

# The Somerset County Star.

VOL. XV.

SALISBURY, ELK LICK POSTOFFICE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1909.

NO. 14.

## A Sure Tip on Seven Small Ifs and a Big Cinch.



If you're a Merchant you favor Home Trade.  
If you favor Home Trade you'll fight for it.  
If you Fight For It Right you'll get it.  
If you get it you'll be Helping Yourself.  
If you help yourself you'll hurt the Mail Order Trade.  
If you hurt the Mail Order Trade you'll be wise.  
If you are wise You Will Advertise.  
If You Will Advertise in your Home Paper you'll get Home Trade.  
No "IF" about this last one—it's a CINCH.

## WANT COLUMN.

For Sale, For Rent, Lost, Found, Etc.

To THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF SOMERSET COUNTY.

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the nomination of Director of the Poor, and respectfully ask the support of the Republican voters at the coming Primary Election to be held on Saturday, June 5th. I filled this office some years ago, honestly and conscientiously, and am willing to be judged by the record then made.  
JACOB W. PECK,  
Summit Township.

Six Post Cards for 5c., at Egan's.

Ask my customers whether they ever knew me to fail in putting an Organ or Piano in good condition that I was called in to tune or repair. I have been doing work in Salisbury and vicinity for more than 17 years, and am willing to be judged by my work.  
CHAS. H. LANTZ.

Three packages Indian Corn Flakes, or 3 large bottles Blueing, or 2 large cans Veribest Pork and Beans for 25c., at Egan's.

It costs no more to get Lantz, the Reliable Tuner and Repairer, to tune or repair your Organ or Piano, than to hire it done by a mere pretender, although it's worth a good deal more.  
CHAS. H. LANTZ.

Timothy Seed, \$2.00 per bushel. Clover Seed, \$6.00 per bushel.  
H. C. SHAW.

Lantz, the Reliable Piano and Organ Tuner and Repairer, is still here and still busy.

Just received a fine lot of Lake Herring, at Egan's grocery.

Lantz, the Reliable Piano and Organ Tuner and Repairer, takes this means of thanking his many Salisbury patrons for the great amount of work they have been giving him during the past 17 years.

Egan sells 2 lbs of good Coffee for 25c.

Owing to the way orders keep pouring in for Piano and Organ Tuning and Repairing, I am still registered at the Valley House, and will remain as long as business remains as good in my line as present.  
CHAS. H. LANTZ,  
The Reliable Tuner.

Persian Dates, 7c. per lb., at Egan's grocery.

Where others fail in putting Organs and Pianos in good condition, Lantz always succeeds. A trial convinces the most skeptical.

A B. B. H. Special Watch, good time-keeper, guaranteed for one year, only 75c., at Egan's store.

It makes a big difference whether your Organ or Piano is tuned or repaired by a man who has learned his trade under workmen of long experience, or by one who has just gone to work at the business without experience and proclaimed himself a tuner and repairer. I have learned my trade under experts, and my 21 years of experience count for something.  
CHAS. H. LANTZ,  
The Reliable Tuner.

Cleaned and stemless Currants, only 9c. per lb., at Egan's grocery.

When you get the undersigned to tune or repair your high-priced Piano or Organ, you can rest assured that it will not be injured instead of being benefited. Some so-called tuners and repairers do an instrument more harm than good.  
CHAS. H. LANTZ.

WANTED!—Rents to collect, Deeds, Mortgages, Pension Vouchers, etc., to fill out and attest. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
P. L. LIVENGOOD,  
STAR OFFICE.

WANTED, MEN AND WOMEN TO SWEAR and affirm before the undersigned, when they have documents to which lawful affidavits are required. I also draw up all manner of deeds, leases, mortgages, etc., neatly and accurately, according to the requirements of the law. Typewritten work a specialty.

A full line of legal blanks always on hand.  
P. L. LIVENGOOD,  
Notary Public and Conveyancer.  
STAR OFFICE, Elk Lick, Pa.

The fearless and noble Haskell escapes trial on the ground that the grand jury which indicted him ought to have been composed of only sixteen men, under an old law applying to the Indian territory, instead of twenty-three that did return the indictment. Could anyone ask more convincing proof of his innocence?—Cleveland Leader.

Some of the newspapers and small fry preachers are again slopping over about the so-called divorce evil. The alleged divorce evil is not a very great evil, but the mismated matches of fools is a gigantic evil and menace to mankind. The kind of people who usually apply for divorces, do a better act by getting unmarried than they did by getting married. There are exceptions, of course, but they only prove the rule. Two fusing, racketing fools yoked together for life usually do more harm than they would do if divorced.

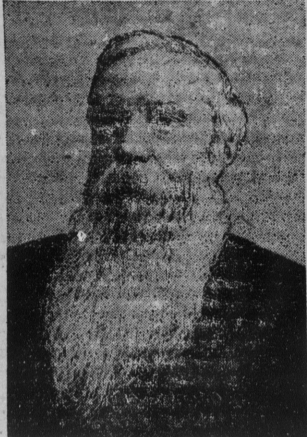
THE SALISBURY STAR approves of the Fayette county plan which makes an annual inspection of the premises of hotels applying for license and informs us that "some of Somerset county's hotels are little more than saloons, and in some cases very tough ones at that." The same condition obtained in Fayette county, until the judges assumed that under the law they had a right and it was their duty to pass upon the fitness of the hotel as well as the character of the landlord.—Connellsville Courier.

Thinks Vaccination Cause of Cancer.

New York, Jan. 30.—Dr. W. B. Clark, a well-known physician, insists that vaccination is the cause of cancer. He says:

"A cancer was practically unknown until cowpox vaccination began to be introduced. Cancer, I believe, is a disease of cell life, a disturbance of its equilibrium, manifested by the rapid growth of cells and the consequent building up of a tumor. I have had to do with at least 200 cases of cancer, and here declare that I never saw a case of cancer in an unvaccinated person.

"The way vaccination causes cancer is like this: It takes 21 years to make a man, and but four to make a cow, the former being of slow cell growth and the latter rapid. To put the rapid-growing cells, or protoplasm, of a diseased animal (in a condition of virulent infectious activity) into the slow-growing cells of man, is to disturb the equilibrium of cell life and create that disparity, disarrangement, and disorganization which, when the season for cancer comes late in life, results in cancer, if not tuberculosis earlier."



REV. E. S. JOHNSTON, D. D.

A Popular Salisbury Clergyman Who was Agreeably Surprised and Appropriately Remembered on His 75th Birthday.

Rev. E. S. Johnston, D. D., of this place, was very agreeably surprised last week. On Friday, April 9, 1909, this faithful minister was seventy-five years old and also had just about completed forty-nine years in the active ministry. As early as Wednesday, letters of congratulation began arriving, and by the end of the week, between three and four hundred were received by him. They came from all parts of the United States, from the North, East, South and West, from classmates, from former and present parishioners, from friends. They all brought a word of cheer and good will, and many contained nice sums of money as an expression of firm friendship. Besides the letters and money, he was the recipient of beautiful flowers, and his many friends of the town carried baskets of good things to the home. It surely must have proved a happy and blessed day to Dr. Johnston and his family.

Dr. Johnston is a noble and faithful minister in the Lutheran church, having served as pastor at Harrisburg, Emmitsburg, Md., Steyestown, Salisbury, and is at present pastor of the Wellersburg charge of this county. He is widely known and universally respected in the church, as attested by the fact that so many of his collaborators and ministers prominent in the church so kindly remembered him.

Although he is seventy-five years old, "his natural force is not abated." He walks as straight and spry as a man of forty, keeps all his appointments, and preaches with his old-time vigor and earnestness, which we always considered of the first order.

He is not old, regardless of his years, nor has he grown weary, although he has preached forty-nine years. He drives sixteen miles in rain and sunshine, storm and calm, to serve his people without any disappointments. To know him is to know how young he is; to be a parishioner is to know how faithful he is; to hear him is to know how excellent a preacher he is.

He and his noble companion have been residents of our town fourteen years, and the town never had better ones. Long may they live to enjoy each other's company, and to preach; and when they must vacate their happy home on Beachy avenue, may it be to become residents of a city not made with hands. We all want them to go to Heaven from Salisbury.

"I'D RATHER DIE DOCTOR, than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham, of Princeville, Ill., "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't!" said all doctors. Instead—he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns and Piles astounded the world. 25c. at Elk Lick Pharmacy. 5-1

Dangers of a Large Stomach.

The inclination of a normal healthy body, when depositing fat, is to deposit it uniformly through its various parts. Of course, the physical conformations of various persons may exhibit physical idiosyncrasies, but the general rule is toward the depositing of the fatty tissue in an even layer throughout the entire body, tending toward the harmonious development of every part.

An enlarged stomach indicates, on the part of its owner, lessened vital resistance. One possessing a defect of this nature finds it a great deal more difficult to recover from a disease of any kind. Even thin, emaciated individuals have less difficulty in recovering from ill health, than do those whose abdominal region is greatly enlarged.—Bernard Macfadden in April Physical Culture.

## A GRAND OLD MAN.

Editor's Grand Uncle, Elias Peck, Passes Away at Great Age of Nearly 94 Years.

THE STAR is informed by Ephraim Peck, of Falls City, Neb., that his father, Elias Peck, died on Monday, the 5th inst., at the ripe age of 93 years, 7 months and 29 days.

Elias Peck will be remembered by many of the older readers of THE STAR as one of the old-time residents of Elk Lick township who emigrated to Nebraska many years ago. He was a brother of the late John Peck, who died some years ago at the old Peck homestead in that part of Elk Lick township known as "the Peck corner," on the west side of Negro Mountain, which was cut off Addison township and annexed to Elk Lick a score of years ago.

Elias Peck was the last surviving member of his generation of the Peck family. His grandfather was one of the early settlers of Addison township, having located on Glade Run, near the "Big Spring," about the time that the Livengoods, Lichtys, Beachys, Keims and other pioneers whose numerous progeny are scattered all over the United States, located in Elk Lick township.

Elias was born August 7, 1815, on the old Wilhelm farm, in Elk Lick township. On September 1, 1839, he was married to Mary Klingaman, and they began their married life on a mountain farm in Addison township adjoining the original Peck homestead, which succeeded to his brother John.

In those days it was hard to wring more than a mere living from the rocky soil of old Addison, but by industry and thrift Elias Peck soon became recognized as a successful farmer. Soon after the close of the Civil War, he sold his mountain farm for a few thousand dollars and became a tenant on the old Flickinger and "Johnny" Buehley farms in Elk Lick and Summit townships. Under his management these farms were among the best tilled and most productive in Somerset county.

In the spring of 1873 Elias Peck ceased to be a tenant farmer, and with his family emigrated to Richardson county, Nebraska, whence his sons George and Noah had preceded him in 1871. He located about six miles north of Falls City, where he engaged in general farming with his sons Ephraim and Urias, until old age compelled him to retire. He was in excellent health almost throughout his more than four score and ten years, but the last decade of his life was spent in total blindness. Four days before his death he suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he could not recover on account of his advanced age.

Mr. Peck was an almost lifelong member of the Church of the Brethren, and was a Christian in practice as well as by profession. He was a good man, and just in his dealings with his fellow-men, as many can testify. He was laid to rest on April 7th, in the Silver Creek cemetery, by the side of his wife, who preceded him to the grave nearly 20 years ago. He is survived by four children, 40 grandchildren and 16 great grandchildren. His only surviving son is Ephraim Peck, at whose home he died, and where his declining years were passed. Three other sons, George, Noah and Urias, preceded him to the spirit land. The surviving daughters are Mrs. Ann Fike (widow of the late Samuel R. Fike) who lives about one mile south of Meyersdale, Pa.; Catherine, wife of S. W. Knisely, of Falls City, Neb.; and Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Fisher, of Curtis, Neb. One daughter, Susan, died in infancy. Mrs. Fike, the oldest of the surviving children, is in feeble health. Elders Jacob W. and Lewis A. Peck, of this county, are nephews of the deceased, who also had many other relatives residing in Somerset county.

The maternal grandmother of the editor of THE STAR, Mrs. Peter Lichty, who after Grandfather Lichty's death became the second wife of the late Abraham Maust, was a sister of Elias Peck. It is with sorrow that the editor chronicles the death of his revered grand uncle, who was a man among men, and whose influence for good will live long after his bones have moldered to dust.

THE BLANKS WE KEEP.

The following blanks can be obtained at all times at THE STAR office: Leases, Mortgages, Deeds, Judgment Bonds, Common Bonds, Judgment Notes, Receipt Books, Landlord's Notice to Tenants, Constable Sale Blanks, Summons Execution for Debt, Notice of Claims for Collection, Commitments, Subpoenas, Criminal Warrants, etc. tf

## IT STRUCK A SORE SPOT.

"As the feller says, says he, when a feller throws a stone in the dark, you never know who gets hit until you hear some feller or his wife or somebody else set up a howl." So runneth the saying of some wise guy or sage whose name we cannot now recall.

Two weeks ago THE STAR was apprized of the fact that C. W. Stotler had routed a gang of midnight poker players out of his stable. THE STAR mentioned no names, because the identity of the livery stable bums and pokerists had not been disclosed to us, although we were informed that the gang was partly made up of married men.

In commenting on the incident, THE STAR freely expressed its opinion of the kind of moral degenerates, especially married men, who prowl around stables and sheds at night, drinking, smoking and playing poker, to the utter neglect of their wives and children. We threw a stone in the dark, as it were, but it appears that a certain fellow got hit real hard, and likely in a tender spot, too, for it promptly brought forth the customary howl. And it came in the way that moral degenerates and mental weaklings usually resort to when pricked by a guilty conscience or suffering from a hard bat of solid, wholesome truth. The guilty, smitten fellow had his wife promptly notify the editor to cancel their subscription to THE STAR.

My, what a jolt! When the editor got the notice he immediately saw his financial finish. Visions of the wolf howling at his door, Sheriff sale bills and Constable "Barney" Krausse in law-business up to his ears—all these and many other dire calamities began to crowd themselves upon our mind. Even our big cylinder press began to groan and moan until it started in motion and kept going until the glider-fuke got a hot box, which caused the wopertychoke to be thrown out of gear, and then the main guy pole got balky and fell with a heavy thud upon the diags, knocking the flipper-flopper onto the snipper-snapper, which threw the gang plank out of joint and caught the hokus-pokus end of the dinner-wetter device and turned on power enough to make the big cylinder revolve at the rate of 999 revolutions per minute. The old press would be running yet, if we hadn't called in about a dozen strong farm hands to help us stop it, and the Lord only knows how much damage would have been done, and all because a pretty good woman, at the request of a worthless husband, chopped off their subscription to the local paper.

Ye gods! Myrtle, wouldn't it jar you? But we are not in the least angry. We could yank the little fool of a husband up before the court and make it interesting for him if we wanted to, for we know a good deal more now than we did two weeks ago. But we're not going to do so, out of pure pity. It's enough that he had to scoot out through the livery stable manure hole when Stotler raided the gang, getting his clothes smeared with manure in making his escape, and catching hades from his wife as a result thereof.

We have always been kind to the little "hubby" in this case, and we have no desire to do him an injury now. We once got him employment when he was unable to get a job in this entire region by his own efforts. Of course, he never appreciated it, and he took great pleasure in trying to deceive us on numerous occasions since, such as trying to make us believe that he was in sympathy with our candidacy for the Legislature, etc., all of which, however, never fooled us in the least. He thought he was "playing" us in fine style, but he was deceiving only himself. We knew all along that he didn't vote for us, and he didn't vote for President Taft, either. It isn't an easy matter for a simple mug, a Janus-faced nondescript, to fool old "Uncle Pete" of THE STAR. We sometimes pretend to be fooled, but inwardly we laugh at how the would-be deceiver is fooling himself.

Yes, we're always ready to help a fellow get employment when he's out of a job and wants work, but the recipients of such favors ought always treat their benefactors on the square. Furthermore, men who are good workers and in the habit of paying their honest debts, ought not offset the good qualities they have by being ingrates, livery stable gamblers, midnight prowlers and whisky drinkers. The chap we have particular reference to in this case, hasn't been able to look the editor squarely in the face since the published account of the livery stable incident met his gaze. His own conscience condemns him, and he knows in his own heart that it was the truth alone that offended him. His wife, who is ten

thousand times too good for such a man, instead of complying with his request to cancel their subscription, should have talked to him something like this: "If you want that subscription cancelled, go to Mr. Livengood's place of business like a man, and cancel it yourself. Don't try to hide behind the skirts of your wife. You are only offended at the truth, and you know it. Quit your poker playing, or I'll puke you. Mend your ways and be as decent and as honorable as you expect your wife to be, and if you do that you'll never feel hurt when THE STAR condemns gamblers, gambling, drinking and midnight prowling. And remember, Mr. Man, that there is no good reason why decent men should employ livery stable gamblers so long as there are so many more worthy men in need of employment."

That's the kind of medicine the wife in this case should have given the husband, instead of pleasing him by cancelling the subscription to the home paper, which ever did, does now, and ever will circulate the most in its locality where good homes, good fathers, good mothers and intelligent people are the most numerous. But we've scratched him off the list, and he never will be missed.

A Righteous Slap at Knepper and Floto.

In speaking of the latest murder committed in Somerset county, the Connellsville Courier makes the following truthful statement:

"Somerset has a murder mystery. Somerset has too many murders. It should have less murders and fewer mysteries. If its members of the Legislature had voted more favorably to the State Constabulary bill it might have fewer crimes of any kind."

The Courier also voices THE STAR's sentiments in the following:

"The defeat of the bill increasing the State Constabulary was generally regretted, but objections against it were two-fold, coming from those who would not consent to advancing the wages of the Constabulary, as well as from those who oppose the 'Cossacks' on general principles. The latter are composed chiefly of Democrats and labor politicians. Had the bill been more advanced, it might have been amended as to the increase of salaries, and successfully passed.

"The veteran statesman, Hon. Thomas V. Cooper, was ready to treble the present force of State Constabulary, because it had been a powerful factor in upholding the White Hand of law and order against the Red Hand of riot and the Black Hand of assassination.

"Those who voted against the bill because it provided for an increase in the pay of the State Constabulary did not take into consideration the hazardous character of the employment. The work of the Constabulary is worth all it was proposed to pay for it."

SWEPT OVER NIAGARA.

This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warnings—growing ripples and faster current—Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the Kidneys need attention if you would escape fatal maladies—Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see Backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c. at Elk Lick Pharmacy. 5-1

Not Our Own Boss.

How few of us are really our own boss! The married men are subject to their wives, the bachelors obey their landlady, the old maids cater to their cats and poodles, while all of us bow to the weak thing called opinion. We came into this world without our consent and leave it against our protest, and while here kick at everything that crosses our path, but all to no purpose. The world was on, not caring whether we live or die, laugh or cry, shout or sigh, till we turn up our toes and die, and then, maybe, to freeze or fry.—EX.

WORDS TO FREEZE THE SOUL.

"Your son has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, it's the safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c. and \$1.00. Elk Lick Pharmacy. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free. 5-1