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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.

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, Stryker.

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.

Chapter XIX.—A boat is sent from the warship, but is beaten off. Then three come, and the schooner is boarded. In the fight that ensues Ames is shot and the girl disappears. The small boat behind the schooner has been overturned by a shot from the war vessel, and, as a last resort, Thorndyke dives into the sea and comes up beneath the dingy.

A sudden cry from the bow, soon followed by the sound of metal striking metal, told me that the prisoners were out and being freed from their irons. Belden, without vouchsafing to answer my defiance, hung hesitating, evidently awaiting the arrival of his superior to direct future movements. Disarmed save for the bare steel in our hands, we were an easy prey to him had our deaths now been his object; but as there had been no show of force after boarding us, the peppery royalist, still smarting from the disgrace under which I had been the means of placing him, felt sure of his ultimate triumph over me, and, giving the order to hold us where we stood, turned toward the point of the disturbance forward and hurried off. I was a step in advance of Ames, who still leaned against the wheel, when I heard his voice in my ear.

"There's a fair chance for a leap, Donald," he whispered. "The last tie is gone. Be thee ready?"

"Nay, lad," I answered softly. "We are not yet parted. I still hang to my oath. I have seen nothing of Gertrude. Where can she be?"

"She is past the sight of this, thank God!" he returned. "She is dead, man; dead and gone, and we will soon follow her. I saw her—"

Again he was interrupted, this time by a wild yell from the bow, and the man who uttered it started aft chased by half a dozen marines. It was Scammell. With little upon him save a shirt and his small clothes, he broke through the half circle that compassed us, halting just within its limits. He was a horrible object. His hair hung tangled over his shoulders; his eyes were fierce and bloodshot; his face was distorted by rage, and its pallor was startling. Without a word of warning he called me a vile name, and with an oath raised a pistol he had probably snatched from some one and, leveling it at me, fired. The ball passed betwixt my body and elbow without touching the skin, but it struck Ames, who was just behind me. I heard a deep groan as the youth fell to the deck, his head striking the planking with a heavy blow, and a number of hands sprang upon the infuriated officer and dragged him backward.

It was done in an instant. The shock and suddenness of the attack came like a thunderbolt, and yet I retained my presence of mind. With my eye still fixed on my enemies, I stooped to one knee and felt for the hand of my friend, calling on him to speak; but no sound came to my repeated appeal, and the hand I found gave no answering pressure. He was dead past doubt, and had quickly joined his sister, who, in some manner unknown to me, had gone before him.

It was the culminating wave of disaster, and for the moment I felt like sinking beneath it. Within a quarter hour by violence I had been bereft of my two companions, and thus was I suddenly freed from my obligation to live. With none left for whom to combat, surrounded by triumphant enemies, and before me ruin in the shape of the noose, it was now my right, as well as considered duty, to preserve myself from the disgrace of being hanged as a spy. 'Twould be but a short struggle, a moment's wild agony, perhaps, and then the end. I braced myself for the ordeal. Rising to my feet, I gave a last glance around, my eye taking in the vast sweep of the sea, on deck the marines still wrestling with the murderous royalist, and, hurrying aft, Belden, followed by Lounsbury. Then turning my thoughts aloft, I had a revelation, without the slightest mental effort, without the slightest bending of the mind toward any refuge this side of the great unknown, a possible—ay, probable—way of escape opened before me. As the angel of the Lord at the last moment called on Abraham to desist from the sacrifice of his son, so burst this light out of thick darkness and showed me my work was not yet finished. More than willing was I to grasp this more than chance. As though a stone had been rolled from my chest, I took a deep breath, and quickly unloosing my belt, threw both cutlass and scabbard to the deck, then turning, with a stride I reached the rail and cast myself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHELL OF THE DINGY.

Never was my love of life or the certainty of my saving it greater than when I shot beneath the surface of the ocean. Like a plummet I went down, the air bubbles I carried with me roaring in my ears like a cataract. As I lost the impetus of the dive I turned and looked up. Having gone over at the starboard quarter, I was almost under the stern, and the clear green of the water magnified the great shadowy hull of the schooner as she stretched forward into seeming infinity. Like a blot on the silvery surface above me lay the overturned dingy, still held to the vessel by its painter, and in her lay my salvation.

With a few vigorous strokes I swam under it, and, regulating my rise as best I could, came to the surface within the shell of the wrecked boat. The move had been successful. If the trick was unsuspected, I was safe. Letting go my pent breath in a blast, I thanked God for His sudden intervention, and prayed that His hand be not removed from me.

Settled low as was the overturned dingy, my head barely cleared her bottom, but that was sufficient. Sustaining my position by a light hold on the thwart, that my weight should not prevent the regular and natural roll of the wreck, with nerves now tuned to their highest pitch, I hung and awaited developments. The hole in the boat's bottom furnished me with air, and, to my astonishment, this vent in the hollow which now sheltered me gave to my retreat the character of a trumpet, and every sound was magnified, though its quality was changed to the deep sonorous roar such as one hears come from the heart of a conch held to the ear. It was an indistinct babble of cries and oaths that first greeted me, and from the few words I could disentangle I guessed that the whole host had rushed to the schooner's side in the hope that I would rise. Had I still courted death, I might easily have met with it by means of a bullet through my head, for through the confused humming of voices I distinctly heard the sharp clicking of gunlocks, and knew that had I appeared I would have been made a target for a score of muskets.

The sound of voices decreased as the moments flew, and when at last it seemed certain that I had gone to the bottom, there came a general awakening, and a sharp order was given to search the hull, strike the flag, and hoist the British ensign. The clicking of boot heels and the rattling of arms were more distinct than words, but the marines had barely scattered to obey the last commands when, above all else, I heard an unknown voice:

"Overhaul that carrion, and then pitch it overboard!"

This I knew must refer to the body of my poor friend, but before I could realize

"The ball struck Ames."

the necessity of the order thus brutishly given, as clear as the order itself rose the voice of Scammell:

"Look, look, Belden! Damn me, but I thought I had brought down a buzzard in missing the hawk, when, after all, I have struck but a peg lower than Thorndyke himself! By the crime of Judas, I wish it had been the other way! If this young, old broad-brim be not Beverly Ames, I'll lose fifty pounds to any one of you! Quick, man! See, he is not dead! 'Fore God, but mayhap he can yet give us some news of his sister! Overboard he goes not! Dead or alive, he must be taken to Clinton, else your commission is in danger! Know you not that he is connected with Mrs. Badely? Send off for help! Is not that long-legged Irishman yet aboard you?"

Here a number of voices joined in and turned to a confused roar all words at once following. In the space of a few minutes I heard a boat putting away from the side, the thud of oars in the water making a jar on my ear drums almost painful. For a time there reigned comparative silence, and then came what was doubtless a marine's report.

"The hold is clear of all life, sir. Nawthin' but lead below, an' cabin an' forec'sle all cleaned out barrin' some arms an' the captain's old clothes."

"How's this, Scammell?" said Belden, evidently turning to that officer. "We saw three men aboard, and but two are accounted for. Thorndyke has gone to hell over the side, and this lad of yours is like to join him by another route! Where's the third?"

"There was no third," came the sharp response. "Two it was that smothered us below. I know of none other! no more does Lounsbury."

"Nay," said that worthy, speaking for the first time, and with a thick burr to his speech, "there was never more than four legs to the lot. Mayhap that giant split himself in two for the sake o' looks—there was enough o' him. Thank God for his loss! I would ne'er sleep easy again knowin' him alive."

Here words fell to a murmur until Lounsbury again spoke, evidently addressing himself to the one who was in authority on board:

"Now I take it, leftenant, that by rights this craft is mine."

"Yours, ye toasted mug!" demanded the admiralty man. "What makes you"

"Ay, only be right o' prize, I mean," was the answer. "'Twas I who first laid hand on her, an' got a split skull for my pains, an' not a damn sovereign to help heal it, neither so much glory as shines from the buttons o' yer coat. Prize be cussed! Now, if yer capting wills to let me take her into port—as I came nigh doing awhile agone—'twill go far to put me right with the admiralty an' get me a job, mayhap, like that lost through Thorndyke takin' my name, damn his soul! D'ye see?"

"Ay, I see, ye sweep! And is that all? No prize money?"

"Ay, all, all. Only to sail her home; no more."

"No more, eh? Ye are a cursed deep villain, but I'll touch the captain on it. Go get the grime from your face and look less like a toad. Had he seen you, 'twas no wonder Thorndyke launched himself over the rail. What now, Scammell? Does the lad still live?"

"He lives, indeed," was the answer, "but whether or no he will bide long I cannot say. He was better on deck than he is below. The cabin still stinks. I hope 'twill not be forever before the doctor gets here. Was he drunk at mess? It is possible he can hold the lad's life long enough to allow him to speak; he does little now but moan."

At this the two walked forward, and I heard nothing but the coarse voices of the marines as they sang out to one another or laughed uncouthly.

The knowledge that Ames still lived gave me a quick sense of relief—a relief which fled on the instant as I thought of the probable future in store for him. My own position was infinitely better than his, even were he not suffering from a wound, and, as for his sister, after all was done, was she not better off than either? But was she dead? If not, what could have become of her? I had heard that the vessel had been searched without finding a trace of the third party to whom Belden had referred. On seeing all was lost, was it possible that she had thrown herself overboard that she might not witness her brother's tragic end? It was like her. It would have been an act showing her strength of character, as well as the weakness of her sex; a natural recoil from physical and mental suffering without a purpose; a heroic self-sacrifice. It were as well she had not suffered captivity and long-drawn misery. With her brother at death's door, or perhaps saved to die by military law; her property confiscated, without a home or relatives and at the mercy of Clinton's heartless mistress, life would have held no more for her than the doubtful benefit of mere existence in confinement for an indefinite period.

And yet was my reason against the idea of her self-destruction. There was mystery in her disappearance, but its solution lay not in that. The attacking party had boarded us from either side, yet not an eye had seen her cast herself into the sea. There was more than this to make me doubtful. For her brother's sake she had sacrificed herself before Clinton, yet on my hand was placed her last kiss. Had she left the world thus, without a word to him, without a warning to me? It was unnatural, unholy; it was monstrous to think of, and yet— The possible solution of the riddle as it drove into my train had scarce time to find lodgment before it was put to flight by the voice of Belden, which seemed to come from directly overhead, his words showing that the continuance of my present safety was not assured.

"Think you that dingy could be hauled aboard and repaired? 'Twas a neat shot, and the ball seems to have cleft her like a knife."

"So it looks," came an answer, "but I'll warrant you'll find her full of fissures. The work will barely repay the trouble. Better cut her adrift. If wind comes, the wreck will drag like a sea anchor. You might give attention to the quarter boat yonder, and get the hatch aboard."

"The hatch, yes," Belden returned; "but the boat is stove badly. Curses on the rebel; he has cost us ten men in all, and only to give us the slip! 'Tis small wonder Lounsbury has the shakes at thought of him! Think of the nerve—"

"Damn him!" was the retort. "What about the schooner? Lounsbury wants to take her in. There's nothing gone but the foretopmast, and with three men he could work her if the captain consents. In the face of our being short-handed, the idea is not bad if the villain can be trusted."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," answered Belden, "and lead is no temptation, though I'd be shy of trusting him with anything more valuable. I know him of old. He was scavenger to Clinton, and to Howe before him. Here, lad, cut away that painter."

The last words were an order probably given to a sailor, for presently I heard the splash of the severed line. At the same moment a boat swept by, and from the few words I could gather I guessed the Irish surgeon had arrived and gone aboard.

After that more boats passed and repassed as time dragged on, and finally the bulk of the vessel's captors returned to their own schooner, for, saving now and then the sound of a single man tramping the deck, the stillness was unbroken.

It was with mighty satisfaction that I had heard the final order to cut the tie binding my refuge to the schooner. I gave no thought to what might come of my being adrift on the broad ocean. Beyond each moment as it came and went I seemed to have no interest. The future was blank, nor need I consider it so long as the wind held off, for in the calm the dingy and schooner would not part company, and until darkness fell I would be compelled to remain in my present pinched quarters.

Hooded as I was, up to the present my hearing had been my only sense brought into play, but with the departure of the last boat load of men I used my eyes for the first time. The interior of the shelter under which I hung was lighted almost entirely from below, and a delicate greenish-blue tint played over the planks and ribs of the wreck. Shielded from direct light overhead, the shell gave all the effects of a water telescope, for, on turning my eyes downward, my sight pierced the ocean for fathom after fathom, the color of the depths growing from the most tender blue to a clear and then dark green, showing me that the bottom lay beyond vision and far below. It was only by turning to the hole in the keel that I could guess the hour, nor was it long before the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the schooner, and, as they struck and crunched together, I heard the voice of the surgeon as he left the cabin and came on deck.

"Well, by the powers, I suppose I must obey orders. If the boy is moved, he dies—that's flat—an' by me soul, he may go, spite o' me skill! I must bide here the night, must I? Ay, well; send aboard a couple o' bottles, Belden, or, by the piper, I'll mutiny. Why should a dirty rebel be worth more than our men? Is Scammell to bide with me?"

"No," answered Belden; "he's sent for by the captain. I'll fix the liquor, McCary. Now, Mr. Lounsbury, you have heard your instructions. Follow us as soon as the wind rises; you will have it ere long—the glass has fallen. We will stand near you. Are you ready, Scammell?"

There was suppressed conversation after this, and then another boat put away. In perhaps an hour it returned and was hoisted to the davits, and then again there was silence—a deep, brooding silence, such as is only known in a night calm on the sea.

CHAPTER XXI.

DE PROFUNDIS.

As I have said, I had given no thought to the future or what consequence my present situation might entail should the schooner follow her captor. But as the darkness deepened and a chill due to my protracted submersion struck to my bones, I realized that, except for having put myself beyond the sight of my enemies, I had accomplished nothing. True it was that I might have laid a course ere this, for I had hung unmolested for a number of hours; but, instead of turning to my own interests, I had let my brain play over the mystery of the disappearance of Miss King. What this portended I had failed to dwell upon. Knowing that for myself there remained nothing to do but stay where I was until chance should open a way for me to gain the shore or mischance deliver me a prisoner or send me to the bottom, I had racked my fancy for a solution of the one question regarding the lady. As a reward for this constant effort, I had hit upon what I thought to be the correct answer to the puzzle, but to verify it had been thus far beyond possibility. Now the darkness, the warmer chill, and my enforced uncertainty brought me up with a round turn, and I gave attention solely to my own affairs.

Further than that I must leave my shelter and gain the schooner, I could not proceed in laying my line of action. To use the wreck as a support and push the unmanageable thing for an uncertain number of miles to the Long Island coast would result, in my present condition, in collapse and death. It did not take me long to determine that my only hope lay in the near-by schooner; a forlorn hope at best, for the attempt to board her would immediately place my life in jeopardy. Nor would I have turned a thought to her had I not overheard that she would be manned by Lounsbury and three hands only. This handful of men (the doctor counting as nothing in my eyes), the calm, and the probable total lack of discipline which would follow the transfer of the sailors from a vessel of war to a half-dismantled prize under unofficial command, might allow me to gain foothold on deck. Ay, I thought, by some possibility I may reclaim my loss and become master of the situation, only let me fairly see the chance.

CONTINUED

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Illinois Central Time able 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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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.....11:59 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
12:30 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger	3:30 p m
12:15 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 on 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

Vapor and Shampoo.

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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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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Corns and Interfering Cured or no pay. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Respectfully,

P. J. Roche.

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Successors to A. W. Stevens & Co.

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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.

EATON & HOCKADAY.

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 bow 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.

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.