The Maid and the Miracle

Miss Lucy Tucker, the daughter of a prominent farmer of Versailles, Ind., was the victim of nervous prostration. Most of the time she was confined to bed, and was on the verge of St. Vitus' dance. It was a pitiful case which medical science failed to conquer. Finally a doctor prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Her father said:

"We began giving the pills at once, and the next day we could see a change for the better in her. We gave her one pill after each meal until she was entirely well. She has not been sick a day since. We think the cure almost miraculous.

FRANK TUCKER, MRS. F. TUCKER.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Tucker, being duly sworn, state that the foregoing is true in every particular.

HUGH JOHNSON,
Justice of the Peace.

—From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

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Fruits of every kind during their season.

Peterson Bros.

P. S. Have you examined our fine line of Crockery and Glassware?

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, sail 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.

Chapter IX.—Clinton gives Thorndyke his instructions and a pass through the lines. Before leaving, a girl, Gertrude King, enters and demands of Clinton that she be allowed to see her brother. Clinton informs her that her brother was condemned as a spy, and while waiting for execution was burned to death in the fire of the day before. She then demands a pass outside the lines, proclaiming at the same time her loyalty to America. Mrs. Badely, Clinton's mistress, enters with the announcement that the brother, instead of being burned, has escaped.

Chapter X.—Clinton orders Thorndyke to arrest the girl, which he refuses to do, but instead proclaims his own identity, then gives her his pass through the lines, while he holds Clinton until she escapes. He follows her and makes his way to the picket lines, where he strikes and presumably kills a sentry.

Chapter XI.—Thorndyke stops at the Dove tavern for refreshments. The waiter takes an unusual interest in him. While there a British cavalryman and a card sharper, whom he had met in town a few days before, come in. He remains in the shadow and is not detected.

Chapter XII.—A Quaker enters the tavern and tells the cavalryman of a girl he has seen in the woods to the north. The cavalryman leaves to find her. Thorndyke is seen by the sharper and a fight ensues, in which the Quaker kills the sharper as a body of cavalrymen approach, allowing Thorndyke time enough to be concealed by the waiter, Striver.

Chapter XIII.—Thorndyke and the Quaker leave the inn and go to a place of concealment known to the patriots. Here they meet Miss King and Thorndyke finds his Quaker friend, Ames, is the girl's half-brother, the condemned spy.

Chapter XIV.—They tell of their escapes from the British.

Chapter XV.—Thorndyke proposes that they slip down the river in a boat to where the Phantom is anchored, overpower the guard and take to the sea. A fog assists them as they start on the venture.

Chapter XVI.—They reach the Phantom in safety and find Scammell and Lounsbury on board, the guard having gone ashore. The two men are imprisoned in the cabin and the schooner cut loose and allowed to drift through the fog to the sea.

Chapter XVII.—They are detected by men on a British warship, but the fog again hides them, and they escape for the time into the open sea.

There she might remain, and, using us as a target, sink us at her leisure, though I had little fear of this action on her part, as the British policy was ever to capture anything that could be of use, only destroying that which they could not carry away.

I watched the flight of the ball until the spouts sent aloft as it struck the sea became smaller and the missile sunk in the distance. It was a command to come into the wind and show our colors, and hoping (though without reason) to defer to the last the fall of the bolt, I descended into the cabin and fumbled through the flag locker for the Union Jack. I had the ensign in my hand when the girl looked up from her work and quickly asked:

"Are you to make a last stand under that? Nay, then, Donald," she said, with an appeal in her voice, and for the first time giving me my first name alone, "unless you hope to blind them for good and all by the sight of that bunting, 'twere a weak thing to do. You say you will fight; then fight under your own colors. It will make no difference in the end." And with this she bent to the locker, picked up the ensign of the colonies, and, holding it out, dragged from my hand the red flag of the enemy. It was a noble act, and worthy of the spirit which had been equal to boarding Clinton in his own quarters. It put into me the stimulus I needed. Without a word I turned and bounded up the companion, and in a moment the stars and stripes were hanging at the main peak, barely unfolded by the zephyr that was still playing aloft.

It was a plain defiance, and met with a ready answer. The bunting had been aloft no longer than was necessary for those on the distant vessel to have made it out with a glass, when again came a spurt of smoke and another ball leaped toward us. It was a well-aimed shot, and, had the gun been trained a trifle more to the right, it would have ended matters on the instant. As it was, the ball dipped close to our stern and beneath the trailing dingy. There was a swirl of spouting foam, a tearing crash, and the little boat leaped into the air amid a shower of splinters, spun over and over like a top, and then settled, keel upward, with a clean-cut hole yawning in her bottom.

I could almost hear the shout of triumph that undoubtedly took place on the enemy's deck as the result of this piece of marksmanship, but in the end, had they but known it, they were whetting the tiger's teeth instead of pulling them. Hardly had the smoke thinned from the shot, when from under the cloud I marked a boat putting away. There was little need of a glass to tell me it was filled with a boarding party, and that the drama was rapidly nearing its close. With the few minutes left for preparation we made haste to get what arms we had on deck, and, while yet the yellow flash of the oars was distant, our arrangements were completed. For defense we had two rifles, four pistols, three cutlasses and my rapier, though the latter and one of the cutlasses, being of no use, were left in the cabin. The lady was to take charge of the ammunition and reload the firearms as used, for, though her brother and myself both begged and commanded her to remain below, she had for the first time drawn for herself her own line of action by simply shaking her head and following us to the deck. She was white as chalk as she stood and watched the near approach of the boat, but I will swear that her fear (if fear it was) was not for herself.

Just before the enemy drew into rifle shot I went forward and opened the forecastle slide, calling both prisoners to come up, for I had a mind that I might use them to make a show of numbers on our deck. But in return I received a volley of oaths only, and, as I had no time to try discipline, I shut and again fastened the hatch, rejoining the others aft.

Even at this stage I was possessed with the forlorn hope that we might drive off the approaching boat, and, if they were short-handed aboard (a condition not unlikely), and failed to cripple us with their long gun, something might happen in the way of wind from another quarter or the coming darkness to enable us to escape. The hope, however, was not enough to give life to my spirits to make it worth the telling to my companions. I had put my past behind me, never hoping to reap what I had sowed, and with set teeth awaited with little fear and less doubt for the result of the coming hour.

Ames lay along the deck with his rifle over the counter; the girl sat in the companion door ready to reload the arms as they were passed to her; and I, looking for the proper moment to open fire, stood in plain sight above the taffrail.

Slowly they came on until I could count ten men and an officer, and as I marked the easy range I told Ames to let them have it. The crack of his rifle was yet in my ears as I saw the bowman pitch forward, his oar slipping from his hand into the sea. There was a slight commotion aboard, and the boat's progress ceased; but it was only to recover the lost oar, and then on they came again. Resting my gun over the rail, I calculated the roll of the schooner and in my turn fired. This shot told as well as the first. A man in the waist sprang to his feet, beat the air with his hands for an instant, and then toppled over the side, hanging half in and half out of water, as limp as a bag of wet salt. At this there was more delay, and by the time they were again well under way both rifles had been reloaded, and as yet there had been no call for the services of Miss King.

"Let them come nearer," said I, "and then give them both barrels at once, and after that the pistols." There was a grim determination in the way their oars flashed now, and as they came to within 200 feet we both, by this time under the shelter of the rail, fired on the count of three.

Through the smoke that drifted on us I saw the officer sink back in his seat and the rowing cease, then there came a yell from the boat, and two muskets were discharged at us, but without effect. What fools they were to delay, for I had reloaded before the first motion had been made to continue the course! But to my amazement it was for only a moment they held on their way. As I fired again, apparently without hitting, I saw the boat's head slew about, and then they quickly hauled off and started to return to the distant schooner.

It was so far a triumph. Out of ten men we had disabled and perhaps killed three at least, one being an officer. Why they had fled still numbering enough to have vanquished us could only be accounted for by the supposition that they knew naught of our weakness, and feared the plain showing of our colors was but a sign of strength and fearlessness, if not a lure beckoning them to ruin. I had not dreamed of such an easy conquest, and for the while it was all I could do to restrain the extravagance of my feelings. I turned to Miss King. Her pallor had given way and left two bright spots of excitement which glowed on her cheeks and matched well the brilliant sparkle of her eye. She was trembling with suppressed emotion, and as I held out my hand to her in unspoken congratulation, she took it, and, lifting to her lips my grimy fingers, rose without a word and hurried forward.

The impulsive spirit of her brother showed itself in the cry he gave as, with half a sob and half a laugh, he danced about the deck and then threw himself into my arms.

breaking therefrom, shaking his fist at the retreating boat, and in mighty un-Quaker mood, though in Quaker style, damned the British high and low, afloat and ashore.

"A curse on thee, thee white-livered, scarlet-backed cowards!" he shouted at the end. "To let two men and a girl drive thee! Oh, by the Lord God above me, the battle is not with the strong! Donald! Donald! mark thee well! I tell thee we will yet beat them though they send the whole ship's company! We will rise from the depths! Thy hand and head have so far shown the way! Thee will yet prevail!"

I was well aware that this exuberance was but the reaction following strain, I felt the relief myself, but knew, despite the fact that we were so far safe, the repulse would prove but a respite. The lump that had risen to my throat when I saw that the enemy was beaten off still held me speechless, but it passed presently, as did also the wildness of the youth, and ere long we were speculating as to the next probable move of the discomfited redcoats. It was true that I had realized the first part of my secret hope of overcoming the boat, but, on scanning the horizon, there was no sign of a rescuing wind, though I thought the south held some promise of a later breeze. There was naught to do but stand at bay and await the issue.

Nor did we await it for long. The sun was sliding rapidly to the edge of the sea, being but an hour high, its path lying in a line with the now thoroughly becalmed schooner off our quarter; its glare throwing a dazzling pathway betwixt the two vessels. It is more than likely they scented the advantage given them by their present position, for not long after the return of the first expedition against us I saw three boats leave their side and proceed along the track of blinding glitter.

To aim into this eye-watering brilliancy with any but a mere chance of hitting a mark was an impossibility, but, with the old determination to face the worst, Ames and I repaired to our posts, though the girl still lingered forward.

As I saw the uselessness of protracted defense, I let her bide away, knowing that at the bow she would be clear of flying bullets when the boats should come near enough to return our fire. How the attack was planned was at once apparent, for to cover the onset of the boarders the schooner again opened on us with its forward piece. In evident fear of striking their own men, they abandoned their former manner of ricochetting the ball across the water, and instead drove point blank at us. Although we lay a plain target, and their schooner, like the Phantom, was at rest, the first shot flew wide of us; the second passed somewhere aloft, yet so near that I heard the horrible humming of the ball, and the third— To this day they know not all they did, nor, for the matter of that, did I at the time.

We had let the boats come near, that we might shoot with effect, and I had fired and was about to pass the rifle to Gertrude, who in my excitement I fancied had by this time returned to the companion, when to my astonishment I saw she was not behind me. There was no time for protracted search, for, as I sprang from the cabin, where I had gone to look for her, I heard her brother discharge two pistols in quick succession and saw a boat sweep under our counter. In an instant it had hooked on to our starboard channels. With a round oath Ames seized the two remaining pistols and poured their contents into it with scarce a chance of missing, while I rushed to his side, and lifting the heavy hatch cover from the cabin, against which it had been leaning, hurled it on to the heads of the packed mass below.

Beyond the fact that no man boarded the schooner at this point, what execution was made by the broad and bulky timber I never knew, for at that moment the third shot from the schooner struck the foretopmast just above the hounds. In a thundering crash down came the spar with the square-sail, the outer solling, topmast, fore and back stays, blocks and upper running, gear in general, the broken mast smiting the deck with the sound of an explosion.

The din of the shot and the tumbling wreck slewed me around as though I had been on a pivot, but it was only to see that all was lost. From beneath the foresail boom I saw that the other boats had boarded us on the larboard bow, and already half a score of men were swarming over the side. Even then my thoughts went to the girl, but she was nowhere in sight. Body and brain work quickly in times of excitement,

"We both fired on the count of three."

and thinking that possibly she had fallen through the gaping hatch and into the hold, though time was scant, I sprang for the opening and looked down, calling her by name. There came no answer, neither was her body in sight, the dull gray of the lead alone meeting my eye. Springing again to my feet, I drew my cutlass and retreated to the quarter deck where stood Ames with drawn steel, his back braced against the wheel and his breath coming and going as though from violent exertion.

"'Tis the final stand, my lad!" I exclaimed, as I ranged myself by his side and turned to face (for the last time, I thought) the enemy, who were now pouring aft. "Gertrude is gone! I could find her nowhere!"

"I know it!" he panted. "The game's up, I marked her when she—"

I lost the rest, for at that instant an officer whom I at once recognized came running up, followed by half a dozen marines. As he caught sight of me he halted, and, eyeing me with profound astonishment, suddenly broke out

"Good God! 'tis Thorndyke! Touch not that man, on your lives!" he shouted. "Here's game worth a whole watch! Surrender, ye rebel! Throw down your arms and surrender! Can't you see you are beaten? You doubly damned spy, the rope will have its own! By Saint George, but this is luck!"

"Surrender to ye, Lieut. Belden?" I vociferated in turn. "By the Lord, no! Come and take me if ye can, but 'twill not be alive. Your rope is not for me, nor will the colors aloft be struck while I stand on this deck! I have given over this world, and fear neither ye nor the pink shrimps at your back! Come, now, and clutch your luck!"

If I was strong as two men before, I felt the strength of ten within me as I spoke. "The swath I would have mowed through that press would have brought the bullet I invited, but there was no advance. True, the crowd showed a tendency to rush in as I thus defied them, and several muskets were leveled at us, but Belden nipped the act by waving his sword and threatening punishment to the first man who fired a gun or advanced without orders.

It was plain that to him the prize was a tremendous one, nor would he have the glory of defeating me dimmed by my death, and to this ambition to take me alive and see me hanged was doubtless due my final safety.

Saving the two shots from the first boat, not a small arm had been fired by them up to this time, their determination to carry the vessel by cold steel alone being apparent all through the attack. As my eye ranged over the circle of men that spread about us and hemmed us to the taffrail (yet for all their numbers were held off by the command of their officer), I saw many a face well known to me ashore, but not one expressing an atom of mercy. With a watchful look I anticipated any possible onset, and yet through all the pent vigor of tightened nerves and stiffened muscles my gaze played beyond their lines and marked the details of the surroundings.

The broad ocean lay almost like glass save for the regular heave that passed over it like a wave over the surface of molten metal. Off our starboard beam was an upturned boat floating lazily away, it probably having been stove or capsized by the hatch I had cast into it, and near it drifted the hatch itself. On deck the fallen canvas covered the vessel amidships, and aloft the ragged stump of the topmast, standing clear against the dappled sky, looked like a pine shivered by lightning. A profound silence had fallen where a moment before had been a din of shouts and crashing timber—profound save for a dull thumping forward, which I knew came from the prisoners, who were thus signaling for release. The moment was near at hand when I should pass my soul to its Maker, and yet, though the resolve was as strong as ever, I wavered, not in fear of the next world, but dreading the terrible struggle that would come when a healthy body like mine wrestles in the grip of suffocation. If our captors could not be goaded into shooting me, nothing was left but to cast myself into the sea, and this I would not do so long as the young Quaker stood at my side.

CONTINUED

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

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.
†Daily Except Sunday.
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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.

C. M. St. P. Ry.

DELAWARE TIME CARD.

North Bound
St. Paul & West. Passenger.....9:03 a. m.
Way Freight.....11:50 a. m.
South Bound
Davenport & Kansas City, Pass.....6:07 p. m.
Way Freight.....10:20 a. m.

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
12:00 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger...	3:30 p m
12:03 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express..	12:20 ngt
5:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger.	
11:45 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul. No. 5—Pullman sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND 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
12:20 ngt No. 8 Chicago Fast Express. 12:30 ngt
No. 10 Passenger..... 6:05 p m
No 12 Burlington Passenger 7:15 a m

No 2—Pullman sleeper, free chair car and coaches to Chicago. No. 6—Pullman sleepers and through coaches to Chicago and St. Louis. No. 8—Pullman sleeper to Chicago; arrives Chicago 7:50 a. m. Ngt.—night.

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m.....Decorah Passenger..... 8:15 a m
4:05 p m.....Decorah Freight..... 6:20 p m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

2:50 p m.....Spirit Lake Passenger..... 8:30 a m
12:20 ngt.....Sioux Falls Fast Express..... 12:30 ngt

IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

2:30 p m.....Passenger..... 3:05 p m
7:35 p m.....Passenger..... 7:15 a m
1:5 a m.....Passenger..... 8:40 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, 8, 13, 19, 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. Will furnish Cotswolds and grades, singly or by carload. A choice lot of young rams for fall trade.

If you want something good come to the Delaware County Sheep Farm.

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

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.

BATHS

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

Vapor and Shampoo.

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

16tf G. D. GATES.

The Old Reliable Blacksmith,

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.

Respectfully,

P. J. Roche.

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Choice Farm Lands, easy terms, very desirable property at low prices. Large list to select from. When you want to buy or sell call on

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RYAN, IOWA.

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ABSTRACTS furnished at a rate meeting all competition.

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

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(CITY HALL BLOCK.)

We have on hand all kinds of

FRESH MEATS

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

SHOP CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

EATON & HOCKADAY.

TELEPHONE 261.

Saturns Rings

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!

Boynton & McEwen.

Jewelers.

Our Spring Suitings

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

Should not fail to call and examine our stock.

Our

Suits AND Overcoats

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

Nearly a quarter of a century in business in Manchester ought to be a guarantee of our competency and qualifications to give satisfaction.

You are invited to inspect our stock and get our prices.

L. & A. WOLFF.