

FRESH VEGETABLES AND.....

Strawberries

NOBLE ARNOLD

PANTS!

WE have so many single pants and we are bound to sell them out. In order to do so we have greatly reduced the price on them. We will sell you a HEAVY, ALL WOOL PANTS for



\$1.50, WORTH \$2.75, and The CELEBRATED Madrid Pants for \$2.50. Size, 30 to 50-in. waist measure.

We will give you some of the best bargains you ever had on our heavy goods. Come in and let us show you what we can do for you.

J. H. ALLEN, MANCHESTER, IOWA.

BAKERS' MONACA COFFEES

are not only carefully cleaned, prepared and scientifically roasted, but what is of far greater importance, they are blended by a system exclusively our own and one which insures absolute uniformity. When you have selected a Monaca Brand Coffee, you will find it the same to-morrow, the same next week, the same next year!

HARRY STEWART

The Maid was in the Garden. . . .

hanging out the clothes and met with a most unpleasant accident. Why not send your clothes to the Manchester Steam Laundry to be laundered this save all trouble at home? You can get better work for less money at a first class laundry than you can in any other way. Clothes called for and delivered promptly.

MANCHESTER STEAM LAUNDRY We ask only one trial. PHONE 238

For the quickest and best route to Delaware county homes use the MANCHESTER DEMOCRAT. It is religiously read in the office, the shop, the factory, on the street and in the home. Your ad in its columns is bound to bring business.

Good Bread is half the bill of fare and an evidence of civilized life. Fine flour must be used to make it. The output of the Quaker Mills is not excelled in the world. That's why we carry it, knowing that it is equally good for cakes and pies. These flour are as good as the wheat, and the wheat is always A1. Touching on prices, 100 lbs. for \$1.80.

PETERSON BROS

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Copyright, 1901 by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company

CHAPTER I.—Ronald is the one promise in the household, unappreciated by any of the other members. He had saved the life of a young man, the son of Col. Hasbroke, the county's greatest planter, and who was known as "Carnleigh."

CHAPTER II.—At Carlisle, Jamaica, a Charleston cotton merchant and tutor for the hand of Caroline, Hasbroke's eldest daughter, had been killed by a chance, when she again thanked him for his rescue.

CHAPTER III.—Ronald, returning home with his brother, is overtaken by the Hasbroke trap. Winkie, holding the reins, deliberately to ride Ronald down, the trap coming so near as to knock the basket in his hand to the ground. Ronald determines to have satisfaction.

CHAPTER IV.—The next morning, with two revolvers in his pockets, Ronald makes his way to a place where Winkie may be met. Winkie refuses to fight a man in Ronald's position in life. Ronald beats on humiliating the coward, straps him by the collar and shoulders back to his uncles. Winkie had been gathering down the hills, Ronald saw him carrying a gun. He gives her the buttons and shoulder straps, that they might be put again on the captain's coat.

CHAPTER V.—That night in the drawing-room at Carlisle, Ronald tells the sad story of Mrs. Lancaster, one of his great-grandmothers. In early life, her husband, a Confederate officer, had been killed by a bullet. A little later, his wife, a colored woman, had been killed by a bullet. Ronald gives a colored account of the stroke Evelyn gives him, and how she threatens to tell her father of her being in correspondence with Fanshawe. He decides having learned of the affair in that way, to write a letter and tell him of having the buttons and shoulder straps in his possession.

CHAPTER VI.—One July morning Ronald finds a lynching party. A woman has been murdered. Ronald, in the crowd, is caught with blood-stained hands. The sheriff and his posse are in the swamp. Young Fanshawe determines to thwart the mob.

CHAPTER VII.—The mob beats the swamp, but Ronald goes from man to man, trying to dissuade them from their purpose of lynching the man who captured Evelyn's horse. He writes a note of encouragement, and Mrs. Lancaster, who has been in the house, disapproves, but compromises by writing such a note herself.

CHAPTER VIII.—It is after dark when the fugitive is finally captured. Ronald speaks to the crowd, and the crowd, showing the crowd how small the prisoner is, he lifts the crowd, and the crowd, and is off for the jail at Danube. Evelyn, thinking of the mob, finds himself shivering, and she watches the road until the early morning, she sees him safely return to his home.

"I thought I saw him fall off," said Evelyn. "Oh, if—if he is dead!" Evelyn's voice broke. They were both silent for a few minutes and then they saw the torches going out one by one. The people were going home. There could be no doubt now. Something had happened. Ronald's voice was heard no more; could it be stifled forever? Then they heard the trap returning. The two women advanced to the steps as the horses were reined in at the door. The occupants alighted.

CHAPTER IX.—The guests and family at Carlisle usually came down to breakfast irregularly, but this morning by eight o'clock they were all at the table, including Evelyn. The colonel, who had been out for an early business walk with one of his overseers, was the last to sit down. And as he took his place at the head of the table he had the air of a man anxious to be questioned. He had picked up a piece of news.

"Well," he began, with twinkling eyes, "it seems that Ronald Fanshawe was not spending his breath and riding his horse to death for nothing."

"So he reached the jail all right, did he?" inquired Mr. Hardy, as he put a spoonful of whipped cream into his coffee.

"Oh, yes, he made that trip all right, but the news has just come from Wilkin Station, on the other side of the mountain, that a negro has been arrested who has already confessed to the crime of killing the old woman."

"So the boy was innocent, after all?" cried Hardy.

"Yes," the sheriff babbled the wrong bird at the start, and if it had not been for Fanshawe's body would have been swinging at the sport of the wind this morning."

"And a widowed mother would have been without her son, put in Mrs. Lancaster, with telling effect.

"Fanshawe did only what any man would have done who believed in the prisoner's innocence," said Capt. Winkie, with an icy smile at no one in particular.

"But Mrs. Lancaster was more than a match for him. 'It's only what one man did do,' she retorted. Thereupon Winkie stirred his coffee in moody silence.

"I am sorry it was Ronald Fanshawe who is to get all the credit," remarked Caroline Hasbroke, coldly. "Since he has taken up the study of law it looks as if he has a pretty good idea of his importance. This danger coming to a pretty pass when such people as you are always get into the professions usually held by gentlemen."

"Don't kick against the pricks!" it was a favorite expression of her father's. "The common people have been rising into prominence since the birth of creation."

"And the better class has been degenerating," remarked Mr. Hardy, with a slow smile. "As far as I am concerned, I'd rather employ a man like Fanshawe to defend me, if I were on trial for my life, than some man with more ancestry and less individual force."

"Bravo! bien dit!" applauded Mrs. Lancaster, and she rose to accompany Evelyn out on the lawn.

The dew lay as heavy as raindrops on the grass and hung like scintillating gems from the gorgeous hollyhocks, the red-tips, and the roses flared like billows of red on the silvery greenward of the sloping terraces. Mrs. Lancaster was first to break the silence.

"I need not tell you I'm glad that boy was innocent," she began. "I am especially glad because it emphasizes the nobility of Mr. Fanshawe's act. I am going to drive over to his house in the pony cart this morning. I have something to say to him."

Evelyn raised her great eyes in astonishment, but she uttered no comment. Mrs. Lancaster's voice shook perceptibly as she went on:

"Nothing has ever affected me so powerfully as all this has. Last night the impassioned fervor of his voice while he was speaking down there brought back some of the ten-

risky move I ever saw. Pretending that he wanted the people in the edge of the crowd to see how small the prisoner was, he lifted the little fellow onto his horse in front of him, and, before any one suspected what he was up to, he had wheeled his horse and was off like the wind. Syd Hart pulled his revolver and aimed it at Fanshawe's neck, but Dave Fanshawe nodded the weapon up, and it went off without harming any one. Then Dave held a pistol at Hart's head and dared him to stir a muscle. This quarrel drew the attention of the mob from the prisoner and Fanshawe here him away without any opposition.

The sheriff followed at his heels. They have gone with him to the jail in Danube. He'll be safe there."

Evelyn was closely watching Winkie; she had read him better than had her father.

"It was the noblest deed I ever heard of," she said, exultingly.

Winkie responded with a shrug and a frown.

"Fanshawe will pay well for it, in all probability," he said, sullenly.

Despite her habitual command over her emotions Evelyn's face fell, but she did not gratify her enemy by replying to his thrust.

Her father agreed with Winkie. "It is not over yet by any means. Syd and that will certainly be bent on revenge, and Fanshawe will be their target. I never saw a more malignant countenance than Hart's."

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "I guess he will lie in wait for Fanshawe on his return from Danube."

Growled suddenly faint, Evelyn turned into the hall. Mr. Hardy's voice followed her and beat pleasantly on her ears. "I certainly do not see what sort of courage," he was saying, "Fanshawe has the right kind of grit. It's a pity the world has not more men like him."

Evelyn's window commanded a view of the road leading from Danube to Fanshawe's house, and the remainder of the night, sleepless and distraught, she sat gazing across the fields at a spot she knew he must pass on his way home.

And there, in that awful still suspense, she read her heart as she had never read it before.

"Yes," she confessed to herself, aloud, because she loved to hear her own voice pronouncing a truth which seemed to have quickened her soul into a new and higher life. "Yes, I love him! I love him!"

About five o'clock, after it had grown light—when the sky in the east was turning golden—her long vigil was rewarded. Moving along the road, with a tired step, she saw a white horse, and a moment later she recognized the rider. Then she put her hand to her face and burst into tears of relief.

An hour later, with a mother's solicitude, Mrs. Lancaster stole into her room and found her eldest son, head resting on the bare wooden board. The good woman comprehended it all, and, raising the girl's face, she kissed her eyelids till they opened.

"Is he safe?" Evelyn's first words, "I saw him coming home. I intended to go to bed then, but I was saying my prayers here when I fell asleep."

Mrs. Lancaster's lips twitched sympathetically as she put Evelyn to bed and sat by her stroking her brow until sleep came again. Then she laid her hand on her chin resting in her hand, quite thoughtful.

"I really don't know which way my duty lies," she mused. "She loves him just as I should have done at her age, and she suffers and gives him up as I suffered when he was torn out of my life."

The guests and family at Carlisle usually came down to breakfast irregularly, but this morning by eight o'clock they were all at the table, including Evelyn. The colonel, who had been out for an early business walk with one of his overseers, was the last to sit down. And as he took his place at the head of the table he had the air of a man anxious to be questioned. He had picked up a piece of news.

"Well," he began, with twinkling eyes, "it seems that Ronald Fanshawe was not spending his breath and riding his horse to death for nothing."

"So he reached the jail all right, did he?" inquired Mr. Hardy, as he put a spoonful of whipped cream into his coffee.

"Oh, yes, he made that trip all right, but the news has just come from Wilkin Station, on the other side of the mountain, that a negro has been arrested who has already confessed to the crime of killing the old woman."

"So the boy was innocent, after all?" cried Hardy.

"Yes," the sheriff babbled the wrong bird at the start, and if it had not been for Fanshawe's body would have been swinging at the sport of the wind this morning."

"And a widowed mother would have been without her son, put in Mrs. Lancaster, with telling effect.

"Fanshawe did only what any man would have done who believed in the prisoner's innocence," said Capt. Winkie, with an icy smile at no one in particular.

"But Mrs. Lancaster was more than a match for him. 'It's only what one man did do,' she retorted. Thereupon Winkie stirred his coffee in moody silence.

"I am sorry it was Ronald Fanshawe who is to get all the credit," remarked Caroline Hasbroke, coldly. "Since he has taken up the study of law it looks as if he has a pretty good idea of his importance. This danger coming to a pretty pass when such people as you are always get into the professions usually held by gentlemen."

"Don't kick against the pricks!" it was a favorite expression of her father's. "The common people have been rising into prominence since the birth of creation."

"And the better class has been degenerating," remarked Mr. Hardy, with a slow smile. "As far as I am concerned, I'd rather employ a man like Fanshawe to defend me, if I were on trial for my life, than some man with more ancestry and less individual force."

"Bravo! bien dit!" applauded Mrs. Lancaster, and she rose to accompany Evelyn out on the lawn.

derest and saddest recollections of my young married life. It reminded me of a speech in favor of secession that my husband made, just before the war broke out. There seemed to be a ring in Mr. Fanshawe's tones like my husband's. It may have been only my imagination, and the great distance, but it drove me nearly wild with the old pain. And last night in thinking of Mr. Fanshawe's danger, it seemed to be my husband who was in peril. Really, I did not sleep a wink. I went to the window a hundred times. I saw Mr. Fanshawe returning this morning, and then I drew my first easy breath. Evelyn (Mrs. Lancaster was gazing into the girl's eyes) "what is the matter with both of you?"

Evelyn shook her head; her rich, abundant hair glistening like threads of burnished gold in the sun.

"I know what's the matter with me," she said, with a little laugh. "I hope something else is wrong with you."

Mrs. Lancaster sighed. "When I get back from his house I may tell you what I am going for, but I shall not now. I shall not now."

Mrs. Lancaster had several times taken short drives in the pony cart, which was always at the disposal of the guests of Carlisle, and so, when she ordered it out at ten o'clock, no one was surprised when she drove up near the dilapidated domicile of the Fanshaws she began to shrink from her intentions. The place certainly presented a torn-down, forbidding aspect. In front, not twenty yards from the house, ran a high, ragged fence and a gate that sagged to the earth. The roof of the porch was low and flat, dank and moss-grown, and on it lay some pieces of ragged old clothing on which two or three cats lay sleeping in the sun. The two sisters half lay, half sat on the porch, and Mrs. Fanshawe stood in the front doorway, her dull gaze on the cart and its inmate. The dogs sprang up and barked and ran barking furiously to the gate, and Mrs. Fanshawe, thinking that the lady had stopped to ask some question about the road, as passers-by often did, shuffled down the steps and out to the cart and assisted her to her seat. She dogged back, and then leaned over the gate expectantly.

"I called to see Mr. Ronald Fanshawe," announced the visitor; "is he at home?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Fanshawe; "he was up in his room just now. Won't you light an' come in?"

The room into which the aristocratic caller was ushered had a worn carpet from the door to the fireplace, and the walls were covered with several warped chromos and crudely enlarged crayon portraits of Fanshawe and his wife, also photographs of every member of the family—except Ronald, who had never cared to have his picture taken. Mrs. Fanshawe gave the visitor a turkey-wing fan, and brought in some fresh water. Mrs. Lancaster was slipping it from the edge of the big cracked table when Ronald came down the narrow creaking stairs and entered the room.

"You may not know who I am," began Mrs. Lancaster, as she stood waiting for him to resume her chair, and she had risen and given him her hand.

"You may rest assured, madam, that everybody in this neighborhood knows you, at least by sight. The poor and needy have good cause for remembering you."

She started at the sound of his voice and stared at him for fully a minute; her eyes were expanded in surprise, and she seemed unable to reply to his compliment. She put her handkerchief to her quivering lips, and when she finally spoke it was with a visible effort at self-control.

"I hope you will pardon me," she faltered, "but your voice is so like that of a dear one who was taken from me a long time ago—my husband's voice—that I could not help during the war. Last night when I heard you speaking in the distance I was reminded of him, and now—oh! it is very silly of me, but—you can't imagine how much your voice resembles his, and—(the speaker swallowed something which seemed to stick in her throat)—then your hair, and eyes, and hands remind me of his so—so very much."

Ronald had flushed red, and seemed at a loss how to proceed. "I am sorry," he said, finally, "if any features of mine bring up sad recollections."

"I am a silly goose," the visitor said, with a little laugh, which was not yet over when she received the note I wrote you yesterday?"

Ronald bowed. "It was the one thing which sustained me—made me work on to the end. I almost lost hope yesterday afternoon. There was not a word on my side, and the sheriff was afraid to open his mouth. A dozen men had threatened to kill me."

His auditor was bending towards him, feasting on his features with wide-open eyes and hands tightly clasped in front of him.

"I was almost sorry I advised you to try to save him, Mr. Fanshawe, when the climax was reached and I realized your own peril; but now that you have triumphed I am glad I wrote you—oh, so glad! For your work last night has shown me what a noble man you are, and—"

"I think," he said, seeing that she was not going to proceed, "that the usual haste in such matters is not due to the evil natures of these people, but to a certain inability to believe in the innocence of a man accused as this one was."

"It is certainly good of you to defend them as you do," said the old lady, her eyes still bent eagerly, searchingly on his face. "You have heard perhaps of the capture and confession of the real criminal?"

He told her he had just received the news.

"Then," she went on, "the boy will be released, will he not?"

"Oh, at once, of course!"

"Do you intend to see him before he leaves?"

Ronald told her he was going to ride to town and persuade the prisoner to finish his journey by rail.

"Ah, an old glad, for that is what I came to see you about. I have brought him a little gift; I understand his mother is old and needy. I hope it will not trouble you to deliver it to him."

"I shall do it with a great deal of pleasure," he said, and he brought her a little gift; I understand his mother is old and needy. I hope it will not trouble you to deliver it to him."

"There is another thing, Mr. Fanshawe," she faltered. "I hope you will forgive me if I am presuming, but since I have heard how hard you are struggling to fit yourself for your chosen profession I have been ashamed of myself for the idle, aimless life I am leading. I have far more money than I can use, even if I were young, and you see I am getting old. If you would only allow me to instruct my banker to—"

He understood what she intended to say and the flush which had died out of his handsome face returned.

"It is most kind of you," he interrupted, "and under some circumstances I might be glad to avail myself of your benevolence, but in my struggles I have found out that all the toil, all the saving, all the deprivations have really been best for me. Besides the worst has passed. I find myself pretty weary of admittance to the bar, and I have really saved up enough to defray my simple expenses for a year or so until I can get started."

Mrs. Lancaster looked crestfallen, but she did not press her point.

"Then I can only hope and pray that all success may come your way, and perfect happiness" (she suddenly thought of Evelyn and sighed).

He seemed to be reading her thoughts, for he started and a grave expression took hold of his features. The color ran out of his face.

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

"I have made up my mind," he said, simply, "that I am never to have ideal happiness—the sort of happiness that comes to some fortunate people and never to others."

Railroad Time Table. ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND MAIN LINE EAST BOUND

Chicago Special, Daily Going East, 7:40 a.m. Day Express, Daily Going East, 8:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going East, 9:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going East, 10:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going East, 11:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 12:30 p.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 1:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 2:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 3:30 p.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 4:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 5:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 6:30 p.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 7:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 8:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 9:30 p.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 10:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 11:30 p.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 12:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 1:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 2:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 3:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 4:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 5:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 6:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 7:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 8:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 9:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 10:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 11:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 12:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 1:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 2:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 3:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 4:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 5:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 6:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 7:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 8:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 9:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 10:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 11:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 12:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 1:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 2:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 3:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 4:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 5:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 6:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 7:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 8:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 9:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 10:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 11:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 12:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 1:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 2:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 3:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 4:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 5:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 6:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 7:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 8:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 9:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 10:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 11:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 12:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 1:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 2:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 3:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 4:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Louis, Daily Going West, 5:30 a.m. Chicago & St. Paul, Daily Going West, 6:30 a.m. Chicago & Kansas City, Daily Going West, 7:30 a.m. Chicago