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The Land of the Kurds.
 Kurdistan appeals to the archaeologist. It was ruled successively by the Persians, Macedonians, Parthians, Sassanians and Romans and is exceedingly rich in antiquarian remains, most of which are still unexamined. The Kurds are a wild, pastoral, partly nomadic people, are mostly Mohammedans and are very hostile to Christians, their cruel massacre of the Armenians being only too well known. Kurdistan belongs to both the Turkish and the Persian monarchies, though chiefly to the former.—London Chronicle.

Object of the Visit.
 "Did the titled foreigner call on you to ask your consent to his marriage with your daughter?"
 "I don't think so," replied Mr. Cumrox. "My impression is that he came to look me over and decide whether I was sufficiently good form to be invited to the wedding."—Washington Star.

He Got the Job.
 "I understand that you told my clerk you were seeking employment?"
 "Your clerk misinformed you. I told him I was looking for work."
 "Take off your coat."—Houston Post

Heat at the Persian Gulf.
 The Persian gulf and its coasts are in summer about the hottest place on earth's surface, a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade being not uncommon, while a black bulb solar thermometer has registered 157 degrees in the sun.
 When one remembers that the hottest room in a Turkish bath is usually kept at about 160 degrees the appalling nature of this Persian heat will be better realized.
 The greatest heat ever known in England was on Aug. 13, 1893, when a shade temperature of 95 degrees was registered. But on this day the sun temperature did not quite equal that of July 28, 1885, when 102 degrees F. was registered in the sun.
 When you consider facts like these it is difficult to believe that our planet receives only one two-thousand-millionth part of the rays flung out by the sun.—London Telegraph.

Odd Titles of Newspapers.
 In Columbus, says the Dispatch, there is a man whose chief joy is in a collection of newspaper titles.
 There are Headlights, Flashlights, Bees, Eagles, Owls, Mirrors and Newsletters, but when it comes to Derriks, Meddlers, Telescopes, Flags and Sunbeams the class is limited. In Hot Springs there is published the Arkansas Thomas Cat, and other titles just as unusual are the Sledge Hammer, the Irrepressible, the Silent Worker and Gall.
 Frequently it is possible to tell from the title of a newspaper the state in which it is published. For instance, the Chieftain is in Oklahoma, the Rustler and the Lariat are in Texas, Big Hole Breezes in Montana and the Roundup in Wyoming.

Attractive Automobiles.
 "So you are in the market for an automobile?"
 "Yes," answered the man who likes to attract attention.
 "Any particular make?"
 "No; I merely want one that will make people turn round and stare at me when I pass."
 "Oh, you don't need a special type for that. Get the ordinary car and exceed the speed limit."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Careful Hubby.
 "Does your husband subscribe to the theory that kissing transmits germs?"
 "No; he thinks that germs are mostly transmitted by money and is very careful not to hand me any."—Kansas City Journal.

Woodmen Grow Obsolete.
 A steam operated sawing machine fells more trees in an eight hour day than thirty woodmen. It works close to the ground and leaves no stumps standing.—Popular Science Monthly.

******* PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT. *******

Cancer Dangers.
 It is a well established fact that moles, warts and scars are prone to degenerate if subjected to repeated irritation, especially in the evening of life, says the Therapeutic Gazette. These abnormalities should be kept under intelligent observation and if they display any activity or arouse an unusual sensation should be immediately put in the hands of the surgeon for speedy excision.
 The senile keratoses, so common on the skin of the old; the little wartlike excrescences and little scurf patches so frequent on the faces and the hands, offer peculiar advantage for the development of epithelioma. They have been called "halfway houses" on the road to malignancy. They should be subjected to no avoidable irritation and, above all, should not be "treated" with the meddlesome notion of cleaning them up. They should be handled with gloves as if were, and gently carried along to a quiet end.
 The pressure of nose glasses has been sufficient to excite such a skin (of the old) to perverse activity. The pressure of a tight band and has served to arouse the latent fury of an old and disregarded birthmark. Bear this in mind, particularly old persons, and guard against any irritation of the skin.

Leaves of the Poison Ivy.
 No doubt just a picture of poison ivy is enough to cause some folks to shudder and remember the time their face and body became scarlet and swollen from contact with the leaves. How it itched and burned! Yet to rub it was only to make matters worse.
 A curious fact is that some persons are immune from this poison, while others must not even breathe the pollen of the plant. It is often confounded with the Virginia creeper, although the difference between this is distinct. The leaves of the latter are divided into five leaflets, while those of the former have but three, a fact well worth remembering.
 Strange enough, the witch hazel plant is sometimes found growing close to the poison ivy. As witch hazel extract is one of the best remedies for ivy poisoning it would seem nature was holding out disease in one hand and a remedy in the other.
 True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.—Pitt.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Fill Whatever Job You Hold to the Best of Your Ability.

"In climbing the ladder of success what have you learned that you could pass on as aid to other struggling young men?" I asked H. P. Davison of J. F. Morgan & Co. "Did you conceive any shining goal and bend everything to getting there?"
 "No," he replied emphatically. "Whatever job I had was to me always the very best job in the world, and I tried to fill it. I made no elaborate plans for the future. If I had any system in my labor it was first to do my own work; second, to teach the fellow below me how to take my place; third, to learn how to fill the position ahead of me."

"Boys and young men should not imagine that their work is so unimportant that nobody takes note of how they do it. It does not take long to find out whether a boy is on his toes watching how he can best be of help in a situation or whether he merely sits down and waits to be told what to do. The simple virtues of willingness, readiness, alertness and courtesy will carry a boy farther than mere smartness."

"Perhaps it will not be out of place for me to describe an incident which may carry a lesson for the young men you are anxious to help. One day when I was teler a customer offered me a very fine gold pen. I went right into the office and asked if this man had any loan from the bank. I explained that he had asked me to accept the gift. The bank promptly acted, and it was not long before the fellow was in bankruptcy. The simple course I took saved the bank a good deal of money."—B. C. Forbes in Leslie's.

EQUINE ARTFUL DODGERS.

Deafness and Lameness That Are Just Pure Bluff.

We all know, of course, the livery nag who pretends to be deaf. You tell him to "get up" and he getteth not up; you chuck to him, and he accelerateth not his pace. Is he deaf? Not he. You know, by a certain rolling of his eye and wiggling of his ears, that he hears you perfectly well. His deafness is pure bluff. It is like the lameness which some shrewd old nags sometimes put on.

Will a horse pretend to be lame when he is not? Some horses certainly will. Two or three years ago the Nomad was driving a livery nag on a road in Vermont, when the animal suddenly began to limp terribly; couldn't go off a slow walk. It was pretty serious, for a journey of about twenty miles had just been begun. Knowing a man on the road who was a practical horseman, the Nomad drove up to his door and submitted the animal to the expert's examination. The man looked at the horse's feet, examined his legs—looked him over thoroughly. "Did the horse go all right when you started out?" he asked. Yes; the horse had gone all right for three or four miles. "Well," said the expert, "this horse is shamming; there is nothing the matter with him."

Then he addressed some plain language to Dobbin, advising him with some sharpness to cut it all out and go along as he ought to. The Nomad touched the horse with the whip, and he trotted on to the end of the journey without the slightest limp.—Nomad in Boston Transcript.

Swearing on the Bible.
 The method of swearing by the Bible came into use at a very early period, practically with the establishment of courts of law in Christian countries. It was the ordinary method of swearing when America was settled by Europeans and was naturally adopted here. Oaths were common before the Christian era, and any form may be used that conforms to the religious belief of the person to be sworn. He brews are often sworn on the Pentateuch, keeping on their hats, and their oath ends with the words, "So help me, Jehovah." A Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran.—Philadelphia Press.

He Made the Sale.
 "Yes, the property is cheap enough. Why do you want to sell it?"
 "You won't give me away?"
 "No."
 "Well, sir, it's because I'm the only man in this neighborhood that doesn't move in high society, and I'm lonesome."—Chicago Tribune

Sample.
 "George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.
 "I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.
 "Just a little sample of married life," suggested father.—Cleveland Leader.

A Biting Sentiment.
 You have to be careful even about paying compliments. Bill Mixer, who used to write ads. for a tobacco house, got himself in bad when he started writing copy for a butter concern and wrote "Guaranteed not to bite the tongue."—Boston Globe.

A Real Autocrat.
 "Here's the photograph of a famous maitre d'hotel. He has a stern and haughty look."
 "Hasn't he, though? I dare say that fellow wouldn't unbend for any tip less than a \$100 bill."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Car on the Brain.
 "Do you know how to handle an emergency?"
 "Is that going to be one of the new makes?"—Baltimore American.

The feeble howl with the wolves, bray with the asses and bleat with the sheep.—Roland.

THE BUDLONG PAPERS

They Contained Valuable Documents

By ETHEL HOLMES

Mary Hartwell was twenty years old when her mother died. Her father had died several years before, leaving a business much tangled. It had not been settled, and Mrs. Hartwell had not received any regular income from it since her husband's death, though she had been paid from time to time small sums to keep her from absolute want.

After her mother's death Mary proposed to accept the situation of a woman doomed to work for her living and began by closing out the remnants of former times. She and her mother had remained in their home, now Mary proposed to leave it, and the first thing to be done in preparation was to clear out family belongings that had accumulated for years.

Mary went to the attic and looked about her at the confusion and profusion of miscellaneous articles. There were discarded furniture, pictures, empty picture frames, rugs, fenders and irons—indeed, every conceivable article. There were boxes and trunks, some empty, some half filled, some full. The sight was discouraging, but Mary resolutely went to work to separate the whole into groups to be disposed of in different ways.

In one of the boxes she found some old bedding, consisting of blankets and pillows. She removed them and was thinking that she had emptied the box when, feeling in the bottom, her hand touched a bundle wrapped in paper. Taking it out, she shook off the dust and revealed written on the wrapper, "Budlong Papers."

She had never heard of any one by the name of Budlong, nor had she seen a handwriting like that in which the indorsement was written. She unwrapped the cover and revealed a number of yellow papers. She opened and glanced at several of them, which turned out to be receipted bills. There was also that part of checkbooks which comprised the stubs of checks, a lot of accounts current and some legal documents.

Mary concluded that the papers pertained to the affairs of some one by the name of Budlong and that their value had long since passed away. Rewrapping them, she tossed the bundle on to a pile of papers meant for burning.

That night before going to sleep she fell to thinking of these papers. They reminded her of the ongoing of all things. There had been some one of the name of Budlong whose existence and daily doings were represented by these accumulating records. Budlong, whoever he was, doubtless in due time passed away, the evidences of his existence were transferred from a desk in use and finally found a resting place in the bottom of a box in a garret and covered with worn-out bedclothing. Truly a tombstone is not the only reminder of one who has lived and moved, earned and spent money on the face of the earth.

The next day Mary turned over the contents of the garret to a dealer in secondhand furniture and carried the old papers down to the furnace for burning. She was about to throw the Budlong papers into the roaring flames when she paused. Somehow she had not the heart to incinerate the remains of the individual's busy existence. Laying the bundle aside, she threw in the other papers, then took it upstairs and put it on a shelf in a closet among articles the disposition of which she had not decided upon.

Mary had a second cousin, Horace Drummond, who had manifested a fancy for her. Indeed, he had sounded her on the possibility of their joining the current of their lives and fighting the battle of life together. But Drummond had nothing but a meager salary and Mary had already experienced a foretaste of poverty, and remembering that marriage means a multiplication of articles necessary to comfortable existence, she blocked her relative's way to a proposal.

There was another reason why such a union would not be advisable. Edgar Drummond, Horace's father, was a broken down man of business over whose record hung a cloud. What that cloud was Mary did not know, though she did know that the elder Drummond had been charged by his business partner with having defrauded him, had been put out of the firm and had never since been sufficiently trusted to enable him to gain a fresh start. Horace had been given to understand that the swindle had been on the other side—that the partner had ruined his father in order to secure the whole instead of half the profit on a very valuable purchase the firm had made.

Horace Drummond, having a father to support, was certainly not in a position to marry. He did not know, however, what a deprivation his being unable to do so was to Mary. He was not only acceptable to her personally but she did not take kindly to living a single life and earning her daily bread. Horace was willing to accept the responsibilities that would accrue to him, but Mary gave him to understand that so long as his father was an incumbrance on him it would be unwise for him to take a wife. Mary, who had been well educated

secured a position as a teacher and settled down to the work of instructing children. Horace visited her occasionally. When two persons desire to marry and are prevented by obstacles in most cases either the obstacles are removed or they marry in spite of them. Naturally both Mary and Horace looked forward to a day when they would be able to marry with a fair prospect of providing the necessities required, but the prospect was not encouraging.

One evening Horace called on Mary and seemed very much aggrieved. He said that the transaction on account of which his father had been unjustly disgraced was turning out to be immensely profitable. Mr. Drummond was entitled to one-half of the proceeds, but there was no prospect of his ever being vindicated, to say nothing of reaping his legitimate profits.

"Just think," said Horace ruefully, "had it not been for the rascality of old Haskins you and I could now be married and living in clover."

"What was the nature of the transaction?" Mary asked.

"It was a patent right. The patent was offered to the firm of Drummond & Haskins by the inventor. My father approved of it, but Haskins declared that he would never put money into a patent right. Father was informed by the inventor that another party had agreed to furnish the money needed for introduction and development. Haskins was away at the time. Father assumed the responsibility of buying the right for the firm. When Haskins returned he claimed that father had used the firm's money for his own individual purposes, which was embezzlement. Father had taken the preliminary steps in his own name, but had made the contract in the name of the firm in duplicate, one copy of the firm, the other for the inventor. Haskins got hold of the preliminary agreement and the contract. He withheld the latter and produced the former, which alone laid father liable criminally."

"What became of the contract drawn for the inventor?" asked Mary.

"He died while the trouble was first broached. Father asked his widow for it, but she fell under the influence of Haskins or probably was offered an inducement to withhold it. Father's lawyer got out a search warrant to look for it, but the woman must have been warned, because all her husband's papers had been removed from the house."

"It seems to me," said Mary thoughtfully, "that my father had something to do with that matter."

"Your father and mine being cousins and very fond of each other, it is quite likely. Father has told me that your father learned where the papers had been hidden and got possession of them, but he did so illegally and was obliged to hide them to avoid being prosecuted criminally. It was intended that when he could do so in safety they would be produced. But when the time came they were not in the hiding place where he had put them. He believed that some one in Mrs. Budlong's interest had stolen them."

"Budlong!" said Mary. "I have seen or heard that name somewhere."
 "Possibly you heard your father mention it when talking of this matter."
 During the rest of Horace's visit Mary could not get the name Budlong out of her head. She went to bed that night trying to remember when and where she had known it. So intent on it was she that she remained awake till she heard the deep tones of a town clock strike the hour of midnight; then suddenly she remembered the Budlong papers.

Throwing off the covers, she jumped out of bed.

Mary had packed a trunk of odds and ends that she did not care to part with and had carried them away with her when she left her home. Having now but one room, this trunk and the one used for her clothing were kept in it. Lighting a lamp, she opened the trunk first named and, getting out the bundle of papers, opened it and spread the contents on the table. By 1 o'clock she had opened and read many papers. A few minutes after 1 she opened one which proved to be a contract for the sale of certain patent rights to the firm of Haskins & Drummond.

Mary went back to bed, but not to sleep. She could hardly wait for day to come, so eager was she to carry the news to Horace that she had found the missing contract.

The next morning Horace Drummond was awakened by a maid, who informed him that Miss Hartwell was below and wished to see him on a very important matter. He arose, made a hasty toilet and went down to the living room. There stood Mary with beaming eyes holding out to him a paper. As soon as he had read enough of it to realize what it was he sprang forward, clasped her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

It was some time before Horace could bring himself to a condition of quiet to listen to the story of the Budlong papers. Indeed, he only received at the time a meager account, so eager was he to carry the news to his father.

How the papers came to be in the box in the garret, whether Mr. Hartwell placed them there and forgot having done so or whether some member of his family, having come upon them, tossed them into the box, not knowing what they were, was never explained.

Haskins was prosecuted by Drummond for conspiracy, but the charge was withdrawn in settlement of the ownership of the patent right, three quarters of which went to Drummond. Horace and Mary were married, and the groom's father settled a fortune on his son and his son's wife jointly. Mary says that a case of father-in-law is by no means to be dreaded.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA