

THE FORGERY.

It was a bleak October morning, and Mr. Walter Crump, cashier of the firm of Messrs. Lively & Mason, quitted his place as he made his way along Throgmorton street to the scene of his daily toil. It was not that he feared to be late that Mr. Crump was walking fast. During all of the forty years that he had sat upon a high stool from 19 to 5 Mr. Crump had never been known to be late for his work. A more methodical, careful man never hung over a ledger or balanced a cash book.

At length he reached the well-known staircase, opened the office door and stood still for a moment in surprise. Young Carter, the assistant bookkeeper, was there before him, already at his work. Mr. Crump smiled grimly.

"So you've made a beginning, young man," he said. "Well, we'll see."

Carter's face flushed a little as he bade the older man good morning. The fact was that Crump, who had married rather late in life, had a bright-eyed daughter named Annie, with whom Robert Carter had fallen very much in love. It was only on the preceding evening that things had come to a crisis, and somewhat to the young man's surprise, Mr. Crump had rejected the proposed engagement. He did not like young Carter. He did not approve of the young fellow's fashionably cut collar, nor of his scarf-pin, nor of his cane. Such things Mr. Crump considered were the signs of a frivolous disposition and unsteady habits. Nor did Mr. Crump approve of the melodies of comic songs which Carter was continually humming. He suspected that the young man frequented music-halls, and spent more money on cheap cigars, novels and outings than was proper for one in his position. Besides, Mr. Robert Carter was usually the last of all the clerks to make his appearance in the morning, and this was in Mr. Crump's eyes, a very bad sign. It was plain to the old man that Carter was now making an attempt to earn his good opinion.

"Time will show—time will show," said Mr. Crump, in rather an aggravating way, as he changed his coat, opened his desk, unlocked his safe, and sat about his work.

Soon the other clerks began to arrive, and came Mr. Mason, the acting partner, a tall, pale man, with long black hair, Mr. Lively, the senior partner, only came to the office twice a week, to examine the bank book and see how things were going on. Mr. Mason opened the letters and soon appeared at Mr. Crump's desk with a small sheet of paper in his hand. These were letters in response to which small sums of money had to be sent, and it belonged to Mr. Crump to attend to them, for he had authority to sign checks for the firm for sums up to five pounds.

Mr. Crump first made a list of the payments he had to make and then went to his safe for his check book. As he opened it to write the first check he was surprised to find that the counterfoil belonging to the last check which had been taken from the book was not filed up. He could hardly believe his eyes. Never in all his life had he written a check without first filing up the counterfoil with particulars of the amount, the date and the person to whom the check was sent. But his surprise turned to dismay when he took out his cash book and found that he had only drawn nine checks the day before, the counterfoils of which were all properly filed up, whereas a tenth check had been torn out of the book.

For a moment he sat as if stunned. Could any one have stolen the blank check? He always kept the key of his safe on his own bunch, but it was just possible that some one might have got hold of the key, taken an impression of it in wax and had a false key made. He had heard of such things. He leaned his head on his hands and tried to think. When had he closed his safe last night? About 4 in the afternoon, before any one had left the office for the day, for he remembered he had been sent to the docks about 4 o'clock with some documents for a ship that was about to sail, and that when he got back at 6:30 everything had left and the place was in darkness.

If the blank check had been stolen, the theft must have been committed last night—so this morning. Could the safe have been opened before his arrival? He remembered Carter's unusually early appearance and threw a suspicious glance at the young man.

Then a sinister suspicion of the matter occurred to him. It was very possible that in bearing out the last check he had drawn the day before he had torn out two by mistake, folded them up and sent them off together.

This would, of course, account for the appearance of the check book. He determined to write at once to Marshall & Co., merchants in Liverpool, to whom he had sent his last check, and ask whether a blank check had not been sent to them by mistake.

Then the question arose—should he mention the circumstance to Mr. Mason? On consideration Mr. Crump thought that it was not necessary to do so. Mr. Mason was rather a hard man to deal with, and a confession would ruin the character for carelessness which the cashier had so long enjoyed. And he fully expected that in two days at most he would get a letter from Liverpool enclosing the ship's paper which had cost him so much anxiety.

The next day was a Tuesday, and according to his invariable custom on that day of the week, Mr. Lively made his appearance in the office. Business had not long commenced when everything in the establishment was in a state of commotion. Mr. Mason was closeted with his partner for a few minutes, and then went hurriedly out of the office, returning shortly with Mr. Jeffrey's bank, at which the firm kept their account.

Then Mr. Jeffrey left, and came back accompanied by one of the cashiers. Then a bell was rung and Mr. Crump was sent for.

"Bring your check book, Mr. Crump," said the senior partner.

This was done, and a tall man, whom Mr. Crump had not noticed up to this time, stepped up to the table and glanced at the check book along with Mr. Lively.

"I thought so," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Here's the place from which the check was taken; here is the counterfoil. The numbers correspond. What made you do it, Crump? You are the last man in the world from whom I expected such conduct."

"Do what, sir?" faintly uttered Mr. Crump.

"Do what?" echoed his employer with a contemptuous smile. "Who did you get to do this little bit of work for you?"

As he spoke Mr. Lively tossed a check across the table. Mr. Crump took it up and read:

"The London and Lancashire Bank. Pay Jos. Beckman, Esq., or order, three thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds fifteen shillings." "Lively & Mason."

He looked up bewildered. The tall man in the frock coat watched him narrowly.

"Who is this Beckman?" asked Mr. Lively.

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know? You see that the check has come from your book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you give it to any one?" asked Lively.

"No, sir."

"Did you miss it?"

"Yes, sir, I missed it yesterday; and I wrote to Messrs. Marshall, to whom I had sent the one before that, thinking that I had torn out two by mistake."

"That rather points to his innocence," whispered Mr. Lively to the tall man at his elbow.

"It may be only a clever point, sir," returned the other.

"You did not put that letter among the others to be copied in the letter book," put in Mr. Mason.

Crump hung his head.

"Is the check—?" he began, after a pause.

"Of course it is forged," answered Mr. Lively.

"And was it paid?"

"Yes, it was paid yesterday."

Mr. Crump sighed, took a long breath, and waited.

"Now, Crump, you had better make a clean breast of it," said Mr. Lively, after a few moments' silence. "Tell us who this man Beckman is; tell us where the money has gone;—it can't all be spent already—and it will be none the worse for you."

Mr. Crump felt a choking sensation in his throat, but he plucked up courage enough to say:—"I have told you already, sir, that I know nothing about it. It was only yesterday morning that I noticed that a check had been taken from the book."

"Why did you not mention it?" asked Mr. Mason.

"I thought I had torn it out myself along with the one I sent to Mr. Marshall."

"But it may have been torn out by any one in the office during the day before?"

"Yes, sir," replied Crump, "I don't see how any one could have got at the book, for I am very careful, but it is possible."

"The thief has probably got a professional forger to copy the signature from an old letter," said Mr. Mason, taking up a slip of paper. "It is beautifully imitated. I would not have detected it myself."

"It is plain that the thief must have been some one in the office, though probably he had an accomplice outside," said Mr. Jeffrey. "A stranger would not have known that the firm had so large a balance at the moment. Is there any one of your fellow clerks whom you think may have had a hand in it?" he asked, turning to the cashier.

"No, sir."

"Is there any one in your keep-lose company, or any one who is in the habit of spending too much money?"

Mr. Crump thought of Carter and hesitated for a moment.

"Speak, sir, if you are wise," said Mr. Lively sternly.

"I have sometimes thought that Mr. Carter spent a good deal on dress and so on," replied Mr. Crump. "But as Mr. Carter's unusually early appearance in the preceding morning, and a suspicion in my mind, without mentioning it he allowed his thoughts to appear in his face, so that his protest—I know nothing whatever against Mr. Carter—had but little effect."

Crump was sent back to his desk and Carter was sent for. He came back to the clerks' room in a state of great indignation, having strenuously denied any knowledge of the forgery. The result of a consultation between the bank managers and the partners was that, as Crump could not account for the loss of the check, he had probably stolen it; and that, although there was not evidence enough to prosecute him, he must be dismissed at once. As to Carter, they determined to allow him to remain where he was and keep a close watch on his proceedings.

Poor Walter Crump, who had done so well like one in a dream. He was dismissed as the accomplice of a forger. And he could not say that, in the circumstances, he had been treated unjustly. The check had been intrusted to him, and he had lost it. It was, apparently at least, his fault that the crime had been committed. He almost wondered that he had not been sent to prison.

When he reached his own house he sat down in front of the fire without speaking, and even his favorite daughter, Annie, could not make him say what troubled him. How could he tell his children that their father had been dismissed from his situation on suspicion of having robbed his employers of £3,000.

About 8 o'clock in the evening a knock came at the old man's door. It was Robert Carter, Crump started to his feet in indignation. Was this fellow, whom he suspected to be the criminal, to come and gloat over him in his misery?

But before he could speak, Carter had come into the room and held out his hand.

"I came to tell you, Mr. Crump," said he, "how sorry we all are in the office about this. None of us believe you had anything to do with it, of course. It will all come out, likely, in a day or two."

The old man stared at him for a minute or two without speaking and without taking Carter's hand.

"Be gone, sir!" he cried at last. "How dare you come here to insult me with your sympathy? You! I fancy you are the one who knows most about it."

Annie turned from one to the other with bewildered, terrified looks. Fortunately she was the only other one of the family in the room.

"What is it, father?" she cried, clasping her hands. "What is it, you say? I know more about it than any one else! Oh, tell me what has happened!"

"Go to your room, girl," said her father, sternly. "There is trouble enough without your meddling in it. Stop," he continued, as the girl slowly left the room. "You see that young man, I forbid you to see him, to write to him, to receive any letters from him. He— you will know soon enough."

"What, sir?" cried Carter, his eyes blazing with indignation. "Do you say that I—that I took the check. Why, it was an impossibility, even if I had wished to do such a thing."

"Leave my house, sir!" was the old man's reply, as he resumed his seat in his chair. He had by this time persuaded himself that in some unguarded moment he had left his key in the safe, that Carter had taken an impression of it and had a false key made, and that he had got some clever forger to imitate the firm's signature. But he knew that no one would believe him, that appearances were all against him, and that it would be impossible for him now even to earn his own bread. He looked upon Carter as the man who had ruined him, and in his misery and unreasonableness he fancied that one of the young man's objects was to throw suspicion upon him to reduce him to poverty and make it impossible for him to refuse to accept him for Annie's husband. But in this the old man determined he would never yield.

Carter protested once more against the injustice of the cashier's suspicions and then left the room. At the street door he met Annie, who was waiting for him.

"Oh, Robert," she exclaimed in a low voice, "tell me what has happened."

"Somebody at the office has forged a check for £3,000 and more," he replied. "It had been taken from your father's book and—and—fancies I took it—I, who had nothing to do with his safe whatever."

"And do you imagine it was—?"

Robert was silent.

"And you came here to say you didn't believe it? Oh, how good of you!"

"But I think I am the thief. You don't, Annie?"

"No, Robert; I am very sure of that.

Only, I can't see you as long as my father—"

Robert's only answer to this was a sigh, and with a hurried good-bye to the lovers parted.

Of course poor Walter Crump could not find another situation, though he would have been glad to take the lowest place in an office. The wife came to his door in earnest. Annie, who had a situation in a board school, was the chief support of the family, and the poor girl was pale and thin from long hours and scanty meals.

It was about five months after the day when the cashier was dismissed in disgrace, that one day Mr. Mason left his office at 1:30, his usual hour for going out to lunch. Half-past one was about the time when it was Robert Carter's turn to go out for half an hour, and Mr. Mason had hardly had time to reach the street when the young man left his desk, went into Mr. Mason's room, entered a small closet in which a wash hand basin was fitted up, and proceeded to wash his hands. This was a high misdemeanor, especially as accommodation was provided for clerks in another part of the building; but Mr. Robert Carter preferred Mr. Mason's closet, and always used it when he had a chance of doing so.

On this occasion, however, he had barely begun his ablutions when he heard the door of the office slam, and then he heard some one, whom he judged to be his employer, come into the room.

Fortunately, the door of the closet was nearly closed, so that the young man was invisible to any one in the center of the room.

"He has only come back for his umbrella," said Robert to himself; there is no need of my moving. If I keep quiet he will be gone in a minute. Not some one else has come in with him. What shall I do?"

Mr. Mason had already closed the double doors which led from his room to the outer office, and Carter was screwing up his courage to the point of confessing his presence when the first words spoken by the stranger fell upon his ear and made him stand as still as a stone.

"You can take your choice, as I said in my letter. Hand me over another hundred or I'll split. What's one seventy-two out of three thousand? I had all the risk and you—"

"Shew—will you?" hissed out Mr. Mason, in an angry whisper. "I can't give you £100, for I haven't got it. But I will give you £50 now and £50 next month. After that you can split if you like, for you shall get no more out of me. Anything would be better than living as slave to a man like you."

"Hand over the £50, then," said the other after a pause, and then there was a slight rattle of bank notes.

"You had better leave the country," said Mr. Mason, in a low tone. "The bank cashier who cashed the check might meet you in the street."

"I'll take care of that," replied the stranger; and after a few more words had passed the two men left the office.

All this time Carter had been standing half paralyzed, first by fear of discovery and then by astonishment. But he understood this much, that the stranger was the man who had stolen the forged check under the name of Beckman; that Mr. Mason knew it, and was far from denouncing him to the police was giving him money to hold his tongue. Yes; and more than this, the stranger was threatening to "split" upon Mr. Mason!

What it could all mean Carter could not comprehend; but he saw one thing plainly enough. The important point was to find out who this man was, and where he lived. In a moment Carter ran out of the room, seized his hat, and rushed down stairs.

He was just in time. Mr. Mason was leaving the foot of the stairs, going up the street, while a well-dressed man, who had evidently just parted from the mansion house, and saw him take a Baywater omnibus. This suited Carter exactly. He went round to the front of the vehicle and got up beside the driver. Then he climbed over the roof and seated himself at the door.

At the Holborn restaurant the man whom he was following got out and stopped to refresh himself, while Carter waited patiently outside. At last he reappeared, and Carter quietly followed him down Holborn, up Gray's Inn road, and into a dingy street in the neighborhood of King's Cross. Here the pretended solicitor stopped at a door, which he opened with a latch key.

"Ah!" said Carter to himself, "I have you now!"

He waited a few moments, and then knocked at the door.

"It was answered by a dirty, sly-spithed girl. "Does Mr. Williamson live here?" inquired the young man.

"No, he doesn't."

"Wasn't that Mr. Williamson who came in just now—Mr. Williamson of Petersborough?"

"No, it wasn't. That was our first floor, Mr. Cromer. You've made a mistake."

"So I have. Pardon, I'm sure!" and Carter turned away.

From King's Cross he went straight to Scotland Yard and narrated his experiences. That night Mr. Lively received a visit which caused him some surprise—and so did Mr. Cromer. No sooner was the latter gentleman in the hands of the police than he confessed the whole matter.

Mr. Mason had known Cromer, who was a scoundrel with a respectable appearance and a plausible manner, for some time, and had selected him to be his tool. He had sent poor Crump to the docks on the afternoon before the morning when the check was missed; he had gone with his own key and abstracted the blank check. This check he had himself filled up and signed with the firm's signature in the usual way so there was little wonder that the cashier at the bank paid it without any suspicion. He had, no doubt, calculated that the bank would have to bear the loss; but as it was, he had cheated Mr. Lively out of £2,000, for, as he himself had but a third share in the business, only 1,000 out of the 3,000 had to come out of his own pocket.

Mr. Mason saved his partner the trouble of trying whether he could make him criminally responsible for what he had done; for when the police went to look for him he had disappeared. Probably he had seen Robert Carter following his accomplice, and, sending him to the evening when ever it suited him to time, he turned out afterward that he had been speculating largely on the stock exchange and was sorely in need of money to pay his losses. It was some consolation to Mr. Lively to think that his dishonest partner had not profited much by his theft.

As for Walter Crump, he was offered his old place, with an apology and a handsome present to boot; and he still keeps the books which he had so long under his care. He has not quite overcome his prejudice against Robert Carter, and he always regarded it as a hard thing that he should have to swing his arms in the evening when ever it suited him to time. The color came back to Annie's cheek and the light to her eyes when she heard the good news; and it was not many weeks before she became the promised wife of the young man who had discovered the secret of the mysterious forgery.—Whitell's Review.

JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson X of the International Series For Sunday, Sept. 5—Golden Text: "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches." John xv, 1-16.

The language of this lesson is more than usually familiar. Perhaps its meaning differs somewhat from the common impression. Let us try to know it, and look for God's blessing with it.

Some have supposed that the company—Jesus and the disciples—going down the steep, outside the wall, saw a vine which suggested this figure. Others have imagined a vine on the wall and its branches by the window bringing up this image; others think "the fruit of the vine" suggested the figure. But the far greater likelihood is that Jesus had in mind the new dispensation he was bringing in, and was rather teaching his disciples what they had to do in it than setting out the simple and great truth regarding union with him which is elsewhere taught. (John xiv, 19.) Now the Hebrews were used to the vine as a description of their church and nation—"a vine out of Egypt," in Ps. lxxxv, 8; "the vineyard of the Lord of hosts," in Isa. v, 7; "a noble vine," in Jer. ii, 21, Ezek. xiv, 6, etc.

But (1) Israel was typical of God's whole church, with Jesus at the head. (2) Israel was, according to Hos. x, 1, an "empty vine," and so removed. It is with reference to the real fruit to be brought forth that Jesus says, "I am the true vine." If he had simply meant to show that a soul must be in him to bear fruit, as a branch in the tree, it would have been enough to say, "I am a vine," or like a vine. But "true" implies the reality as distinguished from types and images, just as we may say, "Christ is the true paschal lamb." (See John vi, 32.) He joins himself and the church in one for reasons that will appear. This is not surprising. It is only in another form the truth of Christ the head, and the whole body joined to him, as in Eph. iv, 14-16. He is as such the true Israel, the true "seed of Abraham." For the purpose of being a blessing to all the world, he and his people are one. So he represents the Father as husbandman to him, and his people as his husbandman to him, and his people as his husbandman to him, and his people as his husbandman to him. Of him as the Son of God, but as one with his Father. Of him as his Father's God is not the husbandman. But he cares for the mystical body of which he is the head. (See I Cor. x, 17.)

This should be noted at the outset. The word of a soul being joined to Christ for salvation, they had learned in v. 8. He is now teaching them concerning the church they were to found. Jesus and his church make one great tree, for which the Father cares. While the words include spiritual truths we all need to know, they were meant first and most for the men who were to represent him after he was gone.

V. 1. "I am the true vine." The Hebrew economy was the shadow. The substance is now here. God the Father in making the covenant and giving His Son planted this vine, and as a "husbandman" (vines were so far from denouncing him to the police was giving him money to hold his tongue. Yes; and more than this, the stranger was threatening to "split" upon Mr. Mason!

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under the same Master are related, and are to love one another. Love is patient, gentle, generous. It prompts to forgiveness. It encourages upright self and makes us the servants of the Beloved. Hence Christ's "new" commandment. The law said "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I say "Love as I have loved you." This is "new" indeed. So we see in

(V. 13), which needs no explanation but the fact of John's, H. It is only because he is speaking to them in so close and tender a way—forgetting all the past, as it were—that he says "friends." In point of fact, it was for "enemies" (Ps. v, 8) he gave his life. Hence his words:

(V. 14), "Ye are to love 'ye will become,' but 'ye will be sure to love my friends, if ye do," etc. The word "friends" in v. 13, suggests this and leads up to it, and v. 15 makes the idea clearer and gives a fresh reason for their appreciating his love. He is not treating them as "servants," though they were so, but as "friends," for he is taking them into his confidence, unfolding his plans and giving them to know his father's mind as he was carrying it out in the world. No letter explanation of this can be given than we have in Gal. iv, 37. The fullness of the time had come, and they were not at a distance; not servants, but sons. God was doing with them as with Abraham. (See Gen. xvii, 17.)

V. 16. A further reason for their valuing his love is that it drew them to him. He chose and ordained them, made them his special servants that they should go and bear fruit, abiding fruit. The apostolic doctrine and apostolic ways "remain"—now in the Nineteenth century. He gave them in that same love the right and power of prayer, as explained in v. 7. While they moved on the lines he laid for them and in the right spirit, they would find God the hearer of prayer. (See in illustration Acts ii.)

Some teachers may find it easier than the explanation of each verse to take the topics, the vine, the husbandman, the branches of two kinds, the oneness of vine and branches, the kind of fruit to be borne.

Learn—(1) We may be in the church visible and yet not in heaven. We may be unfruitful, withered, dead branches.

(2) Afflictions are not proof of God's anger, but to God's people proofs of love. He is cleansing the branches for more fruit.

(3) The word of God is vital; it must be in us as the sap of the tree in its branches, if they are to live and bear.

(4) The branch bears fruit after its kind—love the Christ to the Father and to one another, joy and holy obedience.—The Sunday School World.

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Send to the secretary for premium lists.

S. S. BURDESS, President,
G. G. McADAM, Secretary,
Wenona, Ill.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R.
TIME TABLE,
June 22nd, 1886.

Going South	STATIONS	Going North
Pass. No. 71		Pass. No. 72
7:15 A.M.	Chicago	7:15 P.M.
8:15 A.M.	Aurora	8:15 P.M.
9:15 A.M.	West Aurora	9:15 P.M.
10:15 A.M.	Forest Hill	10:15 P.M.
11:15 A.M.	Yorkville	11:15 P.M.
12:15 P.M.	Millbrook	12:15 P.M.
1:15 P.M.	Millington	1:15 P.M.
2:15 P.M.	St. Louis	2:15 P.M.
3:15 P.M.	St. Louis	3:15 P.M.
4:15 P.M.	St. Louis	4:15 P.M.
5:15 P.M.	St. Louis	5:15 P.M.
6:15 P.M.	St. Louis	6:15 P.M.
7:15 P.M.	St. Louis	7:15 P.M.
8:15 P.M.	St. Louis	8:15 P.M.
9:15 P.M.	St. Louis	9:15 P.M.
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2:15 P.M.	St. Louis	2:15 P.M.
3:15 P.M.	St. Louis	3:15 P.M.
4:15 P.M.	St. Louis	4:15 P.M.
5:15 P.M.	St. Louis	5:15 P.M.
6:15 P.M.	St. Louis	6:15 P.M.
7:15 P.M.	St. Louis	7:15 P.M.
8:15 P.M.	St. Louis	8:15 P.M.
9:15 P.M.	St. Louis	9:15 P.M.
10:15 P.M.	St. Louis	10:15 P.M.
11:15 P.M.	St. Louis	11:15 P.M.
12:15 A.M.	St. Louis	12:15 A.M.

Going South	STATIONS	Going North
Pass. No. 71		Pass. No. 72
7:15 A.M.	Chicago	7:15 P.M.
8:15 A.M.	Aurora	8:15 P.M.
9:15 A.M.	West Aurora	9:15 P.M.
10:15 A.M.	Forest Hill	10:15 P.M.
11:15 A.M.	Yorkville	11:15 P.M.
12:15 P.M.	Millbrook	12:15 P.M.
1:15 P.M.	Millington	1:15 P.M.
2:15 P.M.	St. Louis	2:15 P.M.
3:15 P.M.	St. Louis	3:15 P.M.
4:15 P.M.	St. Louis	4:15 P.M.
5:15 P.M.	St. Louis	5:15 P.M.
6:15 P.M.	St. Louis	6:15 P.M.
7:15 P.M.	St. Louis	7:15 P.M.
8:15 P.M.	St. Louis	8:15 P.M.
9:15 P.M.	St. Louis	9:15 P.M.
10:15 P.M.	St. Louis	10:15 P.M.
11:15 P.M.	St. Louis	11:15 P.M.
12:15 A.M.	St. Louis	12:15 A.M.

Going South	STATIONS	Going North
Pass. No. 71		Pass. No. 72
7:15 A.M.	Chicago	7:15 P.M.
8:15 A.M.	Aurora	8:15 P.M.
9:15 A.M.	West Aurora	9:15 P.M.
10:15 A.M.	Forest Hill	10:15 P.M.
11:15 A.M.	Yorkville	11:15 P.M.
12:15 P.M.	Millbrook	12:15 P.M.
1:15 P.M.	Millington	1:15 P.M.
2:15 P.M.	St. Louis	2:15 P.M.
3:15 P.M.	St. Louis	3:15 P.M.
4:15 P.M.	St. Louis	4:15 P.M.
5:15 P.M.	St. Louis	5:15 P.M.
6:15 P.M.	St. Louis	6:15 P.M.
7:15 P.M.	St. Louis	7:15 P.M.
8:15 P.M.	St. Louis	8:15 P.M.
9:15 P.M.	St. Louis	9:15 P.M.
10:15 P.M.	St. Louis	10:15 P.M.
11:15 P.M.	St. Louis	11:15 P.M.
12:15 A.M.	St. Louis	12:15 A.M.

Going South	STATIONS	Going North
Pass. No. 71		Pass. No. 72
7:15 A.M.	Chicago	7:15 P.M.
8:15 A.M.	Aurora	8:15 P.M.
9:15 A.M.	West Aurora	9:15 P.M.
10:15 A.M.	Forest Hill	10:15 P.M.
11:15 A.M.	Yorkville	11:15 P.M.
12:15 P.M.	Millbrook	12:15 P.M.
1:15 P.M.	Millington	1:15 P.M.
2:15 P.M.	St. Louis	2:15 P.M.
3:15 P.M.	St. Louis	3:15 P.M.
4:15 P.M.	St. Louis	4:15 P.M.
5:15 P.M.	St. Louis	5:15 P.M.
6:15 P.M.	St. Louis	6:15 P.M.
7:15 P.M.	St. Louis	7:15 P.M.
8:15 P.M.	St. Louis	8:15 P.M.
9:15 P.M.	St. Louis	9:15 P.M.
10:15 P.M.	St. Louis	10:15 P.M.
11:15 P.M.	St. Louis	11:15 P.M.
12:15 A.M.	St. Louis	12:15 A.M.

Going South	STATIONS	Going North
Pass. No. 71		Pass. No. 72
7:15 A.M.	Chicago	7:15 P.M.
8:15 A.M.	Aurora	8:15 P.M.
9:15 A.M.	West Aurora	9:15 P.M.
10:15 A.M.	Forest Hill	10:15 P.M.
11:15 A.M.	Yorkville	11:15 P.M.
12:15 P.M.	Millbrook	12:15 P.M.
1:15 P.M.	Millington	1:15 P.M.