COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R. Thins effect May 27th, 1801.

Pert Allegany, Lv. 5 15
Colemas, *8 23
Surtville, *5 80
Requette, 3 40
K nowtton's, *6 45
Mina, 3 59
Olmsted, *6 05
Manamonds, **

Colesburg,
Seven Bridges,
Raymonds's,
Gold,
Newfield,
Newfield Junction,

STATIONS.

Orowell's, Carpenter's,

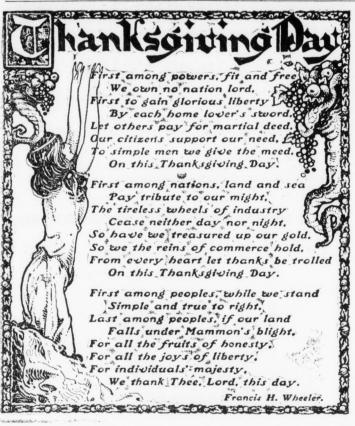
Orowell's,
Carpenter's,
Perkins,
NewfieldJunction,
Newfield,
Gold,
Raymond's
Seven Bridges,
Coleaburg,
Frink's,
North Coudersport,

Coudersport,

Lv. 8 28 6 00 1 20

(*) Flag stations. (**) Trains do not stop † Telegraph offices. Train Nos. 3 and 10 will carry passengers. Trains 8 and 10 do. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections—At Ulyssee with Fail Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffaio & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffaio. Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporiums and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'lSupt. Coudersport, Pa.



Maisie's sofa, Aunt Ruth fled up-"Isn't it funny?" mused Maisie

where you were, and now she won't come at all. Every time she sees you,

"I don't like it, either." said the

that Maisie looked at him curiously. "Well, I suppose I'd better go now

"The governor, I suppose," answered

"Oh, then," cried Maisie, "I know what I want you to do. Write to the

paper and sat by her to help spell the words until the following bona fide

letter was produced in very crooked

Then he put the letter into an envelope, and showed Maisie how to di-

rect it. "But, Uncle John, I forgot to say anything about you," said Maisie "Oh, well," answered Uncle John, hastily, "I wouldn't have you say any-

thing about me on any account. That's our secret, Maisie. You will keep it. won't you, and not tell anybody."
"Yes," answered Maisie. "I won't

tell anybody."

But alas! Uncle John should have

been more careful in specifying what particular point should be kept a

secret. Maisie thought only of the letter, and when Aunt Ruth came down as soon as the tall figure was well out of sight, she proceeded to

keep the secret after the fashion of

"Uncle John and I have a secret, Aunt Ruth," she said. Aunt Ruth flushed prettily. She always got red cheeks, somehow, when Ucnle John's

name was mentioned. But she held

'You mustn't tell secrets, Maisie."

her head up proudly.

A RECOVERED THANKSGIVING

By BERTHA E. BUSH



T. Uncle John, I didn't have any Thanksgiving. And now it's all gons feel dreadfully. If I live to be ever so old, I can't make up for this Thanksgiving." The little voice was

denly, day?"

printing:

very doleful, and the hot little hand that clung to his very small and Uncle John. "He issues a proclamasoft. The young man longed to comfort this small neighbor of his, who was dearer than the little nieces from whom she had caught this way of addressing him. Perhaps that was because her face against the pillow
looked so much like that other face
that was the loveliest in the world to
bim. But how could he be a comforter when he was in need of comcontent when he was the way of adcontent when he was the need of comcontent when he was the content was the loveliest in the world to

be when he was the need of comcontent when he was the pillow

content when he was the need of comcontent when he was the forter when he was in need of comfort himself.'

"It's too bad, Maisie, but you aren't the only one who has had hard times," he said. "I didn't have any Thanks-giving, either, and I don't feel as if I should over have one again."

Maisie's brown eyes opened wide. 'Why, Uncle John; you went to the Mamma said so. And you



"DEAR GOVERNOR."

bad turkey and cranberries and ice cream and oranges. I would have gone, too, if I had not been sick.

Mamma was going to gay at home.

Mamma was going to gay at home. Mamma was going to way at home have any, either."

with me, but Aunt Ruth said she "Why not?" asked Aunt Ruth, with wanted to, so mamma went. Wasn't that funny? I don't see how Aunt Ruth could have wanted to stay at asked him if he had a stomach-ache, I wanted to go, dreadfully, and he said no, it was a heart-ache."
"Oh," said Aunt Ruth, softly. "You I pretty near cried."

So did I," said the young man, un- might have asked him if he didn't

der hiz breath. Maisie went on:

"You see, this was going to be such a lovely Thanksgiving, and I had planned about it so long. I haven't ever been invited to a big folks?

Thanksgiving dinner before and a!

Thanksgiving dinner before and a!! Thanksgiving dinner before, and all the people I liked best were going to be there—you, and Aunt Ruth, and mamma, and papa, and the rest. And Mrs. Smith has such lovely dinners, veryledy, save. And Like tunks. Mrs. Smith has such lovely dinners.

Everybody says. And I like turkey best of anything. It seems as if I just couldn't stand it. I had counted the days aver gives there were a hop. the days ever since there were a hundred, I guess. But, Uncle John, why

Maisie for the rest of the afternoon.

When papa came home from town didn't you have a Thanksgiving?
Couldn't you eat any dinner? Did
you have a stomach ache, too?"
"No," said Uncle John; "I had a different kind of an ache."
"What him to world?" now have a stomach ache, too?"
"What him to world?" he said to the same ache world?" he said to the same ache."
"What him to world?" he said to the same ache world?" he said to the same ache."

alsie.
"A heart-ache," answered Uncle stamped with the governor's seal and on' see it?

"A heart-ache," answered Uncle stamped with the governor's seal and on see it?

"Then hegrew ashumed of his confidence. The takes more than a dinner to make Thanksgiving for grown people," he said, lightly.

"Musile," called a coft voice from the hall.

"It's Aunt Ruth." eried Maisie, who had almost restarting up in delight. But with fust one glance at the tall figure beside.

"Sure enough, when the letter and addressed to Maisie. And mamma and addressed to Maisie. And mamma and swered: "I can't imagine. I'm afraid all de turkey'll be eat up by de time I git back.

"On Thanksgiving Day.

"One-s M-o-i-ne-s." she spelled.

"Why, mamma, that's where I sent my letter to the governor. This must be the answer."

Sure enough, when the letter and Thanksgivin' proclamation in it.

package were opened they were found to contain the biggest turkey the little town had ever seen, and the following proclamaiton from the kind governor:

"Having been informed that Maisie Z—, of L—, was ill on the 28th of November and was thereby prevented from joining In the festivities incident to Thanksgiving day, I, therefore, recommend that at a convenient hour on Monday, Dacember 9, 1991, Mr. and Mrs. Z—, together with their family and such young friends as Maisie may choose to invite, assemble in the family dining-room and there, with thankful hearts for country, home and the blessed influence of children, partake of such bounties as are usually served in Christian America on the day appointed for national thanksgiving, and that specal attention shall be given that Maisie shall be bountifully supplied with that portion of the national bird and such other delicacles most congenial to her.

"L. M. SHAW, Gavernor of Laws." "Having been informed that Maisie Z-

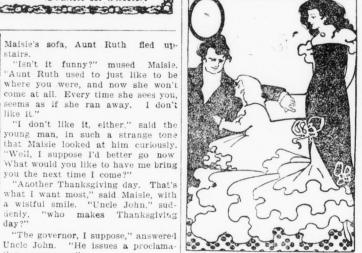
congenial to her.

"L. M. SHAW, Governor of Iowa.

"Signed at Des Moines, Ia., this 6th day of December, 1901."

It was a most delightful Thanksgiving. Maisie and Uncle John both agreed on that point. For the turkey was delicious, and Maisie was deemed sufficiently well to have a bountiful supply, as the good governor had recommended; and Aunt Ruth was there in her prettiest dress, as smiling and gracious as though she had never held aloof. And Maisie chose the turkey's wishbone, and when it had aried for an hour or two, she brought it to Uncle John.

"Wish with me, Uncle John," she said. Uncle John took hold of the



end and glanced at Aunt Ruth. She must have understood his look, for she came softly toward him, with cheeks

as pink as her ribbons.
"Oh," cried Maisie, as it snapped "I have the longest end, and I didn't want to get it. I have everything I want this Thanksgiving. I meant you to get your wish, Uncle Joho."

"I have everything that I want, too," answered Uncle John, softly, as he looked at Aunt Ruth. "This has been "Dear Governor: Please can we have another Thanksgiving day and have it next week. I was sick and could not eat any turkey or any good things. I ain't very big, but I like turkey. Please let us have it. "Your friend," "MAISIE Z—."

The Season's Travesty. Mrs. Dorcas—How is it, my poor man, you have no Thanksgiving din ner this year?

Tattered Tom-I follered yer advice, mum. I wuz good dis year, an' didn'i do nothin' to git committed to de island .- Judge.

Zealism.
Editor—I liked your Thanksgiving jokes, Mr. Scribbs, but you didn't get them in early enough. Mr. Scribbs-Well, that's it, you see

I can't make 'em, unless I'm full of turkes and cranberry sauce.

NEITHER SORT OF A BIRD.



"What kind of an ache?" persisted Maisic's mamma, as he exhibited it to ball game.

POPULAR SCENIC ROUTE.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company.

Condensed Time Table in Effect June 4, 1905.

Sun- day Only	Week Days.								Daily	Week Days.					
Р. М.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M	r.	P. !	м. т	. м.	STATIONS.	A. M.	A. M.	Р. М.	P.M	P.M		1
5 18 6 00 6 14 6 47 7 00 7 40 8 00 8 20		8 18 9 00 9 17 9 47 10 00 11 20 11 40 12 15 12 20 1 02 1 1 25 1 31 2 00 P. M.		00 14 47 00 60 40 02 20	6	00			9 30 9 17 8 41 8 23 8 30 7 39 7 18 6 56		4 43 4 00 3 47 3 11 2 00		8 50 8 06 7 55 7 25 7 14 7 07 6 23 6 02 5 40 5 00 4 52 4 08 3 42 3 33 3 00		
P. M. 8 20 8 29 8 38		A. M. 11 45 12 00 12 15 1 00 2 00 P. M.	6	20 29 38	8 8 8 A.	00			A. M. 6 56 6 44 6 35 A. M.				5 20 5 08 5 00 3 10		8 0
		A. M. 8 30 8 58 9 09 9 27 10 10	3 4 4	30 52 1 01 15	A. 3					8)6 7 11 7 10 7 13 6 30	2 18 2 18 2 06 1 50 1 05				
		11 05 11 55						Cross Fork June		7 30 6 30			P. M 5 40 4 40		-

Additional trains leave Galeton at 8:45 a. m. and 6:25 p. m., arriving at Ansonia at 9:21 a.m. and 7:00 p. m.

and 7:00 p. m.

Returning leave Ansonia at 9:35 a. m., and 8:30 p. m., arriving at Galeton at 10:09 a. m., and 8:00 p. m.

At Driftwood with P. R. R.
At DuBois with B. R. & P. Ry.
At Keating Summit with B. & A. V. Div. of Pennsylvania R. R.
At Ansonia with N.Y.C.& H.R. R. for all points north and south.
At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. Ry. Union Station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & Pa., Ry. Union Station.
At Addison with Eric R. R., Union Station.
At Addison with Eric R. R., Union Station.
At Wellsville with Eric R. R. for points east and west.
At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div.

MCMAHON, Div, Pass Age"t., Galeton Pa.

M. J. McMahon, Div. Pass Ag't., Galeton, Pa. E. A. NIEL, Traffle Mgr. Buffalo, N.Y. W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt., Galeton. Pa. C. PETER CLARK, Gen'l Mgr. Buffalo, N. Y.







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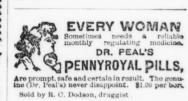
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