

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Healthy 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 he had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, now modern science proves that nearly constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's **amp-Root**, the great kidney remedy is realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

It is sold on its merits all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, also pamphlet telling you how to find if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, Sunbury & Lewistown Division.

In effect Nov. 25, 1900.

W. A. M.	STATIONS.	E. A. W. P. M.
9:57	Sunbury	9:20 5:40
10:07	Selinsgrove Junction	9:30 5:50
10:17	Selinsgrove	9:41 6:01
10:27	Kramer	9:51 6:11
10:37	Meiser	10:01 6:21
10:47	Middleburg	10:11 6:31
10:57	Beaver	10:21 6:41
11:07	Beaverstown	10:31 6:51
11:17	Adamsburg	10:41 7:01
11:27	Raubs Mills	10:51 7:11
11:37	Merch	11:01 7:21
11:47	Wagner	11:11 7:31
11:57	Shunda	11:21 7:41
12:07	Paintersville	11:31 7:51
12:17	Neiland	11:41 8:01
12:27	Lewistown	11:51 8:11
12:37	Lewistown (Main Street)	12:01 8:21
12:47	Lewistown Junction	12:11 8:31

Train leaves Sunbury 5:30 p. m., arrives at Selinsgrove 5:45 p. m.

Leaves Selinsgrove 6:00 p. m., arrives at Sunbury 6:15 p. m.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction:

4:52 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 5:20 p. m., 7:07 p. m., 12:02 a. m. for Altoona, Pittsburg and the West.
 4:40 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 6:55 p. m., 8:05 p. m., 1:02 p. m., 4:53 and 11:15 p. m. for Harrisburg 5:10 p. m.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY WESTWARD.

Train leaves Selinsgrove Junction daily for Sunbury and West.

9:25 a. m., 12:58 p. m., 5:33 p. m.—Sunday 9:25 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday:

12:15 a. m. for Buffalo, Erie and Canadaigua
 12:15 a. m. for Baltimore, Erie and Canadaigua
 12:15 a. m. for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West.
 10:10 p. m. for Bellefonte, Erie and Canadaigua.

Trains leave Sunbury and Elmira:

6:45 a. m. for Williamsport

Sunday 12:15 a. m. for Buffalo via Emporium, 5:10 a. m. for Erie and Canadaigua

9:45 a. m. for Lock Haven and 8:35 p. m. for Williamsport

6:50 a. m., 9:55 a. m., 2:00 p. m. and 5:48 p. m. for Wilkes-Barre and Hazelton

6:10 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 5:45 p. m. for Shamokin and Mount Carmel

Sunday 9:55 a. m. for Wilkes-Barre

EASTWARD.

Trains leave Selinsgrove Junction:

10:05 a. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 3:17 p. m. New York 5:33 p. m. Baltimore 4:11 p. m. Washington 4:16 p. m.

5:30 p. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 10:20 p. m. New York 3:33 a. m., Baltimore 9:45 p. m. Washington 10:56 p. m.

8:42 p. m., 6:11 p. m. arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:14 a. m., Baltimore 2:39 a. m. Washington 4:05 a. m.

Trains also leave Sunbury:

2:27 a. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m. Baltimore 9:35 a. m. Washington 7:45 a. m. New York 9:35 a. m. Weekdays, 10:38 a. m. Sundays.

7:50 a. m. week days arriving at Philadelphia 11:40 a. m., New York 2:13 p. m., Baltimore 11:51 a. m., Washington 1:00 p. m.

1:55 p. m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m.

Trains also leave Sunbury at 9:20 a. m. and 5:25 and 8:31 p. m., for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass Agent
 J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Manager.

IN COMBINATION WITH THE POST.

We give below some clubbing combinations with the Post. The rates quoted are very low.

The New York Tri-Weekly Tribune and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, only \$1.75.

The Tri-Weekly is published Monday, Wednesday and Friday, reaches a large proportion of subscribers on date of issue, and each edition is a thoroughly up-to-date daily family newspaper for busy people.

The New York Weekly Tribune and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, only \$1.25.

The Weekly Tribune is published on Thursday, and gives all important news of nation and world, the most reliable market reports, unexcelled agricultural department, reliable general information and choice and entertaining miscellany. It is the "people's paper" for the entire United States, a national family paper for farmers and villagers.

The New York Tri-Weekly World and the Middleburg Post, one year, paid in advance, only \$1.65.

The Tri-Weekly World comes three times a week, is filled with the latest news of the country and is well worth the price asked for it.

The Practical Farmer, one year, the Middleburg Post, one year, in advance, \$1.50. Both of the above papers and the Practical Year Book and Agricultural Almanac for 1900, paid in advance, only \$1.65.

The Practical Farmer is one of the best papers published, issued weekly, 1,000 year. The year book contains pages in which there is a fund of information that is useful to the farmer. The price of this book alone is 50 cents. The Year Book formerly \$1.65.

CONTRA PORRAZO

By Phillip Firmin.

THE winter climate of California is very delightful, especially at the great Hotel Balboa, but even there clouds are not unknown and storms occur at times. Similarly the relationship between Col. Talbot and his daughter Josephine was said by their sentimental friends to be a beautiful one—for they loved each other devotedly, and were seldom separated—nevertheless, it had its periods of disturbance, when they failed to agree, and when each spoke freely according to the family custom.

The colonel was a man of large means, whose home was in an eastern city. He had taken a suite of rooms in the Balboa for the winter, for a party which consisted of himself, his daughter, aged 23, and his sister, a matron of about his own age. There was also a maid.

The season was about half-over when the trouble between the colonel and Miss Josephine began. The storm center at the outset was a certain Harry Grandin. Some time later a second area of disturbance was created around a widow, Mrs. Bronson, but this was declared by the colonel not to be a genuine casus belli, but merely a counter-irritant—and an attempt to get up a side-issue.

"It seems very strange," said Josephine, "that the person I love best in all the world, my own father, is the only one that thinks I am a perfect fright."

"I don't think anything of the kind!" cried the colonel, indignantly. "You are an exceptionally handsome woman, as your mother was before you, and I know it, as well as—as you do." He finished with a grin.

"Then why do you always assume that every man that pays me the slightest attention does so merely because of your money?" She beamed on him, as one does who has scored.

"I don't assume it of everyone—" began the colonel.

"That is not rich and bald and stupid."

"My dear," said the colonel, solemnly, "there are some things in this world that your old dad knows a little more about than you do, and money is one of them. There are two parts to getting rich. One is to make money, and the other is to hold on to it. The first of these is easy enough, but the second is deadly hard. Who was the Englishman who said that whenever he woke up in the morning in the city of Paris and suddenly remembered that the place contained, according to police statistics, over 60,000 people who would rob him if they got a chance, it threw him into a blue funk? Now I have some money, I admit; there is enough to allow us to take life easy, and to do pretty much as we please, within reason. I have put it in the best possible shape to leave to you when I pass out. But how long do you think it will last, if some rascally young spend-thrift should have a chance at it, as your husband? So I would rather suspect 99 innocent ones than have you caught on the hundredth one who would play the mischief with your happiness."

"You must be pretty well through with the 99," said Josephine.

"Like enough," said her father. "In that case our young friend Grandin must be the hundredth that is especially to be looked out for."

"Now to go back to the point from which this talk started," said Josephine, "I believe I told you that there was to be a fishing party to-morrow, and that Mr. Grandin asked Aunt Harriet and me to go. What do you think?"

"Do just as you please about it," said the colonel. "You can't hurt me into forbidding things, so as to make it interesting. I am merely giving you a little tip, Dottie, my dear, because I love you."

Miss Josephine flung herself over the arm of the colonel's chair, and put her arms about his neck. "Oh, dad, I love you, too. Sometimes I almost wish that there wasn't any money for us to get all mixed up about."

"Stick to that 'almost,' Dottie."

"And, say, dad, you don't mind my giving you a tip, do you?"

The colonel looked a little uncomfortable.

"It's about the widow, you know."

"Whom do you mean?" he asked, with dignity; "Mrs. Bronson?"

"Who else? You are not interested in more than one widow, are you? I heard the other day that her first was a butcher. Think of it—the poor little lamb!"

"He was a Kansas City meat man," said the colonel, indignantly; "and I should think you and your aunt might find something better to spend your time in than mere gossip."

Whenever the conversation shifted to the subject of the widow, Col. Talbot felt himself at a great disadvantage, as is always the case with simple innocence, when it is called upon to face adroit insinuation and the suspicion that lurks in a tone rather than in the spoken words. It is true that he admired Mrs. Bronson, for she was pretty, and dressed in modest, becoming style, and she was a bright and entertaining talker. Yes, he must admit that he liked her best of all the women at the Balboa; the others, who were of suitable age for his companionship, were too dull, or were taken up with daughters, or devoted to complaining husbands. Her father had been a Loyal Legion man, as he was, and she could remember something of the war—just enough for him to fix her age at 15 years less than his own—and this gave one fruitful topic of conversation. She admired Scott and Dickens, and disdained the "new stuff," as he did. Longfellow was

her favorite poet—and his. Her tastes and interests were simple and domestic, yet she was greatly diverted by the colonel's experiences in business and politics. The other women were civil to her, but a little distant. This may have been due to the suspicious hints let fall by Josephine and her aunt, or it may have arisen simply from the fact that she was a widow. All single women and most married ones think that the widow should take her place on the funeral pyre, beside the body of the husband, after the Indian fashion.

When the fishing party had departed, the next morning, the colonel betook himself to the bowling-alley, whither none but a few old enthusiasts ever came. At one end of the long room, in a little alcove, there was a window that looked out over the ocean. The widow was fond of this quiet, secluded spot, and on days when Josephine and her aunt were away, the colonel usually found her there. She had a soft crepe shawl over her rounded shoulders, and she was busy over a beaded purse.

She scarcely looked up from her work as he approached and seated himself by her side. "Are you going to play?" she asked; and he replied, according to the regular formula: "Presently. May I sit here?"

"Certainly." She looked innocently beyond him, toward the alley. "Did your daughter come down with you?" Miss Josephine never played.

"She has gone fishing with her aunt and the rest of them. Why didn't you go too?"

"As a matter of fact the widow had not been asked. 'I do not care for fishing,' she said, and as she did so she baited her hook with a sweet smile and threw it out toward him. The colonel's old heart gave a youthful jump, and his hand trembled a little, as he readjusted his eyeglasses.

"I took pains to find out whether you were to be of the party," said he; "and when I found you were not, I decided that I did not care for fishing, myself."

It is about half a mile from the best landing to the entrance of the Balboa. As the fishing party walked this distance one small detachment, consisting of Miss Josephine and Mr. Grandin, fell so far behind and moved so slowly that even the sympathetic Aunt Harriet plaved fiercely at them as they came upon the steps.

Mr. Grandin was another who did not care much for fishing. He was saying: "People were altogether too thick in that bestly little boat. I have not had a word alone with you all day."

"Anything to say?"

"Only the same thing."

"You may say it just once."

"I love you."

"Walk faster; I can see my father looking at us from the corner of the piazza."

"And the widow is with him—your step-mamma that is to be."

"Don't you dare to say it. If I thought so, I would marry the first man that asked me."

"I will be the first."

"Oh, Mrs. Fuller, we have had such a lovely day. Mr. Grandin and I stopped to see if we could arrange to have all the fish we caught sent to the poor people."

Next morning a letter and a newspaper lay beside the colonel's plate when he came down to breakfast a little in advance of his daughter and sister. He recognized the same address on both—that of his attorney in the eastern city where he resided—and he broke the seal of the letter with some eagerness:

"My Dear Colonel: I got the stuff printed in the Times. Just as you asked, though they would not use your name. It refers to you plainly enough, however. I don't understand the game, but you probably know what you are doing. Is there a man in the Blue Elephant? Should I lose myself? Sounds funny to read that the failure of the mine will affect your fortunes, remembering, as I do, how cleverly you shook out of it and made a year ago."

"As you requested, I have started an inquiry about the young man Grandin, and will be ready to report on him in a few days. What is the matter? Another moat at Josephine's fame? My dear fellow, I have told you a thousand times that you are too suspicious."

"Yours,"

A. G. W.

Then the colonel unfolded the newspaper and, finding the marked passage, read as follows:

"Politics Is Money.—It is rumored that the true reason for the sudden withdrawal of a well-known citizen from the senatorial race, and his departure for California, was not at all his friendship for the governor, as was alleged at the time, but the disastrous failure of an enterprise in which he was financially involved to a very considerable extent. When the Blue Elephant went to pieces, the event was not supposed to have any political significance, but its largest owner was known to be a certain colonel who is now suddenly out of politics. It costs money to be a senator in this state, and the pasture is well enough for millionaires. But a fortune that is reduced to bare bones, and which perhaps scarcely exists at all, will not stand such a strain."

The colonel smiled grimly as he read the article, and several times during the course of the breakfast, which he ate by himself, without waiting for the ladies, he chuckled, as though something on his mind was affording him great amusement.

When Miss Josephine and her aunt came into the room he drew a long face and, handing his daughter the paper with the marked portion exposed, he said: "It is out at last. Excuse me, but I must go over to the city to be gone all day. Don't worry, my daughter; there is enough for us to live on, in a way." Then he hurried out of the room.

"Oh," said Josephine, "it was only yesterday that I said to father that I almost wished he would lose all his money."

"How could you wish such a wicked thing," cried her aunt, reproachfully. "Now you see what has happened."

"They were just beginning to read the article through for the third time when Josephine looked up and said: 'Here comes Mr. Grandin.'"

"Hide it," said her aunt.

"Indeed I shall not. I intend that he shall see it first of all."

RHEUMATISM

Is due to an acid poison which gains access to the blood through failure of the proper organs to carry off and keep the system clear of all morbid, effete matter. This poison through the general circulation is deposited in the joints, muscles and nerves, causing the most intense pain.

Rheumatism may attack with such suddenness and severity as to make within a few days a healthy, active person helpless and bed-ridden, with distorted limbs and shattered nerves; or it may be slow in developing, with slight wandering pains, just severe enough to make one feel uncomfortable; the tendency in such cases is to grow worse, and finally become chronic.

Like other blood diseases, Rheumatism is often inherited, and exposure to damp or cold, want of proper food, insufficient clothing, or anything calculated to impair the health, will frequently cause it to develop in early life, but more often not until middle age or later. In whatever form, whether acute or chronic, acquired or inherited, **Rheumatism is Strictly a Blood Disease,** and no liniment or other external treatment can reach the trouble. Neither do the preparations of potash and mercury, and the various mineral salts, which the doctors always prescribe, cure Rheumatism, but ruin the digestion and break down the constitution.

A remedy which builds up the general health and at the same time rids the system of the poison is the only safe and certain cure for Rheumatism. S. S. S., made of roots, herbs and barks of wonderful solvent, purifying properties, attacks the disease in the right way, and in the right place—the blood—and quickly neutralizes the acid and dissolves all poisonous deposits, stimulates and reinforces the overworked, worn-out organs, and clears the system of all unhealthy accumulations. S. S. S. cures permanently and thoroughly, and keeps the blood in a pure, healthy state.

Mr. J. O. Malley, 125 W. 14th Street, Indianapolis, Ind., for eighteen months was so terribly afflicted with Rheumatism he was unable to feed or dress himself. Doctors said his case was hopeless. He had tried fifty-two prescriptions that friends had given him, without the slightest relief. A few bottles of S. S. S. cured him permanently, and he has never had a rheumatic pain since. This was five years ago.

We will send free our special book on Rheumatism, which should be in the hands of every sufferer from this torturing disease. Our physicians have made blood and skin diseases a life study, and will give you any information or advice wanted, so write them fully and freely about your case. We make no charge whatever for this service. Address, SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blake; good morning, Miss Talbot. May I sit here? I did not see you ladies anywhere last evening."

"We played 'porrazo' in our rooms with the colonel and Mr. Edmunds. Do you play 'porrazo,' Mr. Grandin?"

"I tried it once, Mrs. Blake, but I do not approve of a game where you lay down a card and say 'porrazo,' with great triumph, only to have the next person to you lay down another card and say 'contra porrazo,' and take it all away from you. Where is the colonel, by the way?"

"He has gone to the city for the day."

"There is something here that I wish you to read, Mr. Grandin," said Josephine, handing him the paper.

The young man read the article, and brought his lips together in a bunch.

"This refers to Col. Talbot, I take it," said he.

Josephine nodded.

"And it means that he has lost his money?"

Josephine nodded again, and her aunt looked sadly into her coffee cup.

"Does this involve you in any way, Mrs. Blake?"

"Not at all."

Mr. Grandin smiled cheerfully.

"I suppose I ought to be decently sympathetic," said he, "but it is desperately hard work. This affects no one, it appears, but Col. Talbot, and my regard for him is entirely by proxy. I am ready to take his loving daughter's word for it that he is a delightful character, but he has never shown that side of himself to me."

"But it affects me," cried Josephine.

"Don't you see that?"

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Grandin.

"I am going to take care of you, and I have a great plenty," Mrs. Blake looked up in surprise, and he addressed himself to her. "This is a matter which I would have taken up with Col. Talbot, if he had ever given me a chance, but his manner toward me during the last week or so has been such as to make it impossible for me to address him on any subject. I don't blame him. I am sure that if I had such a precious object to guard, I should be a Cerberus, too."

He took a card from his pocket and wrote some names upon it. "Here is a bank," said he, "and a firm of attorneys, and a well-known business house, all of them located in the city where I live. Now if the colonel wishes to make inquiry of any of these he will find out, I think, all that he needs to know about me as a son-in-law."

Mrs. Blake picked the card up doubtfully and placed it in the bag that hung at her side. She stood a good deal in awe of her brother.

When the young people were alone a few minutes later, Josephine said: "I heard where you were last evening."

Grandin shook his head sadly.

"What a small place a big hotel is," he said.

"Are you anxious to make yourself still more unpopular with my father?"

"I wanted to see what sort of a step-mother-in-law I was likely to have—that was all."

"What do you think of her?"

"I agree with you. She won't do at all. Something must be—by Jove! Where is that paper? Let me have

it for awhile, will you? I have an idea."

He took the paper and went off in search of the widow, whom he presently found sitting alone. She liked attentions from young men, and Grandin was a delightful talker.

A second letter from "A. G. W.," which arrived a day or two later, conveyed to the colonel some information about Mr. Grandin that caused him to open wide his eyes and whistle softly to himself. The colonel was not exactly a worshiper of wealth, but he found it easy to respect a man who was worth several times as much money as he was, and he started out immediately to apologize, and make amends. In his search he came upon the widow, bonneted and cloaked and accompanied by her maid.

"Good-by," she cried, airily; "I am off."

"Oh!" exclaimed the colonel, in astonishment. He had seen but little of her during the last few days, but had supposed that was due to accident.

"Yes, to the Pizarro and then back east," she said. "Thank you and your dear daughter and sister for being so kind to me." Her manner was patronizing, not to say contemptuous, and the colonel, who had grown accustomed to her soft, cooing ways, was too astounded to do anything except stare at her as she vanished down the corridor.

Mr. Grandin would listen to no apologies or explanations, but grasped the colonel's hand and shook it warmly. Then they had a brandy and soda together.

"That newspaper story," said the colonel, "was a fake. I did not lose anything in the Blue Elephant."

"You didn't?" cried Mr. Grandin; and he laughed.

"No," said the colonel; and he explained how and why he had secured its publication. At this Mr. Grandin laughed a good deal more.

"You see," said the colonel, "I have always had a horror of a marriage in my family with any kind of a mercenary element in it. If such a marriage could be avoided by a little ruse like that, I thought I would be justified in resorting to it. Don't you agree with me?"

Mr. Grandin laughed again, but he said that he entirely agreed with the colonel. He had heard of the widow's departure, a little while before, and he knew that that danger was passed. He reserved his part of the confession, however, until some other occasion when it might be needed. —San Francisco Argonaut.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Willie—Say, Marie, I saw your big brother kiss my