"CAPTAIN CARTER IS DEAD FOREVER."

How Convict No. 1924 Ekes Out a Silent, Desolate Existence—The Former Apollo of the Army, Now a Broken Man Physically and Mentally, Still Insists That He Is Innocent.

Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Nov. 3.—"I am innocent, but I shall never be able to prove it." These despairing words were spoken by a numbered but unnamed convict in the military prison.

In the height of his glory, when men and women, soldier and citizen, natives of every land, worshipped at his shrine, he was known as Oberlin M. Carter, captain engineer corps, United States army.

But his name has been blotted from the record—to the world, the gay, thoughtless world, suspicious and ever-ready to condemn, he is lost—forever.

DESERTED BY FRIENDS.

To those who knew him in those sunny, glorious, achieving days, the name "Captain Carter" brings forth only a frown of condemnation, a word of disapproval, a gesture of disdain. Right proudly they will tell you "There is no 'Captain Carter,' and a glance at this man will almost confirm the assertion, says Marie Mattingly in the Denver Post. Old and broken, the proud spirit wrecked; all the ambition that once stirred him to actions that turned the eyes of the whole world upon him, is dead, and only the cold gray ashes are left to weigh down the physical, mental and moral being of this fallen man.

"1924," like a stigma of disgrace, has been painted on the rough blue coat. The broad, manly shoulders, once erect and muscular under the weight of the golden shoulder straps, are now hollow and stooped, and the ill-fitting prison garb seems out of place.

Less than two years ago he might well have been named the Apollo of the army. His straight, well-knit limbs, broad, muscular chest, handsome face and fascinating manner won for him many friends as well as jealous rivals.

No former rival, to glance upon him now, could feel one pang of envy. The once model form is emaciated and bent, and the head bows beneath the weight of the heavy disgrace upon it. The lips that used to smile and the eyes that were wont to glisten, now express only sorrow and melancholy despair. Deep lines, expressive of bitter anguish, now mark his cheek and brow. The brown hair is flecked with gray, as also is the full mustache.

The large gray eyes, whose sparkling twinkle once held captive so many hearts, are now sunken, cold and cruelly melancholy. The once strong, steady hand is now weak and trembling. The dashing young officer, as a convict, has suddenly grown old.

A MAN OF REFINEMENT.

There are a few faces expressive of more strength than that of Captain Carter. Every feature tells of generations of inherited refinement. The thin, sensitive nostrils, the heavily fringed eyes, the high, noble brow—every feature is expressive of bold daring, and even of moral strength. And yet this man has been found guilty of theft. The court declares that he absconded with more than $2,000,000 from his government. More than this, his fellow-officers aver that he betrayed the trust of his superior officers, the trust of the American people.

If this be true, how can a man be judged by the lines and expression of his features? If ever a man had an honest face "Convict Carter" has. His glance meets his questioner squarely in the eye, and a despairing challenge seems to lurk therein.

Some so-called wise man has said, "A thief cannot meet an honest man's gaze," yet this man has been found guilty of the largest theft ever committed in the United States.

"He must have been mad; what on earth made him do such a thing?" was the very question asked by his fellow-officers.

"What made him do it?" And many have failed to find the answer.

'Tis a dangerous thing to raise a man mentally and morally far above his financial standing.

Ambition was the strongest passion of Captain Carter's life. Ambition—'tis the keynote to success or failure, to fame or disgrace—a dangerous weapon in the hands of a reckless man, unsafe to others and thrice so to himself.

A FUTURE THAT DAZZLED.

All the world seemed at the feet of Captain Carter. Great wealth was placed at his disposal to be used at his pleasure and discretion—for the improvement of his nation. Social favors were extended to him. They must all be returned, and these obligations were expensive.

Temptation was too strong, the power to resist too weak; opportunity was before him, and so the idol fell.

Had all the Fates, jealous of this man's fame and success, conspired in one great effort to lay the heaviest curse upon him, no harder life could have been mapped—wrongly called life—it is only a cursed existence.

Leavenworth, the old fort, the barracks, the parade ground, the sloping hill and flowing river, were scenes in which were enacted the proudest and happiest hours of Carter's life. The very prison, with its guarded walls that defy him, is the fruit of his own labor. In the height of his young manhood, strength and popularity, he planned the fortification in which he is now exiled.

Happy, joyous, confident hours he spent in this labor. Often was he heard to say "No prisoner will ever escape from this prison when I shall have finished with it."

What an irony on the ambitions of man!

"No prisoner will ever escape." The towering walls, the barred windows, the iron gates and the armed guardian of the law, ever ready to pierce the heart of a convict that might even attempt to escape, tells only too well the truth of the convict's prophecy.

Utter despair seems to have settled on Convict Carter—desolate, deserted despair. The last link in his chain of evidence has been severed.

The father of his dead wife, R. A. Westcott, has deserted him. Why should this man, who has nothing to gain and much to lose, still stand his staunchest friend?

The day I saw Convict Carter his brother had broken this piece of news to him. With his implicit faith in man, with his old-time hopeful spirit, Carter always believed that some would still be true.

Even as a mighty stream rushes down the hill, those who once had lauded him—had sounded his praises from ocean to ocean—fled from him. So many had gone before that all his faith had been centered in "the few."

CARTER A FALLEN IDOL.

The man who planned fortresses, who wrote books that have become authoritative on military maneuvers, whose opinion was ever consulted by the rulers of the land, who with pride was sent from our nation to other nations—and those who sent him were confident that none could surpass and few could equal—this man, this idol of the people—a gardener. 'Tis he who tends the lawn within the prison walls. The glittering sword has been taken from his hand forever and in its place can be found a hoe. Honest labor, to be sure, but not the realization of the roseate future one would have predicted, glancing down the vista of his life.

Carter's gaze dropped to a white aster blooming near him, as though to seek philosophy from its multiplicity of petals.

I had been talking to the man for some minutes. I had not asked him of his guilt nor of his hope of establishing his innocence. The words had risen spontaneously and voluntarily from the very depths of his despairing soul. I had asked him to tell me of his health and how the past few months had affected it, and this was his answer: "I am innocent, but I shall never be able to prove it." Every thought in his life flows from that source. Even the food that he eats, in giving him life, affords the possibility of proving it.

HIS PRIDE ALL GONE.

"But, Captain Carter," I said, "you have some ambition, have you not?" The dull, desperate, gray eyes were raised to mine in surprise. The word "captain" is now foreign to him. The shoulders form started, the soft hand that had never been used to hard labor relaxed its hold on the wooden handle of his hoe; once more the shoulders became erect, for a moment—alas! a moment only—the head was raised in pride, then drooped dejectedly, even more so than before.

"With deepest scorn he answered, "There is no 'Captain Carter.' I do not know him. You have made some mistake." In the flash of an unconscious moment the old life had come back to him. Perhaps a vision of his old command was before him. "You have some ambition, Captain Carter?" "Carter" Why, the very word was once synonymous to ambition. Boys, in all of their youth and energy, had looked at the career of the man and longed for such achievements; old soldiers, grown gray in the service, had glanced back at their less brilliant careers and recalled lost opportunities—events that might have made them, too, equal to "Captain Carter."

"I have spoken to you as 'Captain Carter,' 'Captain Carter' you were and 'Captain Carter' you will ever be," I insisted. Once more that flash of pride and once more it died down, leaving a deeper dejection.

Was he a philosopher who told us that "Memory is the only friend that grief can call its own?"

"Yes, I have an ambition," answered the convict, and the thin, sensitive lips were compressed, the eyes flashed with a defiant light and the lines in his once handsome face grew deeper. "I have an ambition to see that aster bloom and to see it fade again. That is my ambition."

The hollow laugh that followed this statement could not have been more awesing had it risen from a grave. Hollow, mirthless, empty laugh! It seemed to rise like the echo of a moan.

A PICTURE OF DESPAIR.

A laugh is always grewsome behind the prison bars, but that laugh from Convict Carter was the most terrible sound that ever crashed against my ears.

"I did not mean to frighten you," he continued, as though to apologize, "but I really think it a very laudable ambition to want to see a flower grow. Of course, it has to fade—everything in life does, everybody does, some before others. I faded, withered and died and even the ashes have been cast to the four winds. I am dead and forgotten and there is nothing left of me."

Once more the defiant look in the gray eyes, once more the mirthless laugh.

"But you do not expect to spend all of your life digging flowers, do you?" I asked.

"I have already told you that I am dead," he answered.

Do such words as these flow from the frenzied mind of a madman, the sense of humor of a wit, or the bitterness of an overburdened heart?

There are moments when the large, dark gray eyes—wondrous eyes they are—seem to flash with the spark of an uncontrolable fire beneath. One moment they are dull and despairing, then they glisten almost wildly.

The mind, which neither God nor man can imprison, and memory, which is only the captive of the mind, seem to soar above the massive stone walls and waft him back to those glorious, joyous, hopeful days when all the world was at his feet.

SCENES OF HIS TRIUMPHS.

There, before him, is Pope hall. 'Tis the fruit of his own mind, his own ingenuity. 'Twas he who conceived its wondrous beauty, he who mapped out the halls and corridors, who planned every apartment within it, who utilized every inch of space to the best advantage, who received congratulations upon its being the finest structure of its kind in the land; he who led the first ball ever given in it, who proudly led his young bride across its marble floor, and to the soft rhythm of the military music gracefully glided into the cotillion. Brave soldiers envied him that night, fair women flushed with pride to be guided in the dance by him, soft white hands were held out to him, fresh young lips spoke words of praise to him and bright eyes glistened with admiration for him. It was not the "fort ball," as it was called, it was a fete for "Captain Carter."

Over on the south of this marble building is the old parade ground, where morning and night the bugler sounds "reveille" at dawn and "taps" at night—the awakening and the repose of the soldier. But what of the convict in the iron cell below? "The awakening of the soldier?" What despair must it awaken in the heart of Convict Carter? "The repose of the soldier?" What repose is there for him? Not even when the soul has fled will "taps" be sounded above his grave, nor will his shrunken old limbs be wrapped in his nation's banner, the proudest, fondest hope of a soldier.

To the east of the parade ground, shaded by the weeping willow, overlooking the sunny stream, is a little cottage. 'Twas here that "Captain Carter" brought his bride. Here the first sunny hours of his honeymoon were spent. All the fullness of his hope and life and love seemed completed. Fate had fulfilled every ambition of his heart and with compassion he glanced at the convicts beneath him. Oftimes his lovely girl bride he took there to cheer them. How little he dreamed then that alone and deserted some day he, too, would wear the garb of disgrace! That even in his prime of life he would be torn from his pedestal and confined in an iron cage!

FATE MIGHT HAVE BEEN KINDER.

"Captain Carter, do you not think that Fate might have dealt with you more gently by sending you to a strange land?"

I waited some minutes for a response. 'Twas a trait of "Captain Carter," and it is a trait of "Convict No. 1924" to weigh a question before deciding it. He has weighed this subject many long, interminable hours and still has failed to find the answer.

"I have often wondered that myself," he answered. "There are times when my verdict is pro and others when it is con. I might have forgotten that I ever existed had I been sent where I was not known and where I did not know, but there are times, rare times, when I can forget, or almost forget, the present and see myself beyond that wall as I was when I lived."

The garden hoe was raised and pointed toward the sunny side of the hill.

Napoleon at St. Helena endured a happy existence compared to the cursed hours that drag out the life of Convict Carter. No stigma of disgrace broke Napoleon; 'twas almost an honor to be exiled. But for Convict Carter there is no honor, not even in death. All the world admired Napoleon; all the world condemns Carter. After all, how fickle is this old world of ours, how little value has the average friendship. It would seem that loyalty flies before the wind of misfortune. The flower of admiration fades in the heat of disgrace—failure is only another word for desolation. Idolatry rides on a wave of selfish fortune and hearts that are wrecked know little of it.

"Tell me, do you think the courts dealt with you justly?"

A bitter, sarcastic smile, almost the perpetual expression of his features, preceded his answer.

"Does man ever love the law that chastises him? What weight carries the word of a convict? What difference does it make whether or not I see the justice of my conviction? Am I not what the court would call a 'prejudiced witness?' A man deprived of his name, deprived of everything in life except thought and obedience, has no right to express an opinion on such a subject."

Such was his evasive answer. But I determined to penetrate the mask of indifference and, if possible, fathom the real feeling of the convict.

NO CHANCE TO PROVE INNOCENCE.

"I am not the court," I answered; "neither are you a witness; I do not ask for evidence; I only want to know your feelings on the subject."

"No, I never had a chance to prove my innocence," impulsively cried the prisoner; "I was never given an opportunity to explain the figures in my books, but was taken from the scene immediately."

Then, as though he had gone too far in revealing his feelings, he drew back and exclaimed, "I have nothing to say, nothing whatever." Shouldering his hoe, after the fashion of a private soldier carrying his gun, he turned his face toward the setting sun, and with a courteous bow, prepared to leave my presence.

It is characteristic of the man to flee at the sight of a stranger. He who knew no fear in battle, who would have faced a regiment of frenzied, armed soldiers, shrinks from the sight of the face of men. He of the aggressive nature retreats before the presence of a fellow-being. Disgrace has turned his bravery to cowardice. The hand that had drawn the gilded sword must now be raised to salute a former inferior.

Even the common convicts, men sentenced for petit larceny, men wearing the red letters on their backs, emblematic of the "trusty," look with scorn at this fallen idol.

Carter feels this. Perhaps it was this that threatened to unbalance his mind. When first sentenced to Fort Leavenworth prison he was assigned to keep the prison books and, later, to draw maps for the charts for the new addition to the penitentiary. No architect, no engineer, in the employ of the government, or out of it either, could surpass or even equal the work of this nameless convict. Those whose positions he filled oftimes glanced with wonder and admiration at his work—work for which he will never be accredited.

HIS MIND ALMOST UNBALANCED.

But the strained, burdened brain of the convict succumbed to these tasks, which once would have been play to him. His high strung nerves began to tell on him. Though ever quick in its conception of its work, so feeble was becoming the physical control of the mind, that at the little slip of a pen the once strong, unconquerable officer of the army would bow his gray head and weep like a child over a broken toy.

It was the prison physician who finally declared that "Convict No. 1924" would become a raving maniac if allowed to continue that work. Physically he was no longer strong enough to perform manual labor, to blast in the quarries, to carry brick, to lift the heavy stones, to shovel coal, work in the laundry or kitchen; and it was finally decided to give him the care of the flowers and lawns within the prison reservation.

What an occupation for the once greatest officer in the engineer corps of the United States army! A man whose fame reached every land in the world, who twice was sought abroad, and had many offers—tempting offers—to ally to foreign lands, who overcame almost every physical and moral temptation thrown in his path—and then to fall from the love of lucre!

The first to condemn him were those who formerly had lauded him—his fellow officers, his comrades. Small wonder that the heart of man would seem to throb with water instead of blood. Every reason for him to doubt the stability of human friendship. He who was highest is now the lowest.

HOPE HAS GONE FROM HIM.

"I am innocent, but I shall never be able to prove it." 'Tis a prophecy. His last hope has vanished. All of his aircastles have been shattered. He has been convicted and the garb of disgrace he will die. Fortunes have failed to vindicate him, powers of influence have been in vain in efforts to liberate him. All the luxuries of life have been denied him. Even the sweetness that is lent by sugar has been taken from his life. Black coffee and dry bread, unseasoned vegetables, and tough meats constitute his diet. The once fastidious soldier supplies the necessities of life with the plainest of prison food.

As he said, "'Captain Carter' is dead forever." "Convict No. 1924" ekes out a silent, desolate existence. Prison life is telling on him. How long will it be before the warden will write on the prison record "1924 found dead?" or, worse than that, far worse, his name will be changed from its present register to the hospital list in the insane ward.

CAPTAIN OBERLIN M. CARTER.

Suggestions in Time.

What a Woman of Prominence in the Medical World Has to Say About Her Sex.

What Are Women's Rights?

In all ages of the world, poets, scientists, and men of prominence have looked with enthusiasm often akin to reverence upon woman; but it is only within the last few years that she has begun to assume her right place, not only in society, but with the world in general. Why so desirable an end should have been so long delayed it is difficult to understand; but that it has at last come is certainly cause for gratitude. In her social sphere, in her mental development and especially in her physical improvement, woman has shown wonderful advancement, and such as astonishes the world.

They who have made a careful investigation tell us that heathen women are much more able to endure pain than are the women of civilization, but civilized women would resent the charge that they are weaker because they are civilized. A distinguished writer says: "If the women of civilization are less able to endure the taxation of their physical resources than are heathen women, it is a mere accidental circumstance, and one within their control."

Let us consider for a moment the possibilities which present themselves to every woman. When the body is healthy, beauty is certain to appear, even in features and forms once plain; indeed it is the only known way to become beautiful, and all preparations, powders and laces are contemptible delusions. With health and beauty in all their attractiveness a new life dawns.

ENJOYMENT BEGINS

and all the luxurious attendants of a healthy body come forth. The maiden feels the glorious possibilities of life; and mother becomes conscious of the grandeur of maternity and the joys of a family. All this is not only woman's privilege, it is her duty, and it embodies the highest definition of "Woman's Rights."

After enumerating many of the blessings that follow perfect health, the speaker continued:

All these desirable things can be accomplished, but in one way only. The Creator has given both woman and man perfect physical forms, and each is constitutionally equal to all natural demands. It is a mistaken and pernicious notion that one is strong and the other weak. No curse was pronounced upon woman which did not apply with equal penalty against man. If women believe the fatalism that disease is a necessary condition of their existence, it is chiefly because the disciples of the schools of medical practice have been utterly incapable of competing with the multitude of ills, which, by personal carelessness or professional incompetency, they have permitted to fasten upon women.

A few weeks ago I received a call from a charming lady whose earnest face clearly showed that she desired advice and assistance. Upon questioning her, she stated that she believed she was suffering from a paralyzed liver, and wished to know if I could in any way aid her recovery. Now, imperfect as her statement was in regard to the disease which troubled her, there is no doubt that

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN

are suffering today, from similar troubles, who do not recognize their cause so nearly as this lady did. Paralysis means death of the member paralyzed, and torpidity of the liver is the first stage of its dissolution. This is one of the most serious questions that can arise in the experience of any woman, for a torpid and diseased liver cannot be cured at once, and it carries with it the elements of disease to all the other parts of the system. With an imperfect liver, billiousness, languor, a sense of bearing down, constipation, displacements, uterine troubles, and the thousand ills which are coupled in their train come thick and fast.

Then follow impure blood and all the evils which an imperfect circulation causes. A derangement of the kidneys or liver causes disease in the organs which adjoin them just as certainly as a bad peach injures the other peaches in the basket. Not only this, but when these organs are in a healthy state, they restore and keep in order any irregularity which may occur in the lower portion of the body. No woman was ever seriously sick for any length of time when such was the case. No serious inflammation can occur when the blood is pure, and no blood can be impure when the liver and kidneys are in perfect order.

I have seen very much of the troubles and ills to which women have been subjected, and I have learned to sympathize while I have sought to relieve. In endeavoring to carry relief I have tried to be free from prejudice and have in view but one end, namely, to help those who are suffering; and I feel it is my privilege today to state that I believe there is a means whereby those women who are suffering can obtain complete relief, and those who are in health be continued in its enjoyment. I am aware that a prejudice exists against proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well founded, but we should discriminate in our judgments and not condemn all because some are inefficient. The merits of Warner's Safe Cure have been proven beyond a doubt, because it deals directly with these weaknesses; affects and controls the body of the tree rather than its branches. Warner's Safe Cure has indeed been a blessing for the rich; a boon to the poor. It has lifted men from a bed of death and restored them to vigor and health. But greater and better than all this, it has come to woman, has raised her, restored her and kept her in constant hopefulness and health. It has kept back diseases by fitting the system to resist its attacks; it has regulated the life, purified the sources of life, and brought innumerable blessings out of numberless woes.

We append a few from the many names of prominent women in America whose original endorsement of Warner's Safe Cure as a valuable tonic for ladies, we hold:

Miss Sadie Jackson, President Metropolis Club, 420 Blue Island Ave., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 27, 1900.

Annie E. Harper, Grand Outer Guard, Rathbone Sisters; also Noble Guard of Elite Rebekah Lodge, No. 2, Independent Order O. T., 625 State St., Jacksonville, Ill., Aug. 6, 1900.

Lillian Ramsey, President Denver Quincy Club, Denver, Colo., Sept. 26, 1900.

Miss Sallie Rudeen, secretary Young Women's Christian Union, Clifton Hotel, Ottawa, Ill., Sept. 29, 1900.

Mary Keyes, secretary "Modern Eagles," 1,042 N. Y. Life Building, Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 8, 1900.

Mrs. W. K. Wilson, Supt. Jail and Almshouse Work, Seattle, Wash., Sept. 5, 1900.

Ida Wilson, Poplar Bluff, Missouri, President Poplar Bluff Literary Woman's Club, Sept. 30, 1900.

Mrs. Theresa Killes, Chaplain Maccabees, Lieut. Commander Frank Bartlett Corps, Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 19, 1900.

Martha J. VanDuzer, Lady Commander, Jewel Hive, No. 162, L. O. T. M., 511 Mary St., Evansville, Ind., Aug. 17, 1900.

Mrs. A. T. Reid, Worthy Chief, Good Templar, Portland, Me., Sept. 7, 1900.

Mrs. Henrietta Kaufman, 555 Seminary Ave., Evanston, Ill., Sept. 18, 1900.

Christense, Countess Chefould, "The Gosuold," Chicago, Ill., Sept. 21, 1900.

Paula Alexandrien, Princess Carmynski, Chicago, Ill., July 30, 1900.

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OREGON SHORT LINE RAILWAY

Time Table
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LEAVE SALT LAKE

For Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis. 6:15 a. m.
**For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus. 7:45 a. m.
For Tintic, Mercur, Provo, Nephi and Manti. 7:55 a. m.
For Ogden, Cache Valley, Butte, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points. 9:45 a. m.
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis, San Francisco. 12:30 p. m.
For Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago. 6:40 p. m.
*For Provo, Nephi, Milford and intermediate points. 6:05 p. m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points. 10:50 p. m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE.

From Ogden, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver. 6:30 a. m.
From Ogden, Portland, Butte, Helena, San Francisco. 9:05 a. m.
*From Milford, Provo and intermediate points. 9:35 a. m.
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco. 3:30 p. m.
**From Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus. 4:00 p. m.
From Ogden, Logan, Brigham. 5:35 p. m.
From Tintic, Mercur, Nephi. 6:30 p. m.
From Ogden, Butte, Portland. 8:20 p. m.
*Trains south of Juab do not run Sundays.
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CURRENT TIME TABLE.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and the East. 8:30 a. m.
No. 3—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East. 3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East. 2:30 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, and intermediate points. 7:30 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and all intermediate points. 5:0 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the West. 8:45 a. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West. 11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West. 1:00 p. m.
No. 6—For Park City. 8:00 a. m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East. 9:10 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East. 12:45 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East. 10:00 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti and intermediate points. 1:00 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West. 8:20 a. m.
No. 5—From Ogden and the West. 3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West. 9 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points. 10:00 a. m.
No. 11—From Park City. 5 p. m.

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Lv Ogden ... 7:00 am ... 3:00 pm ... 1:15 pm
" Salt Lake ... 8:30 am ... 5:00 pm ... 3:45 pm
" Provo ... 9:45 am ... 6:10 pm ... 5:00 pm
Arv Grand Jct ... 6:00 pm ... 2:45 am ... 1:45 am
" Glenwood ... 9:00 pm ... 12:05 am ... 5:45 am
" Leadville ... 12:00 am ... 4:30 am ... 1:45 pm
" Cripple Ck ... 7:50 am ... 3:00 pm ... 12:25 pm
" Pueblo ... 2:40 am ... 10:15 am ... 6:00 am
" Colo Spgs ... 3:30 am ... 11:05 am ... 7:00 am
" Denver ... 5:25 am ... 1:10 pm ... 10:30 am

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