

His Dilemma

As Dr. Robert Mathew mounted the steps of the big State hospital that evening in July a wheeze of lingering chloroform wafted out on the warm night air. He swung open the wide screened door, drew his key from the desk in the corridor and proceeded swiftly down the white enameled hallway toward his room. It had been a hard day on him and the thought alone of a good night's sleep was refreshing. As he passed the long row of private rooms his heart seemed to skip a beat. For a brief moment he stopped before room 10 and drew a deep breath. Just behind that thin little white enameled door sat his sweetheart, Nurse Annie Carter.

Wild, jealous imaginings raced through his brain.

"I'd like to kill him, I would," he muttered to himself. "Lying in there having my little Annie attend him eight long hours a day—and in the end steal her heart away from me. I've seen her show more interest in that case than—" Doctor Mathew, in the midst of his musings heard the light pattering of footsteps coming down the stairway just around the corner and hastened on his way.

In a second he found himself face to face with Annie Carter.

"Robert," she said, an anxious look in her big blue eyes. "Doctor Mathew, I mean," she corrected herself, suddenly realizing she was on duty. "Mr. Morrissey is very ill. Doctor Bradley says he must be operated on at once—and you—" She looked at him pleadingly.

Doctor Mathew never before realized her eyes held such a depth of emotion behind them.

"I am to do it, I suppose?" he asked almost sneeringly.

"Yes," she answered simply. The tall young doctor turned as though to go, but her little detaining hand on his shoulder held him unconsciously.

"You will, won't you? I know you've had a hard day of it, but there's no one I've confidence in like you. Doctor Bradley has been up two nights and I fear his hand is a little shaky; will you?"

The call in her eyes was so great for the young doctor in love with this sweet little girl and so he succumbed to her wish.

"I'll do it, Annie dear—even though it's to my own disadvantage," he answered simply.

One hour later, when the night nurses had come on duty and the operating room had been prepared under the personal supervision of Miss Annie, as the other nurses called her, Doctor Mathew's patient was wheeled in.

"Won't take but a few minutes," the doctor assured him, and with one long, lingering look of confidence Mr. Craig Lawrence Morrissey, the popular novelist, was soon in the land of ether dreams.

Doctor Mathew worked with utmost care, but very swiftly. Only once during the tedious probing did his thoughts wander to anything malicious. It was when he had taken the swab Annie carefully handed him and had noted a tear perilously near the edge of her eyelid.

"Just one little slip and then—" But Doctor Mathew cut the thought short and forced himself to look upon his patient as one of the hundred he operated on each week. Not for a moment again would he allow himself ever to entertain such a thought.

When the operation was over and the patient moved to his room below, Annie kept silent watch all night long. Once she thought he had taken a bad turn and notified the office.

"We'll send for his people," said Mary Ryan, the desk clerk, in reply to Doctor Mathew's warning.

It was then a new light was thrown on the situation, and there was a new subject for the nurses to gossip over for weeks to follow.

Miss Ryan of the desk had sent a special messenger to the Hotel Lamonte to ascertain the whereabouts of Craig Lawrence Morrissey's relatives. He kept a bachelor suite at that hotel and had come from "somewhere in the West."

Little Jimmy Doonan, the hospital runner, returned with a message written by the hotel clerk.

Doctor Mathew carefully unfolded the paper and read:

"Craig Lawrence Morrissey only a non-de plume; his real name is Charles Carter, from Indianapolis. Only living relative is a sister, whose whereabouts is unknown, as Mr. Craig left home at sixteen. He himself has been trying to find his sister since his return from London three years ago. Anything I can do, please let me know. Faithfully,
"JEROME MYERS,
"Hotel Lamonte."

Annie gave a little hysterical scream which echoed far down the corridor. Then in a second, her face as white as her spotless uniform, she rushed toward the room where her brother was lying ill.

"Don't," commanded Doctor Mathew, as he caught her by the arm; "the

shock may do him harm," he added by way of convincing her.

Needless to say, Annie slept not a wink that night. Now at last she realized what the attraction had been all along. It had been a sort of sisterly feeling she had toward this handsome young man, and Doctor Mathew had mistaken her attentions for something deeper.

He was ashamed of himself, too, when he realized it.

Early the next morning Doctor Mathew broke the news ever so gently to Craig. There was a wonderful scene between Annie and her long-lost brother.

"Doctor Mathew," Craig breathed softly, "how can I ever thank you for the way you cared for me? I—" but Doctor Mathew, his customary smile of good humor spreading across his tanned face, took Craig's hand within his own and smiled. "By being my best man next month when Annie and I are married."

"If shocks could kill," began Annie smilingly, but Craig was looking directly at Doctor Mathew, and Annie knew he was waiting to speak.

"Congratulations, old man," Craig said, extending his hand, but Doctor Mathew heard only slightly what he said further. He was thinking of the old slogan of his college professor. It came back to him more vividly than ever tonight. "All good deeds have their reward somewhere at some time; all bad ones never climax."—Annie O'Keefe, in Chicago American.

To Can Pears.

Pare the fruit, cut in halves, and remove cores, retaining the stems. Make a sirup of one cupful of sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Skim, add pears, and cook until tender. Sterilize jars and covers, and with silver fork place pears in jar. Fill jar to overflowing with hot sirup. Adjust rubber and cover and tighten securely at once. Bartlett pears are the best for canning. To can pears by the cold-pack method, blanch the fruit a minute or two, plunge in cold water, and pack closely in jars. Cover with hot sirup, place covers loosely in position, and after water in boiler has reached boiling point, sterilize 20 minutes.

Crown Roast of Pork.

Take four pounds of the rib part of pork loin cut in one piece, separate all the ribs without detaching them; roll the ribs into a crown shape, leaving the space in the center, skewer up or tie with a string to keep the meat in good shape. Then place it in a baking pan with three tablespoonfuls of butter, put the pan in the oven to roast, during which time add some more stock as that in the pan reduces, and take care that the meat is kept basted well during the cooking. When cooked, take up the meat and put it on a hot platter and pour around boiled green peas. Garnish with parsley and trim each chop with a paper frill.

Spiced Plums.

Make a sirup, allowing a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and a scant pint of vinegar to every three pounds of sugar. To each peck of plums allow one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of mace, one tablespoonful of allspice. Prick each plum, add the spices to the sirup, and pour the latter, boiling hot, over the fruit. Let the whole stand three days, then skim out the plums, boil down the sirup until quite thick and pour in hot oven the plums. Set away in a stone jar.

Wrap With Newsprint Paper.

Newsprint paper is being used extensively as wrapping paper in South America, according to the commerce department, which points out that since the outbreak of the war there has been a heavy increase of such exports from the United States to Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador. Newsprint is admitted free into these countries, and, with the rise in price of all other grades of paper, retailers have found it the cheapest kind that they can obtain for wrapping purposes.

To Change Tokyo's System.

A plan is on foot to place the Japanese capital under direct supervision of the minister of home affairs, according to the East and West News. At present there is divided responsibility between the governor of Tokyo prefecture and the home minister. With its population of 2,000,000 Tokyo is governed under the same system as a town of 30,000 inhabitants. This new municipal system will be submitted to the diet at its next session.

About Jelly Making.

Honey can be substituted for sugar in making jelly. Either too much sugar or too long cooking sometimes causes the formation of crystals in jelly. Fruit juices should be brought to the boiling point rapidly in making jelly

FISH IS A SPLENDID FOOD

Rich in Protein, Mineral Salt and Phosphorus—Stale Fish Cause Ptomaine Poisoning.

Under the heading of sea food come fish, shellfish, crabs, lobsters, clams and oysters.

Fish may be divided into two classes—fresh and salt water. Some well-known varieties of fresh-water fish are white fish, black and rock bass, perch, lake, mountain and brook trout. Cod, haddock, halibut, flounder, smelts, salmon, bluefish, mackerel and shad are of the sea.

Fish is rich in protein, mineral salt and phosphorus. It spoils very quickly and so must be used while in perfect condition. It is easy to digest, especially when boiled. Fish must be firm, particularly along the backbone. The gills should be red and bright, the eyes full and clear. Discard the fish with sunken eyes. Stale or decayed fish causes ptomaine poison.

Crabs and lobsters are coarse feeders, with flesh that is coarse in texture and hard to digest. They spoil rapidly after death; crabs must be alive when cooked, and live lobster is as necessary. Do not use them if they are dead. Ptomaine poisoning is sure to follow.—Exchange.

A TEST OF STRENGTH



The Plump Mrs. Portly—I hear that Mrs. Hollowneck's husband has left her for a younger woman. I'd like to see the man that would throw me over.

The Meek Mr. Portly—Some champion weight-lifter might do it, but it would be a job.

Knit Practical Gifts.

Women waste much time in fancy work which is neither beautiful enough to make it praiseworthy nor serviceable to make it practical. The knitting hysteria which has swept the country will do more than anything else to show how much good their work can be put to in making things worth while, and so help them to stop their everlasting time wasting on little things which amount to nothing, says an exchange.

Knit red and yellow and purple sweaters and labor upon them in your machine and at your tea parties, and at the theaters and concert halls—and work night and day.

This is the right attitude toward the war, especially when there are so many hundreds of thousands of boys over in the chill and cold, suffering for sweaters and helmets and stockings.

Destruction of Verdun.

A British Red Cross official, referring to a recent visit to the western front, says: "Of Verdun itself it is almost unnecessary to speak except to say that all the written accounts one has seen pale before the actual scene. The town itself reminds one of Pompeii. From the forts above one sees for miles earth churned into dust, trees shattered to ribbons, and not even a whole brick where houses stood. Town after town is completely destroyed, thousands of square miles of the richest land in the world are absolutely sterile and sown with unexploded shells, which make cultivation impossible. But the greatest tragedy of all is poor Reims, perhaps one of the finest towns of its size in Europe. It seems hardly possible that it could ever be rebuilt, so complete and appalling is its destruction. The lowest estimate of the cost of the damage is £40,000,000 in this town alone."

Thought "Misery" Good Name.

Marion had her own ideas about proper associates, but so did her sister, and they differed. One day Marion, hearing sounds of laughter in the back yard of her house, rushed out to join the fun. She found Margaret romping with a motley looking assortment of playfellows, and much disgusted, returned to the house at once. "Mother," she exclaimed when she got in, "don't you think that child ought to be called 'Misery'?" "Why, Marion, what in the world makes you say that?" "Well, mother, they say misery loves company, and that child certainly does love company."

CARELESS LIVING.

The Awful Toll It Takes in Needlessly Shortened Careers.

There are more than 600,000 preventable deaths in the United States every year. There are a million and a half people lying on sick beds in the United States any day in the year who should not have been there. Such are the declarations made in the University of California Journal of Agriculture by the distinguished economist Irving Fisher, professor of political economy in Yale university.

"Human life is needlessly shortened at least fifteen years in the United States," declares Professor Fisher. "Moreover preventable diseases, even when not fatal, cripple the power to work and mar the joy of living. I venture the opinion," he says, "that the average man or woman in the United States is not doing half of the work nor having half of the joy of work of which the human being is capable."

While there is now a decreased loss of life from infection by the germ diseases, there is an increased loss of life after middle age from the degenerative diseases, such as hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Neglect of individual hygiene is declared by Professor Fisher the chief cause of this degeneration, and he urges every one to observe absolute cleanliness, to eat the proper foods, to sleep hard, but to play and rest and sleep, too, and to avoid worry.

"The secret of life and of happiness," says Professor Fisher, "seems to be in taking one's life and work cheerfully. Almost any one can assume this attitude if the proper desire is present."

CADETS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

Heroism of Gallant Little Band of Mexican Schoolboys.

The defense of Chapultepec during the war between the United States and Mexico in 1847 was almost as gallant as was the attack. In this attack forty-eight Mexican cadets, among others, lost their lives. The story is a stirring one.

For many years the celebrated castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding groves of cypress, where during nearly three centuries lived the successive viceroys of Spain and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the place by storm and General Bravo had surrendered, a Mexican cadet only fifteen years old, seeing the flag of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, climbed the flag-staff, tore the banner from its place, wound it around his body and slid down, intending to plunge over the precipice in order to save the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

That act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrapped about him, fought until he was cut to pieces. Forty-eight of these schoolboys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the hill. Year after year the cadets of Chapultepec strewn flowers upon the grave.—Los Angeles Times.

Finger and Toe Nails.

Finger nails and toenails are only another phase of the development of man from the animal that originally walked on four feet. Animals that walk on all fours use the finger and toe coverings, which in man is the nail, to scratch in the ground, to attack enemies and to climb with, and our nails of the present day are what the development of man into a civilized being has changed them to. At that there are still uses for finger nails and toenails, or man in his changing to a higher plane would have found a way to develop away from them, says the "Book of Wonders." They are useful today in making our fingers and toes firm at the end and enable us to pick up things more easily. The time may come when man will have neither finger nails nor toenails.

Livingstone's House Preserved.

Measures have been taken by the British government to preserve the remains of Dr. David Livingstone's house at Kolobeng, or Kolobeng, Bechuana-land, and the graves in its vicinity. Here Dr. Livingstone lived as a missionary among the Bechuana before setting out upon his great journeys of exploration. With the aid of the native chief, Sechele, the ruins of the house have been fenced and protected by a shed, and the site is to be kept clear of jungle and placed under the care of the headman of a neighboring village.—Scientific American.

Quick Returns.

At a Princeton reception a young sophomore said to the English poet Alfred Noyes: "After I graduate I want to go into some business that promises quick returns." "Try magazine writing, my boy," he said.—Detroit Free Press.

Tomatoes and Grapes.

An Italian grape grower accidentally discovered that the presence of tomato plants in his vineyard made short work of the phylloxera, with which his vines were infested. This insect destroys both the root and the stem of the grapevine.

Never Fails.

Bob (looking at the menu)—What is an omelet surprise? Roo—The surprise comes when you get your check.—Town Topics.

Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.—Prentice.

Condensed Statement CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

OF MEYERSDALE, PA.
At Close of Business June 20th, 1917

RESOURCES	
Loans and Investments	\$829,301.57
U. S. Bonds	80,000.00
Banking House	30,200.00
Due from Banks and Reserve Agents	308,099.70
Cash	106,728.53
Total	\$1,354,329.80
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$ 65,000.00
Surplus and Profits	143,741.41
Circulation	64,400.00
Deposits	1,061,188.39
Total	\$1,354,329.80

OUR GROWTH THE PAST YEAR.
June 30th, 1916 \$1,023,623.01
December 27th, 1916 1,143,436.97
June 20th, 1917 1,354,329.80

SHOWS GAIN OF—
\$120,000.00 June to December, 1916
211,000.00 December, 1916, to June, 1917
331,000.90 Gain in the past 12 months.

The Citizens National Bank
"The Plan With The Clock With The Million"

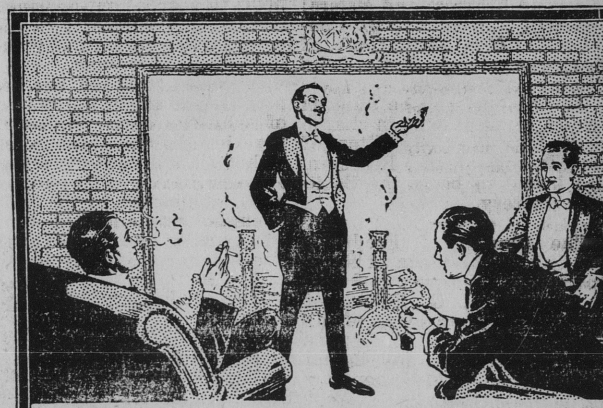
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