

"OLIVES"

Have just received a new lot of them. They were bought right and will be sold cheap. Why buy bulk Olives when you can buy bottle of a better grade just as cheap. Come and get a bottle. Yours,

T.N. ARNOLD

ARE YOU COLD!

Our underwear is here, a much larger and better line than we ever had.

Don't go Bare Foot!

A full line of shoes.

Hands Cold!

Come and get gloves and mittens at the

RACKET STORE.



Rip a Gordon & Ferguson Fur Garment apart and you'll find one secret of its goodness. It is honestly made inside and out.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will tell you who can. **Gordon & Ferguson, St. Paul, Minn.**

COAL COAL

Hard and soft coal. Now is the time to place your order and have it delivered.

Portland and Louisville Cement, Lime and Stucco.

Manchester Lumber Company

The Excelsior Laundry still retains its reputation for doing all kinds of

LAUNDRY WORK

such as that of any steam laundry in this section of the state. It not only has all the necessary machinery and appliances, but expert workmen as well, and the proprietor is determined to maintain the high rank which the

EXCELSIOR LAUNDRY

has attained for doing first-class work in all lines. If you have not given the Excelsior Laundry a trial. Why not? We think a trial would convince you. We have no small machines for ironing neckbands because our method does better and more satisfactory work.

FRED ELLIS, PROPRIETOR

TELEPHONE 241.

To the People who wear Clothes:

IT WILL PAY YOU!

To send your linen to the

Manchester Steam Laundry

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

Try Us! Satisfactory Work at the Same Kind of Prices. Phone 238

If You Do Not Know

You Should Know THAT the finest line of Groceries, Canned Goods, Relishes and, in fact, everything that should be kept in a first-class grocery and provision store can at all times be found at

Fruits of every kind during their season.

Peterson Bros.

P. S. Have you examined our fine line of Crockery and Glassware?

CONFESSIONS



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CHAPTER I.—General Heath is ordered to report to headquarters at Chattanooga. He is presented with an order for his arrest and court-martial, and is then assigned to special duty to watch a conspicuous movement of Longstreet's corps. He accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Gen. Heath leaves Chattanooga with 200 men, his brigade, and moves out to Koger's cross-roads. On the way he meets with a girl he knows who lives at the place. She is the daughter of a man who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. He insists on her returning with him to his home to make his headquarters. He insists on her returning with him to his home to make his headquarters. He insists on her returning with him to his home to make his headquarters.

CHAPTER III.—When questioned she said her mother is for the confederacy and herself for the union. At night she is caught in the kitchen attempting to burn a paper which contains the plan of the confederate defense at Knoxville. She is confined under guard as a spy.

CHAPTER IV.—Gen. Heath's command is attacked by confederates, but they are beaten off. During the night she slips out of her confinement and escapes.

CHAPTER V.—Gen. Heath accepts a parole from Miss Beach at the suggestion of Lieut. Hall, who proposes to answer for her. During the night she slips out of her confinement and escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER VII.—Lieut. Hall is taken before a confederate, Maj. Beranek, who had been captured at the battle of Gettysburg. He claims to have an incriminating letter which he has written to the general in command in the army, the major of a regiment, and the major of a company. He has the letter, and Miss Beach is ordered to read it.

CHAPTER VIII.—The court ends Miss Beach guilty. It is necessary for her to go to the front to see to it that she is not captured. She is ordered to go to the front to see to it that she is not captured.

CHAPTER IX.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER X.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XI.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

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CHAPTER XIII.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XIV.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XV.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XVI.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XVII.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XIX.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

CHAPTER XX.—The confederate army is surprised at night and in the light. Miss Beach is captured.

beer whom, even in the dim light, I was recognizing as Maj. Beranek. It was a critical moment. If he recognized me, not only would I have gained the loss, but our citizen's dress would enable him to swing Plunk and me from the branch of a tree with-out trial or benefit of clergy. Margaret, who rode a little in advance, turned her head as she passed him.

"How far to Col. Archard's camp?" he asked.

"Reckon you'll find the picket about a mile above you," replied Plunk, imitating the southern accent.

Margaret had ridden on, I was keeping as far from Beranek as possible.

"Where are you going?" asked the major, regarding me intently.

What should I do? If I spoke he would recognize my voice. As before I remained silent and Plunk broke in to help me out.

"There's no use asking him any questions," he said. "He's deaf as a fiddler's drum."

Plunk's odd comparison probably saved my life. Beranek showed his pointed teeth in a smile, and rode on, followed by his escort. I breathed one long sigh of relief, and, riding up to Plunk, threw my arms about him in ecstasy. Then we rode on and rejoined Margaret.

"Did you recognize a friend?" I asked of Margaret.

"Hark!" There were sounds of more horses coming. Simultaneously we made for the cover of trees beside the road. Three horsemen trotted towards us and passed within a dozen yards. Two were confederate cavalrymen, the third a Union soldier.

Not a word was spoken till the men were out of earshot; then I exclaimed: "Margaret, wait here while Plunk and I go after that traitor."

"You will do no such thing," said Margaret. "What importance is Mel-lodew compared with the information we have?"

"The young lady is right, Lieutenant," said Plunk. "We can't stop to chase him now. We need to do the running ourselves. When the general withdraws they will remember us. Then comes the question of the general's whereabouts, tells where we are, and then light out after us. If I can only get you and the girl across the river, I'll see that I can do towards calling on Enoch and reminding him which side he belongs on. Oh up, George Henry, and he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks.

All realized that we must now place distance between us and the confederates. I spurred on, striking Margaret's horse with my hand, sending him with a jump in advance of both Plunk and myself.

Oh, Time, stop your clocks for every one but us!

There was a distant sound of horses' hoofs, but so indistinct that I was about concluding I was mistaken when I heard a sudden turmoil on the outer limit of the camp, with shots, indicating a sudden attack. The color-guard called for his horse, mounted and rode to the front.

Three stout breathless, waiting developments. Bullets began to sing by our ears and spit against the trees. The confederates flew to arms. At the front we could discover the dark forms of horsemen charging.

"Look!" The word came from Margaret, who spoke in a tone so unusual that her eyes glanced quickly at her eyes. She was quivering with excitement. Then I turned to see what moved her. At that moment the clouds parted, and through an opening in the trees, a figure stood out plainly in the moonlight, pointing with his sword to the confederate line. Then the horse plunged forward, bearing his rider out of sight.

"The general!" We all spoke the words simultaneously. Had he been watching for our return, and, knowing of our presence in the confederate camp, made the attack in order to free us? Or was he acting from some purpose of his own? Whatever his intention, we acted at once to take advantage of the situation. Plunk and I, with a common impulse, darted to where the horses were tethered, and, mounting Margaret, jumped to the saddle. The intervening confederates prevented our reaching our horses, so we dashed to the trees in a direction opposite to the fighting. Coming to a road, we followed it, and the turmoil behind us gradually died into a faint din. Then we drew rein for consultation.

XVII. A RACE AGAINST TIME. Burning with suspicion at Margaret's confidential interview with the confederate officer, I was rather on spending valuable time in crinination than in working out the most promising method of making good our escape. "Margaret," I cried, "what did you say to Col. Archard?"

"I told him something that would have passed us through his lines had it not been for this interruption." "Oh, Margaret, you are on all sides." She cast an impatient glance at me, and, disinclined to reply, turned to Plunk and began to deliberate with him as to what course we had better pursue; a deliberation in which I could not choose but take part. "Should we attempt to join the general?" Margaret and I were both in favor of doing so, but Plunk overruled us, saying that the general had doubtless been persevering in his endeavors to get near the railroad, and had attacked the camp in order to give an opportunity to some other corps of his men to slip by and accomplish his object; that he had no expectation of crushing the enemy, only to distract his attention, and, this effected, he would be off to some other point. We had but little time to listen to Plunk's explanation of the general's movements, for we heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming from the direction we had been pursuing, and in a few minutes some 50 horsemen came trotting leisurely toward us. By the light of the moon it was easy to see that they were confederates, at their head was

"How high?" "Yes, how high? You're mighty particular about your English." "Three miles." I went out, mounted, and we all rode on while I informed the others of the facts I had learned.

"The rebel camp we were in," I said, "near McCormick's mills, and that's about two miles from the river. We must be very near the ford. If we can cross, we can keep on the road to Thatcher's, and then up Opossum creek to the main road leading north to the plantation."

"It's purty hard travellin' in a creek," suggested Plunk.

"We're waiting time," I said, giving my horse a spur. "Never mind what we are going to do till we get to the river."

We pushed on with renewed vigor. The many night rides I had taken with the general when he was trying to get his command away from an overhanging force came up before me; I could see him throwing back his head to get a look at his favorite star. Though we were galloping, I could not resist the temptation to look up. There in the path, perched as usual, was like an eye in the heavenly dome, was Alpha Lyra. "Look, Margaret," I cried. "There is the general's star."

She threw back her head just as I had done, and then she said: "There was that in the mention which seemed in some mysterious way to link his being with hers. But my attention was diverted, for just then, swinging around a bend, we came upon the ford. The road sloped gradually down as we went, which flowed by as lightly as if no one was in any hurry whatever.

"Now, see here," I said with a certain composure that would occasionally surprise me by breaking the rapid current of impulse within me, "we must lay a plan. It won't do to go blind any farther. What do you propose, corporal?"

"You and the young lady get over to the river, find a nigger's cabin, and hide till to-morrow night."

"That's your plan; Miss Beach, what's yours?" "If we can find a boat, we had better go over the river. When they come here they'll probably think we have crossed. At any rate, there will be three ways to the trunk up across, down and up the river, and they won't know which we have taken. If we can reach Doughty's ford, where we crossed when we came, we will have a straight road home."

"We must leave our horses, and we'll need them when we take to land again."

"I can walk from the upper ford," said Margaret, "if we can only get there. I've walked there and back from home often. It's only five miles."

"All right, and now for a skiff, Plunk, you go down stream, and I'll go up. But there must be a limit to our search; neither of us had better be away more than ten minutes. If we're not successful within that time we'll abandon the plan."

Plunk went off on his search with more speed than I had ever before seen in his deliberate person. Margaret wished to dismount, and I helped her to the ground, tied her horse to a tree, and started on my hunt up the river. I followed the high bank, looking down on the margin as I went along, but used my ten minutes without success. Turning reluctantly, I started back to the ford hoping that Plunk had had better luck. On the way I espied a path leading down to the river that had escaped my notice on my way out; following it to the brink, there in a little cove partly hidden among bushes was a rickety flat-bottomed punt, fastened to a tree by a chain and a padlock. I smashed the padlock with a stone, then began to look about for the oars, which I felt must be near, and found a couple of short paddles leaning up against a tree. Getting into the punt, I started up the river, and a few strokes, aided by the current, took me down to the ford. Margaret was on the shore waiting, and was overjoyed to see me pulling a boat for Plunk had returned a few moments before empty handed. He loosened his horse, and mounting, rode down to the ford to let the tired beast drink.

"What are you doing?" I asked, surprised.

"I'm going back after that four-faced deserter."

"Never you mind, Lieutenant, I haven't scouted ever since this war began for nothing. When I go back there I'll be somebody different from what I am."

There was no time for debate. Margaret was in the boat, seated in the stern. I began to pull up the stream.

"Good-by," I said to Plunk. "I hope you won't have to take many lies."

"I can't see, Lieutenant," called the corporal, "how 'y' kin ruckence yer composure to takin' another man's boat."

"Oh, go on." And I pulled out of hearing.

XVIII. RIVER FLIGHT. There was no rudder to the boat, but in the bottom we found a barrel stave which answered the purpose. With this Margaret steered and kept a sharp lookout ahead, while I paddled up the river. The moonlight shone on her face, strove to get in among her tresses, kissed her forehead, her lips; while above her the shimmer of the rippling water seemed to my ardent imagination the gold hair of her robe.

"Hark!" she exclaimed. I ceased to row, we both listened and heard a splashing at the ford below. We knew it was the sound of horses in water.

"Muffle the oars." "Tearing off pieces of our clothing, we made mufflers; then I gave way, and we shot up the river, I putting in all my strength, Margaret again keeping a lookout ahead. Suddenly she turned the boat into the mouth of the creek. "There is a boat coming down," she gasped. I pulled up by the shore and waited under the shadow of the trees, and in a few minutes the boat was opposite the mouth of the creek. There were three men in it, two pulling, and one in the stern who appeared to hold tiller-ropes. I could not distinguish the dress of the oarsmen, but the moon glinted on the gold-laced cuffs of the man in the stern, and I knew he was a confederate officer.

skill had the one approaching. There was a parley; we could hear them talking, but not what they said. After a short conference they separated, one continuing down, the other coming up the river. The latter made slow headway, the oarsmen rowed and again ceased to row.

"They are searching the shore," said Margaret. "Pull farther up the creek."

I gave a dozen strokes with a long sweep to each, which sent us around a bend and right under overhanging bushes. The approaching boat turned into the creek as we expected, but came up only a short distance from the mouth. We heard one of them say something about the west shore being nearer the bank, whereupon they left the creek. Pulling out after them cautiously, we saw them making for the other side of the river.

I roved on up, skulking along the east bank, screened occasionally by overhanging trees. The boat ahead of us searched the west bank for awhile; then we heard no more of it. We felt no immediate apprehension till Margaret, who knew the river well, said that we were approaching a ferry. Believing it would be watched, we decided to attempt to pass it, and passed under the branches of a tree for consultation. TO BE CONTINUED.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together. It is the most common, and is supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors prescribed a local and unscientific application of remedies, and for constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven that to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only medicinal cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio, 1237-Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mason Work. I am prepared to furnish estimates and guarantee satisfaction on all kinds of Mason work. C. P. MILLER, Manchester, Iowa.

Healthy, happy babies. Mothers say Rocky Mountain Tea is the greatest baby medicine in the world. 25 cents. -Smith's Pharmacy and Drug Store.

Residence Property for Sale. A good house, barn and large lot in Manchester for sale at a bargain. Long time given on half of purchase money if desired. Inquire of ADRIEN & CARR

Excursion Rates TO THE N. E. IOWA TEACHERS' ASSN Independence, Oct. 19, 20, 21, 1899.

The Northwestern Iowa Teachers' association has become one of the popular educational gatherings of the state, and if we may judge from the program of the Independence conference, it will be one of the most interesting and instructive teachers' meetings ever held in the state. A rate of one and one-half cents on the certificate plan has been made by the Illinois Central Railroad Company from all its points within seventy-five miles of Independence, and the same rate will be made from Chicago and St. Louis. School work are cordially invited to attend. J. F. MERRY, G. P. & A. H. Cent. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

Dixie Flyer to Florida DAILY TO ST. LOUIS ILLINOIS CENTRAL RY., LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN ROUTE and connecting lines by way of

Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta

Through Sleeping Car St. Louis to Jacksonville, Fla. Day Express also leaves St. Louis every morning and carries a through sleeping car, St. Louis to Nashville and Chattanooga, connecting with the through sleeping car to Augusta. Through coach St. Louis to Nashville, this giving

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta and Jacksonville, connecting all principal points in the south-east, such as Charleston, Wilmington, Aiken and Savannah for all points in Florida.

Tickets and full information concerning the above can be had of agents of the Central and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. & A. H. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A. J. HESNER Blacksmith Does a general line of blacksmithing HORSESHOEING and PLOW WORK. All work done in first-class order and guaranteed. Prices reasonable. SHOP, WEST SIDE OF RIVER Near the Bridge.

Good Advice. When you want anything in the line of **Furniture** do not forget to write us or examine our stock and prices. We have no room for shoddy goods, but with forty years of experience can guarantee you honest goods at fair prices. Remember this and you will profit by it.

F. Werkmeister, 3-91 Earville, Iowa.

Eureka Harness Oil on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in cans of all sizes from half pints to five gallons. Made by STANBARD OIL CO.

Angel's Dainty Dyes WON'T STAIN THE HANDS 10c a package. At all dry-goods and grocery stores.

Railroad Time Table.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time Table No. 21, taking effect at 12:30 o'clock noon, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

Main Line Passenger Trains.	
Arrive	Leave
8:45 a. m. No. 31, Clipper	9:30 p. m. No. 32, Clipper
10:30 p. m. No. 31, Clipper	8:45 a. m. No. 32, Clipper
10:30 p. m. No. 1, Flyer	10:30 p. m. No. 2, Flyer
10:30 p. m. No. 2, Flyer	10:30 p. m. No. 1, Flyer

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY. "The Maple Leaf Route." Time card, Toledo, Iowa. Chicago Special, Daily Going North, 7:40 a. m. Day Express, daily except Sunday, 11:30 a. m. Way Freight, daily, 11:30 a. m. Day Express, daily, 11:30 a. m. St. Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily, 8:41 a. m. For information and tickets apply to J. L. O'HARROW, Agent, Toledo.

C. M. St. P. Ry. DELAWARE TIME CARD. North Bound: St. Paul & West. Passenger, 9:00 a. m. Way Freight, 11:30 a. m. South Bound: St. Paul & Kansas City, Pass., 6:07 p. m. Way Freight, 11:30 a. m.

B. C. R. & N. Ry. CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD. MAIN LINE GOING NORTH. Arrive: 7:35 a. m. No. 1, Minneapolis Express, 8:00 a. m. 12:30 p. m. No. 3, Waverly Passenger, 8:30 p. m. 10:30 p. m. No. 5, Chicago & St. Louis Ex., 11:30 p. m. 5:45 a. m. No. 13, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 15, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 17, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 19, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 21, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 23, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 25, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 27, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 29, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 31, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 33, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 35, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 37, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 39, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 41, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 43, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 45, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 47, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. No. 49, Chicago Passenger, 11:45 p. m. 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