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AN INDEPENDENT PAPER.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26

One Story of the Great Fire

Of course there are hundreds of stories that could be told just as pathetic as this one by Geo. M. Williams, a San Francisco railroad man, to a Portland Journal reporter:

"My dear wife is buried in a nameless grave with hundreds of others," he said with tears in his eyes. "I will never find her body. We had been married only a year. I came away because I couldn't live there and remember it every minute. It [illegible] me. We lived on the second floor of a lodging house. [illegible] [illegible] the buildings were all on fire and there was no water. The policemen [illegible] the people out of the houses and gave them time to get out a few things. We thought we had enough time to save our furniture. We had carried some down stairs when the fire came [illegible] the furniture. We had to leave everything and escape with our lives. We had gone but a few blocks when we had to stop and see the city in flames. We stood on a hill and watched it all night. We had no food nor place to sleep. We had to keep moving all the time. We had carried our little girl all the way. We had to leave her at last with strangers while we went back to look for her mother. We never found her. We had to leave the city next morning without her. We had to walk through streets where the dead bodies were lying by the sidewalk. We had to step over them. We had to go through streets where the bodies were piled up ready for the funeral pyres. We had to go through streets where the bodies were being burned. We had to go through streets where the bodies were being burned. We had to go through streets where the bodies were being burned