that at the greatest military event ever seen in Salisbury—the Brigade Encampment—it was awarded first prize. Finding that they could not be ac-

cepted as a company by the U. S. government when the Civil War broke out, they disbanded, and most of them enlisted in the U. S. Army. Some of these were Dennis Durst, killed on the banks of the Chicahominy; Urbanis Glotfelty, killed in the Peninsular campaign; George Weimer, also killed; M. C. Lowry, killed at Fredericksburg; John Suhrie, died of wounds received in battle; William Wagner, Wells Wagner, John, Samuel and William Hawn, Samuel Miller, commonly known as "Broad Sam," Lieut. Samuel Lowry, John J. Engle, W. Eppinger, W. Laraw, Lieut. John N. Davis, John J. Livengood, Christ. Livengood, Daniel O'Connell McKinley, Dan. Wetzell, Zach. Faidley, Samuel Yutz, Shakespeare McKinley and Jacob McCloskey.

"Big Musterings" were held previous to the one described, by militia under the command of Capt. Levi Shockey and Capt. Saml. Folk, during which time sanguinary battles were fought by warring clans, such as the Hutzells, the Heinbaughs and the McClintocks, always for bully supremacy; but Capt. Welfley's company closed the era of bombastic military events in Somerset county.

"They heed not, they hear not the loud cannon's rattle, They sleep their last sleep and have fought their last battle, No sound can awake them to glory again."

While the succeeding generation may have less of brawn, it has more urbanity, and saith "The Ship of State" in waters clearer and more placid. So mote it be. Selah.

Elizabeth, N. J., Aug. 15, 1908.

SHE LIKES GOOD THINGS.

Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it." These painless purifiers sold at E. H. Miller's drug store. 25c. 9-1

ANOTHER WINDBER MURDER.

Son Accused of Slaying His Father and Shipping Body Away in a Trunk.

Recent developments add one more murder to Windber's long and bloody list of crime.

S. J. Rosenbloom, a Jewish merchant of Windber, suddenly disappeared on the 12th day of last November, and he was never seen since until recently, when his dead body was found in a trunk that was discovered by a party of picnickers in a ravine near Camden, N. J.

Shortly after the mysterious disappearance of Rosenbloom, the family disposed of the store and moved to Baltimore, where Mrs. Rosenbloom and her daughter were recently arrested by detectives who were employed to ferret out the trunk mystery.

A newspaper found in the trunk with the decomposed remains of Rosenbloom, served to fix the date of about the time he disappeared. The trunk has been identified by a former clerk in the Rosenbloom store, as one of a kind carried in stock. Furthermore, the trunk has been traced from Windber to Broad Street station in Philadelphia, thence to Chestnut Street ferry, and thence to Mt. Ephraim station, N. J., about a mile from the place where it was found.

After the arrest of Mrs. Rosenbloom and her daughter, they were put through a severe "sweating" process by the detectives, and, as a result, the women broke down and made the statement that Alexander Rosenbloom, a 20-year-old son of the murdered man, committed the crime. The elder Rosenbloom was known to have been very brutal and abusive to his family, and the wife and daughter state that the son gave that as his reason for killing his father.

The women have been brought to Somerset, but the whereabouts of the accused son have not yet been discovered. The women declare that they did not see the crime committed, and also aver that they never knew what disposition the son made of the body.

Warrants are out for the arrest of Alexander Rosenbloom and Triss and Joseph Agler, the two last named being nephews of the murdered man who are supposed to have assisted the son in disposing of his father's dead body.

FOR SORE FEET.

"I have found Buckle's Arnica Salve to be the proper thing to use for sore feet, as well as for healing burns, sores, cuts, and all manner of abrasions," writes Mr. W. Stone, of East Poland, Maine. It is the proper thing, too, for piles. Try it! Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 25c. 9-1

DUNBAR creek evinces a disposition to wander from the true path. 'Tis a costly habit. See, for example, how much it has cost the once great Democratic party.—Connellsville Courier.

"One vital, dominating fact confronts the Democratic party which no oratory, which no eloquence, which no rhetoric can obscure: Bryan's nomination means Taft's election."—New York World, Democratic.

The progress of cities is measured by the public spirit of their inhabitants. Men whose only interest is in the success of their individual business, may make money for themselves, but they cannot build successful cities any more than a pile of stones can furnish sustenance for growing plants.

There are two little words, simple enough in themselves, that introduce untold trouble in the world and are responsible for more gossip, scandal and harm than any other two words in the English language. These two words are nothing more than, "they say." They have done more to ruin reputations than all other things. If you never quote what "they say," you may be quite certain you are not a gossip.

The greatest problem that confronts our people at the present time is that of dogs. In the language of our forefathers, there are dogs, more dogs and lots of dogs; in fact, a stranger visiting our village, and unacquainted with the color of our population, would declare without hesitation that he had got off at an Indian village, where there are always ten dogs to every Indian. What is to be done to rid our village of dogs, is something that the present council should busy itself with.

An experienced teacher says that pupils who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who do not, are better readers, better spellers, better grammarians, better punctuators, and read more understandingly, and obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others. The newspaper is decidedly an important factor in modern life. This will not be disputed by anyone who has taken the trouble to investigate the matter for himself.

In a small city like this the vice of rash judgment is altogether too common. Where people know nearly all their fellow citizens, there are some who are so ungracious and so un-Christian as to attribute an evil motive when the actions are prompted by the best of motives, and they are rather disposed to relish a rumor that reflects against a neighbor. Everybody commits indiscretions, either wilfully or through ignorance or weakness; but harsh criticism and rash judgments do not help the offender, but shove him down. The Golden Rule should be applied in such cases.

Some folks say it is my duty, for the Peerless One to vote; if he isn't chosen captain, our ship won't stay afloat; but a chap gets tired of voting for the man without a peer; I can always vote for Bryan, so I'll vote for Taft, this year. Change is sometimes necessary, if this life we would enjoy, and although our sweetest boon is voting for the Peerless Boy, yet some little variation makes the landscape seem less drear; I can always vote for Bryan, so I'll vote for Taft, this year. Even though our children's children hang their heads in deepest shame, blushing for their rude forefathers who at one time jumped the game—who in gloomy desperation voted down the Peerless dear; we can vote for Bryan always, so we'll vote for Taft, this year.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

The Democratic party seems to be as unsound on the currency question as it ever has been. In 1890 their hope was free silver, which, if triumphant, would have meant the demoralization of the business of the country and the destruction of many enterprises. The Republican party has shown how essential sound money is to the success and prosperity of all business undertakings. Mr. Bryan comes forward and wants all deposits of all banks guaranteed. The money required to do this is so stupendous that Mr. Bryan cannot comprehend it. When a panic comes on, the fact that so many people take their money out of banks and lock it up, thus taking it out of circulation, is what causes the resumption of prosperity to move so slowly. The reason why these timid people take their money out of the banks, is that they are afraid the "bank will bust," as the old saying is. Now, the Republican policy is for the government to organize postal saving banks, and to estab-

lish them all over the country. This will enable the people to deposit their money with the government, which insures its safety, much more than being in their own possession, and at the same time they can draw a small interest from the government. The government can then lend the money out on safe securities, and thus restore it to circulation. This plan has been tried in European countries, and has been wonderfully successful. Mr. Taft promises to establish these banks as soon as he is elected, and anyone can see it will be a wise act of statesmanship. It is not generally known to Americans, but it is a fact that the European countries never have a panic. Whoever heard of a panic, such as we had last fall, occurring in England, Germany, France, Belgium or any of those countries? In all of them these postal saving banks are in universal operation, and they thus keep all the timid money circulating, which is so necessary to prosperity, especially in Europe, where wages are so much lower than here.

ATTENTION, ASTHMA SUFFERERS!

Foley's Honey and Tar will give immediate relief to asthma sufferers and has cured many cases that had refused to yield to other treatment. Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung trouble. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller proprietor. 9-1

TO YOUNG VOTERS.

A Matter That Should Not Be Forgotten.

Young men who voted on age, last fall, must be registered, or they can not vote under any circumstances at the coming November election. Others who have paid a State or County tax within two years, will be able to swear in their votes, if they are not upon the Registry, but the voter who cast his first ballot in 1907, has no possible chance to do this. He is not upon any duplicate, has no tax assessed against him, and consequently cannot qualify to having paid a tax, as is necessary where voters are left off the Registry. By failing to register, he practically and effectively disfranchises himself. There is no way by which he can vote, and Republicans should see that every young Republican who voted on age in 1907, is upon the polling list of 1908. And this must be seen to before the evening of September 2nd. Don't Forget it.

A BOON TO ELDERLY PEOPLE.

Most elderly people have some kidney or bladder disorder that is both painful and dangerous. Foley's Kidney Remedy has proven a boon to many elderly people, as it stimulates the urinary organs, corrects irregularities and tones up the whole system. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at once and be vigorous. Sold by Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 9-1

Baseball News.

During the past week the Salisbury baseball team again covered itself with glory. Two games were played, last Saturday, on the home grounds, with a strong team from Frostburg, Md. Both games were won by the Salisbury club, one by a score of 10 to 0, and the other by a score of 14 to 3.

On Monday two return games were played at Frostburg, Salisbury winning the first by a score of 6 to 4, while Frostburg took the second by a score of 11 to 5.

On Saturday next our home team will play the Meyersdale team in Meyersdale, and on Monday will play the same team on the Salisbury grounds.

EXCELLENT HEALTH ADVICE.

Mrs. M. M. Davison, of No. 379 Gifford Ave., San Jose, Cal., says: "The worth of Electric Bitters as a general family remedy, for headache, biliousness and torpor of the liver and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those seeking relief from such afflictions. There is more health for the digestive organs in a bottle of Electric Bitters than in any other remedy I know of." Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 50c. 9-1

FALL TERM BEGINS

September 1, 2 & 3. Send for catalogue. THE TRI-STATE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cumberland, Md.

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. 11