

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
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CHAPTER VII.

THE passing of Joseph from Canaan was complete. It was an event for which there was neither sackcloth nor surprise, and though there came no news of him, it cannot be said that Canaan did not hear of him, for surely it could hear itself talk. The death of Jonas Tabor and young Louden's crime and flight incited high doings in the National House windows. Many days the sages lingered with broken meats of morsels left over from the banquet of gossip.

Very little of Joseph's adventures and occupations during the time of his wandering is revealed to us; he always had an unwilling memory for pain and was not afterward wont to speak of those years which cut the hard lines in his face. The first account of him to reach Canaan came as directly to the windows of the National House as Mr. Arp, hastening thither from the station, satchel in hand, could bring it. This was on a September morning two years after the flight, and Eskew, it appears, had been to the state fair and had beheld many things strangely affirming his constant testimony that this unhappy world increaseth in sin; stranger of all, his meeting with our vagrant seafarer of Canaan. "Not a blame bit of doubt about it," declared Eskew to the incredulous Canaan. "There was that Joe, and nobody else, stuck up in a little box outside a tent at the fair grounds and sellin' tickets

to see that Joe, and nobody else, stuck up in a little box outside a tent. To there the Spotted Wild Boy? Yes, it was Joe Louden! Think, now, could you forget that face, those crooked eyebrows? Had Eskew tested the recognition? Had he spoken with the outcast? Had he not? Ay, but with such peculiar results, that only a few words among the sages began with a true onset of the regulars, for, according to Eskew's narrative, when he had delivered grimly at the boy this charge, "I know you—you're Joe Louden!" the extraordinary remark, uttered promptly and without change of countenance, "Positively no free seats!"

"What's the matter with you?" Mr. Arp whirled upon Uncle Joe Davy, who was enjoying himself by repeating at intervals the unreasonable words, "Couldn't of he'n Joe," without any explanation. "Why couldn't it?" shouted Eskew. "It was! Do you think my eyes are as far gone as yours? I say I tell you, I tell you, I tell you, I say Joe 'll turn up here again one day. You'll see if he don't. He's a seed of trouble and iniquity, and anything of that kind is sure to come back to Canaan!"

Mr. Arp stuck to his prediction for several months. Then he began to waver and evade. By the end of the second year following its first utterance he had formed the habit of denying that he had ever made it at all, and finally having come to believe with all his heart that the prophecy had been deliberately foisted upon him and put in his mouth by Squire Hucklelew, became so sure upon the subject that even the hardest dared not refer to it in his presence.

Eskew's story of the ticket seller was the only news of Joe Louden that came to Canaan during seven years. Another citizen of the town, however, a wanderer, however, but under circumstances so susceptible to misconception that in a moment of illumination he decided to let the matter rest in a golden silence. This was Mr. Arp, who, in the cause of his silence was the fact that his meeting with Joe occurred in the "Straw Cellar," a tough New York resort, in which neither of them should have been.

CHAPTER VIII.

EUGENE did not inform Canaan of any inhabitant of his adventure of the "Straw Cellar." He did not even hear of his meeting with his stepbrother, and after Mr. Arp's adventure five years passed into the imperishable before the town heard of the wanderer again, and then it heard of first hand. Mr. Arp's prophecy fell true, and he took it back to his bosom again, claimed it as his own, and on the morning of its fulfillment, Joe Louden had come back to Canaan.

The elder Louden was the first to know of his prodigal's return. He was alone in the office of the wooden butter dish factory, of which he was the superintendent, when the young man came in unannounced. He was still pale and thin. His eyebrows had the same crook, one corner of his mouth the same droop. He was only an inch or so taller, and much more like a tall man, and yet for a few moments the father did not recognize his son, but stared at him, inquiring his business. During those few seconds of recognition Mr. Louden was somewhat favorably impressed with the stranger's appearance.

"You don't know me," said Joe smiling cheerfully. "Perhaps I've changed in seven years." And he held out his hand.

Mr. Louden plainly received this as no pleasant surprise. "What for?" he asked slowly.

"To practice law, father." "What?" "Yes," said the young man. "There ought to be an opening here for me. I'm a graduate of as good a law school as there is in the country." Mr. Louden leaned forward, a hand on each knee, his brow deeply corrugated.

"Who do you think in Canaan would put a case in your hands?" "Oh, I don't expect to get anything important at the start, but after awhile—" "With your reputation?" "But that's seven years ago, and I suppose the town's forgotten all about it and forgotten me too. So, you see, I can make a fresh start. That's what I came back for."

"I don't believe," said Mr. Louden, with marked unhesitation, "that Mrs. Louden would be willing to let you live with us." "No," said Joe gently. "I didn't expect it. Well, I won't keep you from your work. I suppose you're pretty busy."

"Yes, I am," responded his father promptly. "But I'll see you again before you go. I want to give you some advice." "I'm not going," said Joe. "Not going to the States, I mean. Where will I find Eugene?"

"At the Tocsin office; he's the assistant editor. Judge Pike bought the Tocsin last year, and he thinks a good deal of Eugene. Don't forget I said to come to see me again before you go." Joe came over to the older man and held out his hand. "Shake hands, father," he said. Mr. Louden looked at the steady hostility of which only his wife or the imperious Martin Pike, his employer, could quell. He shook his head.

"I don't see any use in it," he answered. "If your hands mean anything, all my life I've been a hard working man and an abiding man. Before you got in trouble you never did anything you ought to. You ran with the lower people in town, and I and all your folks were ashamed of you. I don't see that we've got a call to be any different now." He swung round to his desk emphatically on the last word, and Joe turned away and went out quietly.

But it was a bright morning to which he emerged from the outer doors of the factory, and he made his way toward Main street at a lively gait. As he turned the corner opposite the National House, he saw before him Mr. Eskew Arp. The old man drew back angrily.

"Lord a' mercy!" cried Joe heartily. "It's Mr. Arp! I almost ran you down!" Then, as Mr. Arp made no response but stood stock still in the way, staring at him fiercely, "Don't you know me, Mr. Arp?" the young man asked. "I'm Joe Louden." Eskew abruptly thrust his face close to the other's. "No free seats!" he hissed savagely, and swept across the hotel to set his world afire.

don't think you could get a place here. Judge Pike owns the Tocsin, and I greatly fear he has a prejudice against you."

"I expect he has," Joe chuckled, somewhat sadly. "But I don't want to be a paper work. I'm going to practice law."

"By Jove, you have courage, my festive prodigal! Vraiment!" Joe looked his head to one side with his old look of the friendly puppy. "You always did like to talk that novelty way. Gene, didn't you?" he said impersonally.

Eugene's color rose. "Have you saved up anything to starve on?" he asked crisply.

"Oh, I'm not so badly off. I've had a salary in an office for a year, and I had one pretty good day at the races—" "You'd better go back and have another," said his stepbrother. "You don't seem to comprehend your standing in Canaan."

"I'm beginning to," Joe turned to the door. "It's funny, too, in a way. Well, I won't keep you any longer. I just stopped in to say good day." He paused, faltering.

"All right, all right," Eugene said briskly. "And, by the way, I haven't mentioned that I saw you in New York."

"I didn't suppose that you would." "And you needn't say anything about it, I fancy."

"I don't think," said Joe—"I don't think that you need be afraid I'll do that. Good-bye." "Be sure to shut the door, please," Eugene roared with his open. Good-bye! Eugene waved his hand and sank back upon the divan.

Joe went across the street to the National House. The sages fell as silent as if he had been Martin Pike. Joe had begun to write his name in the register. "My trunk is still at the station," he said. "I'll give you my check to send down for it."

"Excuse me," said the clerk. "We have no rooms."

LOVE CHARMS.

Some of the Queer Superstitions That Live in Sicily.

The love charms of Sicily are many and curious. One, very popular and considered very powerful, is to put into an eggshell a few drops of the blood of the longing lover. The shell is exposed to the sun for three days and to the dew for three nights. It is then placed on hot ashes until calcined, when the whole is reduced to a fine powder and administered secretly in a cup of coffee or a glass of wine to the object of affection.

Another charm is for the witch to undress at midnight and tie her clothes up in a bundle which she places on her head. Then, kneeling in the center of her room, she pronounces an incantation, at the end of which she shakes her head. If the bundle falls in front of her, it is a good sign; should it fall behind her, the charm will not avail.

Yet another is worked in the following manner: Pieces of green, red and white ribbon are purchased in three different shops, the name of the persons to be charmed being repeated mentally each time. The shopkeeper must not see the witch, and the ribbon being received in the right hand, when all the pieces are bought they are taken to a witch, who sets out to find the person to be charmed. On finding him or her the witch mutters to herself, "With these ribbons I bind you to such a one." Then she returns the ribbons to the purchaser, who ties them beneath his or her left knee and wears them at church—Macmillan.

WORKS OF A WATCH.

All the Paris Are but the Expression of One Idea.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch its manipsring of the balance wheel, five pieces of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and while he admires the motions of its hands and the time it keeps he may have wondered in idle fashion how it works, and how the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces and show him each part separately, and he will recognize neither design nor adaptation nor relation between them, but put them together, and he will work out the offices of each spring, wheel and cog, explain their movements and then show him the result. Now he perceives that it is all one design; that, notwithstanding the number of parts, there is a reverse form and various offices and agents concerned, the whole piece is of one idea. He now rightly concludes that when the manipsring was fashioned and tempered its relation to all the other parts must have been considered, that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—adapted to the ratchets on that, etc., and his final conclusion will be that such a piece of mechanism as a watch must have been planned, and that the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design and obedient to the will of one intelligence.

It is not an uncommon thing in France to see a farmer forty or fifty miles from home in wet weather with a load. If he sees a prospect of a three days' rain, he puts his tarpaulin over his cart, covers his horse, and a waterproof coat on and starts off to market. He may go fifty miles before he finds a market that suits him, or he may know in advance just where he is going. You do not often see anybody driving fifty miles over his own road in the United States to find a market for a load of hay, but it is not uncommon to see farmers' wagons forty or fifty miles from home in France. They choose the wet weather for that purpose, their reasons are just as good then as at any time.

Conservative historians among the Chinese claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years, while others, whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 50,000 years. The Chinese records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2500 B. C. and claim that it was established by Tchi, who, they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis, B. C. 2240.

How It Struck Her. "You seemed greatly impressed," said the manager, "with my description of how we have brought the best of the Baptist before the king on a salver."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. De Style; "I was thinking how much better they trained servants in those days. Now, mine, when they bring me things, are forever forgetting the salver."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sure Way. First Author—Oh, the unutterable monotony of existence! I am thoroughly disgusted with it. Would it were that I might completely disappear for awhile. Second Author—Then why don't you marry a famous woman? Judge.

MYTHICAL CREATURES.

The General Belief in Fabulous Monsters in Olden Days.

Now that the cold light of science has thrown its ray upon the most remote parts of our globe there is no longer room for legendary creatures—save the sea serpent—and we are told that the mermaid is nothing more than a jagging unicorn either a rhinoceros or Tibetan antelope while the cockatrice, the phoenix and the roc appear to be pure imaginations.

But in the Elizabethan age—an age when the dodo had but recently been discovered—these and many other mythical creatures were, if not living, at least all sorts of realities to the ordinary public, and as such were referred to in the works of the great dramatist and other contemporary writers. We meet, for instance, in the "Winter's Tale" the line, "Make me no sight like the basilisk," and in "The Tempest," "Now I will believe that there are unicorns." But not only was there or less of credulity given to the existence of these and such like fabulous monsters, but a web of mystic lore encircled the most common and best known of beasts, birds and fishes. Who, for instance, is forgetful of the popular superstitions connected with the balance wheel, five pieces of metal, and who fails to remember White's account of the "shrews" at Selborne? And if such superstitions still survive among uneducated peasants the present day we may be assured that two centuries ago they were fully believed by the higher classes.—Academy.

DIED A BEGGAR.

The Pathetic Career of John Stow, the Celebrated English Antiquary, was a remarkable man. He was born of poor parents about 1525 and brought up to the tailor's trade. For forty years his life was passed among needles and thread, but in the few years which his trade allowed him he had always been a fond reader of legends, chronicles, histories and all that told of the times that were past. By such reading he grew to be so attached to old memoirs that when about forty years of age he threw down his needle, devoted himself to collecting them and followed his new profession with the faith and enthusiasm of an apostle. Short of means, he made long journeys afoot to hunt over and ransack colleges and monasteries, no matter how worn and torn might be the left of old papers which he found, he kept all, reviewing, connecting, copying, comparing, annotating, with truly wonderful ability and good sense. Arrived at fourscore years and no longer capable of long journeys, he turned to the king, and James I., consenting to his petition, granted to the man who had saved treasures of memoirs for English history the favor of wearing a beggar's garb and asking alms at church doors. In this abject state, forgotten and despised, he died two years later.

From the Bonifant East. A small proportion of the flora is indigenous. The majority came from the West. The olive, the fig, the vine and the palm were grown by the Semites long before their cultivation penetrated to the west. The laurel and myrtle, indeed, are indigenous in Italy, but their use, as ornaments came across the Mediterranean from the east. The home of the cypress is not in Italy, but in the Greek archipelago, northern Persia, Cilicia and Lebanon.—From Strasburger's "Riviera."

The Difference. Small Boy—Pa, what is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist? Pa—Well, let me see if I can illustrate. You know I am often discouraged, and things don't look so good as if they'd ever go right. Well, at such times I can be said to be a pessimist. But years ago, when I was a young man, everything looked bright and rosy, and I was always hopeful. Then I was an optimist. Now, my son, can you understand the difference between a pessimist and an optimist? Small Boy—Oh, yes; one is married and the other isn't.—Harper's Weekly.

Cause of His Joy. "What are you looking so happy over, old man?" "I am rejoicing over the birth of twins." "Great Scott! I congratulate you!" "Great Scott! I congratulate me. Go and congratulate Evans. He's the lucky man. I never did like him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Stole His Livelihood. Tattered Timothy—I hate doctors. Tlepass Thomas—What for? Tattered Tim—One of 'em cured me of it's 'en I wuz a kid. Gee, I cud wuv up some sympathetic crowd if I'd have one right now!—Cleveland Leader.

She Was the Girl. The Widower—I've always said that if I married again I should choose a girl who is as good as she is beautiful. Miss Wileg—Oh, my, this is very sudden, George, but I accept you, of course.—Pick Me Up.

When money does not talk too much it may properly be termed a modest sum.—Nashville Democrat.

FAMOUS GAMBLERS.

Old Time London Betting Clubs and Their Members.

There were three principal clubs—White's, Brooks' and Boodle's. White's was originally a "chocolate house" in William III's time, but became a private club early in the eighteenth century and was used by the Tories. It was a club always noted for high play and betting, and very curious some of their bets were, the old wager book being still preserved. Brooks' was the Whig club and was then conducted by that Liberal Brooker, whose speculative skill is lavishly credited and distant who, who, nursed in clubs, disclaimed a vulgar name. Exults trust and bushes to be paid.

Among the members of this club were the Prince of Wales, and, of course, his idiosyncratic, Sheridan, besides the great Charles James Fox, who here played deeply and whose name is oft recorded in the wager book, which, however, is of older date and was kept when the club was held at Almack's. "Lord Northington bets Mr. Brooks, June 4, 1774, that his (Mr. P.) is not called in the war before this day four years." "March 11, 1775, Lord Bolognigrove gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt who were on the banks, three or four, Mr. Fox is not to pay the £1000 till he is one of his majesty's cabinet." "April 7, 1791, Mr. Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thonet 25 guineas each that parliament will not be convened to any more lotteries at present one voted to be drawn in February next."—From "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century" by John Ashton.

HE DIED FIGHTING.

How Prince Louis Napoleon Was Killed by the Zulus.

How Prince Louis Napoleon was killed by the Zulus June 1, 1879, is told graphically in the book by Sir Evelyn Wood, who took part in that war. The little party which the prince accompanied was surprised and attacked. Sir Evelyn writes: "The Zulus in pursuit ran first after the two white soldiers who were on the flanks, three or four men, headed by Labanga, following the prince. His horse had jumped just as he was mounting, and his sword fell out of its scabbard. He was very active and was cutting off his horse in front when he was on the front of the saddle broke away, and he fell to the ground, being at this time only sixty yards behind the (British) fugitives. There were seven men who actually fought the prince. When Labanga, pursuing the fugitives, first saw Labanga, he was running away from the prince, who was rushing at him. Labanga, crouching in the grass, threw an assegai at him. The first assegai struck in the prince's thigh, and withdrawing it from the wound, he kept his feet as fast for some minutes. In the native's words: 'He fought like a lion. He fired two shots, but without effect, and I threw an assegai at him, which struck him, as I said at the time, but I always allowed Labanga's claim to have killed him, for his assegai hit the prince in the left shoulder, a mortal wound.'"

Some Odd Wills. One of the oddest documents of the will kind known was that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Guotrum the Fourth. The dying princess, who had joined upon her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with her physician who had attended her. Another will was that of a husband who forbade his wife's marrying on pain of his returning to haunt her. This is quite different from that of a woman who instructed her executors to seek out "some nice, good, pretty girl" who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse. It is a fact interesting in this connection that the first Napoleon actually bequeathed 10,000 francs to a fellow named Cantillon, who had been tried for attempting the assassination of the Duke of Wellington.

A Problem in Life. They had met in the subway and in the interval of passing a few stations had fallen to talking of a lovely woman friend who had died. "How did she die? Do you know?" he asked. "She nursed a little niece through an infectious disease, then took it herself and died of it," said she. "A strange Providence!" he mused sadly. "She, lovely, gracious, charming, everything to live for and a blessing to her friends, to die in such a way! A child might live. A strange and unaccountable Providence!"—New York Press.

Good and Osgood. The subject of ancestors is often an interesting topic of conversation. A lady extremely proud of her mother's family created a sensation and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked: "My father filled many responsible positions. We all have the greatest respect for him. My father was a good man, but—and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness on the good lady's face added importance to her conclusion—"my mother was an Osgood!"

Man to Woman. Women are more prone to deceit than men. From the time when Scheherazade told her lord 1001 lies to keep the peace it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are the most to blame. It is what they like, and they get it.—Good Words.

Love is intoxicating. It is said. What a good thing it is that marriage has a tendency to sober a man.—Terrell (Tex.) Transcript.

SACRED THREADS.

The Cords Worn by the Three Castes of the Hindus.

The sacred thread of the Brahmans is well known. It is a caste distinction assumed at an early age and never parted with. It must be made by a Brahman and should consist of three strands, each of a different color, forty-eight yards in length, doubled and twisted together twice, the ends tied in knots. It must be worn next the skin, over the left shoulder, hanging down to the right to the right knee. The three castes of the Hindus are distinguished by the material of these threads—cotton for the Brahmans, hemp for the warriors and wool for the artisans. The Parses also wear the sacred thread, and boys of seven or nine are invested with it, the threads used being made always of fibers of the suru tree. Monsier Williams describes the sacred girdle of the Parses as made of seventy-two woolen threads, forming a flat band, which is twisted three times around the body and tied in two peculiar knots, the secret of which is known only to the Parses.

The use of "medicine cords" is common among North American Indians. Dr. Bourke describes those worn by the Apaches. These consist of one, two, three and four strands, to which are attached shells, feathers, beads, rock crystal, sacred green stones and other articles, doubtless employed symbolically.—Chambers' Journal.

THE PARIS CLUBS.

Election to the Most Exclusive Ones Is a Serious Business.

Election to the exclusive clubs of Paris is a very serious business. The proposer and second must not only know all about their candidates, but be able to bear witness to their antecedents and even to their forefathers. They must be invited to the club, and ask them to support their candidature. When the election takes place, they must not only be in the room, but approach each member individually as he comes up to the ballot box and ask him for his support.

When the member has been elected, he arrives the first day as a kind of stranger and with his hat in hand. He is then formally introduced by one of his proposers to each member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still regarded as a stranger, and he is introduced to every member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still regarded as a stranger, and he is introduced to every member separately who happens to be in the room at the time. On the second occasion he has ceased to be a stranger and may leave his hat in the hall, but he is still regarded as a stranger, and he is introduced to every member separately who happens to be in the room at the time.

Her Head Was Hot. Lady Ingham, Nevill in his reminiscences tells the story of the two Misses Walpole, her cousins. "On one occasion, when both of the two were well over ninety, Miss Fanny, the younger, who had that day been rather ill, only joined her sister in the sitting room just before dinner. On her arrival downstairs the latter (Miss Charlotte by name) remarked: 'Fanny, I am going to be ill too. I feel so hot about the head. It must be apoplexy.' 'Soothing of the sort' exclaimed Miss Fanny, 'my dear, I don't think your sister's head. Your cup's on fire, and I'm going to put it out.' And so the brave old thing did."

The First Dancers. People like dancing by thousands of years and will probably continue to do so for ages to come. This custom is of ancient origin. The first people to dance were the Curetes, who adopted dancing as a mark of rejoicing in 1312 B. C. In early times dances combined dancing with the drama, and in 22 B. C. pantomime dances were introduced on the Roman stage. At the discovery of America the American Indians were holding their religious, martial and social dances.

Daily Dates. The best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher amusements, literary and sentimental in a man's life are of little value if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

Man to Woman. Women are more prone to deceit than men. From the time when Scheherazade told her lord 1001 lies to keep the peace it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are the most to blame. It is what they like, and they get it.—Good Words.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Rv.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2, leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:40 a. m. Connects with west bound G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 8:47 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 9:15 a. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:40 a. m. Connects with west bound G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 10:47 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 7:45 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 9:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 12:40 p. m. Connects with west bound G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 12:47 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 9:45 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 11:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:40 p. m. Connects with west bound G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 2:47 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 11:45 a. m.

Train No. 10, leaves Manchester at 1:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 4:40 p. m. Connects with west bound G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 4:47 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 1:45 p. m.

J. L. KELLY, Mgr. Gen. Traffic Manager.

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

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11:20 p. m.	Chicago Train	No. 7:15 a. m.
No. 10:55 p. m.	Chicago Express	No. 6:45 a. m.
No. 10:30 p. m.	Chicago Special	No. 6:15 a. m.
No. 10:05 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 5:45 a. m.
No. 9:40 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 5:15 a. m.
No. 9:15 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 4:45 a. m.
No. 8:50 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 4:15 a. m.
No. 8:25 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 3:45 a. m.
No. 8:00 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 3:15 a. m.
No. 7:35 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 2:45 a. m.
No. 7:10 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 2:15 a. m.
No. 6:45 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 1:45 a. m.
No. 6:20 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 1:15 a. m.
No. 5:55 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 10:45 a. m.
No. 5:30 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 10:15 a. m.
No. 5:05 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 9:45 a. m.
No. 4:40 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 9:15 a. m.
No. 4:15 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 8:45 a. m.
No. 3:50 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 8:15 a. m.
No. 3:25 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 7:45 a. m.
No. 3:00 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 7:15 a. m.
No. 2:35 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 6:45 a. m.
No. 2:10 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 6:15 a. m.
No. 1:45 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 5:45 a. m.
No. 1:20 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 5:15 a. m.
No. 1:00 p. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 4:45 a. m.
No. 1:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 4:15 a. m.
No. 1:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 3:45 a. m.
No. 1:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 3:15 a. m.
No. 2:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 2:45 a. m.
No. 2:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 2:15 a. m.
No. 2:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 1:45 a. m.
No. 2:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 1:15 a. m.
No. 3:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 10:45 a. m.
No. 3:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 10:15 a. m.
No. 3:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 9:45 a. m.
No. 3:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 9:15 a. m.
No. 4:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 8:45 a. m.
No. 4:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 8:15 a. m.
No. 4:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 7:45 a. m.
No. 4:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 7:15 a. m.
No. 5:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 6:45 a. m.
No. 5:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 6:15 a. m.
No. 5:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 5:45 a. m.
No. 5:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 5:15 a. m.
No. 6:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 4:45 a. m.
No. 6:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 4:15 a. m.
No. 6:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 3:45 a. m.
No. 6:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 3:15 a. m.
No. 7:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 2:45 a. m.
No. 7:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 2:15 a. m.
No. 7:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 1:45 a. m.
No. 7:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 1:15 a. m.
No. 8:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 10:45 a. m.
No. 8:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 10:15 a. m.
No. 8:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 9:45 a. m.
No. 8:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 9:15 a. m.
No. 9:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 8:45 a. m.
No. 9:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 8:15 a. m.
No. 9:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 7:45 a. m.
No. 9:45 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 7:15 a. m.
No. 10:00 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 6:45 a. m.
No. 10:15 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No. 6:15 a. m.
No. 10:30 a. m.	Chicago Day Express	No