



Do You Love This Old Town?



If you do, of course you want to see the town grow. You want to see the storekeepers prosper, and the banks bulge with deposits, and the townspeople wearing glad clothes, and the farmers falling over each other to come in and buy new hay rakes and patent plows. Of course you do. Because, likewise of course, when things are that way you get your share of the general prosperity.

But what are you doing to contribute to the general prosperity? Are you patronizing home industries in preference to outside industries? Do you buy your clothes and groceries and garden tools and so forth here at home?

Well, you admit, you do send away for a good many things you happen to see advertised. Aha! And are they advertised in this paper? No, indeed—in the mail order journals and catalogues. Quite true. And you would just as soon buy them here if they were advertised by the local merchants, wouldn't you? Why, yes.

Well, now, there's a neat hint to some of our local storekeepers and dealers who perhaps haven't discovered why they are losing a lot of home trade which they ought to keep.

It's a wise business man that knows his own opportunities.

One of the latest trusts is a trust of the manufacturers of road-making machinery. This has an unpleasant, not to say an ominous sound. What would be hailed with unbounded expressions of delight by rural populations everywhere would be a road making trust, provided, of course, that adequate guarantees were forthcoming that it meant business and was really in earnest in providing the country with better roads.

Work is a moral and physical uplifter; it is a panacea for sorrow; idleness brings moral decay and furnishes an incentive to crime. The avalanche of crime that is sweeping over our beautiful land is largely due to the fact that too many would rather steal than work. The life of duty, not the life of mere ease or mere pleasure, is the kind of life which makes great men and women. The first prize that life offers is the chance to work at work worth doing.

Ignorance would tear down existing institutions and breed riot and anarchy where there is now law and order. It makes no discoveries, no inventions, nor does anything to better the condition of the human race. It goes from the cradle to the grave in a random way, with no pilot, no objective point, and its frail bark is often wrecked in this tempestuous sea of life. It fills the land with vice and crime, builds jails, almshouses and penal institutions, and is the servant of nature. Our school is here to counteract all this evil influence and to make it possible for every young man and young woman in this vicinity to fit themselves for some useful and highly profitable calling in life.

Don't be afraid to do your duty because some one ridicules or opposes you. A man who has opinions of his own and the courage to advocate them will be sure to have opposition in this world, because he runs across or contrary to other people's opinions; but just keep right ahead, if your cause is

right and your conscience clear. Don't worry about what other people say; life is too short for that. Some will abuse you through envy, others for the want of principle, and some because they honestly differ from you; but if you keep right on openly, manfully and intelligently, and with your proper dignity of character, honesty of purpose and self-respect, those who differ from you will respect your opinions.

For the past few weeks the daily papers have been printing whole reams of disgusting slobber concerning Miss Ethel Roosevelt, who made her debut in society, Monday night last, at the White House, where a big ball was given in honor of the event. The young lady is no doubt as good, as pretty and as smart as the average girl of her age, but that is no reason why the daily papers should slobber over like a set of fawning snobs and flunkies concerning an event which the average sensible American regards as of little or no consequence. Many a society woman has been converted into a veritable monkey and insignificant nonentity by the reams of disgusting slobber printed concerning her insignificant doings and sayings in society.

Alexander Romesburg Killed by Train.

Alexander Romesburg, of Drakestown, after spending the day with his daughter, Mrs. James Tannehill, of Confluence, started home Thursday. He was found dead, Friday morning, near Huston station. It is supposed that he was killed between 8 and 9 o'clock, Thursday night, by a train on the westbound track on the B. & O.

He was buried from his late home in Drakestown, Saturday afternoon, in the Drakestown cemetery.

GUILTY OF COUNTERFEITING.

Passing counterfeit money is no worse than substituting some unknown worthless remedy for Foley's Honey and Tar, the great cough and cold remedy that cures the most obstinate coughs and heals the lungs. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor.

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. Kooser. Member of Congress—A. F. Cooper, Uniontown, Pa.

State Senator—William C. Miller, Bedford, Pa.

Members of Assembly—J. W. Endley, 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, Kanton; Charles F. Zimmerman, Stoystown. Robert Augustine, Somerset.

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.

A DANGEROUS OPERATION

is the removal of the appendix by a surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's New Life Pills is ever subjected to this frightful ordeal. They work so quietly you don't feel them. They cure constipation, headache, biliousness and malaria. 25c. at E. H. Miller's drug store. 1-1

SOME WHOLESOME TRUTH.

From the Confluence News. If you are in touch with things you are aware, in some measure, of the rapidly increasing influence, upon the public mind, of newspaper advertising. For a long time this newspaper, and every important newspaper in the country, has been patiently preaching and teaching the utility of advertising—its significance—how it gives an infallible test of the importance of a store, or the merit of a product or an article of merchandise.

We have been creating new readers of advertising, inducing more and more people to "answer" ads, and to rely upon the "ads" in planning every shopping trip, every purchase. We have been telling them that the merchant who does not care enough for their patronage to take trouble and expense in an advertising way to secure it, probably acts from a lack of confidence in his cause, in his goods, in his store. All of this propaganda work is bearing fruit. The readers of a newspaper are coming to take an interest in the "ads," to gauge and weigh a store's worthiness largely by its advertising enterprise and intelligence. They are coming to believe that a store that is not adequately advertised is not adequately managed—and that lack of continuity in advertising denotes, invariably, non-progressive ideas of merchandising.

The merchants who are aware of this newly awakened interest in advertising, are reaping a harvest accordingly. The interest, now awakened, is going to be kept awake and alert and growing; and the resultant opportunities for merchants are going to be multiplied. Some of these opportunities are labeled "For You," and are "ready for delivery."

County Forest Fire Losses Nearly \$13,000.

Bills for fighting forest fires are still being presented to the County Commissioners for payment. Last week \$3,453.80 was paid out, and the week before \$3,363.50 was distributed.

The total amount expended for this purpose in Somerset county is \$12,919.10. In all parts of Somerset county, and especially in the vicinity of the Allegheny and Laurel Mountains, forest fires flamed fiercely during the protracted drought of last autumn. It is stated that millions of feet of fine timber were ruined.

A PERSONAL APPEAL.

If we could talk to you personally about the great merit of Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds and lung trouble, you never could be induced to experiment with unknown preparations that may contain some harmful drugs. Foley's Honey and Tar costs you no more and has a record of forty years of cures. Elk Lick Pharmacy, E. H. Miller, proprietor. 1-1

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God, some of us have, and others have had, an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; whose white, jeweled hands never have felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in which the love light shone, and brown hair threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spray of the river. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her's will echo in our souls forever. Other places will fade away and be forgotten, but her's will shine on until the light from heaven's portals shall glorify our own.

When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old threshold, standing once more in the low, quaint room, as hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the sunshine streaming through the western window—just where, long years ago, we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lured us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from sin. Years have filled, great drifts over between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.—Exchange.

MARKED FOR DEATH.

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. 1-1

THE ELDER SISTER.

There is no character in the home circle more useful and beautiful than a devoted elder sister who stands side by side with the toiling mother, lightening all her cares and burdens. How beautiful the household machinery moves on with such efficient help! Now she presides at the table in her mother's absence, always so neatly attired that it is with pride the father introduces her to his guest as "our oldest daughter." Now she takes a little troop into the garden with her and amuses them, so mother may not be disturbed in her work or her rest. Now she helps the boys with their hard lessons or reads father's paper aloud to rest his tired eyes. If mother can go away for a few days' recreation, she leaves home without any anxiety, for Mary will guide her house wisely and happily in her absence. But in the sick room her presence is an especial blessing. Her hand is next to mother's own in gentleness and skill. Her sweet music can charm any pain, and brighten the weariest hour. There are elder sisters whose presence is not such a blessing in the home. Their own selfish ends and aims are the main pursuits in life, and anything that stands in the way of these is regarded with great impatience. Such daughters are no comfort to a mother's heart. Which kind of an elder sister are you in the household?—Exchange.

United States Leads the World in Lead Production.

The production of lead in the United States in 1907, according to the official figures published by the United States Geological Survey in an advance chapter from "Mineral Resources of the United States, Calendar Year 1907," reached a total of 365,166 short tons, or 33.3 per cent of the lead production of the world. The production of Spain, its nearest rival, was but 18.8 per cent of the total, that of Germany was 14.5 per cent, and that of Australia, the fourth country in point of production, was about 9.7 per cent.

MIDWINTER TERM BEGINS January 4, 5 and 6. Send for catalogue. THE TRI-STATE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cumberland, Md.

NO DANGER JUST NOW.

Some of the writers say that Socialism has gained a great many votes in the last several years, and point "with alarm" to the fact and say if we don't look out Socialism will yet get this country.

That looks terrible. But if the men who are worried will sit down again and figure it all out, they will discover that the Democratic party is losing more votes than the Socialists have ever gained. They will find that the hungry and oppressed are turning to Socialism for an imagined relief, and that those who think are coming to the Republican party. In the end there will be no voters in the Democratic party, except Kernel Kern, Norman Mack and Billy Bryan. The rest will be found elsewhere, and the Republican majority will be larger than ever.

It is simply a mathematical question, my darling. No other way to explain it. Socialism will exist as long as men are hungry and don't want to earn their own living, but there will never be enough of such idlers to capture a nation. Don't be alarmed about that.

And so far as President Debs is concerned, all he wants is enough people to think his way to furnish him with a special car, so he can ride in a blaze of glory once in a while and pose as a martyr to oppression's wrongs. Think of the picture—a bright man who ruined his intellect by his own folly, now denouncing capital for his foolishness. Great idea—and to think that there are people fools enough to pay his bills!—The Yellow Jacket.

MEDICINE THAT IS MEDICINE.

"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c. at E. H. Miller's drug store. 1-1

DEATH AND BIRTH.

BY THE BARD OF KIMBERLY RUN.

Another year is dying, dying, One by one the moments flying, As though they anxiously are trying To see him die, To hear the funeral dirges sighing, "Goodbye! goodbye!"

Old year, thou hast grown chill and gray, Yet thy feeble steps brook no delay, But travel on both night and day To join the throng That perished every New Year day, For O, so long!

Hark! how the bells are sounding clear— A last "Good Night" to the dying year! Twere mete to sadly drop a tear And leave a sigh— 'Tis midnight, thou'rt no longer here. Old Year, goodbye!

And from the ebon folds of night, A child appears, so young, so bright, And we hail the babe with a glad delight.

We trust he'll bring To all God's creatures sorrows slight— Good morning!

We trust that while the days roll on, From morn till night, from night till morn, Square deal be shown to every one Throughout the land. May peace, prosperity and thee Go hand in hand.

Thou wilt be here through snow and sleet, 'Mid songs of birds and blossoms sweet, Through long bright days of summer heat, But just one year. Ere thy successor canst thee greet, Thou'lt disappear.

But this is Father Time's decree, Thus has it been, thus will it be From time until eternity. Come Death, come Birth, While sun and moon and stars look down Upon the earth.

THIS IS WORTH READING.

Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at E. H. Miller's drug store. 25c. 1-1

OFF HIS MIND.

"Do you know that I'm feeling a heap easier in my mind than I was a week ago?" said a Long Island farmer.

"Got the mortgage on your farm paid off?" was asked in reply.

"Noap. Haven't got any mortgage to pay off. I was in town last week with some stuff and heard two men talking about the Panama Canal. I had read something about it, but wasn't posted, and when they said it was to cost \$300,000,000, my hair stood up."

"Yes, that's the estimated cost," said the grocer.

"I went home and told the old woman and my son, Sam, I says to them, says I:

"Git ready for the poorhouse! Git ready for starvation! Git ready for paupers' graves! That Panama Canal is to cost \$300,000,000, and it will take the last pig's tail on our farm to pay for our share!"

"And their hair stood up?" queried the grocer.

"The old woman fainted dead away, but Sam he took it as cool as ice. He hunted around for a piece of chalk and went out to figger on the barn door. After an hour he came in with a grin on his face, and said:

"Dad, I've got it down plum fine, and there's no occasion to be skeered. Our share of that \$300,000,000 is only 'leven cents."

"You can't beat Sam on figgers. He'd gone over it a dozen times, and it was always 'leven cents. I gave one yell for joy and then I writ a letter to the President, enclosing our share, and rode three miles to mail it, and the blamed thing was off my mind forever. Yes, sir, I'm feeling fine as silk, and not a care on my mind, and afore I go home I'm going to look around a bit and buy Sam the best dollar jackknife in this hull town."—Ex.

Opportunities For Young Women.

The Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2219 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., offers free scholarships in trained nursing to young women in every state in the Union. The scholarships cover the full two years' course, with room, board, uniforms, laundering, etc., included, and railroad fare paid to home town or district upon the completion of the course.

A home study course and a short resident course are also provided, which quickly open the door to opportunity and enable progressive students to render a noble service to humanity, and at the same time acquire for themselves a substantial income from the best paid occupation now open to women; besides qualifying every student to deal with emergencies in the home that may mean the saving of a loved one's life.

Far-seeing philanthropists are adding to the resources of this school, with the view of ultimately extending these benefits to earnest, energetic young women in all country districts and in all the smaller towns and cities.

The institution is approved and endorsed by leading physicians and educators of the entire country. Some of the leading men of this state are its strong supporters and endorsers, as will be seen by the catalogue which will be sent to any one who writes to the school for it.

Marriage Licenses.

Since our last report: Benjamin Franklin Dunmeyer, of Somerset township, and Ida Lensbower, of Metal township, Franklin county. Herbert E. Shafer and Mary E. Brubaker, both of Hooversville.

Walter Hazey Althouse, of Pottsville, and Matilda Sullivan Snyder, of Somerset.

John H. Folk, of Garrett county, Md., and Fannie G. Livengood, of Elk Lick township.

Orlando Fork, of Indiana, Pa., and Ida Weaver, of Paint township.

The Dog Without a Tail.

A poor dog that had been so unfortunate as to lose his tail, met another dog who was still enjoying the use of all his bodily members.

"Accept my sympathy," said the one dog to the other.

"For what reason?" he asked.

"Because of your tailless condition," came the response.

"I thank you for your good intentions, but I assure you that I am not so much in need of sympathy as you imagine."

"And how can that be?"

"Because there are some advantages in having no tail. First, the boys can no longer tie tin cans to it. Second, I have less weight to carry, which is a great blessing to me when in a hurry. Third, I have no tail to be tramped upon when I am trying to take a nap in the kitchen."

Moral: Instead of brooding over your misfortune, look on the bright side of things.