Wichita Eagle

ALUMNI BANQUET.

The Alumni of the Lewis academy tendered an excellent banquet to the class of '90 at the home of Miss Mary Rutan on College Hill last evening which proved to be a grand affair to say the least. The earlier part of the evening was spent in sociability and enjoyment until the joyous young participants were courteously ushered by their most estimable hostess to inviting tables filled with delicious viands, which were a rare and grand treat indeed. And coupled with this sumptuous repast was the excellent rendering of the meritorious programme of toasts which were a great honor not only to the performers but also to the alumni. Mr. Fred B. Ross acted in the capacity of toast master and executed his office with great credit. Mr. Ross was immediately followed by the president, Mr. Fred A. Hamilton who eloquently said in welcoming the class of '90:

It is always a pleasure to say welcome to our friends; and it is with a double sense of pleasure that in the name of my colleagues I welcome the class of '90 into the Alumni association of the Lewis.

Tis the sense of fellowship that makes the "whole world akin," tis the idea of fraternity that enriches the domain of humanity.

You who so lately have walked the paths of wisdom, culling the blossoms of learning and waiting patiently for their opening, like those who have journeyed before you, have found the way not altogether free from thorns. To some of you the mathematics was the lion in the way; to others perhaps the latin was your slough of despond.

From contact with pursuits so common to each of us, naturally there has come to exist between us a sympathy of ends and aims—a feeling that in company we have delved and come off victors. And it is in this spirit that we take your hand with the fraternal grip.

It is my honor to congratulate the class of '90 upon her successful finish of a successful course, and to hope that her members may never lower the colors of the Lewis which they so gracefully wear, and in after years when we shall hear of your success we shall recall you with pleasure as we say "we were students together at old Lewis."

After which the class of '88 was the recipient of an elegant and fitting toast from Miss Genevra M. Jocelyn, to which Miss Eva M. Dewey responded in behalf of '88. The class of '89 was then honored by a touching and beautiful toast from Miss Florence D. Foster, to which Miss Harriett I. Johnson responded on behalf of '89 with a few well selected remarks. The music played no little part in the program and was heartily applauded. Miss Mabel C. Larimer favored the party with one of Beethoven's choice productions, "Sonata Simpathetique," and Miss Genevra Jocelyn then followed with a beautiful German solo, "Sehnsucht," one of Hunt's favorite compositions. Miss Jocelyn is a beautiful singer and fully merited the loud applause which she received.

It was not until a late hour that the jolly party separated, after having extended a vote of thanks to Miss Rutan for her infinite kindness in offering her spacious parlors for this grand occasion. Happiness reigned supreme and never was College hill illumed with more brilliant young intellectual lights of the city. This occasion will be held in grateful remembrance by all members of the alumni of the academy.

COMING TO KANSAS.

Mr. Hale Cowley yesterday made a trip over the Wichita & Western accompanied by Col. Robt. Wilcox, of Bennington, Mich., and A. L. Briston, of Detroit. They were making a trip through the state, it being their first visit, and are greatly pleased with Kansas. Both are leading business men of their towns and have money to invest where they are sure of clever returns.

Colonel Cowley has accompanied over fifty leading business men from other states into Kansas, giving them a chance to see something of the state and know something about what it means. Most of them have made investments, seeing a bargain, which was much more of a bargain than they were able to find around their homes. He expects to spend some months at that work and insists that the best way to introduce people to Kansas and do effectual work for the state is to go after them. This, he claims, is the best way to work up immigration and will in time result in giving much valuable Kansas information to eastern people.

BRADFORD-MANUEL.

Mr. William A. Bradford and Miss Mamie Manuel were married yesterday morning at 9 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, 312 West Third street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Milliken in the presence of a few friends of the contracting parties, after which they sat down to breakfast. The bride and groom received many handsome and valuable presents from friends and after spending three hours with friends left over the Santa Fe for Chicago, where they will reside. They have the best wishes of many friends.

Toney Campbell, charged with burglary, was delivered over by his bondsman and was brought to the city last night by Deputy U. S. Marshal Payne from Guthrie. By a recent order all territory prisoners will be brought to the Sedgwick jail being the nearest secure prison.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Come to the lawn fete at 433 North Lawrence, next Friday from 4 o'clock until 10. Delicious, cool refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, will be served.

GARFIELD POST

Meets tonight. Boys, it wasn't too hot once to wear woolen shirts, carry a rifle that shot at both ends, and forty rounds of ammunition, and walk twenty miles a day, was it? Well, it ain't too hot now to come to a pool room for a half hour. Come, will you.

H. T. KRAMER,
Adjutant.

THE COURTS.

DISTRICT COURT.

A. J. Russell vs W. Colbrick, judgment for plaintiff for $658.50; E. J. Jaffray vs W. J. Wilson, judgment for plaintiff for $3,669.30; I. C. Toby vs T. H. Lynch, judgment for plaintiff for $2,364.50; Forest City Building association vs Hill et al, was in hearing by the court; Nos. 48, 50, 52, 54 and 70½ were dismissed. Motions and demurrers heard.

The jury was discharged yesterday for the term. The court docket will be assigned today in the district court.

PROBATE COURT.

Judge Buckner was occupied yesterday with the routine work of the court.

COMMON PLEAS COURT.

Susan Miller vs city of Wichita was argued and taken under advisement by the court. Several motions and demurrers were also heard and disposed of.

JUSTICES COURTS.

The case of A. Burnham and Tena Haigler, charged with adultery was to have come before Justice Barrett, but both defendants forfeited their recognizance. Civil work occupied Justice Mosley and Keenan.

POLICE COURT.

Fred Miller was arrested for carrying concealed weapons and making an assault with same. He was discharged on the last and committed on the first charge in default of $4.50, which was afterwards paid. A vagrant at $50 and the disposition of a few minor offenders from the preceding day completed the day's work in the police court.

That celebrated amateur billiardist of St. Louis, Wayman C. McCreery, received such an overwhelming defeat lately in New York city by George F. Slosson, at the 14 inch balk line, that he thinks better than ever of the professional's game. The match was that Slosson should make 500 to McCreery's 185. When Slosson finished the game his opponent had 174, and the latter remarked that Slosson was fully as much of a race horse as he is cracked up to be. McCreery is considered better than any other amateur in America at this style of game.

It Wasn't a Bluff.

I was talking with the landlord of a small but tidy hotel, in a town in Illinois, when a trampish looking fellow about 30 years of age entered the office and walked directly up to us and asked:

"Which of you is the landlord?"

"I am," answered the host.

"Well, I am out of money, hungry and ragged, and have got to make a strike. Can you lend me a fiver?"

"Lend you $5?"

"That's what I said."

"Not much."

"Then I will blow my brains out right here and now!" said the fellow, as he pulled a pistol from his hip pocket. "If you don't think the mass, the inquest, and what the papers will say will hurt your house more than $5 worth, why, don't give me the money. Give you thirty seconds to decide."

"Here's your five," said the landlord, after looking the man over.

He took it with a "Thank you," and went off, and a week later, when at Des Moines, I entered my hotel to a find a man dead on the floor and a coroner's inquest going on.

"Who is he?" I asked of the landlord.

"Don't know. He came in about an hour ago and struck me for five, saying he would blow his brains out if I refused. I ordered him out, and there he lies. I thought he he was bluffing, but he had a full hand and played it."—New York Sun.

Its Mother Was in the Baggage Car.

It was on a Pennsylvania railroad train, coming north from Washington. All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young man and a baby. The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard. The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was ailing and fretful, and its voice would not be stilled. Finally a gray headed man, who was evidently an old traveler, stuck his head out from behind the curtains and called to the young man in a rather sharp voice:

"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother. She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother."

"Yes, that's it," echoed half a dozen other irritated passengers.

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said, in a quiet, strained voice:

"Its mother is in the baggage car."

There was an instantaneous hush for a moment. Presently the gray headed man stuck his head out into the aisle again.

"Let me take it for a while," he said, softly; "perhaps I can quiet it."—New York Sun.

Business Capacity.

A popcorn vender on one of the streets near the junction is turning a pretty penny, while it seems that another engaged in the same trade is not doing so well. A daily patron of the successful merchant, after buying his sack of corn yesterday, asked:

"Why is it that you don't keep one stand? Yesterday you were nearly two blocks down the street, and the day before you were at some other place. Why don't you get one place and keep it, and you will have a regular custom?"

The Italian responded after persuasion: "No regular customas. People a-buya when da tink of it. Passa one man and buya of anotha. Seea Mericana down street? He popa corn slow, 'cause nobody buy. Wind blows from him to me. Mama passa him comin' up street, smell popcorn and tink he lika buy, but no time goa back. Den he seea me ana buy. Mana goin' down street smell de corn before he reacha me, stopa ana buy. To-morrow maybe wind blowa other way. Ia go below otha man. Him maka de appetite, I sella de corn. Him tinka staya one place people know him and he geta all trade. People know nobody but daselfa."—Kansas City Times.

The Chisel Was Too Wide.

There is a proverb about biting your own nose off to spite your face; but here is an instance of cutting off one's toes to spite one's corn. Several years ago, says The Pittsfield Advertiser, "a Pittsfield man becoming angry at the pain caused by a corn on one of his toes pulled off his boot and hose, took a chisel and cut the toe off. The chisel happened to be wider than was necessary, so more toes were cut off than he was really particular about. The man then walked through the dusty street, with the wounded foot bare and bleeding, some distance to a surgeon's, where the injuries received attention." That fellow's temper must have been worse than his corn.

"Safe and Certain"

IS the testimony of Dr. George E. Waller, of Martinsville, Va., in reference to **Ayer's Pills.** Dr. J. T. Telier, of Chittenango, N. Y., says:—

"Ayer's Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplemented all the pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will at all compare with them. Those who buy Ayer's Pills get full value."

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."—John W. Brown, M. D., Oceana, W. Va.

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THE BEGGING BUSINESS.

A POLICEMAN COMMENTS UPON THAT AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

San Francisco Mendicants Who Sell the Food They Receive—It Is Used for Free Lunch—The Officer's Grief Because He Can't Be President.

What a policeman doesn't know is oftentimes past finding out. He is a traveling junk shop of scrap information; a peripatetic encyclopedia of miscellaneous bits of knowledge. As a rule he isn't much up on theology or science, "'cause he never had no show" in that line, but on the hows and whens and whys and wherefores of the life that rolls on about him he has a "pretty tight grip." If you know how to go to him, you can learn a great deal more than the way to the pavilion or what time the last car leaves the ferry. Of course, there are a few policemen and a regiment of other policemen.

"This is a pretty hard kind o' life," said one who belongs to the first class, last night. "It's killing. After a man has been an officer for a while he's good for nothing else. Hobbling about from one corner to another, and keeping within sound of the sergeant's whistle, is bad for ambition. You never heard of a policeman getting any high office. Tailors, plowboys, rail splitters, canal boys and printers' devils have climbed to the president's chair, but nary a policeman. I once heard of an officer who became president of a literary society in Kansas, but the meetings were held in his house; his daughter was the secretary, his son was the treasurer, his other son was the sergeant-at-arms an' his wife an' baby made the audience. He was the first officer I ever heard of who got a high position, and perhaps he didn't count. Some officers graduated to the dash board of street cars, but they never appear to go any higher. Although we are constantly telling people to 'move on,' we always stand still ourselves. We pick up a good deal of information on different subjects, but the only people that seem to want it are the reporters. You see that girl there with the bundle?"

The reporter took off his glasses and saw her at once. She was a very dirty slovenly dressed child, and had a bag in her arms.

"She's a beggar, and is loaded up with bread, cake, meat, slices of pie and about everything that's eatable."

"Why, she has enough to last a family for a month," said the reporter. "I suppose she can lay off, now, like the ant."

"Oh, no she can't or won't," returned the officer. "She'll be out again to-morrow morning and will work another part of town. Do you know what the beggars do with the bread and other stuff the charitable people give them? No? Well, they sell it to the saloons on the Barbary coast and in other tough quarters. The meat an' loaves that are put into the dirty hands of mendicant poverty today furnish the free lunch counters of the saloons to-morrow. That girl will make from $2 to $3 a day begging. She sells what eatables she gets and cleans up quite a penny from the sales. Then some people give the beggars money, and in a week the earnings amount to a good deal."

THE WAYS OF PROFESSIONALS.

"Do all the beggars sell what is given them?"

"What would they do with it? At some houses they get enough to keep a family for a week. They all have a dozen or more pockets in their clothes, and before they make their appearance at a second house they have stowed away what they got at the first."

"Do they eat of the contributions?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. People throw out their back door better food than many an honest man has ever a chance of seeing. The beggars keep the choicest and sell the rest."

"What do they do with the clothing they get?"

"The boys and girls don't go for clothing. The fathers and mothers work the wardrobe racket. The old man is willing to do any kind o' work for a coat or a pair o' pants, and the woman has three ragged boys at home who can't go to school because they have no clothes. The beggar is as sagacious in working his trade as the cleverest business man in the city. He picks out the houses with the well trimmed gardens and the clean sidewalks and steps. The woman attends the places where well dressed boys play about the door. All the clothing they get is sold; some for rags, some to the second hand dealers, and the proceeds go for drink. I have been traveling a beat for seven years, and I never knew or heard of an honest man making a door to door canvass for assistance. No matter how near he was to starvation, the decent man won't do that."

"Do beggars get any food from restaurants?"

"Very little. A bit of meat is in a bad way when it can't be used by a restaurant. And then the refuse in all the eating houses is sold to the dairies or pig raisers. Men go around every day with wagons collecting the refuse, and the worth of the stuff is knocked off the milk bill."

Here the sergeant's whistle sounded, and when the officer responded he had not breath enough to continue his remarks.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Too Rich for Diamonds.

He was very fond of diamonds. Everybody who knew him knew his weakness for those jewels, although everybody knew that he was poor. They used to laugh at him kindly, because when he hadn't a quarter to buy a cheap meal he'd show a Kohinoor in his shirt front. One day he made a lucky strike and found himself rich. He went off to Europe, and in the meantime he kept gaining riches. He came back most quietly dressed, without a sign of jewelry of any kind. An old friend met him and looked at him.

"There's something wrong about you, Dan. You lack something. Where are the diamonds?"

"Oh," said Dan, "I'm too rich to wear diamonds."—San Francisco Chronicle.

They are telling of a gentlemanly trustee of Vassar college who went there to visit the institution and was prevailed upon to remain over night in one of the guests' rooms. When he went to bed he left his shoes outside his door as if he were in a hotel. Some of the girls, who were up at an early hour, saw the boots and thought it would be a good idea to do the bootblack act themselves. They did, and when they returned the shoes they stuck in each a handsome bouquet of flowers. The sensations of the trustee on discovering his shoes can be better imagined than described.

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Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

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EARLY SHAKESPEARES.

Something About the First Editions of the Great Poet's Works.

Adolph Sutro has endeavored for a long time to complete his unfinished "first four folio" editions of Shakespeare. With him this has been a labor of quiet, but uninterrupted, research. Of the first folio edition (1613) there are only five complete copies known to exist. One is in the British museum, another in the French National library, another in the National library at Munich, one in the possession of Lord Ellesmere, and the remaining one is now owned by the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

These books are now worth a king's ransom in gold; in fact, it is not to be supposed that money could purchase them from their opulent possessors. In the Sutro library this first edition was rendered almost complete yesterday by the receipt of seven plays heretofore lacking. What is now sought after to render it entire is the last leaf in the play of "Locrine," a play which is an apocryphal one, so far as Shakespeare's authorship thereof is concerned, but which is always found in the first four editions of his works. Besides, there still remains another defect.

The original steel engraving, copied from an oil portrait of Shakespeare now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and found only as the frontispiece in the first edition of his works, is wanting. This is known as the "Droeshout engraving." To procure this Mr. Sutro relies upon his ingenuity and money to purchase it from some one who has a broken set of this edition, and who will not be so likely to hoard it in the presence of a tempting price. Of these there are supposed to be quite a number among the private families in England and perhaps in the musty alcoves of second hand dealers on the continent.

The second edition (1632) was rendered complete by yesterday's contribution, save that it too is minus the last leaf of "Locrine." The same should be said of the third edition (1664), while the fourth edition (1685), so remarkable for its width of margin, as compared with its predecessors, is exempt from any deficiency.

All these editions are alike in the table of contents, containing besides the now commonly accepted plays of Shakespeare, such dramas as "The London Prodigal," "History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell," etc., while the dedication is quaintly addressed to "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery."

The rent roll of Shottery Meadow is a queer little piece of bound vellum, sixteen pages, bearing date 1620-21, and which began its accounts and statement of rents about the period when the Pilgrim fathers were storm tossed on the ocean on their way to their new home. Shottery Meadow is located three miles from Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, and the little book of parchment, parts of it well preserved, with its chirography quite distinct, but in some places faded and obscure, showed how accounts were kept with small farmers in those days, when land was leased by the acre, dole or swath, the latter deriving its name and being measured in width by the sweep of a scythe.

The book possesses intrinsic interest for the admirers of Shakespeare, because among the tenants therein recorded, together with their allotments of land, are the names of Thomas Combe, to whom Shakespeare left his sword by will; Bartholomew Hathaway, the poet's brother-in-law, and "John Will the older and John Will the younger," also relatives of Shakspeare.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Horse Swam Eight Miles.

A horse belonging to a ferryman was on the boat yesterday at Irvine, and was in the act of drinking, when he plunged forward from some cause and fell into the water up to his nose. With remarkable instinct he turned around and swam to the boat, and made several attempts to crawl back into it, but it only served to push it further away. By this time he had drifted below the ferry, and then he made efforts to get out upon either bank. In this he also failed, as the bank was too steep.

He then turned aside and swam down the middle of the river. The ferryman, Mr. White, made vain efforts to rescue, his horse, and, watching him until he was out of sight, gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. Next morning the messengers on the Irvine stage were amused at the manner in which the ferryman was fondly caressing a horse which had just arrived, and later learned that the steamboat from Ford had picked up the swimming animal eight miles below. When dragged upon the boat he sank down, too completely exhausted to stand. When this became known the sympathizing passengers joined with Mr. White in his exuberance over the recovery of his noble steed.—Richmond (Ky.) Register.

Ex-Crown Princess Izabel.

Izabel, who is Dom Pedro's only living child, was born in 1846. In 1864 she was married to Prince Louis of Orleans, comte d'Eu, the eldest son of the Duc de Nemours, and cousin of the Comte de Paris. She has three sons, the eldest 14 years old. The crown princess acted as regent during her father's absence in 1876 and again in 1888. In a public address at Pernambuco about two months ago the Count d'Eu, her husband, then a generalissimo in the army, solemnly declared on behalf of his father-in-law, Dom Pedro, and in the name of his wife and children, that the entire imperial family was prepared to surrender the throne and leave Brazil as soon as the nation had by popular vote expressed its desire for a republic in lieu of a monarchy. From this it would seem that symptoms of disaffection had appeared at that time.—Chicago Herald.

A Story of Von Bulow.

While playing the piano before large audiences he has often suddenly stopped, walked to the front of the stage and made speeches absolutely antithetical to the spirit and opinions of his listeners. On one occasion he suddenly took it into his head that it was positively essential for each individual member of the vast orchestra he was conducting to stand while playing. They had to stand, some of them with heavy instruments, for nearly three hours.

This Goes as a Record.

John Lewis, one of the pioneers of Calaveras county, Cal., tells of a remarkable shot that he once made. It's a true story, too. For many months a fox had been playing havoc with Mr. Lewis' hens, and do what he would he could not catch or shoot the fellow. There was a big tree, about 300 feet long, that had fallen just above his cabin, and when he tried to shoot the fox the sly beast would dodge around the upturned roots, sneak along the further side of the tree until it reached the top and then make a bolt and escape. One moonlight night Lewis heard a commotion among the hens, and running out with his gun saw the fox, as usual, slip around the root end of the tree. He raised his gun and with the muzzle followed along the tree at about the rate he thought the fox would travel, and when the muzzle cleared the upper end of the tree he fired into the shadow. Then he went back to bed. The next morning he went out to the tree top, and there lay the dead fox, riddled with buckshot.—San Francisco Call.

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He Kindly Consented.

As a milkman was turning into an alley off Second avenue the other morning a boy who stood there said:

"Say, mister, do you see that barrel down there?"

"Yes."

"Please run over it. I want to hear it crash."

The driver gave his horses a lick to get up steam, headed for the barrel and struck it with a fore wheel, and next moment his wagon was on its beam ends on the ground. He supposed the barrel was empty, but it was full of sand.—Detroit Free Press.

Scotch Names the Queerest.

In England there is a great variety of personal nomenclature, and, though we have plenty of Smiths, Browns and Robinsons, we have nothing approaching to the poverty, in this respect, which characterizes many localities in North Britain. In certain parts of Scotland, not only have the surnames been few, but there has been a strong disposition to ring the changes on a very few Christian names, with the result that the community, in its desire to distinguish between persons of precisely the same name, has been obliged to provide each with a special label, or "to-name," by which he can be known. A contributor to The Scotsman says that in the official list of voters in a Scotch fishing town occur such "to-names" as "Deadly," "Pum," "Den," "Cock," "Post," "Bo," "Sandyke," "Helen's James," and so on.

Such appellations as these are not necessarily nicknames, as we understand them. Sometimes they are patronymics, sometimes they are local in allusion, sometimes they refer to individual occupations, sometimes they are personally descriptive, sometimes they are mere identifications, "signifying nothing."

Occasionally they are simple variations upon a single Christian name. Thus it may be, one John Bruce, popularly called "Jock," has a son named William, who becomes "Jock's Wull." His son, again, who is called William, becomes "Jock's Wull's Williamie," while the last named's son, if also called William, becomes "Jock's Wull's Williamie's Wullsie." A further form is "Wullsikie," but that, probably, is rarely used. The system still obtains in Scotland, and if it were introduced into this country it might prevent some of the confusion which exists among our John Smiths, Thomas Browns and William Robinsons.—London Globe.

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Wanted to Know Her Sphere of Duty.

"Are you the girl who was to come to our house as a nurse?" asked a fashionable lady of the healthy looking girl who had just entered the room.

"I am, ma'am."

"I have examined your references and I find them satisfactory. You may begin next week."

"But if ye plaze, ma'am, I'd like to ask yez wan question."

"What is it?"

"Is it a baby or a poogiing that I'm to look afther?"—Merchant Traveler.

Candid.

Young Poet—What do you think of my spring poem?

Editor—I think the spring you got it from must have been dry.—Detroit Free Press.

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The popularity of this line being universally acknowledged by all competitors, all passenger trains of other railway lines entering Wichita from the north, south and west arrive in time to connect with the Frisco line fast express trains to the east.

If you cannot purchase through tickets reading via Frisco line from your starting point, it will pay you to purchase to Wichita in order to secure the advantages and comforts of this line.

For further information regarding rates, time, connections and through reservation of sleeping car accommodations call upon or address W. D. Murdock, ticket agent, 122 North Main street, or Douglas avenue union depot.

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E. E. BLACKLEY,
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