

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.



"The Grand Route."

Table with columns for daily, P.M., and A.M. times for various stations including Lv King Smt., Austin, Westfield, etc.

READ UP.

Table with columns for P.M., A.M., and P.M. times for stations like Lv King Smt., Austin, Westfield, etc.

STATIONS.

Table with columns for P.M., A.M., and P.M. times for stations like Lv King Smt., Austin, Westfield, etc.

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.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

Table with columns for EASTBOUND and WESTBOUND stations and times.

EASTBOUND.

Table with columns for STATIONS and times for Eastbound routes.

WESTBOUND.

Table with columns for STATIONS and times for Westbound routes.

TOYS AND DOLLS

There's a world of dolls—blonde and brunette, white and black, ball-jointed, kid body, celluloid dolls and steel dolls, dolls that walk, dolls with changeable wigs and dolls that you can bathe.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH OUR PAT ORDER DEPARTMENT.

The facilities of this department are at your disposal. Shopping by mail is made as simple and satisfactory as a personal visit.

Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 29, 1903. TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

6:15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Williamsport, 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.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Chemung and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.

Table with columns for SOUTHWARD and NORTHWARD stations and times.

STATIONS.

Table with columns for P.M., A.M., and P.M. times for stations like Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, etc.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Ocean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo. Train No. 115, daily, leaving Emporium at 8:15 P. M.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

Table with columns for EASTBOUND and WESTBOUND stations and times.

EASTBOUND.

Table with columns for STATIONS and times for Eastbound routes.

WESTBOUND.

Table with columns for STATIONS and times for Westbound routes.

GOOD Cedar Shingles

WILL KEEP THEM IN. WE HAVE THEM IN ALL GRADES. C. B. HOWARD CO.

Do You Need It?

DON'T YOU WANT A LOAD OR TWO OF GOOD HARD WOOD? I SELL IT. ROBT. CLARK.

of the intense glitter and warm brown clearness of the upper world they plunged into the stuffy gloom of straitened enclosures underground. Descending a few steps they found themselves in a long corridor, out of which opened several small rooms some 18 by 15 feet in dimensions—throne rooms, so to speak, of the defunct and sublimated bulls.

More than a thousand years before the last of them had passed out of the life of Egypt, and not her own short lifetime back, a Frenchman of Bonlogne, Martiee Pasha, had unearthed their tombs, long lost in the irreverent enshrouding sand. Yet the solemnity of it all, if any there was, did not check the scornful quiver of her lip as Clarice reflected that her heart asked not for Osiris, but for one friendly touch to save it from an aridity like that of the surrounding desert.

With a quick sigh and a passing tremor of her sensitive lips she averted her dark, brilliant eyes from the sarcophagus standing grimly forth in the flare of the torches and without thought or intention turned them full upon those of an attendant.

He was a young, handsome, pure type Arab, with tall, pale skin, clean cut features, clear, sinewy, silent, gentle, mysterious, suggesting an intensity of repressed passion. In that flickering light, down in the gaunt chamber of death, his soul looked straight through the glowing eyes which gleamed beneath his straight black brows and grasped that of the girl with sense of its desolation and hunger. It was a river of cool refreshment to her parched being. Life thrilled through her. The shackles, whose tightening constrictions numbed her by their viselike grip, fell off. She breathed with the joy of a released prisoner.

Her soul in that first impulsive moment spoke back with all the eloquence which can be uttered by the eye. It was heart answering heart. Time is measured by intensity, not mere duration. The whole length of that encounter—perception, bestowal, acceptance and grateful relief—could not have been a full minute. But it was a milestone from which life was to be measured. When Clarice Bonvale left the tombs of the Apis bulls and returned to Cairo she was not an alien woman alone in Egypt. A friend was with her, a kinsman of her heart—her proud, hungry young heart. The memory of him in the long wanderings up the Nile was a tiny, bubbling spring in her being from which welled solace and strength. The rancor of loneliness had departed, the wasting touch of aridity was gone, the eager stretching forth for something on which to lean felt a prop and support. The image of that Arab youth, the strong gentleness of the passionate grasp he had laid upon her, haunted her with a soothing sweetness.

She seemed to feel it especially at Phila. The soft charm of the little island and the graceful peace that brooded over it—she felt her new kinsman more in them. With a smile it occurred to her that here was where Osiris the Beneficent was laid to his rest, that to the old Egyptian there was no mightier oath than that sworn "by him who sleeps at Phila." It was at the solemn tomb that guarded the stately bull which he had possessed to be again with his adorer that she had met the one who had led her out of Egypt, the dark land of her heart longing that could find no rest. When would she see him next? Would she see him again? And, if she did, could he say more than he had said in that first, quick, close, magnetic fusion of their souls? Well, Osiris the Beneficent, the struggler against evil, had been good to her. It was enough.

They were returning after their long leagues up the Nile. At last their feet were set homeward. There was not so much charm in that as that they were leaving Egypt, the place where she had for the first time realized Lucien Bonvale.

One night at Luxor she stood on the wharf, waiting to embark on the little steamer which puffed with impudent impetuosity to be gone. Bonvale had left her for a few moments on one of his fussy, suddenly thought of quests. Around her was a motley crowd, with sprinklings of many nations in its moving mass. In the noise and confusion and small babel of jarring elements strong fingers suddenly slipped smoothly, possessively, into the hand which hung listlessly at her side. A flutter ran through her. Her own fingers, with an instinct of sympathy, closed upon those which had been so gently pushed into her warm palm. She looked up with a soft welcoming of childlike eagerness.

There in the flooding light of the moon stood her heart's kinsman, the strong young Arab of the Scapaeum. Impassive, powerful, with a repose that the west knows little of, his dark eyes under the strong brows burned with a fire which told of his intense feeling. His eyes bent on her unwaveringly. He murmured softly: "I have brought you my heart and something to remember me by when you are gone so far away to your country. Do not forget me in the long years to come or that I love you." The crowd pressed. He was gone. He had melted into it and was lost. Clarice raised her hand and with a tremulous smile looked to see what artless souvenir he had left with her for remembrance of him—two tiny im-

ages of Osiris and Isis, such as are found in the tombs; Osiris the Beneficent! "By him who sleeps at Phila," she said to her heart. "Come, are you ready?" asked Bonvale, reappearing. "Yes," she answered quietly, slipping the figures into her pocket.

Twenty years later, on Christmas day again, a beautiful woman in black stood in the drawing room of her home in Philadelphia before a small cabinet. Her eyes were fixed upon something in it. Her air was pensive, resigned, pathetically sweet, as she stood there seemed to soften as she gazed.

At that moment a woman who had come through the rooms without being heard on the rugs bustled up to her and exclaimed rapturously: "I knew you would see me, Clarice. I am glad I came in unannounced so as to catch you in that pose. I wish you could have your picture taken as you looked just now. You were perfectly lovely. I never saw you with that expression before. You seemed lost in thought, yet it was happy, peaceful thought. What were you thinking about, dear?"

The lady's eyes reverted to the cabinet as if to discover the source of such soothing memories. "Egypt," replied Mrs. Bonvale very quietly, with a faint, peculiar smile. "Oh, I see," murmured the other, with a conventional drop in her hearty voice. "You passed your honeymoon there, didn't you? Those two little images recalled it, I suppose. Poor Lucien! Did he give them to you? Who are they, and what do they mean?"

"Isis and Osiris," said the widow of Lucien Bonvale. "What do they mean? A great deal, but I really can't tell you just what."

"Well, don't try, Clarice," said her caller sympathetically. "It's the association probably. I understand."

She put forth her hand and patted the lightly clasped ones of the woman in black.

MAINE'S CHRISTMAS TREES

The Once Deceased Fir Now a Popular Source of Revenue.

A few years ago the fir tree was looked upon as a nuisance in Maine. Now it is a source of considerable income to hundreds and to the transportation companies as well.

The beginning of its popularity was in 1892, when a party of hunters who had been in a steam yacht to Newfoundland to shoot caribou called at Sargentville, on Penobscot bay, to visit some abandoned copper mines a short distance inland. The leaves had fallen from the deciduous trees, causing the dark evergreens to stand out in bold relief against a neutral background of browns and grays. The owner of the yacht was struck by the beauty of the scene and also with a practical idea. He hired men and horses and had cut about 600 of the firs, which he carried on the deck of the yacht to Boston, where they were offered for sale.

The demand exceeded the yachtman's greatest expectations, for the whole lot was snapped up in short order. So profitable was the first venture that in the next Christmas season fully 50,000 firs were sent from the shores of Penobscot bay to Boston, where they were all sold at good prices, and in the following year the trade was extended to New York, where the firs were as eagerly taken. In 1896 the shipments of trees from Maine to the large cities had increased to about 750,000, and in 1899 over 1,500,000 were sold.

In some sections, where the fir is especially prolific, the cutting and preparing of Christmas trees is made the occasion of festive gatherings, corresponding to the huskings in fall time, whole families going into the woods and taking their dinners along. A man cuts the trees close to the roots and a boy or a strong girl cuts with a sharp hatchet the few dead limbs from the base. Women and boys tie the trees into bundles of a dozen, and then the harvest is piled into hayracks and carried to the nearest railroad station. The smaller children gather the trailing creepers of the ground pine, pluck branches of glossy wintergreen and gather the red fruit of the wild raisin shrub, all of which are packed in boxes and sent to the cities for the making of wreaths and garlands for the decoration of church and home.

The evergreen harvests are generally bought by men who make a business of supplying the Christmas markets of the cities, though many farmers and send their crops direct to market. Trees five to six feet in height are in Maine paid 5 cents each, six to ten feet in height are paid 10 to 15 cents. The five tree sells in the city market 15 cents, while the fifteen cent tree brings \$1 or more. The total revenue to Maine people this year from Christmas greens crop will probably amount to \$150,000.—New York Tribune.

Gifts For Children.

Children enjoy things with which they can do something. They are happiest when both brains and hands are employed. An ingenious boy will get more pleasure out of the material with which to make a kite than he will out of a finished kite. Thus a box of carpenter's tools makes a fine present for a boy, particularly if it is accompanied by a few light boards and some nails. A game that requires the looking up of names or characters is a present that can be enjoyed by the entire family. A box of gay colored beads and a spool of wire will be appreciated by a quiet little girl.

Rockwell's Drug Store.

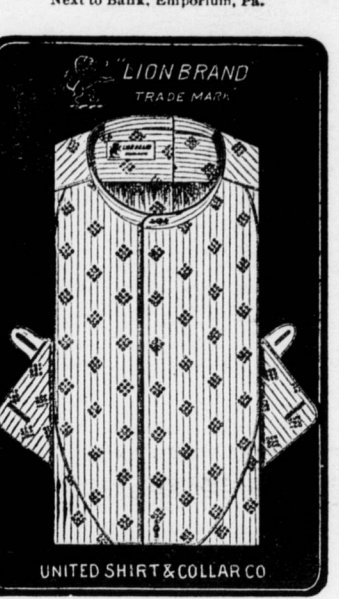
MERRY XMAS!

DON'T let gift making worry you. Is it a Pocket book, Bill-book, Wrist Bag, Toilet Water or Perfumes and Toilet Cream? Any of the above we will be glad to sell you. We also have the finest assortment of Stationery ever offered in Emporium. Think of the charm of having first choice.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

Fall and Winter Announcement.

R. SEGER & SON, Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.



Have completely renovated and greatly improved the interior of their store, now having one of the most tastefully arranged

Clothing and Furnishing Goods Stores.

They take pride in calling attention to their very extensive line of STYLISH TAILOR MADE GARMENTS from the celebrated factories of COOPER & CO., Utica, N. Y., SCHOLOSS & CO., Baltimore, Md., and HART, SHAFER & MARK, Chicago, the most popular in America. These goods are all strictly up to date and warranted to give satisfaction. The finest in the land.

GOLD WATCH GIVEN AWAY.

We give our customers, both ladies and gents checks which entitle a number to a beautiful gold watch. Coupons will be issued until JANUARY 1st. These time pieces are of best make. Call and see for yourself.

OUR JEWELRY CABINET

Has been given careful attention this year and we have added many handsome designs in this department—not cheap trash, but good, honest goods and neat, handsome and reasonable. This is the largest line in Emporium.

IN FURNISHINGS

we are pleased to announce the largest assortment of goods in the popular makes in SHIRTS and UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, TIES, and COLLARS. We are agents for the Lion Brand of Shirts. No better made, than the popular Sesan-El Hat on sale. Don't forget we have a full line of TRUNKS, SATCHELS, TELESCOPES, SUIT CASES, Etc.

If You Don't See What You Want Ask for it.

R. SEGER & SON, Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers to the People.

Swell Clothes

Are the delight of all well dressed people and a large majority of the well-dressed gentlemen in Emporium, have their clothes made by the old reliable tailors

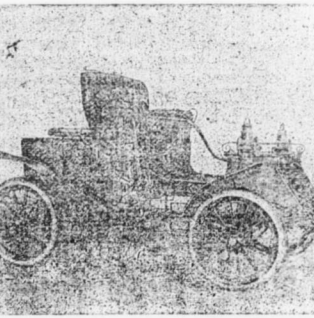
R. Seger & Co.

The reason why so many wear clothes of our make, is because we have an established reputation for good fits and fair dealing.

R. SEGER & CO.

The Place to Buy Cheap — IS AT — J. F. PARSONS'

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.



Agent for E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CYCLES.

Grout Automobiles

THE BEST HILL CLIMBERS ON THE MARKET.

E. J. SMITH, Agent, Emporium, Pa.

4 Full Quarts Pennsylvania Rye or 7 Years Old Whiskey 7 Years Old FOR \$3.00. OUR REFERENCE: Any Bank or Merchant in Pittsburg. Express charges paid to your nearest station. All goods packed in plain sealed cases. This is a very fine OLD WHISKEY aged in the wood, which makes it RICH, RIFE and MELLOW. We guarantee it to give satisfaction or refund the money. We control the output of one of the largest distilleries in Pennsylvania and must sell the product direct to the consumer hence we can give you better service and better value than any other house. Order a sample lot-to-day. Remittance can be made by check, registered letter or money order. We carry in stock all grades of Wines, Whiskies, etc. Special inducements for Club orders. Send for our PRIVATE PRICE LIST. Morris Forst & Co., Cor. 2d Ave. and Smithfield St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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