

# STOUT'S CLOTHING HOUSE

OUR SPRING STOCK OF HATS IS HERE!

The Names  
**LONGLEY STETSON**



are so well known to buyers of hats that we can not say anything that would add to their reputation for style and quality.



This line is replete with all the seasons novelties in shapes and colors.

**Enough Said to Wise Heads.**

**You Buy Johnson's Pure Cider Vinegar.**

**Also a Pure Rymalt Vinegar For Pickles.**

THE BEST IN THE LAND. You are destroying your health as well as your brain, by using ACID VINEGAR. Try Ours. None Better.

GOOD GOODS AT RIGHT PRICES.  
**CAL. ATKINSON, Grocer.**

**IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE BEST**

in the way of Vehicles, Buggies, Spring wagons and Lumber wagons or any special job in this line.

**WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT!**  
Anything in our line that can or cannot be had anywhere else we can manufacture on short notice.

**WORK POSITIVELY GUARANTEED**  
It must also not be forgotten that we keep constantly on hand everything pertaining to a buggy or wagon and do all kinds of repairing, having expert men in all the departments required for carriage and wagon building.

**POSITIVELY**  
TEN TO FIFTEEN DOLLARS CAN BE SAVED on every vehicle by making your purchases of us.

**WE DO AS WE ADVERTISE**

**Kennedy Buggy Co.**

**Ladies!** Do You Contemplate Cleaning Your Lace Curtains?

IF SO, We guarantee to clean them, Make Them Look As Good As New, and not damage them in the least, and the price will be right at

**The Manchester Laundry.**

**A SAVORY AROMA**  
that is an appetizer, as well as a tickler of the palate, arises from the rich and nourishing soups that are made for the edification of the epicure and will suit the pocketbook of the economical. Our fine canned soups, as well as our choice canned goods of all descriptions, are of the best brands, and all of recent canning, fresh, nourishing and palatable.

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**Flour! Flour!**

We have the BEST FLOUR on the market, and are well pleased with our trade on same. We are here to please the trade on all kinds of Groceries.

**Try Our 90 cent Flour. Its a Hammer.**

Come in and take a sack home with you and be convinced.  
**A. B. WATERS,**  
SUCCESSOR TO NOBLE ARNOLD.

# The QUEEN'S ROSES

By S. Lovett Yeats

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"Ah, well, that is their affair. I'll drop a consoling jest in Lorgnac's ear and be off. Au revoir!"

"Au revoir!"

In a few steps I was across the road and beside Lorgnac. He was standing, looking the picture of dejection, between two stalwart archers.

"Oh, ho, mon ami!" I exclaimed as I embraced him. "So you have engaged plots for the chateau?"

The archers laughed at this reference to them, but Lorgnac seized his chance and whispered quickly in my ear:

"The horse is in the stable behind Barou's shop. There is a chance by the window. And he slipped a key into my hand."

"Never fear," I answered loudly. "You shall be free tonight. I shall see my gossip Henri, and we shall finish up D'Arbois of mine before tomorrow morning. Adieu, then, until we meet."

And, waving my hand to Crequy, I turned back and walked off at a rapid pace. Pompon once more following at my heels.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
**HOW POMPON SAVED A QUEEN.**

There are times when thought and action have to move together like lightning, when, if there is but a flicker of halt or hesitation, the result is disaster, and never such a moment had come to me it had arrived now.

I thank God that, notwithstanding the tumult in my heart, I kept my head clear and my nerve steady in the crisis before me. It is true I held a great card. No one suspected me, except, perhaps, D'Armon, and he was mistaken. No one suspected me, except, perhaps, D'Armon, and he was mistaken. No one suspected me, except, perhaps, D'Armon, and he was mistaken.

I waited not a moment myself. I did not even answer Lorgnac, but pressed forward on the track of the spy and overtook D'Armon in the Rue Montorgueil. He was walking slowly, looking carefully about him, as if he had missed his prey, and was waiting toward the Clapetonne, the next turning to the right would bring him to the Tire Boudin. But, as I said, he hesitated and, standing on tiptoes, kept trying to look over the heads of the crowd.

I walked past him rapidly, brushing against him as I did so, and turned with an apology that broke into an exclamation of surprised recognition.

"Your pardon, monsieur! Hei! Can I believe my eyes? Is it you, D'Armon?"

"Yes—yes," he stammered uneasily. "I have business, M. Le Brusquet. Another day." And he would have hastened on, but I stood in his path, saying instantly:

"At the Cabarets? Well, so have I. Come and drink and tell me how the air of Paris has become healthy for you once more."

He grew red at my words; but, to do him justice, he kept his temper, though he said coldly enough:

"Monsieur, I have said I have business."

But I laughed and cut in upon his speech.

"And so have I. Everybody's business is a jester's business. Come and drink!"

He thought I was in my cups and still preserved his coolness.

"And he pressed on. But I stuck like a fly to him, buzzing in his ear.

"Tell me," I said loudly—"you appear to be on your feet again. Does the Spanish ambassador pay well?"

"Not now," he replied, with a curse, and turned on me, shaking with anger.

"Begone, fool!" he shouted, his hand on the hilt of his poniard. But I slipped back nimbly, my drawn rapier pointed at him, and in a moment a crowd had gathered around us. He was no coward and would certainly not have shrunk from an affair, but now it was absolutely necessary for him to have his hands free. He glanced around him and then made a mistake. He attempted to dash across the road to the other side and escape me. On the instant I had raised the cry "Stop thief!" and the crowd was on his heels.

You all know the good people of Paris. Not now, but in a moment a crowd was raised. It fared so with D'Armon. The spy had barely got across the Clapetonne when he was surrounded by a shrieking, howling mob, and a mob, too, of the artisans and workers of the Halles. He drew his sword and swept it round him, but they only gave way to form in closer behind him.

And now stones and other missiles began to fly and the rattles of the watch to be heard. I caught one glimpse of D'Armon. He had backed up against the wall near a street lamp. His chest was cut and bleeding, and his dress torn and soiled. He was trying to shout something, but his voice was weakly and he had fallen to the ground.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" was shrieked and howled around him, and then some one brought him down with a stone from a window, and he fell beneath a struggling heap of men.

I had no pity for the villain. He was one of the worst of his class and deserved death at the lamp-post. On the whole, he got off easily enough, though he was marked for life, and it was many a long day ere the "captains' limbs lost their soreness."

He was disposed of, at any rate. So leaving him to the tender mercies of the crowd and of the watch, who hurried up, I went rapidly on toward the Rue Tire Boudin, where Lorgnac's house stood. It was but a short way from the Clapetonne, and on reaching the entrance to the street I halted for a moment, as if to examine the display in the window of a pastry cook's shop, although my eyes were fixed anywhere but on his tarts and cakes. The moon was out, full and clear, and its light fell like a broad silver disk between the two rows of dark and silent houses that raised their gray and mottled walls on either side of the street. There were but few passers-by, but it seemed to me that there was an uninvited crowd near the door of the house where Lorgnac lived, which I could make out vaguely, for it lay about a third of the way down the street.

I took a step into the road and stopped as if to examine the display in the window of a pastry cook's shop, although my eyes were fixed anywhere but on his tarts and cakes. The moon was out, full and clear, and its light fell like a broad silver disk between the two rows of dark and silent houses that raised their gray and mottled walls on either side of the street. There were but few passers-by, but it seemed to me that there was an uninvited crowd near the door of the house where Lorgnac lived, which I could make out vaguely, for it lay about a third of the way down the street.

as a cat, and hand over hand I swarmed up the rope, at last gaining the narrow foothold of the ledge. The window was at least six feet from me, and I had to cross this space ere I came to it.

Holding on to the brickwork, I slipped the noose from the griffin's head and then slowly and carefully made my perilous way to the window, the rope clutched in one hand and getting as much support as I could from the cracks between the bricks, where the cement had loosened and fallen away.

When, afterward, I looked at what I had done, my blood ran cold at the very idea of it, but now I went without fear, without a single thought of anything but those whom I was striving to save. And, yes, those whose horses I had heard—I heard them again now clear and distinct. I was not a moment too soon. I boldly stood on the ledge and looked in at the window. It was a large room, and about my feet lay a man's face it shone on his. Oh, it was a mad thing to do, but she was a child, not 18, and he but five and twenty.

So earnestly were they talking that they did not hear me, though I stood boldly at the window, and it was only when I had sprung lightly into the room that they became aware of my presence. Mary rose to her feet with a gasp, and she turned to her face, but Conde sprang at me without a word. I seized his wrists like a vise and said in a voice cracked with emotion:

"You are betrayed! There is only one chance now, and that is to escape. The foot struggled still, and, prince of the blood though he was, I cursed him to his face."

"Will you lose all? Hark!" And the flare of a trumpet from the street came to my ears, and I saw the light of a torch.

He understood now, but his presence of mind had left him.

"My God!" he cried. "What can I do to save you?" And he turned to Mary.

To give him a moment's thought but she, and he rushed to her side, where she stood staring at us, with a white face and large, frightened eyes.

The door of the room was open. As I ran to it I heard a battering blow.

"To the window!" I cried. "Quick! To the window!"

His senses were coming back to him, and he half dragged and half carried Mary to the window. I closed and locked the heavy oak door and, turning, saw Conde handling the rope I had thrown on the floor at my entrance. He had grasped at the chance of escape. But I would take no risk of failure. I was by his side in a moment and snatched the halter from his hands.

"Put out the light!" I said, and as he did so I ran a noose round the neck of the balustrade across the window and dropped the rope outside. Then, turning to Conde, I said, "Descend and hold the rope taut below." The words were scarcely out of my mouth when we heard the dull report of an arquebus.

"They have blown in the lock!"

But he needed no bidding. He was not good at climbing, but somehow he managed it, and I felt the rope tighten. He was safe below.

"Mademoiselle," I said, turning to Mary. I pretended not to know her, but she shrieked back.

"I cannot! I cannot! Let them manage it. And her words were followed by a crash, as the door above us opened, and I heard the sound of many feet. Then I did what I have never done to woman before or after. The strength of ten possessed me. I took her in my arms like a child and, holding her round the waist with one hand, began the descent. She seemed to be as light as a feather, and the window and door closed as I got out.

"The rope was as I, else I had never succeeded. But we completed the descent as we heard them hammering at the door, and a voice—it was the king's—called out:

"An arquebus, an arquebus!"

Along the waterway on the roof of the store we ran like hares, Pompon leading, and we had just gained the stable and I had put out the light when we heard the door of the room from which we had escaped being forced in. They would see the rope, I knew, and we were still not safe. I whispered hastily to Conde:

"Take the horse and ride for your life. On the Porte St. Honoré."

He was himself a gentleman, and the Bourbon never had the poltroon fever. He drew the girtha, bent down and kissed Mary's hand and mounted in the stable. As I held the door open for him, he said to me, saying:

"Monsieur, I swear."

But the hot anger blazed within me at the man who could risk a woman's fair fame as he had done at the stable. I said, "waste no time in vows." "Is only a promise you think you can break his word without dishonor." And following my words came yells and shouts from the window.

They had found the rope.

"Conde is a coward," but bent his head and gave Cartouche the signal, and we heard him clatter down the street, and I caught Mary's hand, and we ran out together. I took her northward, through passage and alley, until I felt her feet, and then I stopped, for she was breathless and almost fainting. But we were safe. No one would recognize a queen in the slight, gray clad figure that clung to a jester's arm of the two, followed by a small brown man, who went down the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, passed behind the magazine of the Louvre and at last came to the gate below the riding school. Once past that we were safe indeed, for my little key would open the terrace wicket, and then all would be well.

"Take my arm," I said. "Look as much like a servant woman of the palace as your highness can."

She did so without a word. As we came to the fountain, whose horse hood was drawn well over her face.

"Good!" I answered. "I shall be in

time for the king's supper. Come, my queen."

I felt her shrink at the word, but she played her part bravely and tripped by my side as we passed the gate. We were not a moment too soon, for as we turned the shrubberies a horseman dashed up, and I heard him call out to the sentry. It was Crequy.

"Has any one gone this way?"

"We stopped in the shadow of the trees and listened. We dare not stir."



Holding her round the waist with one arm, I began the descent.

for it would mean crossing a bright patch of moonlight, where, for certain, we would be seen.

"Yes, monsieur—Le Brusquet, his ape and a girl—she looked pretty."

"And you did not stop them?"

"Monsieur, the gates are free until 10, and, besides, Le Brusquet has an evil sword, and he called her my queen."

"Ha, ha, ha!" And Crequy's merry laugh rang out, while my companion stepped her foot on the stone steps.

"Three very good reasons, but the first is the best. Hark! Close the gates at once. Let none pass in or out."

"Yes, monsieur."

And then Crequy, turning his horse's head, rode off at a canter.

As he did so I drew the inflexible from his act.

"The king is not back yet, your highness. We are safe."

Then we crossed the garden in silence, and I saw the little wicket leading to the ladies' terrace. I opened it with my key, and when we had gone up the steps and reached the platform of the terrace she stopped, and we faced each other.

"I shall never forget that night when we two stood there alone, the quiet moon looking down on us, the silver light, the shadowy trees and the scent of the roses that came to us with the breeze."

I saw my queen's eyes shining upon me, I knelt at her feet.

"Your highness will forgive me my freedom of speech and all I have done. But there was no other way, and you are safe now."

She drew her head back and looked down upon me with her glorious eyes, and then, stretching out her hand, raised me to my feet.

"M. de Besme," she said, "God has let me know today what a true gentleman he is. Keep these in memory of Mary of Scotland."

With these words she detached the two red roses she wore at the neck of her dress and placed them in my hands, and she went to the table before me, I heard a step outside my door and then a knock. I knew it was

"Enter!" I cried, and Lorgnac came in. His face was beaming, his eyes bright in gold. And I owe you 40 crowns." Saying this, he counted the money out on the table and fell to laughing again.

"Come," he said, "tell me your story."

I told him all, omitting only the mention of the roses, and when I had done he went to the little box where Pompon lay wearied and asleep. He looked at the ape long and earnestly and muttered:

"You shall have a collar of gold, mon ami, for you have saved a queen."

Then he came back, and we spoke for awhile gaily of many things, for our hearts were full of one thing which we did not dare to speak of even to one another.

At last he rose to go. As he stood at the door wishing me good night he hesitated a little and then went on:

"It is good night and goodby, Le Brusquet. The king has forgiven me, and I leave tomorrow with dispatches to Coligny."

"Helm!" I said. "The treaty of Vaucelles is waste paper. Good luck and good fortune!"

I waited until his footsteps had died away. He was wearing his willow hat and like a gentleman. Then I went back to look at the queen's roses.

But six days after Coligny had attacked Douai and stormed Lens and the king had declared war against Spain.

**Womanly "Tenderness."**

"Don't talk to me of the tenderness of woman's heart," said the man who played her part bravely and tripped by my side as we passed the gate. "She hasn't any. I was traveling recently on a through train to New York from the west, and in the morning, just after most of us had dressed and were sitting in the end of the car, the conductor came and called two men away. One of them belonged to an intelligent and well-dressed woman sitting opposite me, and when he came back she asked him what the conductor wanted."

"Why?" and the man looked up, "the man in lower 8 has been found dead."

"The woman's eyes widened, and I thought she was going to say something sweet and sympathetic, but she didn't. What she said was:

"Why, how thoughtless of him, in a car with all these women too?"

"Don't talk to me about women,"—Washington Post.

**National Hatreds.**

King Joseph, in one of his letters, tells his imperial brother of France that the people of Naples have begun to love their new sovereign, and that they hate the old queen. To this Napoleon replies by cynically advising his brother not to believe any of the nonsense talked by courtiers as regards popular likes or dislikes for particular individuals. They are more evanescent expressions of feeling upon which it is quite unsafe to depend. "What," he adds, "one nation really hates is another nation." We fear that there is a profound truth in this saying. National hatreds are never obliterated, though they are sometimes temporarily concealed by the personal popularity which a particular man or woman may gain in a foreign country.—Saturday Review.

**Brussels Luce.**

After Waterloo M. Trayaux, a leading lace merchant, turned his warehouse into a hospital for British soldiers. Such virtue was not left to be its own reward. His good action was noted abroad, and when the stream of tourists set in again all the English made it a point of honor to buy lace of him; hence in a few years his fortune was made.

Many attempts have been made to make brussels lace away from Brussels, always though without success. Through the mechanical processes are strictly followed, something in the air or water or soil gives a hallmark that nothing else can attain.

**The Wonderful Number Seven.**

Seven is a number of great prominence and singularity. There are seven planets, seven metals, seven colors and seven tastes; there are seven principal virtues—three divine and four cardinal; there are seven days in the week and seven ages of man; there are seven windows through which the ordinary senses are exercised—the eyes, the ears, the nostrils and the mouth; there are seven liberal arts, seven sciences and seven notes in music; the seventh son is a wonder, and the seventh son of a seventh son is simply marvelous in his healing powers.

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Manchester, Iowa.

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**Ladies and Gents Gold Watch**  
in all sizes kinds and styles,  
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Come and see the many things we have not space to list.  
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**Is Loaning Money as cheap**  
as any person or Corporation.

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A house and lot in one of the best residential portions of city of Manchester for sale cheap and on easy terms. Good building site. Enquire at DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

**Railroad Time Table.**  
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.  
Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 7:55 a.m.
No. 10:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 7:25 a.m.
No. 10:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 6:55 a.m.
No. 9:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 6:25 a.m.
No. 9:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 5:55 a.m.
No. 8:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 5:25 a.m.
No. 8:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 4:55 a.m.
No. 7:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 4:25 a.m.
No. 7:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 3:55 a.m.
No. 6:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 3:25 a.m.
No. 6:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 2:55 a.m.
No. 5:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 2:25 a.m.
No. 5:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 1:55 a.m.
No. 4:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 1:25 a.m.
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No. 2:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 7:55 a.m.
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No. 5:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 6:55 a.m.
No. 4:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 6:25 a.m.
No. 4:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 5:55 a.m.
No. 3:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 5:25 a.m.
No. 3:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 4:55 a.m.
No. 2:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 4:25 a.m.
No. 2:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 3:55 a.m.
No. 1:45 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 3:25 a.m.
No. 1:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 2:55 a.m.
No. 10:45 a.m.	Fast Train	No. 2:25 a.m.
No. 10:15 a.m.	Fast Train	No. 1:55 a.m.
No. 9:4		