The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER VI.

I WAS quite dazed for the moment.

"A crowd of them in my room!" I repeated. "A crowd of whom, Mrs. Fitch?"

"A crowd of reporters! They've been worrying my life out. They seemed to think I had you hid somewhere. I hope you're not in trouble, Mr. Lester?"

"Not the least in the world, my dear madam," I laughed. And I breathed a long sigh of relief, for I had feared I know not what disaster. "I'll soon finish with the reporters." And I went on up the stair.

Long before I reached my rooms I heard the clatter of voices and caught the odor of various qualities of tobacco. They were lolling about over the furniture, telling stories, I suppose, and they greeted me with a cheer when I entered. They were such jovial fellows that it was quite impossible to feel angry with them. And, besides, I knew that they were gentlemen; that they labored early and late at meager salaries for the pure love of the work; that they were quick to scent fraud or trickery or unworthiness and inexorable in exposing it; that they loved to do good anonymously, remaining utterly unknown save to the appreciative few behind the scenes. So I returned their greeting smilingly and sat me down in a chair which one of them obligingly vacated for me.

"Well?" I began, looking about at them.

"My dear Mr. Lester," said the one who had given me the chair, "permit me to introduce myself as Rankin of the Planet. These gentlemen"—and he included them in a wide gesture—"are my colleagues of the press. We've been anxiously awaiting you here in order that we may propound to you certain questions."

"All right; fire away," I said.

"First, we'd like to have your theory of the crime. Your work this afternoon convinced us that you know how to put two and two together, which is more than can be said for the ordinary mortal. The public will want to know your theory—the great public."

"Oh, but I haven't any theory," I protested; "Besides, I don't think the great public is especially interested in me. You see, gentlemen, I'm quite out of the case. When we cleared Miss Holladay our connection with it ended."

"But is Miss Holladay cleared?" he persisted. "Is it not quite conceivable that in those two hours she was absent

They greeted me with a cheer when I entered.

from her carriage she may have changed her gown, gone to her father's office, and then changed back again? In that case, would she not naturally have chosen a green gown, since she never wore green?"

"Oh, nonsense!" I cried. "That's puerile. Either she would disguise herself effectually or not at all. I suppose if you were going to commit a capital crime you would merely put on a high hat because you never wear one! I'll tell you this much: I'm morally certain that Miss Holladay is quite innocent; so, I believe, is the district attorney."

"But how about the note, Mr. Lester? What did it contain?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that, you know. It's none of my business."

"But you ought to treat us all alike," he protested.

"I do treat you all alike."

"But didn't Godfrey get it out of you?"

"Godfrey!" I repeated. "Get it out of me?"

He stared at me in astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Lester," he questioned, "that you haven't been spending the evening with Jim Godfrey of the Record?"

Then, in a flash, I understood, and as I looked at the rueful faces of the men gathered about me I laughed until the tears came.

"So it was you," I gasped, "who chased us up Broadway?"

He nodded.

"Yes, but our horses weren't good enough. Where did he take you?"

"To the Studio—Sixth avenue."

"Of course!" he cried, slapping his leg. "We might have known. Boys, we'd better go back to Podunk."

"Well, at least, Mr. Lester," spoke up another, "you oughtn't to give Godfrey a scoop."

"But I didn't give him a scoop. I didn't even know who he was."

"Didn't you tell him what was in the note?"

"Not a word of it. I told him only one thing."

"And what was that?"

"That the person who wrote the note didn't know that Rogers was color blind. You are welcome to that statement too. You see, I'm treating you all alike."

They stood about me staring down at me, silent with astonishment.

"But," I added, "I think Godfrey suspects what was in the note."

"Why?"

"Well, his theory fits it pretty closely."

"His theory! What is his theory, Mr. Lester?"

"Oh, come," I laughed. "That's telling. It's a good theory too."

They looked at each other, and, I fancied, gnashed their teeth.

"He seems a pretty clever fellow," I added, just to pile up the agony. "I fancy you'll say so, too, when you see his theory in tomorrow's paper."

"Clever!" cried Rankin. "Why, he's a very fiend of cleverness when it comes to a case of this kind. We're not in the same class with him. He's a fancy fellow—just the Record kind. You're sure you didn't tell him anything else, Mr. Lester?" he added anxiously. "Godfrey's capable of getting a story out of a fence post."

"No, I'm quite sure I didn't tell him anything else. I only listened to his theory with great interest."

"And assented to it?"

"I said I thought it plausible."

An electric shock seemed to run around the room.

"That's it!" cried Rankin. "That's what he wanted. Now, it isn't his theory any more. It's yours. Oh, I can see his headlines! Won't you tell us what it was?"

I looked up at him.

"Now, frankly, Mr. Rankin," I asked, "if you were in my place would you tell?"

He hesitated for a moment and then held out his hand.

"No," he said as I took it. "I shouldn't. Shake hands, sir; you're all right. Come on, boys; we might as well be going."

They filed out after him, and I heard them go singing up the street. Then I sank back into my chair and thought again of Godfrey's theory. It seemed to fit the case precisely, point by point—even—and I started at the thought—to Miss Holladay's reticence as to her whereabouts the afternoon before. The whole mystery lay plain before me. In some way she had discovered the existence of her half sister, had secured her address; she had gone to visit her and had found her away from home—it was probable, even, that the half sister had written her, asking her to come—though, in that case, why had she not remained at home to receive her? At any rate, Miss Holladay had awaited her return, had noticed her agitation; had, perhaps, even seen certain marks of blood upon her. The news of her father's death had pointed all too clearly to what that agitation and those blood spots meant. She had remained silent that she might not besmirch her father's name, and also, perhaps, that she might protect the other woman. I felt that I held in my hand the key to the whole problem.

Point by point—but what a snarl it was! That there would be a vigorous search for the other woman I could not doubt, but she had a long start and should easily escape. Yet perhaps she had not started. She must have remained in town, else how could that note have been sent to us? She had remained, then—but why? That she should feel any affection for Frances Holladay seemed absurd, and yet how else explain the note?

I felt that I was getting tangled up in the snarl again. There seemed no limit to its intricacies; so, in very despair, I put the matter from me as completely as I could and went to bed.

* * * * * * *

The morning's Record attested the truth of Rankin's prophecy. I had grown famous in a night, for Godfrey had in a measure made me responsible for his theory, describing me with a wealth of adjectives which I blush to remember and which I have even yet not quite forgiven him. I smiled as I read the first lines:

A Record representative had the pleasure yesterday evening of dining with Mr. Warwick Lester, the brilliant young attorney who achieved such a remarkable victory before Coroner Goldberg yesterday afternoon in the hearing of the Holladay case, and, of course, took occasion to discuss with him the latest developments of this extraordinary crime. Mr. Lester agreed with the Record in a theory which is the only one that fits the facts of the case and completely and satisfactorily explains all its ramifications.

The theory was then developed at great length, and the article concluded with the statement that the Record was assisting the police in a strenuous endeavor to find the guilty woman.

Now that the police knew in which quarter to spread their net, I had little doubt that she would soon be found, since she had tempted Providence by remaining in town.

Mr. Graham and Mr. Royce were looking through the Record article when I reached the office, and I explained to them how the alleged interview had been secured. They laughed together in appreciation of Godfrey's audacious enterprise.

"It seems a pretty strong theory," said our senior. "I'm inclined to believe it myself."

I pointed out how it explained Miss Holladay's reticence—her refusal to assist us in proving an alibi. Mr. Royce nodded.

"Precisely. As Godfrey said, the theory touches every point of the case. According to the old police axiom, that proves it's the right one."

CHAPTER VII.

THE body of Hiram Holladay was placed beside that of his wife in his granite mausoleum at Woodlawn on the Sunday following his death. Two days later his will, which had been drawn up by Mr. Graham and deposited in the office safe, was read and duly admitted to probate. As was expected, he had left all his property, without condition or reserve, to his daughter Frances. There were a few bequests to old servants, Rogers receiving a handsome legacy; about half a million was given to various charities in which he had been interested during his life, and the remainder was placed at the absolute disposal of his daughter.

We found that his fortune had been overestimated, as is usually the case with men whose wealth depends upon the fluctuations of the Street, but there still remained something over four millions for the girl—a pretty dowry. She told us at once that she wished to leave her affairs in our hands and in financial matters would be guided entirely by our advice. Most of this business was conducted by our junior, and, while, of course, he told me nothing, it was evident that Miss Holladay's kindly feelings toward him had suffered no diminution. The whole office was more or less conversant with the affair and wished him success and happiness.

So a week or ten days passed. The utmost endeavor of newspapers and police had shed no new light on the tragedy, and for the great public it had passed into the background of the forgotten, but for me, at least, it remained of undiminished interest, and more than once I carefully reviewed its features to convince myself anew that our theory was the right one. Only one point occurred to me which would tend to prove it untrue—if there was an illegitimate [illegible] the blow she had dealt her [illegible] also deprived her of whatever [illegible] had allowed her or of [illegible] come from him; so she [illegible] own despite— Still, [illegible] sudden passion [illegible] ay. And then [illegible] ould probably [illegible] t grief past, [illegible] r her sister. [illegible] ly seemed to me quite [illegible] stable.

One other thing puzzled me—how had this woman eluded the police? I knew that the French quarter had been ransacked for traces of her, wholly without success, and yet I felt that the search must have been misconducted, else some trace of her would surely have been discovered. Miss Holladay, of course, rigidly refused herself to all inquirers, and here again I found myself on the horns of a dilemma. Doubtless she was very far from wishing the discovery of the guilty woman, and yet I felt that she must be discovered, if only for Miss Holladay's sake, in order to clear away the last vestige of the cloud that shadowed her.

Then came new developments with a startling rapidity. It was toward quitting time one afternoon that a clerk brought word into the inner office that there was a woman without who wished to see Mr. Royce at once. She had given no name, but our junior, who happened to be at leisure for the moment, directed that she be shown in. I recognized her in an instant, and so did he—it was Miss Holladay's maid. I saw, too, that her eyes were red with weeping, and as she sat down beside our junior's desk she began to cry afresh.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded. "Nothing wrong with your mistress?"

"She ain't my mistress any more," sobbed the girl. "She discharged me this afternoon."

"Discharged you!" echoed our junior. "Why, I thought she thought so much of you?"

"And so did I, sir, but she discharged me just the same."

"But what for?" persisted the other.

"That's just what I don't know, sir. I begged and prayed her to tell me, but she wouldn't even see me. So I came down here. I thought maybe you could help me."

"Well, let me hear about it just as it happened," said Mr. Royce soothingly. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, if you could, sir!" she cried. "You know, I thought the world and all of Miss Frances. I've been with her nearly eight years, and for her to go and treat me like this—why, it just breaks my heart, sir! I dressed her this afternoon about 2 o'clock, and she was as nice to me as ever—gave me a little brooch, sir, that she was tired of. Then she went out for a drive, and about an hour ago came back. I went right up to her room to undress her, and when I knocked, sir, a strange woman came to the door and said that Miss Frances had engaged her for her maid and wouldn't need me any more, and here was a month's wages. And while I stood there, sir, too dazed to move, she shut the door in my face. After I'd got over it a bit, I begged that I might see Miss Frances, if only to say goodby, but she wouldn't see me. She sent word that she wasn't feeling well and wouldn't be disturbed."

Her sobs mastered her again and she stopped. I could see the look of amazement on our junior's face, and did not wonder at it. What sudden dislike could her mistress have conceived against this inoffensive and devoted creature?

"You say this other maid was a stranger?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; she'd never been in the house before, so far as I know. Miss Frances brought her back with her in the carriage."

"And what sort of looking woman is she?"

The girl hesitated.

"She looked like a foreigner, sir," she said at last. "A Frenchwoman, maybe, by the way she rolls her r's."

I pricked up my ears. The same thought occurred at that instant to both Mr. Royce and myself.

"Does she resemble Miss Holladay?" he asked quickly.

"Miss Holladay? Oh, no, sir. She's much older—her hair's quite gray."

Well, certainly, Miss Holladay had the right to choose any maid she pleased and to discharge any or all of her servants; and yet it seemed strangely unlike her to show such seeming injustice to any one.

"You say she sent down word that she was ill?" said Mr. Royce at last. "Was she ill when you dressed her?"

"Why, sir," she answered slowly, "I wouldn't exactly say she was ill, but she seemed troubled about something. I think she'd been crying. She's been crying a good deal, off and on, since her father died, poor thing," she added.

That would explain it, certainly, and yet grief for her father might not be the only cause of Frances Holladay's tears.

"But she didn't seem vexed with you?"

"Oh, no, sir; she gave me a brooch, as I told you."

"I fear I can't promise you anything," said Mr. Royce slowly, after a moment's thought. "Of course it's none of my business, for Miss Holladay must arrange her household to suit herself; yet, if you don't get back with your old mistress, I may perhaps be able to find you a position somewhere else. Suppose you come back in three or four days, and I'll see what I can do."

"All right, sir, and thank you," she said, and left the office.

I had some work of my own to keep me busy that night, so devoted no thought to Frances Holladay and her affairs, but they were recalled to me with renewed force next morning.

"Did you get Miss Holladay's signature to that conveyance?" Mr. Graham chanced to ask his partner in the course of the morning.

"No, sir," answered Mr. Royce, with just a trace of embarrassment. "I called at the house last night, but she sent down word that she was too ill to see me or to transact any business."

"Nothing serious, I hope?" asked the other quickly.

"No, sir. I think not. Just a trace of nervousness, probably."

But when he called again at the house that evening he received a similar message, supplemented with the news imparted by the butler, a servant of many years' standing in the family, that Miss Holladay had suddenly decided to leave the city and open her country place on Long Island. It was only the end of March, and so a full two months and more ahead of the season. But she was feeling very ill, was not able to leave her room, indeed, and believed the fresh air and quiet of the country would do more than anything else to restore her shattered nerves. So the whole household, with the exception of her maid, a cook, house girl and underbutler, were to leave the city next day in order to get the country house ready at once.

"I don't wonder she needs a little toning up," remarked our chief sympathetically. "She has gone through a nerve trying ordeal, especially for a girl reared as she has been. Two or three months of quiet will do her good. When does she expect to leave?"

"In about a week, I think. The time hasn't been definitely set. It will depend upon how the arrangements go forward. It won't be necessary, will it, to bother her with any details of business? That conveyance, for instance"—

"Can wait till she gets back. No, we won't bother her at all."

But it seemed that she had either improved or changed her mind, for two days later a note, which her maid had written for her, came to Mr. Graham asking him to call upon her in the course of the next twenty-four hours, as she wished to talk over some matters of business with him. It struck me as singular that she should ask for Mr. Graham, but our senior called a cab and started off at once without comment. An hour later the door opened and he entered the office with a most peculiar expression of countenance.

"Well, that beats me!" he exclaimed as he dropped into his chair.

Our junior wheeled around toward him without speaking, but his anxiety was plain enough.

"To think that a girl as level headed as Frances Holladay has always been should suddenly develop such whimsicalities. Yet I couldn't but admire her grasp of things. Here have I been thinking she didn't know anything about her business and didn't care, but she seems to have kept her eyes open."

"Well?" asked Mr. Royce as the other paused.

"Well, she started out by reminding me that her property had been left to her absolutely, to do as she pleased with, a point which I, of course, conceded. She then went on to say that she knew of a number of bequests her father had intended to make before his death, and which he would have made if he had not been cut off so suddenly; that the bequests were of such a nature that he did not wish his name to appear in them, and that she was going to undertake to carry them out anonymously."

"Well?" asked our junior again.

"Well," said Mr. Graham slowly, "she asked me to dispose at once of such of her securities as I thought best in order that I might place in her hands by tomorrow night $100,000 in cash—a cool hundred thousand!"

The Cruel Plant.

A Canadian climber, the Physianthus albens, has received the name of "cruel plant" from its ill treatment of butterflies. It flowers in the month of August, and the butterflies, attracted by the perfume, hover around it in large numbers and push their trunks into the corollas to sip the honey. A pair of sensitive vegetable pinchers in the heart of the flower grips the delicate proboscis, and in spite of struggles to get free the butterfly hangs suspended until it dies. Apparently the plant has nothing to gain by the death of the insect, as it is not carnivorous, like the Venus fly trap. In fact, if the butterfly were allowed to come and go it would tend to foster the species by assisting cross fertilization. It appears, however, that the "cruel plant" came originally from Brazil, where the butterflies are much stronger and extricate their suckers from the trap. We may add that another Canadian plant, the Cnicus discolor, is charged with cruelty. The flower has a gland which secretes a viscous liquid capable of liming insects which are fond of [illegible]. Moreover, they seem to be stupe[illegible] and poisoned by it, and no reason can as yet be assigned for the deadly consequence.

A Colossal Harp.

The largest harp ever made, so far as is known, was that invented and constructed by M. Veritau, provost of Burkli, near Basel. It was known as the gigantic meteorological Æolian harp. It was 320 feet in length and was erected in the garden of its inventor in 1787. This harp consisted of fifteen iron wires, 320 feet in length, stretched between two poles. The wires were from two to three inches apart, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in thickness and the smallest one-twelfth of an inch. They were placed in the direction of north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees with the horizon, being stretched by means of rollers properly disposed for the purpose. Whenever the weather changed the wires sounded with such loudness that it was impossible to go on with a concert in the house. The sound sometimes represented the hissing noise of water in rapid ebullition, sometimes that of a harmonicon and sometimes that of distant chimes or an organ.

The First Hats.

Discoursing on the subject of hats an antiquary expressed the opinion that the hat was first used quite as much for decoration as for protection. The ancestor of all hats he considers to have been the fillet, or band, around the hair worn by the ancient Greeks, among others. Probably the first hint gained by men regarding head ornaments was through observing the crests, plumes and antlers of various birds and beasts. The eastern races, with their fondness for ceremony and display, afford the most notable instances of the use of hats as signs of rank and authority. Thus in Buddhist countries the gods are represented as wearing elaborate forms of headgear. In Korea the fashion attains its height, no fewer than fifty kinds of hats being worn by the natives as indications of their social position.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen an "alexandrite," green by day and red by night. And such a green—olive bronze, with a potent suggestion that red is there. Green when held in the sunlight. In a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the emerald was a moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.

The Tearless Battle.

The Tearless battle was fought between the Spartans on one side and the Arcadians and Argives on the other 367 B. C. Not a Spartan fell in the engagement, and so, Plutarch says, the Lacedaemonians called it the Tearless battle.

A Safe Opening.

"It does not follow that a safe opening is necessarily a secure sort of business," muttered the burglar as he began his drilling, "especially as one has to do so much blowing about it."—Baltimore American.

Hobbes and Geometry.

Hobbes was not yet fifteen when he went to Oxford. He did not much care for logic, yet he learned it and thought himself a good disputant. There is no reason to think he learned anything else at Oxford save a strong dislike of academic institutions and methods. He turned from the official studies to amuse himself with geography and voyages. As to mathematics, there was no official recognition of them at all while Hobbes was at the university, so there is nothing improbable in the statement that Hobbes had never opened a copy of Euclid until he was near middle age. The story is best told in Aubrey's own words:

"He was forty years old when he looked on geometry, which happened accidentally. Being in a gentleman's library, 'Euclid's Elements' lay open, and it was the forty-seventh proposition Lib. I, so he read the proposition. 'By George,' says he, 'this is impossible!' So he read the demonstration of it, which referred him back to another, which he also read, 'et sic deinceps,' that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry."

The Oldest Tale of a Tub.

The cynics, so called from the Greek word for a dog, were a rude, snarling sect of so called philosophers, who despised riches, the arts and all culture. Among these Diogenes was conspicuous. He was born in 412 B. C., and when a man he dressed in a coarse robe, which covered him day and night, and carried a wooden bowl and a bag for his alms and his food. His home was a large tub discarded from the temple of Cybele, a huge earthen jar, that had held wine or oil for the services and sacrifices of the temple. Though cracked and patched, it was large enough to hold him lying at full length. The story goes that Alexander the Great came up to him one day and asked what he could do for him. "Don't stand between me and the sun," was the curt reply, upon which the emperor is said to have exclaimed, "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes!"

Lightning as a Rock Driller.

"Lightning when in the mood has an ugly habit of drilling," writes an English observer. "It will drill the hardest rock, rock which would turn cold steel, and not only drill but vitrify it. They have found in Cumberland channels from thirty feet deep and from two to four inches in circumference. The interior was hard and glazed where the solid substance had been melted by the stabbing flashes. Artificial experiment has shown that a powerful shock from a battery will vitrify finely powdered glass, but not feldspar or quartz. The lightning, however, does it in the manner described—not in one place, but in many, showing that before striking the ground it divided into several branches, each strong enough to penetrate and liquefy the solid rock."

In a Man's Pockets.

A fairly well equipped gentleman true to his calling and to his friends carries quite a kit of tools. There are a jackknife, a match box, a cigar cutter, a nail file, a corkscrew, a finger nail tool and possibly a cigar holder and some good five centers to give away. And yet women wonder what he finds to put in his pockets. To facilitate further the business of just hanging around he must have a little money, a handkerchief, bunch of keys, fountain pen, some lead pencils and sharpener, eyeglasses, notebook, watch, old letters, papers of more or less supposed value and a cardcase. Not one pocket could be spared unless it is the one on his nightshirt, and that looks so sweet.—Clay Center (Kan.) Times.

Told by the Watch.

To tell the points of the compass by a watch point the hour hand at the sun; then south is halfway between the hour hand and the figure 12 of the dial. To measure an angle by a watch lay two straight edged pieces of paper on the angle, crossing at the apex. Holding them where they overlap, lay them on the face of the watch, with the apex at the center. Read the angle by the minutes of the dial, each minute being six degrees of arc. It is easy to measure within two or three degrees in this way.

Why His Head Didn't Ring.

Two Scotsmen turning a corner came into collision. The shock stunned one of them. He pulled off his hat and, laying his hand on his brow, said: "Sic a blow. My heid's a-ringing again."

"Nae wonder," said his companion. "Your heid was aye empty—that makes it ring. My heid disna ring a bit."

"How could it ring," said the other, "seein' it was aye crackit?"—Scottish American.

Long Words.

The longest words in English are short by comparison with certain monstrosities in other languages. It is common in German to use compounds which, although not involved or cumbersome in meaning, look alarmingly long, and it is said that one Sanskrit word has no less than 152 syllables.

The Wise Wife.

Mrs. Tom—I wouldn't let my husband have his own way as yours does. Mrs. Dick—Does he? Mrs. Tom—I heard him say so today. Mrs. Dick (softly)—I'm glad he thinks so. I've been a long time teaching him that.

Quite Solid.

"Let me see a plain wedding ring."

"Solid?"

"You bet I'm solid. We've been engaged more'n a month."

Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of stupidity.—Von Radowitz.

He Goes Out.

"That's a pretty swell smoking jacket you've got on," said the caller.

"Smoking jacket?" replied Henpeck. "Why, this is my house coat."

"Well, that's the same thing"—

"Well, I guess it isn't the same thing; not in this house. When I want to smoke I have to put on my overcoat."—Philadelphia Press.

A Rising Man.

Warden (to newly arrived convict)—In this institution we try to put a man to work at his own trade or profession, so that he can work his way up. What is your occupation? Convict—I'm an aeronaut.

The Limit.

Tom—May Pechis is certainly what you might call a "kissable" girl. Dick—Kissable? Why, man alive, she's positively edible.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Dictator.

Milly—And how does your brother take married life? Tilly—He takes it according to directions. His mother-in-law lives with him.

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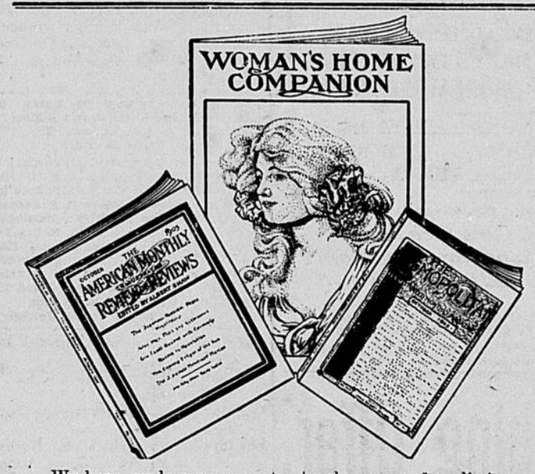

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During the Holiday season tickets at one and one-third fare for the round trip will be sold between all points on the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Dates of sale are December 22, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1905, and Januury 1, 1906. Return limit January 4.

These low rates apply to all stations on the "St. Paul Road," regardless of distance limit. Ask the ticket agent about rates and train service, or write to

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent,
CHICAGO, ILL. 50-4

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:00 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 8:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:40 a. m arrives at Manchester at 6:05 a. m

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m arrives at Oneida at 7:45 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:50 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8.45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:24 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:25, arrives at Manchester at 9:45 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m, arrives at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound Returning leaves Oneida at 3:22 p m arrives at Manchester at 3:45 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:15 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:25 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

—TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT—

Belknaps Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, West brook's Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:31 pm	Fast Train	No 2* 1:41 a m
No 401 11:44 pm	Thro Express	No 402 3:41 a m
No 23 10:58 p m	Clipper	No 24 11:55 a m
No 5 † 8:00 a m	Local Express	No 6† 11:18 a m
No 3 2:40 p m	Day Express	No 4 3:38 a m
No 21 7:37 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45 p.m	...Passenger...	No.325 9:00 a.m
No 334 6.15 a.m	..†Passenger..	No 335 8:00 p.m
No. 360 1:00 p.m	... †Freight...	No.360 3:15 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.
H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

No. 5 Runs to Sioux City only.
No. 3 Runs to Omaha only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City and Sioux Falls and No. 2 from same points.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a.m
Day Express daily.....2:29 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:30 a.m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11:20 a.m
Day Express daily.....:16 p.m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:31 a.m
For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

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