

SATURDAY EVENING LECTURE.

In another column will be seen the correspondence relative to a proposed lecture in Oro Fino Theater on the "Life and Times of Colonel E. D. Baker."

Many tickets have already been sold and the prospects are favorable for a large audience. Tickets have been placed at fifty cents. Reserved seats can be secured on Saturday from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. without extra charge.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

As our exchanges come in, freighted with Alliance comments, we are more than ever convinced that the old system of oppression, or might against right, which ran such riot in the great Rebellion, is not dead, and scarcely even sleeping.

The irrepressible conflict goes on, and will continue to go on until all forms of human slavery are abolished, and every kind of intemperance is abrogated and conquered.

The packed committee who elected Ryan are working to-day in the interest of the secession ring who caused all the discord in the Temperance Alliance. His election was palpably a put-up job, well understood by himself and the seceders, who sought and yet seek to manage the Temperance element of the State in such a way as shall best prove to the whisky ring "how not to do it."

Men and brethren, we're ashamed of you. You knew full well that Woman Suffrage had an overwhelming majority in the Alliance and with all true Temperance people everywhere, and for this reason, and this reason only, you were opposed to us. You were determined, with your President, that the majority should not rule, and falling in your schemes, you sought to disorganize that which you could not control; and now, like Jeff Davis, you only seek to let alone. With all due deference to your desires, we declare that we will not let you alone.

GOING UP.

E. W. Ryan is out in the Oregonian with an elaborate attack upon the editor of the Statesman, because that gentleman told a few truths one day that hit the "President" of the real and bogus Alliance pretty severely.

Hon. A. J. Dufur will address the people of Salem on the subject of the Centennial Exposition, on next Tuesday, March 11.

Engine papers publish a list of subscribers to her University Fund. The total is \$15,000.

A MATTER OF WAGES.

Under this head the Oregon Bulletin of a recent date has the following: In the Women's Suffrage Convention a proposition was introduced which is, or should be, a very popular one. It was this: "The same wages for the same work, whether done by a masculine or feminine hands."

"Competition among the laborers," ay, there's the rub! And why, good brother, should there be more competition among laboring women than among laboring men? The competition of "feminine hands" arises from the fact that two-thirds of the work of the world is done by women, while man, being the recognized property holder and lawgiver in all marriage firms, owns and controls nine-tenths of the pay.

As our exchanges come in, freighted with Alliance comments, we are more than ever convinced that the old system of oppression, or might against right, which ran such riot in the great Rebellion, is not dead, and scarcely even sleeping. While all the papers alike condemn the riot and misrule that held sway where naught but order and harmony should have entered, the different stand-points from which they look at the facts are as wide apart as the antipodes.

A TERROR TO EVIL DOERS.

J. C. Shodgrass and M. Fuller, two gentlemen residing in Harrisburg, who went as delegates to the Alliance, became so disgusted with the intolerance and proscription that prevailed up to noon of the second day, that they sent in their resignation as delegates from Harrisburg, and returned home.

The Vice President proposed to have our resignation read to the Alliance at the earliest proper time. It is half past ten o'clock on the second day we voted, and the Vice President, in the name of the Alliance, proposed to have our resignation read to the Alliance at the earliest proper time.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

It is well known that the regular subscription price to Democrat's Magazine is \$3.00. That our friends may reap the full benefit of such opportunities as we can command to secure themselves an extra supply of good reading, we have made arrangements by which we are enabled to send the New Northwest and Democrat's Monthly Magazine for one year for \$4.50, or for \$3.50 you can have the New Northwest, Democrat's Monthly and a splendid pair of chromos (Falls of Niagara, and Yosemite Falls), which could not be purchased at the book store for less than \$30. Orders of this kind must be invariably accompanied by the cash for both publications at once.

IN CHARGE OF A LADY.

The last issue of the Benton Democrat comes nearer, by fifty per cent., to a decent approximation to what a newspaper should be than any previous number, and yet its stupid editor apologizes for what it may contain because he "left it in charge of a lady!"

We must beg a little forbearance at the hands of numerous correspondents whose letters have been neglected for two weeks because of Conventions, Alliances, etc., and now by the very severe illness of the main-stay of our household, which imposes double burdens upon us in all directions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, February 24, 1873. Mrs. A. Duniway—Dear Madam:—Having seen most flattering notices of your late lecture in Salem, on the "Life and Times of Colonel E. D. Baker," we would take it as a favor if you will accept from us the tender of a Complimentary Benefit, and an invitation to repeat the lecture in Portland at your earliest convenience, and also state the time when and the place where we shall have the pleasure of hearing you do so.

- BAKER POST, No. 1, G. A. R., W. L. ADAMS, J. W. PETERS, ALEX. P. ANKENY, S. C. SILVER, J. B. FILINGTON, A. S. GROSS, E. W. WILLIAMS, H. L. PITTOCK, B. GOLDSMITH, J. L. MCCOWN, JOHN MICHELL, C. S. CLARKE, A. C. GIBBS, G. O. DURELL, H. C. HILL, J. F. CAPLES, J. R. CURRY, O. B. GIBSON, C. E. STEWART, H. W. SCOTT, T. N. LARKIN, A. J. MOSES, RALEIGH STOTT, C. E. DEBOIS, D. H. HENDEE, W. C. HITCHCOCK, JOS. BUCHTEL, H. R. OATMAN, ED. H. STOLTE, LEVI ESTES, S. CORWIN, B. L. NORDEN, M. W. HENDERSON, P. G. STEWART, M. M. SOUTHWORTH, E. W. RYAN, A. W. P. OWENS, R. KUNEY, JOHN H. NORRIS, ISAAC DILLON, J. H. REED, J. R. WITHERELL, A. J. MARSHALL, J. H. FISK, A. J. DUFFE, GEO. W. JOHNSON, R. G. COMBS, R. J. LLOYD, W. T. SHANAHAN, C. BEAL, GEO. VENABLESMITH, W. LAIR HILL.

PORTLAND, March 4, 1873.

To Baker Post, No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, W. L. Adams, J. W. Peters, and other gentlemen, greeting:—

Deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude for the high honor you have conferred upon me by the above complimentary invitation, and proudly conscious that the honor is not so much intended for myself as for the memory of the illustrious dead, whom all American patriots revere, I, with trepidation, yet not without hope that I may do the subject at least a degree of justice in your estimation, accept your proffered courtesy, and respectfully suggest Saturday Evening, March 31st, at half-past 7 o'clock, in the Oro Fino Theater, as the time and place for the lecture. I also respectfully request the members of Baker Post, No. 1, G. A. R., to attend in a body, as I shall deliver an original poem as an especial compliment to the Oregon Division of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Hoping and believing that our citizens will take the interest in my first attempt of the kind in this city which the importance of the subject deserves, I remain, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

THE GREAT INVENTION OF THE AGE.

We call the attention of miners, quarrymen, builders and all who have rocks to blast, or who require great force or power, to the advertisement of Horace H. Day in this paper, who is the sole owner and manager of the wonderful invention of Dr. Royce, for the production, storing and transmitting power, etc., by compressed air. Mr. Day now owns the patents which cover all the compressed air inventions of the age, and which are worth untold millions of dollars to Mr. Day, and especially to the building and manufacturing interests of the world.

By use of this power rocks can be drilled and removed at merely a nominal cost compared with the old plan of hand drilling, or the plan adopted in boring oil wells or sinking holes in rock. The use of this invention will save millions and millions of dollars each year to railroad builders, and work important revolutions in the manner of conducting and carrying on great enterprises, especially as it will work wonders in enabling labor to compete with capital. In the hands and control of Mr. Day, this invention will prove a blessing of untold worth to the labor interests of the country, and will enable the able, honest, large-hearted and most deserving owner who has expended fortunes to benefit the working men of the country, to accomplish still more good, and bring the labor element still closer together. Where such blessings as this great invention fall into good hands, the people are benefited, as they will be in this instance.

Contractors, builders, managers of hospitals and school buildings, young men with brains and some capital, who would engage in a first-class, lasting business, should address Mr. Day, at his office, No. 56 Liberty street, New York City.

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SCANDAL.

"Men are women's natural protectors," said a self-conceited masculine in our hearing recently, as we were walking down the street. Continuing our way, we soon came to a corner, in front of a dogery, where a dozen or more voting bipeds, in various stages of intoxication—though "passably" sober—were casting their lecherous eyes abroad, in hope to feast their prurient desires upon some equally degraded specimen of the opposite sex. Not finding any answer to their obscene glances, one of them turned to another and said, alluding to himself, "Bill, I'll bet my bottom dollar that she's—" we can't repeat the foul innuendo. "Of course," said another, "all women want to vote for is to get opportunity—" another expression too horrible for repetition, and we hurried on, inwardly praying to be delivered from this voting patronage and care of the "protecting sex."

Now, let no good, grand, noble man, who in his heart reveres woman as the counterpart of himself, imagine that we for one moment allude to such as he in these cogitations; but we are sorry to say that the lowest and meanest of scoundrels is not confined to dogery bumpers, by any means. There are men in high social, political and religious positions, who do not scruple to believe that all women are just as bad in practice as themselves are in theory. We can cite a case in point. A lady, well-known in a large circle of friends, who has lived for nearly a quarter of a century in one locality—not a thousand miles from Portland—a place once denominated by a disgusted individual, as the "Devil's-half-acre," though that is not its geographical name—went one day, as was her wont, whenever mercy or duty called her, to visit a very particular friend, who for the tenth or eleventh time, was suffering the unwelcome visitations of maternity, but who nobly does her duty as a mother, despite her unequal and consequently ungenial position as a wife.

We're treating on facts now, gentlemen, and you must endure them.

The lady in question, having performed her errand of mercy, started for her home, about a mile distant, and being herself quite unwell, obeyed a call of nature and retired for a few moments to the friendly shade of a neighboring grove. It makes our cheeks tingle with blushes and our heart beat high with indignation to be compelled to write thus plainly, but as men do not protect women they must protect each other, and we shall strive to be just, though the heavens fall.

Now comes the dark scandal to which we have thus reluctantly led the reader. A man, whom everybody would have supposed, from his position in the church as a humble follower of the weak and lowly Jesus, would have never thought to stoop to such a prurient deed, professes to have stopped his work, tracked that lady to her retreat, and there discovered suspicious circumstances, which led him to believe that this lady, whose children arise and call her blessed, her husband, also, and she praiseth her—a woman whose character has always been in every way beyond reproach—was guilty of a nameless crime. She at once became the object of that villainous slanderer's obscene accusations, and he, coupling her name with that of a brother church member, but a rival in business interests, without other proof than his own worst than beastly imagination, circulated the most damaging and scandalous reports about the lady's character—reports which have so deeply wrought upon her pure and sensitive organization that we are seriously alarmed for her reason.

Now, what is to be done with such a lecherous wretch? To sue him for slander only subjects the outraged lady to further mortification, in the way of a trial before prurient men and black-guarding boys. Women have no power or jurisdiction in the courts; her husband cannot physically vindicate her honor without violating a law of the land; and if one woman submits to wholesale slander in such a manner, what woman is safe? We advise the injured lady's friends to form a company, surround the leaders in the scandal, and stand by the outraged innocent until she whips their eyes out with a raw-bird. This would serve them right and teach other scandal-mongers a salutary lesson that they would not soon forget.

It was not our intention, when this horrible story first came to our ears, to treat it with anything but silent contempt, but the following letter, which we print verbatim, with the exception of the names of the parties implied, and a sentence or two which are too indecent for transmission through the United States mails, has caused us to ventilate the matter, that the dirty demons who are dabbling in such dark diabolism may see that we are not afraid to stand up for justice.

"Miss Duniway we would like to know why you let Miss—Shoe her face in that convention they was plenty of man and woman two that new all about the circumstances as they are I'll strike a death blow to the woman suffrage question in—there is no way to get out of it proved Beyond Controversion she did—" And ever step you take to justify her will make the thing Worse there is no person hates the poor woman starts out to fight the battle of life alone, with three infants to care for, one of them a cripple, and herself scarce more than a child. It is a case to awaken the liveliest sympathy. Everybody who knows of the case is willing to help her, but nobody assumes the responsibility of starting out and going on this errand of mercy.—Laramie Sentinel.

A number of delegates who seceded from the Temperance Alliance alleged as a reason for so doing that they were not willing to be "run" by Mrs. Duniway. After all, they were "run" by her—run clear out of the Alliance.—Statesman.

The lady against whom the story has

SCANDAL.

Woman Suffragist, of much influence and high social standing. The men who have forged this fiendish lie are anti-suffragists, and in more than one instance the men who profess to believe it have wives in strong working sympathy with the Woman Suffrage movement. Abuse of the sexual privilege, which man legally imposes upon woman, is the most glaring outraging wrong to which wives are subject. Man, as well as woman, knows this to be true; and he, as well as she, knows that with the advent of woman's political power will come property rights, and through these the power to control her own person.

"Miscegenation" and "Amalgamation" was the stop thief cry of proslavery men, whose mulatto children thronged the slave marts in the dark days of the struggle for the emancipation of the negro. "Free Love" and "Adultery" is now the cry of the same spirit when woman struggles by the side of the noblest men of the Nation, for her own emancipation. In both cases the cry is raised by the guilty, who seek to cover their own villainy by an outcry against decency and justice.

Now, women of Oregon, a word in your ears. Don't you think it quite time, in the face of such facts as these, for you and all women to cease depending upon man for a protection which he cannot or does not give, and forthwith seek to protect yourselves? In no other way except by political power can you have equal show in the race of life. Women must learn that self-protection is the first law of nature for both sexes and political and property power is their best weapon. Men must learn that women will fight like tigers for their own honor, and when you have thoroughly convinced them that you will defend yourselves or die trying, you will command respect in spite of slander. The scandal-monger is a moral coward, and will sneak away when resisted by thoroughly abused innocence.

The Olympia "Standard" on the Temperance Alliance.

The Committee on Credentials reported in favor of the admission of all the delegates elected by the several associations "having for their object the spread of temperance," but strange to say, rejected the credentials of the delegates of the Woman Suffrage Association, who had quite as much interest in the movement as any other class of citizens. The delegation was headed by Mrs. Duniway, and she proved herself equal to the emergency, as she always does when an attempt is made to restrain her in the narrow limits which custom has decreed as woman's sphere. Judge Thornton, the chairman of the committee, after vainly attempting to "choke off" the irrefragable champion of right, indulged in a tirade of abuse, in which he styled her a "crazy woman," a "setting hen," and applied many opprobrious epithets. He claimed that the excluded delegates would create discord if admitted, and declared that they belonged to a political organization, and "politicians" could by right have no place in its deliberations. His position was peculiarly untenable. He endeavored to prevent the admission of the delegates, or organized a party of religious and political fanatics, while the movement would necessarily resort to political expedients to accomplish its objects. He very readily admitted all the male demagogues who could obtain the endorsement of any religious body, or organization of children, and rejected women, who suffer most from the evil it was proposed to eradicate, simply because they were women! There are but a few delegates to the two-day session. The Convention was kept in a continual turmoil upon the question, until it finally ended in the admission of the delegates. Soon as this was done, however, a portion of the opposing members withdrew, and organized a party, named it "The Temperance Union," adopted resolutions justifying their secession, a Constitution, and elected officers to serve till their next meeting on second Friday in June.

It will be seen that the objects of the State Temperance Alliance, apparently so near realization, have been defeated by the intemperate zeal of a few fanatical bigots, who, by professing neutrality in politics, and by their neutrality in politics, have in the narrow way upon a political wave of their own creation. It is far better that it should be so, than that they should win upon false promises, or by concealing their objects under a flimsy mantle of mock philanthropy.

NOT APPRECIATED.—The Washington papers do not seem to appreciate our "Fish." The Chronicle, of Feb. 7th, alluding to his lecture on "Woman," says: "While there may have been nothing seriously objectionable in the lecture, yet it lacked that elegance, dignity and refinement that intelligent audiences demand and expect in this enlightened age, and the uncultivated mannerisms of the speaker better befitted him for a political stump orator on the 'border' rather than a position upon the rostrum. Such pronunciation as 'naow,' 'paower,' 'ide,' 'Amerry,' 'waylow,' etc., does not quite come up to the American idea of a powerful, scholarly lecturer. His vehement manner, loud tone of voice and gesticulations reminded one of the stump speaker always brought out in a first-class minstrel show, while his ungrammatical language can be apologized for in the words of an old Vermont farmer, who always 'took a part' in the evening meetings, and wound up by saying, 'You must excuse me, I don't speak the right way, for I never studied 'gogery' in all my life.'"

Mrs. Campbell, whose husband was hurt on the road and died here a few days ago, returned last evening from Omaha, where she had been to see the doctors of the road. They gave her money enough to pay the hotel, doctors and undertaker bills, which was all the legal officers felt authorized to do. Now the poor woman starts out to fight the battle of life alone, with three infants to care for, one of them a cripple, and herself scarce more than a child. It is a case to awaken the liveliest sympathy. Everybody who knows of the case is willing to help her, but nobody assumes the responsibility of starting out and going on this errand of mercy.—Laramie Sentinel.

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The lady against whom the story has

Never Tell a Lie.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kadir of Ghison impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him enter of his mother to go to Ghisad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of which was all my inheritance she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment.'"

"I had two of your people already," said I, "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments." He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money. "And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?" "Because," I replied, "it will not be false to my mother when I have promised I never will tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "I had thought such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age to the duty of going to my God to beg my hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have done English pride, in guilt," said they to their chief, "he has gone in the path to virtue." And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

AMERICAN VS. ENGLISH BOYS.—At Brighton, in Sussex, England, a beautiful gold cup is annually presented as a prize to the winner of a foot race which is open to all the school boys of the place. The race is over a course 100 yards in length, and creates great interest in the city, large crowds assembling every year to witness the contest. This year it was made more than usually interesting by the offer of a cup valued at \$250 gold to the winner of a course 250 yards long, by James Ashbury, of yachting notoriety, who lives at Brighton. These two races came off this fall, but unfortunately for the English boys, one of the schools are two little boys born on this side of the Atlantic—Yankees, they call them—Willie and Harry Williams, grand children of the late Hon. William Farrer, of Albany, whose father is residing in England for business purposes. Twenty schools were represented in the race, and twenty-seven boys started in the race of 100 yards, which was won by the Yankee, Willie Homans; his brother Harry second, beating all the English competitors. This was a severe mortification to the papas and mammas of the other boys, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that, in two short years, and no test of endurance, hoping a different result in the long race of 250 yards which followed. In this race, forty-two English boys started against the two Yankee brothers, but again the stars and stripes were triumphant, only this time Harry led and Willie was second, with the forty-two English boys strung out in a long line behind them. Imagine Mr. Ashbury's "phelicks" at the idea of his cup being won by an American boy.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A recent sketch of the lives of the great lawyers contained this touching incident in the life of William Wirt.

In his younger days he was a victim to the passion for intoxicating drink, which has been the bane of so many distinguished in the legal profession. Alleged to be a heavy drinker, he once accomplished young man, and made and broken repeated pledges of amendment, and she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habits, at length dismissed him, deeming him unworthy to be the husband of a woman, and she fled to her father's house, and the flies crawling over his swollen features. As the young lady approached in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes, and almost so common to others who knew the handkerchief and in one corner the initials of the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse, he made a new vow of reformation. He kept that vow and married the owner of the handkerchief.

In Japan, women are taught to perform menial offices for men in a most slavish fashion. The young Japanese who have been sent to America for education, and who have a higher estimate of women. One of these gentlemen has been for four months under the private tuition of a lady, who talks with him and for him, instructs him from books, and gives him information about diverse matters. He has proved to be a pupil. But this young Japanese, of a high rank in his own country, and has been accustomed to be waited upon by servants, and in Japan women are expected to show respect to men; therefore it has been not a little difficult for his teacher to make him understand that, in this country, gentlemen pay little attentions to ladies. Miss S.—"I told Miss Bond that on my first day I went out together to hold over him. When she informed in that America a gentleman usually held the umbrella over the lady's bonnet, he seemed both puzzled and amused, and when performing the duty as well as he could, but laughing to himself, and repeating, 'First time, first time.' He is very anxious to learn the customs of society, and often inquires, 'Was I impolite?'"

SMALL MATTERS.—The nerve of the tooth, not so large as the finest camera, will sometimes drive a strong man to madness. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely blind. A coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms, may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from deep trials. A chance look from those we love often produces exquisite pain, or unalloyed pleasure.

Those who cannot ride in their own carriages can comfort themselves that it is good for the health to walk.

For the very best photographs, go to Bradley & Robinson's Gallery, without stairs, 228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000.

OUR AGENTS.

- For the very best photographs, go to Bradley & Robinson's Gallery, without stairs, 228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000.

SPECIAL NOTICES.