Nervous Debility

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FRED ELLIS,

TELEPHONE 241. PROPRIETOR

FREE-LANCE

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.—Scammell enters during the progress of the row and asks to take a hand by relieving the naval officer of Thorndyke. Belden, the naval officer, discovers that Thorndyke is the man he is looking for for Clinton, and stops the fight, after which a challenge still stands between Thorndyke and Scammell.

Chapter VI.—Clinton postpones the interview with Thorndyke for a day, and in the meantime gives him papers which state he is to take the Phantom, still in New York harbor, and go to Newport with dispatches to the British general at that place.

Chapter VII.—During a great fire in New York Thorndyke assists a patriot spy to escape, and from him he gets the name of "Rex." After returning to his quarters he is surprised by a visit from Scammel.

Chapter VIII.—Scammell has discovered the identity of Thorndyke and comes to arrest him as a spy. He is armed only with a pistol, and into the priming pan of this Thorndyke manages to throw water, then, overcoming Scammell, Thorndyke escapes and makes his way to Clinton's headquarters, where his real identity is not yet known.

"Save myself, your honor!"

As though smitten by a revulsion of feeling, he started back and exclaimed:

"No! no! Not that! Great God! not quite so quick! What a tool you are! Is there no other way? Let me think; let it rest as it is until you report.—Ah! what is the meaning of this?"

The last remark was drawn from him by a noise of controversy in the hall without, the sudden opening of the door, and the entry of a female unannounced. She was veiled, but before the door had fairly closed behind her, with a graceful move of her arm she uncovered her face, and I involuntarily came to my feet as I recognized the young girl whose beauty had struck me as I was about leaving the Sprite.

Her eyes were red from weeping, and, indeed, the tears on her cheeks were as apparent as the few raindrops on her silken hood, as well as on her plain though elegant costume. Over her white brow and from under the back of her head-covering there strayed a few locks of hair, which some might have called red, but red they were not, being the richest of auburn, and of such a nature that the damp of the air had curled them into a mass of crisp waves.

If tears were on her cheeks, there were none in her voice as she advanced before the Englishman. As she came to within a pace of him she halted, and demanded in a low, firm tone, which for all its firmness was sweet:

"Sir Henry Clinton, where is my brother?"

Clinton dropped his eyes, while a heavy frown contracted his smooth forehead. For an instant he appeared about to give way to temper, but finally unpuckered his brows and replied easily, as though patronizing a petulant child:

"My dear Miss Gertrude, you must ask your aunt."

"Call your Mrs. Badely no aunt of mine, Sir Henry. She may be my guardian, but none of her blood flows in my veins. Be that as it may, sir, she has but this moment referred me to you. My brother has been gone a week. You have promised each day that I should see him the next. Sir Henry, where is my brother?"

The decidedly defiant tone of the last demand made me wonder at the audacity of the speaker, but instead of arousing the temper of the man to whom it was addressed, it made him rather draw into himself, though not without an effort at self-control. Again he arose and paced the floor behind his desk, but finally stopping in his walk, took a long breath as if he had arrived at a determination, and suddenly turning to me, said:

"Capt. Lounsbury, the plan I mentioned will remain in abeyance.—My dear Gertrude," he continued, addressing the girl, "I have been trying to save you from pain, but, as you will have the truth, I will give it to you. Your brother has been discovered acting in the interests of the enemy. His offense was clear, and he has acknowledged it. He was arrested one week ago this day. He was tried fairly, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. Yesterday he perished in the fire at Cruger's Wharf before the sentence could be executed."

Now at these words I guessed this was the girl whom I had been expected to kidnap and make way with, and my first impulse, quickly controlled, was to blurt out the fact of her own danger. It had become plain, however, that Clinton could not screw his courage to going the length of even indirectly taking her life, much as he wished for some reason to be rid of her. It was strongly forced on me that he was being used as a cat's-paw by the woman who was known to powerfully influence his actions, even to the extent of altering the plans of a campaign. As he finished his statement, I knew he had told the girl an untruth, or he had been lying to me, as he had informed me that the brother was about to be hanged, no mention having been made of his death by fire. Instantly there came to mind my encounter with the scorched patriot, and I instinctively strung the two together.

I expected to witness the collapse of the girl as the British general completed his sentence, but there came nothing of the sort. Instead, she stood tall and graceful, with lips apart and eyes widely strained. Her color faded a trifle, but after a breath or two she answered stoutly:

"Gen. Clinton, that is false! My brother held no communication with anyone beyond the lines at Kingsbridge. You have overshot your mark. It was I, sir, who informed Gen. Washington of your intended movement into the Jerseys, but my poor brother has been doomed because he is in possession of facts which would compromise Sir Henry Clinton were they known abroad. I, too, know them. Work your will on me, a girl—I care not; but if you injure a hair of the head of Beverly, all England shall know how Mr. Henry Clinton obtained his knighthood, together with other matters which would make interesting reading. [Two years before, Gen. Clinton had challenged Lord George Germain, of the British ministry. In fear of his life, Germain promised Clinton a title and the command of the army in America if he would withdraw the challenge. Clinton did so, obtained leave of absence from America, went to London and was knighted by the king. Returning, he succeeded Gen. Howe, who resigned shortly before the evacuation of Philadelphia. The affair caused great scandal at the time.] By his appearance, here is doubtless one of your familiars," she went on, indicating me by a fine look of intense scorn. "Order him to apprehend and make way with Gertrude King, who, by the help of God, has been, is now, and always will be, devoted to her own land and its liberties!"

As she uttered these words she was sublime. Her figure swayed slightly, her eyes sparkled, and her voice rang like a bell. There was no effect of bravado, but it was apparent that with her there had come a crisis, and she had thrown off her mask, either because it was no longer of use or for the purpose of sacrificing herself for her brother. Her great beauty, her youth, her fearlessness—ay, even the grace of her pose, set off by her faultless costume—gave weight to the words which on her listeners produced profound though widely differing emotions.

My own first feeling was that of utter insignificance as I marked her great courage and heard the inspiring eloquence of her last sentence; my next that, if necessary, I would risk my life to assist her if my way to do so was made plain. My admiration, my respect was beyond measure. I was almost moved to defy Clinton to his face there and then when that party exposed the spirit in which he had listened.

He had halted and whirled about as she threw at him the falsity of his statement, and as she progressed, his face turned from white to red and from red to purple. On her finishing, he hung a moment as though to gather the full import of her words, and then banged his fist on the table as he exclaimed:

"You doubly damned rebel wench! You spy! How dare you use such language here and to me? So you have taken advantage of your housing with— My God! what a fool your aunt has been! Madam," he suddenly thundered, "you are under arrest—"

"Sir," she said, cutting him short, "if I am, I will be released. You have now an opportunity to confiscate my property as you have my brother's. Doubtless this sum will also go to enrich your paramour. You have taken me for a child, but I am not the helpless girl you think me. I know your motives. They are money, and fear, and Mrs. Badely. And now I have but one demand, Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, and one more statement. Your personal secrets are safe with me conditionally, and my property you are welcome to, as you will but hold it until the right prevails; but this I will have now—a pass beyond your lines at Kingsbridge. The statement will simply show the extent of your falsity and the ease with which it is overcome. My brother—"

At that moment the hall door for a second time was thrown open violently by a female, and now it was Mrs. Badely who reentered. There was no affectation about her as she hurried in and closed it behind her. With her hand on the knob, her face blanched to an ash color, and her whole figure trembling, she pointed to the defiant girl and burst out:

"She is a traitor! she is a traitor! Let her not go hence! O Sir Henry! Sir Henry! he has escaped! He has been back and—taken—all—those—"

She got no further, but, tottering slightly, gradually sank to the floor in a real or pretended faint.

CHAPTER X.

THE HEROISM OF GERTRUDE KING.

Gen. Clinton stood as if stricken with catalepsy, while I sprang to Mrs. Badely. Discarding the useless disguise, I threw my sling from me and, lifting the lady, bore her to the couch. As her aunt sank to the floor the girl had given a violent start, and, as though taking for granted that the escaped party referred to was her brother, she raised her hands and exclaimed fervently: "Thank God! thank God!" Then the emotion she had bravely suppressed when her misfortune seemed at its height overcame her on the relaxation of the strain, and she broke into a torrent of tears.

Giving no further attention to Mrs. Badely, I turned and looked at Clinton. He had sunk into his chair, and was undergoing a strong inward struggle, but the expression of his face boded little good to the girl who still stood before him. In a moment he straightened himself, and pointing to the weeping maiden, sternly said:

"Capt. Lounsbury, call my orderly, and see that this woman is placed in confinement. Report to me when it is done."

It appeared that the moment had arrived when I must declare myself, for to allow this heroic girl to suffer the indignity of arrest while I could prevent it, was not in my books. I was about to turn on him with my answer when she lifted her head, and, directing her wet eyes toward Clinton, said as firmly as she had before spoken:

"Gen. Clinton, I care little for what you may do to me. The only load I had has been lifted. My brother is free! Listen to me! He was never arrested as a spy, never tried in any court, never condemned to be hanged! I knew he was to be secretly removed from his prison, of that I was informed by one of your own officers, and I came here to demand his whereabouts. Is not my so-called beauty as powerful for my interests as your commands for yours? Look to yourself, Sir Knight! What I know of you will find a ready ear, but, Sir Henry Clinton, you will scarce have the courage to demand an earldom from the one who hears it."

The utterly fearless way in which she spoke, coupled with sarcasm and a taunt the nature of which I then knew nothing, drove the British general into a fury. Springing to his feet and again slamming the table, he shouted:

"Arrest her, sir! Arrest her instantly! Stop her vile mouth! Good God! am I to be thus bearded by a self-confessed traitress?"

By this I had gotten to a pitch of spirits that ripened me for any deed insuring the safety of the gallant girl, and yet my head was left clear enough to see the possible consequence of my act.

"Nay, Sir Henry," I replied, clearly, but without moving, "I shall never arrest her nor see her arrested here; rather would I see her canonized. Do your own dirty work."

"Hell and furies!" he thundered, fairly bounding from the floor. "What means this treason? You are under arrest yourself, sir! What, sir! you defy me?"

As he spoke he moved from behind the table and took a couple of strides toward the hall; but seeing his intention was to call the sentry, and that for me it was now the whole pace or the scaffold, in an instant I was ahead of him, and, quickly locking the door, threw the key through the open window.

I was none too soon. Through the heavy mahogany I heard the approach of hurried footsteps, and the knob twisted while yet my hand was on it.

With an oath Clinton turned toward the table and grasped his sword; but again I anticipated his action and was before him. Laying my left hand on the weapon, I pressed it down, while with my right I pushed him into his chair and held him there. He paled as though fearing immediate assassination, and gasped, then after a fruitless effort at freeing himself, he shouted:

"What! Capt. Lounsbury, would you murder your commander?"

I rapidly shifted my grip, and to prevent his further clamoring placed my hand over his mouth, pinning his head fast to the back of the chair.

"Call me not Lounsbury!" I exclaimed in my excitement. "I have been damned by that name weeks enough! Know me as Donald Thorndyke, an enemy to the king. —Quick, now!" said I turning to the girl. "Here is a pass ready written. Get away—out of the window! I will cover your going." And with that I snatched the writing from the table and held it toward her.

By this time there was a violent knocking at the door and some shouting in the hall, but, taking no notice of the shortness of time allowed for her escape, the girl stepped close to me, and, peering into my face with undisguised surprise upon her own countenance, said:

"Are you from Washington?"

"Nay, miss," I answered, "I am but a free-lance; not from him, but for him to the end. Hurry your leaving, and God bless you for a brave lass!"

"But you—but you! Must I take the sacrifice?"

"I am already known and outlawed. Hurry! Heaven help the first man who enters this room now! If you would prevent bloodshed, leave at once. I will follow betimes. Live for your brother's sake! Get gone—get gone!"

Taking the paper I had pushed into her hand, she gave me a smile that was a benediction, the memory of which comes to me as I write. Turning, she hastened to the balcony. I saw her gather her skirts, climb over the light iron rail and drop—a matter easily accomplished, as the window sill was a scarce six feet from the soil of the garden below.

And then I turned attention to myself and my own desperate situation.

There was nothing to do but follow her immediately if I hoped to escape, but, knowing that every second's delay helped the maiden, I still held the general so that he could neither cry out nor prove aggressive, and so continued holding him for perhaps the space of a minute.

In the meantime the attacks on the door were becoming more violent, and even the one through which Clinton had entered was now being tried. Mrs. Badely, who had been unattended through the episode, suddenly recovered her senses and lifted herself upright on the couch, when, seeing me apparently strangling her lover, she set up a shrieking that must have driven to desperation those without.

It was my final moment. Casting a quick look over the table for anything in the matter of writing that might be used as a pass, my eye spied the rolls of money which had been given me, but nothing else of service was in sight and there was not an instant to lose in investigation. Releasing Clinton, I jumped for the gold, swept it into my pocket, and seizing Scammell's cloak as I went, ran to the window, barely evading the grasp of Mrs. Badely, who made a bob at me and would have hung like a leech had she fastened to my clothing.

In less than a second I was over the rail, and, landing on the turf, took to my heels, pointing myself to the earthworks of the deserted "Oyster Battery," which had been erected by the Americans exactly in the rear of headquarters and on the edge of the Hudson.

This battery, grass-grown, dismantled, and neglected as useless by the British, I knew would be no permanent cover, but its embankments made a temporary shield betwixt me and a possible shot from the house had my line of flight been discovered. It was a fair post for a minute's observation and reflection, and, bounding through an empty embrasure, I dodged down, and then raising my head above the edge of the works, looked back.

To my astonishment I was not at once pursued, though two or three figures appeared at the window I had gone through, all others being seemingly deserted. I had to thank the day for my good fortune, as the Sabbath was a time for general relaxation, and were it not for that my chances would have been next to naught. Few soldiers were about, a corporal's guard only being before the house when I entered it, but that there would soon be wild confusion and a general turning out I had small doubts.

The banks of the Hudson at this point terminated in a steep bluff, at the bottom of which was a narrow strip of beach. Once on the sands, I might run along screened from those at a distance, but could easily be headed and captured like a fish in a purse net. I took the risk, however, and sliding down the steep, sped northward for some ways, coming to the top undiscovered and at the edge of the burned district.

Into this wilderness of destruction I plunged, but soon slackened my pace to a walk to avoid marked observation from those who inhabited the shanties abounding throughout the ruins. I was fairly safe for the present, and decided there to halt and take stock in myself and circumstances, especially as I had no definite plans before me.

It came to me that I was now doubly damned—first, as a spy; second, for doing violence to the person of the highest functionary in America. I was without means of escape from the city, and entirely unarmed. I would be hunted like a wolf, and with less mercy from one quarter at least. In short, though I was then breathing free air, I was in desperate straits, and, being so, it took little reflection to see the necessity for acting like a desperate man.

I came, then, to this decision: I would attempt a return to the tavern, recover my arms and the paper of instructions, the last of which might at least add weight to my assumed character and help me in forcing my way through the lines—a move that had become imperative, and might be successful if I acted with dispatch. Then to the Dove I would go, and throw myself under the protection of Stryker, whom, I had reason to believe, was one of the true men secretly helping the patriot cause.

Of the brave girl to whom I had sacrificed the pass (an act I did not for a moment regret) I thought much. Like me, she was marked for destruction; like me, she had now two virulent enemies, for I could not help believing that Mrs. Badely was at the bottom of Clinton's desire to remove her from a field which threatened the social supremacy and interests of that lady. I wondered how she had fared and in what direction she had fled.

But I was in no position for long wonderment. Rising from my seat, I walked on un-

"Get away—out of the window."

til I had reached a point opposite King street, then coming out into the Broadway, crossed it and got myself to the rear of the tavern. The man who interfered with me now would be past praying for, but to my surprise I met with no opposition on passing through the kitchen and bounding up the back stairs, marking only the frightened looks of the two women who were cooking.

In a moment I gained my room. It was in a terrible state of confusion. Bloody bedclothes strewed the floor, the mattress was ripped open, blood was upon the table (doubtless Scammell had been laid thereon), and the dust of plaster covered everything. Scammell himself was gone, and likewise was gone the paper I had counted on. My arms, however, were unmolested. The ammunition had been swept from the shelf to the floor in probable search for treasonable documents (which search also accounted for the general disorder), but no part of it was missing, nor, barring the paper, had any of my personal property been taken from the room. I felt new strength as I fastened on my sword and stuffed the pistols in my belt, and, taking my rifle, I went out, the way I had gone in, and still without opposition.

And still without opposition or interruption I regained the burned district. It had been a miracle, but I was now no better off than before, save that I was armed and commanded the lives of at least three men when the attempt should be made to take me.

I was awaare that the wilderness of blackened walls, charred timber, which seemed such a haven at present, would be about the first region over which an organized search would be prosecuted. The very unlikelihood of my returning to the tavern had made it possible for me to enter, regain my arms and leave unmolested, while the darkest holes of the city would be thoroughly scoured, and that at once. To burrow into a crevice in this field of desolation might be possible, but it would end in starvation and final discovery. To disguise myself was not possible, nor, had I the means, would it have availed me much, as my unusual size would have made disguise of little more than temporary benefit. My line of flight, which might easily be traced along the sands of the strip of beach, pointed plainly toward the region which I was now traversing, and to remain in its vicinity was tantamount to placing myself within easy reach of my pursuers. I had but one expedient, and that to elude capture until nightfall by placing myself where there was the least liability of search, and, under cover of darkness, boldly attempting to force the lines at a spot remote from the regular roads of travel.

To Be Continued.

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Illinois Central Time Table No. 21, taking effect at 12:00 o'clock noon, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

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.
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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.

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When you want anything in the line of

Furniture

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F. Werkmeister,

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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.

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A share of the Public Patronage is solicited.

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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 Connant 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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The Old Reliable Blacksmith,

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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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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 bow Call and see them!

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

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