

TWO ACROSS THE WAY.

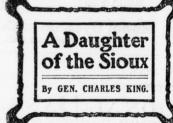
Just a wee straw-hatted toad-Bar'foot—an' a girl Settin' down across the road, An' each yaller curl Lightly liftin' on the breeze, Glintin' in the sun, An' their books across their knees— I was such a one!

"Buddy-boy" and "Sister-girl"
On their way to school
Stopped to hear the water purl
In the wayside pool;
Stopped to bathe their sun-tanned feet
In its shallow rim,
Ah, the lappin' waves are sweet,
Sweet to her an' him.

Sweet they were in days gone by,
Just as sweet to me;
I have but to close my eye
For awhile and see,
See the same ol' windin' road,
See the wimplin' pool,
See a little girl I knowed
When I went to school!

Now they're up an' goin' on,
Then across the way,
To their simple lessons con;
Happy mortals they!
Legs wet nearly to their knees;
Little lass and lad,
Curls a-littin' to the breeze
Chatterin' an' glad! Chatterin' an' glad!

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.



Copyright, 1902, by The Hobart Company CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED. L'ENVOI. Nearly two years later, with the old regiment still serving along the storied Platte, they were talking of her one moonlit evening at the flagstaff. The band, by this time a fixture at Frayne, had been playing delightful-ly, and some of the girls and young gallants had been waltzing on the Rays' veranda. A few new faces were there. Two faces, well known, were missing—those of Esther Dade and Beverly Field. The latter had never been the same man since the tragic events that followed so closely on the heels of the Lame Wolf campaign. Wounds had slowly healed. Injuries, physical, were well nigh forgotten; but, mentally, he had been long a sufferer. For months after the death of Nanette, even when sufficiently restored to be on duty, he held shrinkingly aloof from post society. Even Webb, Blake and Ray were powerless to pull him out of his despond. He seemed to feel-indeed he said so, that his brief entanglement with that strange, fascinating girl had clouded bis soldier name for all time. To these stanch friends and advisers he frankly told the whole story, and they, in turn, had told it to the general. to the colonel commanding the reg-iment and to those whose opinions they most valued; but Field could speak of it to none others. Frankly he admitted that from the moment he met the girl he fell under the inthe Laramie trip they were riding together, and during that ride she asked to be taken to Stabber's village, and there had talked long with that mag-nificent young Sioux. Later, Field, surprised her in tears, and then she told him a pitiful tale. Eagle Wing had been educated, she said, by her aunt and uncle-was indeed their nephew and her own cousin. He had been wild and had given them much he read: trouble, and her aunt was in bitter distress over his wavwardness. was to plead with him that she, Namette, had gone. "Moreau" had been taught mining and mineralogy, it seems, and declared that he had "loa most promising mine in the Black Hills. He could buy off every claim if he had a thousand dollars, and the mine might be worth millions. Hay pooh-poohed the story. Mrs. Hay could not persuade him. Then "Mo reau" became threatening. He would join the hostiles, he swore, if his aunt would not help him. Indeed, and here Field's young face burned with shame, Nanette told him that she understood that he, Field, was an only son who might inherit wealth in days to come, and could draw upon his father now for any reasonable sum: and, within the week of his meeting her, he was on the point of offering everything she needed, but that he disbelieved the Indian's sto-Then, one night, there came a mote begging him to meet her at once. She had a dreadful message, she said, from "Moreau." The fellow had frequently been prowling about the trader's during the dark hours, and now she was afraid of him, yet must see him, and see him at once, even if she had to ride to Stabber's camp. Field's eyes were blinded and he went. Hay's horses were ready beyond the corral, and she zode astride on one of Hay's own saddles. They found "Moreau" awaiting them at the ford, and there was a scene Field could not understand, for they spoke in the Sioux language. That night it was that, all in tears the Indian's obduracy, she owned that he was her own brother, not mereby a cousin, and together they had all

gone back toward Frayne. "Moreau" was to wait on the flats until she

could return to the house. She had

been striving to get him to make

certain promises, she said, contin-

gent on her giving him something from her own means. Field said he

with Sloux blood in her veins ever deserted a brother-or lover. And so she had returned with a packet, presumably of money, and there they found the Indian clinched with Kennedy. Kennedy was rescued in the nick of time, and pledged to silence. The Indian rode away triumphant. Nanette climbed back to her window, exhausted, apparently, by her exertions, and Field started for his quarters, only to find the en-tire garrison astir. The rest they

Asked how she came to know of the money in the trader's safe, he said no secret had been made of it by either Hay or him. She had asked him laughingly about his quarrel with Wilkins, and seemed deeply interested in all the details of subaltern life. Either Hay or he, fortunately, could have made good the missing sum, even had most of it not been found amongst Stabber's plunder. Field had never seen her again until the night the general took him to confront her at Hays', and, all too late, had realized how completely she had lured and used In price, honor, self respect, he had been sorely wounded, and, even when assured that the general attached no blame to him, and that his name was no longer involved, he would have resigned his commission and quit the service had it not been for these soldiers three, Webb, Blake and Ray. They made him see that, all the more because his father's death had left him independent—sole master of quite a valuable property

he must stick to the sword and live down the possible stain.

And stay he did, refusing even a chance to go abroad the following spring, and devoting himself assiduously to his duties, although he shrank from society. They made him sometimes spend a quiet evening at Ray's or Blake's where twice Miss Dade was found. But that young lady was quick to see that her hos-tess had been scheming, as loving women will. And then, when he went hoping to see her, yet half afraid, she came no more. They could not coax her. The early spring had taken him forth on long campaign. The ensuing fall had taken her to the far distant East, for gallant old Dade was breaking down. The doctors sent him on prolonged sick leave. Then was Fort Frayne indeed a desolate post to Beverly Field, and when mid winter came, and with it the news that Dade had but little while to live, he took counsel with Ray, and a month's leave not much of which was spent in the South. The old regiment was represented at the sad and solemn little ceremony when the devoted husband, father and fellow soldier was laid to rest.

Nor was Field a happier man when he rejoined from leave, and they all thought they knew why. Letters came, black-bordered, with Esther's superscription, sometimes, but only for Mrs. Blake or Mrs. Ray. There was never one for Field. And so a second summer came and went and a second September was ushered in, and in the flood of the full moonlight, there was again music and dancing, at Fort Frayne, but not for Field, not for Esther Dade. They were all talking of Nanette, Daughter of the Dakotas, and Esther, Daughter of the Regiment, as they called her in her father's corps, and the mail came late from Laramie, and letters were handed round as tattoo sounded, and Mrs. fluence of a powerful fascination. Blake, eagerly scanning a black-bor-within 24 hours of his return from dered page, was seen suddenly to run in doors, her eyes brimming over with tears.

Later that night Hogan tapped at Field's front door and asked would the lieutenant step over to Mrs. Ray's a minute, and he went.

"Read that," said Mrs. Ray, pointing a paragraph on the third page of the black-bordered missive that had been too much for Mrs. Blake. And

"Through it all Esther has been my sweetest comfort, but now I must lose her, too. Our means are so straightened that she has made me see the necessity. Hard as it is, I must yield to her for the help that it may bring. She has been studying a year and is to join the staff of trained nurses at St. Luke's the first of October."

in the little army parlor. Field's hands were trembling, his face was filled with trouble. She knew he would speak his heart to her at last, and speak he did:

"All these months that she has been studying I've been begging and pleading, Mrs. Ray. You know what I went for last winter—all to no purpose. I'm going again now, if I have to stay as a patient at St. Luke's to coax her out of it."

But not until Christmas came the welcome "wire: "Patient discharged. Nurse finally accepts new engagement."

THE END.

Earthquake Starts Up the Music. An earhquake recently occurred in Bohemia. The principal inn at Graslitz owns a musical penny-in-the-slot machine which had been out of order for a long time. When, however, the earthquake shook the house the machine began to work, and "Hoch der Kaiser!" rang out above the cries of the intimidated guests. Many of the latter being old soldiers, the patriotic air did much to quiet the natives, particularly as the machine went on playing without stopping for pennies. It "hoched" the kaiser for the rest of the night, and might be still at it if an official of the company had not come along and readjusted the ma-

At St. Louis. Quinn-Airships will be all the rage

oon.
De Fonte-Well, it is nothing unremonstrated with her to the ut-znost, but she told him no woman Chicago Daily News.



"I don't see any sense in this everlasteat on Thanksgiving Day. I'd jest as soon have mush and milk as the best dinner you could get up."

Miranda Wilson had heard that same or a similar remark every year, as long as she could remember. She was brought up in New England, where the was kept as religiously as Sunday, and she expected always to keep it that way, and brought up her four children to expect the regulation dinner of turkey and plum-pudding, vegetables and mince pie. say about the utter uselessness and exat the loaded table and eat as much as anybody.

The three remaining children-there

"I've alwuz kep' Thanksgivin', an' I alwuz expect to," was the concise reply to his words.

He drove away with visions of turkey brown and luscious, its skin cracked and crisp, the white meat falling soft and clear under the slashes of his big carving- knife, the gravy thick, potatoes and other vegetables done to a turn, and the turnips mashed, without a lump, onions tender and fragrant, with specks of but-ter here and there—oh, that would be a great dinner! Miranda was a fine

"Wal, got ready for Thanksgivin'?" "Yes, I'm ready. I hope it'll be er good day."

"Land, I guess 'twill. I don't see how folks ken eat ser much; folks thinks too much er their stomjackets. Fer my part, I'd like some good rye mush. be mighty thankful; I ain't had none fer ser long I can't remember how it tastes.

"'Tain't much of er Thanksgivin' dinner such as we used ter hev when the childern come home. I guess Mercy'd think 'twas pretty slim. I don' know what Harry'd say if he couldn't hev er whole mince pie; and Laura, she'd eat half er punkin pie fer lunch. They ain't comin' this year, but ef I carn't hev the folks, all the more reason why I should her er dinner."

"Nonsense! Plum nonsense," was the growl from the other side of the table.

Thanksgiving Day was pleasant. The sun rose clear. The ground was hard and without snow. No wind, but a tight, hard atmosphere that made ears and nose tingle. A beautiful November day, when one might give thanks for life, if for nothing else.

Jonas always did the same amount of work on this day as on any other, in spite of Miranda's vigorous protests.

So this morning he drove off to the Peters' farm to get the other load of husks. Miranda watched him go. She made her bed, cleared up the room, "There's Jonas, r filled the two lamps, feeling all the time lonesome and unhappy without All the thought of the children coming ladies flew, one to thicken the gray, to dinner. She looked into the panand the other to take up the dinner, so try, wishing she could see a half-pie when Jonas entered it was all on the which Laura had cut, but the shelves table, and Timmy sat in his high chair. were bare. There was a quarter of an "Sit right down here, Jonas, and s'pos'n' last Saturday's baking. There were three doughnuts in the strong yet, but the doctor says he can stone jar—she would have made fresh have a taste o' 'most everything to-day. ones if Harry had been coming to eat his Come. Jennie, you sit here 'side o' me

eral times to fix the fire and fuss with you arsk the blessin', and Jonas, you something cooking on the stove. She be sure to help Timmy furst, 'cause watched the clock, and by and by she arranged the table for two-oh, how she wished it was to be a full table; how toward home when Miranda almost gladly would she have added the extra jumped out of the wagon. "Jonas, did leaves, and brought out the long pat-tern linen cloth Harry had given her last Christmas. When all was arranged to her liking, she did a most unusual thing for Thanksgiving day. She put on her cloak and bonnet, drew on some mittens, and, locking the door behind her, started up the long hillroad that led to the Herman farm. Evidently she was expected, for one child opened the outside door, another flew to tell mother, one took her things, and a fourth pulled up a chair for her to sit in, and all talked at once.

"It's 'most ready!" "Oh, it is so good," and little Jennie smacked her lips and baby Tim echoed: "Stho dood "

Mrs. Herman came hurrying in, and wiped her eyes with her apron as she exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Wilson, how can I ever thank you? I never thought anything so good could happen to this family. I tried to make it seem all right not to have any Thanksgiving dinner, but now—well, here it is, and I tell you, it is a Thanksgiving." Here Tim edged up to her and begged her "not to try, tause we'd have theome turkey pretty theoon."

"Now I'm going right out to help you get things ready. It will seem a little like having my own dinner with all the children. I don't know as Jonas will come, but I'll set a plate for him." Miranda bustled about with Mrs. Herman getting the table set, and the veg-etables mashed and placed in covered dishes ready to be taken up any mo-The children ran about under foot, as usual, but Mrs. Wilson de-clared it seemed just like old times, and she would not allow one of them to be sent away or set up in a chair.

Meanwhile, where was Jonas? He entered the house, wondering if ing hustle to get something extra to he had lost his sense of smell. Did he smell turkey and plum pudding? was no sound of hurrying feet in the kitchen, as if Miranda was setting up the dinner. My, how hungry his long drive had made him! He must sharpen the carving knife so as to be ready when that turkey was. He opened the kitchen door. All was silent, save a sort en door. of sputter that seemed to proceed from the stove. Where was Miranda? The table was set. Probably she had stepped upstairs. He washed his hands After Jonas Wilson had said his at the sink, and dried them on the long say about the utter uselessness and expense of it all, he was ready to sit down

Where was the dinner? In the rough course. He would sit down and wait. What was that at his place? A note!

anybody.

The three remaining children—there were four, but one lay in the little inclosure just over the hill—grew up, and one after another went away from home. They had never yet failed to return for Thanksgiving; but this year it was to be different. Mercy's baby was so feeble she dared not take it so far in the bleak weather which was to be expected in November. Laura's husband went to the Philippines to teach, and Laura went with him. Harry was buyer for a great city firm, and he was sent west at this season, and there was no chance of his returning in time for the great festival.

The day before Thanksgiving Jonasappeared, and made the usual announcement: "I s'pose you've got ter hev' er stir-up to-day, same's usual. I do think it's plum nonsense. Seems 'sif folks lived ter eat, an' notet ter live. Hasty-puddin' is jest as fillin' an' er good deal cheaper. I'm goin' down ter git them corn husks Peters said I could hev fer beddin' ef I'd come after 'em."

"T've alwuz kep' Thanksgivin', an' I alwys vencet ten'."

"Wal, I snum!"

"Wal, I snum!"

"Ours truly, was that at his place? A note!

"Dear Jonas: You sald you'd drather have mush and molasses than turkey and cone will and molasses than turkey and one after en we mush and molasses than turkey and cowell. Will Herman's been awful sick and she said they couldn't have no Thanks children home and she said they couldn't have no Thanks ethildren home and she said they couldn't have no Thanks ethildren home and she said they couldn't have no Thanks ethildren home and she said they couldn't have no Thanks ethildren home and she said they couldn't have no Thanks ethildren home and she said they couldn't have the children home and she said they couldn't have the children home and she said they couldn't have the thidren home and she said they couldn't have the children home and she said they couldn't have the thildren home and she said they couldn't have the children home and she said they couldn't have the thildren home and she said they couldn't have the differe

"MIRANDA WILSON."

"Wal, I snum!" He went to the stove and looked at the gray material in the kettle. His mouth was made up for turkey, and rye mush ness he had in mind.

"Humph!" He went to the pantry, and, taking the quarter pie, devoured it; but still there was an empty place that pie couldn't fill.

"Better cook'n Miranda? Humph!" He looked at the mush again. "S'pose she walked up there.

kinder pity ef she had ter walk back. Guess I'll hitch up'n' go after her.' He could have a turkey dinner if he wanted it; he was invited. "If I'm goin'



"There's Jonas, now, comin' up the

All rushed to see, and then the two ou carve, 'cause Mr. Herman ain't very Noon drew near. She stopped sev- it seem jest like old times? Mr. Herman, he's hungry."

They were going down the long hill I bet it's burnt to a cinder!"

"I don't care if 'tis."

"Ain't Mis' Herman a good cook?

Warn't that turkey done to a turn?" "Oh, fair; not so good's Miranda Wilson, but fair, pooty fair."

There was a long silence, and then she said: "Jonas, I want-"

"I know, Miranda; and I want ye ter have two Thanksgivin' dinners every year, one in November and one in December, jes's long's we live, an' if our folks can't come we'll have somebody else's folks. Git up there, Jerry; we got to git home."

Miranda never had occasion to make rye mush another Thanksgiving day.— Ladies' World, New York,

A Hopeless Case.
"At least you will try to celebrate Thanksgiving in the proper spirit," said

the jovial person.
"I suppose so," answered the man who is constitutionally gloomy; "but I don't see much prospect of success. If I don't have a turkey and mince pie dinner, I'll feel slighted; and if I do. I'll have indigestion."-Washington Star.

Though I isn't very lucky.
I'll be thankful as I can
Dat I wasn't born a turkey
'Stid o' jes' a cullud man.
-Washington Star.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL BOAD

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD 8 15 A. M.—Week days over Sumbury, Wikesbarre, Scranton, Has etona Potsville, He to be a sumbury, while the sumbury of the sumbur of the

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STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107;	901
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Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop between Red Bank and DuBois.

*Daily tDaily except Sunday. (Sunday only Flag Stop.

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Burtville, 93 30
Koulette, 3 40
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(*) Flag stations. (OD) Trains do not stop *) Telegraph offices Train Nos. 3 and 10

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORTUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business en!
rusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,

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 linds 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.

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

EMPORIUM, PA

**Pa LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

I have numrous 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.

CITY HOTEL, WM. McGEE, PROPRIETOR Emportum, 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,)

(Opposite Post Office,)

(Opposite Post Office,)

Emporlum, Pa.

Find McDonald, Proprietor.

I take pieasure 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 manuer that shall meet with their approxiation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours no27-lyr Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTE I.,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.,
This new and commodious hotel is now opened
for the accommodation of the public. New nal
its appointments, every attention will be pair to
the guests patronizing this notel.
27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,

MAY GOULD,

PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also desier 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.

S. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.,
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emportum, Pa.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, is cluding Crown and Bridge Work.