WHAT WOMAN WANTS.

Her wishes are but simple;
She does not crave for wealth;
She wants a happy little home
And to be blessed with health.

She wants enough to live upon,
So that she need not borrow;
She wants enough to eat to-day,
And just as much to-morrow.

She wants to pass her days in peace,
To dwell in tranquil mirth,
She wants to be without one foe;
In fact—she wants the earth!

—*Boston Transcript.*

AN ACTOR'S STORY.

Related by JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

ONLY A TRAMP.

Night was falling at the Gairloch Head when a conveyance drove up and stopped at the hall door. The driver got down and began to bring forth sundry boxes and to load the cart with them. By and by a woman came out of the house and got into the wagon. Then they turned towards the city. Suddenly the horse came to a full stop. It was now quite dark, and the carter, who had a "drapple in his ee," endeavored to urge the animal onward, but in vain. The sagacious brute trembled violently, whinnied loudly, reared back on his haunches, and finally concluded not to budge another foot. Obviously there was nothing for it but for Duncan MacTavish to get down and see what was the matter. In getting down he smashed his lantern, and the light went out. See, he couldn't—feel, he did. In a moment he called out to the woman in the cart:

"Eh, Jeannie! Here's a mon leeing a' but deed. No wonder Jock wouldna budge. He was aye a gey, 'cute beast. Come down and gi'e a hand, woman. We'll na leave a Christen to dee while there's a wee bit squeak for his life."

They lifted the man into the cart, and Jeannie supported the poor creature's head on her lap, little dreaming for whom she did that Christian office, but when the light fell on his pallid face at Dr. Miller's door, and she saw who it was all the blood in her heart stood still, but she didn't come of a fainting race—besides, she had something else to do just then.

"What, what!" she exclaimed, "the mistress was aye richt! He isna dead after a'—the puir, bonnie laddie. Doctor, doctor! come butt the noo!" she screamed like a madwoman. When she told Miller who the broken-down wayfarer was he instantly had poor Curly brought in and put in the best bed in the house. Restoratives were employed, but it was long before consciousness supervened.

On his return from Strathmines Willie found a message from the doctor, requesting him to call immediately at Breadalbane terrace. Jeannie came rushing to the door to meet him, crying bitterly, and exclaiming:

"We hae fun' him—we hae fun' him! but, oh, puir laddie, how changed! Thank God, my bonnie dearie didna live to see it! It would hae broken the heirt o' her—as it has mine!"

Before Willie had time to speak she had urged him forward into an adjacent bedroom, where his poor friend lay shivering in a fitful, fevered sleep. Great hollows were in his cheeks and beneath his closed eyes. A profusion of long, curly snow-white hair streamed over his brow and round his thin, worn neck. Good Heaven! Could it be possible that this faded wreck was all that was left of the once bright, winsome Curly?

Long afterwards Jamieson learned that as soon as Donald left the asylum at Kew the poor fellow set forth on foot for the north. Drenched with rain, and half starving, he fell down fainting in the streets of Birmingham. He was taken up by the police, and charged with being drunk. Fortunately, the inspector was an intelligent man, who immediately sent for a doctor, on whose certificate Curly was removed to the pauper lunatic asylum.

After a sojourn of some months he was discharged. Thanks to his kind physician, he was assisted on by the mail as far as Newcastle-on-Tyne. From thence the manager of the theatre sent him by coach to Edinburgh. On inquiry there he found that Willie had gone to Aberdeen weeks before. Not a human being in his native city recognized in the shabby, broken-down, prematurely old man the former spruce cornet in the Midlothian Volunteers. He was almost glad that it was so, and he slunk out of Edinburgh as daylight fell, resuming his weary march northwards; nor did he halt till he found a resting place in a friendly barn by the wayside, which sheltered him until daybreak. He had some two or three shillings still left, which kept him from absolute starvation. Fortunately the weather was fine, so by night he slept in barns, under hayricks, or, indeed, wherever he could find shelter. At length he reached Aberdeen. When he inquired at the theatre for Willie he was told that he was staying at Gairloch house.

"Gairloch house!" he exclaimed. "That is where she lives. Oh, no! It can't be—that's impossible."

He resolved to write to Jamieson at once, but his impatience would not allow him to wait. He would go immediately. Then his pride stepped in—he did not wish her to see him thus changed and worn—thus ragged and wretched. There could be no harm anyhow in going near the place—in looking upon the spot which enshrined all he held most dear, so he walked towards the Gairloch Head.

There stood the house and the garden, exactly as he had left them two years ago—nothing seem changed except himself. Yes—she must be changed too, else she would not have sent him that cruel reminder of his weakness and degradation. Yet, perhaps, on the other hand, she meant to release him from the shameful compact into which he had been coerced—perhaps she—"but alas!" he thought, "she doubtless remains young and beautiful as ever, while I——"

At this moment a tall, spare man left the house, and came rapidly to the spot where Curly sat. The poor wretch could contain his impatience no longer, so he accosted the stranger.

"I beg pardon, sir," said he, "but is Mr. Jamieson still staying at the house, or left?"

"Mr. Jamieson is not staying at the house," replied Mr. MacCrawley Gittens, for it was he, "nor has he stayed there since the day of the funeral."

"The funeral! What funeral? Whose funeral?"

"Miss Flora MacAllister's."

"Flora MacAllister!"

"Ay—she was buried three days ago." And so the limb of the law passed on.

Curly stood looking at his retreating figure till it faded altogether into the mist of evening; then, without a sigh or sound, he dropped like a stone on the highway, where Duncan MacTavish and Jeannie MacPherson found him lying some hours later.

CHAPTER XVI.

ELSPETH'S WEIRD.

As far as care and kindness could alleviate Curly's sufferings they were alleviated, and gradually he came to himself. By degrees he resumed his old relations with Willie, and at last he was enabled to get about, leaning on the other's strong arm.

Several weeks elapsed, and Jamieson's slender resources were running short, but fortunately the time for the commencement of his engagement at Glasgow was drawing near.

Dr. Miller wished Curly to stay with him, but he pleaded so piteously not to be left behind that Jamieson could not find it in his heart to say him nay. So after arranging to send half his salary every month towards the costs of the lawsuit, Willie decided to leave Aberdeen for Glasgow on the following day. His wardrobe had been stored at the theatre, and at about 12 on the morning of his departure he was standing at the stage door in Marischal street, giving the necessary directions for his luggage to be forwarded, when he felt his arm clutched violently, and Curly, with a wild scream, ejaculated: "Look! look! at Death on the pale horse!"

Turning round, he saw Deempster riding down the street, his eyes bloodshot and his face aflame. Whether he came to seek Willie with murderous intent, or whether the devil got the better of him at the sight of the man who had beaten him, can never be known till the day of doom. Certain it is, however, that the moment he saw the two young men he put spurs to his horse and rode furiously at Jamieson. With his heavy riding whip he struck him a tremendous blow on the head, which brought him to his knee, and would most certainly have split his skull open had it not been for his tall chimney-pot hat. Reversing his grip, and passing his hand like lightning through the thong, Deempster sent the heavy buckthorn head, with its cruel fangs, hurtling through the air. Had that blow reached its aim there would have been an end at once of Willie Jamieson, and consequently this story would never have been written. At that very moment, however, Curly, with something of his old alertness, at the imminent peril of his own life, sprang upon the bridle of the horse and backed it. As the huge brute reared in the air the tremendous impetus of the blow flung Deempster forward, and he fell head foremost on the curb of the granite pavement, with a sound that was heard at the other end of the street. As he fell one foot remained inextricably entangled in the stirrup iron, and the horse galloped madly round the corner to the right, dragging the body of the dead man after him. And thus it came to pass that Curly was avenged, and that, by his

And thus it came to pass that Curly was avenged.

own hand and deed, the Laird of Strathmines fulfilled Elspeth MacDiarmid's weird!

CHAPTER XVII.

FACE TO FACE.

Jamieson's engagement in Glasgow extended, on and off, for some years, during which his modest income was mortgaged for law expenses, so that he was able to save little or nothing. Curly's acting days were over, but he wrote a beautiful hand, and employed himself in copying parts, MSS., etc., for the theatre. Of course he didn't make much by this; but he contributed some small portion toward the household expenses, always hoarding up a little treasure for an especial purpose. Year after year, as regularly as the 12th of May approached, he disappeared. Generally he returned about a month afterwards, and resumed his place without a word. Willie guessed pretty well where he had been; but they quite understood each other, and no word ever passed between them on the subject.

They grew older, and the world grew grayer and gloomier for both, and the case of "Jamieson and Miller vs. MacAllister and others" continued to impoverish the poor player.

Mr. MacCrawley Gittens, having exhausted every artifice that pettifogging and chicanery could suggest, was at length brought to bay, and the final hearing came on, which resulted in a verdict for the defendant.

The very next day Jamieson gave notice of appeal. Then commenced affidavits, interlocutories, and I don't know what all. Anyhow the whole thing had to begin anew. Of course, the lawyers, as usual, took their time over it. But there is one comfort, you can have a good deal of law for a little money in Scotland—i. e., compared with the cost of the article in England.

While this precious lawsuit dragged its slow length along, Jamieson was acting in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, the York circuit, etc. Wherever he went Curly accompanied him. At last engagements were difficult to obtain in England, so the friends returned to the Land o' Cakes. But, alas! "a new generation had arisen, which knew not Willie." Younger men had stepped into his shoes, and poor Jamieson had to retire and take a back seat, until he sank to be, as we had seen him the night before, leading man at the Theatre Royal, Paisley.

And now comes the remarkable coincidence to which I have before referred.

As Pike got to this portion of his narrative we reached the summit of a hill, at the bottom of which, some two miles off, lay Stuart town, through which we had to pass luring almost the last stage of our journey. As we paused to contemplate the prospect, and indeed to take breath, for we were both a little blown, our attention was attracted to a solitary foot passenger, about three or four hundred yards in front, who came walking along briskly toward us. Despite his shabby clothes, he had the air and manner of a gentleman. His figure seemed wiry and elastic; his hair fell about his neck in a profusion of snow-white silky curls; the collar of his shirt was turned down over a frayed black silk handkerchief, revealing a singularly beautiful neck; he carried his head erect; his eyes seemed fixed on vacancy, and his whole manner was so engrossed and preoccupied that he scarcely observed us until within a stone's throw, when, to my astonishment, Pike gave a long, low whistle, as he exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Who'd have thought it? Talk o' the de'il! An' how's aw' wi' ye, Curly?"

Mr. Campbell—for it was he—drew himself up for a moment, coldly; then, recovering himself, replied, with a pleasant smile:

"What, Pike! Still on the road, old man? Don't you begin to feel tired of it, and wish it were all over? Sometimes I'm of Anton's mood, after Actium, and feel disposed to cry—

Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done.

But no, no. I suppose I've not courage enough to take off my own armor. And, after all, we've only got to wait a little longer for 'the good time coming' at the end of the journey; and then, you know as Cato puts it 'My bane and antidote are both before me.' But what a rogue and peasant slave am I to go wool-gathering thus! Who's the boy?"

Pike introduced me to Mr. Campbell as "the juvenile hero of the company, the coming man, the future Romeo," etc.

The old gentleman said, with a sweet smile:

"Excuse me, sir, old men will still be talking; it's the privilege of age. You are young and sanguine. Ah! I was young and sanguine once myself. I hope you will have better fortune than befel me. You have an open brow and a frank eye. You can look a man in the face; I'm sure you're not afraid. It's a bad thing to be afraid. One moment of fear blighted the life of a man I know as well as I know myself. Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness, but manliness is above everything. If a man insults you, if he is as big as Goliath, don't wait to talk, hit him first; hit him if your heart is quaking, if your nerves are shaking; hit him if he kills you after! A brave man can only die but once; but the coward! Ah! God help the poor miserable coward, for he dies every day, every hour he lives!" He paused, and looked strangely round as he took off his hat, passed his hand through his beautiful hair; then he stopped, took up a handful of snow and rubbed it on his brow, mopped it dry, and said with a low desponding moan:

"Oh, God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had bad dreams." Then he continued: "I fear you will think me rather eccentric, and so I am; but I was not always thus, was I, Pike? I was—what was I? I'm sure I forget. Well, and how is Madame la Pike, and the young fishes? And the stock debt? And do we still delight the lieges with Sir Edward Mortimer, and Pizarro, and the Baillie, and Caleb Balderston? And get glorious as of yore on the mountain dew, fresh from Glenlivat? Then, in an altered tone, and with a touch of sadness in his voice, "Of all things else, avoid that, young gentleman. Remember, 'There's death in the pot.' Only begin with that, and 'Facilis descensus Averni.' All the rest is easy; slap, bang, down you go through the primrose path till you get to the abyss at the bottom."

At this moment Pike cut in with:

"We saw Lang Willie last night at Paisley."

"Did you?" responded the other; "then you saw one for whom

Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—'This was a man!'"

After a moment's pause he began to hum "Annie Laurie" half aloud and half to himself. At last Pike whispered him, then he changed altogether, and said:

"You're a good fellow, Pike. What is it the Baillie says to Rob Roy? 'You're a sort of a kind of honest rogue,' but as to money, 'Keep your brass, Baillie; keep your trash.' See, although we have got to our last Roberto, yet,"—and he sent a bright new shilling spinning in the air and caught it deftly—"what is it Cleopatra's mailed Bacchus says? 'Yet have we a brain that nourishes our nerves,' not, by the by, that he could have had much brains to spare when he made such an ass of himself for the sake of that promiscuously amorous and decidedly dissolute old gipsy. Good bye, good bye; good luck to you at Kilmarnock. May your shadow never grow less; may your stock deot never increase; may you never share less than half a crown a night, and candles to boot. Ta, ta. 'We pray heaven to have you in its holy keeping!'" And so, throwing his head aloft, he walked rapidly down the hill, singing as he passed out of sight the song of Autolycus——

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile a—
A merry heart goes all the way;
Your sad tires in a mile a.

That was how I made Curly's acquaintance; and, indeed, that was the first and last and only time I ever saw Donald Campbell until—but I must not anticipate.

With reference to the remainder of our journey——

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

Even so would the reader regard our adventures at Kilmarnock as tedious and irrelevant, so I pass them by, and leave the record for another time and place.

In the next chapter I will take up the thread of Curly's and Willie's story as it came almost under my own personal cognizance, many a long day after poor old Pike and I had parted company forever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

Nearly five years had elapsed since the day Curly and I met and parted on the Queen's highway.

I had emerged from the "crowd," and was "starring" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from whence I had to go to Aberdeen for six nights. I closed in Glasgow on Saturday, and had to open in Aberdeen on Monday. Railways were now, more or less, all over Scotland, but through some prejudice, derived from the Dark Ages, there was still no communication between Glasgow and Edinburgh on Sunday. Sore ey exercised in my mind as to how I was to get through in time to open at Aberdeen, I strolled down Argyle street on Sunday morning toward the railway station, when I perceived in the crowd in the opposite direction, and overtopping every one around, a stately, white-bearded man, with the head "and front of Jove himself."

Although I had never seen him since the night we met in Paisley I could not be mistaken—it was "Lang Willie."

For years I had pondered on the nobility, the beauty, the self-sacrifice of that manly nature—the misfortunes of his unhappy friend. I knew the prolonged struggles they had encountered with poverty, and I was really delighted at the thought that the prosperity of the poor lad whom he had helped in adversity might enable me now, perhaps, to befriend him, so I made my way towards Mr. Jamieson and, sans ceremonie, reminded him of the circumstances of our night acquaintance five years back.

"Good heavens," he said, "you don't mean to say you are that slip of a lad who was with old Pike in Paisley five years ago? Well, I should never have thought it." Then he told me he had been to the theatre, had seen my Hamlet, and he said some civil things about it.

It was getting nigh dinner time, and I persuaded him to come to the hotel and dine with me. After dinner the conversation turned on my journey to Aberdeen, and the difficulty I anticipated in getting through to Edinburgh. To my astonishment and delight, he said:

"Well, this meeting is as fortunate as it is pleasant. Not an hour before I met you I received the welcome news that the final decision in the case of Jamieson and Miller vs. MacAllister and others had been given in our favor. I am only awaiting a telegram to enable me to start for Aberdeen, and take possession of the estate at once. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call for you here at 12 o'clock to-night with a coach and pair, and we'll drive to Edinburgh together, and catch the express for Aberdeen in the morning."

At 12 o'clock he came according to promise. We caught the mail at Edinburgh and arrived at Aberdeen at about 12 on Sunday night. Although we were fatigued, the journey had been a pleasant one for me.

Before we parted for the night Mr. Jamieson said: "Of course you know my poor friend's sad story. To-morrow is the anniversary of the great misfortune of his life. Every year he regularly disappears at this time for a month or more, and as year succeeds year he seems more and more broken down, and I'm getting very anxious about him. For two years I have been out of an engagement, and we have had very hard times, and now that brighter days are in store, poor fellow, it would be hard if he could not share this good fortune, and I hope I am not selfish when I say it would be hard for me, too, to be left alone in my old age without a friend."

I was up early, having a 10 o'clock rehearsal. As I had only my scenes to run through in "The Lady of Lyons," and as both Pauline and the widow had played their parts with me before, I had finished by 12 o'clock, when Jamieson called for me to accompany him to the house of his co-executor, Dr. Miller.

The two old friends met with effusive congratulations as to the final result of the protracted law suit. It was quite touching to see the tearful delight of Jeannie MacPherson at the sight of Willie, but more touching still it was to see the welcome accorded him by the doctor's only daughter, a lovely, fair-haired girl of 18. I thought then, and I think still, that Maggie Miller is altogether the most charming, guileless and beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. Accident—sheer accident—had led me to my fate. If I hadn't gone to Paisley with Pike I shouldn't have known Willie Jamieson—perhaps I should have known nothing about Curly, most certainly I should never have known Maggie Miller. Ah, my darling! I loved you from that moment, and— But I am becoming personal, and the interest of this story centers in its unfortunate hero, not upon a mere fly on the wheel.

Presently Willie inquired of the doctor if he had seen Curly, for he was due that very day. For years he had never failed to present himself at Breadalbane terrace by noon on this sad anniversary. We waited until about 2 o'clock, then everybody got anxious. Although it was in the "merrie month of May"—by one of those strange freaks of the "clerk of the weather," by no means unusual in Scotland—snow had fallen heavily overnight. Jamieson feared that his poor friend might have been overtaken by the snowstorm. At last he could endure the suspense no longer, so he proposed to go out and see if they could obtain any news. The doctor told Maggie to slip on her hat and cloak and accompany us. As we were leaving the house, Jeannie came into the hall, equipped for walking, and said:

"Doctor let me gang, too, and show you the way. I ken wheer to find the puir laddie. I ken weel enauch—I saw him thrice yestreen."

"Saw whom?" said the doctor; "why did ye not tell us then, ye daft old gowk?"

"Because I hoped my dream would na hold, but it'll be ower true, I'm gey sure; but—there—step out, and see for yoursels." So saying, she stepped rapidly before us. The doctor and Willie walked side by side, talking to each other in anxious undertones; and my—I mean Miss Miller and I brought up the rear.

It was a lovely day; the sun shone brightly, melting the snow on the tree tops which stood forth green and bright, the glowing beauties of the chestnut blossoms contrasting vividly with the green leaves and the sparkling white of the crisply-frozen snow which lay upon the ground, and which as yet defied the sun. The birds were singing, a hare and half a dozen rabbits crossed the road before us, and, turning round, confronted us fearlessly. A squirrel gambolled about in a tree over our heads; then we heard a squeaking noise, and the coneys scurried away, just in time to escape a hideous beast of a weasel, which slid across the road and rapidly wriggled through the covert in full pursuit.

At length we had reached a little mountain chapel on the hillside. Jeannie led the way through the gate; we followed her rapidly.

As we turned the corner to the left a man lay at full length amid the snow upon the grave where Flora MacAllister lay sleeping.

He was sleeping, too. His right arm was twined round the slender cross at the head of the grave, his hands were clasped together, and his head lay in profile resting on his shoulder. His face was fair and beautiful as in his youth; his silver curls glittered in the sunshine, and formed an argentine glory round his white brow; his eyes were closed; a smile was on his lips.

He had reached the end of the journey,

The end of the journey.

where she was waiting for him. So, best. For him no more trouble now—no more weariness—no more lamentations—only rest!

L'ENVOI.

THE TWO PICTURES.

Six years and more have passed.

We have moved from Aberdeen to the neighborhood of Richmond.

It is a cool summer evening. We are in a large drawing-room with French windows opening on a lawn, which slopes down to the river. The room is furnished and adorned with all that taste can suggest and moderate wealth can supply.

Our pictures are much admired, but it is needless to make an inventory of them; I only desire to call attention to two which stand out from the rest. They are companion portraits. The one is a handsome, fair-haired young man in a cornet's uniform, the other is a beautiful dark-haired girl in white. They are placed exactly opposite each other. Now I have noticed that, as a rule, portraits painted by men of genius, from Holbein to Millais downward (and the young lady is one of Millais' best), have a peculiarity—the eyes have the power to follow you all over the room wherever you go. These pictures of ours have a yet more remarkable peculiarity—their eyes are fixed only on each other, with a tenderness so touching, so expressive and so infinite that at night, when the household is at rest, and when (for I am always a late bird) I have been sitting reading my book, or studying my last new part, I have often sat and watched and wondered, and have almost expected to hear them speak to each other. This fancy has perhaps scarcely ever affected me so strongly as at this very moment.

I have just finished reading this story to a small family circle, consisting of two venerable gentlemen and two women, one of them young and fair, the other grown old in loving, faithful servitude.

For a little while we are silent.

I think we are all looking at the pictures—I'm sure I am. Is it a phantasy, or am I dreaming by daylight? The eyes have moved. Instead of looking as usual at each other, they are both looking straight at me! Yes, I could swear it! I——

Hark! isn't that a peal of childish joyous laughter? Yes, and see! Two youngsters with fair faces, bright eyes, sunny hair and sturdy legs (inherited from their father) fill the air with life and motion as they come bounding into the room from the lawn. No two children of my acquaintance are so spoiled and petted as this young lady and gentleman. Their present appearance is most inopportune, hence mamma induces them for a moment to confine their attentions to a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream. But the spell is broken—the bairns have brought us back to earth.

Then one dear old man wakes up and says:

"The story is o'er true, Jack, but you have made one of the characters too like King Arthur, and you've not done justice to the others."

Little pitchers have long ears, and our little listeners, having polished off their strawberries, cream and all, demand to know: "Who is King Arthur?"

The other old gentleman replies:

"Oh, he's the King of Kingdom Come."

The youngsters return to the charge with: "Oh, that'll no do, grandpa. Kingdom Come is in the clouds."

"Just so, my bonnie bairns," replies the doctor, "and Arthur is the great King of Cloudland, but he's coming back to airth to make the dark licht and the wrang richt some day."

Although this answer poses the children, it doesn't seem to satisfy them, and they clamor to know:

"Who are the others?"

Mamma replies to the girl in her soft sweet voice, "Oh, one was a beautiful lady, whom you are called after, Flora."

Then Grandpa Willie, patting the boy's golden curls, says tenderly and gravely:

"And the other, my mannie, the other was a friend, a very near and dear friend of mine, and a namesake of your's, my little Curly."

THE END.

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I am now lending money at 6 and 7 per cent. interest in sums of from $500 up to $10,000, on long or short time, on farm lands in La Salle and adjoining counties. The rate of interest is determined by size of loan, amount of security and time loan is to run.

Call on or address, LEVI W. ROOD, Sheridan, Ill.

TO ICE MEN.

For sale very low, a complete set of Ice Runners, made of very best material and in best manner. Never used. Apply to G. P. STOCKDALE, Wheaton, Ill. Or, HENRY REAM, Peru Bank, Peru, Ill.

nov7 3w

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.
NEW TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

No. 2, Pacific Express and Mail	11.25 A M
" 4, Night Express	3.18 A M
" 6, Kansas City Express	2.30 A M
" 8, Chicago and Davenport Accom	2.33 P M
" 10, Peru Fast Accommodation	7.02 A M
" 12, St. Paul Express	11.45 A M
Freight's Carrying Passengers.	
" 26,	1.15 P M
" 30,	5.25 P M
" 28,	7.35 A M
" 22,	11.38 P M

GOING WEST.

No. 1, Atlantic Express	8.30 P M
" 3, Night Express	1.10 A M
" 5, Chicago and Kansas City Express	2.12 A M
" 7, Davenport Accommodation	12.40 P M
" 9, Peru Fast Accommodation	8.00 P M
" 11, St. Paul Express, via Albert Lea	2.30 P M
Freight's Carrying Passengers.	
" 29,	10.15 A M
" 23,	2.35 P M

Nos. 9 and 10 arrive in Chicago at 10 A. M. and leave Chicago at 4.45 P. M. daily (Sunday excepted).
Nos. 11 and 12 run daily, including Sundays.
No. 22 carries passengers from Rock Island to Ottawa.
No. 26 carries passengers from Geneseo to Ottawa.
No. 35 carries passengers between Geneseo and Ottawa.
No. 29 carries passengers between Joliet and La Salle, and No. 30 between La Salle and Joliet.
Nos. 23 and 28 carry passengers between Blue Island and La Salle.

R. R. CABLE, Gen'l Manager.
E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt.
R. F. PRETTYMAN, Agent at Ottawa.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad

On and after April 29, 1884, trains on the C. & A. R. R. pass Joliet as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Express Mail	5.45 P M
Lightning Express	5.45 A M
Denver Express	12.50 P M
K. C. and St. L. Express	5.15 A M
Joliet Accommodation	7.30 A M

GOING SOUTH.

Express Mail	10.15 A M
Lightning Express	10.10 P M
Denver Express	2.00 P M
K. C. and St. L. Express	12.45 A M
Joliet Accommodation	6.45 P M

Lightning Express, Denver Express, and Kansas City and St. Louis Express trains run daily; Express Mail and Joliet Accommodation run daily, except Sunday. Kansas City and St. Louis Express going south runs through without change of cars. Morning train to St. Louis has free chair cars, and evening train through sleepers to St. Louis and Springfield.

JAY W. ADAMS, Ticket Agent C. & A. Railroad.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.
TIME TABLE.
October 13th, 1883.

Going South. Pass. No. 71 B.	Going South. Pass. No. 19 B.	Dist. from Aurora.	STATIONS.	Dist. betw. Stations.	Going North. Pass. No. 70 B.	Going North. Pass. No. 7 B.
P.M. LV	A.M. LV				A.M. AR	P.M. AR
4.45	8.45		...Chicago...		10.30	7.10
5.14	10.23		....Aurora....		9.12	5.39
5.18	10.28	1	.West Aurora.	1	9.07	5.34
		3¾	Fox Riv Junc	2¾		
5.30	10.39	6¾	...Oswego....	3	8.54	5.25
5.40	10.53	12¾	.Yorkville...	6¾	8.42	5.07
5.46	11.00	15¾	.....Fox.....	3	8.34	5.00
6.51	11.06	19	..Millbrook..	3¼	8.26	4.53
7.03	11.13	22¾	.M.Ilington..	3¾	8.18	4.45
7.12	11.23	27¾	..Sheridan...	5	8.08	4.34
7.22	11.33	32	....Serena....	4¼	7.58	4.24
		34	...Blakes....	2		
7.30	11.42	35¾	....Wedron...	1¾	7.50	4.15
7.37	11.50	39¾	.....Dayton...	4	7.42	4.08
		43¾	C.R.I.&P.Cr'g	3¾		
7.50	12.02	44	OTTAWA	¼	7.28	3.50
		44¾	South Ottawa.	¾		
		46¾	.Side Track..	1¾		
8.10	12.21	52¾	.Grand Ridge.	6¾	7.08	3.30
		58	...Richards...	5¼		
8.30	12.45	60¾	...Streator...	4¾	6.50	3.15
P.M. AR	P.M. AR				A.M. LV	P.M. LA

Freight trains carrying passengers leave Ottawa as follows: For Earl, 1.20 P. M.; for Aurora, 10.05 A. M.; for Streator, 5.05 A. M., 5.05 P. M., and 10.05 A. M.

Morning train makes close connection at Aurora for all points east and west.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, C. B. & Q. Drawing Room Cars, Horton's Reclining Chair Cars, and the C. B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars, by this route. All information about rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations and time tables will be cheerfully given by applying to

PERCIVAL LOWELL, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

THOS. J. POTTER, General Manager, Chicago.
GEO. E. ROE, Agent at Ottawa.

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