

Beneath His Station

By R. RAY BAKER
(Copyright.)

THE old man leaned forward and rested a hand on a knee of his son. They sat before a fireplace in which a snapping blaze was struggling against a fall chill.

The old man? He was not that when you came to a closer inspection. He looked old, seated as he had been in the shadows, for his silver hair was all that was really distinct in the dusk. But now, when he leaned toward his son, the flickering flame gave his cheeks a youthful tinge.

There were wrinkles, but not deep. One would take it he had led a free and easy life, until gradually the impression formed that there was something about him denoting a sorrow. Possibly it was his eyes.

"It's up to you, Paul," he said in a voice that was singularly soft and pleasing. "I would not try to argue you out of this marriage, but I want to warn you to be sure you are not making a mistake—as I did once, I regret to say."

"I am sure, father," the son said, with a note of finality, "I love this girl of the wilderness."

"But your station in life," his father insisted. "This girl cannot be your social equal. You say she and her mother live in a shanty in the woods near Cedar Creek, where you spent your vacation. They must be crude people."

"She's as good and a lot better than most of the girls in my station of life," Paul said. "I did not see her mother, for I never could get Anne to invite me to their home. In fact, it is not her mother, Anne told me. Rather it is her adopted aunt. Anne is really the daughter of the sister of the husband of the sister of the woman she calls mother—if you can grasp that."

"They live in the woods from choice. Anne's father was wealthy and left a large amount of money to his daughter; and Anne insisted on sharing it with the woman she now calls mother. Because they love the woods and choose to live in them—that does not indicate a low station, does it? And what if it does? I love Anne."

"It all sounds very rosy, this love talk," observed his father, and there was a touch of bitterness in his voice, "but it doesn't always work out that way. Look at my own case. Your mother was a lovely good girl, but she had not been educated to my ways of thinking. Like this girl you think you love, she was fond of the woods and she wanted me to spend my life in them. I would not have reconciled myself to it, because they love the noise and bustle of the city. The silence of the woods drives me frantic. But I consented to try and built a habitation in the woods; not a modern structure, as I desired, but a rustic log house to suit your mother's fancy. I could not endure the solitude and finally one night we quarreled; and a terrible quarrel it was! In fairness to your mother, whom I loved in spite of our incompatibility, I must say that I was the cause of most of the quarreling."

"The next morning I left the house with you," he went on. "I sneaked out of the cabin with you bundled in a blanket before Ethel, your mother, was awake. I did not return for three months, and when I did, repentant, I found nothing but ashes to mark the spot where we had tried to live. And never was I able to get a trace of your mother."

The son was silent several minutes.

"I know you mean well, father," he finally said. "But I love this girl, I am sure of it; and, besides, I love nature, too, so we ought to get along."

It was Paul's wedding day, and he was on his way to claim his bride from the forest. His father was with him.

"I said my say, and you've made your choice, son," he said. "It is for you to decide. And of course I'm going to be present when my son is married, even if it should be in the center of the African jungles."

So they packed traveling bags and took a train for the wilderness. At Cedar Creek they disembarked and set out on foot through a path in the woods.

Two hours of walking brought them to a clearing, where a log house sent a thin wreath of smoke heavenward. It was a small hut, but it looked inviting, an island in a sea of flowers and vines.

"This is the place," Paul announced. "I had never seen it, but I received good directions in my last letter." His face was lighted up expectantly.

From the door of the hut rumped a laughing girl, clad in a blue blouse, short khaki skirt and leggings. In the doorway behind her appeared a tall, handsome brunette of middle age.

Paul clasped the girl in his arms but suddenly she broke away.

"I must introduce you to mother, and I must meet your father," she said, turning toward the hut, to stop dead still, amazement shining from her big, bright eyes.

"Well, would you look at mother!" she cried, and Paul turned to stare in astonishment that equaled or surpassed hers.

For Paul's father and Anne's mother had followed the example of the young people and were hugging each other tightly, while she repeated over and over the one word "George" and he was saying "Ethel."

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

Mary Graham Bonner
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OLD NORTH WIND

"We'll start," said old Mr. North Wind. "at one end of the city, and we'll give a parade."

The others did not know at first what a storm parade meant, but old Mr. North Wind explained what he had been suggesting to them lately.

"You see," he said, "we'll start to blow and roar and storm at one end of the city."

"The other end will be perfectly free from the storm, but gradually, little by little, we will work our way right through the city."

"Ah, won't we have a joke on the earth people! They will say: 'Oh, see the storm! Isn't it strange? It's hailing here, and down the street there is no sign of a storm; not even a snowflake is flying!'"

"Then we'll move on down there."

"It's a splendid idea," said Prince Stet. "I can hardly wait to begin marching."

"Oh," said old King Snow, "must we march? I don't know that I'm very good at marching. I fall most beautifully and I dance about very often before I fall."

"But as for marching—I, well, I'm not quite so sure." And he looked rather sad.

"Cheer up, cheer up," said the Storm King. "Old North Wind doesn't care if we don't keep step."

"I should say not," laughed the North Wind, and his laugh was so cold that they all wanted to start right away.

They felt like exercising and blowing and snowing.

Prince Stet was talking with the King of the Clouds and the Hall King.

"We'll give them a good time," they all said.

"Yes, well, come down together, a rain and hail and sleet storm. It will be a most gorgeous storm!"

"We're all ready then, eh?" asked old Mr. North Wind, once more.

"We're all ready," they said.

The earth people shivered and sat closer to their fires, while the ones who were outside drew their collars and furs tighter.

"Other—OH!" said old North Wind. The storm parade began.

In it were the Storm King, King Hall, old King Snow, Prince Stet, the King of the Clouds, his army of Raindrops, the Snowflake children, the Winter Breezes.

Old Mr. North Wind marched ahead carrying a big stick made out of icicles which he threw up in the air. He looked exactly like a drum-major.

Of course the people on the earth could not see him, but they could feel him! Oh, how cold it was, and what a terrific storm!

But the strangest thing of all was the way the storm acted. The earth people were amazed by it.

It began at one end and went straight through the city but only a section at a time.

When it had finished storming in one part it went on down a little further to another, while the newspapers in the city that evening called the storm "freakish."

Old North Wind was delighted with his parade. It had been a very fine parade, and every one had noticed it.

"Let Me See?"

Oh, not when it's day, do we laugh and play. But when it is night, we shine and are bright. We laugh and we sing, we love everything. We love Mr. Moon, and soon, very soon, we're going to shine. For a party of nine.

"That's a wonderful song," said Mr. Moon, "but might I ask how you're going to shine for a party of nine?"

"Did you say that just for the rhyme?"

"We might have," said the Moonbeams, "but we didn't have to this time."

"There are nine people going on the sleighride which you and we are going to accompany."

There are eight children and a nice, good-natured farmer daddy who seems to be enjoying the ride as much as the children.

"Let me see," said Mr. Moon, as he blinked one eye.

"The moon is very bright tonight," said the children. "It will be wonderful for our ride. See how the moonbeams dance, too!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Moon, "we certainly must keep on going along with them. They've noticed us and they seem to like us."

So the Moon seemed to shine more brightly than ever—even such a high creature as he enjoyed a little extra praise.

It does almost every one good to hear something nice once in awhile.

"They seemed pleased to see us dance," said the Moonbeams. "We'll give them a special treat of our own game—our moonbeam game of tag."

"Do," said Mr. Moon. "They'll enjoy that."

So the Moonbeams danced and played tag with each other, and Mr. Moon beamed, too, and shone for all he was worth.

"The Moon is so bright," the children kept saying, as they went bounding over the snow in their long sleigh which was filled with straw.

"It almost seems as if I could catch a moonbeam," said one child.

The Moonbeams went so near the children they thought they could catch them, but the Moonbeams got away in time, for they said they could not be caught by really real children, or they wouldn't be really real moonbeams.

The snow was so soft and white and sparkling. The snowflakes which had fallen to the ground, said to the Moonbeams:

"Make us look like glorious diamonds and glittering jewels. We want to appear royal and noble and beautiful before the children."

And the Moonbeams did as the snowflakes had asked. What a dazzling night it was as they rode along over the snow with the Moon, the Moonbeams and the children of old King Snow as their companions.

When the children reached the home of the little boy who had given them the party, and were having some delicious hot supper, every child in turn said:

"I almost caught a Moonbeam."

Outside the window the Moonbeams were still dancing and looking at the children and laughing:

"They couldn't catch us, they couldn't catch us. They couldn't catch us."

And the Moon answered them and said: "No, little Moonbeams, in your game of moonbeam tag you can only catch each other, and even then it's very hard."

"But what a glorious game you do play!"

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

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THE GAME

The Moonbeams looked very bright and happy gleaming from the sky.

"Don't you want us?" they asked, though they already knew the answer to their question.

"Of course I want you," said Mr. Moon, "and so do the people. Moonbeams are so happy and gay. They dance and they almost seem to sing."

"We'll sing just for you, Mr. Moon," they said.

And the Moonbeams sang this song:

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Feminine Inquisitiveness

Among the group at the pier every day was a selfish little girl of ten who extravagantly admired the young man who swam and dived so splendidly.

With true feminine inquisitiveness she asked: "Do you live with your mother, or are you a father?"

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A PIG SECRET

Mrs. Lazy Pig shook her snout which meant that she wasn't always spoiling her children, for some of the other pig mothers had said that she did.

"I make them grab for their own food, and I always try to grab first," she said.

"No, I don't spoil them. I'm a regular pig grunt, grunt, squeal, squeal!"

The others wanted to know why this family of pigs were called the Lazy Pig family.

Mrs. Lazy Pig had been too lazy to explain, but at last Mr. Lazy Pig said, lazily:

"I'll tell them."

So Mrs. Lazy Pig, Lawrence Lazy Pig, Letty Lazy Pig, and four other Lazy Pig children, as well as the other pigs, all listened to Mr. Lazy Pig while he told his story.

"We had the usual family name of Pig," he said, "until a short time ago. We were fed and fed, ah, such goodies as we had, and nothing seemed to make us fat."

"That was the great joke over which your mother, Mrs. Lazy Pig, and I, were laughing about a little while ago."

"The farmer couldn't understand why we didn't grow fat, for he was



"Why Didn't We Grow Fat?"

fattening us up so we would sell for good, big sums of money and make him a bit richer.

"But we didn't grow fat! No, we didn't! That's a joke, eh?"

"Why didn't we grow fat?"

"Ah, we don't know, or if we do—we won't tell, for that is our secret."

"The farmer most certainly doesn't know what keeps us from growing fat."

"If he did know he would give us whatever would make us fat, yes, he would."

"But we stay thin and still we eat and eat and eat."

"Ah, what good meals we have, delicious meals, for the farmer still hopes we will grow fat, but we won't, we're the Lazy Pigs—too lazy to even grow fat, and that is a queer, unusual and extremely lazy kind of laziness."

"We stay thin and still we eat and eat and eat."

"After the farmer saw that no matter what he did and no matter what he gave us to eat that we still wouldn't grow fat he named us the Lazy Pigs, and so we call ourselves the Lazy Pigs, for we think it is a fine name."

"Ah, it's our great secret, to eat a lot and stay thin, and we all seem to understand the secret too, and we'll all fool the farmer!"

"We think you're very clever," said the other pigs, "and we wish we knew your secret."

RIDDLES

Why is a king like a book? Because they both have pages.

What is it that is full of holes yet holds water? A sponge.

What should a clergyman preach about? About half an hour.

If you go for 10 cents worth of long tin tacks what do you want them for? Ten cents.

Which is the bigger, baby Bigger, Mrs. Bigger or Mr. Bigger? The baby is a little Bigger.

If I were to see you riding on a donkey, what fruit should I be reminded of? A pear (pair).

Why is a chicken the most useful fowl on the farm? For every grain of wheat it gives a peck.

What two countries are apart all the year, but come together at Christmas? Turkey and Greece (grease).

Why is an astronomer so much like a moving picture director? Because they are both always looking for new stars.

What is the difference between a thoughtful boy and a mirror? The boy speaks without reflecting and the mirror reflects without speaking.

In marble walls as white as milk, lined with a skin as soft as silk, within a fountain crystal clear, a golden apple doth appear. No doors there are in this stronghold, yet thieves break in and steal the gold. What is it? An egg.

Loneliness Routed by Cupid

By JESSIE DOUGLAS
(Copyright.)

"WHAT DO people do to get so uncontented?" Annie Laurie Ware thought desperately.

"Now, if I should just stop this man coming and say 'I'm so desperately lonely that I'd like to cry.' I wonder what he'd do. Call a policeman. I s'pose . . ."

Annie Laurie had come quite close to him now; he glanced at her casually and when he did she felt the blood color her face.

"Just as though he knew what I was thinking!" Annie Laurie went on disconsolately, as she turned the corner.

She stopped a moment before a shop window; it was a very tiny shop with just enough glass to show Boston ferns and some narcissus blooming in a shallow bowl.

"He'd say 'Would you rather have violets today, Annie Laurie, or just roses as usual?'"

"Anything I can do for you, miss?"

Annie Laurie started. She realized she had stopped longer than she had meant before this window.

"Yes, I should like a bulb," she said, boldly, "and some pebbles and a very little bowl."

"Annie Laurie just had fifty cents left and she realized with a pang that it meant she would have no lunch tomorrow—and she hoped there would be no delay with her pay envelope.

She snuggled her precious bulb under her arm and made the journey back to her room without further adventure.

"It must have sun and it must have water," she said aloud as she set it in the open window ledge.

She let the water drip over her bulb and heard an irritated voice ascend from the regions below.

Annie Laurie peered down, and the voice peered up, until she found herself looking into the very blue eyes of the man she had passed.

"Oh, it's you!" she gasped.

Then overcame at the betrayal of her words, she pulled in her head and in her embarrassment dislodged her precious bulb. She heard it go rattling down the areaway amid the sharp clatter of her pebbles.

"I'll see what I can do," a sympathetic voice called up to her.

"Remember, Annie Laurie, how you were brought up," she warned herself.

When, five minutes later, a breathless young man with laughing blue eyes presented her with a stubby brown bulb, Annie Laurie, with drooped lids that hid all the light of her dancing eyes, answered primly, "Thank you very much."

That was all.

And Annie Laurie back in her room was lonelier than ever.

"I know he's nice," she thought. "He has eyes like little Bennie, and his voice—and I shall just have to go on the same as ever, dying of loneliness, going down to the office in the morning and coming back in the evening, wishing in the meantime."

And she did.

The ache in her heart was getting harder to bear all the time, and if it hadn't been for the five dollars she could send each week to a little frame house in St. Petersburg, she might have given up the struggle and fled home.

One afternoon she stopped before the tiny shop and breathed in the scent of trailing arbutus.

"I must have some!" she said.

The little, bushy, fragrant sprays of sweet blossoms were tied in white tissue before she asked, "And how much is it, please?"

"Seventy-five."

She searched in her pocket and she felt in her purse, but all she could find was fifty cents. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment for another customer in the shop came up to her.

Annie Laurie looked up into a pair of very blue eyes.

"I believe you live on the floor above me, and I believe I rescued your bulb," said the man of the eyes quietly, "and I think if I'm not mistaken you're Annie Laurie Ware?"

"Oh, but how did you know?"

He did not tell her that anyone could read a name on the letter box.

"I know you've never done anything like it before, spoken to a man who hasn't been introduced," he explained, "and I hope you won't do anything like it again. But I'm from the South, and I know you are—and I'm desperately lonely."

It was the one thing that could have touched Annie Laurie Ware.

"They stood quite still outside the tiny shop, and the man pleaded: 'I wonder if you'd let me get some violets, a handful, or just a rose to celebrate?'"

"Roses," Annie Laurie smiled, and then as he darted into the shop she repeated the formula to herself, "as usual."

They walked up the street together, and the man said "Look!"

Annie Laurie gazed down from the heights at the street that seemed almost like fairy street.

"New York is an enchanting place, isn't it?" the young man asked.

"It's almost like a city of dreams," Annie Laurie answered tremulously.

The young man gave one swift understanding glance at her face before they turned back.

"It is the city of my dreams—now!" he said.

"FLU" IS CURED BY THE USE OF GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

(By DR. W. A. MCKENZIE)

Dr. W. A. McKenzie, of Leesburg, one of the leading physicians of North Florida, has been insistent for years that grapefruit juice was both preventive and cure for influenza.

Grapefruit, baking soda, a few fast days, pure water—Prosaic things aren't they? So simple that they have been overlooked as influenza marched on taking its terrific toll, for the eager eye usually is oblivious to the obvious, yet in them lie the way to health and restoration from the savage "flu."

Up until 1918, the cause, nature and course of true Spanish influenza was practically unknown in America. When the epidemic came, physicians groped in the dark while coffins choked the highways. Calomel, purgatives and heart depressants "given for the fever" kept the funeral bells tolling all the more vigorously. And then, I searched frantically for some light in the darkness of this grim disease, there accidentally came a faint glimmer like a struck match in a fog. It was translation of a paper by a famous Spanish pathologist who had made an intensive study of influenza. That paper traced the course of the disease from its origin in Mongolia to Morocco, thence to Spain, and from there to the four corners of the world. It suggested no treatment, but made the emphatic claim that the germ causing influenza thrived and became virulent in an acid medium, and was inhibited by an alkaline one. If true—treatment was simple and bold, viz: to render the system of its victim alkaline. How? Many means were available, yet the simplest and most universally prevalent were citrus fruits and baking soda.

Fearfully I tried grapefruit juice and soda in my next case of influenza, a virulent one complicated with pneumonia. Results were startling—symptoms mitigated in a few hours; hemorrhage (severe) stopped immediately, recovery was rapid.

Being called into the U. S. Public Health Service I healed 502 cases of the most severe type in 60 days without a single fatality, this in spite of the fact that double pneumonia, violent hemorrhage, cerebral (brain) infections, intestinal inflammation, inadequate care, extreme poverty were among the things with which it was necessary to contend. The same treatment, tried by other physicians and myself in innumerable cases since that time has given the same happy results.

The Treatment

Following is the treatment in detail. At the first signs of "cold" or influenza all food is stopped, but plenty of cool, pure water is given throughout the course of the disease. Food in an inflamed alimentary canal is worse than useless, will not digest, taxes the flagging heart in an effort to get rid of it and distends an inflamed digestive tract. No one will starve or need food for a few days. The juice of from five to fifteen grapefruit is given daily in portions every four hours or oftener. In between the juice potions (not with them), sodium bicarbonate (preferably Squibb's) is given thusly—a teaspoonful in a glass of water, then a quarter teaspoonful every four hours or oftener until symptoms are practically gone. For an obstinate cough guaiacal carbonate in one grain doses is helpful, but not essential. The sheet anchors are grapefruit juice and soda and no case of influenza in a normally resistant individual will result fatally if used as advised.

Orange juice and lemon juice may be used instead of grapefruit, but are not so satisfactory. Orange juice is sweet and tends to disturb the vic-

MT. VIEW

Misses Bertha Kinsinger and friend from Berlin, Pa., and Miss Dorothy Opal and friend from Somerset, Pa., motored to Cumberland Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Oscar Brenneman and Miss Anna Humbertson and Ernest Humbertson from Ohio spent the week end at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Humbertson.

Sylvester Maust spent Saturday afternoon at Milt Opel's.

Miss Bertha Kinsinger was a caller at Lawrence Kinsinger's on Thursday.

Mrs. Howard Maust and children Markle and Frances were callers at Somerset Saturday.

Mrs. James Opel was visiting at Lawrence Kinsinger's and Jacob Sechler's Saturday afternoon.

Miss Dorothy Weller of Summit Mills is spending the summer months with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Opel.

Rev. Karl H. Beck was a caller at Ed. Humbertson's and Howard Maust's, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Opel and daughter Alice were spending Sunday evening at Frank Miller's of Somerset. Mrs. Opel and daughter are staying a few weeks.

Mr. Milton Opel and Mr. Amos Lindeman spent Saturday forenoon in St. Paul.

Miss Gladys Fike was a visitor at Ed. Humbertson's on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Sechler was a visitor at Howard Maust's on Tuesday.

Wanted the Dolly

Four-year-old Jenn, the pet of the ship on a return trip from Europe, looked longingly at a doll one of the women was showing her.

Finally, eagerness overcame her excellent training and she asked: "May I spend the night with your dolly?"

Helen Ann Was Sorry

After spending some time in her room for being naughty, Helen Ann, aged four, was asked if she weren't sorry.

Looking very downhearted, she said: "I'm so sorry I ever left heaven."

Identified Herself

For the first time Phebe, aged four, had been invited out to dinner without other members of the family.

To her older sister she said: "If you see anybody that isn't here tonight, that will be me eating at grandma's."

Family Tie Defined

"Pa, what's a family tie?"

"Mine. Every time I want it, one of you kids is wearing it!"

Auction Sale On May 25

starting at 9:30 a. m. sharp and continuing all day. We will have a sale on the last Saturday of each month. We have a large selection of furniture of all kinds: Dining room suites, parlor suites, kitchen furniture, dishes, garden tools, computing scales and most any thing you want. We also have wagons, drills, mowers, corn plows and farm machinery of all kinds. Every one welcome, come and meet your friends and save money.

Good auctioneers
L. R. SHUMAKER, Mgr.
C. A. Phillips Warerooms
Center Street

tim's digestion; lemon juice is too sour to be used in quantity. The bitter principle of grapefruit not only tends to tone the flagging system, but seems to have a specific influence upon the disease, while the semi-tranquillizing of the juice is grateful to fevered tissues. Grapefruit juice, alone, will almost usually cure an ordinary cold in from 36 to 48 hours, relieve bronchitis, often prevent or mitigate pneumonia. In acid stomach, grapefruit juice is a specific while in diabetes or other diseases where acidosis is present, it is always indicated. In influenza, calomel or other violent purgatives should never be given or taken. Influenza destroys the coagulating power of the blood and tends to produce hemorrhage from lungs, bowels, nose, throat, ears or stomach. Calomel and its kin encourage hemorrhage. They are deadly. Grapefruit juice and water will attend to all the elimination necessary in a fasting patient.

IN THE SPRING

The welcome blossoms of peace and contentment, spring from the seed of thrift. This is a bank for savings—

SECOND NATIONAL BANK
MEYERSDALE, PA.

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