

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is overworking in pumping thick, kidney-purified blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble. If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Sunbury & Lewistown Division. In effect Nov. 25, 1910.

| STATION | WESTWARD | EASTWARD |
|-------------------------|----------|----------|
| Sunbury | 9:00 | 9:00 |
| Sellingrove Junction | 9:09 | 9:09 |
| Sellingrove | 9:18 | 9:18 |
| Fawling | 9:27 | 9:27 |
| Freemantle | 9:36 | 9:36 |
| Meiser | 9:45 | 9:45 |
| Middleburg | 9:54 | 9:54 |
| Benfer | 10:03 | 10:03 |
| Beavertown | 10:12 | 10:12 |
| Adamsburg | 10:21 | 10:21 |
| Rauhs Mills | 10:30 | 10:30 |
| McClure | 10:39 | 10:39 |
| Wagner | 10:48 | 10:48 |
| Shindle | 10:57 | 10:57 |
| Paintersville | 11:06 | 11:06 |
| Middletown | 11:15 | 11:15 |
| Lewistown | 11:24 | 11:24 |
| Lewistown (Main Street) | 11:33 | 11:33 |
| Lewistown Junction | 11:42 | 11:42 |

Train leaves Sunbury 5:30 p. m., arrives at Sellingrove 5:45 p. m., leaves Sellingrove 6:00 p. m., arrives at Sunbury 6:15 p. m. Trains leave Lewistown Junction: 8 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 9:25 a. m., 11:00 p. m. Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday: 8 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 9:25 a. m., 11:00 p. m.

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CUT RATES

By MADGE SUTHERLAND CLARKE.

(Copyright, 1909, by Madge Sutherland Clarke.) Jack Corlears turned slowly away from the door of the cut rate ticket office in Savannah. He had staked all he had on a venture and lost, and now he wanted to get back to New York. There at least was life, and if he was to starve he preferred to do it where he might gain some amusement during the process. Besides, in New York the unexpected was always likely to happen, and chance and change were the only gods on his altar. The day before he had pawned his watch, his leather valise and his superfluous clothing. This morning, after paying his hotel bill, he had just \$8 left in his pocket. The regular fare to New York by boat was \$20., by rail \$32. The scalper's office could do little better for him.

He stared for a moment at the big blue letters on the window of the office, then turned on his heel. As he did so a thickset man with a red face and a light overcoat came out of the ticket office. He clapped Corlears familiarly on the back. "See here," he said, "I heard you asking about cut rates to New York. If you've got nerve enough to take the chances on this, I'll sell it for \$3 and what cigars you've got about you." He held up a long, somewhat soiled railway ticket, much stamped and counter stamped in blue and red ink. "I bought it of a fellow in New York last week for \$10. He said it was a square ticket from Savannah that he hadn't used because he went to Texas first. I've struck an easy thing here, so I'm going to stay and don't want it."

Corlears looked attentively at the ticket. It was a rather dubious looking affair, but the lowest slip was marked Savannah and the uppermost one New York. It was a chance, and he seized it. "All right," he said. "If you've got gall enough, you'll work it. I guess you'll have to bluff some, but you're a swell looking chap, and that'll help." Corlears gave him \$3 and drew three cigars from his pocket. "They're all I have about me, but they're good ones. 'I'll leave you one for luck,'" said the red faced man. "So long!"

Corlears stood for an instant making his plans. Then he walked to the pawnshop and redeemed his valise. By means of some newspapers and a few stones he added the necessary weight; then he lunched, bought a clean collar and strolled to the station. When Corlears stepped on the north bound train that evening, two porters vied for the honor of carrying his valise. "Pullman dis say, sah!" "Smoker," said Corlears sententiously.

When the conductor made his first round, Corlears handed him his ticket without looking up from his paper. The man glanced casually at it; then examined it carefully. After that he took a long look at Corlears, who observed him in the mirror opposite. "Where did you buy this ticket?" he asked. "In Savannah, of course," said Corlears carelessly. "When?" "This afternoon."

He took the ticket away with him. Through the glass door Corlears could see him in earnest colloquy with a brakeman. At last he returned. "There is something crooked about this ticket, sir." Corlears looked incredulous. "What do you mean by that?" he asked sharply. "Well, the road hasn't issued that kind of excursion ticket since the last of November. It was good for 60 days, you know." The conductor's tone was almost apologetic.

"Look at the date. I should say that would settle it," Corlears looked bored. "Well, we think the date's been altered. The 9 has been changed to a 1, making the date January instead of September." Corlears scrutinized the ticket. "I see no evidence of it," he said coldly. "However, it's no affair of mine. I bought the ticket and paid for it; the road is responsible." He turned to his paper. The conductor shifted uneasily and finally turned away. "The plot thickens," Corlears said to himself. "Anyhow, I am two hours nearer New York than I was in Savannah." He went to sleep. At 10 o'clock the train ran into Columbia, where a new conductor came on. In about an hour Corlears saw him approach, though he pretended to be still asleep. The new man was very direct in his methods.

"Look here!" he said, shaking Corlears by the arm. "This ticket won't go." "I guess it will go as far as New York," he returned easily, "and then I'll see Mr. Howson and tell him he's got some fool conductors on this end of the line." "There's no use in bluffing," the man growled. "Either you've been taken in yourself or you're trying to fool us. Somebody's trying to beat the road out of a fare, and I tell you it won't go with me."

Corlears nonchalantly drew a bill from his pocket (it was his last one) and held it up to the conductor. "Here, keep this for yourself, and for the Lord's sake let me alone!"

The man's surly face lowered angrily. "I ain't that kind," he growled doggedly and motioned to a brakeman. Then he raised his hand to the cord above his head. "I'll give you two minutes to decide," he said. A brakeman and a trainman joined the group. Corlears set his face firmly. "I guess I've had more than \$3 worth out of that ticket," he thought to himself. The conductor looked at him sullenly, watch in hand. "Well!" he growled. Then he pulled the cord, the train slowed up, and Corlears found himself standing beside the snowy track watching a receding point in the distance. As the train moved past him Corlears was conscious of a man standing motionless on the other side of the track. It was a desolate scene that lay about them. The pale light of a waning winter moon fell upon long wastes of snow covered fields, broken here and there by lines of black poplars and defined at the eastern edge by a long stretch of woods.

The two men became conscious of each other apparently at the same moment. The man across the track wore a silk hat and looked like a clergyman. "You've done a pretty clever thing," he said, drawing a pistol from his pocket and taking deliberate aim at Corlears, "but you don't find me wholly unprepared."

Corlears laughed grimly. "That's where you have the advantage of me. I admit that I am altogether unprepared. I throw up my hands. You'll hardly find it worth while robbing me, however, as I've just been put off the train for lack of car fare." The man put up his revolver. "Excuse my mistake," he said politely. "I jumped off the train on the other side. I'm not a highwayman, but I took you for something worse. Do you know the country?" Corlears shook his head. "About midway between Columbia and Chester, I should say." The man scanned him narrowly. "What are you going to do?" he asked. Corlears set his teeth. "Walk to the next station if I don't freeze on the way and after that get to New York some way."

"You say that you have no money?" "I've just \$2.10." There was a pause. The man appeared to be considering. At last he spoke. "If you'd like to earn \$500, I can put you in the way of it." "I should be delighted," Corlears drawled ironically. "I might earn it shoveling snow. There's a good deal of it about."

"I'm perfectly serious," the man rejoined. "Listen. You want to go to New York; I want to keep away from it. I bought a ticket to New York, but I left the train when it slowed up to put you off. I've—er—changed my mind."

Corlears nodded. "I see," he said. "Very good. You are about my height and build. Change clothes with me, take my ticket, walk on to the next station and board the first train for New York. If you meet my anxious friends and they offer you pressing attentions, don't decline them on the score of being some one else."

"And then?" The man smiled. "You will be taken excellent care of, and you will be met at the Grand Central station with a carriage. Then they will discover their mistake, and they will apologize. In the meantime you will have got to New York, and you will be \$500 richer. He counted out five crisp new \$100 bills. Corlears saw them distinctly in the moonlight. "Is it a bargain?" Corlears trudged on in silence for a moment. "Let me see your ticket, please." The man handed it to him. "It's good for stopovers, I see, so I can use it all right."

The man's eyes glittered. "Do you agree?" he said eagerly. "I'll take the ticket," Corlears said slowly, "and in exchange for it I'll swap clothes with you, and I'll keep my mouth shut until we get to New York, but you can keep the \$500." "It will be worth more than that to me if it works," Corlears shook his head. "I tried to beat the railroad company out of a fare, I must admit," he replied, "but I usually play fair. I haven't made much of a success of my life, but I've lived it squarely so far. It's my habit, I suppose."

BOILS AND CARBUNCLES

These unwelcome visitors usually appear in the spring or summer, when the blood is making an extra effort to free itself from the many impurities that have accumulated during the winter months.



Mr. R. M. Pratt, Cave, S. C., writes: "For twenty years I was sorely afflicted with boils and carbuncles caused by impure blood. It is impossible to describe my suffering; part of the time being unable to work or sleep. Several doctors treated me, and I tried all the so-called blood remedies, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was in the summer of 1888 I was persuaded to try S. S. S., and after taking several bottles was completely cured, and have had no return of these painful pests up to the present time."

Baneful Boils

building up the blood and ridding the system of all accumulated waste matter. S. S. S. is made of roots and herbs which act directly on the blood, and all poisons, no matter how deep-seated, are soon overcome and driven out by this powerful purely vegetable medicine. S. S. S. is not a new, untried remedy, but for fifty years has been curing all kinds of blood and skin diseases. It has cured thousands, and will cure you. It is a pleasant tonic as well as blood purifier—improves the appetite and digestion, builds up your general health and keeps your blood in order.

Dangerous Carbuncles

Our physicians have made blood and skin diseases a life study—write them fully about your case, and any information or advice wanted will be cheerfully given. We make no charge whatever for this service. Send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases—free. Address, The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



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MY PRESENT STOCK OF CARPETS IS larger than ever before; my PRICES LOWER than OTHERS for the SAME GOODS. My prices on 45 rolls of carpet I wish to close out will suit the pocket book of many and save others money. Do not think of buying your fall carpets until you give my stock of carpets your attention and get the prices of some of my bargains I am offering.

See My Display of Curtains, Curtain Poles & Fixtures. Prices just right on these goods. One Word About Pictures.

I am offering my present stock of pictures at cost, LESS THAN COST and some for the price of the glass in the frames. Don't miss this sale.

I have some pretty things to offer in Furniture, all new. Later will surprise you in Styles and Prices.

UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING! In this branch of my business I am prepared to give the public the best service that can be secured by money, time and personal attention. My equipment in this branch of business is one of the finest in the state. HEARSE, CARRIAGES and UNDERTAKING PARLORS are up to date.

One word about a report that my attention has been called to lately in regard to my prices. I GUARANTEE to furnish the same goods at LESS MONEY than any house in the county. I GUARANTEE to give you better PAYMENT than all others. First-Class Livery Connected with Undertaking Department.

W. H. FELIX, LEWISTOWN, PA.

Telephone Connection.

Advertisement for Monarch Patent Leather Shoes. THE PATENT LEATHER SHOE THAT WON'T BREAK THROUGH. No matter how handsome the attire, the stylish appearance can be spoiled by a pair of shoes that are not in keeping with the clothing. No shoe on earth, at whatever price, can equal a MONARCH PAT, the only patent leather shoe made that is guaranteed not to "break thro". Why pay \$5.00 for an inferior patent leather shoe when you can buy from almost any dealer a pair of MONARCH PATS for much less? If your dealer doesn't keep them we will gladly send a sample pair, your size, prepaid, for \$3.75. Address: MONARCH SHOE CO., 137 DUANE ST., NEW YORK.

Advertisement for Frank S. Riegler, Dealer in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines. Middleburg, Pa. Inquire for... PARKER'S HAIR BALM. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

June 19, 1864, the confederate cruiser Alabama, which had wrought great havoc among the shipping of the northern states, was sunk off Cherbourg, France, by the United States ship of war Kearsarge. In the new navy, the names Kearsarge and Alabama have been bestowed upon two of the most powerful battleships; and on September 18, at Portsmouth, where the old Kearsarge was launched, the state of New Hampshire, through its governor, presented bronze memorial tablets to both battleships. The ceremonies were witnessed by many thousands of people, and were signalized by the presence of Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire; Gov. Johnston, of Alabama; Secretary Long, ex-Secretary Herbert, Rear Admirals Parquhar and Sampson, the captains of the two battleships, and a number of survivors of the old Kearsarge. The tablet of the Kearsarge was unveiled by Mrs. Bryan, daughter of the late Admiral Semmes, of the old Alabama, and the tablet of the Alabama was unveiled by Miss Mary Thornton Davis, grandniece of Capt. Thornton, of the old Kearsarge.

The three largest steamships afloat, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, are the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd line, 650 feet in length; the Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American line, 686 feet in length, and the Oceanic, of the White Star line, 704 feet. Two of these vessels are flyers. Both of the German ships have beaten all rivals in other companies, while the Deutschland has beaten the Kaiser. The Oceanic has not broken a record. For some time there has been talk of a new marine monster to be built by the Hamburg-American line. The figures are now at hand, for the contract has been given out in Belfast. This vessel is to be 750 feet long, with 76 feet beam and fitted to carry 2,000 passengers and 12,000 tons of dead load, but the new vessel is not to be a flyer. She is to cross the ocean at an average speed of 18 knots, which is ordinary.

"I have just returned from Kentucky," said an official of the government department of justice recently, "and they tell me in that state that there is a great scarcity of mules, probably due to the South African war. I remember that in one country I saw a notice posted on the courthouse door saying that at a certain date the writer would be in town for the purpose of buying mules and mule colts. He especially desired mule colts. At the time set there was a great influx of farmers with mules and mule colts. The purchasers bought all the mule colts that were brought in, paying good prices; in fact the best prices offered in years. The calculation of the buyers is that mules will be exceedingly high from now on and that the colts will be worth good money when they grow to their full size."

Officials at the New York sub-treasury have sent out a public warning against a spurious \$5 bill which has appeared in circulation in that city, and from the fact that two of them have been turned in at the sub-treasury there within a week it is feared that there are many in use. By expert penmanship on a \$1 note the figures "1" and the word "one" have been raised to "5" and "five," and the note would pass muster with anyone not accustomed to examining paper money with care. The picture and portrait, however, are not changed, and the letter "a" is not added to the word "dollar," making the spurious note bear the ungrammatical legend "five dollar."

Remedial. "Smidgens has sent his wife to Europe for his health." "His health?" "Yes; he said it was the only way he could get rid of his scold."—Brooklyn Life. Always in Practice. Mrs. Wunder—We never hear of women train robbers. Mr. Wunder—And yet the ladies are always being robbed.—Baltimore American.