

Waring's Peril

By Capt. Chas. King, U. S. Army.

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(Continued from Last Week.)

And Mme. d'Hervilly had given her testimony, which, translated, was to this effect: She had known the deceased these twenty years. He had been in the employ of her late husband, who died of the fever in '53, and monsieur had succeeded to the business, and made money, and owned property in town, besides the old family residence on the levee below. He was wedded to Emilie only a little while before the war, and lived at home all through, but business languished then, they had to contribute much, and his younger brother, M. Philippe, had cost him a great deal. Philippe was an officer in the zouaves raised in 1861 among the French Creoles, and was wounded and came home to be nursed, and Emilie took care of him for weeks and months, and then he went back to the war and fought bravely, and was shot again and brought home, and this time M. Lascelles did not want to have him down at the house; he said it cost too much to get the doctors down there; so he came under Madame's roof, and she was very fond of the boy, and Emilie would come sometimes and play and sing for him. When the war was over M. Lascelles gave him money to go to Mexico with Maximilian, and when the French were recalled many deserted and came over to New Orleans, and M. Lascelles was making very little money now, and had sold his town property, and he borrowed money of her to help, as he said, Philippe again, who came to visit him, and he was often worried by Philippe's letters begging for money. Seven thousand dollars now he owed her, and only last week had asked for more. Philippe was in Key West to buy an interest in some cigar business. M. Lascelles said if he could raise three thousand to reach Philippe this week they would all make money, but Emilie begged her not to, she was afraid it would all go, and on the very day before he was found dead he came to see her in the afternoon on Rampart street, and Emilie had told her of Mr. Waring's kindness to her and to Nin Nin, and how she never could have got up after being dragged into the mud by that drunken cabman, "and she begged me to explain the matter to her husband, who was a little vexed with her because of Mr. Waring." But he spoke only about the money, and did not reply about Mr. Waring, except that he would see him and make proper acknowledgment of his civility. He seemed to think only of the money, and said Philippe had written again and must have help, and he was angry at Emilie because she would not urge with him, and Emilie wept, and he went away in anger, saying he had business to detain him in town until morning, when he would expect her to be ready to return with him.

Much of this testimony was evoked by pointed queries of the officials, who seemed somewhat familiar with Lascelles' business and family affairs, and who then declared that they must question the stricken widow. Harsh and unfeeling as this may have seemed, there were probably reasons which atoned for it. She came in on the arm of the old family physician, looking like a drooping flower, with little Nin Nin clinging to her hand. She was so shocked and stunned that she could barely answer the questions put to her with all courtesy and gentleness of manner. No, she had never heard of any quarrel between M. Lascelles and his younger brother. Yes, Philippe had been nursed by her through his wounds. She was fond of Philippe, but not so fond as was her husband. M. Lascelles would do anything for Philippe, deny himself anything almost. Asked if M. Lascelles had not given some reason for his objection to Philippe's being nursed at his house when he came home the second time, she was embarrassed and distressed. She said Philippe was an impulsive boy, fancied himself in love with his brother's wife, and Armand saw something of this, and at last upbraided him, but very gently. There was no quarrel at all. Was there anyone whom M. Lascelles had been angered with on her account? She knew of none, but blushed, and blushed painfully. Had the deceased not recently objected to the attentions paid her by other gentlemen? There was a murmur of reproach among the hearers, but Madame answered unflinchingly, though with painful blushes and tears. M. Lascelles had said nothing of disapproval until very recently; on the contrary, he had much liked Mr. Waring. He was the only one of the officers at the barracks whom he had ever invited to the house, and he talked with him a great deal; had never, even to her, spoken of a quarrel with him, because Mr. Waring had been so polite to her, until within a week or two; then—yes, he certainly had. Other husband's business affairs, his papers, etc., she knew little. He always had certain moneys, though not large sums, with all his papers, in the drawers of his cabinet, and that they should be in so disturbed a state was not unusual. They were all in order, closed and locked, when he started for town the morning of that fatal day, but he often left them open and in disorder, only then locking his library door. When she left for town two hours after him, the library door was open, also the side-window. She could throw no light on the tragedy. She had no idea who the stranger could be. She had not seen Philippe for nearly a year, and believed him to be at Key West.

Alphonse, the colored boy, was so terrified by the tragedy and by his detention under the same roof with the

murdered man that his evidence was only dragged from him. Nobody suspected the poor fellow of complicity in the crime, yet he seemed to consider himself as on trial. He swore he had entered the library only once during the afternoon or evening, and that was to close the shutters when the storm broke. He left a lamp burning low in the hall, according to custom, though he felt sure his master and mistress would remain in town over night rather than attempt to come down. He had slept soundly, as negroes will, despite the gale and the roar of the rain that drowned all other noise. It was late the next morning when his mother called him. The old mammy was frightened to see the front gate open, the deep water in the streets, and the muddy footprints on the veranda. She called Alphonse, who found that his master must have come in during the night, after all, for the lamp was taken from the hall table, the library door was closed and locked, so was the front door, also barred within, which it had not been when he went to bed. He tapped at the library, got no answer, so tiptoed to his master's bedroom; it was empty and undisturbed. Neither had Madame nor Mlle. Nin Nin been to their rooms. Then he was troubled, and then the soldiers came and called him out into the rain. They could tell the rest.

Cram's story is already told, and he could add nothing. The officials tried to draw the batteryman out as to the relations existing between Lieut. Waring and Madame, but got badly "bluffed." Cram said he had never seen anything in the faintest degree worthy of comment. Had he heard anything? Yes, but nothing worth consideration, much less of repetition. Had he not loaned Mr. Waring his team and carriage to drive Madame to town that morning? No. How did he get it then? Took it! Was Mr. Waring in the habit of helping him—



"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS KNIFE BEFORE?"

self to the property of his brother officers? Yes, whenever he felt like it, for they never objected. The legal official thought such spirit of camaraderie in the light artillery must make life at the barracks something almost poetic, to which Cram responded: "Oh, at times absolutely idyllic." And the tilt ended with the civil functionary ruffled, and this was bad for the battery. Cram never had any policy whatsoever.

Lieut. Doyle was the next witness summoned, and a more God-forsaken-looking fellow never sat in a shell jacket. Still in arrest, physically, at the beak of old Braxton, and similarly hampered, intellectually, at the will of bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Doyle came before the civil authorities only upon formal subpoena served at post headquarters. The post surgeon had straightened him up during the day, but was utterly perplexed at his condition. Mrs. Doyle's appearance in the neighborhood some weeks before had been the signal for a series of spears on the Irishman's part that had on two occasions so prostrated him that Dr. Potts, an acting assistant surgeon, had been called in to prescribe for him, and, thanks to the vigorous constitution of his patient, had pulled him out in a few hours. But this time "Pills the Less" had found Doyle in a state bordering on terror, even when assured that the quantity of his potatoes had not warranted an approach to tremors. The post surgeon had been called in too, and "Pills the Less," as he was termed, thanks to his unflinching prescription of quinine and blue mass in the shape and size of buckshot, having no previous acquaintance, in Doyle, with these attacks, pooh-poohed the case, administered bromides and admonition in due proportion, and went off about more important business. Dr. Potts, however, stood by his big patient, wondering what should cause him to start in such terror at every step upon the stair without, and striving to bring sleep to eyes that had not closed the livelong night nor all the balmy, beautiful day. Once he asked if Doyle wished him to send for his wife, and was startled at the vehemence of the reply: "For God's sake, no!" and, shuddering, Doyle had hidden his face and turned away. Potts got him to eat something towards noon, and Doyle begged for more drink, but was refused. He was sober, yet shattered, when Mr. Drake suddenly appeared just about stablecall and bade him repair at once to the presence of the commanding officer. Then Potts had to give him a drink, or he would never have got there. With the aid of a servant he was dressed, and, accompanied by the doctor, reached the office. Braxton looked him over coldly.

"Mr. Doyle," said he, "the civil authorities have made requisition for—"

But he had got no further when Doyle staggered, and but for the doctor's help might have fallen.

"For God's sake, colonel, it isn't true! Sure I know nothing of it at all at all, sir. Indade, indade, I was blid drunk, colonel. Sure they'd swear a man's life away, sir, just because he was the one—he was the one that—"

"Be silent, sir! You are not accused, that I know of. It is as a witness you are needed. Is he in condition to testify, doctor?"

"He is well enough, sir, to tell what he knows, but he claims to know nothing." And this, too, Doyle eagerly seconded, but was sent along in the ambulance, with the doctor to keep him out of mischief, and a parting shot to the effect that when the coroner was through with him the post commander would take hold again, so the colonel depressed more than the cocktail stimulated, and, as luck would have it, almost the first person to meet him in the gloomy inclosure was his wife, and her few whispered words only added to his misery.

The water still lay in pools about the premises, and the police had allowed certain of his neighbors to stream in and stare at the white walls and shaded windows, but only a favored few penetrated the hallway and rooms where the investigation was being held. Doyle shook like one with the palsy as he ascended the little flight of steps and passed into the open doorway, still accompanied by "Little Pills." People looked at him with marked curiosity. He was questioned, requested, cross-questioned, but the result was only a hopeless tangle. He really added nothing to the testimony of the hack driver and Bonelli. In abject remorse and misery he begged them to understand he was drunk when he joined the party, got drunker, dimly remembered there was a quarrel, but he had no cause to quarrel with anyone—and that was all; he never knew how he got home. He covered his face in his shaking hands at last, and seemed on the verge of a fit of crying.

But then came sensation. Quietly rising from his seat, the official who so recently had had the verbal tilt with Cram held forth a rusty, cross-hilted, two-edged knife that looked as though it might have lain in the mud and wet for hours.

"Have you ever seen this knife before?" he asked. And Doyle, lifting

up his eyes one instant, groaned, shuddered, and said:

"Oh, my God, yes!"

"Whose property is it or was it?"

At first he would not reply. He moaned and shook. At last:

"Sure, the initials are on the top," he cried.

But the official was relentless.

"Tell us what they are and what they represent."

People were crowding the hallway and forcing themselves into the room. Cram and Ferry, curiously watching their ill-starred comrade, had exchanged glances of dismay when the knife was so suddenly produced. Now they bent breathlessly forward.

The silence for the moment was oppressive.

"If it's the knife I mean," he sobbed at last, desperately, miserably, "the letters are S. B. W., and it belongs to Lieut. Waring of our battery."

But no questioning, however adroit, could elicit from him the faintest information as to how it got there. The last time he remembered seeing it, he said, was on Mr. Waring's table the morning of the review. A detective testified to having found it among the bushes under the window as the water receded. Ferry and the miserable Ananias were called, and they, too, had to identify the knife, and admit that neither had seen it about the room since Mr. Waring left for town. Of other witnesses called, came first the proprietor of the stable to which the cab belonged. Horse and cab, he said, covered with mud, were found under a shed two blocks below the French market, and the only thing in the cab was a handsome silk umbrella, London make, which Lieut. Pierce laid claim to. Mrs. Doyle swore that as she was going in search of her husband she met the cab just below the Pelican, driving furiously away, and that in the flash of lightning she recognized the driver as the man whom Lieut. Waring had beaten that morning on the levee in front of her place. A stranger was seated beside him. There were two gentlemen inside, but she saw the face of only one—Lieut. Waring.

Nobody else could throw any light on the matter. The doctor, recalled, declared the knife or dagger was shaped exactly as would have to be the one that gave the death blow. Everything pointed to the fact that there had been a struggle, a deadly encounter, and that after the fatal work was done the murderer or murderers had left the doors locked and barred and escaped through the window, leaving the desk rifled and carrying away what money there was, possibly to convey the idea that it was only a vulgar murder and robbery after all.

Of other persons who might throw light upon the tragedy the following were missing: Lieut. Waring, Private

Dawson, the cabman, and the unrecognized stranger. So, too, was Anatole's boat.

VIII.

When four days and nights had passed away without a word or sign from Waring, the garrison had come to the conclusion that those officers or men of Battery "X" who still believed him innocent were idiots. So did the civil authorities; but those were days when the civil authorities of Louisiana commanded less respect from its educated people than did even the military.

The police force, like the state, were undergoing a process called reconstruction, which might have been impressive in theory, but was ridiculous in practice. A reward had been offered by business associates of the deceased for the capture and conviction of the assassin. A distant relative of old Lascelles had come to take charge of the place until M. Philippe should arrive. The latter's address had been found among old Armand's papers, and dispatches, via Havana, had been sent to him, also letters. Pierre d'Hervilly had taken the weeping widow and little Nin Nin to bonne maman's to stay. Alphonse and his woolly-pated mother, true to negro superstitions, had decamped. Nothing would induce them to remain under the roof where foul murder had been done. "De hahnts" was what they were afraid of. And so the old white homestead, though surrounded on every side by curiosity seekers and prying eyes, was practically deserted. Cram went about his duties with a heavy heart and light aid. Ferry and Pierce both commanded section snow, as Doyle remained in close arrest and "Pills the Less" in close attendance. Something was utterly wrong with the fellow. Mrs. Doyle had not again ventured to show her red nose within the limits of the "bar," as she called them, a hint from Braxton having proved sufficient, but that she was ever scouting the pickets no one could doubt. Morn, noon and night she prowled about the neighborhood, employing the "byes," so she termed such stray sheep in army blue as a drop of Anatole's best would tempt, to carry scavenging notes to Jim, one of which, falling with its postman by the wayside and turned over by the guard to Capt. Cram for transmittal, was addressed to Mister Loo't in James Doyle, Lite Bothery X, Jaxun Barx, and brought the only laughter to his lips the big horse artilleryman had known for nearly a week. Her customary Mercury, Dawson, had vanished from sight, dropped, with many another and often a better man, as a deserter.

Over at Waring's abandoned quarters the shades were drawn and the green jealousies bolted. Pierce stole in each day to see that everything, even to the augmented heap of letters, was undisturbed, and Ananias drooped in the court below and refused to be comforted. Cram had duly notified Waring's relatives, now living in New York, of his strange and sudden disappearance, but made no mention of the cloud of suspicion which had surrounded his name. Meantime, some legal friends

Continued on Third Page.

A Study In Baby Blue.

Fond mothers cannot complain that the little ones are neglected by Dame Fashion. Exceedingly quaint and at the

same time attractive are the gowns and bonnets especially devised for small people.

What could be more deliciously charming than the Louis XIII costume here depicted? The plainest child becomes picturesque in such a gown and cap made in baby blue satin or washing silk and worn with a collar of embroidered white lace.

To enjoy good health, and prevent the seeds of disease from ripening in your system, you should use the best medicine in the world, Sulphur Bitters, which will prevent your system from being all run down by making it strong and vigorous.—REV. W. R. SNOW.

The Onion In Cooking.

Mr. Thomas J. Murrey, an authority on all that pertains to epicurean taste and author of many of the daintiest decorations known to good living, has been quoted as follows concerning the onion in cooking: "No perfect sauce was ever made without one or more of the onion family being used as an ingredient. The so-called American abhorrence of the onion in cookery is an affectation. Many of the most bitter dissenters have been seen reveling in sauces fairly reeking with the flavor of the odoriferous bulb and its cousins."

Be Your Own Doctor.

It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Send three 2-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great work, fine colored plates from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

Probable Whereabouts of George.

The party had gone leisurely through one of the palace trains in the Transportation building and discovered on emerging at the forward end that one of the number, notoriously the sluggard of the family, was missing.

"Where's George?" inquired the father.

"I 'spect you'll have to go back to the sleeping car and wake him up," said 5-year-old Minnie.—Chicago Tribune.

Quaint and charming.

Every tobacco chewer should provide himself with a bottle of SOZODONT, so that when he is upon the ladies he can rinse his mouth and remove the odor which hovers around the person of the nicotinee. Not alone for its aroma is it valuable, but as a curative and preservative of the teeth it is unsurpassed.

Broken cigar boxes can be mended by SPAULDING'S GLUE. How queer!

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

Cure Yourself.

Don't pay large doctor's bills. The best medical book published, one hundred pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent you on receipt of three 2-cent stamps to pay postage. Address A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Geo. W. Twist.

All Run Down.

"A few years ago my health failed, and I consulted several physicians. Not one could clearly diagnose my case and their medicine failed to give relief. I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. From an all run down condition I have been restored to good health."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

Formerly I weighed 135 pounds, now I balance the scales at 176 pounds. GEO. W. TWIST, Coloma, Washburn Co., Wis.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Sick Head, colds, jaundice, indigestion. Try a box. 25c.

For Indigestion Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. W. DANFORTH, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "It is in daily use here by hundreds of my acquaintances and patients, principally for stomach troubles, indigestion, etc., with the best of effects."

Entertaining a la Mode.

While the great majority entertain as best suits their tastes and circumstances everybody is more or less interested in the etiquette adopted in the grand mode. From Paris comes the news that a great modification has been inaugurated in the manner of dinner giving. The fashion of serving dinners at small tables laid



FLORAL LETTER DECORATION.

for eight or ten has been almost universally adopted by the monde of that gay city.

This arrangement has been hitherto only in use at ball suppers, but now these late suppers are rather out of date, and the festivities begin with a dinner instead of ending with a feast. The dinner is much the same as for a ball supper, the chief difference being that at the supper the guests placed themselves where they liked, while at the dinners the places are assigned by the mistress of the house.

The tables are all decorated with different flowers, and each gentleman receives on his arrival an envelope containing the name of the lady he is to take into dinner and the flower to be found at the table intended for him. Handsome dishes of old silver or modern ones in imitation, baskets of silvered wire, shells of china or simple vases of glass the color of the flowers are used as receptacles for the flowers, and pretty trays of delicate china or lacelike silver are filled with bonbons and candied fruits. The menus are made very small, in the shape of a pocketbook, in pale shades of pink, blue or green and ornamented with gilded initials or the crest of the family. White damask linen is used for these grand affairs, but in the country fancy table linen is often seen woven or embroidered with colors and sometimes with rich guipure insertion let in as a border. A novel floral decoration of English origin has been introduced under the name of "floral letter decoration." The letter is outlined in silver wire and contains receptacles for little china pots of flowers.

To My Friends.

As you are well aware that I would not recommend that which I did not believe to be good, I desire to say to all who need a good reliable, family medicine, that I believe one bottle of Sulphur Bitters will do you more good than any other remedy I ever saw.—REV. CEPHAS SOULE.

Dress Skirts.

The bell skirt, with its modifications, selected to suit the figure of the wearer, remains the ruling skirt of the moment in France. Silk petticoats are still worn abroad, but the shot glass silks are no longer used for the purpose.

Doing Work Together.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "They'd never get it done," said Johnny. "They'd sit down and tell fish stories."—Youth's Companion.

The new evening corsage buttons or laces behind, and lace of every kind and pattern is the favorite ornamentation.

Every Tobacco Chewer.

should provide himself with a bottle of SOZODONT, so that when he is upon the ladies he can rinse his mouth and remove the odor which hovers around the person of the nicotinee. Not alone for its aroma is it valuable, but as a curative and preservative of the teeth it is unsurpassed.

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SULPHUR BITTERS

Ladies:—

The Secret Of a

Fair Face Is a Beautiful Skin.

Sulphur Bitters Will give you

A lovely Complexion.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—Yes, Yes! all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. FEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

Railroad Time Tables.

Trains marked thus (P) denote Parlor Cars attached. Trains marked thus (S) denote Sleeping Cars attached daily. Trains marked thus (B) denote Buffet Cars attached. Trains marked thus (C) run daily. All other trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

VANDALIA LINE.

MAIN LINE.

LEAVE FOR THE WEST.
No. 7 Western Ex. (V) 1:35 a m
No. 5 St. Louis Mail 10:18 a m
No. 1 Fast Line (P) 8:20 p m
No. 21 St. Louis Ex. (D&V) 8:10 p m
No. 13 Eff. Acc. 4:05 p m
No. 11 Fast Mail 9:04 p m

ARRIVE FOR THE EAST.
No. 12 Cincinnati Express (S) 1:20 a m
No. 6 New York Express (S&V) 2:20 a m
No. 4 Mail and Accommodation 7:15 a m
No. 20 Atlantic Express (D&V) 12:47 p m
No. 8 Fast Line 2:25 p m
No. 2 Indianapolis Acc. 5:05 p m

ARRIVE FROM THE EAST.
No. 7 Western Express (V) 1:20 a m
No. 5 St. Louis Mail 10:18 a m
No. 1 Fast Line (P) 8:20 p m
No. 21 St. Louis Ex. (D&V) 8:10 p m
No. 3 Mail and Accommodation 4:05 p m
No. 11 Fast Mail 9:04 p m

ARRIVE FROM THE WEST.
No. 12 Cincinnati Express (S) 1:10 a m
No. 6 New York Express (S&V) 2:10 a m
No. 14 Effingham Acc. 8:30 a m
No. 20 Atlantic Express (P&V) 12:42 p m
No. 8 Fast Line 2:20 p m
No. 2 Indianapolis Acc. 5:00 p m

T. H. & L. DIVISION.

LEAVE FOR THE NORTH.
No. 52 South Bend Mail 6:20 a m
No. 56 Michigan Flyer 1:00 p m
No. 54 South Bend Express 4:50 p m

ARRIVE FROM THE NORTH.
No. 51 Terre Haute Express 11:45 a m
No. 53 South Bend Mail 7:30 p m
No. 55 Southern Ex. 9:45 p m

PEORIA DIVISION.

ARRIVE FROM NORTHWEST.
No. 78 Pass Mail & Ex. 11:00 a m
No. 76 Pass Mail & Ex. 7:00 p m

LEAVE FOR NORTHWEST.
No. 75 Pass Mail & Ex. 7:05 a m
No. 77 Pass Ex. 8:25 p m

H. & T. H.

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.
No. 6 Nash & C. Lim. (V) 4:30 a m
No. 2 T. H. & East Ex. 11:50 a m
No. 60 Accommodation 5:00 p m
No. 4 Ch. & Ind. Ex. (S & P) 10:50 p m
No. 8 World's Fair Special 4:20 p m

LEAVE FOR SOUTH.
No. 3 Ch. & Ev. Ex. (S&P) 5:10 a m
No. 7 World's Fair Special 11:55 a m
No. 1 Ev. & Ind. Mail 9:10 p m
No. 5 Ch. & N. Lim. 10:00 p m

H. & L.

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.
No. 48 Worth Mixed 11:00 a m
No. 52 Mail & Ex. 4:20 p m

LEAVE FOR SOUTH.
No. 33 Mail & Ex. 8:50 a m
No. 49 Worth Mixed 8:20 p m

C. & H. I.

ARRIVE FROM NORTH.
No. 3 Ch. & Nash Ex. (S) 5:00 a m
No. 7 World's Fair Special (P&B) 11:50 a m
No. 1 Ch. & Ev. Ex. 8:10 p m
No. 9 Local Pass 9:10 p m
No. 5 C & N Lim. (D&V) 10:05 p m

LEAVE FOR NORTH.
No. 6 C & N Lim. (D&V) 4:35 a m
No. 10 Local Pass 7:30 a m
No. 2 T. H. & Ch. Ex. 12:10 p m
No. 8 World's Fair Special (P&B) 4:25 p m
No. 4 Nash & C Ex. (S) 11:15 p m

C. C. C. & L. BIG 4.

GOING