VISIT TO THE PORT RELATED IN "WITH CHRIST AT SEA."

Experience of Frank T. Bullen, Noted Author, With Jim Turk, the River Front Boss.

Frank T. Bullen, who has written several interesting volumes on life at sea, gives an account of a visit to Portland in his latest book, "With Christ at Sea," which is the record of religious experiences on board ship for is years. Though Mr. Bullen is purposely sparing of names and dates, it is not difficult to identify

the characters he met on the water front of Portland. The visit is thus described: We had rather a long passage to Port-lend, as passages of sailing ships go-64 days-but none of the starboard watch, I am sure, ever spent a tedious hour. For my part, in addition to the usual duties of a foremast hand when he is belowof a foremast hand when he is below-making and mending his clothes, washing them and taking his turn as cook of the mess—I was endeavoring to teach myself navigation with an occasional him from the mate, an amiable little Jerseyman. so that, take it all around, I was kept fairly busy, and my watch also found plenteous employment in one way and We got less sleep than usual, but our waking hours were lived, not flung away. As to the "intolerable to-didn of a long voyage," no sailor worth

his salt ever uses such words. There should never be any tedium at ecs.
At last, with the usual amount of excitement, as none of us had been there before, we made the bar of the Columbia. Baver, and far inland saw the snowy peak of Mount St. Helens towering purely sky-ward like a conical stationary cloud, be-ing only about 30 miles away. We took ing only about 20 miles away. We took steam and towed in across the bar, learning with a good deal of satisfaction that we were shortly to proceed up the noble river before us to the City of Portland. Satisfaction for two reasons; we wanted to see the river scenery, and we did not fancy the loneliness of Astoria, the port at the river's mouth, where one large ship, the Desdemons, was lying loading. It may neem strange that a salior should may seem strange that a sailor should talk about the loneliness of a harbor after the vast solludes of the ocean, but it is so. The privacy of the sea he takes for granted; it must be so, but an unpeopled harbor he resents; it is as if he were being defrauded of his right to company after being so long away from any other than that of his shipmates. For myself, I longed more than anything

else to view the scenery of this wonder-ful part of the world. It was new to me, and I was told that it was very beauti-And ever since the awakening of my soul I had grown more and more in love with the beautiful things of earth and sea and sky. What people call the esthetic sense of beauty in its true light estimate some of beauty in its true light is, I believe, more strongly fosteroid by the knowledge of the love of God than anything else. I know of people whose religion is of that gloomy, distorted, God-dishonoring kind that almost looks upon enthusiastic admiration for the work of God in creation as sin. Poor souls, they meen well, but what envious spirit can have bewitched them into the appellier. meen well, but what envious spirit can have bewitched them into the appalling belief that he who considered the lifes and the sunset glow, who spread the world with beauty indescribable, enriching every nook of earth with loveliness for own delight, should desire his dear children to blind themselves for his pleas-ure! No, I do not believe that there is any education in a love of the beautiful so thorough, so effective, as that gained by an acquaintance with Jesus Christ

In due time we left our moorings, and in tow of one of the stately, towering river-steamers that Americans delight in we departed. The Willamette Chief, our imposing motor—it seemed almost irrev-erent to speak of her as a tug, so splendid sid she appear by our side-glided up stream against the considerable current with great ease, at no time exerting all her power. That great sternwheel of hers

The view as we turned bend after bend was truly enchanting, especially to me, whose opportunities of looking upon inland scenery had been so small. Those solemn, endless avenues of pines coming right down to the water's edge, and reflecting the tall piliars of their stems in the placid surface of the river, especially appealed to me. right down to the water's edge, and reflecting the tall piliars of their stems in
the placid surface of the river, especially
appealed to me. I could not help comparing them with the vastly different
vegetation on the banks of the Clarence,
in New South Water un watch I see the vegetation on the banks of the Clarence, in New South Waies, up which I so often steamed when lamp-trimmer in the Helen McGregor. I do not remember how long we were towing up: I only know that the time seemed very short, and, before we could realize that the long upward tow was nearly at an end, Portland, with its rows of double-tiered wharves, its fine buildings and clusters of shipping.

burst into view over the rall with a strange air of pro-prictorship, came an individual whom I must describe further. Without taking any notice of the "after guard" he strolled forward and introduced himself to us as we stood grouped together star-ing at the city. This was one James Turk, the keeper of a respectable board-ing-house for seamen to which he pres-ently invited us. He informed us cas-ually that wages for "A. B.'s" were thore ually that wages for "A. B.'s" were there forty dollars a month, and that the pairty formality of setting a legal discharge need not trouble us. (It appears they "don't go much" on discharges here.) "An' ye'll git tew mont's advance, y know, 'fore ever ye go aboard," he added.

This last was rather too much for me to listen to sliently, so with the utmost

my boat thet's 'long side.'

"Thanks," I murmured, "I thought the hoarding-master usually got the advance, and the salior that was fool enough to have anything to do with him got a broken head and a few bruises if he ventured to ask for what belonged to him." Swift as thought the wild beast stood revealed-man-stealer, murderer, criminal of loathliest shape. Can any term of

opprobrium be too severe to apply to these demons of American ports, whose awful trade has been a blot upon the fair fame of the great Republic for so many years? This particular devil burst forth into a torrent of familiar blaschess and the corrent of familiar blaschess and the correct of the corre and myself in particular,-jurid language to which none of us answered a word, until presently big Jem stepped forward quietly and said:

My vrient, yu vants de crace of Gott all I ever again see such a transformation? The truculent villain looked stupidly, first at Jem, then at us all, one

after the other, and then wearlly turned So he passed from our ken and we saw him no more, but afterwards we heard that this particular specimen of the Pamore, but afterwards we heard cific Coast boarding-master had a reputa-tion for evil-doing second to none in all that foul fraternity, and we were assured that we might be exceedingly grateful that none of us had been waylaid by his orders and brutally done to death. But I do not know. It has been my experience that in most cases where sailors have been

PORTLAND AND SEAMEN and when the day's work was over it was pleasanter to sit upon the fo'e's'le head and smoke than to go rambling we knew not whither. But on the third day Bob no 'vay 'gen. and I were painting the ship's bottom-or as much of it as we could get atwith some vile patent compound that could not be thinned like ordinary paint. It was so thick and ropy that no brush could apread it, and we were fain to plaster it on iron plates with our bare hands. To do this we stood upon a raft our bows and the wharf. We must have presented a gruesome sight, with that filthy green compound beamearing our arms and ciothing. But we were in our usual good-humored state of mind, and as we plastered the paint on we sang, cheerly, heartly, for we were out of hearing of the deck and there was no infrac-tion of discipline in our so doing. Pres entify we became aware that some one was joining in the chorus of one of our songs.—"The Home Over There," I think, —and, looking up, we saw a well-dressed young man who was sitting on the edge of the wharf dangling his legs. As soon as we saw him he stopped and entered

conversation by saying: British and American Sailors. "I can't think what has come over you British satiors; you seem so different to the men who man our vessels."

I replied that I was afraid there was not much to choose between us, but he cut me short by saying:

"Oh, yes, there is. For some time past I have been noticing the behavior of the ships' crews that come here, and I have always found a better class of men in the British vessels. But that is not solely the reason why I spoke to you. I am a Christian, and although I am a landsman, earning my living in a book-store. I have also a great affection for sailors. Now. we have no special organization here for the religious benefit of seafaring men, I am sorry to say, so that I devote what leisure I have to strolling about the wharves, and whenever I find a sailor religiously inclined I invite him up to our meeting, which is quite unsectarian and evangelical in character. Will you come?"

Bob looked at men inquiringly, and I, feeling that this was a heaven-sent opportunity, said that I thought I could answer for three of my shipmates coming. For myself, I would be delighted. Then our new-found friend promised to call for us at 7 that evening, bade us "Good-bye and God bless you!" and departed. Jem and Ballantyne were quite excited at the prospect when Bob and I informed them, and punctually to the moment we all stepped ashore, although it had been a terrible job getting that leathsome paint off. Our friend turned up in good time, and away we went over the most curious road I had ever trod. It seemed to be composed of planks laid on mud, which, being fairly fluid, had an unpleasant knack of spirting up at one through the interstices between the planks, and as the place was none too well lighted this hap-pened far too frequently. We cared little for the badness of the way, being much too intently occupied with anticipations of our visit, and although the way was long also, our eager conversation pre-vented us from noticing that either. When we arrived at the building, which

was quite palatial after our bare sail-loft at Port Chalmers, we found that our fame had preceded us. The warmth of our welcome from about two hundred people present quite overcame us, and for the moment we felt almost sorry we had come, we were so shy and awkward. We speedily found that, as at Port Chalmers, there were representatives of all the religious denominations in the place except the Roman Catholic, but these Yankees were far more demon-strative. They did not believe in hiding straive. They did not believe in highly their religious fervor under a cloak of conventional decorum. They behaved as if they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and, although nothing was said or done to which any real Christian could sensibly object, I must confess I found myself considerably astonished. The quarts exconsiderably astonished. The quaint say-ings of some of the speakers almost made me choke with suppressed laughter, until a grave-looking speaker who had just made some—to me—screamingly funny re-mark saw my suffering and said: "Young friend, last just's much 's y'

want to. God don't begrudge any one of His children a laef; don't you believe He does for one moment. An' He don't want the old devil t' have a monopoly of so

So I laughed, shamefacedly at first, but heartily afterwards,—as heartily as I and those that were with me joined in the their effect upon the audience was mar-So I laughed, shamefacedly at first, but we were filled with horror at a direct invitation to get up on the platform and tell the friends present something about our religious Mrs at some Lam sure I. the wind sways the corn. Wonderful the burst into view.

our religious life at sea, I am sure I the wind sways the corn. Wonderful the burst into view. The Meeting With Jim Turk.

And new, coming off in a four-oared oat, bumping alongside, and climbing ver the rall with a strange of the strange of this hearers, ignorant of all elecutionary rules, of any tricks of rheoric, who had so gripped dry and leathery. When at last I found my voice I hardly knew it, so hollow and strange it sounded. But the kindness of my audience was unbounded. One would have thought that they were listening to one of the finest efforts of their own splendid orators (and there seems to be something in the American climate that favors the development of oratorical gifts)

by the war they behaved.

A Touching "Send-Off." I really don't know what I did say, I tried to put my experience into words, and I know I did not take any of the foregoing speakers as a model. But that is all I can say. Then came a captain in the American army, a noble fellow, thrillingly earnest, but with a tremendously rank listen to silently, so with the utmost sileness I said:
"Who'll get two months' advance, did being so thick-headed as not to underyou say?"

"Anybody as ships here," he replied stand a word of it. But one of his smiles a said a word of it. But one of his smiles that a word of it. But one of his smiles it have never forgotten. I do not remember what it was intended to illustrate, but my boat thet's long size."

If any I can hear him now saying: "It's the the same what it was intended to illustrate, but it is the same what it was intended to illustrate, but it is the same what it was intended to illustrate, but it is the same what it was intended to illustrate, but it is the same what it was intended to illustrate, but it is the same what it was intended to illustrate, but it is the same was a solution. like the man who told his boy he'd give him ten cents to learn the Ten Command-ments, and a brick house with a marble front if he could understand them." Many other quaint things he said, but suddenly he sat down, and while yet my mind was awhirl with the wondre coherency of his discourse he had been replaced by my brother Jem. Ah, that was a change, indeed. For Jem only said in the simplest way that which the Lord gave him to say, and the fact that he spoke in an alien tongue, necessitating a double process simultaneously in his brain, did not hinder his discourse being of the torrent of flaming blasphemies against us most heart-searching kind. As well as my memory serves me, he spoke as fol-

"Dear vrients. You haf ask me to tell you vat de Lort haf done for me. How can I dis do? Ven I tink of His goot-ness unt lofe, I haf not vorts efen in mine own langvidge to speak of it; how den I can tell you in Engelsch vich I only talk like any oder sallorman? But yet I not can say no. I vas a teufel,—I dink vorse, because de teufels dey haf no hope, unt I haf shut my soul up from hope myselluf. If dere is anything bed I cen myselluf. If dere is anything had I can do I haf do it. I haf hate de dear Vater Gott, I haf hate all His peoples. Oh, is dere anyting had I haf not do? I vill say not any more aboud my sin, pecause I haf much shame for dem, unt yet I feel dat if I talk 'bout dem I vill tink mooch of myselluf pecause I haf been so bad. Uni more, I was so misbul. I nefer haf no peace, I nefer haf no res'. I nefer haf no pleasure 'cept I ked dronk unt fight unt thus evilly treated it has been because they themselves have been consenting dat cos' all de money I vork so nature to parties in a measure; that they have Den I come to Port Chalmers unt I go willingly gone to those places where they into de meetin,' unt I hear a man say were most easily trapped. Poor brother dat de Lordt Jesus Christ is come to tell man vat Gott is; dat Gott ton'd hate an' not vant me to die unt go to were most easily trapped. Foor brother seamen, as if you had not sufficient sneemies without you yourselves giving those enemies all the facilities they require to work you harm!

For two days we did not feel inclined to go ashore. There was much to be done,

not efen de Sattan himselluf-dat can pull

not efen de Sattan himselluf-dat can pull me 'vay 'gen.

"Unt vile I lissen unt hear effery vort, beliefing id's all true-pout somepody ellas, I hear a vort in here (striking his breast) dellin' me 'Yes, Yem, you ben de man all dis for.' Unt I don't vait anoder minit. I belief id. I say, 'Yes, Lord Yesus, I ben de man you die for. Unt now ben coin' to gif myselluf all oop for you.' Unt if any man say to me any which was fastened so that it lay between you. Unt if any man say to me any our bows and the wharf. We must have more, 'How you know all dis?' I say to presented a gruesome sight, with that him, 'How I know?' Vat you tink id is keep me frum svearin', frum bein' bucko, from keddin' tronk, frum hatin' myselluf unt eferypody ellas? You ton't know? Vell, I do. Id ben de Lort Gott Almighty.

# Downing, Hopkins & Co.

## WHEAT AND STOCK BROKERS

Room 4, Ground Floor

Chamber of Commerce

centers. She wants to buy stocks; she has saved up a few hundred to invest, but she doesn't know how to go about it. Most women are afraid to venture into the regions where man reigns supreme. This is foolish timidity, for a woman can Nopotty ellas can do it. Unt now I was yoost like a leedle shild. I had lose de taste for de bad unt find id for de get along as well as a man in any office, de taste for de bad unt find id for de you, t'ank Gott! Unt if I, dot was so bad unt ton'd know anyting 't all, get holt age my affairs better than any man could 

BENEFACTORS OF OREGON.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, AUTHOR OF "THANATOPSIS."

William Cullen Bryant, poet and editor, was born in Cummington, Mass.

November 3, 1794, and died in New York, June 12, 1878. His ancestry might have

been inferred from the character of his writings, which reflect whatever is best

and noblest in the life and thought of New England. His mother was a descendant of John Alden; and the characteristics of his family included some of

The early poetical exercises of Bryant, like those of all young poets, were colored by the books he read. Among these were the works of Pope, and, no

doubt, the works of Cowper and Thomson. "Thanatopsis" was sent to the North American Review (whether by its author or his father is uncertain),

and with such a modest, not to say enigmatical note of introduction, that its

authorship was left in doubt. The Review was managed by a club of young

of whose members. Richard Henry Dana and Edward Tyrrel Charning, were

considered its editors. Mr. Dana rend the poem carefully, and was so surprised at its excellence that he doubted whether it was the production of an

American, an opinion in which his associates are understood to have concurred.

While they were hesitating about its acceptance, he was told that the writer was a member of the Massachusetts Senate; and the Senate being then in sea-

sion, he immediately started from Cambridge for Boston. He reached the

Statehouse and inquired for Senstor Bryant. A tall, middle-aged man, with a

business-like look, was pointed out to him. He was satisfied that he could not

be the poet he sought, so he posted back to Cambridge without an introduction

The story ends here and rather tamely for the original narrator forgot, or per-

haps never knew, that Dr. Bryant was a member of the Senate, and that it

was among the possibilities that he was the Senator, with a similar name. American poetry may be said to have begun in 1817, with the September number

of the North American Review, which contained "Thanatopsis," and the "In-

scription for the Entrance of a Wood," the last being printed as a "Frag-ment." In March, 1818, the impression that "Thanatopsis" created was strengthened by the appearance of the lines "To a Waterfowl," and the "Version

of dis goot ting, who in de vorit coln' to manage them; and, what man has done, be left oud. Gott bless eferypody, for woman can do. If I had let other people

woman can do. If I had let other people do my business for me, I most likely wouldn't have had any business to do

now, and it is the duty of every woman.

I believe, to learn to take care of her

PRODUCTIVE OF GREAT GOOD.

Industrial Work of Southern Pacific Among Farmers.

ALBANY, May 23.-The industrial work

which the Southern Pacific Railroad is carrying on among the farmers of the

Williamette Valley, in the interest of dairying and diversified farming, has been productive of good results. This is seen in the increased attendance at the

meetings in the localities where C. L.

Smith, expert dairyman and farmer from Minnesota, has made addresses on subjects of interest concerning selection and

breeding of dairy cows, care and feed.

ing of stock, growing clover, etc., also in the interest which the reports of these

meetings have created in other nearby communities where Mr. Smith has been

invited to come and make addresses during his stay in this part of the state.

After the meeting at Marion Mr. Smith went to Jefferson, where another meet-

ing was advertised for Monday. There, as elsewhere, the attendance of about 50 farmers was quite satisfactory. The meeting was held in the Masonic Hall and

was made a town affair, Mr. Miller, who makes a business of dealing in high-

grade Jersey stock, was chosen to act as chairman. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Smith paid a compliment to

the dairymen in the immediate vicinity

of Jefferson by saying that nowhere in the United States could be seen any bet-ter grades of dairy cows than he had

seen that day pasturing at the edge of town. He said that 25 years ago the farmers in Minnesota grew wheat to the exclusion of other crops until the land began to wear out and wheat raising be-

came unprofitable. Some went into stock raising, some commenced to raise hogs, and chickens, while others took cows and regarded them as machines which

and regarded them as machines which could be fed with raw material and pro-duce a finished article at a profit. About this time a Farmers' Institute meeting was held at Mankato, Minn. and promi-nent agriculturalists from Illinois, Iowa

and other states were invited to come and make addresses. At this convention it was found that the farmers who had

gone into dairying were the most en-thusiastic over it, while others were skeptical, but as they had all assembled there for the hyperconditions.

there for the purpose of learning by comparison if anybody else was doing

comparison it anybody else was doing better than they were, the showing of the dairymen, which was the best of any, led to the general adoption of dairying in that state. Mr. Smith spoke of the creamery check as being the best educator to the farmer that there is at the present day. For example, Jones will meet Brown, compare notes and discover that he is not settling as much for his

that he is not getting as much for his milk as his neighbor. This leads him to inquire of Brown what the conditions are that cause the difference. They talk it over, and then Jones goes home and tries to do as well as Brown the next

month.

own business affairs.

literary gentlemen, who styled themselves "The North American Club,"

the sterner qualities of the Puritans.

vellously manifested. Talk about the

efforts of oratory, the power, with magic words allied to the music of the human

voice, to sway multitudes of people as

almost writhed, under the flerce stress of their emotions, and as he descended from the platform the meeting broke up,

for all present wanted to press his hand. And I, who dread intensely all forms of

spasmodic emotional religion, mere play of

feeling influenced by externals and evan-

escent as the rippie upon water when the wind dies away, was so profoundly moved

that I was glad to get away in a corner and simmer down. Then the evening wound up with the singing of the Dox-

ology, and the four of us returned on board as if we were treading on air. Henceforward during our stay in Port-

land we went ashore every night and be-

came most intimate with earnest Christian people of every sort. In fact the

time passed all too quickly. But of all the people that we met I think those who impressed us most were of the class that labored mightily with their hands.

In all sorts of queer rooms we fore-gathered and held our prayer meet-

ings, praise meetings, experience meet-

ing. Never once did the idea occur to us,

"These people have had enough of our society and we had better return to our

ship and stay there." All this happiness culminated on the day of our departure

in the visit of every one of those acquainted with us, who could get away for the purpose, assembling on the wharf to see us off. The "old man," who had only a dim idea of how we had been employing our time, was astounded at the warmin of the farewells. We were

all greatly touched, and those who know the reputation that Portland, Oregon, holds as regards the behavior of seamen

will agree with me that such a send-off must have caused quite a sensation.

Why Women Don't Get Rich

Mrs. Hetty Green in Success,

Because women spend so much, they are hardly ever in the field for investing

when the chance comes along. No person can invest unless he has the where-withal. Most great fortunes have been started by men who saved and saved and saved, and finally had a few hundred or

a few thousand dollars to invest whenever

the opportunity should come. There are many women who earn good salaries, and who might lay by a few hundred dollars a year if they were so minded. But that

is not the way of women. They spend every cent they make, and in most cases have their monthly salary all spent before it's in their hands. As long as women won't save, we're not likely to have

many women millionaires in this country,

Sometimes there's a woman who really

wants to increase her fortune, but she

Never once 'were we allowed that life was uninterest-

ings.

made to go into the room where Lord Brougham was at breakfast to say "Good morning" to him. He would jook at us under his bushy eyebrows, and say almost immediately, with a strong Scotch accent, "That will do; ye may go away." My remembrance of his appear-ance is concentrated in those thick eyebrows and his black and white check brows and his black and white check trousers, immortalized by Punch. He was delightful in conversation when he was amused, but nothing stirred him to this lighter mood but the company of outsiders. He could sit through the family dinner in absolute stlence, broken by occasional outbursts of rage at some trivial mistake in the service on the part of the servants. He would sudden. part of the servants. He would sudden ly hallo at them, calling them brutes and beasts if they handed him sait instead of pepper, and this halloing when he was angry inspired me as a child with ter ror, so that I never entertained for him any other feeling than fear.

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Head letters with the writer's full address including street and number, and request answer to be directed accordingly.

Letters to strangers or translent visitors in the city, whose special address may be unknown, should be marked in the left-hand corner, "Transient." This will prevent their being delivered to persons of the same or simi

Tate of 1 cent each.

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Berry, Mrs Mable V Moore, Mrs Blanche Bohannon, Mrs Ruby Morgan, Miss Norena Bowman, Mrs Clara Morris, Miss Timmie Brain, Mrs W H Murray, Jeanette Briggs, Mamie W Newman, Laura Broseau, Miss Jennie Niswander, Miss Luiu Brown, Mrs Ellaabeth Niemela, Mrs J A Burkhart, Mrs Ogle, Mrs A Cady, Miss F A Paterson, Annie B Cardweil, Miss Lou Pazoidt, May Carnegle, Mrs Florence Feiton, Mrs Emma Castiea, Mrs Allou Pazoidt, May Carnegle, Mrs Florence Feiterson, Mrs Johana Clitics, Mrs T J Fopp, Miss Mable Cox, Miss Helen TerryRatcliffe, Mrs G A Cushing, Miss Cornett, Miss Georgie Rac, Miss Maille Cox, Miss Helen TerryRatcliffe, Mrs G A Cushing, Miss Complex Rac, Miss Margerth Downlson, Miss Sophiralienour, Ethel Dow, Mrs L A-2 Riley, Mrs M C Edgar, Mrs Joe A Edwards, Mrs Rosa Rice, Miss Italia Eggleston, Miss Dona Rounde, Mrs B N Rockburn, Inez Fleids, Miss Laure Roberts, Miss N J Robertson, Mrs J Gatena, Miss Beesle Gibbon, Mrs John, Jr Rosenberg, Mrs H

Fleids, Miss Laurie
Gatens, Miss Bessie
Gibbon, Mrs John, Jr
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Hawthorne, Mrs Mattle
Haynie, Mrs
Hayes, Miss Neilie
Henry, Mrs Mary
Hill, Miss Neilie

Hogue, Mrs Blanche
Houston, Mrs D R
St
Hunt, Mrs Julis
Sn
Johnson, Miss Mary
Jones, Mrs Selma
Jones, Mrs
To
Jones, Mrs
To
Klippel, Miss Edna
Krity, Miss Hattle
Knowlton, Maud
Knowlton, Maud
Kubatzky, Mrs Emily-2We
Lane, Mrs Mary Lane, Mrs Mary Larock, Mrs Kitty Lieman, Mrs Linderhouser, Nora Lindernouser, Kora Logan, Mrs Hattie Lockwood, Edna M Lurchblood, Lizzie McCumber, Daisy

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Allen. Prof H F
Amdahl, Lewis
Amsberry, Al
August, G W
Bail, B C
Barrere, Wm
Begnoe, Jno W
Belmont, E
Belts, G G
Bellman, Johnle
Bell, Henry Martin, Dr T J Mason, Henry J Mastn, henry J
Mason, Henry J
Mesary Card Mount Co
Miller, B
Miller, Lewis
Minkler, Chas
Mitchell, E. J
Model, Steam Laundry
Morey, David
Moore, Dr D
Morgan, Mr and Mrs
Chas A
Morris, H O
Muller, Jos-2
Nerbergail, P V
Nelson, E J
Nelson, J Fred
Nixon, Chas G
Noble, E H
Nhamie, Michael
Oregon Pring Co
Ormrod, Laurence
O'Brien, Dan-2 Beliman, Johnis Beliman, Johnis Bell, Henry Betters, Clair Bigham, Harry Billtiman, Joe Biltiman, Joe Blomberg, Nels Blood, Bert L Bodom, K B Bohen, W J

Gateman, C H
Gibson, Thomas
Gilderman, W A
Gilleis, Mort W
Gilleis, Mort W
Gilleis, Mort W
Gilleis, Fred T
Ghass, Louis
Good, Louis
Good, Louis
Good, Louis
Good, Couls
Good, W A
Gray, Rev-W B
Grinm, Dr C H
Haslinck, Theron
Hamman, L H
Hammer, J R
Haroid, Walter
Harter, Oryille
Hart & Crouse
Hathaway, S H
Hawthories, Albert
Hembis, W H
Herstine, Joe
Hix & Brown
Hill, A J H

Hourie, William R Houseman, Jake Hubock, Dr J H & Hirsch Hughes, C W Jogada, Furnace Co Johnson, Chas Johnson, M W Johnson, Dr M E Johnson, Y Lunchboot, C McWhorter, W D McCray, D McCarthy, L McCartty, Daniel McMahon, B J McMahon, C L

ITALIAN LETTERS.

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Rilley, Mrs M C
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Rice, Miss Italia
Rounds, Mrs B N
Rockburn, Inea
Roberts, Miss N J
Robertson, Mrs M L
Rosenberg, Mrs H
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