## Hope for the Sick

The strongest desire of the sick is to get well. Nobody in good health can realize the intensity of this longing.

It is so strong that unless relief comes it turns to hopelessness—and hopelessness kills.

Certainly no one can afford to neglect a remedy that brings hope to the hopeless, strength to the weak, health to the sick; a remedy that, like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, gives absolute proof that it has cured every form of disease it is advertised to cure

You can obtain the proof upon application, stating your trouble and giving your address. No sufferer from any disorder of the blood or nerves should fail to write us.

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RELIABLE. **J. J. HAWLEY.** MONARCH.

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We are also prepared to do all kinds of PLUMBING and sheet iron and tin work.

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## CARHART & ADAMS

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**LUMBER AND COAL**

Successor to G. W. Fairchild. West Side of River

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## LAUNDRY WORK

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## EXCELSIOR LAUNDRY

has attained for doing first-class work in all lines. If you have not given the Excelsior Laundry a trial. Why not? We think a trial would convince you. We have no small machines for ironing neckbands because our method does better and more satisfactory work.

## FRED ELLIS,

TELEPHONE 241. PROPRIETOR

# A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE

BY CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS.

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That the Phantom was her object I nowise doubted. To pass myself as a royalist bound from Savannah to New York with lead for his majesty (that being the gist of my forged papers) would hardly do in the face of one dead man lying in the scuppers and a single black hand driven below. But I saw nothing else to be done, for to have my true colors known would be to lose liberty and property at once. To fight was impossible; to run, as far out of the question.

Be the upshot what it might, my arm demanded my first attention, and I passed into

"I swore I would blow his brains out."

the cabin, where I made a shift to stop the flow of blood, bind it up and get it into a sling. Owing to the twist of the knife 'twas an ugly gash, though, fortunately, no artery was severed, and in the end it served me a good turn instead of being a source of great trouble.

My next step was to get my papers into proper shape by destroying the regular clearance, and 'twas here I discovered the cause of the tone of my mate, for, though there had been taken nothing of value besides, the locker showed itself to have been rifled of the false documents. To be without credentials showing my business on the high seas were as damning as to openly sail under the flag of the colonies, and the discovery of the theft left me for the moment high and dry. Bethinking me, then, of the bare possibility of Lounsbury having carried the matter with him, I jumped to the deck for the purpose of overhauling his body.

A glance seaward showed the schooner now about two miles away, but bearing straight for me. I could easily imagine the perplexity that possessed them at sight of the actions of the Phantom, for, as the helm was still free and all plain sail made on her, she hove into the wind for a space, and there hung in irons with a thunder of canvas overhead; then filling on the opposite tack she staggered off, until, rounding up again, the entire performance was repeated. For all the world she was like a man well slewed with liquor, using the width of the road in his journeying.

That which lay before me to do must be done quickly. Lounsbury sprawled on his back, so that access to his pockets was an easy matter. There was nothing in his peajacket save the junk carried by a seaman, though I soon discovered that around his body was a belt stuffed full of papers. But the stolen ones were not among them, and I felt a sense of hopelessness come over me as the certainty of their loss was forced on my mind.

But it was not for long. A hasty glance at the belt's contents at once opened my eyes to the character of the man before me, and caused me to come to a sudden determination regarding my future action. 'Twas a desperate resolve, but, saving some untoward circumstance, it insured liberty, or, at least, immunity from present imprisonment, although it would put my fortune in jeopardy. It was no time to look far beyond the present; freedom was worth more than fortune, and even that might not, in the end, be lost; so, throwing the belt overboard, I placed the papers carefully in my pocket and went forward.

The pistol dropped from aloft I found on the deck, and with it in my hand I slid back the hatch cover of the forecastle and called to the black to come up. This he did, blinking mightily as he struck the strong light, when, clapping the weapon to his ear, I swore I would blow his brains out, and, if necessary, follow him to the ends of the world to do it, if he breathed a word of my ever having been master of the Phantom.

The fellow was bound to be a source of anxiety to me as long as he had the power to speak, but I could not well murder him outright. Fortunately, his patois was well-nigh unintelligible to ears untrained to the dialect of the southern negro, and, if my plan worked, he would ere long meet his deserts in one of the British prison hulks, the horrible reputation of which was now widespread. I have small doubt that he thought he was coming to his death when I ordered him up, for, like the slave he had once been, he cringed and writhed at my feet, begging for his life in a manner both disgusting and pitiful. Yet, for all his gratitude at my promise to spare him on condition of his silence, I felt that, were it in his power, he would have knifed me as I stood. I had no fear that he knew of my hidden gold, Lounsbury having been far too shrewd to take for partners men of the character of the crew, he probably having seduced them with promises of some ready cash, backed with visions of prize money and the high favor of British officers. I had a warrant for thus believing, for my mate had suddenly lowered his voice as he referred to the treasure below, in all likelihood for the purpose of concealing from the man at the wheel its presence on board the schooner.

To the fellow at my feet, whose name, I now mind me, was "Stofe" (probably a corruption of Christopher), I made no promise for the future, only saying I would hold my hand for the present, and then ordered him to take in the jib and staysail, that the Phantom might lay in the wind and meet her fate as soon as possible.

Indeed, I had expected ere this to have had a shot across my bows and another one into me for not obeying the hint of the first, an action which had so far been impossible. I fancied (and afterward found I was right) they were nonplussed at the queer seamanship displayed by the drunken progress of the Phantom. It had been thought, mayhap, that, as but two men showed on our deck, we had a host below, and that, in the disguise of a simple trader, we were intending to delude them and lay them aboard with little ceremony; or, failing in this, were adopting some uncouth mode of warfare on the sea, as strange to them as is the Indian land method to the European regular.

It was with a feeling akin to shame that when the forward halyards were let go I had the negro bend the Stars and Stripes to the ensign halyard, placing the flag union down and under the flaming bunting of the enemy. These were hoisted to the mainpeak, and thus I had set a sign of surrender before surrender was called for, but as a part of my plan it became a hard necessity.

### CHAPTER II.

#### ALIAS CAPT. LOUNSBURY.

Now the headsails being let go with a run and hanging loose over the bow, the foresail and its traveling blocks giving out a deafening protest against its slack sheet, the mainsail joining in the thundering chorus, and the wheel jerking violently hither and thither with the kick of the rudder, we were sufficiently beyond the usual order of things to suit my purpose, and my trump card, in the shape of a dead man lying in the scuppers, lay clear to the eye of anyone who might board us. The sight was uncanny enough, and my instinct was to have the negro heave the body over board; but, as it was to be a silent witness to the story I was about to tell, I let it bide, though, as the sequel showed, 'twould have saved me a sight of trouble to have followed my first impulse.

I confess that my heartbeats took on additional force and frequency as I stood and watched the schooner's nearer approach. She came on to within easy gunshot, and swung into the wind, all of a flutter from stem to stern, and then "lay to" with her headsails full aback. From the scarlet flag at her peak to her clean cutwater she was an object of beauty, though in a light air I doubt she would have slid her keel through the brine with greater speed than would the Phantom, which had been built for fleetness and rapidity in stays.

With my wits by this time well about me, and my wounds bleeding but little (as was shown by the few drops that now dripped from my fingers' ends), I stood by the helm and took in every detail of the enemy, from the crowd at her davits to the long brass piece forward of the foremast, the gun being trained point blank at me.

The stranger worked with the alacrity of a man-of-war, for the schooner had barely lost her way when I saw a boat drop from her larboard quarter and pull toward us, while another came around her bow and followed. They were both filled with well-armed men, as could be seen by the glitter of musketry, and the way they came over the whitecaps showed their temper. It showed temper, too, in the smart manner they boarded me, the first boat hooking on to the main channels, the men clambering out with scarcely a shout and no questions, and in a twinkling I beheld half a score of them on my deck, they, I fancy, being mightily surprised at having met with no resistance.

The crisis was now at hand, and I played my first card with something of the desperation of a ruined gambler. Striding up to an officer whom I saw coming aft with bare sword in hand, I said:

"Ye show scant courtesy in boarding me, sir. Had you turned up an hour agone, 'twould have been to some purpose."

"Who in h—l are you? Where's the captain of this ship?" was the excited rejoinder.

Now there was something about the tone of his voice, the way of calling a schooner a ship, as well as the get-up of the man himself, that, angered as I was at his reply, made me back a pace and look at him. A quick glance showed me I was not dealing with a man bred to the sea, much less to the regular service, for, though I then had small knowledge of the uniforms of the British, I knew that which graced the back of the officer before me was not of his majesty's navy. I knew it by its cut and garniture, and the land flavor of the man lay also in the fact that he wore a forage cap and carried a cavalry saber instead of a cutlass. His face, too, lacked the true sea tan, its fair complexion showing the effects of unusual exposure to sun and wind. What his rank might be I had no idea, and speculation was lost in the quick retort that naturally rose to my lips.

"Who are you, sir, to tumble aboard a prize of his majesty's in this fashion? Ye stand in need of a lesson in marine manners as well as marine matters. Do ye hope to judge of a craft's cargo by a squint at her hatch cover, or of a man by the cut of his jib? Think not to deceive yourself or me! I know my rights, and also know the difference betwixt the cry of a sea bird and a henhawk!"

If I had any doubt as to the official position of the officer, it was set at rest by the subdued laugh that came from the group about us. Piqued by the sound of mirth from those he had no power to punish, his face turned to an ugly red, and, lifting his saber as though to cut me down, he shouted:

"You insolent dog! I will make you sweat for this! Lay hold of him, some of you! Tie the villain up! Damnation! are you all cowards?" he continued, as there was a shuffle of feet, though no one approached me.

There is no telling what might have been the upshot of this dispute had there been no interruption, for the fellow seemed determined to use his saber on me. But, fortunately for one of us, we were joined by another officer, whom I afterward found had come from the second boat.

"Hold hard, Scammell! You are not handling one of your own dragoons! What is this all about? You fly the signal of a prize, sir," he continued, turning to me; "how comes it you are alone? Who and what are you?"

"I am Captain Jack Lounsbury, bearing instructions from Sir Henry Clinton, as that cockatrice might have found ere this had he used a smooth tongue. This is my prize—a Yankee schooner laden with lead for New London, and taken by me single-handed. There lies her skipper, and all but one of her crew are overboard." And with this I pointed to the body of my mate.

I had hardly spoken when two marines came aft with the negro Stofe betwixt them. He was trembling like a sail in the wind, and hung his head as though he had lost all strength to lift it. I was looking for an exposure on the instant, but the officer waved them back with a motion. There was an unspoken but plainly shown respect for me in the demeanor of the crowd as it spread away. The two officers stood for a moment in undisguised wonder at the recital of my prowess, giving alternate glances at the body and myself, and then the last comer, who was plainly the one in authority, spoke.

"You alone did this? By St. George, Scammell, you came near getting into a mess! I promised to show you a sea scrimmage, but not the kind you were hatching. Let us have further warrant of these facts," he continued to me. "Who was he?" pointing toward the scupper, "and when did this happen? Let us come by the papers."

"Yonder fellow is Donald Thorndyke, the master till I overcame him," I answered. "I shipped as mate. If you will go below we can come by the whole matter," I replied, not caring to extend my yarn with the negro within hearing. "Or, better, we can take what we there find and go aboard before your captain, where the whole matter may be boiled down at one sitting."

"'Twould be a saving of time, certainly," he answered, "but we'll hear the yarn while the schooner is being searched; of course, you understand the importance of the form." And he turned to a sea corporal and gave him the necessary orders. "Now, sir, I am at your service," he said, crossing the deck toward the cabin companion. Hesitating there, he seemed to hang in the wind for an instant, and then strode over to the body.

"Did you shoot him?" he asked, as he bent over the prostrate form.

"Nay, I struck him," I answered.

"Faith, then," he returned, sizing me up with a side glance, "I'd sooner take the chance of a bullet than a blow from that fist if you struck in earnest! Did he wing you at the onset?"

"Nay, nay; 'twas a nigger striving to knife me in the back. Let's below. Mayhap ye have a doctor aboard who will fix up a bad cut."

Through all this I was conscious of the eye of Scammell fixed on me. Whether or not he was suspicious of me, or whether he was still boiling under the dressing I had given him, there were no means of telling. I saw plainly the resentment he made little effort to conceal, and felt that I had made an enemy who would be mighty glad to cross swords with me on the slightest provocation. He was 28 or 30 in years, or about my own age, and was under me not two inches in stature, which is speaking well for him, as I stood three inches above six feet, unshod. By weight and brawn I well overmatched him (as I did most men), especially in the latter quality of physique; but he made a typical dragoon officer, and would be a formidable antagonist in any field.

I might hope for little mercy if ever I fell into the power of this man, for mercy was a quality which, strained or unstrained, he and his fellows had naught to do with. This I made sure of on getting into the cabin, where in course of conversation it turned out that he was a captain in De Lancy's Loyal Legion, a body of tory cavalry half freebooters and half in the regular service. I had heard of them, as who has not? Betwixt New York and Philadelphia and the country surrounding both places they were a terror, the malignancy equaling if not surpassing the rapacity of Tryon himself.

I itched to get my fingers on him then and there, that there might be one less bloodsucker above ground, but policy held me from committing an act which probably would have at once wrought ruin to my plans and left my poor mother without a son. I was, therefore, bound to treat him with civility, which I did when a word to him was necessary, but I fancy we each knew the other was but skipping over the thin ice of politeness.

Being, as it were, in the enemy's lines, I followed the bent of the lieutenant, and laughed loudly and long over the puzzlement (as he called it) into which the Phantom had led them. I drank to the king and damned the rebels; told a story of being a free lance under elastic instructions from Sir Henry Clinton, and how I had taken the vessel by killing Captain Thorndyke and besting the crew. In short, I put myself into my mate's former place as nearly as was possible, following his coarse manner and uncouth language, exhibiting the rough and ready character befitting a fellow of his breeding.

But, beyond Sir Henry's signature, never a line did I show them or tell the nature of my orders; and that for the best reasons, for I knew little of the business myself, not having had the opportunity to more than scan the papers I had taken from the body.

The regular clearance discovered the schooner to be a Yankee trader. There was a Yankee sailor captured and a Yankee captain dead, and why should there be suspicions?—and there were none in the mind of the lieutenant; but of his friend, the dragoon, who had come aboard for a bit of dangerous play (and had nigh achieved his wish), I was not so sure.

In my turn at questioning I found that the enemy was the Sprite, an American capture, refitted and renamed, one of the last of Howe's fleet as (Lounsbury had surmised), bearing two passengers beside her usual complement of men, and bound for New York to meet General Clinton, then on his overland trip from Philadelphia to that city.

Now we had been sitting below for upward of an hour, drinking my rum and making game of the rebels on land and sea (though once, when I spoke of John Paul Jones, I saw I was on dangerous ground, and belayed my tongue, cursing the liquor for having loosed it), when the companion way was darkened by a marine, who, jerking a salute, said, with a scarcely controlled grin:

"We have another prisoner, sir."

"Another!" exclaimed the lieutenant, starting up and giving me a stern look. "What's the meaning of this, Lounsbury? Are you dealing fairly?"

I was as surprised as he, and had no answer to make, but before my confusion became manifest the marine again spoke.

"'Tis the dead man come to life, sir. We were flushing him an' the deck, an' 'twas the water as fetched him, sir."

"Glad I am 'tis no worse," said the officer with a laugh. "I feared I smelled a trick.

"I drank to the King, and d—d the rebels."

You American-born are the devil and all at playing deep games, and, faith! for a second I thought you might have cozened me. Let us to the deck."

I had sudden reason to turn my curse from the liquor, for had it not been in me I doubt not I would have fallen backward. Like a drowning man, I had visions passing through my mind with a rapidity that makes description impossible. My very strength gave out for the moment, but there was enough left to get me to my feet and follow the others to the deck.

I have faced death since, and well-nigh shaken hands with it, but never did the knowledge of its nearness affect me as did the words of the marine; and 'twould take more than money to make me go through a like thirty seconds, or the time it took me to get from the cabin.

Lounsbury had been moved, and lay on his back on the deck with his head resting on the edge of the helm grating. He was soaking from the sousing that had brought him to life, but I sent up a mental thanksgiving on the discovery that it had not also brought him to reason. The sole sign of vitality lay in the fact that he breathed. There was a hoarse and hollow tone at each heave of his broad chest, which I knew to be due to his broken head; and though I felt him to be a deadly enemy and a charnel house for morals there was a pity in it to see the abject helplessness of the once powerful figure as it sprawled on the hot, white planking.

Scammell stooped for the man's pulse, peering closely into his face the while, and then for a moment the whole load of anxiety came back on me as he straightened up and said:

"I have seen this fellow before, though I fail to place him as Thorndyke. He looks like the chap who escaped from the rebels after spiking the guns near White Plains. But that was before we took New York. Why the d—l can't I remember names?"

Here again was mighty dangerous ground, for Scammell was right, though I knew nothing of it then nor until the war was over. The spiking of the guns was an old story, but it had been long agone, and I was only aware of the bald fact. However, I felt that he had struck a scent, which if followed up (and I fancied him the man for it) might, nay, would, be likely to drive me to bay.

It was well, then, that at that moment a recall gun sounded from the off-lying schooner. It seemed to wake the lieutenant to the fact that time had gone, and that the sun was well toward its setting. Without more ado a guard was left on the vessel until a report could be made to the captain of the Sprite, and with the others I went along, that I might again tell my tale and get my knife-thrust into proper dressing.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A VOLUNTARY PRISONER.

Darkness was well settled on the sea, though there still hung a faint, hot glow in the west when I had finished my business on the Sprite.

Barring the baleful eye of Scammell, there had been nothing to mar the proceedings in making a report in harmony with my story. The dragoon's silence and steady gaze were a trifle disconcerting, and the knowledge of the captured black (who had been conveyed to the Sprite), coupled with the feeling that Lounsbury might return to his senses and spring a mine beneath me, served to keep my nerves at a tension which became well-nigh unbearable.

There had been a number in the elegant cabin, but of them I wot not, save that most of them got hot with liquor. For a sight of it had been taken, even the captain having his judgment crossed and his jollity increased by constant recourse to the bottle.

And here let me say that, in my poor opinion, both the length and cruelty of the war were helped more than a little by this never-abiding taking charge of "British courage." Had it made men battle in proportion to their boasting, 'twould have served some proper end, but I never found that I could fight better with eyes and wits tangled with liquor, and, in fact, though I preach not, never touched it when in trouble save as on this occasion—to keep up appearances.

And even on this occasion I had still the upper hand of what I drank, and noticed that Scammell was nursing himself as well; but, aside from we two, 'twas a noisy crowd that tumbled to the deck to see me back to the Phantom.

I had made myself mighty popular during my short stay aboard. A change of berths had been offered me, but I had small notion of leaving my own craft with its hidden cargo, though I put it on the ground of forfeiting prize money if I deserted her. A crew of five men were given me (which would make a small claim for salvage in favor of the Sprite), and now, with the doctor, who was to give a hand to Lounsbury, I stood by the side while laying a small wager on the race to New York.

I had little heart in the laugh and last handshake to the rest, and was about putting foot on the side steps to pass to the boat that was swinging high and low on the running seas, when my attention was caught by the face of a girl who rose through the companion and stood startlingly clear against the black background of the night. The bright lamplight from the cabin flooded and brought out every detail of her features. It was but the face and bust I saw, the open door cutting off the lower part of her figure, but 'twas the face of an angel, and for an instant I forgot to move, looking at her as I would at a beautiful picture.

And a picture she made as she stood there turned toward us. High breeding showed in the delicate contour of chin and cheek, dark eyes and clearly cut straight nose, but 'twas the small mouth with its fine red lips half open as though in inquiry that held me by its sweetness, while the mass of auburn hair, dressed high, as was the fashion of the times, gave a touch of perfection to her countenance.

The vision—for 'twas more akin to a vision than reality—lasted but a breath, for Scammell thrust his form betwixt us, and made rapid steps toward the companion way, while I, with a hand wave to the others, joined the doctor in the boat.

The surgeon, a tall, raw-boned Irishman, afflicted with a strong after-dinner hiccough and a desire to talk, settled back in the stern sheets, and voluntarily fell into an explanation of a lady being on board the Sprite.

"An' ye know not Mrs. Badely, Sir Henry's light-o'-love? 'Tis a shame that king's officers be made to dance attendance to that ilk. Her ward seems to be o' different clay, though. A bonny lass she is, an' a lonely one, having no great love for her guardian, as 'tis plain to see, an' few to turn a word with, saving Scammell. Did ye mark the way he slid to her when she lifted o'er the hatch? 'Tis in my mind he's jealous o' the deck her foot lights on, an' he hangs about her like a brooding hen. 'Twas a sorry move Sir Henry made when he lit on him for a guard o' honor to Mrs. Badely and Gertrude King. Bad for him, I mean, since 'tis plain he's struck between wind and water by the lass, though, in my mind, she'll have little to do with the likes o' him after setting foot ashore."

From this and other rambling talk I gathered that the Sprite was taking two ladies from Philadelphia to New York—ladies high in favor with Gen. Clinton—and that one of them, Mrs. Badely, was the famous beauty to whom the doughty knight had given his heart without the honorable accompaniment of his hand and name. Her notoriety had even spread beyond the British lines, and much of the opportune inactivity of the enemy was explained as due to the fascination of his mistress and the inability of the commander to withdraw from her influence and take the field.

Of the younger lady I had never heard, nor, after my fleeting glimpse of her, could I make myself believe that her nature was tainted. Scammell was the official guard of the two for the trip, which accounted for the dragoon being at sea, and, according to the doctor, he had become deeply enamored of his younger charge, the fair Gertrude King. Doubtless it was a desire to cover himself with glory and dazzle the eyes of his love which had led him to take a hand in boarding the Phantom, but I gave over interest in the whole matter by the time the boat reached its destination.

The half-slewed Irishman made but hasty work with Lounsbury. The unconscious man had been removed to the cabin, and lay in my berth with eyes fast closed, still breathing like a pump. The doctor looked at him frowningly, felt of his head and pulse with a careless air, and then gave his diagnosis.

"Flip a sovereign, cap'n, and bet on its fall, and ye will have as good a notion of how the case will turn out as myself. There's no knowing at all what the man will come to. He has had the devil's own shock. 'Tis concussion and mayhap fracture, mayhap structural lesion of the brain. Who knows? He may die, he may live, but he'll be a bit fashed in his wits if he pulls through, and ne'er the lad he was. What's one dead rebel more or less? Let him lie and take chances. Have you a drap o' potheen to say good night on? I'm off."

I felt like kicking the man for his heartlessness, but gave him a drink and saw him started for his own craft; then, getting the crew together, I set them to work, and in short order we were under way.

The surgeon's words had not tended to depress me. The passion possessing me when I struck my mate had passed away, and if he would live and remain "fashed" until I had cleared from the muddle into which I had been forced I would pray for his final recovery.

CONTINUED.]


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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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## Railroad Time Table.

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Main Line Passenger Trains.

| Arrive | West Bound. | Leave |
|---|---|---|
| 6:05 p. m | †No. 31, Clipper | 6:25 p. m |
| 8:43 a. m | †No. 3, Day Express | 8:43 a. m |
| 10:20 p. m | *No. 1, Flyer | 10:25 p. m |
| **Arrive** | **East Bound.** | **Leave** |
| 9:40 a. m | †No 32, Clipper | 9:40 a. m |
| 8:10 p. m | †No. 4, Day Express | 8:10 p. m |
| 3:22 a. m | *No. 2, Flyer | 3:25 a. m |

Freights Carrying Passengers

| Arrive | West Bound. | Leave |
|---|---|---|
| 12:25 p. m | †No. 91, Way Freight | 1:05 p. m |
| 2:00 p. m | †No. 71, Through Freight | 2:30 p. m |
| **Arrive** | **East Bound.** | **Leave** |
| 10:10 a. m | No. 92† Way Freight | 10:55 a. m |
| 12:15 p. m | †No 82, Through Freight | 12:50 p. m |

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

| South Bound —Leave— | Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester | North Bound —Arrive— |
|---|---|---|
| No. 303 9:45 a.m | †Passenger | No. 304 6:10 p. m |
| No 331 6:30 p.m | †Passenger | No 322 8:35 a. m |
| No. 351 5:30 p.m | †Freight | No. 351 1:45 p. m |

*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt

## CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

**"The Maple Leaf Route."**

Time card, Thorpe, Iowa.

Going West, North and South.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:40 a m
Day Express, daily except Sunday.....3:04 p m
Way Freight, daily.....11:35 a m

Going West, North and South.

Way Freight, daily.....9:35 p m
Day Express, daily except Sunday.....1:53 p m
St. Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily.....5:41 a m

For information and tickets apply to

J. L. O'HARROW Agent Thorpe.

## B. C. R. & N. R'y.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING NORTH.

| Arrive | | Leave |
|---|---|---|
| 7:35 a m | No. 1 Minneapolis Express | 8:05 a m |
| 1:15 p m | No. 3 Waverly Passenger | 3:30 p m |
| 11:25 p m | No. 5 Minneapolis Express | 11:45 p m |
| 5:45 a m | No. 61 Chicago Passenger. | |
| 11:15 p m | No. 19 Chicago Passenger. | |

MAIN LINE GOING SOUTH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 8:20 p m | No. 2 Chicago Passenger | 8:40 p m |
| 10:15 a m | No. 4 St. Louis Passenger | 3:05 p m |
| 3:10 a m | No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex. | 3:30 a m |
| 12:25 a m | No. 62 Chicago Fast Express | 12:32 a m |
| | No. 20 Passenger | 6:05 p m |

DECORAH DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 8:10 p m | Decorah Passenger | 8:15 a m |

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2:50 p m | Spirit Lake Passenger | 8:30 a m |
| 12:25 a m | Sioux Falls Fast Express | 12:05 a m |

IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1:15 p m | Passenger | 3:05 p m |
| 7:50 p m | Passenger | 7:15 a m |
| 1:5 a m | Passenger | 8:40 p m |
| 11:15 p m | Passenger | 6:05 p m |
| 7:50 p m | Clinton Passenger | 7:15 a m |
| 7:50 p m | Davenport Passenger | 7:15 a m |

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 61, 62, and Sioux Falls Fast Express run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday."

J. MORTON, Gen'l Pass & Tkt Agt. J. A. LOMAX, Ticket Agent. Cedar Rapids Iowa.


## PURE-BRED COTSWOLDS.

Flock headed by choice IMPORTED RAMS. Fancy Cotswold Ewes bred $25 and up. Grade Ewes bred $6 and up. If you want something good come to the Delaware County Sheep farm.

**W. J. STRAIN & SONS, Masonville, Ia.**

## Good Advice.

When you want anything in the line of

## Furniture

do not forget to write us or examine our stock and prices. We have no room for shoddy goods, but with forty years of experience can guarantee you honest goods at fair prices. Remember this and you will profit by it.

**F. Werkmeister,**

3-97 Earlville, Iowa.

ALEX SEFSTROM,

## BLACKSMITH

Makes a Specialty of

**Horse Shoeing**

Interfering and Corns Cured or no Pay.

Do All Kinds of Work in Iron—

Machinery and all kinds of Farm Implements and Machinery repaired. The best of work guaranteed.

PRICES REASONABLE.

A share of the Public Patronage is solicited.

**Alex. Sefstrom,**

Successor to Peter Meyer

## Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific, ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel

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## P. J. Roche

Can be found at his shop on Franklin street during business hours, with a competent force of workmen to do all kinds of

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Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Corns and Interfering Cured or no pay. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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**P.J.Roche.**

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J. E. DAVIS, Manchester, Ia., Main St., North of Court House.

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**ABSTRACTS** furnished at a rate meeting all competition.

J. E. DAVIS, Abstracter.

## T. O. EATON,

Successors to A. W. Stevens & Co. . . . .

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(CITY HALL BLOCK.)

I have on hand all kinds of

**FRESH MEATS**

Oysters in season. Fish, sausage and the best cured meats.

SHOP CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

**T. O. EATON.**

TELEPHONE 261.

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may be larger than ours in size, but Saturn isn't in it when it comes to Styles, Kinds and Quality. We have rings to please the most fastidious. Diamonds, Opals, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls, Engagement and Wedding, Society Emblem Rings, Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, etc., etc. Ladies' watches, Gent's watches, Boy's watches, Chains, Charms, Bracelets, etc. Large variety of patterns in Solid Sterling Silver Spoons, Forks, etc. Souvenir Silver Spoons with Court House or Fish Hatchery engraved in bowl. Call and see them!

**Boynton & McEwen.**

Jewelers.

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have arrived, and those desiring GOOD AND STYLISH **SUITS**

Should not fail to call and examine our stock.

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**Suits AND Overcoats**

are admirable in fabric and in fit, in winsomness and in workmanship.

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