THE STORY TELLER

THAT BABY.

It ain't no trouble now to find
The things that used to be
A-scattered round about the house,
Or hid away from me.

The paper's allus right to hand,
The tidy's on the chair,
My hat don't leave the front hall peg
'Most 'fore I hang it there.

An' everything is orderly,
An' just the way it's put,
Without a raft o' cur'us truck
A-kickin' under foot.

But when I look around the room
An' see the chairs just so,
An' all the things a-settin' in
The place they ought to go,

I'd give the rest o' this ol' life
If I could only see
That baby strewin' things around
The way they used to be.
—Portland Oregonian.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Carmody was a gentleman of impressive mien. He had retained his dignity and his composure most admirably, and addressed Capt. Waters with the easy air in which he was wont to issue orders to the managers and superintendents of his vast enterprises. He calmly drank a little of a glass of water and stepping forward, faced Capt. Waters.

That gentleman was a study in bronze. He was in full uniform. The gold braid of his cap, the bars of gold on his shoulders and sleeves, and the rows of brass buttons on his coat, were in sharp contrast to the plain apparel of the group which now clustered around him. A long, livid scar across his left cheek and extending to the point of his chin, showed plain in the electric light which flooded the room. The closely-cropped gray moustache; the shaggy, black eyebrows beetling over the cold blue eyes; the iron-gray hair beneath the cap; the erect, impassive pose of the figure—proclaimed the character of the official who held in his control the immediate destiny of the group of men who now confronted him.

Mr. Kent did not join this party. He had paused by a starboard window and was gazing out as if deeply concerned in a study of the weather. Hestor stood a little back of the captain, while Hammond had seated himself by the table. In his face anger and bewilderment struggled for mastery.

"Capt. Waters," said Mr. Carmody, placing his hand familiarly on the broad shoulder of that official, "on behalf of the gentlemen on this yacht, I demand of you, as its captain, that you immediately put about and return to New York. You are responsible. Mr. Hestor is clearly irresponsible. It is our wish to return at once,"

"It certainly is! It certainly is!" exclaimed Mr. Pence, attempting to grasp Capt. Waters' hand. That official glanced at Mr. Hestor as if waiting for him to answer.

"You know your orders," said Hestor. "You are the captain of this yacht."

"I get my orders from Mr. Hestor and obey them," said Capt. Waters, addressing no member of the group in particular. His voice was gruff, but not unkind. "We are headed east, nor'east. When he says to change her course, I will change her course. Until then, not. That's all."

This was a long speech for Capt. Waters. He turned and walked to the door.

"The 'Shark' is yours, gentlemen," said Hestor, airily. "The servants are yours to command, but I will issue all necessary orders to the captain. You gentlemen, who have such great interests under your control, must realize that, in such an outing as I have planned, Capt. Waters must not be annoyed with conflicting orders. I have provided everything for your comfort, and am sure you will thank me for the treat I have in store for you. I will rejoin you in a few moments. I wish to study our charts and determine our course for the night. Then we will have some music in Social Hall. I would like to see you for a few moments, Sidney; if the gentlemen will excuse you."

Mr. Hammond hesitated a moment. Mr. Carmody stepped to his side and spoke a few words in a low tone. Sidney listened, and bowing to him and the others, joined Hestor and followed him into his private staterooms at the forward part of the deckhouse.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Mr. Haven, with perhaps justifiable emphasis, as Hestor smiled graciously and departed with Sidney Hammond. "We are kidnapped."

"Did you just find that out?" drawled Mr. Kent, as he reached for another cigar. "I knew that five minutes ago."

"You take it mighty coolly," said Mr. Haven, glaring at the big speculator. "One would think that the kidnapping of six of the wealthiest men in New York was an every-day event by the way you take it."

"I have seen stranger things than this happen," said Mr. Kent. "Take it easy. Take it easy. You will get Pence excited."

Mr. Pence had passed the stage of excitement. He was lost in the depths of despair. Had one of the marines entered and commanded him to walk the plank it would not have added to the weight of woe which overwhelmed him.

Mr. Palmer J. Morton had taken no part in the brief proceedings which had accomplished this revolution. He grasped the situation from the moment Hestor made his first declaration, and realized that whether their dilemma was the result of a plot or the whim of a maniac, that arguments and force were useless. Mr. Morton prided himself that he could divine the machinations of the cool-headed business schemer, but was he expected to cope with the fantastic plots of a crazy man? It was enough to know that he had been duped. He must devise a way out of the trap which he had helped to set.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is a serious affair, but we must meet it coolly and with deliberation. It is of no avail to storm and rage. We are caged, and it will do no good to beat our wings against the bars. I feel myself largely at fault in this affair, but all of us are likely to make mistakes and to suffer lapses in judgment. In this——"

"Mr. Morton," interrupted Mr. Rockwell, "I think I speak for all present when I say that we do not hold you in the least responsible for this ridiculous event. I should have done the same thing. So would any of us."

"I thought that newspaper trust one of the best things I ever heard of," said Mr. Pence, and his eyes brightened for the moment at the thought. "I figured it out that the stock would have paid 20 per cent. dividends on the original investment. Oh, it is awful!"

Mr. Pence evidently did not refer to the magnitude of the vanished dividends, but to his present sorrow.

"We must retire to one of the staterooms and consider what can be done," said Mr. Morton. "I presume the owner or the officers of the

"WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?" DEMANDED HESTOR.

boat will not object to our movements, so long as we comply with the rules of discipline. We have been informed that the yacht is ours, and I suggest that we select our staterooms and meet in one of them and confer together."

"You can do anything you please," said Hestor, who had entered the room, and had overheard the latter part of Mr. Morton's remarks. "But the hour is early, and there is plenty of excellent wine straining against the corks in the effort to escape and enhance the jollity of this occasion. Besides, we are going to have music. I have attempted to reconcile Mr. Hammond to his fate, and I know he will favor us with a song."

"Mr. Hestor."

The speaker stopped. Capt. Waters stood in the door, and his hand was on the arm of a gentleman whose face and pose constituted a character study. He was a big, handsome man with a florid complexion, an aggressive black mustache, shrewd blue eyes and a profusion of brown hair which fell to his coat collar. There was no timidity in his attitude, yet there was some indescribable weakness in his general bearing. He was well-dressed, and had a roll of paper under his arm which he carefully guarded. Hestor looked at him in blank amazement. Mr. Pence groaned.

"Who in the devil are you?" demanded Hestor, as Capt. Waters released the arm of the new arrival.

"L. Sylvester Vincent, of Chicago," was the reply.

"What in thunder are you doing on this boat? Where did you find him, Capt. Waters?"

"He was in the aft passage way; he had just come out of one of the staterooms."

"This is Mr. Hestor, is it not?" said Mr. Vincent, who had entirely recovered his self-possession; if in fact he had ever lost it. "I recognize you from your picture. It was like this: I have been trying for ten days to see Mr. Carmody," and Mr. Vincent bowed pleasantly to Mr. Carmody, who glared back at him. "Mr. Carmody is a very busy man, and my time is of some value also. Well, I followed him down to the boat, and I guessed that he was going to take a little pleasure trip. I figured that this would be a good time to get a chance to talk to him, so I came on board. Anticipating that there might be some objections to my—er—to my being a guest, and not desiring to intrude on your company at dinner. I remained down stairs until you gentlemen had finished your repast." Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent looked hungrily at the yet loaded table and concluded: "I was just starting to come upstairs and introduce myself to Mr. Carmody when your genial captain—Capt. Waters, I believe—kindly consented to escort me here."

"You are all right," said Hestor, as he burst into a roar of laughter. "I don't know who you are, or what you do, but if I have any influence you can get a job as reporter on the New York Record any time you ask for it. Capt. Waters, how did our old college chum, L. Sylvester Vincent, get on board the 'Shark?'"

Capt. Waters looked rather crestfallen, and glared at Mr. Vincent with an expression which boded that gentleman no good.

"He came along about a minute after you and those two gentlemen did," said Capt. Waters, pointing to Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Carmody. "I supposed he was one of your party. He handed me his card and came aboard. I found him roaming around below and knew that something was wrong. So I brought him up here."

"Glad to see you aboard the yacht," said Hestor. "You will have plenty of time to talk matters over with Mr. Carmody."

"When do you go back?" asked Mr. Vincent, as a puzzled expression came into his face.

"We are not going back," Hestor replied. "We are going to the South Sea islands."

CHAPTER XII.

AT SEA.

The interview in Hestor's cabin with Mr. Sidney Hammond was brief and spirited. Hammond did not wait for any explanatins, but proceeded to denounce Hestor in scathing terms. That gentleman smiled pleasantly and waited for him to conclude.

"This is the act of a mad man or a villain!" said Hammond as he paced angrily up and down the narrow room. Hestor had seated himself at a writing desk and leisurely rolled a cigarette. "You do not look like a crazy man, but you act like one. You have not been drinking to excess, and cannot plead intoxication as an excuse for this outrage. Of all the unaccountable things! What do you mean to do? What is your object in detaining these men whom you have induced to become your guests? Have you stopped to think of the agony this will cause their relations? Have you considered how my sister Olive will feel when I fail to return home?"

He stopped in front of Hestor, his eyes flashing anger. His voice trembled with rage and he restrained himself by an effort from a physical attack on Hestor.

"Don't get so excited, Sidney," said Hestor, as he lit a cigarette. "There is nothing so serious about this as you imagine. Olive thinks you have gone to Europe with me. I sent her a telegram and signed your name to it. I made a copy of the message and here it is."

Hestor handed a slip of paper to Hammond, who read as follows:

Miss Olive Hammond:

It is necessary for me to accompany Mr. Hestor on a short business trip to Europe. We sail early this evening, and I shall be too busy to come home to bid you good-by. Pack my trunk and valise and send them to Mr. Hestor's office. Do not come down town, as I do not know where I shall be in the meantime. Put my scrap books and some writing paper in the trunk, as I wish to work on my essays on the trip across and back. Also enclose the matter I have already written. I shall not be gone long. Regret that I cannot see you before I leave, but know that you are used to these sudden journeys and will forgive me.

SIDNEY HAMMOND.

"That shows that while a forger you are not entirely lost to decency," said Hammond, with evident relief, but no signs of relenting. "But how about these other men? They have dear ones. They have feelings. Think of what they must suffer and how much grief you will cause if you persist in your course. You must put this boat back to New York at once."

"It cannot be done, Sidney," said Hestor. "I have this all planned out. To-morrow these men can communicate with their people. I will take care of that." Hestor's manner changed. The smile died on his lips and his face grew dark. "You are my friend," he said in a tone singularly harsh and strident. "You are my friend, but I shall not permit you to interfere in the least with my plans. This is my yacht, and we are on the high seas. The man who refuses to obey orders on this boat will be put in irons. I should not like to see you in the booby hatch, Sidney," and Hestor laughed in an unpleasant way.

"There will be some one hurt before I go in irons," Hammond said fiercely. "After what you have done I should not be surprised, however, at any attempted outrage. Do you care to give any sane reason for this affair?"

"I gave you the reasons at the dinner table," said Hestor, whose fit of anger had passed. "These men now on this yacht have managed to secure control of about everything in the country worth having. They run Wall Street, the banks, the trusts, the railroads, and dictate to the government. I want to find out what would happen if they should die simultaneously. Such a thing might happen, don't you know? Well, what would be the result? No one knows. I am going to find out. They will be cut off from communication except for one day. During that time they may be dead for all any one knows. Then I will see that word is received from them, saying that they are safe. That will relieve the strain on their families and friends. We then will see how the country gets along without them for awhile. Great scheme, don't you think?"

Hammond continued to pace the floor but said nothing. Hestor seemed intensely in earnest.

"Does Mr. Van Horne, the editor of The Record, know anything about this?" asked Sidney.

"Of course he does not," said Hestor promptly. "I have not seen Bob in six months. This is my personal affair. Just now I am working for myself. I never thought of this until a week ago, and it came to me like an inspiration. Of course I could confide my plans to no one, but I felt sure you would appreciate the scheme and give it your co-operation. You will, when you get over your foolish anger. I must rejoin our friends. They will think I am neglecting them."

There being nothing for Sidney to say he remained quiet and returned to the dining room in time to meet Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent, as has been related.

Hestor soon found that his unwilling guests desired to retire to the apartments which had been reserved for them. They were shown to the staterooms, and a servant detailed to look after their comfort. They found that their host had made every effort to anticipate their needs. Slippers, smoking jackets, pajamas, and a liberal assortment of linen and undergarments were provided in profusion. Hestor bid them a pleasant good night, and returned to the upper deck where he found Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent. That gentleman's face yet bore a puzzled expression. He had vainly attempted to engage Mr. Hammond in conversation. He now approached Hestor.

"Where did you say you were going, Mr. Hestor?" he asked.

"South Sea islands."

"But I must go back to New York," explained Mr. Vincent. "Just as soon as I can see Mr. Carmody you must put me off. Which way are we going now?"

"About east."

"Will you ask Mr. Carmody if he will see me now?" asked Mr. Vincent in his most insinuating manner.

"Can't do it. He has retired for the night," replied Hestor. "You stay with us. This is the chance of your life. You are a promoter, are you not?. Yes? I thought so. Well, you are in luck. On this yacht are six of the richest men in the world. You can promote any old thing with them if you know your business. Make yourself at home. Keep right at them. Don't let them stand you off. You will have lots of time. I see you have your drawings and plans with you. You certainly are in luck. Bob, show Mr. Vincent to stateroom number eight."

"I guess I'm in for it, Mr. Hestor, but you will find me game," he said. "I wanted to go back, but I suppose I'll have to stick. Who are all of these gentlemen?"

[To Be Continued.]

As It Should Be Written.

It is feared that the correspondents who have told how Novelist Richard Harding Davis distinguished himself at the recent alarming fire in Marion, near his summer home, have failed to grasp the graphic possibilities of the situation. Possibly they were limited by both time and space, but it does seem as if they should have told the story a little more after this fashion:

The red glare grew stronger. Myriads of specks arose like demoniac fireflies. The exhausted townspeople sank back in sullen despair. All was lost save a few bureaus and settees. The selectmen of the little town looked at one another and ground their few remaining teeth. It was the gnash of defeat. Human strength availed not in the face of this red-tongued Shiva.

At that moment, when hope fell dead and faith was badly scotched, a blithe whistle was heard from the highway.

"What's this? cried a cheery voice, as a well-built form swung into view.

"It's a fire," said Elder Peasely, as he feebly coughed a bunch of smoke from his pipes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stingy and Narrow-Minded.

Her husband's brother had through his own efforts become very rich.

"Now," he said "I will do something for her and the children. I am under no obligations to them, but they are poor and I feel that it will be no more than right for me to help them."

Therefore he bought a comfortable home for them and gave her the deed. Then he took her to the furniture stores and they secured carpets, beds, chairs and other things that were necessary to make them comfortable and he paid for them, after which he went about his own affairs rejoicing.

She sat in her new home, with her hands clasped in her lap and a sad look on her face.

"What is the trouble?" her neighbor asked.

"I was thinking of the selfishness and meanness of some people," she sorrowfully replied. "Think of all the money he has. Yet he is too stingy, too narrow-minded even to give us a piano."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Looking Up.

The lecturer pleaded with the crowd to "look up." In impassioned tones he cried: "God always helps the man that looks up! Never look down, my friends, and do not waste too much time looking sideways. Look up, and keep on looking up! I never knew a man to fall if he looked up. Is there a man in the audience who can say that he always looks up?" A seedy stranger arose in the back row to say: "I can say that I always look up. I have steadily looked up for 30 years, and I am no better off for it. Looking up is my business." "What do you do for a living, my good man?" "I'm a ceiling decorator." The uproarious applause that greeted this sally broke up the meeting.—Detroit Free Press.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD 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 Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore 00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 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 Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

9 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 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:33 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:15 a. m.; Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5.10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

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

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	9 00	4 00	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 45
.....	9 50	4 38	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 25	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 30
.....	11 13	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 45
3 25	11 15	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 25	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 33	6 22	....Wilcox.....	12 05	2 45	8 04
3 56	11 48	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 33	7 49
4 10	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway.....	9 35	2 15	7 30
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
4 20	12 20	7 10	..Mill Haven...	9 25	2 04	7 20
4 30	12 30	7 21	.. Croyland....	9 15	1 54	7 09
4 34	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 11	1 51	7 05
4 37	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 07	1 47	7 01
4 41	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier.....	9 02	1 43	6 57
4 51	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 53	1 33	6 47
4 54	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 47	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 43		
5 02	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 39	1 19	6 35
5 10	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 35	1 15	6 30
5 25	1 25	8 15	....DuBois.....	8 25	1 05	6 10
5 10	1 20	8 10	..Falls Creek...	6 58	1 13	6 30
5 27	1 32	8 23	.Reynoldsville..	6 44	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 59	8 50	...Brookville...	6 10	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 30	New Bethlehem		11 47	4 50
7 25	3 20	10 10	...Red Bank....	.....	11 10	4 05
9 45	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg...	.....	9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily.....4:05 A. M.

Train No. 115, daily.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days.....8:25 A. M.

Train No. 103, week days.....1:45 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

Stations.	109	113	101	105	107	901
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv.	.....	†6 15	†9 00	†130	*505	‡ 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 28	11 10	4 05	7 55	11 10
Lawsonham,..	.....	9 40	§1122	4 18	8 07	11 23
New Bethle'm.	.....	10 13	11 47	4 50	8 37	11 55
Brookville,....	†6 10	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 41
Reynoldsville,.	6 44	11 32	12 52	6 15	9 50	1 14
Falls Creek....	6 58	11 48	1 13	6 30	1005	1 29
DuBois,.....	7 05	†11 55	1 25	6 40	1010	‡ 1 35
Sabula,.....	7 17	.....	1 37	6 52	*	
Pennfield,.....	7 35	.....	1 55	7 10	Note.	
Bennezette,....	8 09	.....	2 29	7 44		
Driftwood,.....	†8 45	.....	†3 05	†820		
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood..Lv.	†9 44	.....	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 25	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. 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.	P. M.	P. M.
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 15	.....	†3 20	.....
Driftwood, Ar..	.....	.....	†9 00	.....	†4 00	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....			.....		
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†6 15	†1120	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette,....	.....	6 50	11 55	.....	6 26	.....
Pennfield,.....	.....	7 25	12 30	.....	7 00	.....
Sabula,.....	.....	7 44	12 49	.....	7 18	.....
DuBois,.....	*6 20	8 00	1 05	†5 05	7 35	‡4 10
Falls Creek,....	6 27	8 10	1 20	5 12	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,..	6 44	8 23	1 32	5 27	7 58	4 30
Brookville.	7 15	8 50	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 00
New Bethle'm.	8 01	9 30	2 38	6 45	.....	5 45
Lawsonham, ..	8 31	9 57	†3 06	7 14	....	6 18
Red Bank, Ar..	8 45	10 10	3 20	7 25	.....	6 30
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†9 45	.....	‡9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. Ms

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. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Agt. Gen'l Passenger

TIME TABLE No. 27.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R

Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	10	8	4	6	2
	P. M.	.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany,.. Lv.	3 15	.....	7 05	.....	11 36
Coleman,.....	*3 23	.....	○○	.....	*11 41
Burtville,.....	*3 30	.....	7 16	.....	11 47
Roulette,.....	3 40	.....	7 25	.....	11 55
Knowlton's,.....	*3 45	.....	○○	.....	*11 59
Mina,.....	3 59	.....	7 35	.....	12 05
Olmsted,.....	*4 05	.....	*7 38	.....	*12 09
Hammonds,.....	○○	.....	○○	.....	*12 13
Coudersport. Ar.	4 20	A. M.	7 45	.....	12 15
Coudersport. Lv.		6 10		6 00	1 00
North Coudersport,	.....	*6 15	.....	○○	*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 05	.....	6 36	1 41
Newfield,.....	.....	○○	.....		1 45
Newfield Junction,..	.....	7 37	.....	6 45	1 50
Perkins,.....	.....	*7 40	.....	*6 48	*1 53
Carpenter's,.....	.....	7 46	.....	○○	*1 57
Crowell's,.....	.....	7 50	.....	*6 53	*2 01
Ulysses,..... Ar.	.....	8 05	.....	7 05	2 10
	.....	A. M.	.....		P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	1	5	3	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses,.....Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10	.....
Crowell's,.....	*7 27	*2 32	* 9 19	.....
Carpenter's,.....	○○	*2 34	* 9 22	.....
Perkins,.....	*7 32	*2 37	* 9 26	.....
Newfield Junction,.....	7 37	2 42	9 32	.....
Newfield,.....	*7 41	2 46	○○	.....
Gold,.....	7 44	2 49	9 40	.....
Raymond's.....	*7 49	2 54	* 9 47	.....
Seven Bridges,.....	*8 01	*3 06	*10 02	.....
Colesburg,.....	*8 04	3 09	*10 10	.....
Frink's,.....	*8 12	*3 17	*10 20	.....
North Coudersport,.....	○○	*3 26	*10 35	.....
Coudersport, Ar.	8 25	3 30	10 45	.....
Coudersport, Lv.			P. M.	.....
	8 28	6 00	1 20	.....
Hammonds,.....	○○	○○	○○	.....
Olmsted,.....	*8 33	*6 05	*1 31	.....
Mina,.....	8 37	6 10	1 37	.....
Knowlton's,.....	○○	*6 17	○○	.....
Roulette,.....	8 47	6 21	1 51	.....
Burtville,.....	8 54	6 28	2 01	.....
Coleman,.....	○○	*6 34	○○	.....
Port Allegany,.....	9 08	6 40	2 25	.....

(*) Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop ‡ Telegraph 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. & P. 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

Time Table taking Effect June 23, 1902.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ DOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....	
Lv K'ting Smt...		12 40	7 30	9 10	.....	
.....Austin....	6 35	1 05	8 00	9 50	.....	
....Costello.....	6 44	1 14	.....		.....	
....Wharton....	6 56	1 26	.....	3 10	.....	
Cross Fork Jct.	7 39	2 09	.....	4 23	.....	
....Corbett.....	8 06	2 36	.....	5 15	.....	
Germania,.....		2 47	.....	5 15	.....	
Ar. Galeton,.	.....	.....	.....	5 23	.....	
Lv. Galeton,.	8 23	2 53	.....	5 35	.....	
.....Gaines Jct.	8 36	3 06	.....	.....	.....	
...Westfield....	9 13	3 43	.....	.....	.....	
.. Knoxville....	9 26	3 56	.....	.....	.....	
....Osceola	9 36	4 06	.....	.....	.....	
....Elkland	9 41	4 11	.....	.....	.....	
Ar..Addison....	10 13	4 43	.....	.....	.....	
	A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....	

READ UP.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	P. M.
ar. K't'ng Smt...	8 45	7 10	.....	12 25	.....	.....
.... Austin,.....	8 00	6 43	.....	11 58	.....	8 45
....Costello,....	.....	6 34	.....	11 49	.....	8 36
...Wharton,....	.....	6 24	8 04	11 39	.....	8 24
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	5 40	7 25	10 58	.....	7 40
....Corbett,....	.....	5 15	6 44	10 34	.....	7 15
...Germania,....	.....	5 07	6 31	10 26	.....	7 07
dp..Galeton,....	P. M.	5 00	6 25	.....	.....	.....
ar, "	7 00	.....	1 00	10 20	.....	7 00
... Gaines, ...	6 47	.....	12 47	10 00	.....	6 47
...Westfield, ...	6 11	.....	12 11	8 16	.....	6 11
...Knoxville ...	5 55	.....	11 55	8 00	.....	5 55
...Osceola,....	5 46	.....	11 46	7 51	.....	5 46
....Elkland,....	5 41	.....	11 41	7 46	.....	5 41
Lv Addison,....	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

Read down. Read up.

P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
	9 21	7 00	lv..Ansonia..ar	9 40	8 20	.....
	9 11		.. Manhatten...	9 54	8 35	.....
	9 07		.South Gaines,.	9 57	8 39	.....
P. M.	8 59	6 37	..Gaines Junc...	9 59	8 42	.....
.....	8 45	6 25	ar Galeton lv		8 55	.....
	6 30	1 05	lv Galeton ar	10 10	4 45	.....
.....	6 47	1 24	....Walton.....	9 51	4 39	.....
.....	7 13	1 50	.Newfield Jct...	9 27	4 15	.....
.....	7 30	2 06	West Bingham,.	9 09	3 58	.....
.....	7 41	2 18	.... Genesee....	8 58	3 48	.....
.....	7 46	2 24	.... Shongo	8 53	3 43	.....
.....	8 06	2 46	dp Wellsville ar	8 30	3 20	.....

STATIONS.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M	P. M.
3 05	2 00	7 15	ar Cross F'k Junc.	11 00	6 35	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	Lv Sinnamahoning, Ar	1 40	105
8 15	1 40	ar.....Wharton.....lv	3 00	9 55

All trains run daily except Sunday.
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 Erie R. R., for points east 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,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. McNARNEY
JOHNSON & McNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
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Will give prompt attention to all business entr