

IT WAS A GRAND SUCCESS

Continued from page 4.

"Pick the lock. But there may be two. In that case they'll be top and bottom, and we shall have two fresh holes to make, as the door opens inward. It won't open two inches as it is."

I confess I did not feel sanguine about the lock picking, seeing that one lock had baffled us already, and my disappointment and impatience must have been a revelation to me had I stopped to think. The truth is that I was entering into our nefarious undertaking with an involuntary zeal of which I was myself quite unconscious at the time. The romance and the peril of the whole proceeding held me spell-bound and entranced. My moral sense and my sense of fear were stricken by a common paralysis. And there I stood, shining my light and holding my vial with a keener interest than I had ever brought to any honest avocation. And there knelt A. J. Raffles, with his black hair tumbled and the same watchful, quiet, determined smile with which I had seen him send down over after over in a county match!

At last the chain of holes was complete, the lock wrenched out bodily and a splendid bare arm plunged up to the shoulder through the aperture and through the bars of the iron gate beyond.

"Now," whispered Raffles, "if there's only one lock it'll be in the middle. Joy! Here it is! Only let me pick it, and we're through at last!"

He withdrew his arm, a skeleton key was selected from the bunch, and then back went his arm to the shoulder. It was a breathless moment. I heard the heart throbbing in my body, the very watch ticking in my pocket and ever and anon the tinkle-tinkle of the skeleton key. Then—at last—there came a single unmistakable click. In another minute the mahogany door and the iron gate yawned behind us, and Raffles was sitting on an office table, wiping his face, with the lantern throwing a steady beam by his side.

We were now in a bare and roomy lobby behind the shop, but separated therefrom by an iron curtain, the very sight of which filled me with despair. Raffles, however, did not appear in the least depressed, but hung up his coat and hat on some pegs in the lobby before examining this curtain with his lantern.

"That's nothing," said he after a minute's inspection. "We'll be through that in no time, but there's a door on the other side which may give us trouble."

"Another door?" I groaned. "And how do you mean to tackle this thing?" "Pry it up with the jointed jimmy. The weak point of these iron curtains is the leverage you can get from below. But it makes a noise, and this is where you're coming in, Bunny. This is where I couldn't do without you. I must have you overhead to knock through when the street's clear. I'll come with you and show a light."

Well, you may imagine how little I liked the prospect of this lonely vigil, and yet there was something very stimulating in the vital responsibility which it involved. Hitherto I had been a mere spectator. Now I was to take part in the game. And the fresh excitement made me more than ever insensible to those considerations of conscience and of safety which were already as dead nerves in my breast.

So I took my post without a murmur in the front room above the shop. The fixtures had been left for the refusal of the incoming tenant, and fortunately for us they included Venetian blinds, which were already down. It was the simplest matter in the world to stand peeping through the slats into the street, to beat twice with my foot when anybody was approaching and once when all was clear again. The noises that even I could hear below, with the exception of one metallic crash at the beginning, were indeed incredibly slight, but they ceased altogether at each double rap from my toe, and a policeman passed quite half a dozen times beneath my eyes and the man whom I took to be the jeweler's watchman oftener still during the better part of an hour that I spent at the window. Once, indeed, my heart was in my mouth, but only once. It was when the watchman stopped and peered through the peephole into the lighted shop. I waited for his whistle. I waited for the gallow's or the jail! But my signals had been studiously obeyed, and the man passed on in undisturbed serenity. In the end I had a signal in my turn and retraced my steps with lighted matches down the broad stairs, down the narrow ones, across the area and up into the lobby where Raffles awaited me with an outstretched hand.

"Well done, my boy!" said he. "You're the same good man in a pinch, and you shall have your reward. I've got £1,000 worth if I've got a penny's worth in my pockets. And here's something else I found in this locker—very decent port and some cigars, meant for poor, dear Danby's business friends. Take a pull, and you shall light up presently. I've found a lavatory, too, and we must have a wash and brush up before we go, for I'm as black as your boot."

The iron curtain was down, but he insisted on raising it until I could peep through the glass door on the other side and see his handiwork in the shop beyond. Here two electric lights were left burning all night long, and in their cold white rays I could at first see nothing amiss. I looked along an orderly lane, an empty glass counter on my left, glass cupboards of untouched silver on my right and, facing me, the filmy black eye of the peephole that shone like a stage moon on the street. The counter had not been

upon the table, twinkling and glittering in a hundred places, and incredulity was at an end.

"How came you to begin?" I asked as curiosity overcame me wonder and a fascination for his career gradually wove itself into my fascination for the man.

"Ah, that's a long story," said Raffles. "It was in the colonies when I was out there playing cricket. It's too long a story to tell you now, but I was in much the same fix that you were in tonight, and it was my only way out. I never meant it for anything more, but I'd tasted blood, and it was all over with me. Why should I work when I could steal? Why settle down to some humdrum unconvivial billet when excitement, romance, danger and a decent living were all going begging together? Of course it's very wrong, but we can't all be moralists, and the distribution of wealth is very wrong, to begin with. Besides, you're not at it all the time. I'm sick of quoting Gilbert's lines to myself, but they're profoundly true. I only wonder if you'll like the life as much as I do."

"Like it?" I cried out. "Not!! It's no life for me! Once is enough!"

"You wouldn't give me a hand another time?"

"Don't ask me, Raffles. Don't ask me, for God's sake!"

"Yet you said you would do anything for me. You asked me to name my crime. But I knew at the time you didn't mean it. You didn't go back on me tonight, and that ought to satisfy me, goodness knows! I suppose I'm ungrateful and unreasonable and all that. I ought to let it end at this. But you're the very man for me, Bunny, the very man! Just think how we got through tonight. Not a scratch—not a hitch. There's nothing very terrible in it, you see. There never would be while we worked together."

He was standing in front of me with a hand on either shoulder. He was smiling as he knew so well how to smile. I turned on my heel and planted my elbows on the chimney piece and my burning head between my hands. Next instant a still heartier hand had fallen on my back.

"All right, my boy! You are quite right, and I'm worse than wrong. I'll never ask it again. Go if you want to and come again about midday for the cash. There was no bargain, but of course I'll get you out of your scrape, especially after the way you've stood by me tonight."

I was round again with my blood on fire.

"I'll do it again," I said through my teeth.

He shook his head. "Not you," he said, smiling quite good humoredly on my insane enthusiasm.

"I will!" I cried, with an oath. "I'll lend you a hand as often as you like. What does it matter now? I've been in it once. I'll be in it again. I've gone to the devil anyhow. I can't go back and wouldn't if I could. Nothing matters another rap. When you want me I'm your man."

And that is how Raffles and I joined felonious forces on the fides of March.

He could think of Keats on his way from a felony. He could hanker for his fireside like another. Flood gates were loosed within me, and the plain English of our adventure rushed over me as cold as ice. Raffles was a burglar. I had helped him to commit one burglary; therefore I was a burglar too. Yet I could stand and warm myself by his fire and watch him empty his pockets as though we had done nothing wonderful or wicked.

My blood froze. My heart sickened. My brain whirled. How I had liked this villain! How I had admired him! How my liking and admiration must turn to loathing and disgust! I waited for the change. I longed to feel it in my heart. But I longed and I waited in vain.

I saw that he was emptying his pockets. The table sparkled with their hoard. Rings by the dozen, diamonds by the score, bracelets, pendants, aigrets, necklaces, pearls, rubies, amethysts, sapphires and diamonds all ways, diamonds in everything, flashing bayonets of light, dazzling me—blinding me—making me disbelieve because I could no longer forget. Last of all came no gem, indeed, but my own revolver from an inner pocket. And that struck a chord. I suppose I said something—my hand flew out. I can see Raffles now as he looked at me once more with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

upon the table, twinkling and glittering in a hundred places, and incredulity was at an end.

"How came you to begin?" I asked as curiosity overcame me wonder and a fascination for his career gradually wove itself into my fascination for the man.

"Ah, that's a long story," said Raffles. "It was in the colonies when I was out there playing cricket. It's too long a story to tell you now, but I was in much the same fix that you were in tonight, and it was my only way out. I never meant it for anything more, but I'd tasted blood, and it was all over with me. Why should I work when I could steal? Why settle down to some humdrum unconvivial billet when excitement, romance, danger and a decent living were all going begging together? Of course it's very wrong, but we can't all be moralists, and the distribution of wealth is very wrong, to begin with. Besides, you're not at it all the time. I'm sick of quoting Gilbert's lines to myself, but they're profoundly true. I only wonder if you'll like the life as much as I do."

"Like it?" I cried out. "Not!! It's no life for me! Once is enough!"

"You wouldn't give me a hand another time?"

"Don't ask me, Raffles. Don't ask me, for God's sake!"

"Yet you said you would do anything for me. You asked me to name my crime. But I knew at the time you didn't mean it. You didn't go back on me tonight, and that ought to satisfy me, goodness knows! I suppose I'm ungrateful and unreasonable and all that. I ought to let it end at this. But you're the very man for me, Bunny, the very man! Just think how we got through tonight. Not a scratch—not a hitch. There's nothing very terrible in it, you see. There never would be while we worked together."

He was standing in front of me with a hand on either shoulder. He was smiling as he knew so well how to smile. I turned on my heel and planted my elbows on the chimney piece and my burning head between my hands. Next instant a still heartier hand had fallen on my back.

"All right, my boy! You are quite right, and I'm worse than wrong. I'll never ask it again. Go if you want to and come again about midday for the cash. There was no bargain, but of course I'll get you out of your scrape, especially after the way you've stood by me tonight."

I was round again with my blood on fire.

"I'll do it again," I said through my teeth.

He shook his head. "Not you," he said, smiling quite good humoredly on my insane enthusiasm.

"I will!" I cried, with an oath. "I'll lend you a hand as often as you like. What does it matter now? I've been in it once. I'll be in it again. I've gone to the devil anyhow. I can't go back and wouldn't if I could. Nothing matters another rap. When you want me I'm your man."

And that is how Raffles and I joined felonious forces on the fides of March.

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

He looked at me with a high arch over each clear eye. I can see him pick out the cartridges with his quiet, cynical smile before he would give me my pistol back again.

"You mayn't believe it, Bunny," said he, "but I never carried a loaded one before. On the whole, I think it gives one confidence. Yet it would be very awkward if anything went wrong. One might use it, and that's not the game at all, though I have often thought that the murderer who has just done the trick must have great sensations before things get too hot for him. Don't look so distressed, my dear chap. I've never had those sensations, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"But this much you have done before?" said I hoarsely.

"Before? My dear Bunny, you offend me. Did it look like a first attempt? Of course I have done it before."

"Often?"

"Well, no; not often enough to destroy the charm, at all events—never, as a matter of fact, unless I'm cursed."

C. & N. W. R. R.

East Bound.

No. 4 due out of Denison..... 2.40 p. m.
No. 6..... 3.15 p. m.
No. 10 Wall train..... 3.50 p. m.
No. 46 Way freight..... 4.15 p. m.
No. 12 Passenger..... 4.30 p. m.
No. 22 Carroll Local..... 4.50 p. m.
No. 8 Los Angeles Limited..... 5.15 a. m.
No. 2 Overland Limited..... 10.33 p. m.

West Bound.

No. 21 Council Bluffs local..... 7.14 a. m.
No. 1..... 6.50 a. m.
No. 5..... 9.35 p. m.
No. 3..... 1.07 p. m.
No. 11..... 5.24 a. m.
No. 9 Fast mail..... 6.34 a. m.
No. 15 Fast mail..... 12.40 p. m.

Boyer Valley

No. 46 Leave..... 6.06 a. m.
No. 42..... 8.45 a. m.
No. 41 Arrive..... 2.40 p. m.
No. 45..... 5.50 p. m.

Illinois Central R. R. Time Table

—East Bound—

No. 4 Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Express, (Daily) 9.54 A. M.
No. 32 Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday) 10.35 A. M.
No. 32 Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge Local, (Daily except Sunday) 10.32 P. M.
No. 2 Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Limited, (Daily) 7.41 P. M.

—West Bound—

No. 1 Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Limited, (Daily) 5.36 A. M.
No. 31 Ft. Dodge & Co. Bluffs Local, (Daily except Sunday) 6.52 A. M.
No. 91 Local Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday) 2.07 P. M.
No. 3 Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Omaha Express, (Daily) 8.33 P. M.
No. 7 Los Angeles Limited, 8.00 a. m.
Nos. 1 and 2 stop only at Rockwell City, All Lake, Denison and Logan.
No. 3 stops at Arlon, Dow City, Dunlap, Oodbine and Logan.
No. 4 stops only at Wall Lake and Rockwell City.
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 4 are daily; Nos. 31, 32 and 92 daily except Sunday.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS:

R. P. PLIMPTON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, BROADWAY.

H. A. BOYLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE,
LOCAL SURGEON C. & N. W. R. R.

W. T. WRIGHT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office in Schumberger's Pharmacy.

L. L. BOND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOCAL SURGEON C. & N. W. R. R.,
OFFICES IN LAUB BLOCK.

DENISON CITY HOSPITAL,
BEST OF ACCOMMODATIONS,
REASONABLE RATES.
CORNER PINE & BENEFIT STS., C. C. PHONE 105
Down town office in Warbasse Block,
C. C. Phone 121

C. W. CARR P. J. BRANNON
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
OFFICE IN GULICK BLOCK,
IOWA PHONE NO. 7, C. C. PHONE NO. 85.

J. J. MEEHAN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE AT HANUL'S DRUG STORE,
C. C. PHONE, OFFICE 249, RES. 248.

G. G. BRANDT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over Lamborn Drug Co.
(Office Crawford County No. 50,
Phones: Res. Crawford County No. 283,
Res. Iowa No. 21)

DENTISTS:

J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S.
OFFICE OVER THE DENISON DRUG CO.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK.

B. F. PHILBROOK, D. D. S.
WEDNESDAYS IN DUNLAP.
OFFICES IN THE LAUB BLOCK.

R. O. MCCONNAUGHY, D. D. S.
OFFICE IN WARBASSE BLOCK,
PHONE 259, MONDAYS IN DOW CITY.

REAL ESTATE:

E. GULICK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Mgr. Crawford Co. Real Estate Exchange
OFFICE IN GULICK BLOCK.

REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTIONS.
J. T. CAREY,
MAYOR OF DENISON,
OFFICE OVER THE HUB CLOTHING STORE.

COLLECTIONS. MONEY TO LOAN
CHAS. BULLOCK,
IOWA AND NEBRASKA LANDS
OVER LAMBORN DRUG STORE.

ATTORNEYS:

L. M. SHAW, J. SIMS, C. F. KUEHNLE,
SHAW, SIMS & KUEHNLE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS,
OFFICE WITH THE BANK OF DENISON,
OFFICE IN LAUB BLOCK, BROADWAY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COLLECTIONS
GEO. A. RICHARDSON,
RELIABLE INSURANCE, ETC.
OFFICE IN LAUB BLOCK, BROADWAY.
J. P. CONNER, P. E. C. LALLY
CONNER & LALLY,

OFFICES OVER CRAWFORD COUNTY BANK
FARM LOANS A SPECIALTY.
CHARLES TABOR,
OFFICE OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

P. W. HARDING
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICES IN
NEW BULLOCK BLOCK, OVER DENISON CLOTHING CO.
GENERAL LAW BUSINESS.

R. SHAW VAN,
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET

J. F. GLENN,
GENERAL LAW BUSINESS,
FARM LOANS,
Office over Kelley's new store.

J. H. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTIONS
OFFICE OVER POSTOFFICE.

A. J. BOND,
The Pioneer Piano and Organ Dealer

has sold more pianos and organs than any other man in Crawford County having been in business for 25 years. He is still in the business and is making numerous sales of Bush and Gertz High Grade Popular Pianos, and the old reliable Estey Organs. Everyone of these instruments has given satisfaction. Should you desire any piano or organ information drop Mr. Bond a line, and he will call on you.

Undertaking

A. J. Bond is also the oldest and most experienced undertaker in the county. He holds a state certificate and will respond to calls day or night in any part of the county. We carry a full line of Large and Small Caskets, also Men's, Ladies' and Children's Robes.

Rooms at Basement McKim Hall,
Ring up C. C. Phone 94.