Your Kidneys.

od in your body passes through a once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are nick or out of creder, they fail to do their work.

their work.
Pains, aches and rheu-matism come from ex-cess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected

is, and makes one feel as though heart trouble, because the heart is king in pumping thick, kidneyblood through veins and arteries, to be considered that only urinary, vere to be traced to the kidneys, nodern science proves that nearly dern science proves that nearly utional diseases have their begindney trouble.

are sick you can make no mistake ectoring your kidneys. The mild Root, the great kidney remedy is zed. It stands the highest for its cures of the most distressing cases d on its merits
ggists in fiftyone-dollar sizmay have a

may have a ottle by mail Home of Swamp-Root, pamphlet telling you how to find have kidney or bladder trouble, his paper when writing Dr. Kilmer

E LIVES ARE SAVED ıg's New Discovery. nption, Coughs and Colds By All Other Throat And

nderful · medicine positively onsumption, Coughs, Colds, is, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay eurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, roat, Croup and Whooping NO CURE. NO PAY. Oc. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

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Bebegur, tel es e

Jury List.

ruel laroes drawn for 4 in Fourt or Terminer and General J-II delivery of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of hity held at Dec. Term, communicing b, 24, 1992.

O cupation. Residence st v. laborer, rve... far ner, Lind v. tenesier, erge F. merebant, in K., gentleman, ert, photographer, per, tarmer, er, tarmer. John farmer. Mooro B., furner, o, Lumer,

o'. haborer,

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y, undertaker,
s, carpenter,
s, blacksmith,
sech. Washington

A., laborer.

PETIT JURORS. Juriors drawn for the Court of Court of Quarter Sessions of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Court of State County, Pa., held as numericing Feb. 24, 1902.

Occupation: Residence. es, ta mer, ight, tarmer, me, farm T, Fra k to Carmer, umberman, K., teacher seph, mason, Middlecreek Penn Penn Spring Beaver Spring

oseph, mason, in, sawyer, farmer, gentlemar, larmer, agentlemar, larmer, agentleman, A. laborer, on S. farmer, H. farmer, m. gentleman, A. laborer, on S. farmer, H. farmer, h. farmer, m. farmer, h. farmer, p. laborer, w. beinter, phasterer, phasterer, pm. farmer, pm. farmer, h. w. peinter, pm. farmer, pm. farmer, pm. farmer, pm. farmer, f. w. peinter, pm. farmer, f. w. peinter, pm. farmer, f. w. peinter, f. w. Perry West Washington Franklin Wasnington Beaver West Chapmat Suring mes, farmer, un. laborer, W. farmer,

W., farmer, in J., farmer blacksmith,

Divorce Notice.

ank, late of Shamokin. Pa.:

Stella V. Stank, your wife has in the Court of Common Pleas of ty of December Term 1901, alias divorce No. 3, paying a divorce now you are hereby notified and appear in said court on or before with day of February, 1902 next, to complaint of the said Stella V. a default of such appearance you to have a divorce granted in your G. W. ROW.

Sheriff of Snyder County nk, late of Shamokin, Pa.:

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

Whene'er the sun is smiling bright,
And makes the air delicious;
And I lahale it with delight,
Fate plays a trick capricious,
And I am cust into despair.
I sorrow, willy-nilly,
And catch my breath, because the air
Is teeming with bacilli.

and when I see a pretty lass,
I hie me thither straightway,
and close my heart, lest Cupid pass
Unbidden through the gateway.
For poets make the matter plain.
I shall be gruff and mulish—
Love softens but to cause us pain,
And makes a man look foolish.

And quall on toast—ah, gentle bird,
Though silent in your glory.
What songs inspired by you we've heard!
What charming bits of story!
I see you garnish-ed aright,
I turn away and shiver,
Because I've heard that you invite Cirrhosis of the liver.

Bo I shall seek a cloistered nook And scan the harmless pages Of some good antiseptic book And boil my beverages. For everything I like seems bad-Of danger most prolific.

And so I'll lead a life that's sad,
But very scientific.

Washington Star.

THE TRAIL OF THE RUNAWAY FLOCK.

By Charles Tenney Jackson.

A T an "Old Settlers' Picnic" in west-ern Nebraska I heard the following story from one of the hale pioneers, as we sat in the shade of a white-topped prairie wagon: I came out to the North Platte country in the early seventies, where my sister had teen some months teaching the first school established in the country. It was held in a one-room sod house about a mile west of the "town" across the trackless prairie, the location being a central one for the greater number of pupils, as the settlers then lived mostly along the river bottoms and the sloughs..

Things were booming when I came, green from the east; the season had een remarkable for the beautiful golden autumn weather, which lasted far into December, so that the week before Christmas there was no snow whatever. This surprised me, as I had heard so much of the flerce blizzards and "northers" on the North Platte. I used to call at the little schoolhouse every afternoon, and walk home with my sister across the prairie, gazing at the gorgeous sunsets that seemed to fill the world with radiance; there was not even a tree to break the circled line of the far horizon.

Just before Christmas came a cold spell, and after that the prairie lay black and lonely; the pools and courses of the shifting river among the sands were ice-locked, and the few sheepmen who had been induced by the open weather to leave their flocks on the range were now driving them to the bottoms and the south hills in expectation of a storm that would cut us off from the world. But every one was cheerful. The stores were bright with holiday goods and crowded with farmers and their wives; grain was coming in at the elevators; the overland trains were regular, and the expected storm did not cause alarm.

I had promised to obtain some my sister's sod schoolhouse, and one end of the flock seemed nigh, a big and mule team toward the river. Now in that country of sage-bush and buffalo grass Christmas greens were scarce, and although I crossed many gullies and wandered several hours, the best I could get was sumae berries, some gray, feathery grass and a few enormous "tumble-weeds," which might be decorated with ribbons.

All the afternoon there was a curious depressing silence in the air; unbroken clouds hung like a pall of gray from horizon to horizon, and distant noises came with peculiar distinctness, although there was not the homeward, I noticed that the cattle and horses, which usually were scattered widely over the range, nibbling at the frosty stubble, had gathered round the south sides of the straw sheds and corrals, and that many coveys of prairie-chickens were winging to the river thickets. The weather had become very much colder, and still the temperature fell.

When I drove up to the house where my sister and I boarded, on the western outskirt of the village, our host

came out into the yard. "While you're hitched up," he said, "you'd better drive on to the schoolhouse, and get the schoolma'am and all the children that are coming this way. There's going to be a blizzard." "It won't come before four o'clock,"

I replied. "I'll go then." ou driv ht on now, young fel-' he s ith a glance at the v skv. " her to dismiss the

sch I and he 'e for town. Can't take no change with this weather." Being a tend sfoot, I replied, "All right." But his precautions seemed feolish, for the little sod schoolhouse was in full view of us, and could be reached in less than 15 minutes easily.

As I trotted the mules over the prairie, I suddenly noticed that the air high above me seemed filled with ly, and that his duty was with the flying, swirling snow. Then the brown horizon and a distant settlers' sold house with the smoke curling above it were suddenly blotted out by a white, impenetrable curtain. It came swiftly trailing nearer, hiding everything from sight; then, like a blast from a gigantic funnel, a gale struck me, the like of which I had never dreamed of before. It was " tor-

a hurricane of piercing siece went howling past and set me gasping concuded that neither the sheep nor

Before I could prevent it, my big mules were turning toward home, but I urged them back with shouts and line, and bowed my head over the dashboard to escape the stinging ice particles. They went slowly on with eyes closed and shoulders braced against the wind for a few hundred feet, and then they doggedly insisted en turning round, in spite of the whip. I went to their heads, but the strong brutes backed and circled, blowing the sleet from their nostrils, utterly rebelling. I ran back to the wagon and from the seat fairly pulled their jaws around to their flanks as they sheered off from the storm. Then one of them deliberately lay down with his tail to the blizzard, and both became entangled in the harness, and when I succeeded in unhitching the standing mule, he jerked away and lumberingly galloped off in

As the remaining mule was kicking unmanageably in the deepening drift, and as I was very cold and becoming exhausted, I gave up the attempt to free the brute, and started back to the village for aid. But when I had made 20 steps from the wagon, the full meaning of the storm broke on me. I stood in the midst of a white wall, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but the roar of the ice hurricane, which was so complete and steady that it gave me a sense of absolute loneliness, as a vast silence does.

So hard did the fine hail beat and bruise me that I turned my back to its force and tried to reason out the way to the house, which sould not have been 40 rods from where the wagon stood. I turned due east, judging from the tracks of the storm, and plunged swiftly along with the gale until I stopped in a panic at being wholly lost on the trackless prairie. Now the wind, rising every minute, lashed me furiously from all directions; my sense of distance and place was hopelessly confused in the whirling chaos of snow.

To stand still would be soon to freeze, and after a scared calculation of my bearings, I went on in what I thought the direction of the village, although the inclination to go with the storm was almost irresistible. It was not until after what seemed an hour of futile struggle that I halted again, turned once more to peer into the coming blizzard, and was amazed to see the dim, low outline of some vast thing strangely moving toward me, as if a wide, slow, gray blanket were creeping over the ground out of the storm. It was not until the front was almost on me that I made out a flock of sheep.

The grizzled leader walked almost to my feet and there stopped for several seconds, fixing his snow-crested black eyes upon me in mild surprise. Then he forged ahead with the storm. Behind him in solid mass moved an immense flock, nothing visible to me except their snow-covered backs and the moving legs and downcast heads of the ones on the edges of the gap that opened as they neared me and closed as they passed me by, often touching my clothes.

There seemed to be thousands of the sheep as they filed past in the driving gale. I could not imagine where they were going, but every one of the solemn-faced creatures seemed black dog loomed up in the rear and come straight at me, with a trifle of suspicion in his eyes. He took my joyful greeting in friendly manner, however, but I looked in vain for any rancher accompanying the flock. I tried to detain the dog, thinking that surely he had some human companion not far away, but after regarding me doubtfully for a minute, he trotted after the sheep and disappeared in the

It struck me that the faithful guardian must be taking the flock home, and so I ran hastily after him with the blizzard at my back. As I knew slightest breath of wind. As I drove nothing then about western stock, I did not understand that the sheep were only drifting aimlessly with their tails to the storm. These silly creatures will wander before a storm as long as they can stand, unless the leader finds a bush or a gully where he can take refuge. Then he stops, and the whole flock pack around him ago." to leeward and lie down to die,

The sheep traveled rapidly through the rising drifts, and the black shepherd and I followed. I supposed then that he was heading them toward the ranch, but now I know that he had been caught alone with the herd, and, being powerless to check their flight, had refused, with high, dumb heroism, to desert his charges.

Some of the younger and weaker of the sheep were already lagging in the rear, despite the dog's efforts to keep them together. I tried for a time to right?" assist his noble endeavors, but the stragglers were too many and feeble. It was infinitely pathetic to see how his deep, troubled eyes appealed to me, and the gallant struggles he made to save all of the wearied flock. He would charge swiftly back in the cruel storm to seek out some weakling, and then, after a little time, would come sorrowfully on, dumbly feeling that he had done his best, although vainmain body.

Still the sheep hurried on in the deepening snow, and their path made it easier for me. We crossed several gullies, and then the course led directly down one until I found myself stumbling over the hummocks of sand of the Platte river bottoms, among the scraggy willows that marked the scanty watercourses in

my faith in animal intelliegan to waver, and I bitterly eling incog."-Ohio State Journal.

our whereabouts or destination. Being chilled through by the cutting wind, wet from the ley needles that penetrated my clothes and melted, I was in a discouraged stupor, and wanted nothing so much as to lie

down and sleep. The dog was exhibiting signs of alarm. He struggled round the flank of the halting flock with whines of eagerness, and finally disappeared. I fancied that I once heard his bark above the roar of the blizzard, but I did not attempt to learn what was the matter. I was too exhausted and desperate to know or care.

But the sheep, after struggling to crowd forward, and slipping to right and left, stopped and began to lie down and seek to get under one another in the snow. Except for the tumult of the storm and the shrill patter of the ice on the low willows. there was no further sound. As I staggered toward the sheep, I thought that, as I must lie down, I should seek the shelter of their bodies. So I crawled over the backs of a dozen of the wearied animals and then kicked and pushed my way down between the heavy, ill-smelling fleeces. The animals made way for me and then crowded round me so closely that I had to force my face out to keep from smothering. The darkening night was closing down, the blizzard swept above, and the sleet sifted unceasingly between the warm, wet sides of

An overpowering desire to sleep was upon me, but I struggled against it. feeling that danger lurked in all this soothing comfort. But the heavy warmth of the sheep and their quietness so affected me that I soon drifted into slumber. At troubled periods I awoke to find darkness all about, but the breathing of my fleecy companions again and again renewed my drowsy sense of security and comfort til! oblivion came once more. It was only when the cramped position of my body made a change necessary that I awoke enough to see that there was a dim light shining through the snow above me.

I broke through the chilly covering to find it broad daylight; the sun, high in the cloudless sky, was glaring intolerably on the wide, white country. The sheep were still quiet under their snow blanket, and the surface was unbroken, but beyond them I saw the black water of the open river smoking against its glittering banks. The blind march had led us out on a narrow, sandy peninsula, where the river curved around in its narrow bed, and here, it seemed, the faithful dog had divined danger and had slipped around the flock in time to keep the leaders from venturing on the treach-

Where the brave fellow was I did not know until I climbed the low bank and discovered him watchfully upright on the highest point, gazing across the drifts to the town, which was, to my amazement, hardly a mile away. He welcomed me with delight and saw me plunge into the snow toward the settlement with barks of pleasure and encouragement, but did not offer to follow the oroken path. I felt so happy at the termination of the adventure that I soon covered the distance, hungry and weak though I was Then I found that the children and my sister had stayed all night in the greens for a Christmas celebration at to have a fixed purpose. Just as the schoolhouse, and had suffered but little discomfort.

My runaway mule was discovered in the shelter of a crib in the town; his mate was frozen to death as he lay by the wagon.

The rancher who owned the sheep was out early looking them up, and, although nearly one-half of them had perished on the march, or died before they could be dug out, he was glad enough to find any of them alive.

As for the gallant dog, I tried in vain to buy him of the owner; he would not consider any price. But for many years I used to make frequent trips to the ranch for the sole purpose of a visit to the brave and sagacious "Bink."- Youth's Companion.

Benting an Elopement.

"Yes, I have had my little romance," sighed the drummer as the tall torned on love. "If things had gone right with me I should have married the nicest girl in the world years

"But they went wrong?" was que-

"Yes, they did. I loved an Ohio farmer's daughter. The father was opposed to the match and forbade me the house."

"But why didn't you plan an clope

mont ? "We did. Yes, sir, the girl loved me, and we agreed to clope. I was to be ca hand at a certain night with a horas and buggy and bear her off," "Did the scheme work out all 3

"No, it didn't, I arrived on time to the minute, but I couldn't find the house. The old man had got on to us, and what do you think he'd done? True as I live, sir, he'd gone and moved his house three miles down the road, and I couldn't find it, and the elopement couldn't come off, and that's why I'm a lonely old bachelor to-day."-Boston Globe.

The Red Blossom.

"I am only budding now," said the struggling literary chap, "but the time will come when I shall blossom

"Yes," spoke up the observing child, 'maw says your nose is blossoming out now."-Chicago Daily News.

Dodged the Question. "What is your name, you lazy vagabond?" exclaimed the new woman whom Dusty Dan asked for lunch.

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It tastes good. IF Children like it and ask for it.

Laxakola, the great tonic laxative, is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz: laxative and tonic, and at one price. No other remedy gives so much for the money. At druggists, 25c, and 50c, or send for free sample to LAXAKOLA CO, 122 Nassau Street, N. Y., or 256 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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Lewistown, Pa

Valley Street, "P-pardon me, madame," he stammered, edging away, "but I am trav-