SOCIETY IS BOXING MAD

Parisians Are Daffy Just Now Over the Battling of Two Men in a Ring.

SOME FRENCH GOSSIP

Wine Trust is Getting its Screws at Work on the People and Prices are Going Up.

[By William Philip Simms, Paris correspondent of The United Press.]

PARIS, Feb. 27.—Society is boxing-mad. In America prize fights are witnessed by a howling mob as a rule, the men mostly in shirt sleeves (should it be hot weather) while women are conspicuous by their absence. Here audiences are about half and half, men and women. Full dress and extremely decollete gowns are almost as necessary as at the opera.

Some ten years ago "salons de boxe" were already quite the go. Young society "bucks" who were proud of their physical prowess, entered the padded square and took part in many "elegant" mills in which the opponent half the time was a huge American negro. As the social hero rammed in a solar-plexus or gave the black a whizzing uppercut, his best girl, in the front row near his corner, bursted her gloves.

Since then there has been a slight change. The presence of the society chap in the ring isn't necessary to give the batile the upper crust O. K. They're all O. K. now. "La Boxe" is much more fashionable, it would seem, than is the gala night when Signorina Whatchermaycallum sings at the opera. Any Friday night at the Cirque de Paris, when Sam McVea, Joe Jeanette, Harry Lewis or any of the Bugs, white or black, are on, one will find more buzz-wagons and private carriages blocking the avenues of the neighborhood than about the most favored theatre in town. The list of those present includes the Baron So-and-So, the Duchesse "de Brie" and all the rest of them, and by consulting the social register one will find that half the aristocracy were out.

Seats in the front row sell at about $8 apiece. Boxes are to be had from $40 to $50 up. Seats which may be had for $1 at the opera sell at these social prize fights for about $5. There are fights almost every night.

—

Is the eminent Lord Rosebury of England to wed the fa ous French actress-beauty, Mme. Cecil Sorel? The question has been asked off and on for the past six months yet it is still unanswered.

Americans and English speaking people generally are fond of reciting the funny little mistakes made by foreigners when they start to do things with our language. The London Daily News, in wiring to Mme Sorel in French, was guilty of the following:

"Est-Il Vrai Que Lord Rosebury a propose a vous ou est-il un canard

It is rather difficult to translate this into its English equivilent because of the difference in the acceptation of the meaning of the word "propose," but it would be about like this:

"Is it true that Lord Rosebury made you a proposition or is he a duck?"

"To propose" in French does not mean "propose to marry." It means exactly what it says, everything depending upon the word or words following. The dispatch might mean a proposition to play a game of whist, to go buggy riding, or anything else.

In spite of the prepaid reply arranged for by The News, Mme Sorel has not answered whether Lord Rosebury is a duck.

—

Since December of 1910 the prices of ordinary "table wines" have advanced 20 to 25 per cent. This was done by a sort of "wine trust" movement, the merchants all over the country, by common accord, agreeing to boost on account of the bad year. Barrels of Bordeaux which last year sold for 250 franc now sell for 300 and bottle wines which cost one franc now sell for 1 1-4 francs.

The year of 1910 was one of the worst in the history of France. Other years which were disastrous were of 1879, 1886, 1887, 1889, 1890 and 1895 when the average production was from 24,000,000 to 25,000,000 barrels of wine of 22 gallons each. Since then the number of vineyards have been largely increased. However 1910 yielded only 28,000,000 barrels. The average loss is estimated by disinterested authorities at 50 per cent and ranges from 20 per cent in certain sections to 96 per cent in the Champagne country. Only 4 per cent of the average crop of champagne being realized, champagne dealers in the district bought wines from other districts and "champagneized" them. This is what started the Champagne riots. These in turn, called attention to the wine crisis all over France.

The department of the Marne, which in most of the champagne vines usually yields about 268,000 barrels of wine. In 1910 only 10,000 barrels were netted, or less than sufficient for bubble-drinkers in the United States alone. To the southwest of France about Bordeaux, there is a deficit of 64 per cent. The wine departments of the Midi (Southern France) are short 30 per cent.

Early in 1910 it was known that the crop would fall far short of the average and in consequence dealers in wholesale wine bought up the crops in advance. Certain growers were in this way enabled to get for their short crop more than they wou'd have received had the crop been normal. The crop yielded only 28,000,000 barrels when there should have been 56,000,000, but statistics just now available prove that while the 1909 crop sold for $200,000,000 the 1910 crop sold for $215,000,000 or $15,000,000 more than the year before when there was a larger crop, though really somewhat below the normal.

This profit, of course, went to the wholesale dealers as a general thing, and as in America under like conditions, the consumer pays the piper. The "Wine Trust" gambled on the grape crop and the growers and the consumers footed up the bill for the extras.

COSTS BUT A TRIFLE TO CURE CATARRH

How many readers of The Gate City know that in Inland Australia where the mightiest eucalyptus trees grow in abundance, that there is no consumption, catarrh or diseases of the respiratory tract.

The refreshing balsam thrown out by these trees fills the air and is breathed into the lungs by the inhabitants and all germ life is destroyed.

If you have catarrh you cannot go to Inland Australia except at great expense, but you can breathe, right in your own home, the same pleasant, soothing, healing, germ killing air you would breathe if you were living in the eucalyptus district of Australia.

Just breathe HYOMEI; it is made from Australian eucalyptus and scientifically combined with thymol and other antiseptics employed in the Listerian system.

Pour a few drops of HYOMEI in the inhaler and breathe it. As it passes over the catarrh infected membrane it kills the germs and heals the raw, inflamed surface.

HYOMEI is guaranteed to cure catarrh, coughs, colds, croup and sore throat, or money back. Complete outfit including inhaler $1.00. Extra bottles of HYOMEI cost but 50 cents. Sold by Wilkinson & Co., and druggists everywhere.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

DAN CUPID CLOSES ANOTHER DEAL

Member of Bachelors Club is Pierced By Arrow and Charges Are Preferred Against Him.

SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 27.—Dan Cupid has once again invaded the ranks of the Bachelor club at Colfax, Wash., this time capturing William Hendrickson, a young business man, whose marriage with Miss Mabel Maris, a leading member of the B. C. B club of Colfax, was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller in Spokane. This is the second victory for Daniel in less than a week, the other bridegroom being Dr. Chas. Van Scholck. Mr. Hendrickson, who with his bride is visiting in Spokane, has been advised by officials of the club that all relations have been severed and that he will be dealt with according to the rules of the organization on returning home. He is charged with numerous offenses among others being the violation of the bachelor's oath and misrepresentation in denying he was engaged. Mr. Hendrickson admits the accusations, but declares he was acting within his constitutional rights and will not stand for any "rough work" at the midnight session of the club, at which it is expected to mete out punishment.

An atack of grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with goo! success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies had failed. Sold by all dealers.

Noiseless Skate.

As yet we have waited in vain for the genius who will win wealth, fame and the eternal gratitude of thousands by inventing a rubber tire for the roller skate

$10.00 In Gold For A Name

The Beat of the Year

By Robert Livingston Beecher

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The Day City Editor glanced at the mimeographed bulletin of the City News Association and whistled a bar of a popular song. Then he looked over the City Room at whose numerous desks the reporters were sitting, awaiting their assignments of "stories" for the day. It was not yet two o'clock, and none of the "star space men" had yet been sent out.

"Mr. Connors!" the editor called at last.

A short, stout, spectacled man, whose hair was beginning to turn gray at the temples, rose from a desk in the middle of the room and came forward.

"Mr. Conners," the Day City continued crisply, "a young man's body's been found floating in Newtown Creek. Clear case of murder. Head missing. Been in the water only a few hours. No clue to identity. Looks like a corking good mystery."

The reporter took the bulletin and half turned away.

"You may need help," the Day City went on. "You might take Bruce along."

The "star man" raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Oh, I know," continued the speaker. "He's a cub yet, but there may be a good deal of leg work. He'll do just as you say. I'll put him under your orders."

An hour or so later, the short, stout man and a companion whose long legs and boyish face offered a humorous contrast, emerged from a dismal-looking undertaker's shop in Long Island City.

"No use wasting time at this end," the older man was saying impatiently. "You hurry round and cover the police station. I'll call up the drug store next door when I want you—you be in the store from five minutes of until five minutes past each hour. Don't leave the station until I say so. Do you understand?"

The "cub" reporter moved his long legs uneasily.

"Yes, I understand," he said slowly.

The older man started away.

"Just a minute, Mr. Connors," the younger man continued. "Did you see any clew to its—to his identity?"

The "star man" shrugged his shoulders.

"Certainly not," he replied, rather brusquely. "No birthmarks or anything of that kind. Laundry marks on undershirt are cut off. Shirt's rather poor quality—like those laborers wear—but one doesn't need to play up that fact. Missing head makes identification impossible. It's good for a two-column mystery yarn anyhow."

He paused. Then something in his companion's manner attracted his attention.

"I suppose you picked up a clew in there, my boy," he said, with just the suspicion of a mocking tone in his voice.

The "cub" took his right hand out of his pocket and opened it, palm upward.

"Only this," he said.

The older man snorted.

"What of it?" he asked, picking up a small, white button through which ran irregular streaks of black, after the manner of certain varieties of marble.

Bruce's voice took on a deprecatory shade.

"It just occurred to me," said he, "that the fact there there were four buttons on the undershirt, and that three of them were just alike and white, whereas that this one is quite different from the others, was rather peculiar. So I just snipped this one off for future reference."

"A lot of good it will do me," snapped the older man. "I suppose you're thinking of that trouser-button and the identification of Uncle Russell Sage's bomb friend, Norcross. Well, that was a piece of fool luck that won't occur again in a million years, more or less. I've played 'button, button, who wore the button' before. You just jump over to the station, my boy, and keep on the job."

The "cub" pocketed the curiously streaked button and departed for the local police headquarters, where he found a corps of fellow-reporters grouped on the steps cross-questioning every new arrival as to whether anything new had "turned up." Bruce stepped into the drug store next door where he began calling up the livery stables in the neighborhood. At the fifth call, he struck what might or might not be "fire."

Yes, O'Brien & Dorlan's had rented a two-seated runabout, the night before, to a young man who had driven away about seven o'clock. He had not returned and the horse and runabout had been found wandering through the streets by the police about three o'clock the following morning. Who had seen the man? Only Mike McGinnis, the head stableman. Was he there now? No, but he would be on duty again at four o'clock. Who was it speaking? Why, there was another man from the same paper in the stable now asking the same questions. He'd put him on the wire.

"Never mind," Bruce began, but the stableman had already gone.

In the interval, the young man was tempted to hang up the receiver but while he hesitated, a well-known voice came over the wire.

"Hello, there! Who are you?"

Bruce frowned slightly.

"Is that you, Mr. Connors?" he replied. "This is Bruce."

A muttered ejaculation reached the speaker's ear.

"See here, Bruce," came back the reply, "I'm handling this case. I'm in charge. I want you to stay at that station and pick up what comes in. I'm doing the outside work. None of this investigating on your own hook, do you understand?"

"I understand," said Bruce with a smile, as he heard the other receiver hung up with what appeared to be unnecessary abruptness.

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN.
in "Anti Matrimony" at the Grand Opera House Wednesday, March 1.

The young man paid for his calls and, stepping outside, stood for a moment in the grateful shade of an awning.

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. It was nearly four o'clock. Even Connors might expect him to snatch a bite of lunch about this time so that could explain his absence if the "star man" should call up the drug store in the interval.

Half an hour later, one of the salesmen of a large wholesale button house in the dry goods section of Broadway was critically examining between finger and thumb a small white button with black streaks. Yes, they made that variety. Why, certainly. It was one of their standard lines. Popular with the western trade, but little used in the East. Had they sold any quantity in the greater city recently? Really, he would have to ask the visitor for his business card. A reporter? Murder? He would have to refer him to one of his superiors.

The head of the department listened gravely to Bruce's story and then turned to a filing cabinet and ran his fingers swiftly over the cards in a narrow drawer. Ah, yes. The house had disposed of only two lots in the metropolitan district in the last two years. One had gone to a firm in Hoboken. The other had been sent to a large factory in Long Island City. Would he care to give the address of the factory? In the circumstances, he saw no reason why he should not.

By the time Bruce arrived at the factory all thought of returning to the police station had vanished. All the fever of the chase was in his blood. Cover the station? Keep on *that* job? Not if he knew it. His blood—his "cub" blood—was up!

The factory superintendent's interest increased perceptibly as Bruce went over the ground from the beginning, but the sharp-faced manager could throw no light on the appearance of that button on the victim's clothing.

Bruce showed his keen disappointment. Then a new idea struck him with the force of a mental trip-hammer.

"You say these buttons," he began, "are used only on undershirts which are sold out West. Isn't it quite possible that some of the men employed here take home buttons from the factory and put them on their own clothing?"

The superintendent smiled.

"It's more than possible," he said. "It's quite the usual thing. Petty grafting of that kind goes on in all establishments. But what of it?"

The younger man's eyes roamed over the walls of the office until they rested upon a large framed photograph. He indicated the picture with a nod.

"Your employees?" he asked.

The superintendent wheeled round in his swivel chair.

"Yes," he said. "Taken about seven months ago. Two hundred girls, a hundred men. There's a key to the group on the back of the frame."

The reporter looked at the picture curiously but did not rise from his chair.

"How many men of your present force," he said slowly, "did not report for work this morning?"

The superintendent looked grave.

"Yes," said he, as if to himself, "yes, that's more like."

He touched a bell, gave an order, and, in a few minutes, a slip of paper was laid on the desk before him. He scanned it carefully and then turned again to his visitor.

"We have two absentees," he said. "One of them, Sam Leonard, has been sick for three days with malaria. The other, John Joyce, did not report this morning. He has not been in good spirits for some months, the foreman tells me. Probably sick. He's a young man of superior education. An orphan, I believe."

Bruce went first to the home of the malaria victim. There was no question about the young man being there in the flesh. In fact, the caller saw, through the half-opened bedroom door, the flushed face of the patient as he explained his quest to the excited mother in the hall of the little frame cottage.

A short walk from the cottage brought Bruce to a brick flat-house which had been given as John Joyce's address. There Bruce made friends with the garrulous janitress and was admitted into a small flat on the top floor at the rear.

John, the janitress said, had gone out alone at seven o'clock the night before. She had not seen him since and she did not believe he had come back. What made her think so? Why, her own rooms were just across the hall and she could hear his alarm clock go off every morning at seven. She was always up herself at that hour and had never missed hearing the alarm till that morning. At first she had thought she would knock on his door and wake him up. Then she had thought the clock must have rung and she had failed to hear it. Now she felt sure it had not rung and that the young man had not slept there at all.

Bruce looked at the bed. It was in disorder, but whether it had been slept in the preceding night or not he could not tell. The janitress thought not.

No, Joyce had not said where he was going. And he had carried nothing but a light rattan cane.

A thorough search of the rooms revealed nothing which seemed significant to Bruce except a cabinet photograph of an unusually handsome young woman which occupied what was evidently a place of honor on the bureau. There was no name on the picture but on the back was written, in a man's hand:

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Bruce looked at the writing again. No, those were not the exact words. The words, as actually written, were:

"What therefore God *shall join* together, let not man put asunder."

The words "shall join" were heavily underlined.

Bruce put his hand in his inside coat pocket.

"I haven't noticed that girl's face," he said, quietly, "but I shouldn't be at all surprised if she were the original of this."

He drew forth a cabinet photograph and handed it to the superintendent. The latter glanced at it. Then he handed it back and touched an electric button. A boy answered the summons.

"Send Helen Lester here at once," he said, sharply.

A moment later, a young woman entered the room. She stopped just inside the door and looked inquiringly at the three men.

"Where were you last night, Miss Lester?" said the superintendent.

The girl's face went crimson. She looked down at the floor and was silent.

The superintendent looked at her kindly.

"I have no desire, or right, to pry into your private affairs," he said, "unless some extraordinary circumstance warrants it. I believe such a circumstance has arisen. I must therefore repeat my question. Where were you last night?"

The girl remained silent, with bowed head. The superintendent looked up at the framed photograph.

"Miss Lester," he continued, "turn 'round and look at that photograph on your left."

The girl did so, slowly, reluctantly.

"In that picture, you are standing between two men," the superintendent went on. "Tell me what your relations toward them have been and are now."

The girl wheeled upon her inquisitor.

"What right have you to ask me such a question, Mr. Andrews?" she exclaimed. "What right?"

She stamped her foot.

"This is a serious matter," the superintendent continued, calmly. "In a case of this kind I have a right to ask you such questions."

"What kind?" retorted the girl defiantly.

"Murder," said the superintendent.

The girl's left hand went up to her heart. She swayed a little, but caught herself as McGinnis stepped towards her. Then she looked the superintendent square in the eyes.

"Who has been murdered?" she asked, in an even voice.

The superintendent outlined the case briefly.

The girl noted the details with painful eagerness, but made no comment.

"You see, Miss Lester," the superintendent added, "this is serious business. It may save you much publicity if you tell me now all you know about those two men."

The girl looked at Bruce and McGinnis.

"They must hear what you have to say, Miss Lester," said the superintendent, interpreting her glance. "What have you had to do with John Joyce?"

The girl hung her head.

"I was engaged to him," she said, in a half-whisper, "until——"

"Until Tom Greening came?"

The superintendent finished the sentence for her.

"Yes," said the girl. "Then—then I broke it off with him and became engaged to Mr. Greening."

"Did the two men ever quarrel?"

The girl did not answer. Bruce and McGinnis both noticed that the flush of anger had faded from her cheeks.

The superintendent took another tack.

"Did Joyce ever try to win you back again?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girl. "He warned me against Mr. Greening. Said he was sure Mr. Greening was trifling with me, that he was not a man who could be trusted. I laughed at him and he said he'd prove it if it took a thousand years."

The girl paused.

"When I told Mr. Greening what John had said he was very angry."

"Why did Greening leave us?" asked the superintendent.

"He told me Joyce was spying on him all the time," replied the girl. "Following him over to Manhattan, trying to find out where he was going, and so on."

"Did he ever make threats against Joyce?" Bruce asked suddenly.

The girl raised her eyes, looked at the young man, and hesitated.

"I don't think you could rightly say that," she said, slowly. "He was very annoyed at him at times, but he seemed to be sorry for him, too."

The superintendent glanced quickly at his two visitors and then turned again towards his subordinate.

"Now, Miss Lester," he said, sternly, "tell me what you did last night, where you went, and with whom. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The girl raised her head again.

"I will tell you the truth," she said, "but there's not much to tell. Mr. Greening came to my home in a runabout last night to take me over to Jersey City to be married. He said he didn't want the publicity one has to go through with now about marriage licenses in the Greater City. We drove across the ferry to Manhattan and then stopped outside his flat-house."

"What street?" asked Bruce, quickly.

"I'm not sure," said the girl. "Fifty-seventh or eighth, I think, near some elevated line. I was too excited to notice."

"Go on," said the superintendent.

"He went inside to get something," continued the girl, "and I waited outside in the carriage. After about a quarter of an hour, he raised one of the windows on the second floor and called out to me. He seemed very angry about something, but I don't think he was angry at me. He told me to get out of the carriage and go on over to Jersey City without him and wait for him at the hotel we had planned to go to. He said he would be delayed maybe an hour."

(*To be continued*)

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas county.—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of oledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDERED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FRATERNAL CARDS

MASONIC.

Hall, corner Fourth and Main Eagle lodge, No. 12—Holds its regulnr meeting the first Tuesday evening of each month.

Hardin Lodge No. 29.—Holds its regular monthly meeting the second Monday evening of each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Hall Seventh and Main Streets.

Keokuk Lodge, No. 13, meets regularly Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Geo. Hardin, N. G.; Otto Auschutz, Recording Secretary.

Puckechetuck Lodge No. 43, meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. L. E. Wittich, N. G.; Geo. W. Immegart, Permanent Secretary.

Herman Lodge No. 116, (German), meets regularly every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A. H. Linnenburger, N. G.; Albert Kiefer, Rec. Sec.

Puckechtuck Encampment, No. 7, meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Wm. C. Kummer, Scribe.

A. O. U. W.

Keokuk Lodge, No. 256—Meets every Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock at hall over Keokuk Savings bank, corner Fifth and Main streets. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Ed. Vaughn, M. W.; A. A. Baur, Recorder.

K. of P.

Morning Star Lodge, No. 5—Meets Fifth and Blondeau, K. of P. building Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. C. C. Koepf, Chancellor Commander; J. A. Burgess K. of R. and S. Visiting Knights fraternally invited.

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF SECURITY, KEOKUK COUNCIL, No. 1039. Meets the first and third Monday of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall at 8 o'clock. O. W Rowe, president; Ernest Best, Financier; Mayme C. Schenk Secretary.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA
Gibbons' Hall.

Keokuk Camp, No. 622—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Our latch string is out to neighbors. C. B. Lake, V. C.; J. A. Pollard, Clerk.

B. P. O. ELKS.

Keokuk Lodge, No. 106—Meets first and third Thursday nights at Elks hall, Gibbons opera house block, Sixth and Main streets. Club rooms open daily. Visiting brethren cordially invited. James C[illegible]ron, Sr., E. R.; William Reimbold, Secretary.

ORDER OF OWLS.

Regular meeting of the order of Owls the first and third Tuesdays of each month at their hall in the Schlitz building, corner Third and Johnson streets, third floor. Visiting Owls are cordially invited. F. M. Ballinger, worthy president; Ed W. Kiser, secretary.

FRATERNAL ORDER OF EAGLES.

Keokuk Aerie, No. 683—Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Eagle's hall, corner Eighth and Main. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Frank Moeller, W. President; C. A. Noakes, secretary.

For either acute or chronic kidney disorders, for annoying and painful urinary irregularities take Foley Kidney Pills. An honest and effective medicine for kidney and bladder disorders. Wilkinson & Co.

WABASH

No. 2, daily, leaves at ..... 4:15 pm
No. 4, daily except Sunday, leaves at ..... 4:40 pm
No. 76, daily except Sunday, freight, leaves at ..... 8:10 am

Arrive.

No. 77, daily except Sunday, freight, arrives ..... 5:00 pm
No. 15, daily except Sunday, arrives ..... 9:35 pm
No. 3, daily, arrives ..... 11:05 am
Nos. 76 and 77 carry passengers.

Toledo, Peoria and Western Railway.

xTrain 4—Leaves ..... 7:00 am
*Train 2—Leaves ..... 2:00 pm
*Train 3—Arrives ..... 12:05 pm
xTrain 5—Arrives ..... 8.10 pm
xDaily.
*Daily except Sunday.

C., B. & Q. RAILWAY CO.

Trains leave from Union Depot. Berths and tickets, Fifth and Johnson streets.

South Bound.

—No. 8, St. Louis and south, leaves ..... 12:45 am
—No. 12, St. Louis and Kansas City and west, south, leaves ..... 8.50 am
—No. 4, Quincy, Hannibal & St. Louis, arrive 1:15 p. m., leaves ..... 1:20 pm
*No. 10, Quincy and Hannibal, arrives ..... 8:25 pm
No. 10 leaves ..... 8:35 pm

North Bound.

—No. 7, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, leaves .. 2:35 am
—No. 13, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, arrives ... 7:35 pm
—No. 13, leaves ..... 7:35 pm
*No. 3, Burlington, Chicago and east, leaves ..... 1:55 pm
—No. 1, Burlington, leaves . 7:35 am
*No. 51, Donnellson, C., B. & K. C., and North Road leaves ..... 3:30 pm
*No. 50, from Donnellson, C., B. & K. C., & North Road, arrives ..... 11:30 am
*No. 1, K. & W. west, leaves 9.05 am
**No. 5, Centerville, leaves .. 7.35 pm
*No. 4, from Centerville and points intermediate, arrives 1:15 pm
*No. 2, from Centerville and west, arrives ..... 9:10 pm
*No. 3, Centerville, leaves . 9:10 pm
**No. 6, from Centerville, arrives ..... 11:55 am
—Daily.
*Daily except Sunday.
**Sundays only.

K. & W. ELECTRIC CO.

East.

Leaves Keokuk	Leaves Hamilton Jr.	Arrives Warsaw
7:10 am	7:25 am	7:45 am
8:45 am	9:00 am	9:15 am
10:15 am	10:30 am	10:50 am
12:05 am	12:25 am	12:45 am
2:30 pm	2:45 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:15 pm	4:30 pm
6:10 am	6:25 pm	6:45 pm
7:45 pm	8:00 pm	8:20 pm
9:30 pm	9:45 pm	10:00 pm
10:45 pm	11:00 pm	11:15 pm

West.

Leaves Warsaw	Leaves Hamilton Jr.	Arrives Keokuk
.....	*6:40 am	*6:50 am
7:45 am	8:05 am	8:20 am
9:20 am	9:40 am	9:55 am
11:00 am	11:25 am	11:40 am
12:45 am	1:05 pm	1:20 pm
3:10 pm	3:30 pm	3:45 pm
4:30 pm	4:50 pm	5:05 pm
6:45 pm	7:05 pm	7:20 pm
8:45 pm	9:05 pm	9:20 pm
10:05 pm	10:25 pm	10:40 pm
11:20 pm	11:40 pm	11:55 pm

Note—*Daily except Sunday. All other trains daily.

Rock Island

*Train 473—Leaves Keokuk..7:40 am
*Train 741—Leaves Keokuk..2:55 pm
*Train 472—Arrives Keokuk..8:15 pm
*Train 470—Arrives Keokuk..1:05 pm

Local Freight Trains.

*Train 86—Arrives Keokuk..5:30 pm
*Train 85—Leave Keokuk .. 7:00 am
*Daily except Sunday.