

FROM "PHYLLIS ISLE."

Lapt in sunshine is the gleaming Yellow beauty of the sand, Every new tide sends it streaming Up the edges of my land, And I welcome it, as, hounded Through the thickets of the sea, t comes, delicately rounded, Climbing up the banks to me

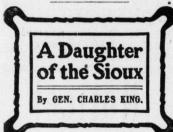
I remember where the thunder Of the surges rolls afar-Where you see yon circling wonder Of white sea-guils on the bar, Rose the fairest of fair Islands, With its fretted miles of coast, Whispering coves, and breezy highlands, Chanting what my soul loved most.

Down the white keys musically Ran the fingers of the tide. And the woodland's inmost alley Caught the echoes and replied. All the island-far and lonely, Until Phyllis made it smile-Chanting Phyllis, and her only: Hence I called it Phyllis Isle.

Named it Phyllis, and the amber-Shining waters, evermore, As they ran in sport to clamber Up the pebbles on the shore, And the wild sea-gulls, careening On the forelands, saw it go, And the hemlocks, long and leaning, Sighed it to the waves below.

But the Death-king rode dividing His black squadrons for assault, And the clangor of their riding Reach the high and heavenly vault, And the awful thunder rumbled Through the blackness of the shore, Till the promontories crumbled And the island was no more.

Nothing of those days remaining In the corridors of mind, Save the passionate complaining Of the wave and of the wind-Save a voice remote and yearning From the hollows of the sea, As the waste of sand returning Brings my island home to me. - Tames Herbert Morse in the Atla Brings my island home to me. -James Herbert Morse, in the Atlantic.



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CHAPTER I.

The major commanding looked up from the morning report and sur-veyed the post adjutant with some thing of perturbation, if not annoy-ance, in his grim, gray eyes. For the fourth time that week had Lieuten-ant Field requested permission to be absent for several hours. The major knew just why the junior wished to go and where. The major knew just why he wished him not to go, but saw fit to name almost any other than the real reason, when, with a certain awkward hesitancy, he be-

gan: "W-ell, is the post return ready?" "It will be, sir, in abundant time,"

"You know they sent it back for correction last month," hazarded the commander.

"And you know, sir, the error was not mine," was the instant rejoinder, so quick, sharp and positive as to carry it at a bound to the verge of

Some commanders would have raged and sent the daring youngster right about in arrest. Major Webb knew just what Field referred to-knew that the fascinations of pool, "pitch" and poker held just about half his commissioned force at all "off duty" hours of the day or night hanging about the officers' club room at the post trader's; knew, moreover, that while the adjutant never wasted a moment over cards or billiards, he, the post commander, had many a time taken a hand or a cue and wagered his dollars against those of his de-There wasn't a "mean streak in his whole system," said every soldier at Fort Frayne. He had a capital result to a volunteer—a colonel and, been for a volunteer a colonel and, later, brigade commander in the great war. He had the brevet of great war. He had the breact of brigadier general of volunteers, but repudiated any title beyond that of his actual rank in the regulars. He was that rara avis—a bachelor field officer, and a bird to be brought down if feminine witchery could do it. He was truthful, generous, highminded, brave—a man who preferred to be of and with his subordinates rather than above them-to rule through affection and regard rather than the stern standard of command. He was gentle and courteous alike to officers and the rank and file, though he feared no man on the face of the globe. He was awkward, bungling. and overwhelmingly, lavishly, kind and thoughtful in his dealings with the womenfolk of the garrison, for he stood in awe of the entire sisterhood. He could ride like a centaur; he couldnt' dance worth a cent. He could snuff a candle with his Colt at could shuff a candle with his Colf at 20 paces and couldn't hit a croquet ball to save his soul. His deep-set gray eyes, under their tangled thatch of brown, gazed straight into the face of every man on the Platte, soldier, cowboy, Indian or halfbreed, but fell abashed if a laundress looked at him. Billy Ray, captain of the sor-rel troop and the best light rider in Wyoming, was the only man he ever allowed to straddle a beautiful thoroughbred mare he had bought in Kentucky, but, bad hands or good, there wasn't a riding woman at Frayne who hadn't backed Lorna time and again, because to a woman the major simply couldn't say no. And though his favorite comrades at the post were captains like Blake and Billy Ray, married men both whose wives he worshipped, the ma-

and

ming fingers of his superior officer.

jor's rugged heart went out especially to Beverly Field, his boy adjutant, a lad who came to them from West Point only three years before the autumn this story opens, a young fellow full of high health, pluck and rrinciple-a tip top soldier, said everybody from the start, until, as Gregg and other growlers began to declaim, the major completely spoiled him. Here, three years only out of military leadingstrings, he was a young cock of the walk, "too dam independent for a second lieutenant," said the officers' club element of the command, men like Gregg, Wilkins, Crane and a few of their following. "The keenest young trooper in the regiment," said Blake and Ray, who a social sphinx—kind-hearted, chari-were among its keenest captains, and never a cloud had sailed across the serene sky of their friendship and the families of the officers when sickesteem until this glorious September of 188- when Nanette Flower, a brilliant, beautiful brunette came a visitor to old Fort Frayne.

And it was on her account the major would, could he have seen the disrespect, and the keen, blue eyes of the young soldier gazed, frank and fearless, into the heavily am-bushed gray eyes of the veteran in the chair. It made the latter wince "If there's anything I hate, Field, it is to have my papers sent back by some whipsnapper of a clerk, inviting attention to this or that error, and I expect my adjutant to see to it that

many a household, the treasure of solecisms in syntax and society were her own. With other young gallants of the garrison. Beverly Field had fanity, and at others, when madame had been prompt to call, prompt to be her escort when dance or drive, ride or picnic was planned in her honor, especially the ride, for Mr. Adjutant Field loved the saddle, the open prairie or the bold, undulating bluffs. But Field was the busiest man at the post. Other youngsters, troop or company subalterns, had far more time at their disposal, and begged for rides and dances, strolls and sports which the post adjutant was generally far too busy to claim. her most constant cavalier. Then, as others began to feel the charm of her fronk, cordial, joyous manner, and learned to read the beauty that beamed in her clear, truthful eyes and winsome, yet not beautiful face, they became assiduous in turn-two of them almost distressingly so—and she could not wound them by refusals. Then came a fortnight in which her father sat as a member of a courtmartial at old Fort Laramie, where were the band, headquarters and four troops of the -----th, and Captain Mrs. Freeman who were stationed, begged that Mrs. Dade and Esther should come and visit them during the session of the court. There would be all manner of army gaities and a crowd of outside of ficers, and, as luck would have it, Mr. Field was ordered thither as a Mr. Field was ordered thither as a witness in two important cases. The captain and his good wife went by stage; Esther and Beverly rode every inch of the way in saddle, camping over night with their joyous little party at LaBonte. Then came a love ly week at Laramie, during which Mr. Field had but little to do but devote himself to, and dance with, Esther, and when his final testimony was given and he returned to his sta tion, and not until then, Esther Dade discovered that life had little interest or joy without him; but Field rode back unknowing, and met at Frayne, before Esther Dade's return, a girl who had come almost unheralded, making the journey over the Medi-cine Bow from Rock Springs on the Union Pacific in the comfortable carriage of old Bill Hay, the post trader,

toast of the bachelor's mess, the talk of every household at Fort Frayne. Hay, the trader, had prospered in his long years on the frontier, first as trader among the Sioux, later as sutler, and finally, when congress abol-ished that title, substituting therefor the euphemism, without material clog upon the perquisites, as post trader ently a most open-hearted, whole-souled fellow, Hay was reticence it-self when his fortunes or his family were matters of question or com-ment. He had long been married, ment. ness and trouble came, as come in the old days they often did. It was she who took poor Ned Robinson's young widow and infant all the way to Cheyenne when the Sioux butch-ered the luckless little hunting party down by Laramie Peak. It was she who nursed Capt. Forrest's wife and daughter through ten weeks of typhoid, and, with her own means,

escorted by that redoubtable woman, Mrs. Bill Hay, and within the week of her arrival Nanette Flower was the

ranity, and at others, when madame was away, to draw poker; but offi-cers and men alike proclaimed him a man of mettle and never hesitated to go to him when in financial straits, sure of unusurious aid. But even had this not been the case, the popularity of his better half would have carried him through, for there was hardly a woman at Frayne to speak of her except in terms of genuine respect. Mrs. Hay was truthtelling, sympathetic, a peacemaker, a resolute opponent of gossip and scandal of every kind, a woman who minded her own business and was only mildly insistent that others should do likewise. She declined all overtures leading to confidences of her past, and demanded recognition only upon the standard of the pres-ent, which was unimpeachable. All the same it came something

like a shock to society at Frayne that, when she appeared at the post this beautiful autumn of 188-, nearly three months later than the usual time, she should be accompanied by this brilliant and beautiful girl of whom no one of their number had previously heard, and whom she smilingly, confidently presented as, "My niece, Miss Flower."

CHAPTER II.

The major sought to block that morning ride in vain. The impetuous will of the younger soldier pre-vailed, as he might have known it RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CON NECTIONS. (Week days.)



FROM THE REAR GALLERY OF QUARTERS. MAJOR WEBB HIS WATCHED THE PAIR,

would, and from the rear gallery of his quarters, with his strong field-glass, Maj. Webb watched the pair fording the Platte far up beyond Pyramid Butte. "Going over to that damned Sioux village again," he swore between his set teeth. "That makes the third time she's headed him there this week," and with strange annoyance at heart he turned away to seek comfort in council with his stanch henchman, Capt. Ray, when the orderly came bounding up the steps with a telegraphic dispatch which the major opened, read, turned a shade grayer and whistled low.

"My compliments to Capts. Blake and Ray," said he, to the silent young soldier, standing attention at the door step, "and say I should be glad to see them here at once." [To Be Continued.]

Story of a Royal Visit.

Among old records of royal visits to the Emerald Island there is a curious story of that paid in 1790 by the then duke of Clarence, who came afterward William IV., to the neighborhood of Cork. He was at that time a sub-lieutenant in the navy, and the ship on which he some whipsnapper of a clerk, inviting duties with an aching heart. There is attention to this or that error, and I was no woman at Fort Frayne who did not know that Esther Dade thought all the world of Beverly "Your adjutant does see to it, sir. If willing to bet a month's pay papers of Fort Frayne than any post in the Department of the Platte. See was the only daughter of a for williams told you as much when at the only daughter of a whispered in the garrisons of the beat and confort, despite the fact long the fact long whispered in the garrisons of the beat and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and confort, despite the fact long to the solution and the solution at the advection and the solution a befitting his rank and station, and among other assiduities the old Quaker always sat up to receive him on his return home from the convivial parties which the neighborhood 'squires were only too glad to offer him. The duke of Clarence, as was the fashion at that time, had a liking for old port, and was not squeamish at the quantity consumed. As a result he several times returned to his host's house in a state which bordered on elation. It is recorded that his host used the gentlest re-proof toward him in these words: "Friend William, thou art late again to-night, and I fear me thou art not too sober. If thau dost not amend I shall have to write to thy father,

Dennsylvania RAILROAD.

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TANNS LEAVE EMPORITOR.
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Washington, 8:35, D. M., Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger caches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington, 3:30 A.M.
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EASTBOUND.

WESTBOUND.

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STATIONS.

Pittsburg,..Lv. Red Bank

Red Bank, Lawsonham, ... New Bethle'm. Brookville, Reynoldsville, Falls Creek.... DuBois, Schule

STATIONS.

Via P. & E. Div Emporium, Lv.

Via P. & E. I Emporium, I Driftwood, A Via L. G. I Driftwood, J Bennezette, Pennfield,... Sabula.

Carry passengers. Tains 8 and 10 do. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections—At Uiysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. June-tion with Bufalo & 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. F





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LOW GRADE DIVISION.	CONNECTIONS.					
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At Ansonia with N.Y.C.& HR.R. for all points At Ansonia with N.Y.C.& H.K. for all points north and south. At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R. west for Coudersport, east for Ulvsses. At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R. At Addison with Erie R. R., for points east and west and west. At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west. vest. Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.-P. & E. Div.

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Gen. Williams told you as much when you were in Omaha."

The cane-bottomed whirligig. What young Field said was true, and the major knew it. He knew, moreover, there wasn't a more painstaking post ad-jutant from the Missouri to the mountains. He knew their monthly reports-"returns" as the regulations called them-were referred to by a model adjutant general as model papers. He knew that it was due young Field's care and attention and he knew he thought all the world of that young gentleman. It was just because he thought so much of him he was beginning to feel that it was high time to put a stop to something that was going on. But, it was delicate matter; a woman was the matter; and he hadn't the moral courage to go at it the straightfor ward way. He "whip sawed" again again. Thrumming on the desk with his lean, fingers, he began: bony

'If I let my adjutant out so much, what's to prevent other youngsters asking similar indulgence?"

The answer came like the crack of a whip: Nothing, sir: and far better would

It be for everybody concerned if they spent more hours in the saddle and fewer at the store."

This was too much for one listener in the room. With something like the sound of a suppressed sneeze, a With something like tall, long-legged captain of cavalry started up from his chair, an outspread newspaper still full-stretched between him and the desk of the mather who so devoted y field and ing, generous and hospitable; his meanest window. Young Field had carefully planned for her. Within a ing, generous and hospitable; his fearlessly, if not almost impudent-inorth from her graduation at great pride and glory was his wife; his one great sorrow that their only metaphorically rapped the thrum-

who at the age of 50, after having held a high command in the volun-

major fairly wriggled in his teers during the civil war, was still meekly doing duty as a company officer of regulars nearly two decades after. She had been carefully reared ad-by a most loving and thoughtful the mother, even in the crude old days of the army, when its fighting force was scattered in small detachments all over the wide frontier, and men, and women, too, lived on soldier rations, eked out with game, and dwelt in tents or ramshackle, one-storied huts, "built by the labor of troops At 12 she had been placed at school in the far east, while her father enjoyed a two years' tour on recruiting service, and there, under the care of a noble woman who taught her girls to be women indeed-not vapid votaries of pleasure and fashion, Esther spent five useful years, coming back to her fond father's soldier roof a winsome picture of girlish health and grace and comeliness-a girl

who could ride, walk and run if need be, who could bake and cook, mend be, who could bake and cook, mend and sew, cut, fashion and make her own simple wardrobe; who knew al-gebra, geometry and "trig" quite as well as, and history, geography and

grammar far better than, most of the young West Pointers; a girl who spoke her own tongue with accura-

cy and was not badly versed in French; a girl who performed fairly well on the piano and guitar, but who sang full-throated, rejoiceful, who sang full-throated, rejoiceful, exulting like the lark—the soulful music that brought delight to her ageing father, half crippled by the commander, and, thus hidden as to wounds of the war days, and to the his face, sidled sniggering off to the mother who so devotedly loved and

whispered in the garrisons of the Platte country, that in the old, old days she had far more friends among the red men than the white. That could well be, because in those days white men were few and far between. Everyone had heard the story that it was through her the news of the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney was made known to the post commander, for she could speak the dialects of both the Arapahoe and the Sioux, and she had the sign language of the plains veritably at her fingers' ends. There were not lacking those who de clared that Indian blood ran in her veins-that her mother was an Ogallala squaw and her father a French Canadian fur trapper, a story to which her raven black hair and friend George, at Windsor. brows, her deep, dark eyes and some what swarthy complexion gave no little color. But, long years before, little color. But, long years before Bill Hay had taken her east, where he had relatives, and where she studied under excellent masters, re-

turning to him summer after sum-mer with more and more of refinement in manner, and so much of style and fashion in dress that her annual advent had come to be looked upon as quite the event of the sea on, even by women of the social po sition of Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Blake, the recognized leaders among the young matrons of the ---th cavalry. and by gentle Mrs. Dade, to who every one looked up in respect—al-most in reverence. Despite the mys-tery about her antecedents there was every reason why Mrs. Hay should be held in esteem and affection. Bill Hay himself was a diamond in the rough-square, steady, uncompromis-

History of Pope's Topaz.

On the occasion of the pope's ontifical jubilee, says the New York Mail and Express, a committee at Naples presided over by Archbishop Giustino Adami presented his holiness with the largest topaz in the world. The gem has a curious history. It was found in the mines of Geraes, in Brazil, and was originally the property of the Neapolitan Bourbons. When they were driven out of Naples the stone passed into the hands of the Cariello family of whom, Prof. Andrea Cariglio, undertook to engrave on it a of "Christ Breaking the Eucharistic Bread."

He offered the topaz to the ed of Caserta, the actual head of the Neapolitan Bourbons, but the prince refused to acept it, and asked that it be presented to the pope at the jubilee. The topaz is one of the largest engraved gems in the world and ranks after the great French cameo and the Vienese camcos.

Driftwood, Ar. Via L. G. Div. Driftwood, Lv. Bennezette, Sabula, BuBois, Palls Creek		. 19 0	0	. †4 0	0	MICHAEL BRE
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Driftwood, Lv.	. 10 1	5 11 4	5	· TO 0	0	and pension claim
Sennezette,	. 0 4	0 10 0	D	. 0 2	0	and pension cian
Pennneid,	. 12	0 12 2		. 70	0	85-1y.
Babula,		12 3	9	1 1 1	8	
DuBois *6 1	0 80	0 12 5	o to u	0 7 3	5 14 10	THOMAS WAD
Falls Creek 6 1	7 8 0	5 1 1	5 5 1	2 7 4	2 4 17	
Reynoldsville, 6 3	1 8 1	8 1 2	9 5 2	7 7 5	8 4 30	CONT
Brookville 7 0	584	5 1 5	9 6 0	0 18 3	0 5 00	CONT
New Bethle'm. 7 5	1 9 3	0 2 3	8 6 4	5	. 5 45	STON
Lawsonham, 82	1 9 5	7 13 0	6 7 1	4	. 6 18	All orders in n
Red Bank, Ar. 8 3	5 10 10	0 3 2	0 7 2	5	. 6 30	kinds of building
Pittsburg, Ar., *11 1	5 1123	5 15 3	0 19 4	5	. 19 30	Ands of building
A. M	. P. M	. P. M	. P. M	. P. M	. P. M.	prices. Agent for
						Lettering neatly
Note-Train 107 on	Sund	lays w	v m	ake al	l stop.	AMERICAN HO
between Red Bank a	nd Du	Bois.				AMERICAN HO
*Daily. †Daily exc	cept S	unday	y. 18	unday	only.	Es Es
Flag Stop.						
Flag Stop. For Time Tables at	nd fur	ther	infor	matio	n. ap-	Having resum
ply to Ticket Agent.						well established
W W ATTEDDID		OP		DOV	n	the public. Ho
W. W. ATTERBUR	ι,	GEG	0. W.	BOX	D,	oughly renovate
ply to Ticket Agent. W. W. ATTERBURY General Manager.		sen.1	Passe	enger	Agt.	
						F. D. LEET.
E	ASTWA	RD.				ATTORNEY-AT
	10	8	4	6	3	TO LAND OWNER
STATIONS. Port Allegany, Lv. Coleman, Burtville, Knowiton's, Mina, Olmsted, Hammonds, Condersport. [Ar.						AD
	P. M.		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	I have numer
Port Allegany Lv.	3 15		7 05		11 36	wood timber land
Coleman	*3 23		00		•11 41	wood timber land
Burtville	#3 30		7 16		11 47	desiring either t
Roulette	3 40		7 25		11 55	on me.
Enowiton's	•3 45		00		#11 59	
Knownon s,	3 59		7 85		12 05	CITY HOTEL,
Allasted	#4 05		07 38		#12 09	-
Ofmsted,	00		00		.19 19	
Hammonds,	1 00		7 45		19 15	Having again
Condersport. Ar.	4 20	A. M.	1 40	a 00	12 15	popular house I
(Lv.		6 10		6 00	1 00 •1 65	ronage. The ho
North Coudersport,		*6 15			1 00	
Frink's,		6 25		-6 10	*1 12 1 20	of the best appoi
Colesburg		*6 40		•6 17	1 20	30-1y.
Seven Bridges,		*6 45		*6 21	*1 24	THE NOVEL TH
Raymonds's,		*7 00		•5 30	1 35	THE NOVELTY
Gold		7 05		6 36	1 41	(Opposite Po
Newfield		00			1 45	
Newfield Junction		7 37		6 45	1 50	WI
Parking		•7 40		*6 48	•1 53	I take pleasure
Carpontor's		7 46		00	•1 57	have purchased
Crowall's		7 50		*6 53	*2 01	Restaurant, loca
Crowell's,		8 05		7 05	2 10	my endeavor to
Ulysses, Ar.		A M.			P. M.	that shall meet v
Offisited for the second secon						a call. Meals an
W.B	STWA	RD.				no27-1yr
		1	5	3	1	
STATIONS.						ST. CHARLES H
L'ere ere ere ere ere ere ere ere ere ere		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		BI. On Antimor
Three or	Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10		Near Buffa
Crowoll's		•7 27	•2 32	. 9 19		
Crowen a,		00	#2 34	. 9 2		This new and c
Carpenter s,		99	. 97	. 9 .		for the accommo
Perkins,		7 97	9 49	0.9		Itsappointments
Newfield Junction,		1 01	0 40	00		the guests patrol
Newfield,		1 41	2 10			
Gold,		7 44	2 49	9 40		MAX COULD
STATIONS. Ulysses. Crowell's. Carpenter's. Perkins. NewfieldJunction. NewfieldJunction. Newfield. Gold. Raymond's. Bayen Bridges.		1 49	4 04			MAY GOULD,
Seven Bridges,		-8 01	-3 05	-10 02		
Colesburg,		*8 04	3 09	-10 10		PIANO
Frink's		•8.12	•3 17	*10 20		Also dealer i
North Coudersport.		60	*3 26	*10 35		
the state of the s	(Ar.	8 25	\$ 30	10 42		Scholarstaugh
Conderanort	2	-		P. M.		street or at the h
conderaport,	ILV	8 28	6.00	1 20		scholars will be
Hammonda	£ 414.	00	00	00	1	place.
Goid, Raymond's Seven Bridges, Colesburg, Frink's, North Coudersport, Coudersport, Hammonds, Olmsted			#6 05	*1.91		prace.
Hammonds, Olmsted, Mina,		8 97	6 10	1 9		

Trains do not stop Train Nos. 3 and 10

(*) Flag stations. (°

East Emp	
IOI	orium, Pa., IN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
well established House	prietorship of this old and I invite the patronage of wly furnished and thor- 48ly
F. D. LEET. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW	and INSURANCE AGT. EMPORIUM, PA
	OTHERS IN CAMERON AND
I have numerous call wood timber lands, also	G COUNTIES. s for hemlock and hard- stumpage&c., and parties or sell will do well to call F. D. LEET.
CITY HOTEL,	. Mann 'n
	M. MCGEE, PROPRIETOR ium, Pa.
Having again taken p popular house I solicit a ronage. The house is n	ossession of this old and a share of the public pat- ewly furnished and is one otels in Cameron county,
THE NOVELTY REST. (Opposite Post Office	e,)
I take pleasure in info have purchased the ol Restaurant, located on 1 my endeavor to serve that shall meet with the	Emporium, Pa. McDonALD, Proprietor, orming the public that J (d and popular Novelty Fourth street. It will be the public in a manner sir approbation. Give me heon served at all hours, Wm. McDONALD.
ST. CHARLES HOTEL. THOS.	J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR
Near Buffalo Dep	ot, Emporium, Pa.
for the accommodation	lious hotel is now opened of the public. New in al attention will be pair to his hotel. 27-17-1y
MAY GOULD,	
PIANO, HAB	MONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the	e Popular sheet Music,
"cholarstaught either	at my home on Sixth
scholars will be given di place.	f the pupils. Out of town ates at my rooms in this