

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be afflicted with weak kidneys. A child urinates, if the urine scalds the flesh, when the child reaches an age that should be able to control the passage. It is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depending upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

### PENNSYLVANIA MAIL ROAD

Saubury & Lewistown Division, In effect Nov. 25, 1900.

WESTWARD	STATIONS	EASTWARD
7:30 A. M.		8:30 P. M.
8:00 9:57	Saubury	9:30 5:00
9:00 10:07	Saubury Junction	10:00 4:50
10:00 10:12	Saubury	10:30 4:45
10:30 10:41	Saubury	11:00 4:35
11:00 10:51	Kremer	11:30 4:25
11:30 10:57	M. S. Co.	12:00 4:15
12:00 10:53	Middleburg	12:30 4:05
12:30 10:53	Beaver	1:00 3:55
1:00 10:48	Beavertown	1:30 3:45
1:30 10:41	Adamsburg	2:00 3:35
2:00 10:37	Keokuk	2:30 3:25
2:30 10:33	Wagner	3:00 3:15
3:00 10:27	Shunda	3:30 3:05
3:30 10:21	Paintersville	4:00 2:55
4:00 10:17	M. S. Co.	4:30 2:45
4:30 10:13	Lewistown	5:00 2:35
5:00 10:07	Lewistown (Main Street)	5:30 2:25
5:30 10:00	Lewistown Junction	6:00 2:15

Train leaves Saubury 5:30 P. M., arrives at Selinsgrove 5:45 P. M.

Leaves Selinsgrove 6:00 P. M., arrives at Saubury 6:15 P. M.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction:

6:42 A. M., 10:15 A. M., 1:10 P. M., 3:10 P. M., 7:10 P. M., 9:20 P. M. for Altoona, Pittsburg and the West.

For Baltimore and Washington, 8:05 A. M. and 9:00 P. M.

For Philadelphia and New York, 5:55, 8:05, 9:20 A. M. and 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:20 P. M.

Philadelphia & R. R. Division

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY WESTWARD

Train leaves Selinsgrove Junction daily for Saubury and West.

9:25 A. M., 12:58 P. M., 5:30 P. M.—Sunday 9:25 A. M., 5:30 P. M.

Trains leave Saubury daily except Sunday:

7:25 A. M. for B. O. Erie and Canandaigua

8:10 A. M. for Beloit, Erie and Canandaigua

9:42 A. M. for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West.

11:00 P. M. for Beloit, Erie and Canandaigua

5:45 P. M. for Seneca and Elmira

8:30 P. M. for Williamsport

Sunday 12:15 P. M. for Buffalo via Emporium, 5:10 P. M. for Erie and Canandaigua

9:15 A. M. for Lock Haven and 8:30 P. M. for Williamsport

6:50 A. M., 9:55 A. M., 2:00 P. M. and 5:48 P. M. for Williamsport and Hazelton

6:10 A. M., 10:15 A. M., 2:05 P. M., 5:45 P. M. for Shamokin and Mount Carmel

Sunday 9:55 A. M. for Williamsport

EASTWARD

Trains leave Selinsgrove Junction

10:05 A. M., 12:15 P. M., arriving at Philadelphia

11:15 P. M., New York 5:55 P. M., Baltimore 3:11 P. M., Washington 4:15 P. M.

5:34 P. M. daily arriving at Philadelphia

6:25 P. M. New York 3:53 A. M., Baltimore 9:45 P. M., Washington 10:28 P. M.

8:42 P. M., daily arriving at Philadelphia

9:30 A. M., New York 7:13 A. M., Baltimore 2:30 A. M., Washington 1:05 A. M.

Trains also leave Saubury:

2:27 A. M. daily arriving at Philadelphia 6:32 A. M. at Baltimore 9:25 A. M. at Washington 7:45 A. M. at New York 9:33 A. M. on Weekdays, 10:38 A. M. on Sundays.

7:30 P. M. westward arriving at Philadelphia

11:45 A. M., New York 2:13 P. M., Baltimore 11:5 A. M., Washington 1:00 P. M.

1:50 P. M., westward arriving at Philadelphia

4:20 P. M., New York 9:30 P. M., Baltimore 6:00 P. M., Washington 7:15 P. M.

Trains also leave Saubury at 9:30 A. M. and 5:25 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 the 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 Tuesday, 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, paid in advance, \$1.50. Both of the above papers and the Practical Farmer Year Book and Agricultural Almanac for 1900, paid in advance, only \$1.65.

The Practical Farmer is one of the best farm papers published, issued weekly, at \$1.00 a year. The year book contains 600 pages in which there is a fund of information that is useful to the farmer. The price of this book alone is 50 cents, and the Year Book for only \$1.00.

DISCOUNT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

WILL ALL THE PAIN GO AWAY? Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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**GEORGE WASHINGTON**  
BY J. B. HARRISON

Grave, earnest, dignified, unspoiled, sincere, He lived above the sordid atmosphere  
Of puny selfishness and shriveled pride, In unspanned space sublimely wide and wide,  
Content to love our land as patriots should, And serve his country for that country's good,  
No sycophant nor oily flatterer he, But from all petty shams and shallows free  
He stood erect in greatness and in grace, Looked every evil squarely in the face,  
Denounced all tricksters, counters, shufflers, knaves, Scorning alike the tyrant and his slaves;  
Foresaw all dangers, far-off tures scanned, For perils others saw not keenly planned,  
Beheld grim battles looming up ahead, Yet viewed them calmly, coolly, without dread—  
A man equipped in word and ready deed God's hosts of Freedom in strong love to lead  
Through battle smoke, through baptisms of flame, With steadfast courage naught could turn nor tame  
A hero girded Freedom's fight to win And triumph over tyranny and sin,  
That good sword sheathed, his eagle vision saw A land in peace, subordinate to law,  
Into that lasting sublimed atmosphere And guided it with instinct clean and clear  
Which blessed its people with contentment's calms 'Neath northern pines and plummy southern palms.  
Shaper of destinies, he challenged fate, Made his loved country prosperous and great,  
Till rising clear from clouded fields of fears Flashed forth resplendent all its bannered stars,  
Not since the world through space its course has run, Since glory dawned and mighty deeds were done,  
Has man excelled our peerless Washington.



### AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.

A Story for Washington's Birthday.

By T. C. HARRIS.

"WHAT'S going on here now, Mabel?"

Jack Conroy, as he spoke, looked at the fair girl who had just come down stairs with a folded American flag on her arm and a lustrous light in her deep brown eyes.

"Don't you know, Jack? Tomorrow is the twenty-second, and I am nothing but patriotic."

"Pshaw! always keeping tabs on our anniversaries. I guess you can't let any of them slip by you."

"Why should we? This is a glorious country, and—"

"The land of the free and the home of the brave," broke in the handsome fellow in his brown riding suit and broad-brimmed hat, patterned a little after cowboy style.

"I suppose you are going to brush the old thing up and hang it out tomorrow, and bring some of the greasers, who are not patriotic, down upon you?"

"I shall certainly let the breeze of the Brazos kiss the folds of 'Old Glory,' and I don't think the 'greasers,' as you call them, will molest it."

"Well, see," laughed Conroy; "but, seriously, Mabel, I'd advise you to take it down if you see them coming from town tomorrow a little hilarious. That's a great flag, of course, the fairest and dearest banner in the world, to our way of thinking."

"Gad I am, on behalf of the flag, for your compliment, the first I have heard you pass this year, I believe," and Mabel Brewster, known to many as the Rose of the Brazos, unfolded the beautiful banner, hanging it gracefully over the back of a chair in a

manor that disclosed its white stars in their field of soft azure.

"Thanks," was the reply; "but, really, I must be going. Am sorry I can't be with you tomorrow to help you celebrate the day."

"You won't be here, then?"

"I think not. I shall have to pass the day on the range; but, if I can, why, I'll come down toward evening. You'll have to celebrate alone unless you can induce some of the greasers to assist you."

A few moments later Jack was riding toward the west, watched by the young girl, who stood in the doorway of the home near the river, and who now and then replied to the wave of his hand with a similar use of the flag.

"Jack's patriotic, of course," she said, half aloud to herself; "but he doesn't take to anniversaries like some other people. He thinks them a little stale. But let some one insult this flag in his presence, and there will have to be an instant apology—or a fight!"

Early the following morning Mabel, who was alone, with the exception of her widowed mother, who, being an invalid, was seated in an armchair at the window, carried the flag outdoors and hoisted it at the tip of the slender pole which had been planted in front of the Texas home for that purpose.

It was Washington's birthday, and as she stepped back and saw the winds shake out the stately folds of our nation's banner, Mabel thought of her ancestor, who had followed that same flag on famous fields

of battle. Never before had it looked so bravely to her. As it rose and fell in the breeze it seemed recombined with new lustre; its stars got a brighter whiteness and the crimson of the garious stripes grew deeper by the side of the stars in white.

Having hoisted the flag, which her mother had sent her from her seat at the window the fair girl, scattered the house and went about her duties.

"Is Jack coming back?" asked the old lady, watching Mabel's quick movements.

"I think not; at least he said he feared we would have to keep the day alone."

"Hah!" rang out clear and sharp as the Winchester struck Mabel Brewster's shoulder and instantly covered the Mexican chief.

"The hands that raised the flag of Washington will defend it to the bitter end!"

Capt. Bustamente bit his lips, but did not stop; he seemed bent on his own destruction. Suddenly, like a lion, he sprang at the flagpole, and, as his hand went up, the weapon spoke. Shot through the shoulder—for Mabel, an adept with the Winchester, did not want the worthless greaser's life—he reeled and staggered back to his men, who at once set up cries of vengeance.

"Take your leader away and leave the flag where it is!" sternly commanded Mabel. "The next man who approaches it will forfeit his life!"

The very men of the beautiful young girl checked the mob. They looked from her at one another, and strong arms drew Capt. Bustamente up into his saddle.

For a moment, while Mabel faced them, they looked into her face, and with a half cheer for her courage, they gave their steeds the cruel spur and she saw them vanish.

"Only a little of Benito Bustamente's blood, mother, but the flag of Washington still kisses the breezes!" said Mabel, as she turned back into the house. "This has been the most exciting Twenty-second we have ever had."

"And Jack will be prouder of you than ever!" was the answer, and Mrs. Brewster, folding her daughter to her heart, thanked God that the blood of her ancestors had not run out.

**HELD IN HIGH HONOR.**

Hundreds of Towns and Counties Named After George Washington.

NO MAN was ever honored so much in having states, cities, counties, towns, islands, and various other things named after him as Washington has been. Counties in 29 states are known as "Washington," and 160 places to which mail is addressed are named in his honor. There is generally at least one "Washington" in every state, and there are Washingtonville, Washington Plains, Washington Courthouse and various other derivatives of the same name. Statistics are obtained not easily in regard to the number of streets named after

George Washington.

The day passed almost uneventfully for the two women in the Brazos home. Now and then Mabel saw a horseman passing along the road which, running near the house, led to the little town a few miles away. Every once in awhile some of the riders would tip their hats to the flag, but, for the most part, the men passed without demonstration.

"Mexicans, some of Jack's 'greasers,'" the girl would murmur when she saw the latter.

Towards evening the young girl was startled by a series of wild shouts that drew her instantly to the window and thence to the door, in which she stood looking and listening.

A party of horsemen had turned from the road and were coming toward the house.

They rode the sturdy Mexican pony, and it did not take Mabel long to identify them.

"We are going to have some callers," she said, calmly, turning back into the house.

"The revelers are coming back from Gulch City and have turned from the road."

"Mexicans, child?"

"Some of Jack's 'greasers,'" smiled Mabel Brewster. "Don't you hear their outlandish cries?"

"They may have designs against the flag."

Instantly the face of the young girl reddened. She knew what the half-drunk greaser is capable of doing when he has spent a mad day in a frontier town, and before going again to the door she looked toward a corner of the room where she saw something that seemed to please her.

Then she opened the door.

By this time the hilarious horde had drawn rein in front of the house, and the foremost was throwing jibes at the banner that floated grandly in the winds.

Mabel faced the band with a smile on her face.

In an instant arose the demand, accompanied by harsh words, for the lowering of the flag.

"Is that your mission?" answered Mabel. "Do you think for a moment that a Brewster will haul down the flag of Washington? I hoisted it with these hands, and they will never lower it to anyone."

"The senorita must not insult Mexicans," came the flashing response.

# CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Contagious Blood Poison is the most degrading and destructive of all diseases, as it vitiates and corrupts the entire system. The first sore or ulcer is followed by little red pimples on the body, mouth and throat become sore, the glands enlarge and inflame, copper colored spots appear, and hair and eyebrows fall out. These are some of the milder symptoms; they increase in severity, finally attacking the vital organs; the body is tortured with rheumatic pains and covered with offensive eating sores.

It is a peculiar poison, and so highly contagious that an innocent person handling the same articles used by one infected with this loathsome disease, may be inoculated with the virus. It can be transmitted from parent to child, appearing as the same disease or in a modified form—like Eczema or Scrofula.

Many an old sore or stubborn skin trouble appearing in middle life, is due and traceable to blood poison contracted in early life. You may have taken potash and mercury faithfully for two or three years and thought you were cured, but you were not, for these poisonous minerals never cure this disease; they drive it from the outside, but it is doing its work on the inside, and will show up again sooner or later. You may not recognize it as the same old taint, but it is. S. S. S. has cured thousands of cases of Contagious Blood Poison, and it will cure you. It is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the only antidote for this poison. S. S. S. cleanses the blood thoroughly of every particle of the poison—there is never any return of the disease.

**CURE YOURSELF AT HOME.** Send for our Home Treatment book, which gives a history of the disease in all stages, and is the result of many years of close study of blood poison and actual experience in treating it. You can cure yourself perfectly and permanently at home, and your secret is your own. Should you need any information or medical advice at any time, write to our physicians. They have made a life study of blood diseases, and will give your letter prompt and careful attention. Consult them as often as you please; we make no charge whatever for this service. All correspondence is conducted in the strictest confidence.

Address, SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

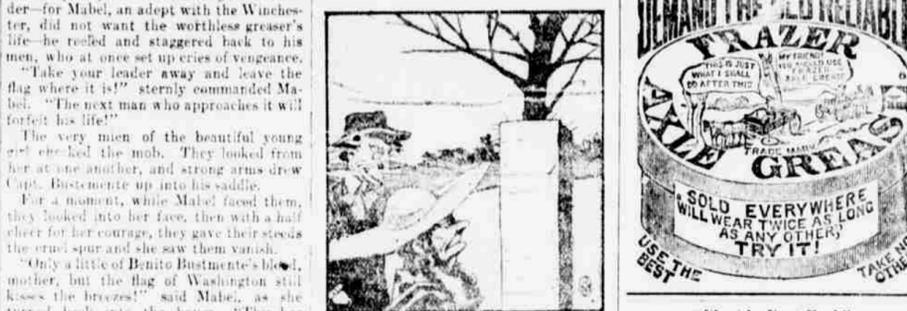
**A. R. POTTIGER,**  
VETERINARY SURGEON,  
SELINSGROVE, PA.

All professional assistance and attention will be given to the treatment of all diseases of the horse, cow, sheep, pig, and poultry.

The Father of This Country, but there is not a town of any size which does not have a Washington street or Washington avenue. There are hundreds of Washington parks. By states, in the naming of counties and towns, Washington has been honored as follows:

Names of States	Counties	Towns
Alabama	1	1
Arkansas	1	1
California	1	1
Colorado	1	1
Connecticut	1	1
Delaware	1	1
District of Columbia	1	1
Florida	1	1
Georgia	1	1
Illinois	1	1
Indiana	1	1
Iowa	1	1
Kansas	1	1
Kentucky	1	1
Louisiana	1	1
Maine	1	1
Massachusetts	1	1
Michigan	1	1
Minnesota	1	1
Mississippi	1	1
Missouri	1	1
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	1	1
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	1
New Jersey	1	1
New Mexico	1	1
New York	1	1
North Carolina	1	1
North Dakota	1	1
Ohio	1	1
Oklahoma	1	1
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	1	1
Rhode Island	1	1
South Carolina	1	1
South Dakota	1	1
Texas	1	1
Vermont	1	1
Virginia	1	1
Washington	1	1
West Virginia	1	1
Wisconsin	1	1
Wyoming	1	1

### NECESSARY PRECAUTION.



George Washington.

He was the truest of men.

And yet full of love.

He said, "I'm glad to see you" when he really was not.

—Washington Star

February 22.

Mr. Washington: Why are you not at school, George?

George: Who ever heard of anybody going to school on my birthday? Harper's Weekly.

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