OUR SERIAL.

LUCK IN THE HOUSE.

My love departs in the morning.
Good-by, my love, good-by!
I work the harder when you're gone,
The happier when you're nigh.
The busy hours will bring their cares,
Their trials great and small,
Their petty frets, their vain regrets,
And I must meet them all.

"For there's nae luck aboot the hoose,
There's nae luck at a,'
There's nae luck aooot the hoose
When my gude mon's awa'."

My love returns at nightfall.
Come in, my love, come in!
Around my waist his arm is placed,
His hand beneath my chin,
The weariness, the troubled thought,
The sense of weight and care,
Are all become as they were naught
And vanished into air.

For there's great luck aboot the hoose,
And peace too deep for name;
There's great luck aboot the hoose
When my gude mon's at hame.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Good Housekeeping.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The doctor started at the heels of the corporal, but was distanced long before he reached the scene. The sergeant of the guard was hammering on the front door of Blake's quarters; but, before the summons was answered from within, Mrs. Ray, in long, loose wrapper, came hurrying forth from her own—the adjoining—hallway. Her face was white with dread. "It is I, Nannie. Let us in," she cried, and the door was opened by a terrified servant, as the doctor came panting up the steps. Together he and Mrs. Ray hurried in. "Robbers!" gasped the servant girl—"Gone—the back way!" and collapsed on the stairs. Sergeant and corporal both tore around to the west side and out of the rear gate. Not a sign of fugitives could they see, and, what was worse, not a sign of sentry. Number 5, of the third relief, should at that moment have been pacing the edge of the bluff in rear of the northernmost quarters, and yet might be around toward the flagstaff. "Find Number 5," were the sergeant's orders, and back he hurried to the house, not knowing what to expect. By that time others of the guard had got there and the officer-of-the-day was coming—the clink of his sword could be heard down the road, and more windows were uplifted and more voices were begging for information, and then came Mrs. Dade, breathless but calm.

Within doors she found the doctor ministering to a stout female who seemed to have gone off in an improvised swoon—Mrs. Blake's imported cook. Up the stairs to her own room again, Mrs. Blake was being led by Marion Ray's encircling arm. Three women were speedily closeted there, for Mrs. Dade was like an elder sister to these two sworn friends, and, not until Mrs. Dade and they were ready, did the lady descend the stairs and communicate the facts to the excited gathering in the parlor, and they in turn to those on the porch in front. By this time Flint himself, with the post quartermaster, was on hand, and all Fort Frayne seemed to rouse, and Mrs. Gregg had come with Mrs. Wilkins, and those two had relieved the doctor of the care of the cook, now talking volubly; and, partly through her revelations, but mainly through the more coherent statements of Mrs. Dade, were the facts made public. Margaret, the cook, had a room to herself on the ground floor adjoining her kitchen. Belle, the maid, had been given the second floor back in order to be near to her young mistress. Blitzer, the Blakes' man-of-all-work—like McGann, a discharged soldier—slept in the basement at the back of the house, and there was he found, blinking, bewildered and only with difficulty aroused from stupor by a wrathful sergeant. The cook's story, in brief, was that she was awakened by Mrs. Blake's voice at her door, and, thinking Belle was sick, she jumped up and found Mrs. Blake in her wrapper, asking was she, Margaret, up stairs a moment before. Then Mrs. Blake, with her candle, went into the dining-room, and out jumped a man in his stocking feet from the captain's den across the hall, and knocked over Mrs. Blake and the light, and made for her, the cook; whereat she screamed and slammed her door in his face, and that was really all she knew about it.

But Mrs. Blake knew more. Awakened by some strange consciousness of stealthy movement about the house, she called Belle by name, thinking possibly the girl might be ill and seeking medicine. There was sound of more movement, but no reply. Mrs. Blake's girlhood had been spent on the frontier. She was a stranger to fear. She arose; struck a light, and, seeing no one in her room or the guest chamber and hallway, hastened to the third room, and was surprised to find Belle apparently quietly sleeping. Then she decided to look about the house and, first, went down and roused the cook. As she was coming out of the dining-room, a man leaped past her in the hall, hurling her to one side and dashing out the light. Her back was toward him, for he came from Gerald's own premises known as the den. In that den, directly opposite, was one of her revolvers, loaded. She found it, even in the darkness, and, hurrying forth again, intending to chase the intruder and alarm the sentry at the rear, encountered either the same or a second man close to the back door, a man who sprang past her like a panther and darted down the steps at the back of the house, followed by two shots from her Smith & Wesson. One of these men wore a soldier's overcoat, for the cape, ripped from the collar seam, was left in her hands. Another soldier's overcoat was later found at the rear fence, but no boots, shoes or tracks thereof, yet both of these men, judging from the sound, had been in stocking feet, or possibly rubbers, or perhaps—but that last suspicion she kept to herself, for Mrs. Hay, too, was now among the arrivals in the house—full of sympathy and genuine distress. The alarm, then, had gone beyond the guard house, and the creators thereof beyond the ken of the guard, for not a sentry had seen or heard anything suspicious until after the shots, then Number 8, Flint's latest addition, declared that from his post at Hay's corral he had disinctly heard the swift hoofbeats of a brace of ponies darting up the level bench to the westward. Number 5 had turned up safely, and declared that at the moment the scream was heard he was round by the flagstaff, listening to the night chorus of a pack of yelping coyotes, afar out to the northwest, and then he thought he heard scrambling and running down at the foot of the bluff just as the shots were fired. Investigation on his part was what took him out of sight for the moment, and later investigation showed that one marauder, at least, had gone that way, for a capeless greatcoat was found close down by the shore, where some fugitive had tossed it in his flight. This overcoat bore, half-erased from the soiled lining, the name of Culligan, troop "K;" but Culligan had served out his

"A MAN SPRANG PAST HER LIKE A PANTHER, DARTED DOWN THE STEPS, FOLLOWED BY TWO SHOTS FROM HER SMITH & WESSON."

time and taken the discharge a year before. The other overcoat was even older, an infantry coat, with shorter cape, bearing a company number "47," but no name. Both garments savored strongly of the stable.

Then, before quiet was restored, certain search was made about the quarters. It was found the intruders had obtained admission through the basement door at the back.

But what had they taken? The silver was upstairs, intact, under Mrs. Blake's bed; so was the little safe in which was kept her jewelry and their valuable papers. Books, bric-a-brac—everything downstairs seemed unmolested. No item was missing from its accustomed place. Mrs. Blake thought perhaps the intruders had not entered her room at all. In Gerald's den were "stacks," as he said, of relics, souvenirs, trophies of chase and war, but no one thing of the intrinsic value of $50. What could have been the object of their midnight search? was the question all Fort Frayne was asking as people dispersed and went home—the doctor intimating it was high time that Mrs. Blake was permitted to seek repose. Not until he had practically cleared the house of all but her most intimate friends, Mrs. Dade and Mrs. Ray, would Waller permit himself to ask a question that had been uppermost in his mind ever since he heard her story.

"Mrs. Blake, someone has been ransacking Mr. Field's quarters for letters or papers. Now—was there anything of that kind left by the captain that—someone may have needed?"

Nannie Blake's head was uplifted instantly from Marion's shoulder. She had been beginning to feel the reaction. For one moment the three women looked intently into each other's faces. Then up they started and trooped away into Gerald's den. The doctor followed. The upper drawer of the big, flat-topped desk stood wide open, and pretty Mrs. Blake opened her eyes and mouth in emulation as she briefly exclaimed:

"It's gone!"

Then Waller went forthwith to the quarters of the commander and caught him still in conference with his quartermaster and the guard, four or five of the latter being grouped without. The major retired to his front room, where, with Wilkins, he received the doctor.

"Maj. Flint," said Waller, "those overcoats belong to Mr. Hay's stablemen, Pete and Crapaud. Will you order their immediate arrest?"

"I would, doctor," was the answer, "but they are not at the corral. We know how to account for the hoofbeats in the valley. Those scoundrels have got nearly an hour's start, and we've nobody to send in chase."

Then it presently appeared that the post commander desired to continue conference with his staff officer, for he failed to invite the surgeon to be seated. Indeed, he looked up into the doctor's kindling eyes with odd mixture of impatience and embarrassment in his own, and the veteran practitioner felt the slight; flushed instantly, and, with much hauteur of manner, took prompt but ceremonious leave.

And when morning came and Fort Frayne awoke to another busy day, as if the excitements of the night gone by had not been enough for it, a new story went buzzing, with the first call for guard mount, about the garrison; and, bigger even than yesterday, the two details, in soldier silence, began to gather in front of the infantry quarters. Maj. Flint had ordered sentries posted at the trader's home, with directions that Mrs. Hay was not to be allowed outside of her gate, and no one, man or woman, permitted to approach her from without, except by express permission of the post commander. "Gen. Harney" and "Dan," the two best horses of the trader's stable, despite the presence of the sentry at the front, had been abstracted some time during the earlier hours of the night, and later traced to the ford at Stabber's old camp, and with Pete and Crapaud, doubtless, were gone.

That day the major wired to Omaha that he should be reinforced at once. One-half his little force, he said, was now mounted each day for guard, and the men couldn't stand it. The general, of course, was in the field, but his chief of staff remained at headquarters and was empowered to order troops from post to post within the limits of the department. Flint hoped two more companies could come at once, and he did not care what post was denuded in his favor. His, he said, was close to the Indian lands—separated from them, in fact, only by a narrow and fordable river. The Indians were all on the warpath, and, aware of his puny numbers, might be tempted at any moment to quit the mountains and concentrate on him.

And so another restless day went by and no more news came from either front or rear—from the range to the north or Rock Springs at the south, and Flint was just formulating another fervid appeal to that impassive functionary, the adjutant general at Omaha, when toward evening word came whistling down the line in the person of Master Sanford Ray, that two couriers were in sight "scooting" in from Moccasin Ridge, and Flint and fully half the soldier strength of Fort Frayne gathered on the northward bluff like the "wan burghers" of ancient Rome, to watch and speed their coming. Who could tell what the day might yet bring forth?

It was well-nigh dark before the foremost reached the ford—a scout in worn and tawdry buckskin, wearied and impassive. He gave his dispatch to the care of the first officer to accost him, and took the way to the store, briefly saying in reply to questions, that he was "too dry to speak the truth." So they flocked, at respectful distance, about the major as he read the hurried lines. The general bade the post commander wire the entire message to Washington, and to "take all precautions for the protection of the few settlers about him. The columns under Col. Henry and Maj. Webb had united near the head waters of the Clear Fork of the Powder; had had a rattling running fight with Lame Wolf's people; had driven them into the mountains and were following hot on the trail, but that Stabber's band and certain disaffected Sioux had cut loose from the main body and gone south. Whistling Elk, a young chief of much ambition, had quarreled with certain of the Red Cloud element, and joined Stabber, with his entire band. Look out for them and watch for signals any day or night from Eagle Butte."

Flint read with sinking heart. Indian fighting was something far too scientific for his martial education, and too much for his skeleton command. In the gathering dusk his face looked white and drawn, and old Wilkins, breasting his way up the slope, puffed hard, as he begged for news. There was still another dispatch, however, which was evidently adding to the major's perturbation, for it concerned him personally and for the moment Wilkins went unheard.

The general desires that you send the couriers back within 24 hours of their arrival, after you have had time to scout the line of the Platte say 20 miles each way, giving full report of every Indian seen or heard of. He enjoins vigilance and hopes to keep the Sioux so busy that they can send no more in your direction. Should they do so, however, he will pursue at once. He trusts that you are doing everything possible to comfort and reassure Mrs. Hay, and that you can send good news of Lieut. Field.

"He is simply fretting his heart out here," were the doctor's words to him but a short time before, "and, while unable to mount a horse, he is quite strong enough now to take the trip by ambulance, slowly, that is, to Rock Springs. I fear his father is failing. I fear Field will fail if not allowed to go. I recommend a seven days' leave, with permission to apply to Omaha for 30—he'll probably need it."

"I can't permit government teams and ambulances to be used for any such purpose," said the major, stoutly. "It is distinctly against orders."

"Then, sir, he can go in my spring wagon and we'll hire mules from Mrs. Hay," was the doctor's prompt reply. "He can do no good here, major. He may do much good there."

But Flint was full of information and official zeal. The matter of Field's going had been broached before, and, when told of it, the Wilkins pair had been prompt with their protests. "Of course he'd be wantin' to get away," said Wilkins, "wid all that money to account for, let alone these other things." The Irishman was hot against the young West Pointer, who had derided him. He doubtless believed his own words. He never dreamed how sorely the lad now longed to see his father—how deep was his anxiety on his father's account—how filled with apprehension on his own, for that rifled desk had brought him reason for the most painful thought. Wilkins and Field had been antagonistic from the start. Neither could see good in the other, and, egged on by his worthy spouse's exhortations, the quartermaster had siezed the opportunity to fill the post commander's too receptive mind with all his own suspicions—and this at a crucial time.

"I can't listen to it, Dr. Waller," said the major, sternly. "Here's a matter of near $1,000 that young man has got to answer for the moment he is well enough to stir. And if he can't account for it—you well know what my duty will demand."

[To Be Continued.]

A LOYAL HEART.

The Noble Self-Sacrifice of a Colored Man Who Labors for His Benefactors.

As the Milledgeville, Ga., News tells the story, one of the young colored men connected with Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee has many of the qualities which go to the making of a hero of romance. About years ago Mr. Edwards of Milledgeville picked up a very small black boy and undertook, in his language, "to raise him and make something of him." Mr. Edwards fed and clothed the boy, and in a general way taught him many things; and the lad, who was bright and capable, made such return as he could. His name was Garner, and in time he became known as Garner Edwards.

After Mr. Edward's death his two sisters continued to care for Garner. He was proud of "his family," loved the two ladies who were befriending him sincerely, and as he grew older he was a comfort and protection to them, for they also were alone in the world, without parents or brothers. When he came to manhood he did not forsake them or the home that had sheltered him, but insisted that it was the only home he had ever known, and that it was his duty and pleasure to aid in supporting it, and he came to bear a considerable part of its expenses.

Garner learned the trade of a brick-mason, and finally moved to Alabama where he became acquainted with Booker Washington, who helped him in getting work that would enable him to take a course in the school at Tuskegee and at the same time be self-sustaining. Here, as in in all of his other positions, Garner made a good record and won many honors. After finishing school he married, but continued in the employ of the school, and is still there.

In the meantime Garner's white benefactor's have never been forgotten. His remittances to them have always continued. For many years he has paid the taxes on the old home; he has cared for the two sisters in illness, provided the best medical attendance and supplied every want. When one of the ladies was painfully injured by a fall, his wife, a trained nurse, hurried to Milledgeville to care for "Garner's white folks," and performed every duty skillfully and lovingly.

No one of any color could more nobly have repaid a debt of love. The best part of this simple story of a humble soul's gratitude and devotion is that it is true.

INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

Terse Talk of King of Prussia and a Hungarian Magnate at Carlsbad.

Frederick II. of Prussia, always had the reputation of being the most laconic man of his day in Europe. It became known that a Hungarian magnate, who was at Carlsbad taking the waters, was very abrupt and short in his manner of speech. So much so that some even went so far as to suggest that he was as terse and silent as the king of Prussia.

This came to Frederick's ears, so he determined to run down to Carlsbad to see his rival and satisfy himself on the point of comparison which had been raised. The magnate was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel.

The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result:

Frederick—Bathing?

Hungarian—Drinking!

Frederick—Officer?

Hungarian—Magnate!

Frederick—So!

Hungarian (taking the initiative)—Detective?

Frederick—King!

Hungarian—Congratulate.

I will leave it to my readers to judge between the merits of the two for the honor which they most desired.

Very Similar.

The lank individual drew his bony nag up before the dilapidated shanty.

"What caused the trouble, stranger?" he inquired.

"Any fool could see a cyclone had been along," growled the native with the brown pipe.

"Excuse me, stranger. I thought perhaps your wife had been housecleaning."—Chicago Daily News.

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 5.23 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.

8 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 35
.....	11 13	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 50
8 25	11 05	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 25	3 05	8 25
8 43	11 23	6 22	....Wilcox.....	12 05	2 45	8 04
3 56	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 4	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 44	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 40		6 38
5 02	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 35	1 19	6 35
5 1	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 38
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 28
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	‖*	Note.
Pennfield,	7 30	.....	1 55	7 10		
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	.....			.....	4	....
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 28	.....	○○	.....	*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 05	*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.

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.

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 26
Cross Fork J'ct,	.....	5 40	7 25	10 58	.....	7 49
....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 29	.....
.....	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	10 5
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