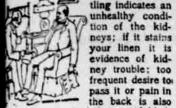
Have Kidney Trouble Don't Know it.

To Find Out.

mon glass with your tand twenty-four hours; a nent or set-

unhealthy condi-

tion of the kid-



ng proof that the kidneys and bladout of order.

What to Do.

is comfort in the knowledge so pressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamphe great kidney remedy fulfills every in curing rheumatism, pain in the kidneys, liver, bladder and every part urinary passage. It corrects inability is water and scalding pain in passing had effects following use of liquor, beer, and overcomes that unpleasant ity of being compelled to go often the day, and to get up many times the night. The mild and the extraeffect of Swamp-Root is soon It stands the highest for its woneures of the most distressing cases, need a medicine you should have the Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes.

may have a sample bottle of this may have been the sent book that tells book that tells bout it, both sent bout it, both sent ledy free by mail. tely free by mail. as Dr. Kilmer & Home of Swamp.Root. Inghamton, N. Y. When writing men-ading this generous offer in this paper.

Divorce Notice.

L. Strawser, late of Steelton, Dauphin ingle A. Strawser, your wife, has as Virgie A. Strawser, your wife, has been in the fourt of Common Pleas of county, of October Term, 1902, No. 9, a diverce against you. Now, you are not before Monday, the ninth day of er 1969 next to answer the complaint ad Virgie A. Strawser, and in default of parame you will be liable to have a granted in your absence elong. Fa G. W. Row, 14, 1902 Sheriff of Snyder Co.

Orphans' Court of Snyder Co., asylvania. In the estate of Ja-

Inquest in Partition.

Wagner, Atty, in Fact for Mary Ann rs. Eva Lepley, Mrs. Lydia Weader aham I, Weader, Mrs. Mary Ann Snook, Snook, M.s. Amanda Hoyer and Sop-oyer, Mrs. Sarah Jane Markle and mann D. Wes Amanda Hoyer and Sop-boyer, Mrs. Sarah Jane Markle and n Binok, Mrs. Sarah Lane Markle and on Binarkle, and Sarah Lepley, all of County, Pa., Mrs. Hester Sampsell and eph Sampsell of Flowerfield, Michigan; ily Ann Faust and George Faust, of Park, Michigan; Isaac Romig, of How-e, Michigan; Mrs. Amalinda K Hine, of g Michigan; Mrs. Chilabeth Hoeter and Hester of Fulton, Michigan; Mrs Han-ng and Robert Delong of Mishawaka, it Simon Farker, of Three Rivers, Mich-anuel E. Parker, of Grand Hapida, in: Isaac E. Parker, of Spalding, Mich-frs. Little Smith and Chauncey N. His Ella Smith and Samuel E. Smith, and City Michigan; Urias K. Riden, A. Riden Mrs. Ida M. Compton and Jompton, all of Macomb, Hilliosis; How-aller, Whose address is unknown; John and John Keinerling and John Kemberling in Co. Pas. Elizy siner, whose address is unknown; John Kemberling and John Kemberling in Co. Pas. Elizy siner, whose whereabouts is unknown; John Kemberling and John Kemberling in Co. Pas. Elizy siner, whose whereabouts is unknown; if I can't do better with a craft down threateningly.
"I can't do better with a craft down by the head," retorted the sailor crossly.
"Clumsy!" roared his superior, and disappeared within the cabin.
Bel totte Wagner and Mabel Wagner, gie Bunn, A. SinClair, guardian of Frank of Burr Oak, Michigan, heirs of the bur Dak, Michigan, heirs of the bur Dak, Michigan, deirs of the bur Dak (Combane) Compared Compared

NO CASTE OVER THERE.

Oh! ye who poise a lordly head In haughty gold-created pride, Who walk the streets with kingly tread And brush the honest poor aside, Who think the tollers but the scum Of earth and always in the way, Know you the time will surely come When you will be as poor as they? That death will level king and slave? There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

You look with proud and cold disdain On those who toil for daily bread; The clanking of the labor chain You hear with careless toss of head. You never shake a poor man's hand Unless you have an ax to grind-Some new ambition to be fanned From coal to flame, but keep in mind Death knows no master, knows no slave-There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

This life is as a quick-drawn breath

This life is as a quick-drawn breath Compared unto eternity: This but a span from birth to death, Then out upon the shoreless sea We drift, and there the man of pride Who was a king upon the earth Must float as equal side by side With fellow man of humbler birth. fle cannot ride a private wave There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

Till crack of doom wise men may preach Of universal brotherhood,

With tongues inspired may strive to teach That principle so grand and good,

But just as long as gold is good And purse-pride sways the human heart A battlement both high and broad Will keep the rich and poor apart; But death will equal lord and slave-There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

-Denver Post.

THE ACT OF GOD. and and a second a second a second state of the second second second second second second second second second BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

EARS ago, before the jetty I stretched its lonely length across the shoals of Clatsop Spit, and before Lightship No. 50 swung its glare over the homing waves, a small, ill-found steam-schooner was beating up into the hor'wester, preparatory to scudding into the Columbia river. The

afternoon darkened fast, and the skipper was taking a look at the bar Lepley, late of West Beaver In an attempt to satisfy himself that ship, in said county, deceased, he could make harbor before the night. His observations were not

reassuring: from his low elevation he caught the gleam of huge combers racing from North Head the bar was rough and consequently dangerous.

He closed the spyglass with a snap and walked forward to the door of the little engine room. "Jim," he shouted, "shut your dampers. We'll lie off outside to-night."

Apparently unanswered, he went aft again and scowled at the man at the wheel. The latter returned her while we can. There's only two his scowl by a surly look and jerked the wheel over a spoke.

"Mind your eye," said the skipper

by the head," retorted the sailor skipper," grumbled the engineer.

edie, that the Orphans' Court of the my of Snyder, Penna, has awarded an o make partition and valuation af cer-state of the said. Jacob Lepley, de-emissing of a messange and tract of ate in West Beaver Townshin, Snyder "You're right. I am sick of it. The old man is the worst I ever saw. He drives, drives, and he don't get anywhere with it all. But what in thunder can we do?" "T m going to tell him right now," the rail and flooded the afterdark or continued the engineer, "that I've no that they were compelled to han; mind to stew below decks all day fussing with his tin-pot machine, The water drained away and in the A Tractworthy Gentleman or Lady inty to manage business for an old d nouse of solid financial standing. the affide weekly salary of \$18 paid ate: Voluesday with all expenses nic 'quarters. Money advanced for Man ger, \$10 Caxton Bidg, Chicago. handling his dirty slab-wood, and then

tineers leaning over the lower half ! of the galley door, munching crackers and drinking coffee. "What do you mean by this?" he

bawled with a curse. The sailor turned half around and said slowly: "We've knocked off."

"Knocked off? Climb aft there, you mutinous rascal! Run!" Both engineer and seaman ground

about on their heels. knocked off, we tell you," they said together. The captain glared murderously.

Raising his arm he motioned aft. till the captain's blood was once more Neither stirred. The coffee cup caught the engineer full in the face. An instant later the captain was on asked. his back upon the deck and the sailor was tying his limbs tightly together. When he was strapped to their satisfaction, the whole crew, him struggling and cursing to the aftergrating by the wheel. There The boy obeyed and it is the door be-they dropped him "There" The boy obeyed and it. they dropped him. "Don't come any of your tricks on us," panted the engineer. "You're lucky to get off so easily. You would throw things at an eggineer, would you?"

"I didn't go to hit you, Jim," growled the prisoner, 1 intended to hit that fellow there."

"Lucky for you that you didn't," put in the sailor, sullenly.

"Anyway," said the engineer, "you're settled for a while." The three gathered in the little

galley and ate a substantial supper. Then the men lit their pipes and sauntered out on the deck. The night was deepening fast; the eastern sky was already black above the coast line, and in the west heavy clouds were scudding across the last reflections of the sun. The wind came in puffs from the south, fretting the nor'west swells into an angry tumble. From the grating on which he lay

the captain looked from the flapping sail and the rusty funnel forward to the leaden seas that brimmed to the low rail. His, thoughts were not clear. The indifference of the two men stirred him to rage; the sight of his helpless schooner staggering unguided through the perilous sea filled him with misery; the thought of the fate that was swiftly coming upon them all gleamed in his eyes. The sailor was the first of the rebels to notice the position of the ship. Far in shone a light which to the low lands of the Spit; marked Point Adams. The bar,

North Head and every other landmark was obliterated by the driving seud. "It's freshenin'," he remarked uneasily.

"Coming on a blow," responded the engineer. "Wish we weren't off the Columbia. Bad place."

"Some water is comin' aboard. That means we've got to get sail on of us and the boy, and I reckon it will wind us to set even the forestayls'l."

"I don't see how we bettered ourselves by getting in a fuss with the We just set ourselves extra work." "Heave her to," answered the sailor. "Heave her to, and then you and I can sit in the cabin and keep warm and sleep."

It was pitch dark when they had

destruction. Suddenly through the murky smother he discerned a slender form crawling aft by the weather side of the cabin. "Tommy! Tommy!"

he called fiercely. The lad watched his chance and ran to the wheel. Stooping over he sawed the captain's bonds apart with his knife and dragged him into the lee of the deck-house in time to escape the seething flood that swept the deck and smashed the grating into scraps that later met the eyes of the mutineers. It was not long circulating and the tingle roused him into activity. "Where are they?" he

"Pll go and see." When Tommy came back he announced that they were in the forepeak. "Go and close the scuttle and bolt it," commanded

The boy obeyed, and when he re-turned to the cabin the skipper nodded. "You're faithful Tommy, and you shan't be sorry. Now, we must save the ship if we can."

A glance forward filled him with rage. "Lubbers!" he roared. They've tried to heave her to under the stays'ls. Rotten canvas, rotten tackle, rotten mast. She'll breach and founder. Tommy, we've got to get up some steam and get out to sea."

"Where are we, sir?" asked the boy.

"Somewhere off the North Head, I reckon," said the skipper grimly, "That's death. No show for young bones under that chiff." "I can fire up, sir."

"We'll both do it, Tommy. It's only an odd chance. She may go down any minute now, and we'll keep each other company."

They found the fires low and no steam. The two plied the furnace full of everthing they could lay hands to, and when the gauge crawled up to 35 pounds, the captain started the engines. "Bust the boiler and stand by," was the laconic or-der as he swung himself up the ladder.

Tommy was beginning to enjoy the warmth and steady noise of the engine-room when a hail from the deck came to his cars. "Tumble up, lively! Stop her, and up with ye!" 'What is it, sir?" panted Tommy, when he reached the deck.

"We're ashore!" cried the skipper in his ear.

"We're driving against a dead wall of rock. Get up aloft. Main-top, my lad."

"The men in the peak!" said the boy with a gesture. The captain at first seemed hardly to catch the meaning of his cry; then he threw up one hand in answer and plunged forward. The boy was almost up the weather rigging when the captain, followed by two men broke out of the forepeak and crossed the lurching deck to the fore rigging. They halted, obeyed a motion of the skip-per, ran aft to the main and joined Tommy in the little top. Here the four clung speechless while with a swift lurch the foremast disappeared. The engineer and the seaman strained against the quivering main-

mast in agony. Suddenly out of the blinding spray rose up a sheer wall of blackness and silence seemed to smother everything. A huge sea picked the Katie up gently, and bore her smoothly out of the hideous tumble on to ward the cliff. The skipper let go his grasp with one hand and reached up to the boy above him. "Goodbye. Tommy!" he cried. The lad looked down and caught the one fatherly glance that had ever warmed his heart. He felt himself falling and called out. A wet branch brushed across his face and he clutched at it in bewilderment. A second later he swung against moist earth and dug his fingers into strong sea grass and turned his face down away from the wind. When he came to himself the captain, engineer and sailor were painfully dragging him up the steep cliffside. It was very dark and the hot odor of fern choked him. "Are you hurt?" asked the captain, stooping over him.



MIDDLEBURG POST.

G. W. Row. Sheriff Office, Middleburg, Pa., October 14,

life a burden who is always the bar in two hours."

Amidst Flames,

ing into a clazing home, go in."

ped on a Ten Penny Nail. the daughter of Mr. J. N. ten penny nails, and thrust entirely through her foot lain's Pain The shift of the second applied and five minutes going to quit," said the latter to take his chances." Lurg Drug Store.

meets a frost.

A Liberal Offer.

LIDDLEBURG DRUG STORE.

"So I reckoned. It's going to be a usur is the man who con- nasty night; and we could be inside

> "The old man was just now looking at the bar. Reckon it's rough, or he'd

urity, and death near. It's daylight, even if it does mean you and above them. "The old man is lost," when you neglect coughs me working double tides." The en- said the engineer. s. Don't do it, Dr. King's gincer frowned blackly and shook a Discovery for Consumption effect protection against all Chest and Lung Troubles, then, and word suffering. near, and avoid suffering with a pot of coffee. Its savor grating. You and I killed him." and doctor's bills. A tea- mounted to the nostrils of both men and did not mollify their temper, tell no tales." the most stubborn. Harm-nics tasting it's guaranteed "The boy there he treats like a dog

like a keg of nails." Their sense of injury did not grow In this." less by discussion, and it was not amped on an inverted rake long till the engineer asserted that he was going "to knock off." cond one ' alf way through, sailor ruminated awhile, with his

cept a head sail, and now that the sealed their compact.

sea.

ersigned will give a free tumbling on deck, "mind your-" of Chamberlain's Stomach He ceased abruptly when he saw agony. Time and again he was car-Tablets to any one want- the wheel lashed, and left to its own ried against the low bulwarks in in-able temedy for disorders, devices. Instantly he ran forward stant expectation of death. His

deck-house, he ran upon the two mu- was to wash him clean overboard to Monthly.

the rail and flooded the afterdeck so on to escape being washed overboard. dark the two, drenched to the skin,

"Where are you, sir?" called the

There was no reply. The engineer stooped and peered around the deck. No human form was to be seen and the grating, crushed into shapeless bits, floated in the scuppers. Neither uttered a word. They went forward and threw themselves panting down the scuttle into the forepeak. When iremen lately dragged the "Not much. He owns this tub and they turned and faced each other, a ginnates from death, Fan- he isn't going to risk her except in heavy sea thundered upon the deck

"He'll tell no tales," responded his

"We might as well 'a' thrown him "I say," said the sailor, "that he'll

"But the boy?"

5. Middleburg Store, Gray-man & Co., Dr. J. W. Sau-mas Creek, Price \$1.60, Trial not fit for stand-up work like this." "True enough," responded the spasm of resentment was past, and sailor, "but I'm sorry for myself, they were face to face with an unoker player who gets cards pool the deck holds the up-and the old man's got her broke the pause. "It's gone far down by the head so's she steers enough," he said hoarsely. "We've blood on our hands. The boy's not

"Why not? Do you want to hang?" "I say the boy is not in this mess; The he's naught to do with it."

"If the old man were here, he'd Balm was gaze fixed upon his superior. "I am put the boy in it with us. He's got

artes without maturation stopped, were working slowly and plea. He reached out a hand cal-sethird of the time required more slowly as the steam pressure loused and misshapen by many a year sual tre time required more slowly as the steam prod ex- of service toil, and the two men

tor doesn't cut much ice wheel was abandoned, the Katie fell In the meantime the captain lay meets a frost. In the meantime the captain lay helpless on the grating and counted the minutes which intervened be-"Here, you!" shouled the captain, tween the sea that roared over the rail to beat him into breathless

This is a new remedy and he came around the corner of the feebler; he waited for the sea that

"No. sir. How did we get here?" "We were tossed against the clift where some trees happened to be growing. We managed it just as you did."

"Are we all here?" "All safe," was the reply.

The morning broke in glorious freshness before they made the top of the cliff. There they dropped breathlessly on the grass and rested. Below their tossed the breakers, a plicate orders from all parts of the world. ly the contain rose and started off. "I'm going to the lighthouse to re- hold port," he said in answer to Tommy's query

asked the boy, timidly.

"What!" screamed the captain, turning short cound. Tommy hung his head and wept bitterly. "They've

his hands into his pockets and whistled. The two mutineers stood before him shamefaced and in si lence. The captain felt much injured that he should be expected to forego his righteous revenge, and he felt, beside, the pinch of the morning air.

ter. "Ye don't deserve anything at my hands. You've lost me my ship. That ye're alive now ye may set down to the act of God. Go off. I'm mum. Nobody will believe me or you anyway."

the high ferns and Tommy sat beside mach, billiousness or con- still clutching the coffee cup. When struggles for mere life became the skipper and wept because his stomeli was unfilled. - Overland

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dainty Finge of white on the fast deepening blue of the sea. Present-be the "New Rochester" Cook Stove and the "New Rochester" Lamp.

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"Won't you let these men go first?"

been good to me, sir." he sobled. The skipper of the Katie thrust

Without warning he burst into laugh-

The men shambled away through