OUR SERIAL.

THE CITY INCORRUPTIBLE.

Hark! 'Tis roar of labor,
 A ceaseless, deafening sound,
Now from the trembling scaffolds,
 Now from the yawning ground;
Not the red fires of Vulcan,
 Nor Cyclops' pristine powers,
Could match their feats of magic
 Who shape this world of ours!

With myriad panting engines,
 With countless picks and drills,
They arch the threatening rivers,
 They pierce the hostile hills;
In steam and smoke and lightning
 Earth's captive forces play,
To weld with Titan touches
 The city of to-day.

Still from their sunken footholds
 Those cobweb buildings rise
Whose panes ray back the morning,
 Whose foreheads touch the skies;
While many a crowded workshop,
 And toiling mill and mine,
Yield up their costly treasures
 To make them fair and fine.

Yet, void of civic honor,
 Of justice, light and law,
What were the proudest structures
 That e'er the round world saw?
Rome was a queenly empire,
 But power and wealth and state
And fame and triumphs failed her,
 With sons no longer great.

Firm stand the nation's bulwarks,
 Her fortunes wax apace,
While Virture guards her hearthstones,
 And Truth her market-place;
Lo, theirs are streets and temples
 That dwarf the courts of kings—
A free and glorious city
 Of incorporeal things!
—Dora Read Goodale, in Youth's Companion.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

A cheer went up when they saw that immediate danger was past. Vincent went to the rescue of "Socks," who was dripping with water and chattering with fright, but entirely subdued.

"You are a mascot, all right, 'Socks,' old boy!" said Vincent, as he loosened the chain so that the monkey would not choke to death. "This beats climbing trees, doesn't it?"

Mr. Carmody and the others made an examination of the hull of the boat. The strain had caused a slight leak in the third compartment, but they had no difficulty in stopping it. The kitchen was somewhat disarranged and a number of dishes broken, but the damage was not serious. "The Jumping Jupiter" had successfully withstood its baptism and thus far had justified the hopes of the builders.

For half an hour Sidney held his course straight out to sea. Then he headed to the north. The big lateen sails were pulling splendidly, and though the craft responded slowly to the tiller, there was no trouble in holding her to the course. They now had a clear view of the coast.

"Where is the gateway?" asked Mr. Carmody, who had been looking intently along the shore for some time. "I cannot see it."

"I can see it," replied Sidney, "but I would never suspect it was an inlet unless I knew it to be a fact. From any point at sea the rocks look solid and continuous. The gateway is just south of our flagstaff. Do you see it now?"

It was as Sidney said. The coast was so formed that no inlet showed. Half a mile from shore there was nothing to distinguish the entrance to the bay from a score of ragged indentations in the black cliffs. As they proceeded they came to the ridge of rocks which formed the north horn of the crescent. This they imagined to mark the north boundary of the island, but as they neared it they found it was but the south end of a bay which seemed to be 12 or 15 miles across.

"This is a pretty good-sized island, Hammond," remarked Mr. Kent, as this new panorama spread out before their view.

There was a puzzled expression on Sidney's face. As Mr. Kent spoke, the massive outlines of the snow-white peak, which had been seen from the island, slowly came into view above the hills along the coast. The land now opposite them was low and fairly flat. The big rock on their port side was seen to be the end of a spur of small mountains which came down to the ocean.

"I do not understand it," said Sidney. "There is no such island as this on any of our maps? Where can we be? This island is at least 40 miles long and perhaps longer. That must be the northern end of it."

Sidney pointed to the cape perhaps 15 miles away. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. Rockwell and Vincent announced that dinner was ready. They stretched an awning over the afterdeck and set a table beneath it. Sidney lashed the tiller in position and all proceeded to enjoy the repast. A haze was stealing over the ocean and the wind dying out. For a time "The Jumping Jupiter" had been making four or five miles an hour, but the breeze, as it came heavy with perfume from the shore died down until it was barely strong enough to straighten out the striped sails.

"Well, Capt. Hammond, what do you think of it?" asked Mr. Morton as he lit a cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"There is but one thing to do," said Sidney. "We must keep on this course until we round that cape. At this rate it will be dark before we make it. We will stand well out to sea, so as to have plenty of leeway in case of an east or northeast wind."

The big mountain peak was now almost exactly to the west of them.

"If that is old Popocatepetl, as I think it is," said Sidney, pointing at the huge purple mass, "Vera Cruz

"I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT," SAID SIDNEY.

is only a little northwest of here. When it gets dark I will hold her north, and take no chances of running ashore on this island."

As the afternoon wore away, the haze settled and slowly blotted out the shore line. They crawled along at hardly two knots an hour. It was exasperating progress, but there was no help for it. In the evening the haze lifted and showed the cape still in the northwest. This proved that the tide was pulling against them. The wind died away to a breath, and the sun sank, a huge red ball of fire in a bank of orange clouds. At ten o'clock the wind swung into the southeast and freshened, but the haze yet hung over the sea, and Sidney held his course to the north.

All but Sidney and Mr. Kent retired to the bunks and slept soundly as if on an ocean liner. Save for the bank of fog, it was a perfect night on the water. The raft swayed gently to the deep breathing of the sea, and the masts groaned in musical cadence to the rippling of the water. At midnight Mr Kent took the tiller, and Sidney stretched himself on a steamer chair and enjoyed two hours of untroubled slumber. He awoke and relieved Mr. Kent, who then took his nap.

Twice during the night Sidney turned the boat to the west, and held that course until the hollow thunder of the surf warned him to stand out. At about three o'clock the breeze quickened, and a 20-mile breeze sprang up, coming straight from the west. This compelled him to cease any more landward experiments, and "The Jumping Jupiter" rolled along at a five-mile-an-hour rate.

"It is satisfaction to know that we are going somewhere," said Sidney to himself. "We must be past the cape by this time. If the fog lifts with this breeze, daylight will show where we are."

As he spoke there was a faint glow in the eastern sky. Mr. Kent awoke with a yawn.

"Where are we at?" he asked.

Sidney shook his head.

"We are headed north," he said.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RESCUE.

Representatives of the New York Record watched every European port for the arrival of Walter B. Hestor and the steam yacht "Shark." According to all calculations, the yacht was due at the Azores not later than May 12th, but no word came from these islands. Day succeeded day with no news of the famous millionaire correspondent.

In the meantime the detective staff of 40 picked newspaper men under Jack Stevens was indomitable in zeal but barren in results. Mr. Chalmers was steadily losing faith, but by no word or action did he disclose his loss of confidence to Miss Carmody. He prepared the leader for an article to be published in The Record on Wednesday, May 17th, in which was set forth the discoveries which had been made pointing to Hestor as the prime mover in the conspiracy. This was in keeping with his promise to Miss Carmody. In the meantime Editor Van Horne had sailed for New York, but was not due until the 22d or 23d of the month. In a cipher cablegram Chalmers had given his superior the essential facts concerning Hestor. The reply of Robert Van Horne was prompt and decisive in instructing Chalmers to make public the facts. The inference was plain that Mr. Van Horne had no hesitancy in sharing his managing editor's suspicions. Mr. Chalmers therefore prepared a four-page article, and awaited for the day fixed for the disclosure.

Miss Carmody ordered the steam yacht bearing her name put in commission, and her captain announced that he was ready to weigh anchor on an hour's notice.

At three o'clock Tuesday afternoon a cablegram was handed to Mr. Chalmers. It was in the cipher which had been given to the reporters working on the mystery. Translated it read as follows:

"Havana, Cuba, Tuesday, May 16. To William Chalmers, New York Record: Have solved mystery. Col. John McIntyre, of Havana, built Hestor bungalow year ago. Hestor designed it. Located nine hundred miles southwest of Havana. McIntyre will act as guide. McIntyre is in Havana with me. I saw the 'Shark' Sunday in Gulf. Wire instructions to Hotel Pasaje. Also wire $500. Claim special reward of $50,000.
"BERNARD SEYMOUR,
"Envoy Extraordinary."

Chalmers dashed into Jack Stevens' room with the cablegram.

"Can we rely on that?" asked Mr. Chalmers. "Seymour was deceived once. He may be wrong again. What do you think?"

"I think he has found our man!" said Stevens without a moment's hesitation. "That cable sounds like business. It explains Seymour's silence. He is the luckiest reporter in the country. I would stake my life he is right."

"We will take the chance," said Chalmers. "Do not say a word. We will leave for Havana to-night. Be ready to start at seven o'clock. You will go by rail."

Chalmers issued a few instructions to his assistant and hurriedly explained what had happened. A few minutes later he was on his way to the Carmody mansion, having first ascertained that Miss Helen was at home. In a few words he explained what had happened. The young heiress was radiant with joy.

"I knew you would find them!" she exclaimed. "From the moment you said we could not fail, I was sure of success! Oh, isn't it splendid! I could cry for joy!"

"This is no time to cry," said the practical Mr. Chalmers. "We must start for Havana at once. How soon can you be ready?"

"I can be ready in an hour," said Miss Carmody. "Mrs. White is here. She is going with me. Can you go, Mr. Chalmers?"

"Certainly I can go," said that gentleman. "You did not intend to leave me behind, did you?"

"Why of course not," said Miss Carmody, "but I am so excited I do not know what I am saying. Will Mr Stevens go with us?"

"He will go by rail and boat, and we will meet him in Havana," said Chalmers. "You had better send word to your captain at once. Tell him I will be on the yacht by seven o'clock. Please warn him to keep the destination a secret. Do not forget to take along lots of wraps; it may be cold on the ocean."

Chalmers returned to his office, and for an hour was busy with instructions to his assistants. He issued orders that The Record should give no hints of pending developments, and selected a special cipher to cover new possibilities. He then proceeded to the pier and boarded the yacht. Miss Carmody and Mrs. Isabel White had arrived, and the latter was in a flutter of excitement. The yacht swung on her keel and headed down the East River and out into the bay. Before twilight had faded, the "Helen Carmody" was well out to sea and making for Havana with a "bone in her teeth."

The "Helen Carmody" was a fine specimen of marine architecture. She was fitted with every convenience and luxury. She was larger than the "Shark," having more staterooms and more powerful engines. While more comfortable and stauncher, she was not so fast as the "Shark." Mr. Carmody had sacrificed speed for room and artistic effect, yet there were few yachts that could show a wake to the "Helen Carmody."

It was late Saturday afternoon when the frowning heights of Morro castle were seen across the waters, and it was nearly midnight when they dropped anchor in the harbor of Havana. It was decided to remain on the yacht until morning, so the "Helen Carmody" lay within easy distance of the shore.

Sunday morning a yawl put out from the Havana docks. It had as passenger a small man with a "sandy" moustache, and hair which could be classed under no other color than red. He sat straight and looked dignified. He wore a natty suit of gray, with a large carnation in the lapel of his coat. This was an important event in the life of Mr. Bernard Seymour, but he felt equal to the occasion. There was a subdued twinkle in his blue eyes, which no assumption of dignity could entirely offset. He critically watched the perspiring Cuban at the oars. Then he looked at the "Helen Carmody."

The yawl came alongside the brass-railed gangway.

Capt. Baldwin, of the "Helen Carmody" stood at the head of the gangway. Mr. Bernard Seymour saluted him with an impressive gesture.

"Good morning, Captain!"

Capt. Baldwin bowed but said nothing.

"I am Bernard Seymour; special commissioner of The Record," said Mr. Seymour. "Present my card and my compliments to Miss Carmody and Mr. Chalmers."

"Come aboard, Mr Seymour," said Capt. Baldwin. "I am glad to meet you."

"Ah, is this Seymour?" said Mr. Chalmers, who now appeared. "Glad to meet you, old man. Accept my congratulations. I hope you are not mistaken in your man."

"I never make but one mistake on the same case," said Seymour, shaking hands cordially with the managing editor. "When can I pay my respects to Miss Carmody?"

"Here she comes now," said Chalmers. Miss Carmody came forward radiant in a yachting costume of white broadcloth, trimmed with gold braid.

"I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Bernard Seymour," said Mr. Chalmers.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Seymour," said Miss Helen as she extended her hand. "I have heard so much of you it seems as if I knew you. I am glad to welcome you aboard the yacht."

Mr Bernard Seymour bowed profoundly. He had framed a speech, but it had eluded him. He felt that he must say something.

"You can't lose me. I am glad to meet you, Miss Carmody. The pleasure is all mine."

There was a twinkle in his eye which was irresistible, and Miss Carmody laughed until the color came to her cheeks, and she looked more charming than ever. She took Mr. Seymour in charge, and induced him to tell the story of how he came to solve the mystery of the Hestor bungalow. Mr. Chalmers listened to Mr. Seymour's carefully prepared narrative.

"When I received Mr. Chalmer's telegraphic advices," said Mr. Seymour, "I made up my mind that the first place to search was along the lumber docks. I thought it all over, and said to myself, it is like this: If Hestor has built a house in tropical America the lumber probably came from New Orleans, which is the great lumber market of the south. The contractor might hail from any place, but naturally he would ship his material from New Orleans. It was nearly dark when I arrived in the city. I went to the hotel, looked at my mail, and went from there to the docks. I questioned stevedores, dock-wallopers, sailors and levee men of all descriptions. I went finally to a resort frequented by such men. There were probably 50 of them in the room. I picked out a smooth-looking colored boy and told him I would give him $5 if he would ask every man present if he ever helped load lumber for a man named Walter B. Hestor. I told him all about Hestor; that he was a newspaper man who owned a yacht called the 'Shark,' and that he was eccentric, and liberal with his money.

"He was a bright coon," said the veracious Mr. Seymour, "and he wanted to earn that money in a hurry. He got on top of a beer keg and made a speech. Once in a while he would misstate a point, and I would correct him. When he was through a darkey, with a face as black as the ace of spades came forward and asked me how much I would give to know what boat that lumber was shipped on. I did not want to appear too anxious, so I offered him $2. We went to one side, and he told me that about a year ago a man arrived in New Orleans with a yacht called the 'Shark,' and that the owner superintended the loading of a lot of lumber, doors, windows and stuff on a schooner called the 'Sam Walker.' He described Hestor to a dot. He said Hestor's chief amusement was to throw money to the negroes along the levee to induce them to sing and dance. He would stand on the 'Sam Walker' and throw coins by the hour, until the levee was black with darkies. I knew he had the right man. I gave him the $2 and promised him $10 more if he would locate the 'Sam Walker' for me. At about midnight we found that the schooner was at Lake Pontchartrain, and was going to sail the next morning. I paid my colored friend and started for the 'West End.' I found the 'Sam Walker.' I wanted to get the information without exciting suspicion. I learned that the first mate was ashore in some of the drinking resorts of the place. Then I ran across a friend of mine who was much intoxicated. I used him as a tool. Early in the morning I found the first mate. From him I learned that the schooner was going to Havana. He was pretty full, and I bribed him to let me go aboard the schooner. There was no way to shake my friend, whose name is Bender, so we took him along.

[To Be Continued.]

The Wurst Yet.

"Is this the best wurst you can send me?" asked the lady who walked into the meat store with a package of that edible in her hand.

"Madam," answered the man, "it is the best wurst we have."

"Well, it is the worst wurst I ever saw."

"I am sorry to hear that. The best I can do is to try and send you some better wurst from to-day's lot, but as I said, that was the best wurst we have at present. I am sure, however, that the wurst we are now making will not be any worse than this and it ought to be better. I assure you that as soon as I get the wurst you shall have the best of it. We never gave anyone the worst of it so long as we have been in the wurst business and you may be sure when we give you the wurst it will be the best, for our worst wurst is better wurst that the best wurst of our competitors."

But the lady, whose eyes had taken on a stare of glassiness, was seen to throw up her hands and flee from the place, for she was afraid the worst was yet to come.—Baltimore American.

A Kansas Mining Story.

Down in the Joplin mining district once a traveling man was rampsing around in the suburbs of the town at two o'clock in the morning. The country down there is as full of prospect holes as the top of a pepper-box. Some of them are 300 feet deep. As a natural consequence the traveling man stepped into one of those holes. He fell ten or twelve feet, and then striking a cross timber clutched it and saved himself from what appeared to be a terrible death. All night long he clung to that cross timber, yelling himself hoarse for aid. When day broke he was still hanging there exhausted, disheveled, and pitiable. When the sun came up it cheered him a little, and, gradually, as hope came back, he summoned courage to look into the yawning abyss beneath him. Nerving himself for the supreme test he glanced downward, and found that his feet were swinging within four inches of the bottom of the hole. The prospectors had abandoned it at a depth of 15 feet.—Topeka Capital.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

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 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.

0 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 intermediale 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	‡11 22	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. M.

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.	8 28	6 00	P. M. 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.

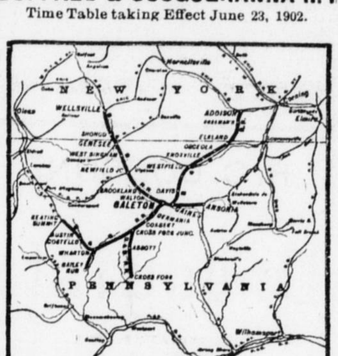
Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

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.	ar dp	A. M.	P. M	P. M.
3 05	2 00	7 15	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
Emporium, Pa.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted 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.,
CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND 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 thoroughly 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 parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. 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 patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county.
30-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(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 hours.
no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, Proprietor
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodious hotel is now opened for the accommodation of the public. New in all its appointments, every attention will be paid to the guests patronizing this hotel. 27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,
Teacher of
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emporium, Pa.

Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.