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BY CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Donald Thorndyke, as captain of the schooner Phantom, leaves Norfolk for New London with a cargo of lead for continental armies. His mate, John Lounsbury, proves treacherous after they get to sea and threatens to reveal the character of the captain and cargo to British ships then in sight, and from which they could not escape. Thorndyke strikes him and renders him insensible, apparently dead. One of the other two members of the crew attempts Thorndyke's life, but he beats him and throws him into the sea. The other, a negro, he scares into silence. He determines to impersonate the apparently dead mate, and tell the English that he has taken the ship as a prize and has killed the captain and all of the crew but the one negro.

Chapter II.—When the boat is boarded, he tells his story, which is believed by the naval lieutenant but is doubted by a dragoon officer, Scammell, who is along. While Thorndyke is proving his tale, Lounsbury shows signs of returning consciousness. Thorndyke is taken to the British vessel to repeat his story to the captain.

Chapter III.—The Phantom is taken to New York and there turned over to the king's authorities. Thorndyke determines to act the part of a spy, and when possible escape through the lines and deliver his information to Washington.

CHAPTER V.

A TRIANGULAR QUARREL.

I knew of no reason to fear him, but it gave me a start to recognize Scammell, in the full uniform of a captain in De Lancy's marauding tories. He threw a quick glance about him, taking in the angry belligerent and his friend, who had picked himself up and was standing at a safe distance with his blade in his hand, as though waiting a favorable opportunity to rush in and take a part in the muss. Though I fell under the tory's eye, he did not at once recognize me, for I had my beard at about a ten days' growth, and was something more than picturesque in the shabbiness of my dress. He immediately claimed the attention of my opponent by calling him by name.

"Hello, Belden! Something put out again, eh? What the devil's the matter now? Have you not had lessons enough in your own set that you must fall afoul of pot-house loungers? What's amiss?"

"That villain has dared lay his hand on me, and, by God! he's bound to pay the penalty!" burst out Belden, for the first time finding his voice.

"Which villain?" asked Scammell, as he threw his leg over the saddle and came to

"Two sprawling in the dirt."

the ground with the bridle in the crook of his elbow. "Faith, you look as though odds were against you. I see two of them. 'Tis your good luck I had a thirst that needed slaking. On my soul, whom have we here?" he exclaimed, scowling, as with a second look he identified me. "Is it a fair quarrel, Belden? I'll weight your pockets with five pounds if you'll hand your rights to me, unless 'tis a matter of cheating at cards.—What, sirrah!" he demanded, walking toward me with a malignant look to his rather fine features, "you were quick to offer me a lesson awhile since. Are you as ready to take one yourself at this meeting? How is it you have outraged my friend and your better?"

"Let them alone, yer honor!" interposed the card-sharper, approaching. "'Tis a tie cause for the both. One was hit by a bottle, the other grounded by a fist. Can't we have a trifle o' fun with a hawbuck without interferences? Faith, the bullock man shall have my sword, an' we'll see which is the better carver! I'll back him, too, an' ye may back yer friend the popinjay, whose one merit lies in not knowing when he's well beaten. Come, now! we'll to the Kalchook Hill (a small elevation near the Collect, a freshwater pond, which was on the site of the present tombs. The gallows used for military execution stood between it and the Fields, or present City Hall park), an' have it out. I'll—"

"What! you villain you! you low thief! Get hence, or I'll scalp you!" interupted Scammell, turning on him. "Kalchook Hill, you dog! You would never go so near the gallows on your own free will."

"Gallows, is it?" returned the fellow, still holding his ground. "I tell ye, Scammell, capting though ye be, ye are riper for the gallows than am I, an' this I'll back in any way ye name."

Scammell, instead of falling on the fellow in a fury, an act I looked for, snapped his fingers in his face, and with a look measuring him from head to foot replied contemptuously:

"You dirty dog! Mighty brave you are in the knowledge that a king's officer would ne'er cross swords with such scum. I'll give you one minute to be gone, and, failing, I'll see you tied up and lashed. If you know me so well, you know 't will be done." And with this he turned his back on the sharper, who, far from obeying the hint to leave, stepped away but a few paces.

"And now, my wild sea bird," said the tory redirecting his attention to me, "are you willing to clear yourself with my friend here? Give a fair explanation of this affair if you can, or perhaps you would like to make a fine point of the matter with me in some quiet spot. I might doubt my rights to honorably cross swords with such as you in a matter as private as this, but I will forego all objections and ask no terms. Ah! but you have an excuse; you will doubtless plead a wound."

The deep insolence of his last remark turned my dislike of the man to a sudden hatred. 'Twas not the words, but his more than unbearable manner of uttering them that roused my ire and brought me to the pitch of action. Had he been nearer, I would have served him with my fist as I had served Lounsbury, and would have regretted it at once for its lack of dignity. Forgetting for the moment my assumed role, I stood where he had found me, and answered:

"Capt. Scammell, my calling is the sea. You are but a marauding bushwhacker, nor can the curse be rubbed off you by a title or hidden by fine trappings, and did you but know it you would be honored by crossing swords with me. As for an explanation, I will satisfy you so far as to say that I punished your friend for insulting me, and, by the God above me, if you wish to carry this further, I will punish you worse than I did him! I could but defend myself from him, a boy whose back I could break across my knee, so he goes harmless. As for you, I will fight you within the hour and ask for no quarter."

"Good!" he broke in. "You gave the name to the weapon. Let it be swords, and at once. Remember," he went on with an oath, and working himself into a rage, "ask no quarter of me. Up or down I give no mercy; let a l'outrance be the word."

"Nay," said I, fanned to an equal heat by his blood-thirsty manner and the fury in his eye—"nay, then, I will not kill you, villain as you are, but, should I disarm you, or you slip, I will beat you with the flat of my sword until you roar for quarter, or I break every bone in your foul hide! 'Twill be scant mercy, as you were better killed outright. Now look to it, for this I will do, or my name is not Thorn—Lounsbury!"

I caught myself just in time, and started violently as I discovered the trip of my tongue. Both the others likewise gave a jump, but it immediately transpired that each had a different cause.

It was Scammell who first showed his reason for thus starting, and that was through the insult I had offered him in degrading him by a threatened beating. White with rage, he threw aside the bridle, and drawing his heavy saber, advanced on me with a torrent of oaths.

Before I could do more than whip my left arm out of its sling and lift the bulky table in defense (for I was unarmed), the young officer sprang between us.

"Hold hard, Scammell!—Lounsbury! Are you Capt. Lounsbury? Lounsbury, of Rye? By my faith! but I came near making a bull of it!—This thing can go no further now, Scammell. I've been looking for the man high and low for week. Clinton wants him at once—at once! The order comes from headquarters. What, man! Hold hard!"

"Hold hard yourself!" shouted the tory, as he tried to dodge the young officer. "No further now! Do you think I'll brook such words to my face and wait for formalities? Ay, Lounsbury it is; and of Rye and the phantom and the devil, for aught I care! What can Clinton want with such a man? Stand aside, you salt fish, and let me meet him!"

"Call me no fish, you butcher-bird!" snapped Belden. "What ails your humor to-day? Has the heat gotten your head? You first pick my own quarrel away from me, and then flout me for looking to my own interests. Has the fair Gertrude hipped you, that you spleen so quickly? I tell you my orders are imperative."

"'Fore God, you sprat! An' you dare twit me in public on my private affairs!" shouted the tory, turning his wrath on the naval officer. "Use but her name again, and I'll spit you as you stand, you half a man! How! Will you, too, fight?"

Stung by his words, and more than stung by the reference to his short stature, Belden had whipped out the sword he had sheathed and thrown himself into the fencer's attitude.

"Fight? Ay, I'll fight! Put aside that meat ax and use a gentleman's tool. I'll show you that half a man is better than a whole brute. My wrist is as fine as yours, for all your brawn."

That Scammell's blood had o'ercome his brain was plainly apparent by the way he threw his heavy saber to the ground and ran toward the card-sharper. But that fellow, anticipating his wants, brought up the point of the weapon which he still held, and presenting it at the breast of the oncomer, retreated a few steps and cried out:

"Nay, nay! Ye shall not have it. Settle yer brawl as best ye may, but my sword is mine, an' with me it shall bide. By the look of it, ye must settle with the three of us. I'ull out o' the pickle, an' ye can; ye shall ha' no help or steel o' me."

Now while this was going on I had not been idle with either brain or body. I saw at once that Lounsbury had become a personage of importance, and that he was unknown to Clinton by sight. That something of moment was on hand was also discovered, and it evidently lay in my power to thwart the matter and confound the British. At the same time, it would probably spread open a path for me to leave the city, and possibly in some manner show me a way to lay hands on my gold. It was a fair chance to act upon, and I could in no wise let harm come to the young sailor until I knew more or had been piloted on my way.

This was with my head. With my body I simply moved to where lay Scammell's saber, and picked it up.

As I did so, the baffled officer turned and saw the action. Foiled at every point, and now unarmed and compassed by three armed men, he swore and fumed like a baited animal.

I saw the folly of his total loss of temper, for had he not parted with it he never would have been placed in his present position. He had quarreled and well-nigh fought with three men in as many minutes, while his blind fury had brought him to where he was worsted and degraded at once.

As he stood there, too proud to retreat and unable to advance, he glanced hastily in every direction. In his desperation he was doubtless looking for his horse and his pistols in the holsters, and had he found them there would have been bloodshed. But his high-spirited animal, frightened at my act of swinging aloft the table and the shouts that followed, had tossed up head and tail at once and gone galloping from the yard, now being nowhere in sight.

And thus we stood for perhaps the space of half a minute (though it seemed longer), while at a distance gathered a number who had been drawn hither by the noise of the brawl. 'Twas a mighty awkward predicament for Scammell, but Belden finally put a period to the matter, and opened a way for the tory to retreat. Slipping the point of his sword into its scabbard, he thrust it down with a ring, and cried:

"Avast, all hands! We're nothing short of a pack of fools. Each of us has had a thrust at his neighbor, and each in turn has stood between two others. 'Tis the prettiest muss I ever saw, so d—n me! 'Twas all beginnings and devil of an ending. Let's make it up.—Come, Scammell, you might well go halfway to meet half a man. By my faith, that's not bad.—Lounsbury, I was a bullock myself, and ask pardon for the bottle. So there's my sop.—Who's next?"

Now my heart warms to a man who is quick to take fire, whose wrath is like the touch of a match to gunpowder, the force of which is gone when its work is done; just as I hate the sullen spirit of one who nurses the last spark and sulks until its heat dies for lack of fanning.

The generosity of the boy—for he was little else—struck home to me, and I was about offering my hand, when Scammell, quick to take advantage of the turn of affairs, spoke up:

"So let it be if you say so, Belden! I am overhot from the ride from the outer lines at Kingsbridge. I'll willingly pass you and yon fellow"—indicating the trickster with a jerk of his head—"but I'll not be quits with your new protege save but for the time you need him. If Clinton wants him, I'll spare him the while to do his dirty work, for on honorable matters he would ne'er employ such a man while his betters go begging.—How now, sirrah?" he continued, turning and advancing toward me. "You are glad enough to accept the respite, I doubt not. Will you name time and place to receive your deserts?"

"'Tis against my nature to duel in cold blood; but, as my word is passed, I'll carry through my promise. Where do you put up?"

"At the King's Arms, truckler!"

"[illegible] to the sub [illegible]

there I stay also. For the time to meet you, that must rest with Sir Henry. For the place, that your howls be not heard by your fellows, I make it the clump of trees in Lepner's Meadows [an extensive tract of drained swamp-land beyond the then city limits, through about the center of which now runs the present Canal street]. You doubtless know the spot. As to the hour, I will enlighten you at your quarters as soon as may be.—Now, Mr. Belden, I am at your disposal. Shall we get to headquarters?"

Saying this, I threw to the ground the tory's saber and turned from him. Instead of stooping for his side arm, Scammell stepped around so as to again be before me, and, though there was no abatement to the malicious hatred in his eye, his voice fell to a hoarse whisper as he said:

"By my faith, sir, it were better you had stood and been run through than to have put into my head the matter you have just given me! More than that. It were better that you had the devil and his horde against you than Walter Scammell!"

And bending, he picked up his saber, sheathed it, threw a careless salute to Belden, and walked off, the card-sharper joining the throng about the tavern door.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAIR PROSPECT.

Left alone with Belden, that worthy looked me over slowly, and then holding out his hand, said:

"On my soul, Lounsbury, you had best shrive yourself! To tell the truth, I'm mightily afraid of that fellow, who is no less the brute I called him because I offered to cry quits. He would be invincible with a rapier, only he holds the light weapon with too light a hand. He is all points and tricks, and, unless you disarm him, it looks to go hard with you. You will never get by his guard."

"Thanks," said I, laughing, and taking his hand. "I've a trick or two, myself. What does the general want with me now?"

"I have but a fraction of the matter, and know my place too well to talk of it. Let us step out; but, man, you'll never appear at headquarters in such a rig! You would be barred at the door!"

"'Tis but the service of a razor and a shift of clothes I need, and will soon have. Will you bear me company to my lodgings?"

He agreed to this, and we set out down the Bowery Lane to the Fields, past the provost prison (now the Hall of Records, City Hall Park) and poorhouse, and so along the Broadway, chatting like two old friends as we walked.

'Twas a strange coincidence, I thought, when I found my companion was attached to the Sprite, having been on board even at the time I was telling a false tale of myself in her cabin, he having been laid up below through a wound received in a duel while in Philadelphia. A jolly, light-hearted, dissipated boy he was, but as rampant a worshiper of royalty as has fallen to my lot to meet.

He could tell me nothing of Mrs. Badely and her ward, Gertrude King (the latter toward whom I had an instinctive leaning), save that they had long ago left the schooner and were in sumptuous quarters on Queen street. Scammell's passion for the young lady was no secret to him, and he made a coarse joke at the expense of both, for which I could have wrung his neck.

But all were alike in those days, it seemed to me, and not once did I hear a woman respectfully spoken of, though the maligners of the sex professed a readiness to lie down and be trodden on when in the presence of the least of the ladies of fashion. Such a fulsome aping of fine manners on the streets and off; such back-bending and courtesying, froth, and hypocrisy; such affectation in speech and attitude; such utter prostration before the god of mode and folly as was practiced by these puppets of the king in this small copy of the court, never before or since has it been the fortune of man to see. Insincerity, heartlessness, and an absurd sensitiveness regarding so-called points of honor ruled the day. And these were the spirits who were expected to subdue the hardy yeomanry of America!

But this is neither here nor there.

Well shorn, with a decent ribbon for my queue, a suit but a shade or two the worse for wear, and a sword at my thigh for effect, we set off for our destination, Belden having washed his dirty face and generally groomed himself.

At this time Clinton's headquarters was on the Broadway, at No. 1, and opposite the Bowling Green, being the same dwelling wherein Washington had established himself while the patriot troops occupied the city.

'Twas strange to me that the British commander should have hit upon this house, not only because of its association, but from the fact that it was, with some few mansions to the north, cut off from the rest of the city by the broad swath of ruin caused by the great fire of September, 1776.

This conflagration had started (God knows how!) near the Whitehall, and, under the fanning of a strong wind, had burned northwest, crossing the Broadway below Trinity church, and from there laying low everything clear to the Hudson and northward to nigh the city limits. Trinity went with the rest, but by some mercy St. Paul's was spared, as well as King's college [Columbia college], the fire stopping just short of Robinson street [now Park Place], on which stood the latter.

No attempt had been made to rebuild or even clear the ruins, and now 'twas a dangerous neighborhood, as the offscourings of the camp had taken possession of the whole area, and utilizing old walls, beams, and sails, had established a colony of violence and filth, which went by the name of Canvastown.

It might have been pleasant for Sir Henry to look from his south windows over the grand Battery, the bay, and the fleet beyond, but I take it he little cared for the view east, with its black desert of devastation, or to see in the Bowling Green, right beneath his knightly nose, the hacked pedestal that had but lately borne the desecrated statue of his majesty of England.

But notwithstanding its isolation 'twas a fine mansion, this Kennedy house, as it was called, and well fitted in its interior for the uses to which it was put. Broad halls and large rooms furnished ample space for the brilliancy usually gathered there, but to-day it was comparatively deserted.

Had I been alone I should have had infinite trouble in getting in at all, but Belden soon opened a way past the guards at the door, only to meet disappointment in the end, for Sir Henry was at dinner, and, as was his wont, would let nothing short of a rebel invasion prevent its slow completion.

He sent word that he would see Capt. Lounsbury in private at three o'clock on the morrow, and also sent a sealed paper bearing my assumed name, which I was requested to read against my return.

As I was primed and cocked for action, his characteristic delay chafed me, and unknown to him, came nigh to putting a mighty spoke in my wheel.

However, there was nothing for me to do but wait, though with the possibilities of a duel on my hands and my coming interview with Clinton, I had e'en enough to occupy my mind and save time from dragging. My instructions, too, were to be read, and giving good-day to Belden, I set off up the Broadway, determined to both walk off a growing nervousness and seek a quiet spot in which to con my paper.

No house should hold me in such sweltering weather, so on past the Fields with its outlaying barracks I went, to where the Broadway dwindled to a mere cart track, and finally ended in a cow pasture closed by a pair of bars.

'Twas the edge of Lepner's Meadows, and, with the view of planning the details of my intended battle, I made my way to the clump of trees near its center, where, throwing myself on the close turf, I broke the seal of the papers.

The contents made me start as even a shot near my ear would fail to have done. The matter was short, and ran thus:

"In the name of his majesty, George III., of England, etc. You are by me instructed and ordered. Take five men of your own selection and man the schooner Phantom, captured by you while sailing against the interests of his majesty. With this vessel you will repair to Gen. Pigot, at Newport, R. I., with dispatches and instructions to be given you. Newport now being invested by the French and the rebellious subjects of his majesty, you will enter the harbor of Newport under the guise and flag of the rebellious colonies, bearing out the deception to the extent of casting away the vessel on the coast of Rhode Island, or in any other way reaching or putting yourself into communication with Gen. Pigot. You are to make requisition on the commissary department for such stores and supplies as you may deem necessary, and report to me for further and secret instructions on the completion of arrangements, which shall not be later than ten days from date."

This paper was undated, unsigned, and showed hurried construction. I saw at once that it was given me to test my willingness to undertake the adventure. It was to be but a dispatch-bearing mission, with syping as a side issue, unless modified in some manner by the secret instructions referred to. But should these prove a demand to kidnap or even assassinate Washington himself, I would be found ready to undertake the task on any terms, so great had become my desire to leave the city.

Five men I could easily get, though not a soul I knew who could help me carry out the scheme that leaped to my brain on the first perusal of the paper. Yet even alone I would undertake to bring the Phantom with five prisoners into a patriot port could I once get the vessel clear of the bay.

I felt the strength of ten men within me as I hatched the plot, and only prayed for the morrow and the meeting with Clinton; for Scammell, the duel, and all else faded before the glowing light of the future. I worked myself into an ecstasy the like of which I had not experienced since, when a boy and beset with homesickness, I hailed the date of my return to the arms of my mother. My property and my liberty were to be set within reach at once, and beside them I would place honor, the last by carrying back a batch of prisoners.

It was small wonder that I acted the boy again, and you who have never known the sudden loosening of tightened heartstrings and the childlike joy resulting, know little of the upper scale of human happiness.

But I did not hold myself long at this height. The practical fact that I must name date and hour when on this very spot I should stand and fight for my life, forced itself upon me.

The ground was well hit upon, being screened from all sides by the trees, which would also keep the sun from the eyes of either combatant. It was fairly open, level, and free from underbrush.

The morrow would be the Sabbath, and, though war is no respecter of days, I would not desecrate it by fighting out a private quarrel. Therefore I set my mind for the meeting at sunrise on Monday, that I might have the business off my hands and prepare for what, I considered the greater adventure.

To Be Continued.

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

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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—	Between Cedar Rapids 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.

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.

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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.

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When you want anything in the line of

Furniture

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F. Werkmeister,

3-91 Earlville, Iowa.

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Makes a Specialty of

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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.

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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 misease. 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.

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P. J. Roche.

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(CITY HALL BLOCK.)

We have on hand all kinds of

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

SHOP CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

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