

A WAYSIDE CABIN.

Alone it stands, in the weedy lap of a

hollow, dusk and dim;
Above its sagging ridge-pole peeps the chimney's ragged rim.
The feathered plume of maple dips down to the window-sash;
The gables melt in the velvet of willow and elm and ash.

A mellow bank to the westward of violet

A mellow bank to the westward of violet fleece flung wide

The low sun stains, as a rose-leaf might a purple vase's side.

The afterglow on the forest melts, and sifts faint amber through,

Till the buckeye's branching antlers drip with a film of golden dew.

The door swings slack, and the moss and

mold its under edge befringe;
Wild potato and buckwheat vines have
tangled its one lone hinge.
Umber and tan, the toadstools push
through rifts in the cabin floor,
And birds have built in the chimney
throat, where the blaze shall dance
no more.

Here is the trail of a ruined fence, a field's forsaken sweep,
Its edges girt with mullein spikes, its half-lost furrows deep
In webs of balm and moneywort and rivers of grassy mist,
Affight with the scarlet milkweed bloom and thistles' amethyst.

But who was he who tilled the field when the furrowed lines were new,
And down through the dewey green arcades the singing corn-leaves blew?
And whose the careful, busy hand that
over the window-frame
Entwined the woodland brier-vine with
its soft rosettes of flame?

The forest-fragrant breezes sigh through

the cabin bare and lone.

But tell no tale of the sojourners its shaggy walls have known.

The leaves that dance to the call of spring with autumn's frosts grow red—

red—
The wheel of time spins swiftly on, but here is a broken thread. Clammy and cold the dew and mist brush

Clammy and cold the dew and mist brush over my face like spray,

As out of the hollow's damp and gloom I seek my homeward way.

A splinter of moonlight fails across the rough old cabin floor,

And heavy scents of night blow in through the idly gaping door.

—Hattle Whitney, in Youth's Companion.

The KIDNAPPED **MILLIONAIRES** A Tale of Wall Street

and the Tropics & By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

Copyright, 1901, by Lothrop Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER X. SEYMOUR THE SLEUTH.

No word had been received from Mr. Bernard Seymour since his departure from St. Louis, at which time he requested that \$500 be forwarded to him at New Orleans. It was a peculiarity of the Bernard Seymour telegrams that they always contained stipulations for fresh funds. Mr. Stevens had a hearty respect for the Seymour luck. He overlooked any slight irregularities in the state of the seymour luck. ularities in methods, and accordingly telegraphed the money, and also full instructions concerning the search for the architect and contractor in

country house.

No answer came from Mr. Seymour When the staff of reporters arrived in New Orleans, they learned that Mr. Seymour had registered at the St. Charles Hotel. He had cashed the money order, but had not occupied his room, nor had he been seen at the hotel since the time of the financial transaction. The new arriv-als made a vain search for the missing sleuth, and then went briskly to

charge of the supposititious Hestor

without him. · When Bernard Seymour arrived in New Orleans, he was, as he expressed it, "much the worse for wear." When he learned that he had caused the arrest of a famous Chicago clergyman, instead of L. Sylvester Vin cent, he lost no time in quitting St. Louis. He abandoned his baggage at the Planters' Hotel, and took the first train south.

Seymour arrived in New Orleans the following evening. He decided that the "West End"—the breathing of the Southern metropolis,would be the most congenial place to begin operations. The "West End" is a cluster of hotels, fringing the bathing beaches on the south shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and serves as a more aristrocratic Coney Island to New Orleans. Mr. Seymour found it brilliant with rows of electric lights score of orchestras and bands were blending their harmonies with the murmur of the pleasure-seeking

throng.

"Hello, Seymour." A heavy set man, with his face marked by a cavernous grin, pushed his way through a crowd and slapped Bernard Seymour on

Well, you little ferret, what are you doing in New Orleans?"

"That's what I said-sir! Will you

have a drink, sir?" Yes, sir. Now I understand you.

said Mr. Seymour. "Well, you old Indian, I did not know you were down here. What are you doing?

Who are you doing?"
"Nothing and nobody," said Mr.
Dick Bender, Mr. Bender was a newspaper man, whose natural ability was paper man, whose natural ability was obscured by habits more congenial than regular. An excellent writer, he seldom held a position more than three months. He was the journalis-tic prototype of the tramp printer. "Up against it, ch?" asked Sey-

"I surely am up against it good

Dick Bender tossed off a big drink and grinned as if his hard luck were something to be contemplated with

joy. "You don't drink enough, Dick," said Seymour. "You are a social re-cluse. Your abstinence has become a matter of common gossip. You should thaw out once in a while and become a mixer."

"Never mind my failings. swer me some questions," said Mr. Bender, resting his foot on the rail, and swinging his root on the rail, and swinging his arm in an easy posi-tion across the mahogany. "What are you doing in New Orleans?" "None of your business."

"True, but not to the point. I know what you are doing. You are on the kidnapped millionaire case. "Some one must have told you. The witness refuses to commit himself. Will you have another drink?"

They had several. Under their influence Seymour told Dick Bender his mission, but was too discreet to reveal any information which had been received from New York. He invited Mr. Bender to take dinner with him, and that gentleman was too polite to refuse.

When Mr. Seymour awoke the following afternoon he was in a narrow bunk, which seemed to rise and fall as to the heave of a ship. He rs cribed this to natural causes and went to sleep. When he again awoke it was dark. For a moment le lay quiet. To his ears came the splash of waters and the groaning and muttering of a ship. By the smoky light of a lantern he found his clothes scattered on the floor. He put them on as fast as possible, but the operation was delayed by the swaying of the room. The heavy breathing of a sleeper in an opposite bunk seemed to beat time to the motion of the ship. Seymour opened the curtains and peered in. It was Mr. Dick Ben-

Seymour shook him savagely. ake up, Bender!" he said as he clawed the sleeper around the bunk.
"Wake up! We are kidnapped by pl-

Bender opened his eyes, blinked, groaned, and dropped back into an untroubled sleep. Seymour again aroused him.

"We are kidnapped, I tell you!" ne said in a hoarse whisper. "Wake up, and prepare to die like a man!"

"Forget it!" said Mr. Bender, and he again closed his eyes. But Sey-mour was persistent, and finally suceeded in arousing the drowsy Bender. While he was dressing, the door opened and a broad-shouldered sailor stepped into the apartment. Seymour looked for a weapon, but there was none in sight. The man surveyed them calmly for a moment and said:

"I thought I would come and wake you-all up. When you gets on your togs, come on deck. You must be hungry by this time."

Seymour looked at him doubtfully

'Who are you?" he asked.

"First mate," said the man.
"First mate of what? You don't ook like a pirate."

The man laughed with a chuckle which rumbled from the depths of a massive chest.

"Guess you gents is a bit mixed," he said. "Forgotten me, hev ye? I'm first mate of the schooner 'Sam Wal-You knew me last night all ker.

"You have slipped my memory since," said Seymour. "Where are we, and where are we supposed to be going?"

"Come on deck," said the first mate. "It is hot below. Come on deck and meet Captain Parker. Prob'ly you know him better," and the sailor opened the door and went

"Well, what do you think of this?" said Seymour as he sat down on the edge of the bunk to collect his "Do you know anything about it, Bender?" Not a thing,"

said that gentle-

man. "I remember meeting some sailor men somewhere. That's all." man. They stumbled through a passageway and up a narrow flight of stairs A draught of fresh night air struck their faces and was delightfully cool and refreshing. The outline short, stocky seaman, with a gleam of gold braid on shoulders and cap, was silhouetted at the head of the winding stairs. He stepped forward

'Haouw de ye dew, Mr. Seymour? he said, extending a large, freekled hand, which Mr. Seymour grasped rather cautiously. "Haouw air ye, Mister Bender? Did ye sleep sound?"

Seymour and Bender came in

"I should say we did," said Seymour, reassured by the cordiality of the greeting and by the honest face of the Yankee skipper. "We are a bit mixed about this voyage, Captain. How did we come aboard, and where

are we headed for?" "I reckon you boys war a bit slewed up last night, or rather this mornin'," said Captain Parker. "Ain't ye hungry? I reckon so. Ther cook has somethin' ready for ye. Come on and eat it while it's good and hot, and I will tell ye all erbout it."

They went into the little cabin.

The darkey cook appeared with a steaming dish of steak, some hot corn bread, baked potatoes, coffee and vegetables. The voyagers fell upon the savory spread with avidity. After eating a few minutes Sey-mour said to the captain: "Kindly

explain to us how we happen to en-joy your hospitality on the good ship Sam Walker.

or the best fellow in the world, and would not listen to his departure.

"You and Bill hove in sight about six o'clock this mornin'," said Capt. Parker, as he passed the steak Seymour for the third time. course, I seen that ye was a bit un-der the weather, but ye talked all square and fair, sayin' ye wanted to take a cruise, and when I said the 'Sam Walker' wuz goin' to Havana, you said that wuz the place ye wanted ter go tew. So you paid me the money for passage for both of ye, and we cast off and headed out inter the Gulf erbout eight o'clock this ere mornin'. Ye fooled aroun' awhile, clum out on ther bowsprit, did various monkeyshines, and then went below. That's all thar is tew it," and Capt. Parker laughed with a

it," and Capt. Parker laughed with a vigor hearty and pleasing.
"From early childhood I have longed to go to Havana," said Mr. Seymour. "Why I should select this special time is not readily apparent, but it is well. Cheer up, Bender! Once again an aqueous toast to Capt. Parker and his galiant crew."

Having done ample justice to the food before them, the voyagers followed Capt. Parker to the deck of the vessel. The "Sam Walker" was a large, three-masted schooner. They found seats on the after deck. A big Swede stood at the wheel, and lazily revolved it as the fresh breeze came in irregular gusts from the outhwest. The air was fragrant with the odor of newly-sawed lumber, and Seymour noticed, for the first time, that the decks between the masts were piled high with timber.

"Hev a seegar," said Capt. Parker, passing a box to Mr. Seymour. "I kin afford to be generous, seein' as thow you bought 'em. You gave me twenty dollars and told me to buy the best thar was; and I reckon you'll find them all right."

"You seem to be in the lumber trade," said Seymour, as he took a cigar and passed the box to Dick Bender.

"Yes, I haul a right smart of lumber an' stuff in the course of a year," said Capt. Parker. Like all New England Yankees who live in southern states, his dialect was a mixture of northern and southern

"You must know some contractors," said Seymour. Though his field of detective endeavor was limited to the area of a "lumber hooker," the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico, the newspaper instinct was strong within him.

"Reckon I know erbaout all ther



'LET'S SEE; WHAT IN THUNDER WAS HIS NAME?"

eans," said Capt. Parker, with some pride. "The 'Sam Walker' has carried many a batch of timber up an' down these here coasts."

"Did you ever carry any lumber for a man named Walter B. Hestor?" asked Seymour. "Talk about your thousand to one shots," he said to himself, "this certainly is one of them.

"Hestor?" said Capt. Parker re-flectively. "Hestor? Thar ain't no contractor by that name that I ever neern on."

'He did newspaper work for fun,'

said Seymour. "He had lots of mon-ey, and went all over the world lookng for good stories."
"Did he own a yacht—a steam

vacht?' "Yes," answered Seymour, leaning

forward in his excitement. "Say, Bill!" The first mate was talking with

the Swede wheelsman. He stepped over and joined the group when Capt. Parker called him. What wuz ther name of that dude

who owned the 'Shark'?" he asked.
"You know who I mean. The one that Col. McIntyre built that air ouse for."

Seymour dropped his cigar. The And Tissot said, "Yes." temptation to yell almost overwhelmed him.

"Let's see; what in thunder was his name?" said the big sailor, re moving his cap and running his hand through a mass of red hair. "Some-thing like Hanson or Hampton. That ain't it. There was an 's' in it. He was an odd sort of a fish. Raising hell all the time. Let's see. Hissor, Histor, Hestorthat's it. I knew dummed well I in the shape of a little black button could think of it. He had the steam met them. Bridget got hold of the yacht 'Shark,' and a quiet sort of a button and gave it a pull, but her chap named Waters was her captain.
Mighty fine boat, the 'Shark!' Run audible ring from within. Again and like thunder and lightnin'! Why? What about him?"

"Nothin'. This here gentleman was askin' erbout him," said Capt. Bridget.

"Nothin'. This here gentleman was askin' erbout him," said Capt.

"It was a long story, but the expense of it was that Bill Howe, the first mate of the "Sam Walker," was on shore leave, and at an early hour had met the convivial Seymour and Pender. They had declared the sail
"Nothin'. This here gentleman was askin' erbout him," said Capt.

"Hestor is an old friend of mine," and the convivial Seymour and Col. MeIntyre you spoke of? Is he greenhorns an' th' divils are within houldin' th' shtring!"

ker. "He has moved ter Havana This here load of lumber is fer him. He's buildin' a new hotel in Havana.'

"Is he in Havana now?"
"Suppose so," said the captain.
"Guess he'll be daown ter the dock ter see us come in. He's in er mighty big burry erbaout this 'ere bunch of lumber. Bin' telegraphin' and raisin' blazes erbaout it."

Seymour changed the subject. He was so elated that he felt like climbing the shrouds, and yelling like a Comanche Indian. The one thing which worried him was whether or not he had told Bender anything about Hestor during the preceding evening. The look of pained surprise on Bender's face, when his ankle felt the impact of Seymour's foot, was evidence that he knew nothing of Hestor or his complicity in the millionaire mystery.

Seymour vented his joy and con-cealed his triumph in song. The temptation to celebrate in drink was strong, but his repentance was sincere and his determination to reform was earnest. So he sang. As a vocalist, Mr. Seymour was handicapped by the circumstance that he knew neither the words nor the tune to any song. What he lacked in tech-nique was recompensed in energy. His first effort, as expressed in words, was about as follows:

'Yo ho, my lads, the wind blows free;

"Yo ho, my lads, the wind blows free;
A pleasant gale is on the se-a-a,
And here we runte de te tum,
Ra le dada, te dum, dum, dum,
And 'ere we part from England's shore
to-night,
A song we'll sing to home da rumty dight
Then here's to the sallor,
Here's to his heart so true (sing there,
Bender!)
Who will think of him upon the waters
blu-u-u-ue.
(All together.)
Sailing, sailing, over the mountain main;
And many a stormy wind shall blow 'ere
Jack comes home again.
Sailing, sailing, der rumty, dum de dain,
And many a stormy wind shall
blo-o-o-o-ow
'Ere Jack comes ho-o-ome a-a-a-again!"
The negro cook stood in the com-

The negro cook stood in the companion-way and joined in the chorus with a deep baritone, which did much to neutralize the rather harsh tenor of the eager Seymour, and the uncertain bass of Mr. Dick Bender. Capt. Parker did not sing, but was liberal in his applause.

[To Be Continued.]

The Dove and the Cat.

Maj. Shattuck of the signal corps tells an amusing story of an old-time "religious revival" meeting at a negro church near Savannah. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic, through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit, the sexton was to shove down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the au-dience was expected to have an inspiring effect, and as far as emotion al excitement was concerned, to cap the climax. All went well at the start; the church was packed; the preacher's text was "In the form of dove," and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. Then the opportune moment arrived-the signal was given-and the packed audience was scared out of its wits on looking up to the ceiling and beholding a cat, with a clothes line around its middle, yowling and spitting, being slowly lowered over the preacher's head. The
preacher called out to the sexton in
the attic: "Whar's de dove?" And the sexton's voice came down through the opening so you could hear it a block: "Inside de cat!"

—Chicago Daily News.

How Jacques Tissot Painted.

An interesting story is told of Jacques Tissot, the great French aire, whom I know very well. He built a house on some island in the woman, asked her oninion of www. "What sort of a man wuz he?" plied, giving a remarkably just and asked Capt. Parker. "What did he dew?" "He did newspaper work for fun," satisfied?" asked a friend. Tissot answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day.

When finished he sent for his fair critic, who pronounced it "admirable," and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism. satisfied?" asked the friend again when the lady departed. "No," answered the artist, and set to worl

When the Parisienne saw the new painting she gazed at it for some mo ments with evident emotion, and ther without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray. "Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend

Couldn't Get Hang of It.

Bridget and Norah Murphy, fresh from the mosquitoes of Ellis Island had set out to make their "return calls" on their cousins, the McGooli gans, at service in an aristocratic part of the city. Upon arriving at the house, instead of being confront ed by the usual bell knob, nothing but a stingy, mean apology of a knol Run audible ring from within. Again and again she tried with the same result, until she turned the knob over to Seymour gave Bender a violent kick on the shin.

"Nonie." Then the latter yanked and twisted without success, until both stood on the landing gazing helplesswas askin' erbout him," said Capt. ly at each other. Then light came to

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL BOAD

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 25, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 8 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelp is 6,23 P. M., New York 9,30 P. M., Baltimore 00 P. M., Washington 7,15 P. M. Pullmen Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, striving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4:25 A. M., New York 7:13 A. M. Baltimore, 2:30 A. M. Washington, 4:05 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburgto Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passenger scan remainin sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

O 25 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 A. M., New York 9:33 A. M., weekdays, (10:33 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore, 7:30 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and Intermediate stations arriving a Philadelphia 7:22 A. M., New York 9:33 A. M., weekdays, (10:33 A. M. Sunday;) Baltimore, T. Sunday;) Baltimore, T. Sunday; Baltimore, T. Sunda

and Washington.

MESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for Du-Bois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

SOUTHWARD.				Stations.	NORTHWARI							
P. M	A. M	. A. N	1.1		Ρ.	м.	P.	м.	P.	M		
	9 0 9 5 10 2 11 1	0 4 8	8 0 I	Renovo Driftwood Emporium Junc St. Marys	::		4 3		11 10	45 05 30 45		
	11 1 11 3 11 4	3 6 5	2 .	Kane Wilcox .Johnsonburg	12	05	2	05 45 33		25 04 49		
4 20 4 30 4 31 4 37 4 41 4 51	12 2 12 3 12 3 12 3 12 4 12 5 12 5 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2	7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1 7 1	0 . 5 . 8 . 3 . 7 . 1 . 0 . 5 .	Ridgway, Mill Haven Croyland Shorts Mills Blue Rock Carrier Brockwayville Lanes Mills McMinns Sm't. Harveys Run Falls Creek DuBois	9999888888888	35 15 15 11 07 02 53 47 43 39 35 25	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	15 04 54 51 47 43 33 28 19 15 05	77766666666	01 57 47 43		
5 27 6 00 6 45 7 25 9 45	1 3 1 5 2 3 3 2	2 8 2 9 8 5 8 9 3 0 10 1 0 12 3	3 . 0 . 0 . 0 . 5 .	Reynoldsville	6	10	12 12 11 11 9	52 24	6 5 4 4 1	15 39 50 05 30		

LOW GRADE DIVISION. EASTBOUND. 109 113 101 105 107 901
 Red Bank,
 9 28 11 104

 Lawsonham,
 9 40 4122 4

 New Bethle'm
 10 13 11 47 4

 Brookville,
 6 40 11 00 12 45

 Reynoldsville,
 6 44 11 32 12 52 6

 Falls Creek
 6 58 11 48 132 12 52 6

 Sabula,
 7 05 †11 55 1 25 6

 Sabula,
 7 17 1 37 6

 Pennfield,
 7 35 1 25 7

 Bennezette,
 8 09 2 29 7

 Piftwood,
 48 45 †3 65 †3 65 7

 Via P. & E. Dip
 5 43 65 †3 65 7

 Driftwood, Lv.
 9 44 †3 45 6

 Emporium, Ar, †10 25 †4 10
 4 10 4 M, M, M, P. N. P.
 $\begin{array}{c} 10\ 13\ 11\ 47\ 4\ 50\ 8\ 37\\ 6\ 10\ 11\ 00\ 12\ 24\ 5\ 39\ 92\\ 6\ 44\ 11\ 32\ 12\ 52\ 6\ 15\ 9\ 50\\ 6\ 58\ 11\ 48\ 11\ 36\ 30\ 1005\\ 7\ 05\ 11\ 55\ 1\ 25\ 6\ 40\ 1010\ ;\\ 7\ 17\ 13\ 13\ 6\ 52\ *\\ 7\ 35\ \dots\ 1\ 55\ 7\ 10\ \bowtie\\ 8\ 09\ \dots\ 2\ 29\ 7\ 44\ \bigcirc\\ 8\ 09\ \dots\ 2\ 29\ 7\ 44\ \bigcirc\\ 18\ 45\ \dots\ 3\ 05\ |820\ \bigcirc\\ \end{array}$

M. P. M P. M P. M

WESTBOUND. STATIONS. 108 106 102 114 110 942
 Via P. & E. Div
 A. M.
 A. M.
 A. M.
 P. M.
 400

 Via L. G. DivU. S. L. G. Div</td Div ... +6 15 +1120 ... +5 50 +6 50 11 55 ... 6 28 ... 7 25 12 30 ... 7 00 ... 7 25 12 30 ... 7 00 ... 7 44 12 49 ... 7 18 ... 4 17 18 ... 6 29 8 00 1 05 †5 05 7 33 14 10 ... 6 27 8 10 1 20 5 12 7 42 4 17 18 ... 6 44 8 23 1 32 5 27 7 58 4 17 18 ... 6 48 8 23 1 32 5 27 7 58 4 30 6 7 18 ... 8 31 9 57 †3 06 7 14 ... 6 18 8 31 9 57 †3 06 7 14 ... 6 18 ... 8 48 10 10 3 20 7 25 ... 6 30 Red Bank, Ar.. 8 45 10 10 3 20 7 25 6 30 Fittsburg, Ar.. *11 15 †1235 †5 30 †9 45 ‡9 30 A. M. P. N. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. S.

Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop, between Red Bank and DuBois.

*Daily †Daily except Sunday. †Sunday only.

*Flag Stop.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent. J. R. WOOD, Agt.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.

J. R. WOOD, Agt. Gen'l Passenger

TIME TABLE No. 27.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R Taking effect Ma y 27th, 1901 EASTWARD.

10 | 8 | 4 | 6 | 2

STATIONS.	-		_		_	-			_
DIMITO.	P. M.			P.	M.	Α.	M.	Α.	M.
Port Allegany, Lv.	3 15								36
Coleman,	*3 23			00				*11	41
Burtville,	*3 30							11	47
Roulette,	3 40				25			11	55
Knowlton's,	*3 45			00				*11	59
Mina	3 59				35			12	05
Olmsted	*4 05			*7	38			612	09
Hammonds,	00)			*12	13
(Ar	4 20	A.	М.	7	45			12	15
Coudersport. Lv.		6					00	1	00
North Coudersport,		*6	15			0	0	*1	05
Frink's,		6	25			#6	10	•1	12
Colesburg,		*6	40			•6	17	1	20
Seven Bridges,		*6	45			*6	21	*1	24
Raymonds's,		*7	00			*6	30	1	35
Gold,		7				6	36	1	41
Newfield,		0	0					1	45
Newfield Junction		7	37				45	1	50
Perkins		#7	40				48	*1	53
Carpenter's,		7	46			00)	*1	157
Orowell's,		7	50			*6	53	42	01
		8	05			7	05	2	10
C 13 management		A. !	м.					P.	M.
WE	STWA	RD.						-	-
		1	T	5			3	1	
STATIONS.		-	-					-	-
		A. 3	M. 1	P. 1	м.	A.	М.		
Jlysses,	Lv.		20		25	9	10		
Crowell's		*7 5			32		19		
Carpenter's,		00			34	. 9			
Perkins,					37		26		
Newfield Junction,			37		42		32		
Newfield,			11		46		0		
Joid,			14		49		40		
Raymond's		#7 4	19		54		47		

Seven Bridges, *8 01 *3 05 *10 02 *8 04 3 09 *10 10 *8 12 *3 17 *10 20 *3 25 *10 35 Ar. 8 25 3 30 10 45 Frink's.... North Coudersport, Joudersport, Lv. 8 28 6 00 1 20 Hammonds, 8 33 *6 05 *1 31 8 37 *6 10 1 37 6 17 00 8 47 6 21 1 51 8 54 6 28 2 01 6 6 40 2 25 Post Allegany, (*) Flag stations. (**) Trains do not stop t Triograph offices Train Nos. 3 and 10

Carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y
for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for
Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At
Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & F. R. R., north
for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport;
south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium
and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R



"The Grand Scenic Route."

	RE	AI	D	007	VI	٧.		_	_	_	_	_	_	_	_
	A.	M.	P.	M.	P.	B	ſ.	A		M	τ.				
'ting Smt			12	40	7	8	80		9	1	0				
.Austin		35	1	05	8	(0			5					
Costello	6	44	1	14											
Wharton	,	56	1	26					3	1	0				
ss Fork Jct.	7	39	2	09					4	2	3				
Corbett	8	06	2	36					5	1	5				
mania,				47											
Galeton,								П	5	2	3				
(8	23	2	53					5	3	5				
.Gaines Jct.	8	36	3	06				١.							
Vestfield	9	13	3	43				ı.							

Community	•	2 31		0 10		
Ar. Galeton,				5 23		
Liv. (0 23	2 53		5 35		1
Gaines Jct	. 8 36	3 06				
Westfield	. 9 13	3 43				1
Knoxville		3 56				
Osceola		4 06				1
Elkland	. 9 41	4 11				
Ar. Addison		4 43				
atzaddisom		P. M.				
	A. M.	F. M.				
	=RE	ADI	JP.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	1	P.
ar.K't'ng Smt	. 8 45			12 25		17.
Austin,	. 8 00	6 43		11 58		8
Costello,		6 34		11 49		8
Wharton,			8 04			
Cross Fork J'ct		5 40				7
Corbett,		5 15	6 44	10 34		8 7 7
Germania,		5 07	6 31	10 26		7
dp. Galeton		5 00	6 25	10 20		.:
ar, "		0 00	1 00	10 20		7
Gaines,			12 47	10 00		6
Westfield,			12 11	8 16		6
Knoxville	5 55		11 55	8 00		5
Osceola,			11 46	7 51		5
Elkland,	5 41			7 46		5
Ly Addison,	5 10		11 10	7 15		5
ar munion,		P. M.		A. M.		P.
27778	r. m.	r. M.	A. M.	A. M.		-
Read down.					Read	up
P. M. A. M. P. M.					P. M.	
	lvA			9 40		
9 11	Ma	nhatt	en	9 54	8 35	

P. M. P. M. A.M. ar dp A.M. P. M. P. M. 25 ar Cross F'k June. 11 00 6 25 3 00 3 55 1 00 6 25 ar Cross Fork dp 11 50 5 45 2 10

P.M. | P. M. | A.M. | A.M. | 8 58 | 1 00 | Ly Sinnamahoning, Ar | 1 40 | 165 | 8 15 | 1 40 | ar.....Wharton....ly | 3 00 | 9 55 8 15 | 1 40 | ar.....Wharton...lv | 3 00 | 9 55

All trains run dail; 220 pt Sunday.

32 Sundays only.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with P. R. R. Buf. Div.
for all points north and south.

At Ansonia with N.Y. C. & H.R. R. for all points
north and south.

At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R.
west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses.

At Genesee for points on the New York &
Pennsylvania R. R.

At Addison with Eric R. R., for points east
and west.

At Wellaville with Frie R. R.

and west.

At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div. H.H.GARDINER.Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Buffalo, N.Y W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt. Galeton, Pa. M. J. McMahon, Div. Pass Ag't., Galeton, Pa.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real
estates, Orphau's Court and general law business
will receive promptattention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON.
J. P. McNARNEY
JOHNSON & McNARNEY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business en's
rusted to them.
16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate
and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa. THOMAS WADDINGTON, Emporium, Pa.

CONTRACTO STONE-CUTTING. All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, supplied at low prices. Agent for marble or granite monuments. Lettering neatly done:

AMERICAN HOUSE,
East Emporium, Pa.,
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and
well established House I invite the patronage of
the public. House newly furnished and thor
oughly renovated.
48ly

F. D. LEET.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T.
EMPORIUM, PA TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage &c., and particel desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me.

577 579 FF F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL, WM. McGEE, PROPRIETOR
Emporium, Pa.
Having again taken possession of this old and
popular house I solicit a share of the public patcnage. The house is newly furnished and is one
of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county,
33-1y. WM. McGEE. PROPRIETOR

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT, (Opposite Post Office,)

(Opposite Post Office,)

Emporium, Pa.

WILLIAM McDonald, Proprietor.

I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hous, no27-1yr

Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETONear Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodicus hotel is now open
for the accommodation of the public. New in a
ltsappointments, every attention will be paid;
the guests patronizing this notel. 27-17-1

MAY GOULD.

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular sheet Muse,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholarstaught either at my home on Si
street or at the homes of the pupils. Out ofte
scholars will be given dates at my rooms in

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.

DENTIST.

Office over Taggar's Drug Store, Emporium,

Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.