OUR SERIAL.

MY GENTLEMAN.

I own a dog who is a gentleman:
By birth most surely, since the creature can
Boast of a pedigree the like of which
Holds not a Howard or a Metternich.

By breeding. Since the walks of life he trod,
He never wagged an unkind tale abroad.
He never snubbed a nameless cur because
Without a friend or credit card he was.

By pride. He looks you squarely in the face
Unshrinking and without a single trace
Of either diffidence or arrogant
Assertion such as upstarts often flaunt.

By tenderness. The littlest girl may tear
With absolute impunity his hair,
And pinch his silken, flowing ears the while
He smiles upon her—yes, I've seen him smile.

By loyalty. No truer friend than he
Has come to prove his friendship's worth to me.
He does not fear the master—knows no fear—
But loves the man who is his master here.

By countenance. If there be nobler eyes,
More full of honor and of honesties,
In finer head, on broader shoulders found—
Then have I never met the man or hound.

Here is the motto on my lifeboat's log:
"God grant I may be worthy of my dog!"
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

Copyright, 1902, by The Hobart Company.

CHAPTER X.

A sharp affair indeed was that of this September day!—a fight long talked of on the frontier if soon forgotten in "the states." Obedient to his orders to push to the relief of the imperiled party on Dry Fork, Ray had made good time to Moccasin Ridge, even though saving horses and men for the test of the later hours. Well he knew his march would be watched by some of Stabber's band, but little did he dream at starting that Indian strategy would take the unusual form of dropping what promised to be a sure thing, leaving the people at the stage station to the guardianship of less than a dozen braves, and launching out with a big band to aid a little one in attack on one lone detachment that might not come at all. But Lame Wolf reasoned that the people penned at the stage station were in no condition to attempt to escape. They were safe whenever he chose to return to them, and Lame Wolf knew this of Stabber—that he had long been a hanger-on about the military reservations, that he had made a study of the methods of the white chiefs, that he was able to almost accurately predict what their course would be in such event as this, and that Stabber had recently received accessions whose boast it was that they had information at first hand of the white chiefs' plans and intentions. Stabber had sent swift runners to Lame Wolf, urging him to bring his warriors to aid him in surrounding the first troops sent forth from Frayne. Stabber had noted, year after year, that it was the almost invariable policy of our leaders to order a small force at the start, and then, when that was crushed, to follow it with the big one that should have been sent in the first place. Kennedy's successful coming was known to Stabber quite as soon as it was to Webb. It may be said that Stabber let him through, feeling confident what the result would be, and then, despite a certain jealousy, not confined entirely to savage tribal leaders, Lame Wolf had confidence in Stabbers' judgment. Ray had expected long range flank fire, and possibly occasional resistance in front; but, assured of Stabber's paucity in numbers, and believing Lame Wolf too busy to send Stabber substantial aid, he thought a sharp lesson or two would clear his front of such Indians as sought to check him, and so rode serenely forward, rejoicing in his mission and in his game and devoted little command.

"Something beyond that second ridge," he had said to Field, in sending him forward with the bulk of the platoon, and Field, who had been silent and brooding, woke at the summons and, all animation at the scent of danger, spurred swiftly ahead to join the advance and see for himself what manner of hindrance awaited them, leaving the baker's dozen of his platoon to trot steadily on under the lead of its sergeant, while Ray, with his trumpeter, followed midway between his advance and Clayton's platoon, intact, moving quietly at the walk and held in reserve.

Ordinarily Ray himself would have ridden to the far front and personally investigated the conditions, but he was anxious that Field should understand he held the full confidence of his temporary commander. He wished Field to realize that now he had opportunity for honorable distinction, and a chance to show what was in him, and, having sent him forward, Ray meant to rely on his reports and be ready to back, if possible, his dispositions. Nothing so quickly demolishes prejudice in garrison as prowess in the field. Not infrequently has an officer gone forth under a cloud and returned under a crown. It is so much easier to be a hero in a single fight than a model soldier throughout an entire season—at least so it was in the old days.

But the moment Mr. Field dismounted and, leaving his horse with the others along the slope, had gone crouching to the crest, he leveled his glasses for one look, then turned excitedly and began rapid signals to his followers. Presently a young trooper came charging down, making straight for Ray. "The lieutenant's compliments," said he, "but there's a dozen Sioux in sight, and he wishes to know shall he charge."

A dozen Sioux in sight! That was unusual. Ordinarily the Indians kept in hiding, lurking behind sheltering crests and ridges in open country, or the trees and underbrush where such cover is possible. A dozen in sight?

"How far ahead, Murray?" asked the captain, as he shook free his rein and started forward at the gallop. "Did you see them yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Most of 'em were bunched by the roadside, jabbing with their lances at something or other. Two or three were closer in. They must ha' been watching us, for they only quit the ridge just before we came up. Then they skedaddled." The vernacular of the civil war days, long since forgotten except about the few veteran soldiers' homes in the east, was still in use at times in regiments like the —th, which had served the four years through with the Army of the Potomac. Old sergeants give the tone to younger soldiers in all the customs of the service. The captain and the two men now with him had caught up with Field's swift-trotting support by this time, and the eyes of the men kindled instantly at sight of their leader speeding easily by, cool, confident and as thoroughly at home as though it were the most ordinary skirmish drill. Those who have never tried it do not quite realize what it means to ride in closed ranks and compact column, silent and unswerving, straight forward over open fields toward some equally silent crest, that gives no sign of hostile occupancy, and yet may suddenly blaze with vengeful fires and spit its hissing lead into the faces of the advancing force. Even here where the ridge was already gained by two or three of the advance, proving, therefore, that the enemy could not be in possession, men saw by the excitement manifest in the signals of the lieutenant, and indeed of Sergeant Scott, who had spent 15 years in the ranks, that Indians must be close at hand. The crest was barely 500 yards in front of the section, and they were still "bunched," a splendid mark if the foe saw fit by sudden dash to regain the ridge and pour in rapid fire from their magazine rifles.

Even as he went loping by, Ray had half turned, with something like a smile in his dark eyes and a nod of his curly head to the sergeant commanding, and a gesture of the gauntleted hand—a horizontal sweep to right and left, twice repeated—had given the veteran his cue, and with another moment Winser had the dozen in line at open, yet narrow, intervals, with carbines advanced and ready for business. They saw their captian ride swiftly up the gentle slope until close to the crest, then off he sprang, tossed his reins to the trumpeter and went hurrying afoot to join the lieutenant. They saw him kneeling as though to level his glasses and look fixedly forward; saw Field run back to his horse and mount in a twinkling; saw him whirl about as though coming to place himself at their head, yet rein in at once—his charger's fore feet ploughing the turf at some word from their leader. Field was eager to charge, but Ray had seen for himself and for his men, and Ray said no. Another moment, and all were at the front again in saddle—Field back with the advance, Ray coolly seated astride his pet sorrel—scouting a second ridge, far to the north, with his glasses, and, sending, as before, Scott and his three troopers straight on to the front, and signaling to the flankers to continue the move. Ten seconds' study of the position in the long, wide, shallow depression before him had fathomed the scheme of the savage. The little knot of Indians, jabbering, yelping, prodding and circling about some unseen object on the turf, feigning ignorance of the soldiers' coming, was at the old-time trick to get the foremost troopers to charge and chase, to draw them on in the dash and excitement of the moment, far ahead—three miles, perhaps—of the main body, and so enable the lurking band behind that second curtain, the farther ridge, to come swooping down to surround, overwhelm and butcher the luckless few, then be off to safe distance long before the mass of the troop could possibly reach the scene.

"No you don't, Stabber!" laughed Ray, as Field, not a little chagrined, and the dozen at his back, came trotting within hearing distance. "That dodge was bald-headed when I was a baby. Look, Field," he continued. "They were jabbing at nothing there on the prairie. That was a fake captive they were stabbing to death. See them all scooting away now. They'll rally beyond that next ridge, and we'll do a little fooling of our own."

And so, with occasional peep at feathered warriors on the far left flank, and frequent hoverings of small parties on the distant front, Ray's nervy half-hundred pushed steadily on. Two experiments had satisfied the Sioux that the captain himself was in command, and they had long since recognized the sorrels. They knew old Ray was not to be caught by time-worn tricks. They had failed to pick off the advance, or the officers, as the troop approached the second ridge. Lame Wolf's big band was coming fast, but only a dozen of his warriors sent lashing forward, had as yet reached Stabber. The latter was too weak in numbers to think of fighting on even terms, and as Ray seemed determined to come ahead, why not let him? Word was sent to Wolf not to risk south of the Elk Tooth spur. There in the breaks and ravines would be a famous place to lie in ambush, leaving to Stabber the duty of drawing the soldiers into the net. So there in the breaks they waited while Ray's long skirmish line easily maneuvered the red sharpshooters out of their lair on the middle divide. Then, reforming the column, the little company bore straight away for the Elk.

But all these diversions took time. Twenty miles to the north of Frayne stretched the bold divide between the Elk Fork, dry as a dead tooth much of the year, and the sandy bottom of the Box Elder. Here and there along the ridge were sudden, mound-like upheavals that gave it a picturesque, castellated effect, for, unlike the general run of the country, the Elk Tooth seemed to have a backbone of rock that shot forth southeastward from the southern limit of the beautiful Big Horn range; and, in two or three places, during some prehistoric convulsion of nature, it had crushed itself out of shape and forced upward a mass of gleaming rock that even in the course of centuries had not been overgrown with grass. "Elk teeth" the Indians had called these odd projections, and one of them, the

"IT WAS THE SIGHT OF PUFFS OF SMOKE SAILING SKYWARD FROM THE CREST OF THE MIDDLE TOOTH THAT CAUGHT RAY'S ATTENTION."

middle one of the three most prominent, was a landmark seen many a mile except to the south and west. Eagle Butte was the only point south of the Big Horn and in the valley of the Platte from which it could be seen, and famous were these two points in the old days of the frontier for the beacon fires that burned or the mirror signals that flashed on their summits when the war parties of the Sioux were afield.

It was the sight of the puffs of smoke sailing skyward from the crest of the middle tooth that caught Ray's attention the moment he reached the second ridge. A moment more had been devoted to recalling some of his eager men who, from the extreme right of the swinging skirmish line, had broken away in pursuit of certain intentional laggards. Then a dozen of the Indians, finding themselves no longer followed, gathered at comparatively safe distance across the prairie, and, while in eager consultation, found time for taunting, challenging and occasionally firing at the distant and angering troopers, whom Sergeant Scott had sharply ordered back, and Ray, after calm survey of these fellows through his glass, had then leveled it at the trio of buttes along the distant ridge, and turned to Field, sitting silent and disappointed by his side.

"There, Field," said the captain. "Take this glass and look at those signal smokes—Stabber has more men now at his call than he had when he started, and more yet are coming. They were just praying that you would charge with a handful of men. They would have let you through, then closed around and cut you off. Do you see, boy?"

Field touched his hat brim. "You know them best, sir," was the brief answer. "What I wanted was a chance at those fellows hanging about our front and calling us names."

"You'll get it, I'm thinking, before we're an hour older. They know whither we're bound, and mean to delay us all they can. Ah, Clayton," he added, as the junior lieutenant rode up to join them, while his platoon dismounted to reset saddles behind the screen of the skirmish line. "Men look full of fight, don't they? There, if anywhere, is where we'll get it. I've just been showing Field those signal smokes. Mount and follow when we're half way down to that clump of cottonwoods yonder. We must reach those people at the stage station to-night, and I may have to give these beggars a lesson first. Watch for my signal and come ahead lively if I turn toward you and swing my hat. All ready, Field. Shove ahead."

And this was the last conference between the three officers that eventful morning. As once again the advance guard pushed cautiously forward toward the banks of the arroyo in the bottom, Ray turned to Field. "Skirmish work suits you better than office duty, Field. You look far livelier than you did yesterday. Don't you begin to see that the major was right in sending you out with us?"

And the dark eyes of the trained and experienced soldier shone kindly into the face of the younger man.

"I'm glad to be with you, Capt. Ray," was the prompt answer. "It isn't—my being sent, but the way I was sent, or the—cause for which I was sent that stings me. I thought then, and I think now, that if you had been post commander it wouldn't have been done. I don't know yet what charge has been laid at my door——"

"There was no time to talk of reasons, Field," interrupted Ray, though his keen eyes were fixed on the distant ridge ahead, beyond which the last of the Indians had now disappeared. The outermost troopers, with Sergeant Scott, were within a few hundred yards of the little clump of cottonwoods that marked the site of a water hole. To the right and left of it curved and twisted the dry water course between its low, jagged, precipitous banks. Behind the advance, full 400 yards, rode the skirmish line from the first platoon, a dozen strong. Far out to the east and west the flankers moved steadily northward, keenly watching the slopes beyond them, and scanning the crooked line of arroyo ahead. Not a sign at the moment could be seen of the painted foe, yet every man in the troop well knew they swarmed by dozens behind the buttes and ridges ahead. Ray and Field, riding easily along in the rear of the line, with only the trumpeter in earshot, relaxed in no measure the vigilance demanded by the situation, yet each was deeply concerned in the subject of the talk.

But before Ray could interpose again there came sudden and stirring interruption. From a point far down the "swale" from behind the low bank of the stream bed, three rifle shots rang out on the crisp morning air. The horse of the leading flanker, away out to the right reared and plunged violently, the rider seeming vainly to strive to check him. Almost instantly three mounted warriors were seen tearing madly away northeastward out of the gully, their feathers streaming in the wind. Field spurred away to join his men. Ray whirled about in saddle and swung his broad-brimmed scouting hat high above his head, in signal to Clayton; then shouted to Field. "Forward to the cottonwoods. Gallop!" he cried. "We need them first of all!"

[To Be Continued.]

IN A GLASS HOUSE.

Notwithstanding Which Residence She Persisted in Throwing a Stone or Two.

Nobody who looked at Miss Simpson as she twitched pins out of their paper and stabbed them into her small red cushion could have been in doubt as to her frame of mind—she was plainly in a fine rage, relates Youth's Companion.

"I've been working at Mrs. Porter's," she volunteered at last, after she had portioned out the basting to the meekly waiting family and taken up her shears, "and every time I go there I say it'll be the last! But I like her, and so I go. Her oldest daughter, though, that Jennie, I can't abide!

"Yesterday I gave her a piece o' my mind, and it did me good. She had been using slang all the morning, and I spoke to her about it. I told her it didn't sound well in a young girl, and a deacon's daughter. And she up with that sassy little head of hers, and says she, 'I don't see why you should object, Miss Simpson. You ought to be the last one, I'm sure.'

"Then I looked her right back, and I says, 'Because I go out sewing by the day, I suppose? Well, I can just tell you,' I says, 'that I know what's what, even if I do look like the last run o' shad; an' those that use slang can't hope to approach elegance of language,' I says, 'not within a row of apple-trees!'"

A Lawyer's Advice.

One of the old practitioners at the Osceola (Mo.) bar tells this story of the good counsel which a lawyer in that town once gave a client:

Shortly after the firm of Nesbitt & Ferguson hung out their shingle an old farmer called upon them in regard to a land suit. Some of the parties at issue were not residents of the state and it was necessary to notify them by publication. Ferguson took down a blank and began to fire questions at the farmer at a great rate, which the honest old fellow proceeded to answer after weighing carefully each word. The blank having been finished and put in a pigeonhole, the client asked what it was.

"That is the advertisement commanding the non-residents to appear and defend the suit."

"And how much will that cost?"

"My friend," said Ferguson, calmly, looking the old man in the eye, "if you are going to figure on the cost you had better stay out of lawsuits."—Kansas City Journal.

Not a Clear Title.

The word "furlough" occurred in a reading lesson of a primary grade in one of the public schools. The teacher asked if any boy or girl knew the meaning of the word.

One small hand was raised and shaken vigorously in the eagerness of the urchin to display his knowledge. When he received permission to speak, he rose, and with the greatest assurance said:

"Furlough means a mule."

Not a whit disturbed at the teacher's "Oh, no, it doesn't," the small boy confidently answered:

"I have the book at home that says so." Then the teacher told him he might bring the book to school and show it to her.

The next morning he came armed with the book, and triumphantly showed her the picture of an American soldier astride a mule, under which was printed, "Going home on his furlough."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 24, 1903.

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 6.00 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, 2:20 A. M. Washington, 3:30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

10 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 48
.....	9 50	4 38	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 25	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 35
.....	11 13	5 53	....St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 50
3 25	11 05	6 00	.....Kane......	12 25	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 23	6 22	....Wilcox.....	12 05	2 45	8 04
3 55	11 38	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 33	7 49
				.....	.....	
4 10	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway,....	9 30	2 15	7 30
.....	....			....	....	.....
4 20	12 20	7 10	..Mill Haven...	9 20	2 04	7 20
4 30	12 30	7 21	..Croyland....	9 10	1 54	7 09
4 34	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 06	1 51	7 05
4 37	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 02	1 47	7 01
4 41	12 40	7 33	....Carrier.....	8 57	1 43	6 57
4 51	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 49	1 33	6 47
4 54	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 44	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 40		6 38
5 03	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 35	1 19	6 35
5 10	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 30	1 15	6 30
5 25	1 25	8 13	....DuBois.....	8 20	1 05	6 10
5 12	1 15	8 05	..Falls Creek...	6 53	1 15	6 30
5 27	1 32	8 18	.Reynoldsville..	6 39	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 59	8 45	...Brookville...	6 05	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,................8:30 A. M.

Train No. 103, week days,................1:40 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 05	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 41
Reynoldsville,.	6 39	11 32	12 52	6 15	9 50	1 14
Falls Creek....	6 53	11 48	1 13	6 30	1005	1 29
DuBois,........	7 00	†11 55	1 25	6 40	1010	‡ 1 35
Sabula,........	7 12	......	1 37	6 52		
Pennfield,......	7 30	......	1 55	7 10	Note.	
Bennezette,....	8 04	......	2 29	7 44		
Driftwood,.....	†8 40	......	†3 05	†820		
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood.. Lv.	*9 50	......	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 30	......	†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 10	†1110	.....	†5 50	....
Bennezette,....	......	6 45	11 45	.....	6 26	....
Pennfield,......	......	7 20	12 20	.....	7 00	....
Sabula,.........	......		12 39	.....	7 18	....
DuBois	*6 10	8 00	12 55	†5 05	7 35	‡4 10
Falls Creek,....	6 17	8 05	1 15	5 12	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,..	6 31	8 18	1 29	5 27	7 58	4 30
Brookville.	7 05	8 45	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 00
New Bethle'm.	7 51	9 30	2 38	6 45	.....	5 45
Lawsonham, ..	8 21	9 57	†3 06	7 14	.....	6 18
Red Bank,Ar..	8 35	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.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

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	.....
			P. M.	
Coudersport, Lv.	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. Trains 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	.....

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS. 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.