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St. Louis Exposition--1904.

Trip to St. Louis Via the Great Lake Shore Railway—Why it is the Best Railway in the World.

Stop-over at Niagara Falls in Either Direction, Without Extra Charge, via Lake Shore Railway—All Tickets Good on Cleveland and Buffalo Boats Between Cleveland and Buffalo Without Extra Charge.

The Only Double-Track Route.

This is the only track double-line between Buffalo Chicago and indeed in connection with the New York Central Railroad, forms the only double-track route between Boston, New York and Chicago. It is the most interesting route between the East and West, traversing the richest and finest portions of the middle states; also it is the most comfortable by reason of its excellent roadbed and freedom from curves. In the opinion of the experienced traveler it has no superior in perfectness of roadbed, punctuality and elegance of service, and the comfort and care of its patrons. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway is prominent before the people through the operation of the famous fast mail trains for the United States Government; also as the route of the "Twentieth Century Limited," running between Chicago and New York in 20 hours; "The Lake Shore Limited," between above cities in 24 hours; and the famous 30-hour trains between Chicago and Boston; and finally, as the railway which on Oct. 24, 1895, won the world's record for fast, long distance speed, making the phenomenal run of 50.1 miles in 470 minutes, 30 seconds, or 66.07 miles an hour. Leaving Buffalo, the line traverses the picturesque south shore of Lake Erie through the Western Reserve, passing on its way, such cities as Dunkirk, N. Y. where are the great Brooks Locomotive Works; Erie, Pa., a flourishing city located in the charming Presque Isle Bay; Conneaut, Ohio, interesting as the landing place of Gen. Moses Cleveland party in 1790; Ashtabula, Ohio, connecting point for Oil City, Pa.; Youngstown, Ohio, and for Pittsburgh, Pa., via the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad; Painesville, Ohio, a pleasing little city on the Grand River Mentor Ohio, home of the late President Garfield; Cleveland; Ohio, the "Forest City" (800,000 people), eminent for its beauty and immense manufacturing interests; twenty-five miles west of Cleveland is Elyria, Ohio, a fine city of 7,000 people, noted for the extreme beauty of its river scenery, and near which are the great works of the Federal Company. Here the tracks diverge, the southern line passing by way of Oberlin, Ohio, with its famous colleges; Norwalk, Bellevue, Clyde and Fremont. The other line is double-tracked and leads by way of Sandusky, a city of 30,000 people and gateway to the beautiful Lake Erie Islands, and crosses Sandusky Bay on a bridge over a mile in length, affording one of the finest marine views from a train to be witnessed anywhere. The two lines meet a few miles east of Toledo, Ohio, a thriving city of 123,000 people, on the banks of the Maumee River, and so far a great railroad center, and for its marine and manufacturing interests. A branch line extends from Toledo to Monroe and Detroit, Mich. Three miles west of Toledo another divergence is made, the two divisions being known as the "Old Road" and "Air Line." The latter is double-tracked. The former runs through the most pleasing portion of Southern Michigan, with such cities as Adrian, Hudson, Hillsdale, Jonesville, Quincy, Coldwater, Sturgis and White Pigeon. Branch lines leading from the Old Road from direct connections with the main line to and from Monroe, Detroit, Jackson, Ypsilanti, Lansing, Kalamazoo, and Grand Rapids, in Michigan, and south to Angola, Auburn, and Fort Wayne in Indiana. The "Air Line" traverses Ohio and Indiana, through their northern part, passing Wauseon, Bryan, Waterloo (connects in point for points north and south on the Fort Wayne and Jackson branches) Kendallville, Ligonier and Goshen. As Elkhart, Ind., a fine growing city, the line meet again and continue west through a rich farming country, past South Bend, a lively city of about 85,000; La Porte, with its lovely lakes, and traversing the roundling south shore of Lake Michigan, terminate at Chicago. From Cleveland to St. Louis the St. Louis Division (Big Four Railway) passes through the most beautiful and thickly populated districts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and through the cities of Gallon, Bellefontaine, Columbus, Springfield, Cincinnati, Anderson, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Paris, Pana, Litchfield and Peoria; crossing the Mississippi River, on the Merchants' Bridge, several hundred feet above the city, and affording an excellent view of the city and the Mississippi Valley. When purchasing your tickets always be particular to impress upon your ticket agent that you want your tickets to read over the LAKE SHORE RAILWAY from Buffalo. Write to J. W. Daly, General Eastern Agent, Buffalo, N. Y., for further information you may desire.

JILTED BY CABLE

At 37 years of age, Caspar Scharf was a millionaire, but his health was broken, and the eminent physicians who were called in consultation said the only thing that might help him would be an ocean voyage. As a poor boy he had dreamed of being rich and powerful some time, and the prosperity that he so earnestly desired came to him while he was still a young man. But it was not without a struggle that he had gained his riches. He was a slave to the great iron furnace and the rolling mill, whose growth and prosperity he had watched and fostered. The demands of those soulless producers were unending, and Scharf, shutting all else from his life, became in time nothing more than a part of the machinery. The iron had entered his soul.

But now there came a change. Something had happened, the doctors said. Scharf was dull and listless. He walked about like a man in a haze. He did not realize that aught was wrong with him, but his associates and partners at the works saw that he was no longer himself, and after secret consultations called physicians, expert in nervous troubles, to examine him.

"It will take six months, at least, for a cure," said one of the medical men, "and he must not allow his mind to dwell upon anything regarding the works."

"I am afraid," said the treasurer of the company, "that will be impossible. For years he has had no relaxation, and his whole thought, day and night, has been iron and steel."

Caspar Scharf was an American, born and bred, but his whole life had been made up of hard work and self-denial, and he therefore knew little of the world's social side. It is true in his early manhood he had taken the daughter of honest Jakob Korper home from church on Sunday mornings and had felt a sort of interest in her. Soon, in the midst of work at the mill, the girl passed from Caspar's mind and the only semblance of a romance in his busy life vanished. He had not seen her in years and, if you had asked him what had become of Maria Korper, he could not have told you.

Caspar Scharf had not a word of objection when he was told that he must stop work and take a sea trip. He was perfectly indifferent to what the doctors had to say, and his business associates could get no satisfaction from him regarding his wishes in relation to the management of the company's plant. His condition was such that he ought to be sent away at once—any one could see that, and so his housekeeper, fussing and fuming round his house, had to take upon herself the entire arrangement of his trunks and of their contents.

Less than a week after orders had been given for Caspar to go to sea, he was on board a steamship bound for the Mediterranean, and two valets and a physician attended him to see that he was looked after properly. His mind was sluggish, even after the vessel had been at sea four days, and he sat for hours at a time in a chair on deck looking far across the blue expanse, but with a vacant, dull and leaden stare. His fellow-passengers looked upon him with commiseration, and one or two even tried to get him into conversation, but he was totally unresponsive to affability and sat always like one in a trance.

It seemed to his physician as though the millionaire was constantly groping about mentally to solve some grave problem, even the nature of which was intangible and elusive. It was the tyranny of overwork asserting itself upon the hardest of workers.

On the fifth day out there was a concert in the main saloon, given by the passengers, and Dr. Bartlett, in charge of Scharf, welcomed the entertainment because of a thought that it might cheer the downcast ironmaster and bring him to a realizing sense of the ocean's delights. A step in the direction of recovery would be taken if only Scharf could be aroused. Dr. Bartlett, without consulting his patient, for it would have been useless, anyway, had him led into the saloon just as an orchestra, gotten together for the occasion was playing the beautiful Waldteufel waltz, "Sur les Ondes." Scharf was listless and did not seem to hear. A ventriloquist came forward and gave a sample of his art. Still Scharf sat unconcerned in his chair.

"I have the pleasure of presenting, ladies and gentlemen," the chairman of the Entertainment Committee announced, "Miss Ruth Coulter, of St. Louis; who has kindly consented to sing." Everybody except Scharf showed signs of delight, for Miss Coulter had become extremely popular abroad, and there was no gaining that she was beautiful. She came forward smilingly, gowned in white and with just a dash of heliotrope on the sleeves and at the neck, and her wavy dark brown hair and clear complexion made an exquisite picture of beauty, health and youth. The accompanist played a chord on the piano, and there was silence save for the steady thumping of the machinery far down in the engine room. At first she sang a simple little aria by Clamidine, and her clear, rich tones held the audience in a thrill of pleasure. Scharf even seemed alive to the fact that something was under way, and there was a movement of his arms, when the burst of applause came, that indicated he had found an interest in the singer. Dr. Bartlett noticed the involuntary movement of his patient's arms and took on hope. "I have seen things more wonderful," thought he, "who knows, she may be the cure we have not yet discovered?"

Miss Coulter simply had to sing another selection, and this time she chose "The Last Rose of Summer." As the melody went on and on and she threw into her singing all the warmth of feeling and expression of which she was capable, the whole audience was moved. Scharf gradually rose from his chair like one spell-bound. His mind drank in every word of the ballad and as she closed the film was lifted from his brain and a mighty "Bravo" came from his trembling lips.

What doctors' prescriptions had failed to do had been accomplished by a woman's voice—Scharf was himself again. No, not quite himself; he was a new man. He was a man with his past gone out of his life, except as a remembrance. He was a new man, in a new world, and that world had in it nothing but happiness, nothing but love—and roses.

Dr. Bartlett hurried to his patient's side, but there was no need for medical aid. "Doctor," said Scharf, "she is divine. I tell you I never heard such melody. Her voice has surely enchanted me in it."

The moon shone in all its splendor on the night of the concert and Scharf, with no other thought in his mind than of the lovely creature comfortably nestling in a chair close to him, told her of the depths from which he had been roused by the splendor of her voice. Next day he was early on deck to greet her, and it was noticed by Dr. Bartlett that Scharf was cheerful and apparently perfectly well. Miss Coulter's absence from deck seemed to annoy the ironmaster considerably. He paced up and down with a restless swing and the old, drawn look on his face returned. At length, near noon, Miss Coulter came on deck and immediately she was joined by Scharf. Her appearance brought color to his cheek, and his step grew lighter. For an hour they strolled, stopping now and then to gaze into the rolling sea. Once as they gazed he said:

"Miss Coulter, do you know I have never been in love? My life has been so taken up with business cares and worries that really I had given no thought to myself."

She flushed a trifle at his abrupt remark, then, turning her wonderful eyes upon him, said: "Mr. Scharf, please take me to the saloon; it is three for luncheon."

Scharf did not understand. If he had offended her he did not know it.

what, and he was ready to worry again and spoil everything gained in the few days that he had known her. However, that afternoon she greeted him graciously, and they sat in chairs on the deck. She did not revert to the incident of the morning, nor did he. "I have a confession to make to you, Mr. Scharf," said she. "I am going soon to Paris to study for the operatic stage. A year ago I was to have married. Almost at the altar there was a breaking of the engagement—why, I cannot tell you. I shall remain single all my life. I don't know why I tell you this. Perhaps I should not. My only excuse now I find to be in the remark you made this morning as we were promenading. Please, please, try to forget I have spoken to you as I have."

Scharf was stunned. He could not collect his thoughts for the moment. At length he managed to respond: "I must ask your pardon, Miss Coulter. If I seemed to be presumptuous. It was farthest from my thought to cause you pain. A poor bungler like I am had no business to bring his confidences to a friend of a few days. I should have known that I was doing wrong."

"No! No! Mr. Scharf; it was only that recollections crowded upon me," said Miss Coulter. "But let us say nothing more about it. Here comes Dr. Bartlett now."

"Ah! Doctor," said Scharf, "Miss Coulter and I have just had an interesting chat. She intends studying music in Paris. Everybody is busy nowadays, and, do you know, I think I shall go back to America after a week in Marseilles."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Dr. Bartlett strenuously. "You ought to stay abroad six months at least."

"Just the same, I am going home within a week or ten days of our landing in France."

"It won't do, man," expostulated the Doctor, and his voice rose. "It won't do. You'll be a sick man again, and Lord knows whether you will ever get well."

"My mind's made up, Doctor," Scharf replied pleasantly. Then, turning to Miss Coulter, he excused himself for the controversy and escorted her to the ladies' saloon.

Dr. Bartlett was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. Next day the steamer was due to arrive at Marseilles, and Scharf wanted to go home. The whole benefit of the trip would be lost, and Bartlett would be held responsible. "I won't let him go," he thought. But he could come to no conclusion as to how to prevent Scharf carrying out his expressed intention. There was something wrong between the millionaire and the singer, but what it was Dr. Bartlett had not the faintest notion.

Next morning the ship arrived at Marseilles, and Scharf was particularly cheerful. He had spent a restful night after a talk with Miss Coulter, and altogether his demeanor was unaccountable. "I can't understand it," said Dr. Bartlett to one of the valets. "He is better to-day than at any time since he has been under my care. Yet Miss Coulter seems to have jilted him."

Scharf bade her "good-bye" at the railroad station, where she took the

A MARVELOUS GROWTH is taking place in the west; this is the time of the year to see it at its best. You can also take advantage of the many low rates now in effect via Nickel Plate Road to points all through the west. See local agents or write H. K. Payne, G. A., 201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Chronic bronchitis, trouble, and summer coughs can be quickly relieved and cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. For sale by Fred Ives.

NOTICE

Ogdensburg, Dec. 16th, 1903
Notice is here given that I have received the tax roll for the Town of Oswegatchie and will receive taxes at the Recorder's room in the City of Ogdensburg, for thirty days in banking hours free and after five per cent will be added.
W. A. BOWELL, Collector.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL

& HUDSON RIVER R. R.

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Time table of passenger trains leaving and arriving Ogdensburg, effective Nov. 15, 1903.

Leave for Watertown, Utica, Syracuse, Oswego and intermediate stations.
A. M. 6:58, 7:10, 11:40. P. M. 8:35, 9:50, 7:45.

Sundays *8:30

RAINS ARRIVE.

A. M. 11:15, 11:25. P. M. 4:30, 7:35

Sundays *11:15 A. M.

Leave for Canton, Fotsdam, Norwood and Massena Springs.

A. M.—9:50, 11:35. P. M.—8:35.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

A. M.—8:30. P. M.—2:00, 5:05, 7:3

*Where *appears train runs via Morris-town (short line). Other trains run via DeKaub Junction.

Trains into Syracuse make close connections from Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and the West, and trains into Utica make close connection for Albany, Boston, New York and the East. Inter-changeable mileage tickets, Pullman tickets, also Through tickets, and Ocean Steamship Tickets via all lines sold by Geo. H. Daniels, City Ticket Agent, 35 State Street, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

GEO. H. DANIELS, G. P. A.

A. E. SMITH, Gen'l. Manager.

Grand Central Station, New York City

C. C. GRIDLEY, Gen'l. Agent, Watertown, N. Y.

RUTLAND RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Corrected to Oct. 11th, 1903.

Commence on Oct. 11, 1903, trains leave Ogdensburg daily, except Sunday, as follows:

6:00 a. m.—EXPRESS—Connecting at

Malone with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for all points South.

at Rouses Point, with D. & H. R. R. for Plattsburgh. Through coaches, Ogdensburg to Albany.

Through coaches and Pullman parlor cars, Albany to Troy and Albany to New York without change.

Pullman parlor car Burlington to Boston.

10:00 a. m.—LOCAL—For Chertousoe and intermediate stations.

8:10 p. m.—EXPRESS No. 11—Connecting at Malone with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for Montreal, also all points south at Rouses Point with D. & H. R. R. for Plattsburgh. Through coaches, Ogdensburg to Albany and Albany to Troy via Grand Isle. Pullman sleeping cars Albany, New York and Boston without change. This train stops at Malone twenty minutes for supper.

FRANCE ARRIVE AT OGDENSBURG.

MAIL—10:45 a. m. EXPRESS—12:35 a. m.

LOCAL EXPRESS—8:35 p. m.

FRANK OWEN, Agent.

Rut. R. R. Depot.

GEO. T. JARVIS, Vice President and General Manager.

J. A. NIMMO, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Rutland, Vt.

WABASH RAILROAD

Time Table

TRAIN No. 1, Continental Limited—

to Buffalo daily from Wabash Station 10:40 a. m., and N. Y. C. Station 2 a. m.; arrives Detroit 7:30 a. m.; Chicago 7:30 p. m.; St. Louis 7:15 p. m.; Kansas City 7:00 p. m.; Omaha 6:50 p. m.; Pullman Sleepers Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. Reclining Chair Cars Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and Kansas City. Dining Car Service.

TRAIN No. 2, Western Express via Black Rock—leaves Buffalo, Wabash Station 7:50 a. m., N. Y. C. Station 9:30 p. m.; arrives Detroit 1:55 p. m.; Chicago 9:30 p. m.; St. Louis 7:15 a. m.; Kansas City 5:15 p. m.; Pullman Sleepers Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. Reclining Chair Cars Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Dining Car Service.

TRAIN No. 3, Pacific Express via N. Sedition Falls—leaves Buffalo, Wabash, Station 8:15 p. m., Niagara Falls 4:06 p. m.; Suspension Bridge 4:15 p. m.; arrives Detroit 10:45 p. m.; Chicago, 7:15 a. m.; Pullman Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars Detroit and Chicago.

—leaves Buffalo daily, Wabash Station 8:50 p. m.; arrives Detroit 1:55 a. m.; Chicago 7:40 a. m.; St. Louis 2:00 p. m.; Kansas City 1:30 p. m.; Omaha 8:00 a. m.; Pullman Sleepers Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Dining Car Service.

Train No. 4, Chicago Express—leaves Suspension Bridge (N. Y. C. Depot) 8:25 a. m.; arrives Detroit 2:05 p. m.; Chicago 8:30 p. m.; St. Louis 7:15 p. m.; Kansas City 5:15 p. m.; St. Louis and Kansas City. Dining Car Service.

Trains arrive from the West at 4:05 a. m., N. Y. C. Station 7:40 a. m., 7:00 p. m. and 7:50 p. m. Wabash Station.

For further information regarding rates and routes apply to your local nearest ticket agent or address

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West Bound—11:19 a. m. (Inter-city); 1:50 p. m. for Toronto and intermediate points; (12:45 ferry); 11:34 p. m. and 1:20 a. m. Through Chicago Trains.

Last Ferry Boat leaves Ogdensburg 4:45 p. m.

East Bound—4:38 a. m., 8:06 p. m. and 8:35 p. m. (2:30 ferry).

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