e Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

eopie suppose.
en as well as men are made miswith kidney and bladder trouble,
th need the same great remedy.
Id and the immediate effect of
Root is soon realized. It is sold gists, in fifty-id one dollar

about it, including many of the is of testimonial letters received flerers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer Singhamton, N. Y., be sure and

ng's New Discovery,

nption, Coughs and Colds By All Other Throat And ag Remedies Combined.

onderful · medicine positively consumption, Coughs, Colds, tis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay leurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, hroat, Croup and Whooping NO CURE. NO PAY. 50c. & \$1, Trial Bottle Free.

CHESTER'S ENGLISH



rhasset," said Mrs. Blig-

was about to start downn vou let me have a little rup the house with to-

an have just 50 cents," he nging the coin at her and the door behind him as he

way, Bliggins," said a dropped into his place of hour or two later, "will security on a note for

gh," replied Bliggins, "it xible rule in my family st never do anything of without consulting my cago Tribune.

Common Things. espise just common things, a truth there is no dodging: at soars on proudest wings in to earth for board and lodg-

terman, in National Magazine. ESS LONG DRAWN OUT.



-I didn't have the nerve. ow he stutters!-Brook-

Won't See Bills. your father at home? ughter-What is your

ust tell him it is his old

ghter-Then he isn't in. tell mamma if any bills 't home.-Chicago Amer-

w She Does It. you braid your hair so ried a gentleman who a lady friend.

ke in her little sister. off and ties the knot ndelier, and fusses over every morning."—Tit-

A TELEPHONIC ERROR.

By Winifred Webb.

FOR three days the water had been rushing along the streets, surging up over the curbings, growing each hour more daring and turbulent in the steady uncompromising fall of rain. Late in the afternoon of the third day it cleared, leaving the great wall of the Sierras a deep blue across from the west where the sun was setting in a glory of red and gold. People began venturing out charily, and along the wheeltrack, which was almost immediately dry, one saw an occasional rider.

Mrs. Marjorie Burton, standing in a large window whose draperies of white under the bright oriental hangings set off her dark hair to advantage, and made her quite worthy the absorbed and satisfied attention she was unconsciously receiving from a corner where came a curl of cigar smoke, turned around to announce in evident relief and delight that they could have their Sunday dinner

"You needn't laugh," she added to the corner. "It's an exceedingly important event." To which grave affirmation she received a teasing: "Exceedingly important events are dangerous things for little women to try to manage, my dear."

She did not hear his wisdom, for she was going over in her mind the details of her plan. They would drive in the morning, stopping informally at the Guirnalda on their way home, to inquire how the Fosters were feeling after their trip overland, and to learn if the newspaper reports about the blizzards in the east were true; then she would tell them how fortunate they had been in getting a house, and ask them to dine on Sunday. Which, of course, they would be glad to do. Then she would drop a pretty little note, on the paper she had brought from Paris, to Mr. Denton, telling him about it, and asking him to join the little party: which, also, he would be glad to do. Mrs. Burton was sure of it. At this point her mind turned backward to one of a number of calls, made not too long ago, when he had complained of the monotony of hotel-life, with its ceaseless round of gaiety, and envied them audibly their home life.

"I shall take a house the next time oome to California," he said, and looking up, chanced to meet eyes over which the lids dropped quickly before something in his gaze. It was then that the sister, Mrs. Burton, with a voice just perceptibly more cordia. said he must drop into dinner with them now and then. And later in the evening, when she found that he knew the Fosters, who were coming soon for over Sunday, she said he should hold himself in readiness for a summon when they arrived. "Now don't forget!" she said, as she gave him her fingers at parting.

"I couldn't if I would," he replied cavalierly before he turned to make girl whose lids had drooped, and who, when he had gone, returned to the parlor and played very rapidly a very gay little song on the piano which stood in the shadow. Nobody said anything, and Phyillis and Mrs. Burton would have stoutly denied having meant anything by the look of surprise in each other's eyes.

"The Fosters have come," announced the husband that evening, looking up from the list of hotel arrivals in the Times. His remark met with no response unless the slightly petulent "It's cold," from Mrs. Marjorie, crouched down before the tiny sheet-iron stove, whose pipe ran into the fireplace behind it, might be taken for a reply.

"I never suffered so with the cold in my life," she added, giving a disdainful glance at the prettily useless fireplace which had been the sole provision for heating the large rooms. What should we have done without that stove? It's worse than Italy."

The husband poked at the fire in a harmless effort to tactfully manifest sympathy. Phyillis, laying back comfortably in her Morris chair, hands idly clasped in her lap, glanced at Ruth, who had started slightly at her brother-in-law's announcement, and then remarking the pucker still lingering in Mrs. Marjorle's forehead she said in a singularly direct reply to the stove tirade: "Why don't you telephone them?" And after considerable discussion as to the fitness of the medium, Mrs. Marjorie, minus all traces of pucker and petulence, absented herself from the room for a while to act upon the suggestion.

"I had a terrible time," she said in justifiable hyperbole, when she returned. "If money would help the Pasadena telephone service, I think Carnegie's attention should be drawn to it at once. If it's brains that are itated a little-he didn't seem to unthinks we are not sincere."

Phyillis smilled. "Maybe he isn't himself," she said quietly.

MRS. BARTON.

biting the end of his mustache. "Mrs. Barton," he thought. "What can have come over her? It strikes her.

me that this is what you might call so sudden!"
A moment later: "Well, it must

Rumph, I'll have an item of news for Sis' letter to-morrow when I write." He strolled down to the stall where

the evening papers and magazines were kept along with the drawn work, Indian baskets, cigars and huge red skins with heads of fierce Indians burned upon them.

"Please, sir, here's poppies! They'll open in the morning." The figure was little and the voice

full of pleading. Jack bought what were left in the basket. "I wonder," he thought, with a sud-den inspiration, "if Mrs. Barton has

had fresh ones to-day." He held them up critically.

shiny gold petals were locked tightly together. "They'll open in the morning, though," the piping little voice had said. "I suppose Sis would want me to go half way-and more. I believe I'll just call with them."

He walked through the waiting room and looked out into the clear evening. The stars were shining, some men from the hotel strolling up and down the paths of the park, and through the palm trees he could see two ladies muffled in their fur capes, on the porch of the Annex. California dries her tears like a child. It ascinated him. He took his coat and hat and started out.

A half hour later Mrs. Barton. lounging listlessly in the room her aunt had assigned her, was handed the card of Mr. John Denton. Her face showed surprise and dismay. Then instantly her lips curved in a quick spile.

"Well it's good of him-at last!" she said under her breath. "Tell him I'll be down soon." She tilted her mirror and gave the picture it presented a quick, critical glance, such as an artist gives before he puts the finish-

ing touches in.
"Five years!" she said, prettily triumphant. "Well, Mr. Jack, they haven't hurt me!"

Five years before Sarah Gordon and quarreled with Jack Denton, who people had thought she would marry. His sister had been involved in it. It was a foolish little affair, but since that time there had been no word between them. Not that any one of them wholly wished it so, but no one was willing to take the first step. Thus Sarah Gordon Barton, one year a widow, was not only glad on general principles to have one of her long evenings varied, but a bit relieved at the prospect of commonplace peace again.

"I thank you for the dinner invitation," he said. "Fortunately Sunday s free. You said at two, didn't you? The telephone was unusually misty to-night. And I didn't make out who you said is coming also."

Mrs. Barton turned her head, holding the fire-screen she had toyed' with where it shadowed her face.

"Pardon me, Jack," she said a moyou saying? Dinner Sunday? Why, of course at two. And nobody's coming but you. That's what I said, aunt and uncle and you and I, just as it used to be. Must you go so soon?"

This as she walked across the room beside him. Then she held out her hand again, tipping back her head so that he looked straight in her face and down into the depths of her she told in detail the events of her a strangely awkward adieu to the great dark eyes, and she said, with a little laugh: "This is lots better who was some day to be a Harvard than the other way, isn't it? I only wish your sister were here, too." And while he kept the hand he replied:

"It is better, Sarah; why didn't we

do it before?" Sarah Barton came back to the fire and sat there staring in it with her face between her hands.

"What in the world does it mean?" she asked. "I thought people said he is half in love with that girl-what is her name? Ruth something or other-and the telephone-?"

She figured at the problem patiently for nearly a minute. Then she gathered her silken skirts about her and went gaily upstairs. "I never did believe that Providence wanted anybody to be as bored as I have been. And this proves it. Whoever has lost and whatever is lost I'm decidedly the gainer. Now, to tell auntie that she's been getting up a dinner party for next Sunday at two

RUTH.

o'clock.'

Mr. Foster, tall, thin, keen-eyed, rose from the big leather chair in which he had been comfortably smoking, and, throwing down his cigar stub grasped the arm of the husband heartily, saying:

"Well, old man, your dinner was tiptop and the cigars even better. But time's up now.'

The husband drew aside the curtains which separated his den from the larger rooms and they stood for a moment in the door watching the picture before them. On the sofa, Mrs. Foster, small, elegant and nervous, talking rapidly in a rather high voice, and near her Mrs. Marjorie, whose face was flushed and whose eyes wandered, making the pretense Matering to her A Mittle apart from lacking-well, I hope some wall be them Phyllis sat, calm and silent. In provided soon! But I got them fi- the alcove where the plane was stood nally. And they're coming—all of them," she added carelessly. A moment later, to Phyllis: "I thought the keys. Behind her were windows Mr. Denton seemed surprised. He hes- through whose tiny diamond panes the roses showed, seeming just now derstand at first. I wonder if he to be blooming only for a background for her. She had been singing wonderfully. It had excited her, perhaps, for her cheeks were full of color and her eyes strangely bright. Mr. Foster, Jr., whom Phyllis had ex-Jack Denton stood in the lobby, pected to entertain, sat beside the piano with his chin propped by his

come again?

sleeve, she answered: "Come often, Mr. Foster; we shall be most glad if you do."

It seems to me that Ruth has

changed very much," remarked Mr. Foster, senior, discriminatingly to Mrs. Foster that night. "California some way or other. I never saw her so gay and so gracious. She always seemed to me rather cold and—well,

proud, before."

"Ahem!" replied Mrs. Foster's high
"them! could be roice. "How any of them could be either very gay or very proud in the face of the slight Jack Denton gave them passes my understanding. Why, it was perfectly evident that they looked for him up to the last moment. He's clearly not so nearly in love with Ruth as they thought."

"They thought!" judiciously interposed the rebuffed Mr. Foster.
"Why, yes, of course they thought

so. Don't you suppose they could see what everybody else has been see-

THE MAN.

Meanwhile Jack Denton was feeling the world a very habitable place as he strolled slowly back to Hotel Green, with warmth, color, the flash of dark eyes and the sound of a low voice in laughter still lingering deli-ciously in his consciousness. He Smiled slightly at himself for having so enjoyed her. Looking up just then he saw a party of three leave a carriage and go into the Guirnalda.

"Jove! The Fosters!" he ejaculated, and started to follow them. But the door closed behind them, and after a moment's hesitation he went on. It was too near supper for a call. The following afternoon he inquired for them. They had already gone on to

"Funny," he said testily, "Mrs. Palmer's memory isn't as good as she asked mine to be. Ah, there's Swint. I say, Swint, did you see the Fos-

The two men walked down the steps together. No, Swint had not. He had called on Sunday, but they dined out, so he missed them.

"Where did they dine?" demanded Denton, abruptly. "Why, I don't know. With the-What's their names? There they

come in that carriage." The Burton party were in the car-riage. They passed without recogni-

tion. Denton gave a low whistle, and "I believe young Foster stays on for a couple of weeks," added Swint, looking straight ahead of him in a

kindly ignoring of the evident loose screw somewhere. Two weeks later he smiled at having hit upon that remark as a pleasing one for the delicate situation. ance upon the lady Ruth from the day of the dinner until he left Pasadena. And Mrs. Barton found no resistance from Denton to the delicate net she wove for the whiling of her

PHYLLIS.

vacant hours.

Phyllis wrote long letters in which professor, which would mean the beginning of the coming true of some dreams for Phyllis and the professor. She leaned back in her chair now, late at night, thinking about it; after a bit her thoughts turned to this strange affair of Ruth's, which had naturally found its place in her pages. Writing of it had pushed her a little nearer to the point where she felt that something ought to be done. It was very still through the house. Suddenly she started and listened. Ruth's room was next to her's. She got up softly and put her ear to the door. The noise was that of smoth-

ered sobbing. Phyllis came back to her desk, pushed aside the thick envelope resolutely, and after a moment of fierce biting at the end of her pen, she took a sheet of paper and wrote a short paragraph in which was stated the fact that they were to leave for the East again Monday. She told Mr. Denton that she would be pleased if be cared to call before then.

THE TELEPHONE. He came on Sunday, stating clearly that he wished to see Miss Phyllis. He heard voices in the parlor and declined entering. Phyllis came down

stairs with her furs and hat on. "It tempts me out of doors," she said, "I should have gone before if had not half expected you."

So they strolled down the street, turning at Marengo avenue, where the wide walk, the low boughs of the pepper trees with the bright berries and the blossoms they had learned to love would help her out a little, this resolute maiden thought.

"Mr. Denton, perhaps I'm wrong. If I am, I shall be sorry I did this. If I'm not I shall be glad. It seems to me that there must have been a mistake somewhere. Will you tell me why you treated Mrs. Burton's dinner invitation as you did?"

The walk did not need to be a ery long one. Very soon it developed into a somewhat merry one. And the little scene in the library afterward was also a merry one. The telephone once understood and given its proper place, proved quite the good fairy of the tale. To all that is, but young Foster.
That ended the California chapter.

A New York year ensued, however. And when, two years later, Jack Denhand. His eyes were bent full upon ton returned to California, he did take a house, as he had propresied. "I thank you for this. And may I In that house, also, Mrs. Ruth, whose name he never confused with Barton A moment later: "Well, it must Could be believe his own senses? again, did her first house-keeping,—
mean she is ready to make up at last. Paushing for an instant there her is overland Monthly.

Isn't it Worth 25c. To Be Cured of Constipation

People who suffer from habitual constipation with all its attendant ills, elogged stomach and bowels, sluggish liver, heartburn, indigestion, and thin and impure blood, are too apt to believe that the only remedy is violent purgatives. The contrary is the case. Such cathartics, even if they do move the bowels, are irritating and griping, leave the stomach inflamed and enfeebled and the constipated condition recurs with greater difficulty of cure and the sufferer constantly growing worse. There is a laxative that moves the bowels without pain or griping, cleanses the stomach, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, strengthens the nerves, and purifies the blood, while its marvellous tonic properties tone up the entire system and keep it healthy.

Laxakola Does It

Its remarkable tonic properties reach every organ—the liver, kidneys and stomach, nerve, heart and brain-and removes the cause of your debilitated condition. This is the only way to secure an absolute and permanent

Lazakola is the only medicine for babies, is purely vegetable and its. action is gentle, speedy and effective. For coated tongue, simple fevera colds, chills and languid feeling it is the ideal medicine.

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

Laxakols, the great tonic laxative, is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most omical, because it combines two medicines, vis : 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 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

FOR SALE BY THE MIDDLEBURG DRUGGO.

When You Do Die, Die of Old Age.

ment. We not only maintain but guarantee that vigorous, intoxicating health can be attained by all who, under our directions, strive for it by NATURAL means. We mail you a list of questions from which your case is diagnosed by our staff of physicians. Each case is specially prescribed for. If doctors have pronounced you incurable in any of the following diseases, it will be of vital interest to you to communicate with us at once.

Bright's Disease and other Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Consumption, Weaknesses of Women, Lost Manhood, Bladder Diseases, Piles, Constipation, Blood Diseases, Catarrh. Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Insomnia, Liver Disease, Nervous Debility, Sciatica, Asthma, Biliousness and General Debility, and all other diseases which result from improper living or ignorance or neglect of the laws of nature.

"The neglect of the Physical well-being . . . in my judgment resulted in an increase in insanity and a decrease in the birth rate throughout the United States DR. FRENERICK J. SIMPSON, of Hartford "They cure where others have failed."—PHILADELPHIA PRESS "Their treatment is rational . . . they do all they claim."

—PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN. "Diet, exercise and water are the three great curative agencies."

—HEALTH JOHNAL.

An interesting pamphlet of our treatment containing half-tone and terponials of persons we have cured, sent free to all.

.imonials of persons we have cured, sent free to all.

THE INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE, Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pena'a.

Is done with half the trouble and worl- if you have good tools. Why not be a

Enterprise Sausage Stuffers and Meat Grinders and save agreat deal

of unnecessary trouble! 8 qt. Enterprise Stuffers and Lard Press, \$4.75 6 qt. Enterprise Stuffers and Lard Press, 3.75 2 qt. Enterprise Stuffers and Lard Press, 3.00

Enterprise Meat Grinders

No. 12 Chops 3 lbs. meat in 1 minute \$1.90 No. 22 Chops 3 lbs. meat in 1 minute 3.15 No. 23 Chops 3 lbs. meat in 1 minute 4.75

We also have the celebrated Lee's Butcher Knives and Steel. Lard Cans, Hog Scrapers, Scales, Ladles, Skimmers, Kettles, and everying necessary to butchering.

D. HEIM'S SON, Sunbury, Penna.

CARPETS, MATTING RUGS and FURNITURE.



LEWISTOWN.

Marked attractiveness in design and color and excellent quality of tabric, combined with the reasonable prices, make our carpets conspicuous. At this time attention is called to the new season's \$ patterns of the well-known Wilton's, Axminsters and Tapestry Brussels. The latest effects '- Ingrains. Rag Carpets in all styles

Our stock of new FURNITURE is especially pleasing. We also have a fine line of baby Carriages

W. H. FELIX,

Lewistown, Pa. Valley Street,