SKETCHES OF LINCOLN.

Career as a Soldier In the Black Hawk War.

HIS FIRST OFFICIAL POSITION.

Another Wrestling Match—A Maiden Political Effort—Trouble at a Political Meeting—How He Inaugurated His Campaign. His Only Defeat Before the People.

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VI.

In the neighborhood of the village, or rather a few miles to the southwest, lay a strip of timber called Clary's grove. The boys who lived there were a terror to the entire region, seemingly a necessary product of frontier civilization. They conceded leadership to one Jack Armstrong, a hardy, strong and well developed specimen of physical manhood, and under him they were in the habit of "cleaning out" New Salem whenever his order went forth to do so. Offut and Bill Clary, the latter skeptical of Lincoln's strength and agility, ended a heated discussion in the store one day over the new clerk's ability to meet the tactics of Clary's grove by a bet of $10 that Jack Armstrong was, in the language of the day, "a better man than Lincoln." The new clerk strongly opposed this sort of an introduction, but after much entreaty from Offut at last consented to make his bow to the social lions of the town in this unusual way. He was now 6 feet 4 inches high and weighed, as his friend and confidant, William Greene, tells us with impressive precision, "214 pounds."

The contest was to be a friendly one and fairly conducted. All New Salem adjourned to the scene of the wrestle. Money, whisky, knives and all manner of property were staked on the result. It is unnecessary to go into the details of the encounter. Every one knows how it ended, how at last the tall and angular rail splitter, enraged at the suspicion of foul tactics and profiting by his height and the length of his arms, fairly lifted the great bully by the throat and shook him like a rag; how by this act he established himself solidly in the esteem of all New Salem and secured the respectful admiration and friendship of the very man whom he had so thoroughly vanquished. From this time forward Jack Armstrong, his wife Hannah and all the other Armstrongs became his warm and trusted friends.

The Black Hawk War.

The great Indian chief, Black Hawk, who on the 30th of June, 1831, had entered into an agreement, having all the solemnity of a treaty, with Governor Reynolds and General Gaines that none of his tribe should ever cross the Mississippi "to their usual place of residence, nor any part of their old hunting grounds east of the Mississippi, without permission of the president of the United States or the governor of the state of Illinois," had openly broken the compact.

On being informed of the movement of Black Hawk, Governor Reynolds called for 1,000 mounted volunteers to co-operate with the United States forces under command of General Atkinson and drive the wily Indian back across the Mississippi. The response to the governor's call was prompt and energetic. In the company from Sangamon county Lincoln enlisted, and now for the first time entered on the vicissitudinous and dangerous life of a soldier. That he, in fact, regarded the campaign after the Indians as a sort of holiday affair and chicken stealing expedition is clearly shown in a speech he afterward made in congress in exposure of the military pretensions of General Cass.

However, in grim, soldiery severity he marched with the Sangamon county contingent to Rushville, in Schuyler county, where, much to his surprise, he was elected captain of the company over William Kirkpatrick. A recital of the campaign that followed, in the effort to drive the treacherous Indians back, or a description of the few engagements—none of which reached the dignity of a battle—which took place, have in nowise been overlooked by the historians of Illinois and of the Black Hawk war. With the exception of those things which relate to Lincoln alone, I presume it would be needless to attempt to add anything to what has so thoroughly and truthfully been told.

A Valued Distinction.

On being elected captain, Lincoln replied in a brief response of modest and thankful acceptance. It was the first official trust ever turned over to his keeping, and he prized it and the distinction it gave him more than any which in after years fell to his lot. His company savored strongly of the Clary's grove order, and though daring enough in the presence of danger were difficult to bring down to the inflexibilities of military discipline. Each one seemed perfectly able and willing to care for himself, and while the captain's authority was respectfully observed, yet, as some have said, they were none the less a crowd of "generous ruffians." I heard Mr. Lincoln say once, on the subject of his career as captain in this company and the discipline he exercised over his men, that to the first order given one of them he received the response, "Go to the devil, sir!"

Notwithstanding the interchange of many such unsoldierlike civilities between the officer and his men, a strong bond of affection united them together, and if a contest had arisen over the conflict of orders between the United States authorities and those emanating from Captain Lincoln or some other Illinois officer, as at one time threatened, we need not be told to which side the Sangamon county company to a man would have gone. A general order forbidding the discharge of firearms within 50 yards of the camp was disobeyed by Captain Lincoln himself. For this violation of rule he was placed under arrest and deprived of his sword for a day. But this and other punishments in no way humiliated him in the esteem of his men. If anything, they only clung the closer, and when Clary's grove friendship asserted itself it meant that firm and generous attachment found alone on the frontier—that bond, closer than the affinity of blood, which becomes stronger as danger approaches death.

Lincoln's famous wrestling match with the redoubtable Thompson, a soldier from Union county, who managed to throw him twice in succession, caused no diminution in the admiration and pride his men felt in their captain's muscle and prowess. They declared that unfair advantage had been taken of their champion; that Thompson had been guilty of foul tactics, and that, in the language of the sporting arena, it was a "dog fall." Lincoln's magnanimous action, however, in according his opponent credit for fair dealing in the face of the widespread and adverse criticism that prevailed, only strengthened him in the esteem of all.

The term for which the volunteers had enlisted had now expired, and the majority, tiring of the service, the novelty of which had worn off, and longing for the comforts and good cheer of their homes, refused either to re-enlist or render further service. They turned their faces homeward, each with his appetite for military glory well satiated. But the war was not over, and the mighty Black Hawk was still east of the Mississippi. A few remained and re-enlisted. Among them was Lincoln. This time, eschewing the responsibility of a captaincy and to avoid the possible embarrassment of dragging about camp a wooden sword, he entered the company of Elijah Iles as a dignified private.

It has pleased some of Mr. Lincoln's biographers to attribute this re-enlistment to pure patriotism on his part and a conscientious desire to serve his country. From the standpoint of sentiment that is a comfortable view to take of it, but I have strong reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln never entertained such serious notions of the campaign. In fact, I may say that my information comes from the best authority to be had in the matter—the soldier himself. Mr. Lincoln had no home. He had cut loose from his parents, from the Hankses and the Johnstons; he left behind him no anxious wife and children, and no chair before a warm fireside remained vacant for him. "I was out of work," he said to me once, "and there being no danger of more fighting I could do nothing better than enlist again."

Return to New Salem.

After his discharge from this last and brief period of service, along with the remainder of the Sangamon county soldiers, he departed from the scenes of recent hostilities for New Salem again. His soldier days had ended, and he returned now to enter upon a far different career. However much in later years he may have pretended to ridicule the disasters of the Black Hawk war or the part he took in it, yet I believe he was rather proud of it, after all. When congress, along in the fifties, granted him a land warrant, he was greatly pleased. He located it on some land in Iowa and declared to me one day that he would die seized of that land, and although the tract never yielded him anything he never, so far as my knowledge extends, parted with its ownership.

The return of the Black Hawk warriors to New Salem occurred in the month of August, but a short time before the general election. A new legislature was to be chosen, and as Lincoln had declared to his comrades in the army he would, and in obedience to the effusive declaration of principles which he had issued over his signature in March, before he went to the war, he presented himself to the people of his newly adopted county as a candidate for the legislature.

On the Stump.

The election being near at hand, only a few days remained for his canvass. One who was with him at the time, describing his appearance, says: "He wore a mixed jeans coat, claw hammer style, short in the sleeves and bobtail—in fact, it was so short in the tail he could not sit on it—flax and tow linen pantaloons and a straw hat. I think he wore a vest, but do not remember how it looked. He wore pot metal boots." His maiden effort on the stump was a speech on the occasion of a public sale at Pappsville, a village 11 miles west of Springfield. After the sale was over and speech-making had begun a fight—a "general fight," as one of the bystanders relates—ensued, and Lincoln, noticing one of his friends about to succumb to the energetic attack of an infuriated ruffian, interposed to prevent it. He did so most effectually. Hastily descending from the rude platform, he edged his way through the crowd, and seizing the bully by the neck and seat of his trousers threw him by means of his strength and long arms, as one witness stoutly insists, "12 feet away." Returning to the stand and throwing aside his hat, he inaugurated his campaign with the following brief but juicy declaration:

"Fellow citizens, I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

Drawing Down the Disease.

At the very outset of the war sundry wise men from New York urged Mr Lincoln to keep away Confederate armies from Washington by naval attacks upon southern seaports. It reminded him, he said, of a New Salem (Ills.) girl who was troubled with a "singing in her head," for which there seemed to be no remedy, but a neighbor promised a cure if they would "make a plaster of psalm tunes and apply to her feet and draw the singing down."

TOLD BY A CONVICT.

How He Was Driven by Fate to Kill a Man.

Men Who Have Been Ruined by Their Love for Liquor Crowd the Penal Institutions of the District of Columbia.

[Special Washington Letter.]

During a visit to the jail of this city on one occasion I met a peculiar character who was waiting trial for wife murder. He was afterward convicted, but was sent to the penitentiary for life, instead of being hanged. In court he told the judge that he wanted to hang, and was anxious to die. He told me his

"IT WAS HARD TO ENDURE."

story, but would not tell it in court. Two of the jail officials were also told his story in confidence, and it was never made public. According to notes taken at the time, the man said: "I was born and bred in a Christian family. My father was a preacher, and educated me himself. I was graduated in law, and also studied medicine. I was not pleased with either profession, but wanted to become a merchant. I had no means with which to start in business, so I became a bookkeeper, and was engaged in that occupation when I came to Washington seeking employment. I came here to avoid becoming murderer.

"That may surprise you; but it is a fact. I had three children, little girls. I became convinced that my home had been invaded by a villain, and that my wife's affections were alienated from me. I thoroughly satisfied myself of the fact, and then I bought a revolver with which to murder the invader of my home, and also to kill my wife. When I entered the front door of my house, with that weapon in my pocket, my youngest child, a three-year-old girl, threw her arms around my neck, kissed me and said: 'Here comes my good papa.'

"I went away in a few minutes, and threw that revolver down the sewer on a street corner. I could not do the deed, for that little girl softened my heart and drove the spirit of crime away. I told my wife what had occurred, told her I had been saved by the child, and begged her to reform. She merely smiled and hummed a tune indifferently. I then arose and told her that I was going away, because I could not remain there and endure humiliation. I told her that I would leave town, because to remain would make a criminal of me. As I walked out of the door, she laughed at me. It was hard to endure; but I kissed my children, and told them I was going on a long journey; and I never saw them afterwards. I thought that it was better to leave them, to give them up, than to remain and have them bear the stigma of having a murderer for their father.

"I went to Philadelphia and New York, and then came here. I sent home all of the money I made, over my meager living expenses. I did it all for the children. God only knows how I loved my little ones. My wife wrote several sarcastic, scolding letters to me, but I never answered them. I merely inclosed a check every week in an envelope. Finally she came here. She did not come as a penitent, but as a Nemesis. She demanded all of my wages, and threatened to make unkind reports of me to my employer. I told her I knew of her wickedness, but that I did not want my little girls to know that their mother was an unworthy woman. She followed me about town, came to my place of business, and then, on that fatal night, she came to my boarding house, accompanied by that villain. I shot at him, and he ran. Then, in my frenzy, I killed her. That is all there is of my story. I will not tell it in court. My children may bear the sad memory of the cruelty of their father. They shall never hear, if I can prevent it, that their mother was an unworthy woman."

It was a strange story. Nobody ever heard of the name of the other man. He was never traced. He was never mentioned during the trial. The jail officials at first believed that the story was made up by the man; but they finally believed him, and pitied him. By telling his story in court, and proving it, the prisoner might have successfully pleaded temporary insanity. But he was heart-broken before the deed was committed. He spoke but the truth when he told the judge that he wanted to die. Life was of no value to him. An effort is now being made to secure his pardon; but it is not likely to prove successful. The convict will do nothing to aid in the accomplishment of that result.

In that same cell two years ago there was confined a prisoner who had deliberately and maliciously shot and killed a man who, he said, had traduced his wife. Somehow, by legal legerdemain, he was acquitted. He returned to his business, as a bartender, but never prospered. He was employed last winter by one of our leading hotels, but when the proprietor learned that he was a murderer he discharged him. He was haggard, thin, and looked like a hunted animal. When he left the hotel, he said to the proprietor: "This is the fourth place I have lost on that account. Nobody wants me. I cannot wash the stain off of my hands. I am constantly afraid that some relative of that man will kill me. I cannot sleep. I cannot get employment. The world has no use for a murderer." He was a prey to fear all the time, and worried himself into a sick bed. Consumption came to him as the result of mental anxiety, and he died last week. He was buried in potter's field, without a friend. Whisky did it.

Frank Ward was one of the foremost citizens of this city. He began life as a milkman, carrying milk in cans from house to house. He worked hard, and finally bought a horse and wagon. He was prospered, and bought a score of wagons. His dairy was a perfect gold mine, and he grew rich. He established dairy lunch rooms in every section of the city. Then he developed a passion for strong drink. He was seldom sober, and yet never too drunk to attend to the supervision of his business. One night, three years ago, he killed a man in a saloon. Wealth, and the sympathy of hosts of friends who had known of his successful struggle in life, and superior lawyers, secured his acquittal. He tried to resume business; but the shadow of the crime was always over him. One night last winter, he threw himself in front of an electric car, and was instantly killed. He found that there was no room in society or a murderer. Whisky did it. Whisky made a murderer of Frank Ward.

One year ago there was a murderer confined in the cell which Frank Ward had occupied. He did not escape justice. This entire city was stirred to the highest pitch of excitement over his crime. Public sentiment was too strong to be overcome. Howard Schneider was a son of wealthy parents, well educated, handsome, and with every inducement in life to be upright and happy. He married the daughter of an excellent gentleman, but his conduct was such that his young wife could not live with him. He spent his time with sporting men, and indulged in strong drink. One Sunday evening, inspired by the demon of the still, he met his wife and her brother before their own home, as they were coming from church. There, almost before the eyes of their parents, who were sitting in their parlor, he shot and killed her brother and mortally wounded his wife. She and her unborn

WHISKY DID IT.

babe died together the following day. The murderer was convicted and hanged. Whisky did it.

A member of congress was killed one day not many years ago on the marble steps of the capitol building by a newspaper correspondent. The man who did the shooting was acquitted when it was demonstrated that the congressman had been persecuting him for more than a year. The congressman was one of the most eloquent men in the house of representatives. He had been a preacher in the mountains of Kentucky, and a good preacher, too. He was sent to congress and immediately attracted attention by his superior abilities. But, like so many men before him, he easily fell a victim to the flattery of his colleagues and of dependent constituents. He became a drinking man and gave free rein to the passion for strong drink. That led him into indiscretions of another nature. He went into an executive department one day while on a spree and by his conduct compromised a female clerk. The story could not be kept a secret and the newspaper man printed it. Ever afterwards he insulted and injured the correspondent until the tragedy resulted. Whisky did it.

Thomas Taylor was a baker, employed about half a mile east of the capitol building. He went to work at two o'clock in the morning and returned to his home for breakfast shortly before eight o'clock. On the way home he stopped at two saloons and drank the fiery and treacherous poison. He quarreled with his young wife, and in the presence of a little four-year-old girl, their only child, he drew a revolver and killed his wife. He then turned the weapon against himself, but his dying wife turned his hand, so that he only gave himself a slight wound. Whisky did it.

Nearly every night in a section south of Pennsylvania avenue, and within a stone's throw of the capitol, where the lower orders of white and black humanity congregate, some cutting or shooting affray occurs. The locality is called the "Division," and constitutes a cordon of crime between the avenue and the Smithsonian and agricultural department grounds. The congregation of criminals could be prevented by our police department; but nothing is done except to make arrests after crimes are committed. In every case of assault, and in every deadly affray, the story is told in the police court, that whisky did it. The saloons in that quarter are kept by brutal men and lost women. They sell rank poison, compared with which the real whisky would be nectar. And yet, our authorities issue licenses to these dealers in damnation.

SMITH D. FRY.

They Must Surely Be Crazy.

It is feared that the members of the present Australian legislature are on the dizzy verges of insanity. They have voted to reduce their own salaries.

ENGLISH TRADE EXPERIENCE.

Lower Prices Noted for Nearly All Manufactured Products.

A very extensive review of the commercial and financial record of English trade is given in the London Economist, February 16. It appears that the imports of foreign countries retained for English consumption would have shown an increase of 9.95 per cent. in 1894 as compared with 1893, with the exports of English goods 3.35 per cent. larger than in 1893, if allowance were made for the decline in prices last year. As a matter of fact, however, the actual values showed an increase of 0.3 per cent. in imports and a decrease of 0.9 per cent. in exports.

In 1894 there was an enlargement of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, but at prices that indicate stagnation. The smaller margin of profit derived from trade in 1894 showed that the average prices of that year's imports were 7.91 per cent. lower than in 1893, while the average prices of exports were 4.27 per cent lower. As the Economist says: "It meant not only more and more work for no more or even less money; but when prices were persistently slipping away the value of stocks deteriorates, and losses accrue."

It would seem, however, that there has been at least a little silver lining to this dark cloud, and that the English manufacturers did not transact such a bad business as appears upon the surface. Owing to the lower prices, the English imports cost $150,000,000 less than they would have cost had the prices of 1893 been maintained, whereas the loss in their exports reached only $48,000,000. In textile industries there was a gain of $45,000,000 through the lower value of raw materials imported, as against a loss of $25,000,000 in the lower prices of yarns and fabrics sold to other countries, making their gain in this respect over $21,000,000 at the expense of the producers of the raw material and the purchasers of their manufactured goods.

The Work of Free Wool.

It is well for free traders to contemplate the effect of their legislative work occasionally and study its lessons.

The free wool schedule of the Wilson bill went into effect on August 28, 1894, and from that time to the end of the year, embracing four months and the three days of August, the importations of foreign wool, duty free, amounted to 75,182,063 pounds. For the corresponding period in 1893, under the McKinley law, the importation of wool amounted to 13,960,498 pounds, making a difference against our wool growers in favor of the foreign grower of 61,221,565 pounds. We estimate the receipts for the last three days in August, 1893, at 750,000 pounds.

The leveling of prices under the influence of this enormous increase in the foreign supply is but one of the serious aspects of the situation which will tend to destroy the American production, the main factor working in that direction being the loss of the home market through its occupancy by the foreign article. If our growers are willing to meet the prices of foreign wool there will yet be a sufficient diminution in the quantity to be taken from the American grower to seriously reduce his production.

What Labor Has Had.

It seems to be a simple proposition that under free trade nothing but ocean freights, which are being lowered every year, stand between American and foreign workmen. No one argues that home labor is not better paid than foreign labor. Protection, buying at home, keeps labor in demand, enhances wages, encourages the development of industries. Free trade, buying abroad, where labor is cheapest, leaves home labor unemployed and wages, of course, go down. Protection increases the demand and free trade the supply for home labor. When the workman in the so-called protected industries is at work at good wages, there is building for the carpenter and bricklayer to do, and there is a market for the products of the farm as well as the factory. The workingman has found out that a cheap foreign market is a mighty expensive thing when he cannot buy, and that a higher home market is cheap when he has work. The American laborer has had lots of food for reflection during the past year or two, and that's about all the food he has had.—N. Y. Recorder.

Want the Work and Wages.

Tariff reform organs have been telling their readers what a nice thing it has been to take the tariff off blankets, woolens, clothing, etc., for the blizzard weather we have been having and how much cheaper these things are now. But what does this cheapness amount to, to the men who by this tariff reform have been thrown out of work for a year or more? What do men care how cheap blankets or clothing are if they haven't money to buy them and can scarcely get food to keep soul and body together? Under the protective policy they could pay the higher prices, have good clothes to wear and plenty to eat, because they had steady work at good wages.—York, Pa., Dispatch.

Try American Steel.

The cutlery manufacturers of the United States must have felt the effect of the Gorman tariff, because our imports of foreign cutlery amounted to $720,995 during its first five months' operation, as compared with imports of $261,329 during the corresponding five months a year earlier.

More Tin Plate Comes.

Tin plate imports at New York during the five months ending January 31, 1895, when the Gorman tariff was in operation, aggregated 93,494,455 pounds, as compared with imports of 72,024,037 pounds during the corresponding months a year earlier.

Here They Come.

From September 1, 1894, to January 31, 1895, we imported 12,085,146 square yards of woolen dress goods, as compared with imports of 10,826,825 square yards during the five months ending January 31, 1894.

A GRAND TRIUMPH.

Baffled Many Times but Success Comes at Last.

(From the Grand Rapids Press.)

The following incident would be hard to believe if it had not occurred right here in Grand Rapids, and investigation by our representative has placed it beyond the reach of doubt. These are the facts in good. Mr. J. H. White of No. 54 Hadley St., has been an instructor in penmanship in different business colleges for the last fourteen years. He says: "Last October I was suddenly taken ill. I consulted a physician, who said the pain was from 'gravel' stones; gradually grew worse, the pain was in my back and side. My back swelled up in a great ridge, and I finally grew so bad that I was taken to bed, as helpless as a child. I passed blood, and when the pain was at its worst I was like one crazy. The doctor injected morphine to give me relief, but further than that he said he was powerless, and nothing would do me any good but a surgical operation. I believe my flesh was literally cooked in the attempts to relieve my agony, everything was used, mustard plasters, turpentine, hot cloths and all such things. I was in this condition, given up by the doctor, and almost out of my mind with suffering. I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and really I felt easier in 20 minutes. After about two hours I had a passage of urine, and passed blood and some 'gravel' stones which greatly relieved me. I rapidly improved. I took in all six boxes, and I feel to-day entirely well. Mine has been a wonderful case. I feel that I cannot say anything strong enough for Doan's Kidney Pills. My great wish is that they may become well known. They will prove a boon to mankind.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

In our adv. two weeks ago we told of our very superior all-steel hand and power feed cutter to be offered at

$10 worth $40

Last week we told of the process of galvanizing and its indispensable preservative qualities. Next week we will give you the experience of two representative business firms of Illinois, one of whom has sold 400 and the other 500 Aermotors. The week following we will quote a price on the best pumps made (hand, wind mill and irrigating) lower than was ever before dreamed of; and the week following that we shall talk to you of steel galvanized tanks, with covers, at the unheard of price of 2½ cents per gallon. This is cheaper than wood. They do not shrink, leak, rot, rust or give taste to water.

The Aermotor Company treats the public generously. While state legislatures are passing laws to secure repairs for farm machinery at reasonable prices, **IT IS A FACT THAT THE AERMOTOR COMPANY HAS FOR THE YEAR 1895 BEEN COMPELLED TO RAISE ITS PRICES ON REPAIRS BECAUSE SOME OF ITS CUSTOMERS HAVE BEEN ORDERING INDIVIDUAL PARTS TO MAKE UP COMPLETE MACHINES, SINCE IN THAT WAY THEY COULD GET A MACHINE CHEAPER THAN BY ORDERING IT ASSEMBLED.** *People are not compelled to buy machinery; they are compelled to buy repairs. The Aermotor Company was in this respect generous to a fault.* It sold so low that customers could assemble a machine at less than the assembled machine would cost. But since it was not certain that they would get the machine assembled in good shape, for the protection of its own reputation, the Aermotor Company has raised the price of certain repairs just enough to prevent this in future. Not only has the Aermotor Company always given the best goods at the low-est price and refused to sell poor article at any price, but it has now **ESTABLISHED TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IN ORDER TO HAVE NOT ONLY ITS GOODS EASILY ACCESSIBLE, BUT TO HAVE ITS REPAIRS WITHIN EASY REACH.** It expects soon to greatly increase this number of houses. This is a matter of the greatest importance to those who are purchasing machinery. Accidents will happen, and a wise man will look to it when he is buying an article that repairs can quickly be had at reasonable cost. Our very low prices and high standards on everything connected with water supply and power production by wind, together with the accessibility of a full line of our goods and repairs, will be appreciated. **Aermotor Co., Chicago.**

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CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JULY 1st, 1894.

TRAINS GOING EAST FROM LAWTON.

†Atlantic Express	3 50 a m
Freight	7 35 a m
Mail	11 18 a m
†Fast Eastern Express	7 10 p m
Chicago & Kalamazoo Accommodation	8 35 p m

TRAINS GOING WEST FROM LAWTON.

†Chicago Night Express	2 42 a m
Kalamazoo & Chicago Accommodation	6 50 a m
Mail	1 34 p m
Freight	3 25 p m
†Fast Western Express	5 21 p m

†Stop only for passengers to get on and off.

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