

SENTINEL SPECIALS.

Seymour's Budget of News. Special to the Sentinel. SEYMOUR, Ind., March 1.—A. M. Fitch & Co. manufactured and shipped 9,900 pounds of tallow in February.

The Butter Dish Factory made their first shipment of manufactured goods on Friday. The steam coopers establishment is so pushed with orders that they are far behind with their work.

A building, loan fund and savings association will be organized at Medora soon. Forty-three car loads of bacon, of 25,000 pounds each, were shipped from this county last week, of which nineteen cars were from this city.

The new Public Reading Room, on South Chestnut street, was formally opened last night. The attendance was large, and great interest was manifested.

Every day brings additional encouragement for the success of the Inauguration Ball, to be given by the "Browns" on Wednesday night. Persons are expected from Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Vincennes and other points. All who attend may be assured of an orderly and pleasant time, as no improper characters will be admitted.

As we are in direct connection with Indianapolis by telephone there is a move on foot to build a telephone line from Seymour to Louisville and intermediate points. The enterprise can be made a success if the people along the line will do their duty, and no doubt they will. It would be of great convenience. Let the line be built.

Goshen Items. GOSHEN, Ind., Feb. 28.—General Milo S. Haswell and James H. Blaine, the latter a relative of Hon. James G. Blaine, have been acquitted of the charge of betting on election, preferred against them by the Grand Jury of this county, at the December term of court. Two indictments for the same offense were pending against other prominent citizens of the county.

Hon. E. D. Wilson has brought suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company to recover alleged damages resulting from the failure of the company to deliver a message promptly.

The marriage of George Cregier to Miss Nellie M. Wilden, daughter of Hon. W. F. Wilden, of this city, occurred at the home of the bride's parents last night. About 500 invitations had been issued, and the happy event was celebrated by the numerous friends and relatives of the high contracting parties. The magnificent house of the bride's father was thrown open for the occasion, and many guests from abroad, including Judge J. A. S. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. William Jacka, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz and daughter Jennie, of Chicago, were present. The affair was the most brilliant that has ever occurred in the city.

Attempted Suicide—Terrible Occurrence. Special to the Sentinel. MARION, Ind., March 1.—Friday night about 10 o'clock Elizabeth Wilt, a young lady about eighteen years old, who was boarding at the Tremont House in our city, attempted to commit suicide by the use of chloroform, but was discovered in a very few minutes by a friend who administered restoratives, which frustrated her attempt at self-destruction. No serious result followed. The cause was disappointment in a love match.

A son of John Foster, about seven years of age, had his leg torn from his body yesterday morning on Adams street. He was riding on a sled, and in attempting to cross the Park Handle Railroad, by some means his foot caught in the track, and he was unable to extricate himself. He is now in a precarious condition.

The Death Roll. SHELBYVILLE, Ind., March 1.—Henry L. Deale, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens and Masons in this city, died at 11 o'clock to-day, aged 58 years. The remains will be interred Tuesday morning in the crypts of the Knights Templar, of which order he was an honored member.

Oratorical Prizes. SCOTTSDALE, Ind., Feb. 28.—Last night the Scott County Oratorical Association met at the Court-house, when a contest between several of the pupils of the county was had for prizes, which resulted in James Fortune, of Lexington, securing the first prize of \$10 in gold, and Cora Allen, of Holman, the second prize of \$5.

CLEARANCES. The State of Trade for the Past Week, with the Percentage of Increase and Decrease. HOSKINS, March 1.—The following table compiled from special dispatches to the Post, from the managers of the leading Clearing-houses of the United States, gives the clearances for the week ending February 28, 1885, showing the percentage increase and decrease as compared with the corresponding week last year:

Table with columns for City, Amount, and Percentage Change. Includes New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Providence, Detroit, Indianapolis, Hartford, Memphis, New Haven, Portland, Columbus, Peoria, Springfield, Worcester, Lowell, and Syracuse.

A BROKEN HOME. The Wife of Rev. John Hinton Griffin Procures a Divorce. CHICAGO, March 1.—"I've been a faithful wife to him, God knows, and I've striven in every possible way to redeem him and to provide for myself and children," said Elizabeth, the wife of Rev. John Hinton Griffin yesterday to Judge Moran, who was hearing divorce cases. Griffin is a fallen Baptist preacher, still holding forth occasionally in a hall on Madison street, although his usual field is in the smaller towns in Indiana. The trouble with this reverend gentleman is simply opium. Rev. Christopher Perrin, the

pastor of a Baptist Church on the West Side, gave it as his opinion, on the witness stand, that "this soul-numbing drug has perverted the man so as to rob him of every vestige of moral principle." He himself had tried for years to reform Griffin, "but had found him a liar, a drunkard, a brute." His own brothers, both of whom are eminent clergymen in England, had given him up as hopeless eight years ago, and as the wife said to the Court, "I have found that it is hopeless to try and make him remember his responsibilities or duties. He is an absolute slave to opium—a physical and moral wreck."

The testimony showed that Griffin had pawned or sold every bit of jewelry, even the wedding ring of his wife, her clothes, and his children's little belongings, and had taken the last twenty-five cents in the house to procure opium with.

A decree was granted to the wife. THE GUNSLIGHT MINE. Trouble Among the People Investing in It—Serious Charges. NEVADA, Mo., Feb. 28.—For the past three months Southwest Missouri has been agitated over large transactions in mining stocks. A deed has just been placed on record here around which center considerable interest. Some months ago a syndicate was formed at Carthage which sent a committee to New Mexico and Arizona to make investments in mining stocks. The committee went to Pima County, A. T., and purchased the Gunslight Mine, owned in part by Dr. R. H. Hutton Chase, for which they paid \$50,000, and agreed to assume certain debts of the company, which had been secured a lien on the mine. In the meantime Charles M. Barry, an extensive Vernon County farmer, who had secured the company on a note given by himself, indorsed by M. S. Tower and Robert Moore of Carthage. This money was used for the payment of claims against the mine. While Barry was looking after the mine Dr. Chase was at Carthage, and when Barry returned home Dr. Chase was in this city. Mr. Barry was pleased with the prospect of the Gunslight, and purchased \$40,000 additional shares from Dr. Chase, agreeing to give him \$100,000 in the mine farm in Vernon County of 500 acres, together with a lot of his personal property, valued at \$50,000. A deed was made to 750 acres of the land, but before the personal property was transferred Mr. Barry changed his mind and Dr. Chase failed to receive any part of it. About six weeks ago Mr. Barry left this country and no one seems to know where he has been keeping himself. During that time the only information received of him was through a letter written by him to one of our city papers, saying he had made the discovery that the Gunslight was a very valuable mine, and that Dr. Chase was a fraud. Mr. Barry's attorneys then instituted a suit to set aside the deed on the ground that Barry was insane at the time he executed the deed. They are now negotiating with various parties for the sale of the farm. He at first offered it for \$75,000, and finally for \$50,000. Robert Moore, of this city, for \$5,000. It is thought that Mr. Barry made the purchase to protect Mr. Barry, Dr. Chase considered the deed as a loan, and that it is all that it has been represented, and that Mr. Barry's course has been taken for the purpose of appropriating the stock, with a view of buying it. He declares that Mr. Barry remains away from this city because he fears a visit from the "Fima County, Arizona, for having, in his hands, while the mine was in his hands, worthless checks and obtained goods upon misrepresentations. Parties at Carthage have invested about \$200,000 in the Gunslight Mine. There are many holders of the stock at Carthage, Monticello and other towns in Southwest Missouri. Mr. Barry is now in New Mexico, and has sold a large part of the stock.

A REMARKABLE COUPLE. The Case of Hubert Verhyden and Felicitie Sybers of Chicago. CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 28.—Judge Shepard's courtroom was crowded this afternoon. The attraction was the habeas corpus case in which Hubert Verhyden sought to be released from the County Jail, pending his trial for being the alleged father of the unborn babe of Felicitie Caroline Sybers, the organist of the French Catholic Church of Notre Dame. She had him arrested and brought before Justice Ingram, and offered to dismiss the suit, if he would lead her to the altar. She had a great deal to say about her own station in life, and of her employment—she is employed in an Academy, pending her marriage. If she would marry her he need never do another stroke of work, and could ride around in a carriage. The wedding young man rejected those tempting offers, and the Justice held him to the Grand Jury. Hubert then sought to be released from jail on a habeas corpus petition on the solemn oath of his client that he was an innocent man, and that he was innocent of the charge of seduction. He is a pure and virtuous woman. Verhyden is a manly fellow in appearance, although perhaps a trifle phlegmatic and obstinate. On his breast he proudly wears three decorations, suspended by green and yellow and orange ribbons. One is an elaborate silver cross, depending from a bronze bar, on which is inscribed, "A. J. H. 1875-1876." This was given to him for bravery at the battle of Ajo, Sonora. The second is a large copper medal presented to him by the King after the term of service was completed. The third is a silver wreath surrounding the letter "M." This was given for the first prize in marksmanship in his regiment. He speaks French, Dutch, Flemish, Hindoostanee and Malay, but no English. He has been in America a year and a half. The Sybers befriended him very much, and he has ever since been known as "papa." When asked in a private interview as to the paternity of the child, he positively asserted that he is innocent. It is claimed by Mrs. Sybers that the occasion of her fall was when Verhyden took her home from a ball about November 2, and while she was hilarious with beer he forced himself. Her testimony is very full and explicit as to the occurrence. The Judge took the case under advisement.

TEN YEARS IN A CELLAR. Shocking Story of an Old Man's Imprisonment by His Stepchildren. PITTSBURG, Feb. 28.—A decrepit old man, with a white beard reaching below his waist and hair falling in confusion over his shoulders, entered a lawyer's office on Thursday and told a wonderful story of the sufferings and privations he had endured at the hands of designing people, who, he said, had kept him a prisoner for eleven years. His name is William Jackson Moore, and he came from Washington County, near Tridelfia, a small town between Little Washington and Wheeling, for the purpose of seeking legal advice in order to recover property he has been defrauded out of in his deposition. He says he was married in 1871 to Mrs. Wallace, widow, who had a daughter. Two years after the marriage she died, and a year afterward the step-daughter married James Slavin, of Wheeling. Both went to live with and eventually began to persecute him.

"They induced me," he deposes, "to make a will in their favor, and shortly after I had done this my term of imprisonment commenced. One evening a neighbor called at my house and said, 'I understand you are going on a visit to Michigan to see your relatives.' I was on the point of doing so, when my son-in-law made a threatening gesture, and I said, 'Oh, yes.' That night while I was in bed, I was gagged, bound and placed in the cellar, the door donkey locked, and bolted. The next morning my son-in-law sawed a wicket in the door, and through that opening food was handed to me, and I have lived in that place ever since. The cellar was so arranged that my cries could not be heard. I have not seen any one since that time, and I had been given out I had died while in Michigan. About two weeks ago my usual allowance of food was not given me, and with this I approached the door and managed to batter it open. There was no person in the house. I found nearly \$100 in one of the drawers, took the money and started immediately for Wheeling, where I have been living ever since."

The old man's story will be investigated. Tridelfia is a small place away from railroad and telegraph stations.

A FAIR GIRL'S ESCAPE RECALLED. Marriage of Miss Zereida Garrison, Formerly a Belle of St. Louis. ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.—On the register at the Planter's House appeared to-day "Mr. and Mrs. A. Neville, Chicago." There was nothing particularly strange about this, but on inquiry it was learned that Mrs. Neville was well known in this city. She had become a bride at Chicago on the 15th inst., and with her husband was here to spend the honeymoon. Mrs. Neville was formerly Miss Zereida Garrison, the daughter of Mr. Abe Garrison, a former wealthy merchant of this city, and a niece of Commodore Garrison, of New York. She was known in Chicago, where she has been living with her mother, as Miss Aline Garrison. Mr. Neville is a French gentleman of distinction, and the representative in business of three large European concerns. He is over forty years of age, and is a widower with no children. His first wife was killed in New York a year or so ago by a runaway horse.

The marriage of Miss Garrison recalls the sensation she produced in St. Louis in the spring of 1878. A publication in the Post-Democrat first announced that Miss Zereida Garrison, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen, had mysteriously disappeared. "She has been abducted," was the verdict at the Garrison mansion. The case was reported and a search begun. Two days passed, and no tidings of the lost girl. The high social standing and prominence of Miss Garrison's family, and the fact that she was a niece of Commodore Garrison, and held for ransom the prevailing one, it was the sensation of the hour.

On the evening of the third day after her disappearance Zereida returned to her home and told her story. She had been the guest of three young gentlemen, who were staying at the Planter's House on Carr street, in one of the lowest and dirtiest districts of the city. During the time she lived with her Carr street friends she had taken her meals at a cheap uptown restaurant, going to and from the caravansary quickly veiled and always alone. She made the acquaintance of one of the good-looking and had been lost through a party they one day she appeared here to-day a happy bride.

Hebrew Society Meeting. New York, March 1.—The Bnai Brith Charitable Society, which meets every seven years, organized at Tammany Hall to-day. It is composed of delegates from each of the nine Lodges in Germany and the 325 in the United States. Julius Bren of New York, minister to order, and Charles Stein, of Chicago, was made permanent Chairman. Vice Presidents and Secretaries were elected, and the meeting adjourned until to-morrow.

Hayes' Liberty. CLEVELAND, March 1.—The M. E. Church at Fremont, of which ex-President Hayes is a member, was dedicated to-day. Hayes gave \$6,000 toward lifting the debt.

FAREWELL. Mrs. McElroy's Farewell Reception—The Crash at the White House. [Washington Special, Feb. 28.] For the last time President Arthur's sister held an afternoon reception at the White House, and at 3 o'clock the crowd began to gather around the portals of the mansion. In numbers the attendance almost equalled that of the Saturday afternoon of four years ago, when Mrs. Hayes held her farewell reception. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, with a mild, soft air, and this served as an inducement for many of the women to begin at 3 o'clock the doors had not been open a half hour before the entrance hall and the corridor and ante-room were solidly packed. An hour after the opening the people began climbing in the windows to see the jam on the portico. Others sought entrance through the basement doors and were met by those seeking egress in that way from the crowded parlors. The corridor, the conservatory and all the apartments on the main floor were jammed. The main entrance was a mass of women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were swept away from their places in the corridor, and 3,000 women pushed, surged and struggled toward the Blue Parlors as their goal. An occasional man appeared here and there in the ocean of femininity. At 4:30 the President came out, and the ladies were