

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

The rattle and roar of a dusty street,
In the glare of the noonday sun,
The hopeless iag in the dragging feet
Of the toilers with toil ne'er done:
Yet a sudden light shines in wearled eyes,
And the care-lined faces smile
As the humble minstrel his handle plies—
And they hear—and forget a while.

The monkey—gay in his coat of red— Importunes his copper fee, While the children, grimy and gutter-

bred,
Dance in riotous gayety;
There's a mercy lies in the stolid grind,
And it lifts the listeners far
A moment, on wings of magic wind,
From the squalor of things that are.

And the pallor and squalor are all forgot
In the wheeze of a threadbare tune
That makes of the alley a beauty spot,
With the charm of a day in June
Seeming to freshen the musty air—
To make it a thing anew—
Like a field of corn with its tasseled hair
That the breeze blows whisp'ring
through.

But the moments fly and the tune is

done—
And the light in the sick eyes fades
Like the dying glow of the setting sun
Ere the gloom of the black night's
shades:
God's poor had need of a breathing

But to be for a moment free In the tender spell that was cast by grace Of a sidewalk minstrelsy.

Olin L. Lyman, in Youth's Companion.



CHAPTER XI.

The noonday sur was staring hotly down, an hour later, on a stirring picture of frontier warfare, with that clump of cottonwoods as the central Well for Ray's half hundred, that brilliant autumn morning, that their leader had had so many a year of Indian campaigning! now seemed to know by instinct every scheme of his savage foe and to act accordingly. Ever since the ommand had come in sight of the Elk Tooth the conviction had been growing on Ray that Stabber must have received many accessions and was counting on the speedy coming of others. The signal smokes across the wide valley; the frequent essays to tempt his advance guard to charge and chase; the boldness with which the Indians showed on front and flank; the daring pertinacity with which they clung to the stream bed for the sake of a few shots at the on the array of their comrades be yond the ridge to overwhelm any force that gave close pursuit; the fact that other Indians opened on the advance guard and the left flankers, and that a dozen, at least, tore away out of the sandy arroyo the moment they saw the line start at the gallop—all these had tended to convince the captain that now, at last, when he was miles from home and succor, the Sioux stood ready in abundant force to give him desper-

To dart on in chase of the three warriors would simply result in the scattering of his own people and their being individually cut off and stricken down by circling swarms of their red foes. To gather his men and attempt to force the passage of the Elk Tooth ridge meant certain destruction of the whole command. The Sioux would be only too glad to scurry away from their front and let them through, and then in big circle whirl all about him, pouring in a concentric fire that would be sure to hit some, at least, exposed as they would be on the open prairie, while their return shots, radiating wildly at the swift-darting warrior: would soon be weighted down with be butchered; unable, therefore, to move in any direction, and so com-pelled to keep up a shelterless, hopeless fight until, one by one, he and his gallant fellows fell, pierced by Indian lead, and sacrificed to the scalping knife as were Custer's 300

a decade before. No, Ray knew too much of frontier strategy to be so caught. There stood the little grove of dingy green, a prairie fortress, if one knew how use it. There in the sand of the stream bed, by digging, were they sure to find water for the wounded, if wounded there had to be. There by the aid of a few hastily thrown intrenchments he could have a little plains fort and be ready to repel even an attack in force. Horses could be herded in the depths of the sandy shallows. Men could be distributed in big circle through the trees and along the bank; and, with abundant rations in their haversneks and water to be had for the digging, they could hold out like heroes until relief should come from the south.

Obviously, therefore, the cotton-wood grove was the place, and thither at thundering charge Field led the foremost line, while Ray waved on the second, all hands cheerthither at thundering charge Field cled the foremost line, while Ray waved on the second, all hands cheering with glee at sight of the Sioux darting wildly away up the northward slope. Ten men in line, for exact content, while foremost line, were sent right forward half was across the flats, ordered to drive the Indians from the bottom and the Indians from the bottom and extippic as many as possible; but, if

menaced by superior numbers, to putation going on in that sprang from saddle, and with the rein looped on the left arm, and from the shelter of the straight, stiff banks, opened sharp fire on their pursuers, just as Clayton's platoon, dismounting at the grove, sprang to the nearest cover and joined in the fierce clamor of carbines. Racing down the slope at top speed as were the Sioux, they could not all at once check the way of their nimble mounts, and the ardor of the chase had carried them far down to the flats before the fierce crackle began. Then it was thrilling to watch them, eering, circling, sweeping to right veering, circing, sweeping to right or left, ever at furious gallop, throw-ing their lithe, painted bodies behind their chargers' necks, clinging with one leg and arm, barely showing so nuch as an eyelid, yet yelping and screeching like so many coyotes, not one of their number coming within 400 yards of the slender fighting line in the stream bed; some of them, ineed, disdaining to stoop, riding de antly along the front, firing wildly they rode, yet surely and gradu lly guiding their ponies back to the gher ground, back out of harm's ay; and, in five minutes from the time they had flashed into view, coming charging over the mile away ridge, not a red warrior was left on low ground-only three or four uckless ponies, kicking in their last truggles or stiffening on the turf, while their riders, wounded or unurt, had been picked up and spirited way with the marvelous skill only

Then Ray and his men had time to breathe and shout laughing comment and congratulation. Not one, as yet, was hit or hurt. They were secure for the time in a strong position, and had signally whipped off the first assault of the Sion

Loudly, excitedly, angrily these latter were now conferring again far up the slope to the north. At least 00 in one concourse, they were havresult of the dash. Others, obedient orders from the chief were circling far out to east and west and cross ing the valley above and below the position of the defense. Others, still, were galloping back to the ridge, where, against the sky line, strong bodies of warriors could be plainly seen, moving excitedly to and fro Two little groups slowly making their way to the crest gave no little comfort to the boys in blue. Some at least, of the charging force had been made to feel the bite of the weapon and were being orne to the rear.

But no time was to be wasted. Already from far up the stream bed two or three Indians were hazard-ing long-range shots at the grove, and Ray ordered all horses into a bend of the "wash," where the side lines were whipped from the blanket straps and the excited sorrels seurely hoppled. Then, here, there and in a score of places along the cottonwoods, men had been assigned their stations and bidden to find over for themselves without delay. Many burrowed in the soft and yieldng soil, throwing the earth forward Others utilized fallen trees or branches. Some two or three piled saddles and blanket rolls into a low barricade, and all, while crouching about their work, watched the feathered warriors as they steadily completed their big circle far out on the prairie. Bullets instinctively and to look about him, ashamed of his dodge, yet sure of the fact that time had been in the days of the most hardened veteran of the troop when he, too, knew what it was to shrink from the whistle of hostile lead. It would be but a moment or two, they all understood, before the foe would decide on the next move; then every man would

Meantime, having stationed Field in the north front, with orders to note every movement of the Sioux. and having assigned Clayton to the minor duty of watching the south front and the flanks, Ray was moving heerily among his men, speeding from cover to cover, suggesting here, helping there, alert, even joy-ous in manner. "We couldn't have a better roost, lads," he said. "We can stand off double their number easy. We can hold out a week if need be, but you bet the major will be reaching out after us before we're two days older. Don't waste your shots. Coax them close in. Don't

fall back at the gallop, keeping well council to the north. Stabber's away from the front of the grove, braves and Lame Wolf's followers so that the fire of its garrison might not be "masked." The ten had darted after the scurrying warriors, full half way to the beginning of the slope, and then, just as Ray had predicted, down came a cloud of brilliant foemen, seeking to swallow the little ten alive. Instantly their ser-geant leader whirled them about and, himself raging among them in viopointing the way, led them in wide lent altercation with a tall, superb-circle, horses well in hand, back to ly built and bedizened young brave, the dry wash, then down into its a sub-thief, apparently, who for his sandy depths. Here every trooper part, seemed giving Stabber as good as he got. Lame Wolf was not in sight at all. He might still be far from the scene, and this tall warrior be acting as his representative. whoever or whatever he was he had hearty following. More than three-fourths of the wrangling warriors in the group seemed backing him. Ray, after a few words to Sergt. Winsor, crawled over beside his lent and absorbed young second in command, and, bringing his glasses of sand long and fixedly at the turbulent throng 1,000 yards away

"It's easy to make out Stabber," he presently spoke. "One can almost hear that foghorn voice of his. But who the mischief is that red villain opposing him? I've seen every one of their chiefs in the last five years All are men of 40 or more. This fellow can't be a big chief. He looks long years younger than most of 'em, old Lame Wolf, for instance, yet he's cheeking Stabber as if he owned the whole outfit." Another long stare, then again: "Who the mischief can he be?

No answer at his side, and Ray with the lenses still at his eyes, tool no note for the moment that Field remained so silent. Out at the front the excitement increased. Out through the veil of surging warriors, the loud-voiced, impetuous brave twice burst his way, and seemed at one and the same time, in his superb poise and gesturings, be urging the entire body to join him in instant assault on the troops, and hurling taunt and anathema on the besieged. Whoever he was, he was in a veritable fury. As many as half of the Indians seemed utterly carried away by his fiery words, and with much shouting and gesticulation and brandishing of gun and lance, were yelling appro-bation of his views and urging Stabber's people to join them. More furious language followed and much dashing about of excited ponies.

"Have you ever seen that fellow be-fore," demanded Ray, of brown-eyed Sergt. Winsor, who had spent a life-time on the plains, but Winsor was

plainly puzzled.
"I can't say for the life of me, sir," was the answer. "I don't know him at all—and yet—"

"Whoever he is, by Jove," said Ray, "he's a bigger man this day than Stabber, for he's winning the fight. Now, if he only leads the dash as he does the debate, we can pick him off. Who are our best shots on this front?" and eagerly he scanned the "Webber's tipfew faces near him. top and good for anything under 5 yards when he isn't excited, and Stoltz, he's a keen, cool one. No! not you, Hogan," laughed the commander, as a freekled faced veteran popped his head up over a nearby parapet of sand, and grinned his de-sire to be included. "I've never seen the time you could hit what you aimed at. Slip out of that hole and find Webber and tell him to come here—and you take his burrow." Whereupon Hogan, grinning rueful acquiescence in his commander's criticism, slid backwards into the stream bed and, followed by the chaff of the three or four comrades near enough to eatch the words, went crouching from post to post in search of the desired marksman.

"You used to be pretty sure with the carbine in the Tonto Basin when after Apaches, sergeant, continued Ray, again peering through the glasses. "I'm mistaken in this cle far out on the prairie. Bullets came whistling now fast and frequently, nipping off leaves and twigs range, and we must make an examand causing many a fellow to duck ple of him. I want four first-class

shots to single him out."
"The lieutenant can beat the best I ever did, sir," said Winsor, with a lift of the hand toward the hat brim. as though in apology, for Field, silent throughout the brief conference, had half risen on his hands and knees and was edging over to the left, ap parently seeking to reach the shelter of a little hummock close to the

"Why, surely, Field," was the quick

reply, as Ray turned toward his j ior. "That will make it complete. But a frantic burst of yells and war whoops out at the front put sudden stop to the words. The throng of warriors that had pressed so close about Stabber and the opposing orator seemed all in an instant to split asunder, and with trailing war bonnet and followed by only two or three of his braves, the former lashed his way westward and swept angrily out of the ruck and went circling away toward the crest, while, with and lauce and rifle in superb barbarie fire at a galloping Indian beyond 300 tableau, the warriors lined up in yards. It's waste of powder and front of the victorious young leader who, sitting high in his stirrups, with one magnificent red arm uplifted, be-Cheerily, joyously they answered one magnificent red arm uplifted, behin, these his comrades, his soldier children, men who had fought with him, many of their number, in a dozen fields, and men who would stand by him, their dark-eyed little and ask Stabber explanation of his get help.

but if it isn't that renegade Red Fox—Why, here Field! Take my glass and look. You were with the commissioner's escort last year at the Black Hills council. him and heard him speak. Isn't this Red Fox himself?"

And to Ray's surprise the young officer's eyes were averted, his face pale and troubled, and the answer was a mere mumble-"I didn't meet -there, captain."

He never seemed to see the glass held out to him until Ray almost thrust it into his hand and then peristed with his inquiry.

"Look at him anyhow. You may have seen him somewhere. Isn't that

And now Ray was gazing straight at Field's half hidden face. Field, the soul of frankness hitherto, the lad who was never known to flinch from the eyes of any man, but to answer such challenge with his own—brave, fearless, sometimes even defiant. Now he kept the big binocular fixed on the distant hostile array, but his face was white, his hand unsteady and his answer, when it came, was in a voice that Ray heard in mingled pain and wonderment. Could it be that the lad was unnerved by the sight? In any event, he seemed utterly unlike nimself.

"I cannot say, sir. It was darkor night at all events—the only time I ever heard him."

[To Be Continued.]

NOT TOO "SPOONY"

A Little Love Episode of the Boyhood Days of the Well-Loved Poet, Whittier,

Poets do not usually err through reticence; in fact, some of the most renowned poets are accused of turning their emotions too readily into ame and hard cash, and still others are suspected of celebrating their ady-lovers for reasons less of than of literature and lucre. the life-long, unrequited attachment of Petrarch to Laura, it is occasionally insinuated, cost him more ink heartache, after all, says than

Youth's Companion.
With Whittier, gentle, genuine, dignified and incapable of playing at passion, it was far otherwise. In all his poems there is to be found but one allusion to his only grown-up love affair; and a recently published letter to Lucy Larcom, when she was editor of Our Young Folks, shows that he even had his doubts about the child poem, School Days," so well-known, so wellloved and so often recited, in which he told the fleeting idyl of his boy-

"Dear Friend Lucy. make verses for the pictures, but I send thee herewith a bit, which I am sure is childish, if not childlike. Be onest with it, and if it seems too spoony for a grave Quaker like my-self, don't compromise by printing it. When I get a proof I may see something to mend or mar. Therely, J. G. W.

Fortunately, the poem was neither narred nor mended; Miss Larcom did not consider it as too spoony; and we have preserved in verse the incident of the boyish poet and his little friend, sweet eleven-year-old Lydia Ayers, who was sorry that she spelt the word that sent her above him to the head of the class—"Because you see, I love you!"

The manuscript of this poem and the letter with it were sold the other day for \$540. This money, with that brought by the sale of other Whittier manuscripts, \$10,000 in all, is to be used in maintaining the Whittier homestead, scene of "Snowbound" and birthplace of the poet.

WANTED NO WORDS.

Taciturn Englishman Who Believed in Doing Things Rather Than Talking About Them.

"Speech with him," says a recent clever writer, "was a convenience was necessary." than peaking of a taciturn Englishman Yankees are usually readier with their tongues, yet once in a while there is a man among them of this same silent kind. Such a one was Reuben Jenks, of Hentley, says Youth's Companion.

One day, when he was passing the farmhouse of a neighbor, he smoke and sparks rolling upward in considerable volume. He knocked and, walking unhurriedly into the living room, where the family were gathered, remarked, in his usual tranquil tone:

They were rather flutter-brained people, and as soon as they realized that the alarm was genuine began pables and worthless objects with mpartial haste. Only one of them thought to ask where the fire was.

"Chimney," said Reuben. "Roof." Just then the eldest son, a lanky lad, rushed by, carrying an armful of useless things. Reuben's hand shot out and seized the boy's collar. The trash was thrown on the sofa. "Bucket," said Reuben. Then he van-

The boy got a bucket and went up to the scuttle, where he found Reuben already on the ridge-pole with

Dennsylvania

RAILROAD. PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION. In effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD \$15 A. M.—Week das a Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Ha eton Potsville, Halled and the metatate talons, arriving at Philadelphia and thermetate talons, arriving at Philadelphia and Passenger caches. Possible con 7.15 P. M., Pullman Parlor car from the conference of the philadelphia and passenger caches. Possible conference to Philadelphia and passenger caches. Possible conference of the philadelphia and Williansport to Bakir more and Washington.

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

12:00 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg ard intermediate tations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4:25 A. M. New York 7:13 A. M. Baitimore, 2:20 A. M. Washington, 3:30 A. M. Pullman sle ping ortsfrom Harrisburgth-Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengerscan remair in sleeper undisturbed until 11:30 A. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg at Philadelphia, 7:22 A. M. New York 9:33 A. M., Weekdays, (0:33 A. M.) A. M., Washington, Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Philadelphia and Passenger sar from Erie to Philadelphia and Passenger sar from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Passenger sar from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Passenger coches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

10 30 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal ir. Fermediate stations.

10 30 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for Du-Bois

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Train No. 107, daily. 4:05 A. M.
Train No. 115, daily. 4:15 P. M.
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LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

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Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop. between Red Bank and DuBois. *Daily. †Daily except Sunday. †Sunday only. Flag Stop. Time Tables and further information, ap-

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

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Coleman,	9.09		0.08	

(*) Flag stations. (°°) Trains do not stop †) Telegraph offices Train Nos. 3 and 19

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. Junortion with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for
Wellswille, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At
Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north
for Buffalo. Olean, Bradford and Smethporty
south for Keating Summit Austin Envorcing
south for Keating Summit Austin Envorcing

for Bullaio.

south for Keating Summit, Austin, Summit and Penn'a R. R., points.

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

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. F.



"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ DOWN.

										_	-		
		A.	M.	P.	M.	P.	M.	A.	M.				
PAK,	ting Smt			12	40	7	30	9	10				
	Austin	6	35	1	05	8	00	9	50				
	ostello		44	1	14								
W	harton	6	56	1	26			3	10				
	s Fork Jct.	7	39	2	09			4	23				
(orbett	8	06	2	36			5	15				
	iania,			2	47			5	15				
Ar.	Galeton,							5	23				
Lv.	(8	23	2	53			5	35				
	Gaines Jct.	8	36		06								
	estfield	9	13	3	43								
	nox ville		26	3	56								
	sceola	9	36	4	06								
	lkland		41		11								
Ar. A	ddison	10	13	4	43								
		Α.	М.	P.	М.								
-	-	_	_		- 1					_		_	_
		E100	RE	AI	J C	P.							
		Α.	м.	P.	M.	P.	M.	P.	м.			P.	M
ar.K'	t'ng Smt	8	45	7	10			12	25				
	Austin,	8	00	6	43				58				43
0	ostello,			6	34			11	49			8	36
W	harton,			6	24	8	04	11	39				24
Cross	s Fork J'ct,			5	40	7	25	10	58			7	46
C	orbett,			5	15	6	44	10	34			7	1
G	ermania				07	6	31	10	26			7	0
dp (aleton		Μ.	5	00	6	25						
ar,	"		00			1	00	10	20			7	00
	Gaines,	6				12	47	10	00			6	4
W		6	11				11	8	16				11
K	noxville						55		00			5	58
	sceola,		46				46	7	51			5	46
	lkland,					11	41	7	46			5	41
Lv A	ddison,	5	10					7	15			5	16
		P.	М.	P.	м.	Δ.	M.	Α.	M.			P.	M
												-4	a
Res	ad down.					-				Re	ad	up	
P. M.	A. M. P. M.			-		-	-	Α.	M.	P.	M.		-
	9 2 7 00	lv.	. A	nse	oni	a	ar		40		20		
	9 11				ati				54		35		
	9 07				Gai			9	57		89		
P. M.	8 59 6 37	C	air	100	Tu	no		9	59		42		
	8 45 6 25 6 30 1 05	ar	10	-1	4 -	_)	lv		-		55		
	6 30 1 05	lv	10	ale	eto	n	9.7	10	10	4	45		

P. M. P. M. A. M. ar dp A. M. P. M P. M. STATIONS. 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

All trains run daily epi Sunday.

All trains run daily epi Sunday.

All trains run daily epi Sunday.

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 each.

and west.

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

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

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

MICHAEL BRENNAN,

Collections promptly attended to. Real estate
and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium. Pa.

Emporium, Pa., CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.

THOMAS WADDINGTON,

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.

E. D. LEET.

F. D. LEET. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T. EMPORIUM, PA

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 sall will do well to call on me.
F. D. LEET. CITY HOTEL,

WM. McGEE, PROPRIETOB

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.

30-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)

WILLIAM McDonald, Proprietor.

I take pleasure in informing the public that 1 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 cail. 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 mail
its appointments, every attention will be pair to
the guests patronizing this notel.

27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,

PLANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholarstaught 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.

P. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.,
Office over Taggar's Drug Store, Emportum, Pa.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of tech.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural tech, including Crown and Bridge Werk.